



We're **WARPing**
Oatta Here!

Autumn

WARP 102

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On the Cover

The art on the cover is from a watercolour painting that went astray, and was shelved – with the intention of going back to it . . . someday. So far, that hasn't happened, but it seems suited to WARP (lots of blank space), so Cathy is having fun with it. I might return to it in future – who knows? *L. E Moir*

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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.

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

SATURDAY OCTOBER 20

The Golden Age of Pulp: Once upon a time, scientists could build faster-than-light interstellar spaceships or a quantum time machine in their basement with cardboard and a few vacuum tube. Those stories were published in magazines that are now falling to dust because of the cheap paper, but that were so gorgeously illustrated!

Folktales, and how they have left their mark on SF, presented by Adam Lawrence

SUNDAY NOVEMBER 17 SECOND HAND BOOK SALE

The annual MonSFFA book sale will begin at noon. Donations of gently used books are gratefully accepted, as long as they arrive before noon and you help us to sort them on the tables. We are also considering the possibility of a garage sale table as well.

SATURDAY DECEMBER 8, HOLIDAY FEAST

Members, family, friends, and fans are welcome to attend our Holiday Feast, which this year is being held at the Baton Rouge on Mountain Street, 1PM, December 8th.



The menus are available on line, both the lunch and regular menus will apply. There is a kid's menu here. You can download nutritional and allergen information, too.

THEME: SPARKLE!! Come in bejewelled splendour!

We will have a lovely corner all to ourselves by the fireplace!
There will be raffles, there will be fun!

Please RSVP: [<president@monsffa.ca>](mailto:president@monsffa.ca)

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 2019
(Tentative - Check website)

Elections
Not-Balderdash Game II, Danny Sichel
Programming for 2019 planning

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.



WARP 102 AUTUMN 2018

FEATURE ARTICLES



Starfleet Treachery / 5
Foodie Anime / 7
Land of Stories / 9
Remembering Stan Lee / 10

REVIEWS

Movies & Television / 12
Graphic Novels / 13



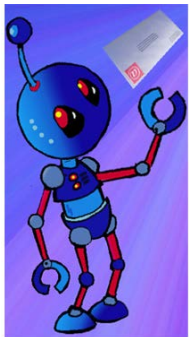
DEPARTMENTS



You've Got Mail! / 3
Blast from the Past: WARP 13 / 4
Convention & Events Listing / 4
The Artists' Alley / 11

MonSFFANDOM

July to October / 14
Notice of Elections / 15
MonSFFun / 15



You've Got Mail!

Dear MonSFFen:

Thank you all for Warp 101, and I see Fandom: The Next Generation on the cover. Good to see. I will make some comments.

Yes, the future looks bright!

My loc... Well, it's been some time since March, and a lot has happened. We've been to a number of conventions and craft shows, selling our goods, like Anime North, and our most recent table, the Waterloo Central Railway's Magical Wizards Festival. (It's interesting to see how many Harry Potter events there's been over the past couple of years...I guess the kids who grew up on Harry Potter are all young adults, with lots of disposable income...) We have a few more shows to go to before the end of the year. I am on the job hunt yet again...I was working where I was with lots of financial support from the government. As soon as the funding ran out, suddenly, my supply of work ran out, and I was eventually let go. Help, me, 6/49!

At the end of this letter, I will attach my latest convention list. Cathy, let me know if I am missing anything from your way, or if there is something incorrect.

Since then, you have sent me another list, and I have posted it on our website. In WARP, I usually include only the events most likely to interest our members.

A great Worldcon report from Sylvain. It is good to see that Worldcons still attract large numbers of people, and that there's a lot to do there. I miss that about conventions. For me, too many cons seem to need you as passive audience members, and people to spend money at, nothing more.

Oh, yes, I agree whole-heartedly! As you say below...

Keith, I agree with you completely. Comic cons, and other big commercial pop culture events are too crowded, impersonal and very expensive. That's why we don't go to DragonCon, or Fan eXpo, or San Diego, or anything enormous like that. The only reason we did attend one of the big Toronto Comic Cons a couple of years ago was for Yvonne to meet Jason Isaacs, seeing she's a big Harry Potter fan.

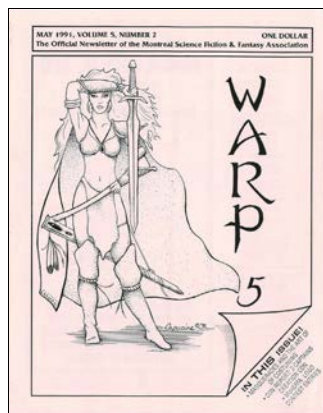
Take care, all, hope it was a great summer, and the fall should be just as much fun.

It's been pretty hectic for me lately. I'm having cataracts removed, and the dog is going in for surgery, too. She has a mass which is probably not malignant, but it's growing into space needed by organs like her liver. And my computer has decided to misbehave! Hope to get this ish done before it crashes entirely. Never rains but it pours.

Yours,

Lloyd Penney

I know, it says WARP 5, but it isn't. The number on the cover refers to the month of publication, an unwieldy system that was finally abandoned with WARP 20.



The cover is described thus: *In response to comments from MonSFFA members that Warp hasn't featured a fantasy cover for a while, we offer up this pen and ink drawing by Capucine Plourde. Capucine even lent a fantasy look to our Warp logo!*



There is an ad on the second page for the upcoming June meeting, featuring art by Keith Braithwaite. Berny's presentation of his Sea Trek eventually made it to WARP 16.

Keith reported that MonSFFA had an agreement with the YMCA on Stanley to hold meetings there, but that to defray the costs of the room, *Impulse* was going to have to be phased out. *At my urging, Impulse's creators and editors, Trudie Mason and Colleen Magnussen, have agreed to come back (they stepped down from editing Impulse a few months back) and put together the last issue, for old times sake. This is only fitting as they have been doing the news bulletin for almost all of its two-year history. Let me take this moment to personally thank them for the fine job they have done. The last Impul5e will be published in July.* Interesting, since *Impulse* has been re-instated some years back to fill the gaps between WARPs, edited by Keith.

Lloyd Penney wrote a very long LoC touching on politics, costuming, fandom history, and the way media represents fandom. *Asking the media to create a "respectable" image is a waste of time, and it's basically asking for approval from people who don't understand.* He also mentions a company working with Paramount and fanclubs to resolve copyright and merchandising issues. Other LoCs came from Florida, Ottawa, and Rawdon. These days

WARP mostly only hears from Lloyd – I wish more readers would chip in with their opinions!

MOnSFFandom: About 30 members were in attendance to hear Emru Townsend and Eddie Yu, of the Fanimation group, speak about Japanimation. There's a term I haven't heard in a long time! Sadly, Emru has since passed away, too young. Sue Dunlop took the floor to ask members that most important of questions: What do you want from your club? This was followed by another guest speaker, James Poon, who seems to have been a computer expert. Apparently, tables were piled high with "PCs, monitors, video game accessories and all manner of electronic apparatus". Funny, our tables are now piled high with electronics at all our meetings, as a matter of course!

