



WARP



100th ISSUE

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On the Cover

Warp 100 Collectible Cover, Online Edition: This still from the 1958 sci-fi film *Beavra vs. Mammothra* sees the ancient flying monster elephant of Inuit mythology descend from his sacred Nunatsiaq mountain lair to challenge the mighty Beavra for dominion over Canada. Special effects wizard Roy Harryhansen took a full two years to complete the stop-motion animation sequences for the ambitious production! (Photograph courtesy The Keith Braithwaite Motion Picture Memorabilia Collection)

Download and print this online cover for your collection, and also pick up all three collectible print-versions of *Warp's* historic 100th issue, each featuring this scene as depicted by a different artist of renown!

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<http://www.monsffa.ca>



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MonSFFA CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Except where noted, all MonSFFA meetings are held
SATURDAYS from 1:00 P.M. to 5:00 P.M.
Espresso Hotel, Salle St-François, 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.

TENTATIVE PROGRAMMING Expect changes!

Check our website for latest developments.

JANUARY 14

Elections
Planning for 2018

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 10

Wear Red for Valentine's Day!

Starting at NOON: SF/F Cinema Matinee (Keith Braithwaite)

A Personal Journey: Fern Novo offers a brief account of his involvement with MonSFFA over the years, highlighting the fun and satisfaction it has brought him!

Society and Sex in the future: Future relationships or How Technological and Sociological changes might affect our views about the subject.
Keith Braithwaite, Yves Tousignant

Balderdash: Game run by Danny Sichel

SATURDAY MARCH 10

In honour of International Women's Day, pin your favourite female author's name to your heart!

Guest Speakers: Jo Walton, Su Sokol

There was a time when women SF/F authors were not welcome in the genre, has anything changed?

What makes a novel "feminist"? Where are the female Clarkes, Bradburys, and Asimovs? We could also explore the portrayal of women in SF/F.

Can a man write from the PoV of a woman? Are books written by women different from those written by men?

Debate: *Discovery* vs *The Orville*.

Moderated by Keith, panellists to include Cathypl, Alexis, and anyone whose arms we can twist

SATURDAY APRIL 7

Theme: Capes and Masks

NOON: SF/F Cinema Matinee: *Batman*, starring Bruce Wayne

The Lure of the Superhero, panel discussion moderated by Keith Braithwaite

Debate: DC versus Marvel, Moderated by François Ménard

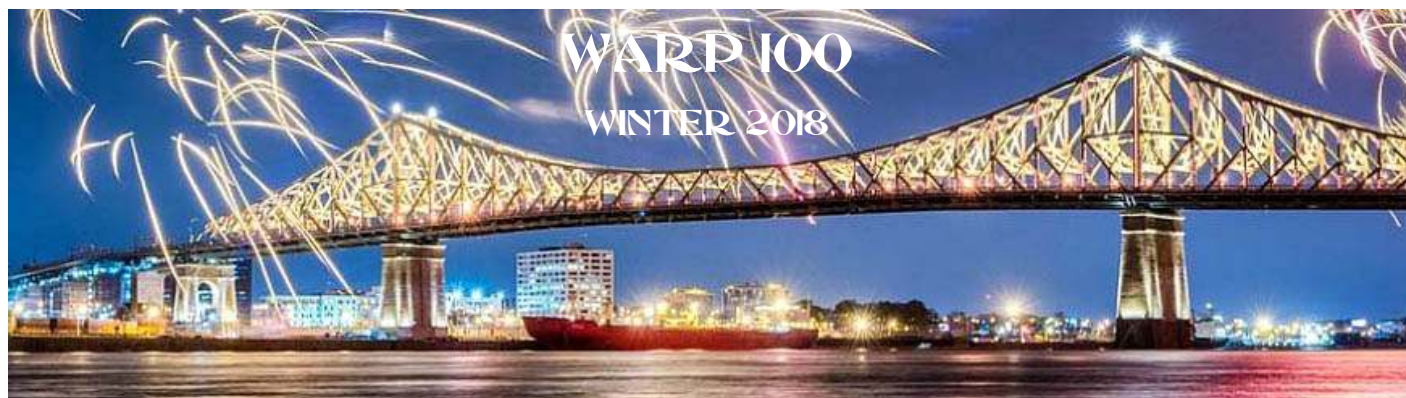
The Art of the Comics: Presentation by Keith Braithwaite

SATURDAY MAY 26

UFOs Possible guest speaker

Translation in SF, Presentation by Danny

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

A Brief History of WARP/ 5
 Starfleet Treachery / 6
 World Con 75 Trip Report / 8

DEPARTMENTS

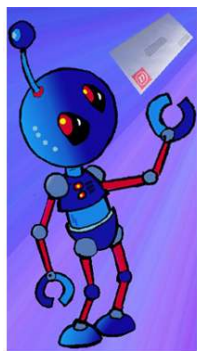
You've Got Mail! / 3
 Blast from the Past: WARP 13 / 4
 Upcoming Conventions & Events / 4

REVIEWS

Movies & Television / 16
 Literature / 20

MonFFANDOM

August to January / 23
 MonSFFun / 28



You've Got Mail!

Dear MonSFFen:

I have Warp 99 here, a little belatedly, and I am writing this so Cathy can put it in issue 100. Congratulations to all on 100 issues of anything! It's a landmark to be proud of. Here come some comments, real fast.

99 red balloons, floating in the summer sky, panic bells, it's a red alert...everyone's a Captain Kirk. Soon, 100 it shall be, kudos to all

who made it happen.

We're all very proud. We started with cut and paste, and now all is done on computers! We have all our issues on line, lacking only two. Last month we marked MonSFFA's 30th birthday.

My loc...finally, I am working! And, have been doing so for the past four months. However, it is a part-time job, and right now, it's about the same as a temporary lay-off, with no work do to. The hunt is still on, for something full-time, and at my age, that will be a minor miracle to get, but at least, I have some money coming in, and can have a little fun.

Money coming in is a Good Thing! And our hobbies are not cheap!

With Ad Astra jumping about on the calendar, it has landed

on a weekend where we already have plans. We will be at Motor City Steam Con, a steampunk event in the Detroit area, so for the first time in about 35 years, we won't be at Ad Astra.

It will be strange not to see you and Yvonne at Ad Astra. I am looking forward to the con, though July is smack in the middle of cottage time. I won't be going to World Con this year, have to save for Dublin, so it may be that Ad Astra is the only con I attend this year. Strange, when we used to go to so many!

Movies...we really enjoyed the first Wonderland movie with Johnny Depp as the Mad Hatter, but this second movie...we never did see it. I am sure it is available on DVD or download, but all the places around us where we could have purchased a DVD are all gone. Can anyone tell me where I could get it? We still have not seen Episode VIII, and the way things are going, we might not. The latest movie we've seen? Darkest Hour, with Gary Oldman as Winston Churchill.

I think the last movie I saw in a theatre was Paddington Bear. The sequel is getting good reviews. I think DVD shops are a thing of the past, we order on line.

As of 2018...Yvonne is retired, and she is already enjoying it. Much of her time in the day is being spent cleaning up 30 years of accumulation of assorted stuff, fannish and otherwise. As soon as the place is clean, and we've tossed a couple of tons of stuff, Yvonne intends to get busy with creating, making some steampunk vests, and some of her best product, Hawaiian-style

shirts. As for me, two big dates...my 59th birthday in June, and just before that, Yvonne and I celebrate our 35th wedding anniversary. Now to see what we do to celebrate, not sure yet.

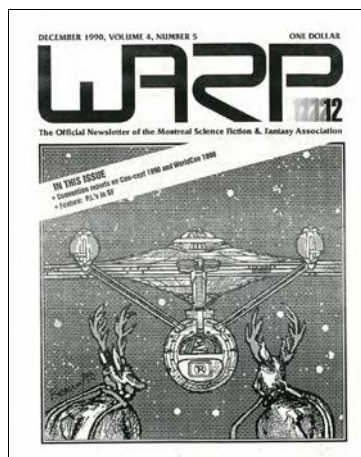
Russell and I celebrated our 46th with a nice restaurant meal. Time flies so fast!

Again, congratulations to the club on the upcoming special issue, and see you in that 100th issue.

Yours, Lloyd Penney

BLAST FROM THE PAST WARP 13, December 1990

C. Palmer-Lister



The title is WARP 12, and this is actually the twelfth issue of WARP. The number on the cover refers to the month of publication, an unwieldy system which was changed with WARP 20.

The cover illustration, by **Bernard Reischl**, is titled, "No Parking". Looks like there will be disappointed kids on the Enterprise!

The highlight of this issue, IMO, is the 7-page article by **Kevin Smith** on detectives in SF. Cover illustrations, lists of recommended books and short reviews – you will want to print this out before the next MonSFFA book sale. Seriously.

The editorial by **Keith Braithwaite**, then both president and WARP editor, stressed the need for more club participation, and noted that Con*Cept's success was having a deleterious impact on the club as many of the same fans were involved in both. He goes on to plea for more submissions to WARP, so nothing there has changed over the years! Indeed, I suspect most fan-ed's deal with having to twist arms to get anyone to write; so many fans feel insecure about their writing skills.

MonSFFA has the usual recaps of MonSFFA meetings and announcements. I was interested to read that MonSFFA had an info-line! And apparently, a constitution, which had to be amended to allow the executive to appoint positions rather than elect them all, a practical solution which exists today.

There are two detailed reviews of Con*Cept 90 at the Maritime Hotel, one by **Lloyd Penney**, the other by **Dean Holiday**. The Space Cantina and Display Area came in for particular praise.

The series of editorials on fandom that started in the March issue continues with two more. The first, written by **Trudy Mason**, concerns the problems of running a con in a city already dealing with a fragmented fandom now having to deal with trying to bridge the gap between the Two Solitudes. Specifically, the Francophone lit fans have a totally different vision of what a convention should offer its members. **Kevin Holden** writes about the East/West fan feud. When Ottawa's Pinekin suffered a loss of \$6 700, the treasurer was left holding the bag. Western fans were shocked at this abandonment and were very vocal in their condemnation of the rest of the con, and the eastern fans in general for not rushing to support the convention. I know this episode left a scar on fandom, it's still talked about today.

Sylvain St-Pierre's review of the World Con in the Hague includes photos of J. Forest Ackerman, a fan-built model of Perry Rhodan's space ship, and his own award-winning masquerade costume. Apparently, Montreal's language issues are nothing compared to the problems experienced by some Europeans, particularly in Belgium.

There is a short piece of fiction by **Bryan Ekers** (funny), a book review by **Sue Dunlop**, and a couple of film reviews by **Kevin Holden**. Sensors is a roundup of stories of interest to fans: science, books, TV, movies, etc. **Lou Israel**, **Kevin Holden**, and **Keith Braithwaite** contribute Star Trek jokes to what has now morphed into the MonSSFun page.



Upcoming Conventions & Events

Cathy, Dom, & Lynda

March 2-4 – Draconis, Montreal, QC Free Gaming event

<https://www.facebook.com/FestivalDraconis/>

<https://warhorn.net/events/festival-draconis>

March 16-18 - Toronto ComiCon, ON, <http://comicontoronto.com/>

March 25 - Heritagecon 12, Canadian Warplane Heritage Museum, Hamilton, Ontario, <http://www.heritagecon.ca/index.html>

April 8 - Buffcon 35 Model Show, Cheektowaga, NY, <http://www.ipmsniagarafontier.com/Buffcon2018/index.html>

April 21 - Can/Am Model Show, Plattsburg, NY, <http://ipmscv.com/>

May 4-6 - Congrès Boréal, Temple Maçonnique de Montréal, QC <http://congresboreal.ca>

May 12 - Réal Côté Model Show, Centre A. Desjardins, Montreal, QC <http://www.ipmsrealcote.com/AwardsRealCote2018.pdf>

May 26 - Torcan Model Show, Brampton, Ontario, <http://www.torcanmodelshow.com/>

June 6-9 - Montreal Bheer Festival, <http://festivalmondialbiere.qc.ca/>

July 6-8 - ComicCon Montreal, QC, <http://www.montrealcomiccon.com/>

July 13-15 - Ad Astra, Toronto, ON, <http://www.ad-astra.org/>

August 3-5 - Otakuthon, Montreal, QC, no website yet

NB This list is abridged, see our website for more listings.



