

WAR  
P

104



SPRING

2019

## MonSFFA' s Executive

President  
Cathy Palmer-Lister  
[president@monsffa.ca](mailto:president@monsffa.ca)

Vice-President  
Keith Braithwaite  
[veep@monsffa.ca](mailto:veep@monsffa.ca)

Treasurer  
Sylvain St-Pierre  
[treasurer@monsffa.ca](mailto:treasurer@monsffa.ca)

### Appointed Positions

PR, Membership, editor of Impulse  
Keith Braithwaite  
[impulse@monsffa.ca](mailto:impulse@monsffa.ca)

Web Master & Editor of WARP  
Cathy Palmer-Lister  
[webmaster@monsffa.ca](mailto:webmaster@monsffa.ca)  
[warp@monsffa.ca](mailto:warp@monsffa.ca)

Keeper of the Lists  
Josée Bellemare

### On the Cover

*Vic Ballantine, art by Marquise\**  
*Vic is largely made of various prosthetic parts and computer electronics. Learn more about Vic and the artist on page 14.*

### Contact us

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

### Click to find us on line!



<http://www.monsffa.ca>



Facebook page      Facebook Group



Next deadline for WARP is JULY 1<sup>st</sup>  
Printed copies will be available to members at the  
July 20<sup>th</sup> meeting.

## 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.](#)

### April 13

#### **Theme: Dimensions of the Imagination**

**NOON:** Screening of an episode of *Twilight Zone*  
**Rod Serling's *Twilight Zone***, presentation and discussion  
led by Keith Braithwaite  
***The Outer Limits***, presentation and discussion led by Sylvain  
St-Pierre, followed by screening of an episode.

**NOTE:** Start bringing in junk for next month's workshop!

### May 11

#### **THEME: Spaceships!**

**A-Hunting-We-Will-Go:** Griffintown recently appeared on an  
episode of "World's Scariest Hauntings", a program which  
features ghostly hauntings from *around the world!* The spirit  
realm is rich in history which is both fascinating and  
incredible, and Lindsay Brown is going to tell us all about it!

**The Utopia Planitia Shipyards Competition:** We will begin  
with a demonstration of 3D printing by Mark Burakoff, then  
while the machine runs, we'll start building our spaceships!

### Sunday, June 9

**Field Trip:** Ecomuseum in Ste-Anne de Bellevue

### July 20

#### **THEME: Moon Landing**

**11:30: Utopia Planitia Shipyards Part 2**, detailing

**13:00h We celebrate the Moon Landing** on the exact day of  
the 50th anniversary! Keith Braithwaite

**Visions of the Future:** An appreciation of the art  
of Robert McCall, Keith Braithwaite

**Music in SF/F** Presented by Danny Sichel

### Sunday, August 11th

Picnic in the Park

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



### FEATURE ARTICLES

Starfleet Treachery / 5  
Space Voyage / 7  
I Made Aliens / 9

### REVIEWS

Retrospective look at Hugo Nominees / 11  
Webcomics / 12  
Art Books / 13

### DEPARTMENTS

You've Got Mail! / 3  
Blast from the Past: WARP 16 / 4  
Convention & Events Listing / 4  
Main View Screen / 14

### MonSFFANDOM

February & March 2019 / 15  
MonSFFun / No submissions! Maybe next time?



*You've Got Mail!*

Dear Cathy and all  
MonSFFen:

Thank you for issue 103 of  
Warp, and we are inside as  
winter starts to melt away out  
there, at least for a few days.  
Time to get writing.

My loc. We have actually  
found another show in Toronto  
in early April, long before  
Anime North comes around,  
and it is called the Geeky  
Craftorium. It's in the west

end, although not as far west as we are, and it looks like a  
building with two floors is going to be given over entirely to a  
huge vending event. We have put our application in to Anime  
North's Crafters' Corner, and we are waiting for responses from  
both shows. We hope for the best and expect the worst, so we  
shall see what happens. I will let you know what we get told. (We  
didn't get in.)

Blast From the Past, actually, ConAdian, the Winnipeg  
Worldcon, was held in 1994. This August will see 25 years since  
that happened. At this time, I cannot think of any Canadian city  
where a Worldcon bid might come from. I remember a Montreal  
bid from a few years back, but I have heard of nothing else since.  
There are still some lit-snobs around, and while I still enjoy SF to  
some extent, I have not read much of it over the last few years.  
Right now, writing for zines, being a vendor, making jewelry, and

being a steampunk and occasional Hogwarts student is where we  
are having our fun these days. Who knows, we may yet re-invent  
ourselves again sometime.