Kevin Holden's editorial: TV, Lit-Snobs, and Getting a Life. *Ignorance of the media does not mean immunity to its effects, nor does it grant you social superiority. Single-mindedness does nothing but place one at a distinct disadvantage. Literature-only fans should get off their high-horses and realise that books have no monopoly on quality. What counts is not the medium but the message therein.*

Part 2 of Sylvain St-Pierre's Glittering Threads and Spaced-Out Threads deals with the practical issues of masquerades—what to do and what to avoid doing at all costs. Of course, such an article has to include the infamous Human Turd who covered himself in peanut butter which melted in the heat during the long wait backstage. This resulted in the "no messy substances rule".

Lynda Pelley reviewed *Mutant Ninja Turtles II*, and Barbara Rhamdas gave an enthusiastic thumbs down to a short story collection entitled *Alien Sex*. (*"Alien Sex could have been a collection of marvellously inventive, entertaining and challenging stuff, but unfortunately, the nineteen authors featured in this collection of short stories have the collective imagination of a carrot and the only challenge is to keep from recycling the book as kitty litter."*)

Lynda Pelley and Berny Reischl wrote about their tip to New York for the 2 Captains Creation Con. It's written from a Klingon perspective, as both were members of Kag/Kanada and often published in both WARP and *The Disruptor!* In those days, many fans belonged to several clubs.

The Main Viewscreen featured all the entries in the logo contest. MonSFFA has changed its logo several times, not always for the better in MHO.



UPCOMING CONVENTIONS AND EVENTS With Thanks to Lloyd Penny Abridged, see [our website](#) for more listings

January 18-20, 2019 – GAnime Winter 2019, Palais de Congres, Gatineau, QC. <https://hiver.ganime.ca/index.php/fr/> or for English, <https://hiver.ganime.ca/index.php>

February 9-11, 2019 – Genrecon 2019, Guelph, ON www.genrecon.com, or see [Facebook page](#).

March 1 – 3, 2019 – Festival Draconis - tabletop roleplaying games, CEGEP du Vieux Montréal. [Facebook page](#) FREE

March 15-17, 2019 – Toronto Comic Con, Toronto, ON www.comicontoronto.com

May 3-5, 2019 – Congres Boreal, Sherbrooke, QC. Guests include : Patrick Senecal, Marie Bilodeau, Ariane Gelinas, Karonine Georges, Michele Laframboise, Claude Lalumiere, Yves Meynard, Elisabeth Vonarburg, Jo Walton, more. www.congresboreal.ca

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. There may be an alliance between the Cardassians and the Dominion; 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 for the Maquis leader. Immediately on entering the Badlands, Janeway's vessel is detected 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. Cavit is increasing belligerent toward Maquis, to the point of becoming a liability to Janeway. The captains 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 Neelex, 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. An away team is assembled.*

CHAPTER 45

Minutes later they were standing in a monstrous cavern where the atmosphere was cool and refreshing. A sharp contrast between where they now were and conditions on the surface two kilometres above. Air currents flowing down the tunnels formed a slight breeze, gently stirring the air around the away team. Light, courtesy of the Caretaker's energy, shone from some unknown source.

Kes immediately led the team down a narrow walkway. A passageway chiselled from tons of rock surrounding them. Looking up Janeway tried hard not to think of the monstrous weight bearing down. Turning a bend the team found themselves in a small farming community. Here they could see a group of ten young Ocampa hard at work tending beds of growing fruits and vegetables, a colourful display in stark contrast to the grayish-black of the surrounding rock.

Detaching himself from the group of workers, one of the men headed straight for Kes. She threw herself into the open welcoming arms. "Daggin...it's so good to see you again."

Concern clearly visible on his face, Daggin held his friend at arms length. "Kes, Kes, where have you been?"

Throwing her head back Kes laughed gaily, "I've been to the surface. I saw the sun!" Daggin regarded Kes with awe as she continued. "I ran into some very nasty people, but I also met others who rescued me."

Kes nodded her head in the direction of Janeway and Chakotay who were slowly approaching. Behind them Tuvok stood with Neelix and the away team. Daggin's co-workers, all of whom had never seen outsiders, quickly joined Kes and Daggin. Disengaging herself from Daggin, Kes spoke urgently as she gripped her friend's arm. "Daggin, I must know! Has the Caretaker sent anyone here during the past few days?"

For the first time Daggin looked at the strangers who had accompanied Kes. First realization, then sorrow and sadness registered on the face of the Ocampa. "You must be Captain Janeway?" The away team froze, then unconsciously they all

stepped forward.

Recovering from the shock of hearing her name mentioned Janeway asked the all-important question. Dreading the reply that could come, yet still clinging to hope. "You've spoken with Harry Kim! Then you know where they are!"

Daggin slowly nodded, wishing he did not have to reply to the question. "B'Elanna and Harry were sent here about four days ago. We took them to the clinic, as we have done with the others. I was there yesterday, they were not expected to survive the night."

Beside her Janeway heard Chakotay catch his breath. She could feel numbness flowing through her body. The numbness that comes from the hopeless despair of being just too late. The captain fought it off, refusing to believe, refusing to accept they had lost the race with their enemy called time. "They were not expected to survive? Then they could still be alive?"

Daggin turned sad eyes upon the captain. "I doubt it. They were in deep comas, not at all responsive to the medical attendant."

Janeway turned to Kes. "Will you take us there?"

"Of course!" Kes could feel the anguish that her new friends were feeling. Immediately she headed off across the compound. "This way!"

"I'll come with you!" Daggin cried out as he turned to follow her, hoping in some small way he could be helpful.

Almost at a run they made their way to the heart of the habitat. Down another long rock passageway into a large open area. After racing over a bridge arching over a large waterway, they passed a small housing complex. Approaching the central plaza they encountered more and more of the Ocampa. None appeared to be occupied. Some were standing around in small groups talking. Others were sitting, watching giant screens towering above them. Each of these half dozen images displayed a lush green land with wondrous rivers. Passing in front of one of these panels Janeway whispered to Chakotay. "I wonder if these pictures show what this planet used to be?"

As they rushed by Chakotay turned his head, taking a quick look. "Probably. It's a shame to exchange that for this."

At a pace just short of a jog the group continued onward. Unmindful of the curious, surprised stares of those around them. Janeway and Chakotay had only one thought in mind, the clinic



and the two who were missing, mindful that their haste might be for nothing, aware their race might already be over! Several times the ground beneath their feet shook from the energy bolts striking the surface above. Each time Janeway noticed that the Ocampa looked up uneasily. Many appeared frightened.

Daggin move forward, matching his pace to that of Janeway and Chakotay. "Normally the Caretaker sends energy only three times per day, which we are accustomed to. Lately he has been sending more and more. We now have enough energy to run our habitat for at least one generation, perhaps longer." He paused as another blast shook the massive rock. "This change of routine has made all of us uneasy."

Janeway and Chakotay exchanged concerned looks. Unconsciously they quickened their strides as the truth they feared came closer to reality. An understanding that chilled the hearts of the Starfleet captain and Maquis leader!