A Brief History of WARP

Keith Braithwaite

You are reading this article in the historic 100th issue of MonSFFA's fanzine, WARP. Few Canadian SF/F fanzines—in fact, few SF/F fanzines, *period*—have managed to reach the 100th-issue milestone. WARP has been publishing for just over 29 years and ranks as one of Canada's longest-running fannish publications.

The modern issues of WARP are produced digitally and released both online in PDF format and as a limited, hard-copy run distributed to members of the club at MonSFFA meetings or events. (Any interested fan may download a copy of the current or back issues; visit the club's web site: <http://www.monsffa.ca>)

A companion one-sheet news bulletin called Impulse is also produced and made available by the same means. WARP is a full-colour, magazine-style quarterly periodical, Impulse a near-monthly.

The debut issue of WARP was not quite so polished a publication as this 100th! Released in October of 1988, the 'zine was a black-and-white amalgam of word-processed and typewritten articles, photocopied photographs, and line illustrations that had all been cut-and-pasted by hand with scissors and Scotch tape or glue into loose page layouts. In subsequent years, as desktop publishing software became commonplace, layout quality improved.

The title of this new fanzine referred to the main propulsion system of the starship Enterprise and was chosen as a nod to MonSFFA's origins as a Star Trek fan club. (Along the same lines, WARP's smaller sister publication was dubbed Impulse when it was launched in 1989; see sidebar.)

Confusingly, that first issue's title banner read "WARP 10." The "10," however, referred not to the issue number, but to the month of publication. The odd concept, here, was that as each year progressed, the 'zine would increase speed, reaching maximum acceleration in the month of December. But this month-of-publication designation proved confusing when the January 1989 issue was published as "WARP 1," seemingly the 'zine's first issue. A read of the fine print revealed that it was, in fact, the fourth. With the 20th instalment, boasting the 'zine's first full-colour cover, by Montreal-based sci-fi illustrator Jean-Pierre Normand, WARP discarded this approach and began numbering issues chronologically.

WARP was initially envisioned as a monthly, with each issue to announce and promote an upcoming MonSFFA club meeting or event. But as with most amateur press ventures—labours of love, all of them—maintaining a regular publication schedule quickly became an uphill battle. WARP relied on free, or at the very least, inexpensive photocopying services, usually obtained through the good graces of one club member or another who was able to secure access to his or her office photocopier. The 'zine struggled to maintain its ambitious monthly schedule practically from day one and at times during the early going, slipped into an irregular timetable, putting out delayed and rather fewer issues



Impulse: MonSFFA's News Bulletin

Keith Braithwaite (editor, Impulse)

Impulse is a single-sheet, near-monthly publication (from nine to 11 issues annually) and was introduced as a companion to MonSFFA's fanzine, WARP. Impulse is MonSFFA's news bulletin, focusing exclusively on club-related news and information. It is designed to be produced and distributed quickly, often shortly before an upcoming club meeting or event as a timely reminder/promotion of said meeting or event.

The news bulletin was first introduced in 1989 and published irregularly until 1991, pinch-hitting as needed for a sometimes delayed WARP, in order to disseminate important and time-sensitive information to MonSFFA's members. It was revived as a regular publication in 2000 and designated WARP's permanent companion 'zine.

Initially printed and mailed to the club's membership, it is today distributed electronically, in PDF format. Impulse can also be downloaded from the club's Web site <http://www.monsffa.ca> by any and all visitors. Printed copies are made available at MonSFFA meetings for any folk who may collect the club's publications.

than planned, these occasions precipitated by the inevitable shortages of photocopying options that cropped up from time to time. Eventually, things would get back on track, but after a few years of these periodic interruptions, WARP readjusted to six issues per annum before finally settling into a reasonably attainable quarterly release schedule. Averaged over the course of its 29-year run, the 'zine has published an issue roughly every three-and-a-half months.

Editors over the years have included Kevin Holden, Mike Masella, John Matthias, Keith Braithwaite, Lynda Pelley, and Berny Reischl. Cathy Palmer-Lister currently occupies the post.

Beginning with that very first issue, WARP has served as a promotional vehicle for MonSFFA, and as a showcase for club members' writing, as well as their artwork and photography. The 'zine regularly includes reports on MonSFFA's activities, reviews of science fiction and fantasy books, movies, television series, and conventions, news from the professional SF/F field, and often, fan fiction, games and trivia, and humour. Feature articles have explored a variety of Genre-related topics, offered thoughtful opinion pieces on sci-fi and its fandom, and how-to guides on SF/F costuming, scale model-building, and other such Genre-themed hobbies.

Over its almost three decades of publication, WARP has profited from the exceptional quality of the submissions it has received from MonSFFA's members and established a reputation as a first-rate, multiple-award-winning Canadian sci-fi clubzine.



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 engages the Kazon, and meet Kes and Neelix, learning from them that the Array is the Caretaker who has sent Torres and Kim to the planet where they are probably dying of some strange disease.

Chapter 42

Leaving sickbay Janeway and Chakotay headed for the turbolift. Using one hand the captain rubbed her sore eyes, red and irritated from the sand of the planet far below. "Evans and Tuvok better find a break quickly or I'll take a shovel and dig down to the Ocampa myself. Based on what Kes said, we're out of time."

Stepping into the lift she glanced down at her dusty, untidy uniform. "If we're going to meet the Ocampa, I definitely do not wish to represent the Federation looking like this."

With a small grin she looked over at the Maquis leader. "You don't present a too commanding picture yourself. I'm going to drop by my quarters to wash and change, you can do likewise in one of the empty accommodations."

Chakotay responded with a small tired smile. The layers of dust unable to mask his fatigue. "Thanks Captain, I would appreciate an opportunity to freshen up. As long as it's not the brig."

"Not this time." She returned Chakotay's smile with one of her own.

Though it required effort Janeway rubbed her aching shoulder, the effects of the last two days catching up. The results of worry, no sleep, little food. Looking at the man leaning against the wall of the turbolift, her eyes lock with his as they had that day in the Federation Justice Building. Now a lifetime away!

Suddenly without warning Janeway issued an order. "Computer, halt turbolift!"

Chakotay immediately tensed. Standing straight, his fatigue disappeared as he gazed warily at the captain.

Facing the Maquis leader, Janeway placed her hands on her hips. "I want the truth!"

Puzzled, Chakotay drew his eyebrows together. Except for withholding certain facts he had always spoken truthfully. "I don't understand? I never lied to you."

The captain returned his steady stare. "No..... however, you have not been forthcoming with the truth about Jarvis."

She noticed how quickly the guarded look on Chakotay's face became one of unease.

Her eyes drilled into the Maquis leader. "Both.... you and Tuvok knew Jarvis would be a problem. Despite this.....Tuvok requested he become part of the away team. You agreed! Why?"

There was no hiding the discomfort Chakotay was feeling. He

ran his hand through black hair now white with the planet's dust. He should have known, this woman didn't miss a thing!

Hoping for the best, taking a deep breath he attempted to explain. "Jarvis has a reputation for being a....human shield. Somehow, he seems to sense danger. Sense those who are inclined to.....um....be a target. It apparently comes naturally to him, he acts without thinking."

"Go on!" Janeway ordered.

At the moment Chakotay would have preferred to be facing a fleet of Cardassian warships, not trapped in the turbolift with this stone-faced Starfleet captain. "On away missions 'Jackrabbit Jarvis' is a valuable man to have around. On several occasions he saved members of my crew."

Still watching the Maquis leader, Janeway leaned one shoulder against the wall. "I see.... 'Jackrabbit'interesting. I thought I had walked into the path of a passing shuttle."

Relaxing, Chakotay grinned. "Yes, his five-foot-nine frame packs quite a wallop. He's lean but powerful."

Catching the hidden meaning Janeway smiled. "Can I assume you are talking from experience?"

Chakotay's embarrassment was answer enough. Then the chagrin changed to concern. "Unfortunately, Jarvis will pay for today's actions."

Janeway's tone left no room for argument. "Explain!"

Chakotay took a deep breath. "Again at this time I cannot go into details, however, I can tell you this.....with good cause he hates Starfleet and the Federation. His strong feelings are well known to all my crew, Jarvis will not be allowed to forget that today he saved the life of a Starfleet captain."

Janeway's reply was simple. "Computer, mess hall!"

Her abrupt change of destination generated an inquiring look from Chakotay. However, when she remained silent, the Maquis leader knew better than to ask. Once the lift arrived at the proper deck the captain's quick pace brought them quickly to the doors of mess hall. Upon entering they found the area almost vacant, with only a few Starfleet members and the three Maquis quietly eating.

Janeway headed straight for the far corner table where Chakotay's men were seating by themselves. They looked uncomfortable, clearly not at ease on a ship bearing the Starfleet insignia.



Without hesitation the captain walked right up to the table. "Is everything okay? Did you have enough to eat?"

The Bajoran B'Kay looked up. "Yes ma'am, thank you."

Janeway fixed her attention onto the man seating to her left. "Javis, I want to thank you for saving me from serious injury. Probably saved my life, though I would image you had an alternative motive."

With dark stormy eyes Javis looked up from the plate he had been carefully studying. "What do you mean?"

Not understanding what the captain was up to, Chakotay held his breath. Was she trying to provoke Javis? It did not make sense. He almost interfered, restraining himself at the last moment. So far he had trusted her, so far he had not been wrong!

Placing her hands on the back of the empty seat in front of her, Janeway looked intently at Javis. "I doubt you acted out of concern for my welfare. I'm sure you are using the occasion to your advantage, boasting to your shipmates of how you managed to deck a Starfleet captain and get away with it."

Javis's young face of twenty years clearly showed the intense dislike he held for the captain, but his eyes revealed a glimmer of something else. Despite the hatred that he bore Javis had the strength to understand the meaning behind the words Janeway had used. "Yae. It's not often we Maquis get a chance at a Starfleet officer."

Catching the look of surprise on the faces of the other two Maquis, Janeway was satisfied her strategy was paying off. "Well, you can say what you like to your friends, I'm sure they will enjoy hearing the story."

She turned to leave. "If the opportunity had come my way as a cadet, there were a couple of officers I would have decked."

Leaving the mess hall Chakotay was silently laughing, this was one unique Starfleet captain. He too had noticed the astonished look on B'Kay and Timmins as the realization of Javis' actions took on a different meaning. The Maquis leader could well image the story they would now be telling their shipmates.

As for Javis, he had a strange expression on his face.

CHAPTER 43

Once again in the turbolift Chakotay turned to Janeway. "Thank you, for helping Javis save face."

Crossing her arms she leaned back against the wall, for a moment gazing up at the ceiling. "It is always good to come to somebody's aid, especially when that someone has helped you. Even if it was unintentional. You said Javis hates Starfleet, I clearly saw that animosity. If I can help him see this uniform in a different light..... Unfortunately there are some who do not honour the oath they took, and the commitment they made. If I can help Javis realize not all officers are the same.....then some good has come of today."

Reaching their destination, they exited the turbolift. Slowly walking down the corridor Chakotay expressed his surprise at Janeway's statement. "Admitting not all honour the Starfleet tradition is something I never expected you to say."

She turned her head in Chakotay's direction. "What! That I am aware this uniform has been abused!" Stopping she locked eyes with the Maquis leader. Eyes bright with pride. "I am a

Starfleet officer, like my father, and like my father proud of it. I have sworn to uphold the laws of the Federation. Laws I believe in and support. However, I am not blind nor stupid."

Her eyes now registered a sadness. Remembering that one day, upon their return, what those laws might force her to do. Suddenly the word duty was leaving a bitter taste in her mouth.

Chakotay read those thoughts. "Captain, we both have responsibilities to those whom we have pledged out allegiance. Once home our respective roles in this game called life will decree that one will be the hunter, one will be the hunted."

He spoke with softly, thoughtfully. "One thing I have learned as a Maquis.... never worry about tomorrow. What our destinies will be, neither you or I can tell. I do know one thing, upon our return I will do everything within my power to evade you. As you will do all within your power to capture me. We expect no less of the other. During our short time working together we have come to respect each other. Both of us have obligations to fulfill, however, those obligations do not have to make us enemies. We will do what we must without rancour or malice toward the other."

The captain smiled, his wisdom as logical as a Vulcan's. "It will be interesting, very interesting. Both of us will have our abilities tested to their limits."

Chakotay silently returned the challenge. "Yes....it will be interesting."