The Caretaker had been correct! There was no time left! Not only for Torres and Kim, but also for themselves!

After what seemed an eternity the clinic came into view. Almost at a run they burst into the modest building. Startled, the receptionist jerked her head up, dropping an object she had been holding. Fear changed to astonishment when she recognized Kes and Daggin. She rose unsteadily to her feet.

Daggin came to a stop, his chest rising and falling in rapid succession as he fought to catch his breath. "Mesa...Kim and Torres. These people....are.... are looking for them."

Frightened by the suddenness of the encounter Mesa looked from Daggin to Janeway and Chakotay, then back to Daggin. "I...I think you are too....too late. The monitor rang several minutes ago. The...the medical attendant is in there now." Uncertainly she pointed to a room behind her. "In there."

Janeway, Chakotay, and Paris pushed past her and Daggin! The door before them slid open! Choking on the unbearable stench, Janeway had to cover her nose and mouth with her hand.

The room contained three people. One stood quietly between the beds. The other two lay quiet and still, as only those who are in the grip of death!

Janeway fought down the urge to be sick. Beside her Chakotay's face turned grey. While Paris turned away, covering his face with both hands. Before them Torres and Kim resembled nothing human. Their bloated bodies were covered with massive black tumours, many of them open and bleeding. Their faces were distorted beyond recognition.

Neelix grabbed Kes' arm. "Come! We're not needed here." Daggin followed as they quickly returned to the main courtyard.

Bracing herself, somehow Janeway managed to address the man who despite the sudden intrusion of so many strangers appeared calm and serene. "I'm Captain Kathryn Janeway, Harry and B'Elanna are missing crew members that we have been searching for."

Standing quietly with hands folded before him the attendant studied the group before him. Except for the sick and dying sent by the Caretaker, this was his first real encounter with anyone from the world above. Fascinated by the variety of species he regretted meeting them under these circumstances. Spreading his arms in a gesture of finality he looked at the captain. "I'm sorry... we did all that we could. They left us minutes ago."

Taking out his tricorder Tuvok approached the beds. "Captain. There are still life-signs. Minimal brain activity, slight heartbeat. Infinitesimal, very erratic."

Janeway took a step closer. "Get them to sickbay!"

Moving closer Chakotay cried out. "Captain! My EMH with his vast array of knowledge would be better equipped to handle this!"

Hoping beyond hope for the stricken pair Janeway agreed. "Go! Join me back here as soon as possible!"

Fighting down the repulsion they were both feeling, Chakotay and Paris quickly but gently picked up the almost lifeless bodies. Chakotay slapped the insignia in the shape of Maquis ship on the front of his shirt. "Seska! Emergency beam-out! Obtain the coordinates from Evans, lock onto my position and the Starfleet one next to me. Transport us directly to sickbay, have the EMH on standby!" The next instant they disappeared in the transporter's blue light.

Well, well thought Janeway, the Maquis had designed comm badges similar to those of Starfleet. The captain had noticed the insignia on Chakotay and the other Maquis. Thinking they were nothing more than symbolic, she had paid little attention. When they return to the Alpha Quadrant her father was in for a surprise, so too was Starfleet intelligence.



Tuvok turned to the away team. All of them with faces as gray as the surrounding walls. "Wait outside." They moved quickly, having had enough of the Ocampa hospital.

Slowly, curious about the strangers, the attendant approached Janeway. "I hope you can save them. They held on longer than any of the others, Harry was certain you would come." He smiled gently. "Harry kept his companion under control, she had a bit of a temper."

Janeway nodded sadly. "If only Harry's trust has not been misplaced." The man gave a slow, understanding nod.

The captain glanced around her, at the gray unadorned walls, at the utility shelving containing only the basic medicines and instruments, at the simple beds with no bio-readout technology, at the lack of life-saving emergency equipment. The room was as barren as the lives of the Ocampa.

She turned her attention back to the attendant. "According to Kes, this has been going on for some time. Do you know why? Is there anything that might explain why these people were sent to you?"

The medical officer studied the Starfleet captain. He read both authority and compassion in her eyes. In her stance he could see anxiety and frustration. He replied in a serene, low tone voice. Not the least perturbed over recent events. "The Elders assumed the Caretaker sent them to us, to protect others of their kind."

His answer, the same as what Kes had said, did nothing to lift Janeway's spirits. "These Elders, have they ever seen or spoken directly to this Caretaker?"

He shook his head. "No, no. At least....not as far as I know. The archives, which go back to the Warming, are written in a

language difficult to understand, much of our history remains a mystery. We know nothing of the outside world, except what we see on the screens. Those pictures must show the surface above from our long ago past, before the Warming destroyed the land.”

To a Vulcan the search for knowledge was the very essence of their being. Trying to comprehend the Ocampa’s complacency Tuvok approached the attendant. “Do you not seek to learn about or see beyond your world?”

The man nodded sadly. “Some do. The younger ones....like Kes and Daggin. They do not understand that the Caretaker sent us here for a reason, providing for us.”

For a moment he looked around the room before returning his attention to the captain and Tuvok. “Though....I must

admit....when I see what used to be I do occasionally wonder. However, that was mostly when I was younger, now only in a rare moment. We do not lack for anything. There is no reason for discontent.”

Silently Janeway thought, *no reason except your freedom and opportunity to grow and expand as a people.* Keeping her reflections to herself the captain smiled. “Thank you for taking care of Harry and B’Elanna. Perhaps by looking after them as you did their lives might still be saved.”

Once again folding his hands before him, the attendant inclined his head.

“May it be so.”



Found on the Web: Three food-related anime series

Sylvain St-Pierre

While Saturday morning cartoons are now a thing of the past in the West, animated TV shows are still alive and well in Japan, much to our delight.

Not only is the sheer number of such productions bewildering, but they cover just about every topic imaginable and then some. While Web surfing, I came across three separate series on an unusual theme: food in a fantasy setting. Some years ago, I did a MonSFFA presentation along those lines (Warp 72, Spring 2009), so my attention was grabbed long enough to watch all the episodes.

The first I found was *Kakuriyo no yadomeshi* (*Afterlife Inn Cooking*). The main protagonist is a young woman named Ali Tsubaki, born with the gift of being able to see the normally invisible *Ayakashi*, beings of the Japanese folklore that walk unseen among us. One day, she is taken to the Hidden Realm by a powerful *oni* who claims that she has been listed as collateral for the debt incurred by her grandfather, a human who had the power of being able to slip at will between the Apparent and Hidden Realms.

Although the *oni* is uncharacteristically quite handsome and even gentle, the idea of becoming his bride does not appeal to Ali and she makes him a counter-offer: erase the debt by running a restaurant annex to the luxury inn that he owns.

In short order, the diner becomes immensely popular, as the heroine has a knack for making dishes that not only appeal to supernatural beings, but have the property of replenishing their magical energy as well. It time, even the King and his wife come to have dinner there.

The Hidden Realm is quite a beautiful place, populated by beings that are often strange to Westerners. I thought myself reasonably knowledgeable in Japanese fantasy, but discovered several new creatures in that show.

The second season is not yet available on Youtube, and I am anxiously waiting for it because the first one ended on a cliffhanger and there are still several mysteries that need answering. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fAuwon6inNE>



Cover of the original novel



Typical guests at the Bed and Breakfast for Spirits



Ali, the inn owner and the Assistant Manager

The next two series are very similar to each other at the base, but differ quite a bit in development.

Isekai Izakaya “Nobu” (*Alternate World Bar “Nobu”*) is centered on an *izakaya*, a hole-in-the-wall kind of bar/restaurant

found everywhere in larger Japanese cities. This establishment has the particularity of having its front door opening in a street of the parallel universe city of Aitheria, a place much like our Medieval Germany save that there are two moons in the sky and everybody speaks (but cannot read) Japanese. Each chapter is

named after a dish.

As of this writing, there appears to be at least two distinct series of dubbing. One is available on Youtube, but I recommend the other one, as it includes a “plus” segment after each episode, detailing the actual real-world dishes featured. This version can be found at www.crunchyroll.com/isekai-izakaya-Japanese-food-from-another-world but will require the use of Flash to be viewed. There is an English language version of the manga, and it appears to have substantial differences with the anime. Apparently, a lot

more of the plot is set outside the restaurant proper. One of the funniest segments is about a spy from a neighbouring kingdom (very obviously patterned after France) that mistakes the – for him – incredible cuisine for signs of fantastic wealth and advises his government not to mess with Aitheria!

The writer obviously did his homework. One episode, for instance, introduces the concept of the sandwich to a group of local card players, who are totally taken by this novel idea!



Nobu, innocently tucked between two buildings on a side street



Cold fresh beer in a glass mug! What will they think of next?



The “extra” segment, explaining the nature and history of the featured dish

Isekai Shokudō (Restaurant to Another World) also features a restaurant with a connection to a different dimension, but here the door opens in multiple places on several continents of a classic *Dungeon & Dragons* universe, populated by humans, elves, dwarves and many other creatures. Here, too, everybody conveniently speaks Japanese; but the menu has actually been translated into the local written language by one of the regulars (who is still wondering how it can be possible to have so many exact copies of her own handwriting). The door opens only once every seven days, and for most of the regulars this is the highlight of the week.

While there are often passionate discussions between the patrons regarding which dish is the best, there are never any fights; for this would mean being barred from the place and it would be unthinkable. One tribe of lizard-men has even turned the visit into

a quasi-religious experience, with one of their number weekly bringing back takeout rice omelette for all to enjoy.

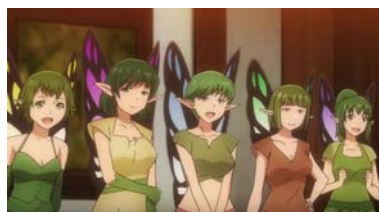
One of the two waitresses is a horned half-demon who wandered in by accident, the other is actually a huge dragon in disguise with an immoderate fondness for curry. This is a patron who has based a thriving commercial empire on the pasta recipes he discovered there, and one lion-man gladiator credits his long series of wins on his favourite pork dish.

The Chef needs to be extremely creative to accommodate beings with so many different tastes, from strictly Vegan elves to Sirens who delight in raw fish (they normally eat them whole...).

The series started as a novel in 2013 and is still going on as of today, as well as its manga adaptation. The anime version currently has twelve chapters, which can be found in English subtitled version at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XfV3qmPP-yU>



The mysterious door that can open anywhere



The Fairy patrons. Only a few inches high, they usually share one huge fruit dessert



A typical evening in the restaurant



The Chef and the Waitresses

One thing that I personally really like about those last two series is the emphasis put on how the inhabitants of those realms marvel at simple things that we take for granted. The lavish use of glass (a rare and expensive substance for them); ice water (“*How do you do that in summer? Pure and clean, too!*”); a refreshing mug of cold beer; spices galore (“*Pepper?! How can you serve pepper? It is worth its weight in gold!*”); fresh fish far from the sea; meat that is not gamey.

Because they are still connected to our world through their back door, both establishments still enjoy the advantage of gas, electricity, photocopiers and running water. If they need something, they can walk to the grocery a couple of streets away.

It is nice to remember that all this used to be extravagant luxury for us, too, until not that long ago.

It should also be noted that those restaurants are doing quite well financially. Their customers pay in gold and silver, at rates which they consider quite reasonable for such wonderful food but happen to be worth a lot more once converted in Japanese yen.

The Internet being a place of constant flux, the links provided may unfortunately no longer work by the time you read this. But if you do a search based on the titles, you have a fairly good chance of finding at least some of the episodes.

Bon appétit!



A Land of Stories

Agata Antonow

Last month, Adam and I had a chance to visit Poland and we were delighted by what we found. This is not just a land of history and churches and pierogis, but as we quickly learned it’s a country where just about every corner is steeped with stories of the mysterious and the fantastical.

Our trip began in Wrocław, where the streets are dotted with statues of dwarves. Dwarves astride lions, dwarves in an orchestra, dwarves about a foot high with a tourist map in hand. These fairy-tale creatures popped up in the city in 2005, a tribute to the importance of an underground movement during the 1980s.



A Wrocław Dwarf

What do dwarves have to do with protests, you ask? In Wrocław, quite a bit. In the 1980s, anyone painting anti-communist and anti-government slogans on city walls soon found their work covered up. Anyone sharing such views also risked arrest and jail time. Until a few enterprising people discovered they could organize and announce their opposition to the regime right under the authorities’ noses—by using dwarves. The Wrocław anti-

communist underground movement painted krasnoludki (dwarves) everywhere and even organized meetings where attendees dressed up as dwarves. Authorities, at first, at least, had no idea what these pictures and costumes had to do with protests. Organizers got to have a little fun while thumbing their nose at the regime and now the city honours their work with statues. There are even maps and apps to show visitors how to track down every dwarf statue in the city.

In addition to trying to see as many of the krasnoludki as we could, we also enjoyed taking in the baroque architecture of the University of Wrocław and the many streets and parks of the city. For those who have more time to spend in the city than we did, Wrocław also has many museums of interest, including the Geology Museum and Natural History Museum. When we head back, we especially want to see the Hydropolis, a museum

dedicated to water and hosted in a converted neo-Gothic water tank originally built in 1893.

After our stay in Wrocław, we traveled to Kraków, where we visited the Old Town as well as Wawel Castle, once the home of



Wawel Castle in Krakow

Polish Royalty. Here, too, we encountered stories of the supernatural. In fact, after the castle tour we got to descend under the castle, into the lair of a dragon.

You see, as the story goes, many years ago, the city of Kraków was just a village and it was

quite bothered by the dragon who lived under Wawel Hill, right by the River Vistula. In true dragon fashion, this one wreaked destruction on the nearby villages.

Luckily, the king knew just what to do with the bothersome smok (dragon). He promised his daughter, the princess, to anyone who could slay the dragon. As these things tend to go, brave knights and warriors from the entire region came and fought the dragon, who managed to best them all.