Continuing down the corridor Janeway's vice was quiet almost sad. "It's too bad there is so much at stake, one can say your life depends on it. You already face a long prison term, escaping will probably add years to that sentence."

The Maquis leader replied lightly. "That is true, however, I did escape. Don't forget....first you have to capture me. This time, I'll be very careful about Vulcans and humanitarian medical relief." He shrugged. "If you do succeed....there are always possibilities."

Stopping before one of the doors, Janeway turned to face Chakotay. "I already told my father to forget about using Tuvok or medical drugs, however, there are other ways. You're welcome to use these quarters, afterwards join me in my ready room."

Chakotay looked at the captain, his voice and face sincere. "Someday I hope conditions will allow me to tell you the story behind Javis. I wish I could do so now, however, for reasons that again must remain undisclosed I cannot. It is my deepest desire that a meeting can be arranged with Admiral Janeway. Once I have spoken with your father the situation between Starfleet and the Maquis might change. Perhaps then, we will no longer be the hunter and the hunted. In the meantime accept my thanks, not only regarding Javis but for all the aid you have extended to my crew. As for Javis, you have given him something to think about. He will not be allowed to forget today, but now in a totally different way. You made him a hero."

Using the key padd on the wall Janeway opened the door for the Maquis leader. "The moment we return to the Alpha Quadrant I'll contact my father to set up the meeting. As for Javis.....well he did save my life, only fair that I save his."

She then added in her best captain's voice and stern expression. "However....you and Tuvok are not off the hook. I'll deal with the two of you later."

The Maquis commander kept his mouth shut.



A Worldcon 75 Report

Sylvain St-Pierre

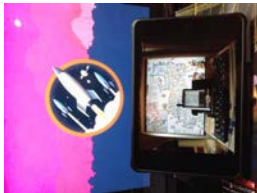
PART ONE



This trip was the culmination of almost two years of planning. Here is how it unfolded.

Saturday, August 5th

Happy Birthday to me! This year, my gift to myself was a trip to Worldcon 75 in Helsinki, Finland. I intend to keep a running journal of the whole thing as it goes, while the memories are fresh. The last time I did such an exercise was ten years ago, for the Nippon Worldcon (Warp 69, Winter 2008), and I am amazed at how the relevant technology has improved since then.



The Old and the New

I now have an iPad Mini, which allows me to write the report, take pictures, edit them and transmit the whole lot via the Internet all at once. If I attend the Worldcon in 2027, I'll probably have an ocular camera and a brain implant!

Departure at 16:50 from Pierre Elliot Trudeau airport on Swiss Airline. First leg of the trip quite uneventful. We left a bit late, but almost exactly made up for lost time thanks to clear skies and a good tailwind. Staying entertained was not a problem. In



Keeping Memories.

addition to the programming provided on my seat screen, I brought a tiny high capacity USD drive with loads of reading material and movies that could be displayed on my tablet. With so much extra storage space, I can back up my pictures every day for safe keeping. To avoid the embarrassment of having your battery die down just as you are about to take that once-in-a-lifetime shot, I also took the precaution of keeping a fully charged universal power pack close at hand.



Swiss Air has a hitch-hiker!

Sunday, August 6th

The one annoying part of this otherwise great fare my travel

agent got me is that the stopover in Zurich was well over five hours long, which is a tad excessive. Add to this the need to set one's watch six hours ahead, and you get a yawning reminder that our species did not evolve to travel that far that fast. Fortunately, this airport has an excellent rest area with couch-equipped alcoves that can be rented, and I took the precaution of securing one in advance.



Rest alcove

The second leg of the trip unfolded as scheduled and we also landed on time. Easy transit from the airport, which is linked to the centre of Stockholm by an excellent train shuttle. Yes, Stockholm. I decided that if I was going to visit a Nordic country, I might as well make a detour through at least another one on the way. In fact, I would have liked to see even more, but was able to only add Sweden.

My hotel turned out to be exactly as I was hoping: fantastic ambiance in a great location, but I had admittedly looked long and hard to find it. The Victory is a nautical-themed establishment set a few hundred metres from a tunnelbana (subway) station in Gamla Stan, the Old Town of Stockholm. It would have been a very short walk, but it started raining hard just as I arrived at the Central Station, so I took a taxi. I noticed in passing that a barrel full of umbrellas was kept near the exit for travellers, with a note saying that donations were appreciated



As befits a European-style "single", my room was a bit lacking in square footage but clean and cozy. They greet you with a small glass of port and a piece of chocolate, which is a nice touch.



Hotel Victory in Gamla Stan, the Old Town of Stockholm.



Gamla Stan is no longer surrounded by walls (although there is a segment of them in the basement of my hotel), but still retains the compactness of older cities, with narrow streets crossing each other at sometimes strange angles. The style of the buildings is very unlike that of Old Montreal, and I found the whole island pleasantly exotic, if a bit overrun with tourists.

I was very horrified to discover that, in the 1960's, there was a very serious project on “modernizing” the place.



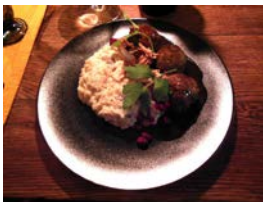
Gamla Stan, as it is and as it might have been.

As I arrived well into the afternoon, my visiting time for the day was limited; but there were plenty of interesting sights, even under the rain.

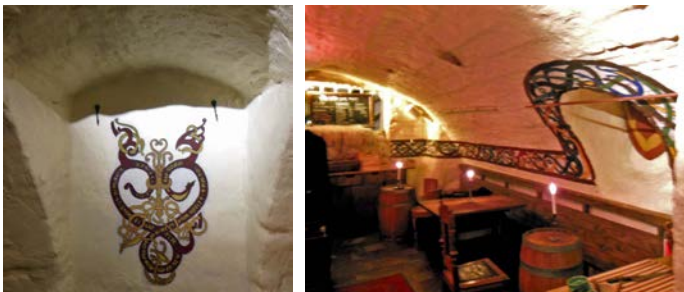


The streets of Gamla Stan

I had already set my eyes on the Sjötte Tunnan (The Sixth Barrel) restaurant for dinner. This is one of those places that recreates a medieval atmosphere for the tourists, but they do it well and in good taste. That cellar is genuinely several centuries old, and the food — thankfully somewhat fresher — is prepared according to ancient recipes. Never had better wild boar meatballs!



Wild boar meatballs



Monday, August 7th

As in most Nordic hotels, breakfast is included in the price of the room here. Not just toast and coffee, but a well-garnished

buffet that keeps you going until dinner with only a light bite at lunch.



Victory Hotel Breakfast Buffet.



Tourist & Travel passes

I revved up my time machine and, with the help of a magical unlimited travel card I had bought from the wizard Ynterneth, spent the day touring the past.

First on the list was the Vasa Museum, dedicated to the carefully preserved wreck of a warship that sank in the Stockholm harbour in 1628, a few minutes after launch. As I went there by boat, I was glad that Swedish maritime safety standards have improved since then. Even in it's current state, the ship is magnificent, and it must have been a truly grandiose sight when it was afloat.



Vasa Museum

Vikingaliv is a brand new museum that opened in the Spring of 2017. Nothing fake here, and all the exhibits are historically accurate. The first thing the curator did when giving a TV interview was to smash a horned helmet, saying that you would find nothing like that here. This does not mean that the place is boring, quite the contrary. The one reproach that I could make is

that it is a bit small. There is an interesting ride based on Ragnfrid's Saga, a famous tale about a Viking who travelled long and far to rebuild his fortune.



Vikingaliv Museum



The open museum of Skansen was the first of its kind in the world, created in 1891 when one Artur Hazelius decided that it would be a good idea to gather and preserve examples of everyday Swedish architecture. It's the same principle that Upper Canada village is based upon: representative buildings were brought over and reconstructed in one spot for easy access by the general public. It is all very much alive and a most pleasant way to see how people used to live in bygone times.

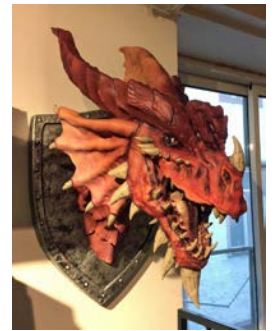


Skansen Museum



My research had revealed that there was a SF&F bookstore close to my hotel, and, of course, I had to see it. Science Fiction Bokhandeln (Bookstore) is a wonderful – if unimaginatively named – place with a vast selection of books, movies, toys and gaming material. Most of it is in Swedish, of course, but they do have a decent engelska (English) language

section. There so happened to be a panel of sort held on the mezzanine, with a group of people rapturously listening to an English-speaking lecturer about the use of Nordic mythology in modern SF&F. I strongly suspect that this person was on her way to Worldcon 75 next.



Science Fiction Bokhandeln



St. George & the Dragon in Köpmantorget Square

If you are into fire-breathing lizards, there is a very nice statue of St. George & the Dragon in Köpmantorget (Merchants Square), something I was a bit surprised to find outside of England. To be honest, I've always rooted for the dragon myself, though this particular one has more spikes than I have ever seen on such a beast.

I also covered those places that I had only glimpsed the day before because of the rain. It's amazing how a bit of sunshine will change a scene.



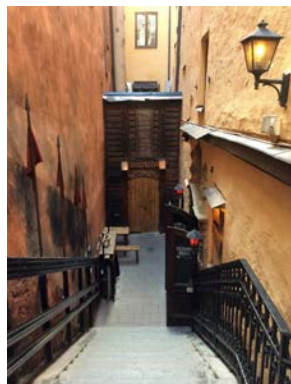
Gamla Stan in the sun



As I don't get to eat in such places very often, I chose another theme restaurant to stay in the time-travelling mood: the Aifur, named after a legendary Viking ship. The Old Scandinavian veneer on this one has been applied with a roller, but it's so over



*Tore Hjort's
Venison*



Aifur Restaurant

the top that it becomes enjoyable. The trick is to view the whole thing as high fantasy rather than non-fiction. I think I could have brought my Harry Potter magic wand with nobody raising an eyebrow. The Tore Hjort's Venison was delicious, too. It's a good thing I went early, for as I was preparing to leave there was the blaring sound of a Viking horn, followed by a shouted statement that, for the rest of the evening, all new patrons would be thus announced!

Tuesday, August 8th

Today, I finished visiting the few corners of Gamla Stan that I had not yet seen; including the courtyard of the Royal Palace, where I caught the colourful changing of the guard.



Around the Royal Palace

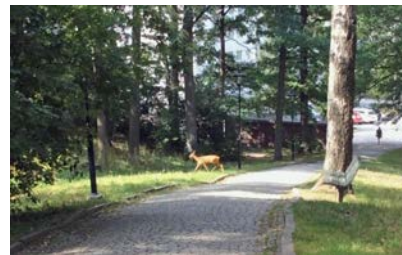


I had made the decision early on to travel from Stockholm to Helsinki by ferry rather than by plane, for several reasons. Not only is the overall cost lower when you factor in everything, but you also don't lose precious daytime travelling, as most of the trip is done at night. It takes longer, but not quite as much as you might think when you include the line through airport security, boarding and deplaning, taxiing, luggage check and luggage claim, trips to and from the airports and so on. The quay was only five hundred metres from a subway station, and I shared that mode of transportation with many fellow travellers.



Stockholm's Tunnelbana

Below, left: Close Encounter of the Deer Kind



At one point, I took a wrong turn through a small park and came across a bounding deer, only a couple of hundred yards from the Gardet Station exit! Close to nature indeed.

The Tallink-Silja line has a very smooth embarkation procedure and departure occurred on time. The journey between the Stockholm harbour and the open sea is also quite picturesque, through meandering waterways that are very romantic in the light of late afternoon.



*Silja Symphony
Ferry*



Our esteemed club president had advised me that, according to the SMOF List, some Japanese fans were planning to make this very same crossing on this date, so I kept an eye open for any otaku-looking group of

passengers. Unfortunately, so many Asians use this ferry that the Japanese, Korean and Chinese each have their own dedicated wicket, making my attempts at spotting the fans quite futile.

I compensated by eating a lavish Japanese dinner at Sushi & Co., one of several excellent restaurants on board.



Japanese dinner at Sushi & Co. – Delicious!

WiFi access was available, and complimentary for all passengers, but only worked in public areas, not the cabins. Not the fastest I've seen either, but I was grateful that it was there at all. I can live without being connected, but being



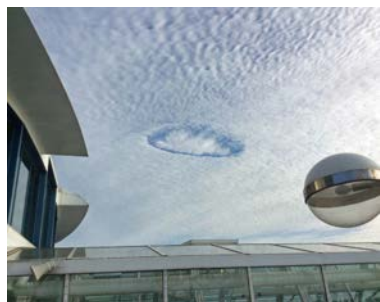
Elevator 0 - -Cue the Twilight Zone theme...



able to stay in touch with friends and family is a nice perk. My cabin was a small windowless one, but since I was alone in a place meant for up to four people — and that there was nothing to see outside at night — it was more than adequate. Interesting fact: I needed to take elevator Number Zero to reach it.

Wednesday, August 9th

I needed to set my watch a further hour ahead, but I was more or less adjusted to the temporal displacement now. Having my own bathroom meant that I was showered, shaved and refreshed when we disembarked at the terminal after breakfast. Of interest was the presence in the morning sky of a very odd cloud formation. [It's a phenomenon called a fallstreak hole. I missed it, but my husband saw photos



This picture, I swear, has in no way been doctored.

on the Internet back home and wondered what the fans were up to now. Google the date and hole in sky Helsinki – ed]

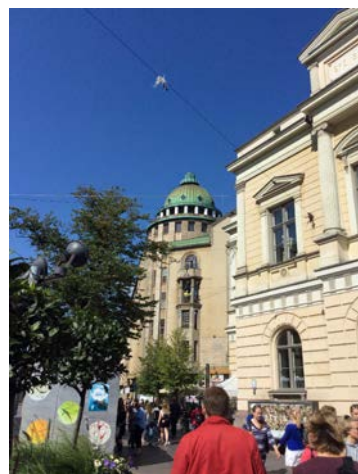
The distance between the quay and the Downtown area is even shorter here than it was in Stockholm, and I originally expected it to be easily walked in nice weather, even with the suitcase. Unfortunately, I had neglected to take into account the



gigantic cobblestones that grace the sidewalks of the Downtown core, definitely not suited to the tiny wheels of modern luggage. A washing board would have been smoother.

As European cities go, Helsinki is not that old. It was founded in 1550, when the conquering Swedes turned a small fishing village into a trading port to compete with the Hanseatic League across the Baltic; but much of it was destroyed by the Russians when they took over Finland in the early 1800's, followed by a devastating fire. Most of the older buildings date back from only the early 19th Century, which makes the core about the equivalent of Montreal in that respect, but with a quite different architecture and layout.

No winding narrow streets here; the Tsar wanted to keep his new subjects content and ordered the city rebuilt according to the best standards of the time, with wide and straight avenues. This makes the maps easier to read, and getting around was relatively simple despite the decidedly unfamiliar signage. Finnish is a difficult language, spoken nowhere else; and while the country is officially bilingual, the other



tongue here is Swedish, which is only marginally less difficult from my point of view. Fortunately, the written form uses the standard Latin alphabet and there are a fair number of signs in English, and even Russian, for the convenience of tourists.



Hotel Seurahuone. The name means something like "The Society of Chambers"

I had carefully chosen the Seurahuone Hotelli for it's great location: right across the street from the iconic Central Station, from which all parts of the city can be easily and quickly reached

by train, bus, tramway or even on foot. This hotel is over a century old and a bit scuffed around the edges, but still carries much of its former elegance.

The little extra I had to pay for an early check-in was well worth the luxury of being fully unpacked before facing the rest of the day. This was especially appreciated, given that Worldcon 75 Programming started as early as Noon, which is practically the crack of dawn for the first day of most fan-run events, and Registration was scheduled to open at 9:00 AM. I wondered for a moment if those Finnish Fans had any sense of tradition!

“Swedes we are not/no-longer, Russians we do not want to become, let us therefore be Finns.”

This famous quote by Adolf Ivar Arwidsson (1791-1858), a writer who provided much inspiration during Finland’s struggle for independence a hundred years ago, sums it up pretty nicely: the Finns are their own people, with their own way of doing things. As it will become evident a bit further, it appears that this mindset carries over to Finnish thinking as well.



My First Finnish Food

Taking advantage of the many convenient shops and restaurants close to my hotel, I had a light lunch of elk on flatbread at the Kaarna Baari & Keittiö and started heading for the convention centre.

From my location across the Central Station, getting to the Worldcon site proved ridiculously easy. The automated ticket machines have an English mode and are quite easy to use. Virtually all the trains stop at the Pasila Station, which is the next one over, and you can pick any one you wish. You never have to wait more than five minutes.



Full access for bikes and wheelchairs



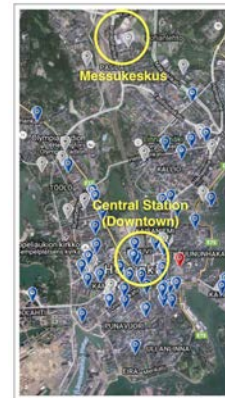
Clean and efficient trains



Arctic wolves are not an uncommon sight on Finnish trains.

Having landed on the very first day of the con, I missed the events prepared for those who had arrived in advance. Yesterday, for instance, the organizers had scheduled a Tolkien Picnic in a local park, a guided tour of a nuclear power station and a four hour long bicycle trip to see all the planets of a scale model of the Solar System strung along several kilometres.

I reached the convention site with great anticipation.



Messukeskus Center is some distance away from the centre of town, a fact that was profusely advertised during the site selection process. Still, some people did not pay attention and complained loudly when they learned that they would have to go through a short commute and even, God forbid, walk three hundred metres! There is a Holiday Inn attached to the convention site, but it has only a little above three hundred rooms and had sensibly been entirely set aside for people with genuine mobility issues.

So, sorry, but I can’t sympathize with the grumblers here. This is the standard arrangement in Europe, where historical old city cores are quite congested and there is no choice but to construct new large buildings in the periphery. Anyway, the connection from Downtown proved quite easy, offering a choice of frequent trains, busses or tramways. And it was free, too, courtesy of an unlimited transportation card offered by the City of Helsinki to all Worldcon 75 attendees. The only caveat is that this card was handed over with your registration package, which meant that you had to pay for the first trip to the Messukeskus, unless you stayed in one of the few hotels within walking distance.

Fellow MonSFFer Cathy Palmer-Lister and René Walling were already here, having arrived in town earlier than I, and according to the figures published so far there was a sizeable Canadian contingent.

The building itself is very large, but with a simple basic floor plan and excellent signage. The Worldcon actually used only a fraction of the total space, and this made me worried that it would be a small event at first, but those halls are built on a gigantic scale.



More than size, what mattered is what they did with all that space.

Helsinki is the second northernmost capital city in the world. If you know a bit of basic geography, this means a great variation in the length of the day according to the season. Today, sunset here was at 9:30 PM (by comparison, it was at 8:10 PM in Montreal on the same day). Based on my experience of previous Worldcon held in similar locations, my early planning was done with the expectation that most activities would shut down around 6:00 PM and that I would have hours of full daylight for mundane visiting on each evening.

I got it completely wrong. Only the Trade Hall closed down so early, and most tracks ran full steam until sundown and beyond. Why, a couple of rooms were even opened until Midnight! Fortunately, this wonderful schedule had been posted many weeks in advance and I was prepared for it.

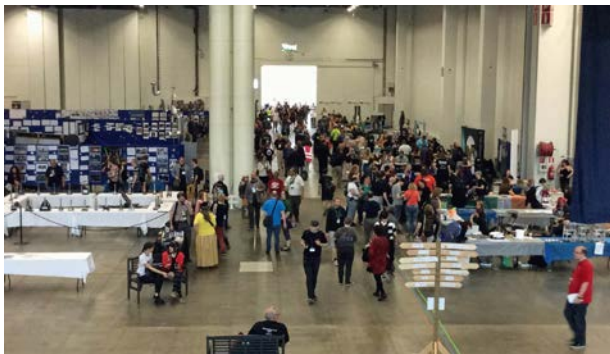
Here is what I managed to cover.



REGISTRATION: Usually the first thing you see of any con, and often a good indication of what the rest of it will be like. This was the first time that I had to present a bar code received by e-mail. I tend to be a bit weary of those hi-tech solutions, because they are prone to glitches, but I have to admit it worked well this time.

Yes, just printing the bar code alone would have been enough, but where's the fun in that?

THE EXHIBITS HALL: An important feature at a Worldcon, as this event has a special historical aspect to it. There was a little of everything. Much appreciated was the presence of numerous benches where weary old fans could sit and rest a bit, a detail all too often neglected elsewhere.



Part of the Exhibit Hall



One of the many benches



Generous water supply

THE FAN TABLES: A mainstay of any decent fan-run convention, at least in those places that have a sufficient number



of cons, clubs and associations devoted to the genre. With the

World Wide Web, it is no longer necessary to live in the same city to be part of a club (or, for that matter, the same continent).

THE ART SHOW. Unfortunately, I cannot show you pictures of the actual show. But I did find the [web site](#) of one of the



Art by Eeva Nikunen

artists, which should give you a small idea of the kind of art on display. My general impression? High technical skill, but perhaps not enough imagination.

SITE SELECTION: The tables of the various cities bidding for the honour of holding the Worldcon at some future date. There were some intriguing choices, some of which might have seen unlikely not that long ago. But if a place like Helsinki can win, then it should be accepted that being small and out of the way is by no mean an impediment.



Above, the New Zealand in 2020 bid table
Left, MonSFfan René Walling at the Nice in 2023 bid table.



THE DANCE FLOOR: While I did not make use of it myself, there was a section devoted for dancing, both classical and modern.

THE TRADE HALL: All of the above functions shared the vast Hall 5, but the Dealers' Room had all of Hall 4 – a bit smaller but still quite large – to itself. Many, if not most, of the dealers



were locals or from nearby countries, offering a fascinating array of products. I was especially impressed by the quality of the Steampunk-related merchandise. I was very reasonable, and limited my splurging to a few – but very fine – items.



Impressive steampunk merchandise.



A couple of my purchases: A very accurate reproduction of a zootrope, a spinning device invented in 1834 that used the persistence of vision to simulate motion & a copper-sheathed USB key holding the audiobook version of the novel Kingdom of Clockwork, by Billy O'Shea. I think they should have included a PDF version as well.



One of the more impressive Dealer Table was set outside for safety reasons. It was an actual smithy where you could also make your own simple ironwork.

[Sadly, the bare-chested smiths were not as sexy as they thought they looked. We can be thankful they did not attempt to emulate Three Smiths Statue in town centre.—ed]



THE PROGRAMME: The hard copy version of the Pocket Programme was slick and well designed, convenient in size and full of useful information. I felt a big guilty about not cracking it open until after the con.

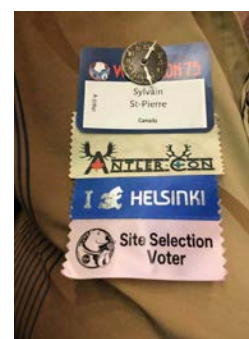


The Grenadine App Program Book

I have nothing but praise for the way the schedule was made available online. Not only could you get in the classical way, but best of all was the option of downloading the Grenadine Event Guide application. This App, which I later found out was developed in Montreal, is wonderful for it's ease of use. You can find events and build your own schedule in no time, and can even use filters to search for your favourite topics. In a place with high quality WiFi access, this proved an invaluable solution to the many unavoidable changes that plague fannish events.

And what topics there were! Over a dozen tracks running simultaneously at most times, not counting the continuously operating ones like the exhibits and the dealers' room! Some day, somebody will find a solution to the problem of having multiple panels you don't want to miss happening at the same time, but in the meantime I had to make some tough decisions. I was so dazzled by the many things to see and do that I completely missed the Opening ceremony, despite having set an alarm for it! Thank goodness for the [excellent video coverage](#). I personally did not encounter any problems, but towards the end of the day reports started to trickle in about serious overcrowding in the panel rooms. Not only was it standing room only, but in many cases the room official capacity was exceeded and the Centre's safety inspector had to ask some people to leave, amidst understandable grumbling.

Dining on that day was a bit weird. Originally, I was expecting to be alone at yet another theme restaurant I had found online, this one done in a very local flavour. Then, Cathy Palmer-Lister joined in. Then, her brother and his family. Then, other Canadian fans heard about it and thought it would be nice to make it a national affair. And then somebody suggested that MENSA might join the party... That last possibility did not materialize, but what we ended up with was still practically a mini-con in itself! Name, logo, ribbons, the works. And, most importantly, a lot of fun.