The Dragon's lair under Wawel Hill

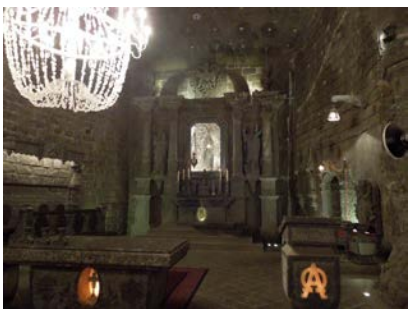
But in the village there was one man, a shoemaker, who had an idea. He killed a lamb, filled it with sulphur and left it outside the dragon’s lair. Dragons are notoriously greedy and when this one saw a lamb, he swallowed it one gulp. Soon he grew horribly

thirsty. He waddled down to the river and drank and drank, but stayed thirsty. So he drank some more, until he drained the river and burst. The village celebrated, the shoemaker married the princess, and all was well. Today, visitors can see the dragon's bones hung above Wawel Cathedral. A warning to other dragons, no doubt.

The dragon's lair under the castle is quite wonderful to visit. We had a fun time climbing down the winding the stairs and walking through the caverns, which are filled with moss and dripping water, quite everything one would expect in the home of a dragon. We emerged from the lair on the banks of the River Vistula, now thankfully replenished since the dragon drank it down. There, right on the water is a large statue in tribute to the dragon. Every five minutes, it breathes out fire.

Those who know the great science fiction writer know Stanisław Lem, who lived for many years in Kraków. In a bookstore in the Jewish Quarter we found some of his books and asked whether there are any historic monuments dedicated to him in the city. Sadly, the answer appears to be "no" (for now) but his gravesite is in Salwatorian Cemetery in the city. We did not visit it this time, but it's likely a stop for other science fiction fans.

While we didn't wander into too many museums, for those who visit when the weather is rainy, there are many science museums of interest in the city, including an aviation museum and the Museum of Japanese Art and Technology. For those who are much braver than we are, there is even a Kraków Museum of



Salt Mine Chapel

Insurances (the only museum dedicated to insurance in the world).

We did get out of the city and went to the Wieliczka Salt Mine. Not just for those curious about how salt is made, this is a museum combining history, technology, art, music, and stories. Salt has been mined here since the 13th century, but today the museum is a UNESCO World Heritage Site and a major tourist destination.

First, we descended hundreds of steps to get into the mine. A guide told us how salt was mined years ago and showed us the various sections of the mine developed in different centuries. We had a chance to touch the walls of salt and were even invited to give them a lick, if we wanted. We were shown the magnificent



Salt Mine Lake

art developed in the mine – all carved from salt – including statues of dwarves, a tribute to the supernatural creatures often associated with mining. The salt mine contains many things you don't exactly expect to see in a salt mine. We saw two chapels and a ballroom built entirely of salt, right

down to the giant chandeliers. Everything from the ornate stairs to the altars to the floor tiles were made of salt. We walked by two underground salt lakes and were even treated to a musical presentation featuring music by Chopin, who visited the mine during his lifetime. On the way out, we had the chance to stop by the gift shop, where bags of salt, salt lamps, and any number of souvenirs were available.

We're looking forward to having more adventures there when we return.



Remembering Stan Lee

Danny Sichel

I had a conversation with Stan Lee once. In 2011, he was a guest at the Montreal Comic con. That was the year that attendance skyrocketed. I'd been going for the previous few years, so I went that time also.

There was a Q-and-A session that I attended; I'm not sure if that took place before or after the conversation. I remember that I didn't get the chance to ask my question – were there any of his characters that he was surprised *didn't* become a success? – because the 'Fathers For Justice' guy from a few years back (remember him? Dressed up as Spider-Man and climbed the bridge to get attention, and shut down traffic for a few hours?) was asking this very long and involved question which boiled down to "Do you support my worthy cause, Stan, please say yes", and afterward Stan was tired and they had to end the session a bit early.

But the conversation. At one point, Stan was moving from one part of the Palais des Congres to another, and although his

assistants wanted to take him through the back corridors, he decided to walk across the main convention floor. Which was full of people who went absolutely wild because STAN LEE WAS WALKING AMONG THEM. People who were calling out "STAN, STAN, WE LOVE YOU STAN".

I was rummaging through a longbox at some dealer's spot when this took place, and by chance Stan moved towards me.

I was about 10 feet away from him.

I looked at him.

I raised my fist and said, "All hail Stan!"

He grinned, and said "You're damn right."

And then he moved on.

I consider that a conversation.

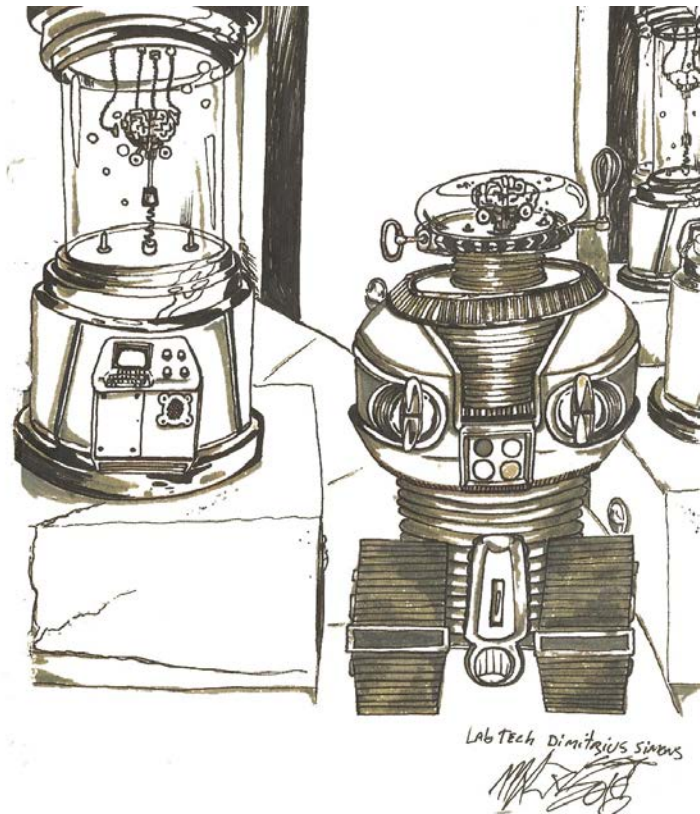
Goodbye, Stan.

Excelsior

Once a regular feature of WARP, the showcase for the artwork of our members returns. This page is open to all forms of art – not only charcoal and paint, but also your models, original costumes, and so forth. This is a page for your imagination! Be creative!

Marquise is a long time member whose drawing of the Werewolf (cover of WARP 98) garnered 7 nominations for an Aurora Award, not enough to make the final ballot but quite amazing when you consider how few CSFFA members know WARP!

Marquise is experimenting with ideas inspired by the popular Fallout video game franchise instigated in 1997 by Interplay and now owned by Bethesda.



Dimitrius Simons is a robo-brain (same as in the tank at left) from a medic at St-Luc who survived nuclear Armageddon but couldn't ghoullify. He seems unaware that he is not human anymore.

Claire Tremblay is the pre-war ghoul who saved Dimitrius Simons by hacking his brain into a biostasis tube for later robo-brain transfer. She is pretty lonely, but is friend now with Follower of the Apocalypse Marly Theroux and allowed Dr Sirius (also from FotA) to stay there. She also left Quebec's chapter of the Brotherhood of Steel to help defend the hospital against raiders.

*Meanwhile, **Danny Sichel** crated a whole new world with an interesting alien race. We will be publishing his world-building exercise in parts, starting today with his inspiration. In WARP 103, we'll continue with descriptions and sketches of his alien inhabitants.*

I Made Aliens – in High School!

Danny Sichel



When I was in high school, I read James White, and Janet Kagan, and Wayne Douglas Barlowe. I read Larry Niven and Stanley Weinbaum. I read Hal Clement. But I also read Stephen J. Gould.

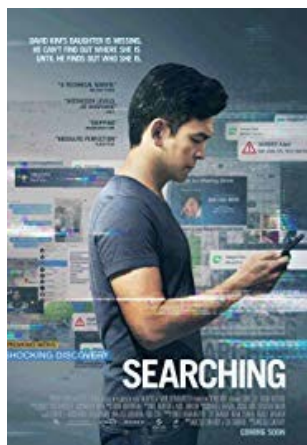
I learned about the concept of the Bauplan – the primitive concept of the 'body plan' that early taxonomists used in their attempts to classify phyla, and the more modern versions used today. The tetrapod Bauplan that we all adhere to – four limbs, a head, a torso... eyes... a spine... a brain... – and the others. Arthropods. Molluscs. Annelids. Organisms that were radially symmetrical instead of bilaterally. I learned about the Cambrian Explosion, and about the Ediacaran fossils that antedate it, Bauplane that were nothing like what now exists. I learned about the role of historical contingency. "Survival of the fittest" isn't as straightforward as you might think: circumstances change, and what was suitable one day may be wholly unsuitable the next. There's no set goal to evolution, no specific target.

And I looked at the aliens in the books I was reading. And I wondered, how alien were they really...

Searching (Sony Pictures, 2018)

Adam Lawrence

WARNING: PLOT SPOILERS AHEAD.



The main problem with Aneesh Chaganty's *Searching* – in which a father (John Cho) uses social media technology to track down his missing daughter Margot (Michelle La) – is its earnestness.

The film's technique of spinning a narrative exclusively through visual devices (computer cams, surveillance camera feeds, and a whole slew of "screens" on desktop computers, tablets, and smart devices) offered the director a unique opportunity: to explore the sociological, philosophical, and

moral impact of living a fully "immersed" lifestyle. But while we do see some consequences of, say, the internet's anonymity -- where anyone can pretend to be anyone and, as a result, swindle anyone – I got the impression that the film's writers (Chaganty and Sev Ohanian) hadn't fully examined those consequences.

I assumed *Searching* would first examine our fully immersed lives, and then show how that ultimately *hurts* us by giving us the false sense of security and closeness, by tricking us into thinking that we can truly know someone after significant "face time" (e.g., skyping and so forth).

Well, my first assumption was accurate. The chronicle of the Kims is the chronicle of social media – from the "early days" of Google, instant messenger, and Facebook to the contemporary era of Twitter, Snapchat, Tumblr, and Instagram. When we meet the Kim family, we see how, like most middle-class families since about the beginning of the new millennium, their lives are thoroughly intertwined thanks to email, texting, chatting, and video face time. The immersion becomes all the more apparent with the rise of social media and the ability to constantly update, share, and immerse ourselves in each other's lives – 24 hours a day, if we choose.

There's nothing *wrong* with this necessarily. For the Kims, in fact, their computer and, eventually, social media applications are the sources of touching family moments: videos of Margot's first day at kindergarten, first day in grade 1, first piano lesson, etc. When Mom gets sick, we see the progression of that experience -- from the email correspondence with the doctor, shared photos of the family hugging their way through the ordeal, and videos displaying the grim determination of husband and wife to hike and run in the face of the cancer diagnosis.

My second assumption was not correct – though I thought it *might* be. The first devastating revelation in the movie is that

David Kim *just doesn't know his daughter*. Why is that? Has Dad spent too much time in his devices, to the detriment of his relationship with Margot? Far from it. Much of his time spent on chat or Skype includes exchanges with Margot. Okay then: Maybe a key point is that *despite* that "connection," we never really know another person because they can simply fake it? I thought that might be the central argument the director was trying to make. But that's not true either because Dad uses his fifteen-year immersion in social media technology to piece together what happened to his daughter, to uncover the "real" Margot.

The second devastating revelation is that Margot was lured by her abductor through a social media exchange. So then I thought the director's point might be that the so-called "connection" we make through social media is a fraud. Well, if that's the case, why go on and emphasize that the father's amateur detective role in both uncovering Margot's secret life *and* ultimately rescuing her is made possible through those same social media platforms? Indeed, after hacking his daughter's Facebook and chat room accounts, and then helping the police track down Margot's whereabouts, the film ends with a sweet reunion of father and daughter– mediated (like much else in the film) through instant messaging.

Why emphasize that social media brings us together, when the greatest threat in the film -- indeed, the very source of the crime at the heart of the movie – is, in fact, social media? Why? Because the film is just too earnest. The film struck me as a (witting or unwitting) PR campaign for Facebook and other platforms that have lately come under fire for leaking personal information and – more or less – aiding and abetting identity theft. *Yes*, the film's writers seem to be arguing, *people might be vulnerable to pernicious attempts at fraud* (or, in the case of the film's plot, a "troubled" young teenager's attempt to deal with loneliness), *but social media used for GOOD can help fight crime!*

While I did enjoy the film's chronicling of social media – as well as some of the humour: for example, the scene where the Gen-X dad fumbles his way through unfamiliar platforms before gaining competence ("What's a tumbler?") – I was left with the impression of a feel-good message. I felt that the film would have been on more solid ground arguing that social media cuts both ways: it can bring us together, allow for immediate contact; but it can also make us vulnerable to identity theft, fraud, and worse. Because of the film's happy, earnest ending, I don't think Chaganty was accurately or critically presenting the double-edged nature of social media.



2018 Aurora Awards, Graphic Novel Nominees

Danny Sichel

One thing that annoys me about the graphic novel category in the Aurora Awards is that, too often, the finalists include things that AREN'T LONG-FORM STORIES. Peter Chiykowski's **Rock Paper Cynic** is a joke-a-day strip! It's mildly clever and it's often SF-themed, but there's no story here! Ryan and Laura Harby's **Honey Dill** is even worse - it's almost *never* SF-themed! Why was this even nominated? Did someone ask their friends to do it?