Antler Con had a great ribbon, thanks Sylvain!

Zetor (named after a notoriously unreliable Russian brand of tractors) has a wild decor inspired by old Finnish farms from many decades past. Not so far back, though, that I could not find some surprising similarities with the older Quebec sugar shacks I knew as a child. The vodka-laced salmon soup, the spirit-doused Mini Blinis for the Gentry and the alcohol-free but wine accompanied reindeer sandwiches were absolutely delish... delush... darn good! Technically, this is the same animal as our



This is what happens when you try to order in Finnish. You get the little known traditional dish of live albino bat



Yummy!

caribou, but somehow the different name brings something else to mind and I kept looking for sleigh bells among the garnish... While this is a specialty meat at home, in Finland it is

almost as common as beef and found everywhere.

The restrooms were also done in traditional style, meaning that the walls were plastered with old magazines to keep the drafts out. I am told that in the women's room they used fashion periodicals, but in the men's room.... well....

It should be noted that the Restaurant Guide provided with the registration package was very well done, and also available on line weeks in advance. The eating options in Helsinki proved numerous and extremely varied. Even within the Messukeskus alone, there were several good – if somewhat pricey – restaurants. One had to



Vive la différence...

go Downtown to find more reasonable and varied dining choices.

And this, Dear Reader, was only the very first day of the con.



Worldcon 75 Restaurant Guide



REVIEWS: Movies and Television

Justice League François Ménard

Recent DC Comics movie adaptations in Warner's ham-fisted attempt to compete with Marvel's Cinematic Universe, with one exception, have been less than stellar to put in kindly. Their latest movie, Justice League, while a step in the right direction is more of a misstep than an improvement.



Coming on the heels of the fantastic Wonder Woman, hopes were high for Justice League to continue to improve and fix the ailing franchise. Unfortunately, while certain aspects of the film do work, Justice League is a disjointed hodge-podge of a film, albeit still somewhat enjoyable to watch.

While sole directing credit goes to Zack Snyder, as well as writing credit shared with Chris Terrio and Joss Whedon, it is well known Joss Whedon picked up directing duties for Snyder after Snyder's unfortunate family tragedy and it shows. Watching the film, I made up a little game for myself, guessing which

scenes were Whedon's and which were Snyder's. It wasn't a very difficult game.

The movie opens with a cell-phone video of Henry Caville's Superman being taken by two young children asking him questions. In this tiny scene we get a better, brighter Superman than we've seen to date in the DCEU. Both literal and figurative as Superman's costume is much more vibrant and colourful than previous outings in Man of Steel and Batman v. Superman. These few minutes show more of Superman's character than both previous films and the character on the whole is far more on point, what little there is of him (thank you, Joss Whedon), though the whole Space Jesus allegory is still being hammered over the head and shoved down our throats (no thanks, Zack Snyder).

The plot, what there is of it, revolves around an invasion by Steppenwolf, a bad CGI effect voiced by Ciaran Hinds, and his Parademons. Having been driven off 5000 years earlier by an alliance of Amazons, Atlantians, Gods, and mortals, he has returned seeking the three Mother Boxes taken from him in his previous defeat (one kept and guarded by the Amazons, Atlantians, and mortals respectively) in order to create Unity and reshape the Earth in his image. Meanwhile Bruce Wayne/Batman, once again played by Ben Affleck, and Diana/Wonder Woman, with Gal Gadot reprising the role, trying to recruit the various heroes introduced in (shoe-horned into) Batman v. Superman in order to stop him. What follows is pretty much what you'd expect

with the team slowly coming together to stop Steppenwolf.

Here we have our first issue. Unlike Marvel who introduced the heroes over successive films each coming into their own, Justice League tries to cram in character arcs for Cyborg (Ray Fisher), Aquaman (Jason Momoa), and The Flash (Ezra Miller) into a single film along with the overarching story. What we get are rushed, disjointed snippets, though well done in the case of Victor Stone/Cyborg. Barry Allen/The Flash's father-wrongfully-convicted-of-mother's-murder snippets could have (and in my opinion should have) been cut from the film altogether and changed nothing. Arthur Curry/Aquaman's story, on the other hand, feels incredibly rushed and cut short.



Too many character arcs crammed in?

With two or three notable exceptions (which have Joss Whedon's fingerprints all over them) the fight scenes, of which there are quite a few, are sub-par CGI fests. The underwater battle in Atlantis and the climactic battle in particular are very poorly done, effects wise. When compared to the Wonder Woman vs. terrorists scene in the first act (most likely shoe-horned in after the success of the Wonder Woman movie) and the League vs. Superman fight it only makes the film feel even more disjointed than it already is.

Speaking of the visuals, with the exception of Superman's costume and the consequences resulting from the final battle, we are once again subjected to the sepia toned dreariness that plagued the previous films. While I like the new, brighter colours on Superman, it does make him stick out like a sore thumb against the dark, gritty look of pretty much everything else.

The new heroes are interesting and fun (what there is of them), with Cyborg feeling the most comic-accurate, in my opinion. Though, once again, the CGI used for the character is truly awful. Why they "CG'd" his entire face instead of digitally compositing Ray Fisher's actual face into the character is beyond me. The inter-character relationships unfortunately do suffer due to the disjointed lack of focus. Thankfully a lot of that wonderful Whedon banter is sprinkled throughout the film to help lighten things up. The Flash and Aquaman really did deserve their own films, Aquaman in particular. Hopefully going forward we can have one, with as little, or even better no, involvement of Zack Snyder.



Cyborg

In the end I feel Justice League, while definitely a step up (if even a small, stumbling step with a limp) from most of the franchise is still disappointing on the whole, particularly when compared to the triumph that was Wonder Woman and the juggernaut that is the MCU.

To those with an interest, there are two short post-credit scenes. The first being a fun, light-hearted call-back to the comics, the second a semi-interesting world-builder introducing a very popular new villain. I won't say who it is exactly, but I will say he was most likely added due to the overwhelming success of the Deadpool movie from last year.



2017-2018 Television Premiers **Keith Braithwaite**

The following reviews were originally posted on MonSFFA's Website in early October and proffer initial impressions of some of the new sci-fi TV premiering as the Fall season kicked off. [They were also supposed to be in the autumn issue of WARP, which would have been more appropriate timing, but your editor sorta missed the autumn deadline. -ed]

THE ORVILLE **Fox and City, 9:00PM Thursdays**



Set in a decidedly Star Trek-like future, Seth MacFarlane's new television series is named for the fictional mid-level exploratory space ship he commands as Ed

Mercer in this ostensibly sci-fi/comedy series airing on Fox Thursday evenings (City carries the show, too). MacFarlane is an unabashed Trekkie, and it shows! The Orville is essentially Star Trek: The Next Generation in all but name – the show's Planetary

Union, for example, thinly mimics the United Federation of Planets.

Mercer is a once-promising officer who walked in on his wife cheating on him with an alien one day, and whose subsequent, bitter divorce has set him on a downward spiral resulting in reprimands for lax performance of his duties and drunkenness on the job. Nevertheless, he is assigned the captaincy of the Orville, if only because the Union finds itself short of available personnel to man its sizeable fleet of vessels. And because, behind closed doors, his ex-wife prevailed upon the admiralty to give him command of his own ship, a plot point which, presumably, will see further development in an episode to come. In the pilot meanwhile, Mercer discovers, to his dismay, that the first officer assigned to him is none other than his ex-wife!

And so, hilarity ensues. Problem is, it doesn't.

While there are moments, *The Orville's* humour is only mildly impudent, and seems forced at times, nothing like the ribald, cutting mockery of societal values extant in MacFarlane's animated hits *Family Guy* and *American Dad*. The *Orville's* pre-premiere publicity led many, myself included, to believe that we could expect a rowdy spoof of *Star Trek*, a cheeky, MacFarlanesque *Galaxy Quest*, if you will. But lengthy stretches of the show's first few episodes play out like a TNG story, with scarcely a funny exchange or one-liner to be heard, let alone any kind of droll send-up of *Trek*.

The third episode, in which Moclan crewmember Bortus hatches a child, then wishes the female baby surgically altered so as to become a male, as is the norm on his home planet, could easily be mistaken for a typical moralizing episode of *Next Generation*. His human crewmates oppose Bortus' decision and the whole affair ends up in court, with Mercer arguing against Moclan cultural practises and pitching for a more enlightened, *human* approach to the situation. Very *Next Gen*!

The *Orville*, then, vacillates between TNG-like science fiction drama and *Star Trek* or sci-fi spoof, and as such, doesn't satisfactorily deliver on either. It's a little too tonally irreverent to work as drama, and not at all funny enough to be effective as parody. And yet, the ratings have been pretty good to date, so the show's incongruous mix of styles may well be working for audiences, if not for me.

STAR TREK: DISCOVERY

CBS All Access (streaming service), 8:30PM Sundays and Space, 9:00PM Sundays



Star Trek: Discovery finally premiered, after some delay, on September 24. In Canada, the show is available on Space.

This latest *Star Trek* iteration promises a return to the spirit of the original 1960s series. I do hope that it fulfills that promise, as the many *Trek* sequels over the years, in my view, so rarely have.

Kirk and his crew were on a mission to "explore strange new worlds, to seek out new life and new civilizations, to boldly go where no man has gone before," and for the most part, they did just that. Too many of the sequels failed to satisfyingly manage the same, relying instead on retreads of TOS scripts, repeatedly focusing on the familiar Klingons, Vulcans, Romulans, and other of the now well-known *Star Trek* alien races, or presenting viewers with a soap opera in space as writers dabbled in the mundane relationships of crewmembers and generally, life aboard ship. It seems to me the original series kept that kind of stuff to a minimum.

Admittedly, my childhood memories may well be contaminated by nostalgia for a thrilling sci-fi adventure show that weekly took me to strange alien worlds to discover novel, sometimes dangerous lifeforms and come to better understand

them, frequently working out ways in which to co-exist with them. That, to me, is the spirit of the original series.

Discovery kicked off on Space with two episodes in a row, establishing the principal character of Michael Burnham, played by actress Sonequa Martin-Green, recently of *The Walking Dead*. We learn that the orphaned Burnham was raised on Vulcan by Spock's parents, and had imparted to her by Sarek Vulcan philosophy. She is the first human to have graduated from the Vulcan Learning Center and later, the Vulcan Science Academy. We join her as first officer aboard the starship *Shenzhou*, commanded by Michelle Yeoh's Captain Philippa Georgiou.

The action is set about a decade prior to the events of the original series, against the backdrop of a Federation that has had little contact with what it believes to be a collapsing Klingon Empire. While investigating a damaged satellite at the edge of Federation space, the *Shenzhou* encounters a band of outlier Klingons led by T'Kumva, who, in accordance with an ancient Klingon prophecy, intends to unite the 24 great Klingon houses as the revered Kahless once had, and rebuild the Empire. Burnham clashes with her captain as to an appropriate course of action, convinced the Klingons are unlikely to respond well to any overtures of peace from the Federation. Certain she is right, she defies Georgiou's orders and attempts to act on her convictions, quickly finding herself relieved of duty and imprisoned in the ship's brig as an interstellar war is sparked.

She will ultimately come to be regarded, infamously, as Starfleet's first convicted mutineer. Later, while in transit to a Federation penal colony, her stricken shuttle will be rescued by the U.S.S. *Discovery* and in short order, she'll be recruited as a crew member by Jason Isaacs' driven, rule-bending Captain Gabriel Lorca, who seems to have an agenda of his own. Lorca recognizes in Burnham the boldness he considers essential to winning this incipient war with the Klingons.



The series features plenty of action right from the get-go! Pacing is taut, the characters interesting and well written, and the acting solid. The show looks good, as well, Klingon redesign aside, although maybe a little *too* good for a series that's supposed to be unfolding a decade prior to TOS. I suppose producers didn't want their show to appear as if it was made on a limited budget in the mid-1960s! Fair enough. Still, you'd think they could come up with sets and costumes that look a bit less TNG and more classic *Trek*. The colour palette is what stands out to me, in particular, as wrong; too monochromatic when compared to the vivid aesthetic of TOS. Shouldn't the motif of these two series be similar in that they take place in roughly the same era? It was fairly pointed out to me recently that *Star Trek: Enterprise*, also set prior to the original *Star Trek*, managed to better evoke the visual flavour of TOS while at the same time updating things for a modern television audience.