I'm similarly disappointed with Dominic Bercier's **SIGNAL Saga #0: PanGaea and the Key of Mirrari**. This *is* long-form



storytelling in graphic format... but it's barely coherent. I've read the issue twice, and I *still* can't follow what's going on. It's prettily illustrated, for the most part, although the more I look at those swirling clashing bright colours, the more they start to annoy me. Bercier's dialogue feels like a cross between Jack Kirby and Grant Morrison, but in a bad way, and there are aspects of his portrayal of anatomy that are downright Liefeldian. "Later, with each contact

of his SWORD, Dusk of PanGaea captured KNIGHT after KNIGHT of the NIGHT and finally even their leader, MAGE MERCURY WOODWIND. They all entered the SWORD'S EMPTINESS until DUSK OF PANGAEA had a VISION of... THE GREAT MACHINE to the NORTH." This is terrible.

Kate Larking and Finn Lucullan's **Crash and Burn**, however, is considerably better. The sample provided is only chapter 5 (and the rest is behind Patreon's paywall), so I'm missing loads and loads of context... and yet, it's reasonably easy to figure out what's going on. Two humans and some humanoid aliens are trapped in an alien amusement park, where they're being attacked by brightly coloured skeleton creatures who all have "Level 1" floating above their heads. Destroying enough of the creatures will earn them tickets which can be used to return to Earth. Yes, it's a game - but they're sustaining real injuries. As one of the aliens says, what's the use of a war game without the risk of actual death? I don't know who these characters are, but I'm very quickly getting a feel for



their personalities and their voices. The art is deceptively simple, and rewards further examination.

Riftworld Legends, by Jonathon Williams with art by Daniel Wong. Oh, this is good. This is *very* good. It's further tales in the backstory of the Riftworld Chronicles thing on CBC. There's two narrative strands - a nineteenth-century British ship that sails its way onto an island in another dimension, and - years in the future - a woman on that island tells her granddaughter the story of how the island was settled, and why her explorations of the Old Ways are dangerous. And there's triple moons and giant centipede monsters and skeleton warriors and betrayal and sword fights and revenge and murder and a particularly cruel dinner.



It Never Rains, by Kaari Maaren. This starts out as a slice-of-life comedy about the life of a young legally- but- not-totally-blind woman with ... well.

There's time travel, and there's mad science, and there's loads and loads and loads of time travel. Which can be really subtle, as Maaren has made the deliberate choice to not use flashy special effects... until there's multiple versions of a given character appearing at the same time... not all of whom are as obvious as you might think. Characterization is solid, as is plotting (notwithstanding time travel that ties things in knots), but I can't



say I'm wild about the art. I described "Crash and Burn's art as 'deceptively simple' - but in "It Never Rains", there's nothing deceptive about it. The colouring feels too flat and primal, and I really don't like the way Maaren portrays open mouths when showing characters in profile (as in, when characters are speaking), which she does a lot. [Bearing in mind, neither of these will stop me from continuing to read "It Never Rains" three times a week, of course.]

Ed's Note: The winning graphic novel was: Rock Paper Cynic by Peter Chiykowski. I had a look at it, and I agree with Danny- it's not a graphic "novel". - CPL



July

This year's club Barbecue-in-the-Park at Parc Angrignon was scheduled for Sunday, July 22, and despite threatening rain, went ahead as planned.



W e a t h e r forecasts on that morning varied from predictions of light rain, followed by noontime clearing skies, to steady rain throughout the day,

including afternoon thunderstorms. As some of these forecasts emanated from sources that in past instances we have found to be notoriously unreliable, we gambled that the rain would likely (hopefully!) stop falling about noonish and any thunderstorms would hold off long enough for us to enjoy a few hours of picnicking in the park. But we hedged our bet by advising MonSFFen to maybe bring along their umbrellas, just in case. Luckily, most did!

A light rain fell throughout our picnic, pausing only briefly at one point. We had set up under the cover of a grouping of trees, so we managed to escape a thorough soaking and, despite the

inclement conditions, nevertheless enjoyed each other's company. It proved a truncated and moist afternoon of lively conversation on topics ranging from superhero movies, vintage WWII aircraft, and the recent Montreal ComicCon to ghosts, 3-D printers, and – no surprise – the weather. Folk quickly dubbed the event “Umbrella-Con!”

Our barbecue's charcoal-fuelled fire not only grilled a variety of tasty meats, but provided a source of warmth for those among us who felt a tad chilly in the drizzle. Our umbrellas and beer also helped us brave the experience!

And of course, as luck would have it, the skies began clearing just as we packed up and made our way home, the afternoon thunderstorms never having materialized.



August

The club's regular meeting schedule resumed in the wake of summer activities with the August 18 gathering. Attendance was robust and the print-version of Warp 101 was available for pick-up.

The afternoon's agenda, however, had to be modified as we found ourselves without our video/slide projection system!

We opened with a discussion of favourite sci-fi book and magazine cover artists, with **Cathy Palmer-Lister**, **Danny Sichel**, and **Keith Braithwaite** highlighting a number of illustrators – Michael Whelan, Vincent Di Fate, Norman Saunders, Wayne Barlowe – and passing around the room books featuring their artwork for all to see. The audience chimed in with their own favourite artists, among them Frank Frazetta, the Brothers Hildebrandt, and Frank Kelly Freas.

Keith also mentioned that often, one can get an idea of what a book is about based on common visual tropes utilized on the jacket by marketing and art directors. High fantasy book covers tend to feature dragons, wizards, warriors clad in medieval garb on horseback, for example. Science fiction books feature

spaceships and planet-scapes as shorthand for what's to be found between the covers, or astronauts in jetpacks brandishing ray-guns. A book splashing its author's name in large, bold text across a minimalist cover illustration is usually trying to sell the reader on that author.

François Menard followed with an extensive treatise on *Sword and Sorcery*, a subset of the larger fantasy genre, highlighting the bloody adventures of sword-wielding warriors epitomized by Robert E. Howard's *Kull the Conqueror* and *Conan the Barbarian*. François was our guide through a history of this subgenre in both literature, and film and television. Minus our usual projector, we nevertheless managed to show some of the trailers François had brought along, albeit on a small laptop screen!

We apologize for our logistical oversights!

The planned slide show tour of *Ticonderoga*, New York's astonishingly accurate recreation of the original starship *Enterprise* television sets, finally, was postponed.

September

MonSFFen met on September 8 at the club's *Hôtel Espresso* locale for a busy schedule of programming, beginning with **Sylvain St-Pierre's** look at “ret-conning,” that being the retrospective revision of everything from Klingon facial features to the origins of comic book superheroes to the race/gender-swapping of long-established characters, an

increasingly trendy exercise. After defining the term “ret-con,” Sylvain categorized the various motivations for the practise, such as for reasons of marketing, of modernizing for today's audiences, or of updating from an historical or scientific perspective, and included a couple of related examples in illustration of each. Ret-conning, whether applied in limited or significant fashion,

extends across genre and media, from novels to comic books to television series and movies. But is ret-conning really necessary, or constructive? It's a mixed bag; in some cases, yes, in others, not so much! Sometimes, the process succeeds in refreshing an outdated property in order to breathe into it new life, while in other instances it seems little more than a blatant marketing ploy or a sop to some form of political correctness.

Cathy Palmer-Lister was up next with a brief talk on the subject of space junk. Abandoned satellites and old rocket boosters, not to mention the bits and pieces of damaged or destroyed man-made objects floating about in random orbits around the Earth, has become quite the problem! We are littering our space lanes with the detritus of past space missions and endangering our modern satellite communications systems and space-based scientific research platforms, like the International Space Station.

As larger pieces of junk collide with others and break up into smaller fragments, more and more junk results, the scraps propelled into ever more haphazard trajectories. Cathy offered a number of charts detailing the sheer number of pieces floating around up there at various altitudes.

She also noted a few of the proposed solutions to the problem, which include the use of recoverable and reusable boosters in future, and the deploying of large nets to capture the free-flying debris.

The meeting closed with **Keith Braithwaite** and **Lindsay Brown**'s slide show of their trip last year to Ticonderoga, New York, to visit replicas of the original Star Trek sets housed in a nondescript building in the middle of this small, Adirondack town.

A dedicated group of Star Trek fans, guided by a copy of the original blueprints of the sets they'd obtained from a Hollywood professional who had worked on the Gene Roddenberry-created TV series in the mid-1960s, built these replicas initially for the group's ambitious Star Trek: New Voyages Web series. Today, their faithful recreation is an officially sanctioned tourist attraction.

Keith and Lindsay pronounced their immersive experience of walking the decks of the Enterprise, from Transporter Room to Sick Bay to Engineering to the famous Bridge and more, as the closest one could come to actually boarding the fabled, fictional starship! Running through hundreds of photos and a few quick videos they'd shot, the two described their adventure, pointing out the meticulously attention to detail displayed by the folk who researched and erected a near-perfect duplicate of the original television studio sets.

Well worth the two-hour drive to Ticonderoga for any Star Trek fan!

October

The write-up for this meeting was brief due to space in Impulse being used to advertise the November book sale event.

Our October 20 meeting began with the year's final installment of Saturday Sci-Fi Cinema Matinée, featuring, for Halloween, a choice of the worst of the worst in vintage sci-fi/horror, including the "classic" **Plan 9 From Outer Space!** Folks reviewed **Attack of the Giant Leeches** (1959), commenting on the low-rent production values and hard-to-ignore errors of this so-bad-it's-good flick. Two excellent presentations

followed, well researched and detailed, the first by **Sylvain St-Pierre** on the Golden Age of the Pulp, tracing the evolution of colourful pulp sci-fi magazines as far back as the so-called Penny Dreadfuls of 19th century Britain. **Adam Lawrence** was up next, offering a treatise on the "family resemblances" of changeling legends and SF/F, outlining the folklore from which stem changeling myths, and the ways in which SF/F writers have tapped into and adapted these to their own purposes, citing numerous examples.



Club Elections

MonSFFA begins a new year with the election of its Executive Committee in January. MonSFFA elects annually a president, vice-president, and treasurer. Any MonSFFA member in good standing who is responsibly and reliably able to carry out the duties of office may run for any one of the Executive posts. Candidates may nominate themselves, or accept nomination from another member in good standing. Nominations are received by the chief returning officer, or CRO, usually just before the commencement of voting on Election Day. Long-time MonSFFA **Josée Bellemare** is currently serving as our CRO.

Please attend, this is an important meeting, since we not only elect our executive, but also plan our programming for the year.

The MonSFFun Page

The Return of Picard **Sylvain St-Pierre**

It's official, actor Patrick Stewart has signed up to renew his role as Jean-Luc Picard in a brand new Star Trek series! Precious little has been disclosed about the specifics, but we do know one thing: it will not be as a starship captain. What, then, will be his

new job description? We can hazard a few guesses.

Picard the Admiral: Yes, the "not a captain" would then be only a technicality. Real admirals tend to be glorified administrators,

but we know that Picard is a “hands-on” kind of person. If there is a war on, as in the latter part of Deep Space 9, there can still be a lot of action. We can imagine, for instance, a long conflict with the remnants of the Romulan Empire following the destruction of their capital planet in Abram’s reboot.

Picard the Ambassador: So far, this appears to be the fans’ leading theory. The good captain has proven many times that he is a skilled diplomat and it was revealed in the very last episode that he retired as a roving ambassador. From a continuity point of view, it would make perfect sense and this would be an excellent way to meet new species and civilisations every week. It has also been suggested that Picard might be involved with smoothing things up with the Romulans. Expect lots of intrigue either way if this is the path chosen.



Picard the Archeologist: It is well established that Picard has more than a passing interest in ancient civilisations. Some episodes, like The Chase or Gambit, are entirely based on the discovery of mysterious age-old artefacts or lost knowledge; and the captain’s expertise in that field has proven more than once useful. Such a theme might however, if you’ll pardon the pun, get old fast.



Note that this approach is not mutually exclusive with the diplomatic option, and Ambassador Picard might be occasionally called upon to solve some archeological riddle between negotiating new trade agreements.

Picard the Teacher: One idea that has repeatedly been suggested for a new Star Trek show is the Starfleet Academy setting. This

would allow for a host of secondary characters, as well as the use of the no doubt voluminous amount of artwork and designs already accumulated for this concept. You can bet that Picard’s classes would be anything but boring.

Picard the Cadet: One solution that might allow to include all of the above, and then some, would be to go the Young Indiana Jones series way: have an older Picard



reminisce his younger days. We know that our favourite Frenchman was quite the wild one as a youth, and this would offer the potential for more physical scenes. A new actor would be needed for the “past” segments but this would be by no means outlandish. Given the prevalence of time travel in this franchise, it would also not be



surprising at all to have Picard interact with himself more than once.

Mirror Universe Picard: I include this one only for the sake of being thorough. Can you imagine Jean-Luc as a lovable rogue, perhaps a thief specialising in the pillage of archeological sites? Constantly evading law officer Vash? A couple of years ago, I would have scoffed at the idea, but then Discovery came out...



Terrible Jokes **Danny Sichel**



Q: Why did Vernor Vinge cross the road?

A: I’m sorry, I could never explain it to you – you only have human-level intelligence.

Q: Why did H.P. Lovecraft cross the road?

A: I must not tell you, for the knowledge would drive you mad. Mad, I tell you. MAD.

Q: Why did C-

A: MAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAD!

ahem

Q: Why did C.S. Lewis cross the road?

A: I’s part of a subtle allegory in which the road represents life, C.S. Lewis represents mankind, and the act of crossing represents embracing Christianity.

Q: Why did Harry Turtledove cross the road?

A: There’s an infinite number of different answers for this question – one per timeline.

Q: Why did Isaac Asimov cross the road?

A: That’s actually a very interesting question, and I’m going to use it as the basis for a 30-page essay on the history of humour.

Q: Why did Philip K. Dick cross the road?

A: Are you sure he did? Are you sure there was ever a road here? Are you sure there was ever such a person as “Philip K. Dick”?

Q: Why did Gene Wolfe cross the road?

A: Although it may look like I’ve left this question unanswered, if you examine the previous five issues of WARP, you will discover a series of subtle clues.

Q: Why did George R. R. Martin cross the road?

A: I have a really excellent answer for this one. It’ll be ready next year. Well, two years. Three at the most, I swear.

Q: Why did Douglas Adams cross the road?

A: 42