But set and costume design are mere quibbles on my part, which I'll gladly set aside if the series proves an exciting ride!

Based on the first few episodes, then, Discovery shows a lot of promise. But I do have one big concern.

Earlier Treks have extensively mined the Klingon vein

already – been there, done that, we all bought the T-shirt. I fear that Discovery's developing story arc involving the Klingon-Federation war and related intrigues might come to dominate proceedings, perhaps at the expense of exploring strange new worlds every week. I want to see episodes akin to *The Devil in the Dark*, *Obsession*, *Arena*, *The Immunity Syndrome*, and *The Corbomite Maneuver*, not so much *Affliction* and *Divergence*, *Sins of the Father*, *Reunion*, the two-parter *Redemption*, and *The Sword of Kahless*. My sincere hope is for topnotch, clever SF stories centered on the ramifications of, and challenges faced by first contact with, and ensuing investigation of new life and new civilizations, in the promised spirit of the original series.

MARVEL'S INHUMANS **ABC and CTV, 9:00PM Fridays**

The Inhumans are a race of superhumans that live on the moon, shielded from view within their secret city of Attilan. Yes, you read that correctly! I know! Sounds silly to me, too.

The show's writers left out a whole lot of the Inhumans' backstory, here, so the casual viewer may struggle to figure out exactly what is going on. A knowledge of the comic book source material would definitely help one understand and enjoy this new MCU television series.

Like the comics, the plot centres on the Inhuman Royal Family. Black Bolt is the King, whose hypersonic voice is so powerful that he could level a city with a mere whisper. Therefore, he never speaks. His Queen is Medusa, who can manipulate objects with her long, flowing red hair, which acts as a prehensile appendage, and in a fight, can pack quite a punch. Crystal is Medusa's younger sister, who can control Earth, Wind, and Fire (the elements, not the band), and Lockjaw is her giant CGI bulldog, who can ferry folk from here to there instantaneously by means of teleportation. Other Royals include Black Bolt's cousin Triton, who is capable of living underwater, Gorgon, another of Black Bolt's cousins and leader of Attilan's Royal Guard, who can stomp his hooved feet and generate earthquake-like waves of force, and Karnak, still another cousin and the King's most trusted advisor, who sees the fault in all things, and so is able to avoid making errors.

The villain of the story is Maximus, Black Bolt's brother, who lucked out when they were handing out the super powers! Every Inhuman, in a coming-of-age ceremony, is exposed to Terrigen Mist, a natural mutagen that brings out the individual's latent superhuman abilities. Maximus came away from his so-called Terrigenesis ceremony with nada, leaving him, essentially, an ordinary human. He and others like him face prejudice from those with powers and were he not the King's brother, he would certainly have found himself relegated to toiling in the mines as a member of Attilan's lowest caste. Aspiring to the crown himself, Maximus asserts that the humans on Earth will one day discover Attilan and seek to destroy the Inhuman race. He strongly



advocates for Inhuman society relocating to Earth to claim its birthright (Inhumans originated on this planet eons ago), against the wishes of his brother and the other Royals, who maintain that such a migration would result in a war with humans. Maximus incites Attilan's underclasses with promises of freedom, lebensraum on Earth (Attilan's growing population is increasingly taxing the limited resources of the city), and a better life. He orchestrates a coup and ousts his brother from power. The Royal Family flees to Hawaii, where they must regroup and adapt to a surreptitious life on Earth.

I found the action plodding, the dialogue flat, and some of the story threads introduced quickly went nowhere, like that of the quirky scientist/lunar rover-driver at Callisto Aerospace in California. As luck would have it, she drives her vehicle smack into the invisible protective shield surrounding Attilan, catching a glimpse of Gorgon's hoof on the rover's remote camera feed as he steps in to remove the nosy little intruder. Presumably we'll see her again in a future episode, and maybe she'll play a pivotal role in the discovery of the Inhumans' secret lunar city. Or something. At this point, however, her involvement seemed entirely unnecessary.

I feel the writers were trying to pack way too much into the first couple hours of this show, and the narrative suffered for it.

Meanwhile, Gorgon wasted most of his screen time hanging out on a Hawaiian beach with a group of surfers! WTF? And Crystal, the only Royal captured by Maximus during his coup, never really got her moment to shine. Her dog was a more valuable asset!

The most ridiculous moment, however, came when Medusa experienced a bad hair day. Cornered by Maximus and the traitorous Royal Guards, she defiantly refuses to join the revolt. So he pulls out an electric hair clipper and shaves off her super-powered locks! Really? An electric hair clipper! Edward Scissorhands wasn't available? Come on, writers!



Despite a generally poor reception from fans, however, I'll go out on a limb and say that *Inhumans* isn't all bad. There is potential in this thing, but based on the early episodes, to realize that potential, the writers will need to up their game.

Consider:

Maximus is not a typical, black-and-white comic-book villain. He exhibits shades of gray. Yes, he may be a despicable creep – at one point, in a terribly inappropriate move, he hits on his brother's wife! – but he has a depth that could be better exploited. Maximus had understandable reasons for betraying Black Bolt, self-serving reasons, perhaps, but arguably genuine. Attilan's pitiless class system, which the Royals have enabled, after all, is hard to excuse, and Maximus has promised to free the city's underclasses from the bigoted debasing and virtual enslavement they've endured for a long time. Can't fault him for that! In other scenarios, he might be seen as heroic. The deposed King and his court suddenly don't seem such a virtuous bunch, and it's a little harder to sympathize with them, now, isn't it? And yet, we're asked to ignore all this and see the deposed Royals as

the straight-up cardboard heroes of the piece, with Maximus standing in opposition as the patent one-dimensional villain.

If deftly stickhandled, though, the chance is there to make of these Inhumans engaging, wonderfully flawed characters, and to craft thoughtful, compelling drama. So step up, writers, and pen for us a series that will be something better than these opening hours imply.

THE GIFTED

Fox and CTV, 9:00PM Mondays

Marvel's other new series is *The Gifted*, a perfectly serviceable drama whose teenaged leads will no doubt appeal to a youthful audience. Set in an alternate timeline in which the powerful X-Men and the Brotherhood have disappeared, it's about a family, the children of which are mutants, who find themselves on the run from government authorities tasked with pursuing mutants and incarcerating them in correctional facilities.

When young Andy Strucker attends a high school dance and is set upon by bullies, his raw telekinetic abilities suddenly manifest and he inadvertently causes the school gym to begin imploding. Rescued by his older sister, Lauren, who employs her own *controlled* mutant powers to shield herself from falling debris, they escape and make their way home, where they tell their mother what happened and in so doing, reveal



to her that they are both mutants. The twist in the tale is that their father is a district attorney whose job it is to prosecute mutants!

Desperate, now, to protect his children, Reed Strucker turns to the Mutant Underground for help. This is a group that helps mutants evade capture by the authorities and subsequently smuggles them safely out of the country. In his capacity as a D.A., Reed regards them as criminals. But in exchange for help in getting his family out of Dodge, he strikes a bargain with the Underground's Marcos Diaz, a mutant known as Eclipse, offering information on the recently arrested and imprisoned Lorna Dane, or Polaris, Diaz's girlfriend and, according to show-creator Matt Nix, Magneto's daughter. Each wary of trusting the other, but urgently in need of what the other is offering, the two men arrange a meeting, which is shortly interrupted by the sudden arrival of the sinister Sentinel Services division, who deploy their mutant-hunting robots, setting a frantic chase in motion that ends with everyone but Reed only just evading capture.

The themes at play as this series launches tender a none too veiled critique of Trump's America. It's all put together quite well, and promises to explore not the fortunes of extraordinarily super-powered heroes like the X-Men, but the lot of average, everyday mutants, the little guys of the mutant constituency (and their human allies) struggling to survive, without the protection of a Charles Xavier or a Wolverine, in a political climate in which they are persecuted.

The cast is likable, the writing tight, and the action well-choreographed. The only thing that concerns me a little is that it all seems a bit familiar. I've seen variations of this idea in vignettes within some of the X-Men movies, and in the television series *Heroes*, so *The Gifted* might possibly, *perhaps* have some difficulty standing out on its own. Too early to tell yet, however, whether it'll prove derivative or a captivating fresh take.



REVIEWS: Literature

All-Night Laundry Reviewed by Danny Sichel

"All-Night Laundry", by Zachary Hall, is a story that could only be told on the Internet.

I'm not just talking about the esoteric subject matter. Physical books can be self-published.

I'm not just talking about Hall's use of what Scott McCloud described as the "infinite canvas – the fact that a webcomic doesn't have to be limited to the 'comic strip' format, but instead can require readers to scroll down down down down through the web page to see more content. A printed version of ANL could have very large pages, or very small images, or both.

I'm not just talking about Hall's occasional use of animated GIFs to show flickering lights or juddering motion. Stories can be told via disconnected display screens.

I'm not even talking about the fact that, because *All-Night Laundry* is about time travel, occasionally history is changed and as a result, there are a few installments that will be different the

second time you read them. That effect could be replicated offline in a suitably programmed game.

The reason *All-Night Laundry* could only be told on the internet is that it is **interactive**. Each day, Hall publishes the latest installment... and at the bottom (or, when the first few hundred installments were originally published in a thread on the MS-Paint Adventures forums, in replies), readers post suggestions about what the characters should say or do. Hall chooses the best... or the worst, or the most interesting... and integrates them into the story.

This could all too easily lead to a chaotic mess, but Hall handles it reasonably well; he pretty clearly has at least a general idea of where he wants to go. That's not to say that reader suggestions are **pointless** - for instance, I believe he's admitted that he hadn't originally planned for one of the major characters to survive much beyond her first appearance, but every single reader insisted that she be rescued.

It starts one summer evening in 2013. Bina Miryala is a journalism student at McGill who realizes that she's got no clean clothes for the next day. At 2AM, she goes to the laundromat... and things start happening.

Things.

Involving monsters from beyond reality! And time travel! And explosions! And time travel! And hidden messages! And time travel! And picasso zombies! And time travel! And artifacts taken from dreams! And time travel! And the ghost of a beagle! And time travel! And murder! And time travel! And amateur surgery! And time travel! And mad science! And time travel! And sewer chases! And time travel! And teleportation! And time travel! And an agency which is absolutely not the Canadian version of the X-Files, so stop calling them that! And time travel! And wishes gone wrong! And time travel! And mind control! And time travel! And impossible escapes! And time travel! And did I mention, time travel!

(However, there's only actual laundry in the first chapter. If you've come to this hoping for laundry-themed adventures, you're

out of luck.)



"As it turns out, things were not, in fact, OK."

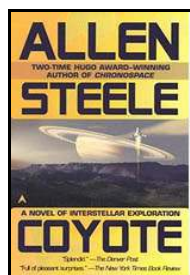
Artwise, ANL starts out quite crude and scribbly, but rapidly jumps up to competent; by the beginning of the second chapter, it's decent, and it soon becomes actually good.

A warning – despite how exciting I may have made the story sound, there are sections where the action slows down for several installments as Hall tries to get his readers to guide the characters through complex puzzles. But such sections rarely last more than a week or so. All in all, highly recommended.

All-Night Laundry can be read at <http://www.all-night-laundry.com>

***Coyote*, by Allen Steele Reviewed by Joe Aspler**

To quote that great philosopher Yogi Berra, it's déjà vu all over again. And that's why I'm reviewing a book published in 2002.



The background sounds familiar, but our story begins in 2070. The USA has undergone a second revolution, and is now a southern-based dictatorship called the United Republic of America. The Pacific and New England states have seceded. Canada and the rest of the world hold America under an embargo.

A moon of a planet 46 light years from Earth may be able to support human life. As a show of power, the new Republic launches a colony ship to the star system. The voyage will take 200 years, with the colonists in cold sleep. In this future history, the planets and moons in the 47 Ursae Majoris system received names from Native American lore. And so their destination is Coyote – the trickster.

The January 2001 issue of Asimov's Science Fiction published the first installment, *Stealing Alabama*. Yes, mankind's first starship is the Alabama, and its shuttles are named for certain 20th century political figures of the US South who were not exactly

known for being either liberal or racially tolerant.

The Captain of the Alabama – Robert E. Lee, a good name to have in post-revolution America – has organized a conspiracy to remove the government's choice colonists, replacing them with anti-government activists. By the time the colonists have awakened from their long sleep, 200 years have passed back home in the United Republic. The repressive government may not even exist. If it does, it cannot touch them, but that they have no hope of returning home.

And so the series begins. We have good hard science fiction, convincing characters, and a plausible story line. The colonists may have left the American dictatorship far behind them, but the United Republic has not left them. Conflicts with those who remain loyal to a regime that may not exist, conflicts with the indigenous wildlife, conflicts with those who regret their exile in time and space – all contribute to a fascinating and satisfying series of stories. And then the "new" Earth people show up, with a new political system

The initial Coyote trilogy consisted of: **Coyote** (published in 2002), **Coyote Rising** (2004), and **Coyote Frontier** (2005).

***The Long Earth*, by Terry Pratchett and Stephen Baxter Reviewed by Sylvain St-Pierre**



Coming back from Ad Astra last Spring, we stopped at a branch of Chapters to browse a little. Amongst other things, I picked up a copy of a book that I had heard about but never managed to read.

The Long Earth is a variation on the concept of parallel Earths; not an original idea in itself but very well developed here, with a number of interesting twists.

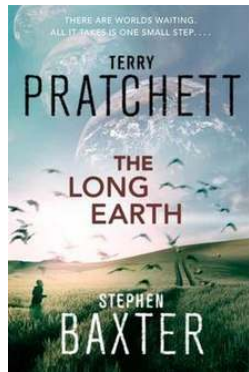
A reclusive scientist disappears under mysterious

circumstances, after having disseminated on the Internet the plans of a very cheap and simple device - powered by a raw potato - that allows the wielder to "step" to another world. Within hours, thousands of people, many of them simply curious children, have built their own stepper and unexpectedly found that it worked just as advertised.

The most fascinating aspect of the book is the coverage of the effects that such an invention would have on our society. The

immediate problem, for instance, is finding ways to prevent criminals from simply stepping back into the base universe after having crossed walls and defenses in a world where they don't exist. Some people get to sleep in basements because a would-be invader would then have to dig a hole to get at them. Fortunately, it is only possible to step in the very next world over (skipping is considered impossible), but there is an infinity of them and you just need to step again to reach the next one.

After a few years, some countries find themselves dangerously underpopulated when many of their citizens simply leave for greener pastures. Some political entities, like the United States, declare that they have legal jurisdiction



over all their infinite alternate versions. All of this is made easier by the fact that none of the other worlds are inhabited, but complicated by such restrictions as the impossibility of taking any iron across.

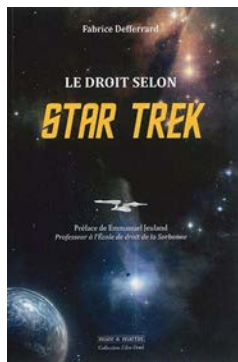
The major axis of the plot revolves around a young man who is a natural stepper, not needing a device to move between the worlds. He accepts to embark on a long range exploration trip aboard an experimental airship piloted by an artificial intelligence that claims to be the reincarnation of a Tibetan motorcycle repairman.

I shall not spoil your fun by revealing what they find, but this trip and the various side stories make for very entertaining reading. The collaboration of Stephen Baxter with Terry Pratchett has diluted the latter's unique brand of humour a bit, but it's definitely there and the mix is quite enjoyable. I shall certainly read the sequel, *The Long War*, as soon as I find the time.

Le droit selon Star Trek, par Defferrard, Fabrice (2015)

Collection Libre Droit. Mare & Martin. 258 p.

Yves Tousignant



Dès le départ, il importe de préciser une chose : ce livre n'est pas au sujet de Star Trek, il traite du droit. Star Trek est le médium par lequel cette analyse se fait. D'ailleurs, une recherche exhaustive nous fait voir que le livre n'est disponible que dans une seule bibliothèque régulière de Montréal, même pas à la BANQ, mais on le trouve dans les bibliothèques de droit ou science juridique de l'Université de Montréal, de McGill, de l'UQAM, de l'Université d'Ottawa, de Harvard, de

Yale, etc. (recherche faite par worldcat.org).

Ceci étant dit, le livre est intéressant pour ceux qui sont intéressés par le droit en tant qu'élément philosophique. Et je tiens à souligner qu'il n'est absolument pas nécessaire d'être déjà familier avec le domaine, il suffit d'être intéressé et curieux.

Defferrard s'assume comme « Trekkie ». Il a analysé la totalité des émissions et films (non, il ne tient pas compte de la série d'animation) jusqu'à « Into Darkness ». De l'ensemble de cette œuvre, il retient que selon son estimé un peu moins de 30 % des épisodes ou films présentent une intrigue qui a un lien avec le droit (environ 200 des quelques 700 instances). Dans bien des cas le lien serait tout à fait explicite, prenons par exemple « The Measure of a Man » (TNG 2.09) qui porte sur le droit à l'autodétermination de Data : est-il un objet de droit (une chose) ou un sujet de droit (une personne)? À partir de cette analyse, il émet même l'hypothèse que Roddenberry aurait vraisemblablement engagé des juristes consultants pour aider aux différents scripts de la série originale et que cette façon de faire aurait été conservée par ses successeurs. Mais peut-être est-ce tout simplement son passé dans les forces policières qui a joué.

Le livre est divisé en 4 parties. La première traite de la Directive Première (Prime Directive), de ses effets sur l'univers trekkien, de l'interprétation qui en est faite pour son application, mais aussi pour justifier d'y déroger. Et l'auteur nous fait constater la parenté évidente entre cette directive (et certaines

autres) et des textes similaires actuels (par exemple, la Charte des Nations-Unies ou la Constitution des États-Unis).

La deuxième porte sur les droits de la personnalité et touche les concepts de pluralité, altérité et dignité. Il convient de rappeler que les droits de la personnalité sont « l'ensemble des droits fondamentaux que tout être humain possède, et qui sont inséparables de sa personne » (Wikipédia). Il est donc question du droit à la vie, de disposer de sa propre personne, du respect de la vie privée, de l'égalité entre les personnes...

La troisième partie utilise diverses situations tirées d'épisodes de Star Trek pour illustrer les liens de droit qui unissent les êtres. Il est ici question de lien de filiation (incidence de la situation de Worf sur l'avenir de son fils), de lien de statut (supérieur ou subordonné dans Starfleet), de lien contractuel (dont le lien de travail, voir l'épisode de DS9 où Rom met sur pied un syndicat), et d'autres exemples.

Et le livre se termine sur l'équité dans la justice pénale. L'auteur rappelle alors, toujours avec l'aide de situations des séries et films, qu'il ne peut y avoir crime et peine judiciaires sans loi, que la loi ne doit punir que les coupables et seulement à hauteur de leur responsabilité, que le droit protège l'accusé et que, finalement, ce même droit vise à découvrir la vérité avant toute chose.

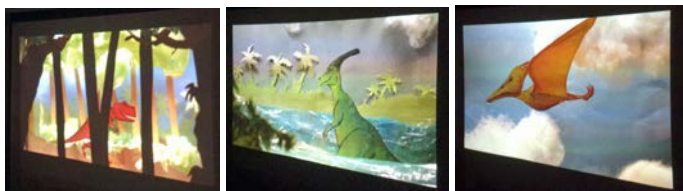
Ce livre n'est pas unique et il aurait été intéressant de l'analyser avec des ouvrages comparables, mais je n'en aurai pas eu le temps. Je me propose toutefois de retourner à la conjonction de ces univers avec « Science-fiction et science juridique » sous la direction de P.-J. Delage (disponible à l'Université de Montréal et à l'UQAM) ou « Star Trek Visions of Law and Justice » sous la direction de R. Chaires et B. Chilton (le plus proche exemplaire serait au New Hampshire!) et de vous en faire rapport éventuellement.

Pour terminer, je ne peux que vous recommander la lecture de l'ouvrage. Comme je le disais plus haut, il est tout à fait accessible et il nous mène à jeter un regard neuf sur cette série « phare » du genre.



August

A good number of folk were in attendance at MonSFFA's August 27 meeting for the official premiere of the club's long-awaited stop-motion animated short film, **Theories of Dinosaur Extinction: Number One – The Meteor Hypothesis**. The film was released under the MonSFFilms banner.



This group project drew upon the talents of many MonSFFen, working on the production in 3- to 4-hour sessions every few months over the course of some two years. Shot on a multi-plane animation stand built especially for the project, the film's dinosaur puppet cast were simple cardboard and craft paper cut-outs. Stop-motion was employed to walk them through stylized prehistoric landscapes that were made from crepe and construction papers coloured with crayons.

Sound effects recorded by the group during a Foley session a few months ago were added to a selection of creative commons-sourced music to arrive at the end result, a humorous, charming little film that drew praise from the premiere audience.

A "Making of..." featurette is currently in production.

MonSFFA president **Cathy Palmer-Lister** surprised principal organizers of the project and the film's co-directors, **Keith Braithwaite and François Ménard**, with a gift as thanks for overseeing the production; each received one of her lovely, hand-made wooden dinosaur puzzles!



Immediately preceding the meeting was unspooled another edition of **Keith Braithwaite's** Sunday Sci-Fi Cinema Matinée, on this occasion showcasing – naturally – dinosaur movies!

The MonSFFen present chose to review the 1975 Doug McClure-starring fantasy/adventure *The Land That Time Forgot*, picking it from a list that included stop-motion masterworks *The Valley of Gwangi* (1969) and *When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth* (1970). B-movies *The Land Unknown* (1957) and *Dinosaurus* (1960) rounded out our list. Everyone recognized at the outset that while *Gwangi* and *When Dinosaurs Ruled* were undoubtedly better than the other movies on offer, most had seen them before. But they had not seen the McClure film. That, and the fact that it was an adaptation of an Edgar Rice Burroughs story was enough to sell it to the club members gathered!

While a reasonably faithful adaptation of the classic Burroughs tale, the film, proclaimed our post-screening reviewers, was not

a particularly stellar example of top-drawer acting, and not at all a good example of special effects magic when it came to the realization of the story's dinosaurs, which were brought to life using a combination of full-scale models and mechanical puppets.

Despite its flaws, however, our crowd largely enjoyed the flick.

A presentation on immortality and the science fictional concept of extending the individual lifespans of men and women opened the meeting proper, with **Sylvain St-Pierre** examining his topic thoroughly from numerous angles.

The mythologies of most cultures include immortal beings, like the Greek god, Zeus, the Roman deity, Jupiter, and the Eight Immortals of Chinese legend. Fantasy, certainly, as well as science fiction are genres populated by many immortal or long-lived characters, from Dracula to Cthulhu, Egyptian high-priest Imhotep to the Elves of Middle-Earth, Dorian Gray to Lazarus Long, and Captain Scarlet to Star Trek's Q.

Man's pursuit of the proverbial Fountain of Youth was examined and novels and stories involving immortality of one kind or another cited, such as Jonathan Swift's timeless *Gulliver's Travels* (1726) and the Faustian bargain that is Oscar Wilde's *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (in book form, 1891). Add to these Robert Sheckley's *Immortality, Inc.* (1958), Poul Anderson's *The Boat of a Million Years* (1989), Orson Scott Card's *The Worthing Saga* (1990), and more recently, Christine Amsden's *The Immortality Virus* (2014), to name a few. Canada's own Robert J. Sawyer has explored themes of immortality to varying degrees in his novels *The Terminal Experiment* (1995), *Flashforward* (1999), *Mindscan* (2005), and *Rollback* (2007).

Comic books, too, feature immortal (or virtually immortal) superheroes – Wonder Woman, Thor, Deadpool, Spectre – and villains – Thanos, Darkseid, Ra's al Ghul, Vandal Savage.

Modern medical science, meanwhile, *has* extended, and continues to extend, human lifespans. Men and women live, on average, a little longer today than statistically they did even just 20 years ago! Could a man one day achieve immortality by "downloading" his consciousness into a robot duplicate? Will a woman live on after biological death in the form of an online avatar possessed of her cognizance?

As the science advances ever forward, we find ourselves on the cusp of being able to manipulate our own biology at the cellular level in order to, perhaps, dramatically extend our lifespans! Might we, in the not-to-distant future, succeed in rendering ourselves, in effect, immortal?

The day's closing presentation/discussion came courtesy **Mark Burakoff**, who began by projecting on screen an image of a rock, which one prehistoric man eons ago could have picked up and thrown at another. The second image put up was that of a stick, which could be wielded against an enemy. These were the

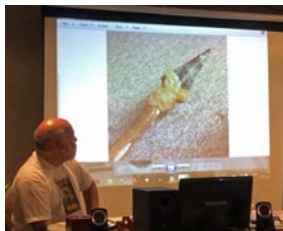


first weapons!

Mark traced the history of weapons and warfare from early man to the present before inviting speculation on what warfare might be like in the future.

Affixing that rock to the end of a stout stick was the first instance of man developing a better weapon: the club. And sharpening one end of a long stick to a point gave him the spear, increasing the range from which he could strike at a target. The bow and arrow followed, and on it went, down through human history to the introduction of the horse as a mobile assault platform and the forging of the first metal weapons, to the invention of gunpowder, to the development of firearms, mechanized vehicles of war like the tank and the airplane, the utilization of the first atomic bomb, and finally, the deployment of cruise and intercontinental ballistic missiles, and the remotely operated combat drones of today.

Cyber-warfare will certainly be an important element of any future wars, Mark offered. And deadly biological weapons, the



use of which has been greatly restrained since their devastating use in World War I, will most likely be deployed in large measure at some point, probably by either a rogue state or terrorist faction. Or, taking our cue from H. G. Wells, we might well attempt to repel an alien invasion from the stars by hitting them with the common cold, essentially harmless to us but probably lethal to them!

Who knows what advanced weapons systems a technologically superior race might unleash against us? – beam weapons of some kind that could melt our cities into slag in an instant! Or maybe an energy field that disrupts the atomic structure of its targets so as to simply erase them from existence! Or an invisible, catalytic agent that envelops our entire planet and converts Earth's atmosphere into some unbreathable mix of death-dealing gases! Or perhaps it would all come full circle and like that prehistoric fellow pitching a rock at his enemy, an alien battleship might simply nudge a large asteroid out of its orbit and direct it at Earth! We'd have no more defence against something like that than did the dinosaurs against the doomsday rock that caused their extinction!



September

MonSFFA's September meeting took place on the 17th and opened with a report on the 75th World Con by **Sylvain St-Pierre**, with commentary from **René Walling & Cathy Palmer-Lister** who had also attended. Held in mid-August in Helsinki, this was Finland's first crack at hosting the event.

To the surprise of many seasoned WorldCon-goers, the event was quite well attended, with reportedly just over 7100 folk on site and some 10500 memberships and day passes sold. Historically, WorldCons held outside of major U.S. or English-speaking cities draw but a few thousand attendees. But Helsinki can boast numbers that rank it the second biggest WorldCon to date! By comparison, Montreal's WorldCon in 2009 drew just shy of 4000 and sold just short of 5000 memberships. Toronto's 2003 effort put up similar numbers.

As an added curiosity, our meeting's display table was festooned with souvenirs of the Helsinki WorldCon, as well as with

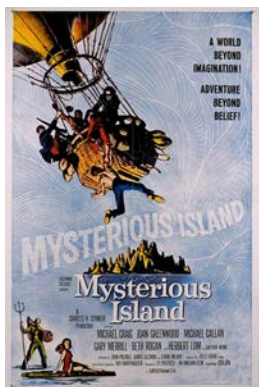


unique Finnish candies and other treats for folk to sample. A few of these edibles were added to the mid-meeting raffle's prize pool, courtesy **Sylvain St-Pierre**, who had kindly picked them up in Helsinki for this very purpose!

Cathy Palmer-Lister, René Walling, and Josée Bellemare followed with a treatise on fairy tales, tracing their development from the oral traditions of old to the modern treatments on film and television, notably by Disney Studios. It was remarked that contemporary interpretations differ greatly from those in days of yore in that they've been cleaned up for consumption by children. **Keith Braithwaite** closed the afternoon with a game challenging folk to answer a series of questions related to selections of music excerpted from sci-fi film and television scores.



October



MonSFFA's October meeting took place on the 17th and opened with the year's final edition of Sunday Sci-Fi Cinema Matinée, host **Keith Braithwaite** offering a slate of movies set in the Victorian age, or featuring Victorian characters. From Keith's list – *Master of the World* and *Mysterious Island* (both 1961), *The First Men in the Moon* (1964), and the more recent *Time After Time* (1979) and *Pride and Prejudice and Zombies* (2016) – folk opted to review *Mysterious Island*, which they found to be

a perfectly entertaining sci-fi/adventure tale, complete with an erupting volcano included in the climatic scenes! The movie benefited from the presence of several stop-motion creatures brought to life by master animator Ray Harryhausen.

This presaged nicely **Sylvain St-Pierre's** wonderful presentation on the Victorian Romance. This is an outdated term used to describe early examples of what we would today class as science fiction. Sylvain noted





that, despite aesthetic similarities, Victorian Romances are not Steampunk, in that the latter imagines an alternate, retro-technological world, the former, a future as plausibly imagined by 19th-century authors like Jules Verne, H. G. Wells, and others, who extrapolated from the scientific knowledge of the day. Sylvain outlined in detail the contributions of these writers, and early filmmakers like Georges Melies, to the

Genre. He touched, as well, on the real-world inventions and technological developments of the 19th century.

As time was running short, our planned brainstorming session on programming ideas had to be truncated, with MonSFFA president **Cathy Palmer-Lister** asking folk to simply write down their ideas for workshops, panel programming, etc. and hand them in to her so that she might collate the suggestions and begin to build a proposed schedule for next year.

The theme for the October meeting was Hallowe'en, so Josée and Marquise came dressed for the occasion, and Mark brought a pumpkin he made. Marquise also brought one of her exquisite masks.



November



The opening weeks of the Christmas shopping season proved profitable for MonSFFA, which held the 2017 installment in its popular series of SF/F used book sales on Sunday, November 12, from 1:00-4:00PM. As always, astounding bargains were available on the club's sizable inventory of second-hand science fiction and fantasy books, comics, and magazines.



Books, organized by author

While attendance was less robust than that of last year's book sale, this 2017 edition ended the afternoon matching the funds raised in 2016: \$300! Given that a good book makes a great Christmas Gift, it seems patrons took the opportunity to pick up a few seasonal gifts for friends and family, or perhaps for themselves!

In conjunction with the above-mentioned SF/F book sale, a Sci-Fi/Holiday Craft Sale was held. This was the club's first try at a craft sale, showcasing some of the handmade SF/F- and Christmas-themed treasures handcrafted by MonSFFen, wooden dinosaur puzzles, magic wands, jewellery, Christmas-themed knitted cat toys, and decoratively etched glasses among the items on offer.

While there was interest from folk browsing the sales tables, our vendors reported that business was slow, some speculating that this was perhaps because customers were more focussed on the many book bargains to be had.

Sales were light and MonSFFA netted but a few dollars for the effort, so it is unlikely that we'll stage another such craftsale, or at least not one patterned on this particular model. Perhaps another approach entirely to marketing the crafting talents of our members is in order; we're open to suggestions!

All book sale, Sci-Fi and Holiday Craft Sale monies raised by MonSFFA through saleable rental fees and sales commissions have been directed to the club's coffers.

We take this opportunity to thank all those who donated books to the cause, and the many folk who showed up early to help us set up, and at the end of the day, take down the sale. We couldn't manage the job without all of your help, people, and your efforts are greatly appreciated!



Above, Cathy's dino and fantasy wood puzzles, Below, Josés magic wands.





Various crafts by Colleen, Keith, Lindsay, and jewellery by Sarah

December

We celebrated the 2017 festive season by again returning to the always welcoming Irish Embassy Pub and Grill downtown. Some 20 or so MonSFFen and guests gathered at 6:00PM on Saturday evening, December 9 for our traditional Christmas Dinner/Party.

All enjoyed a fine meal, drinks, good company, and holiday cheer. Atop a bar stool, we set up a small Christmas tree, complete with lights and decorations, under which were displayed a bounty of gift-wrapped raffle prizes! We handed out a thank-you gift, also, to the winner of a small raffle exclusively for members who had renewed their memberships early last year, and to several

more folk via our special thanks-to-volunteer-members draw. The fund-raising raffle itself raised \$99 for the club, monies to be directed to the club's operating budget.

We proffer thanks to club president **Cathy Palmer-Lister** for making the dinner arrangements with the Irish Embassy, and to vice-president **Keith Braithwaite** and member **Josée Bellemare** for seeing to our raffles and Christmas tree. Thanks also to Keith for acquiring and wrapping all those presents, and to **Cathy, Fern, Sylvain, and Marquise** for donating items to the raffle.

Apologies for poor quality of photos; these were the best, some were even too dark for Photoshop!



The new year did not start well; we were assigned to a junior suite as neither the Grand Salon nor the suite 700 were available to us. We were crowded and lacked enough seating for everyone.

Sylvain was unable to attend the meeting, which meant finding someone to drive over to Sylvain's to pick up the projector, and even more critically, the cheque book! Thankfully, **Dom Durocher** was available and willing, so we had the raffle prizes, the projector for Keith's presentation, and the cheque to pay for the room.

The elections returned the usual suspects: **Cathy** as President, **Keith** as VP, and **Sylvain** as Treasurer. Sylvain is caring for his ailing mother, so it was agreed that Keith would take on the treasurer's job for now. Appointed positions remain the same also, so Cathy will continue to edit WARP, Keith Impulse, and **Josée** will be Keeper of the Lists again this year.

François Ménard gave an in-depth report on the life and times of P.H. Lovecraft, with **Keith** adding some visuals to the presentation. François had obviously done a lot of research, and your editor promptly asked that he write it up for WARP. I foresee at least a two-part article, possibly three.

The rest of the meeting was devoted to planning our meetings and activities for 2018. Early birds had already made a start on slotting topics into a schedule before the meeting started, but some topics needed to be switched about. We needed to discuss



Dom Durocher: his Christmas sweater was object of envy.



Keith and François

the problem of the hotel being unable to accommodate us on Sundays. A move to Saturday will inconvenience some members, but a follow up call to the banquets manager confirmed that we really had to move to Saturdays if we were to remain at the hotel. It's not ideal, but we will be getting our old room back, so starting February 10th we meet Saturdays in the St-François room.

Also under discussion was the planned field trip to Ticonderoga; it's a long trip, passports are needed, and tickets to the convention way too expensive. **Keith and Lindsay** had visited the Star Trek sets last year and between them took hundreds of photos which they will present at a later meeting this year. Someone suggested the [Canadian Science and Tech museum in Ottawa](#), and this idea was enthusiastically received. We hit the road to Ottawa June 10th, which NOTE is a SUNDAY.

François Ménard and Keith Braithwaite are planning another stop motion project, but this time they want to use plasticine puppets. It's still early days, but it sounds very exciting and challenging.



Lindsay, Mark, Josée



We welcome new members, Agatha and Adam.

Another project is a film, this one to be of a serious bent. At least one member opined that MonSFFA can't "do serious", so there is another challenge in store for us. Keith has started the script, and we'll be getting actors and "stage crew" together at Cathy's cottage sometime this summer, possibly August so that we can also enjoy the Perseid Meteor shower.

A large contingent went on to meet at the Irish Embassy Bar and Grill for supper.



On Monday, August 21, 2017, North America was treated to a rare spectacle: a total eclipse of the sun. In Montreal we experienced only a partial, but it was still exciting, and a taste of what we'll get to see in 2024 when the path of totality DOES pass over the Montreal area.

Begins: Mon, Apr 8, 2024 at 2:14 pm

Maximum: 3:27 pm

Ends: 4:36 pm (Duration: 2 hours, 22 minutes)

Totality: 1 minute, 28 seconds

Dom Durocher used a Canon T3i camera, with a Tamron 600mm zoom lens. A Daystar solar filter was mounted on the lens. The picture was taken from the Bombardier parking lot at the Dorval airport.





This is our 100th issue of WARP! Celebrate by collecting the autographs of everyone at this meeting, and anyone whose name or photo appears in this issue!



Sightings!



Found floating about fb.



The Blueberry Wizard returns!

Match the author to the title

Julie Czerneda

Dave Duncan

Kelly Armstrong

Guy Gavriel Kay

Nalo Hopkinson

Robert Charles Wilson



Brown Girl in the Ring

Spin

Women of the Otherworld

King's Blades Series

The Trade Pact Universe

Under Heaven