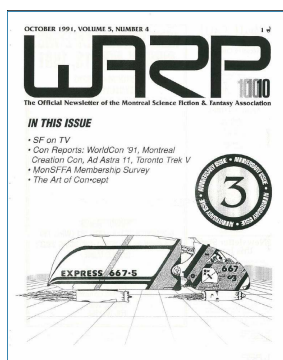
*Now and then I hear a whisper about a  
Montreal bid, but I think losing to Helsinki  
crushed a lot of spirits. I think Vancouver could  
possibly host a World Con. It's wonderful that  
fans are supporting the World in World Con,  
but it is no longer possible to attend all of  
them.*

As the Dublin Worldcon approaches, Yvonne and I have some  
travelling planned in that direction, but it won't be at Worldcon,  
in spite of a few pleas. We had such a good time in England in  
2016, Yvonne is taking us back to England literally a day or two  
after Anime North, and we will be there for three weeks. We will  
have two weeks in London, plus side trips to Liverpool, Lincoln,  
Kew Gardens, Hampton Court Palace, Stonehenge, Bath and some  
more. Some of where we're going will have a definite steampunk  
and/or Harry Potter atmosphere, and we plan to meet up with  
some of the steampunks in London and Lincoln, and go to some  
interesting shops and restaurants. It is less than 100 days until we  
leave!

*I loved my trips to England, I know you'll have  
a great time! I will be at Dublin for WC, and  
then Belfast for Titan Con.*

A short letter, but it will make it easier to fit everything into the  
next issue, which is where I presume I shall see you all the next  
time.

Yours, Lloyd Penney.



At this time, the club was still numbering WARP issues according to the month of publication, hence WARP 10 for October.

The cover features art by Mark Burakoff, rendered in fine marker, and a “sticker” proudly proclaiming our 3<sup>rd</sup> anniversary.

In his editorial, Keith Braithwaite thanked the many members who contributed to WARP and club events. He also

mentioned that recruitment efforts at Creation Con had boosted the club’s numbers. I was one of those new members; wow, it’ll be 28 years this August!

In his LoC, Lloyd Penney wrote about Ad Astra 11 which did very well. He and Yvonne invited the MonSFFen to their “Aparticon Pot-Luck Poverty Party” in October. “BYOEverything!”

In MonSFFandom, we read that the August meeting had had an excellent turn-out; it was the first time MonSFFA held a meeting in August! The results of the membership survey are interesting, indicating that satisfaction with the club activities and

WARP is high. I had to laugh at “Long and rambling club business announcements were universally panned when the question *What do you not like at meetings?* was asked.” Thankfully, these days club business can be taken care of by e-mail and our website! I was surprised by how many members were reading fanzines back then. Fan-edds seldom send paper copies now, mostly posting them on <https://efanzines.com/>.

An article entitled SF on TV reviewed *Stephen King’s Golden Years*, *Quantum Leap*, *Star Trek TNG*, and *Eerie Indiana*, and had news to share regarding *Young Indiana Jones Chronicles*, *It’s a Dog’s Life*, *Dinosaurs*, and *Freddy VII*.

Convention Reports: Sylvain wrote about Chicon V (the World Con that was held in Chicago), and Ad Astra 11. Keith Braithwaite reported on Creation Con and Toronto Trek V.

Sensors – Fact Rumour, and Speculation from around SF/F-dom – reported that Winnipeg won the bid for the 1994 World con. Then follows a lengthy article on Creation Conventions and why fans are threatening to boycott them, along with a response from Creation. I remember that we were calling Creation Money Con, and spelling it with dollar signs, eg, Ca\$h Con.

The Main Viewscreen features art for Con\*Cept by Berny Reischl, John Matthias, and Keith Braithwaite.

The back cover of WARP 17 has the 16 previous covers under the title: **We’ve been Warped for Three Years!**

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

**April 6 & 7, 2019, Montreal Geek-It!** Self-described as “epic convention of gaming, cosplay and other geek community” which expects “3000+ people will come together to celebrate geek culture, with even more online”. Grand Quai of Old Port in Montreal, <http://geekitcon.com/ca>

**April 19-21, 2019 – International Fan Festival Toronto 2019**, Metro Toronto Convention Centre. Anime convention, with comics and gaming. <https://toronto.ifanfes.com/>.

**May 3-5, 2019 – Congrès Boréal**, Le Grand Times Hôtel, Sherbrooke, QC. French-language literary convention. Guests: Calvo, Martine Desjardins, Sylvain Neuvel, Olivier Paquet, Patrick Senecal, Selena Bernard, Jonathan Brassard, Marie Bilodeau, Cedric Ferrand, Isabelle Gaudet-Labine, Ariane Gelin, Karonine Georges, Renaud Jean, Derek Kunsken, Michele Laframboise, Claude Lalumière, Yves Meynard, Normand Mousseau, Alexandra Renwick, Elisabeth Vonarburg, Jo Walton, more. For more information, [www.congresboreal.ca](http://www.congresboreal.ca)

**May 10-12, 2019 – Ottawa Comiccon**, EY Centre, Ottawa. Guests include John Barrowman, Anson Mount, Ethan Peck, & many more. [www.ottawacomicon.com](http://www.ottawacomicon.com).

**May 24-26, 2019 – Anime North**, Toronto, ON. Lots of guest actors, artists, cosplayers, [www.animenorth.com](http://www.animenorth.com).

**May 24-26 – Le Festival de Bandes-Dessinee de Montreal / Comic Arts Festival**, La Fontaine Park, Montreal. <http://www.fbdm-montreal.ca>

**June 21-23, 2019 – CrossingsCon 2019**, Young Wizards convention, Hyatt Regency Montreal, GoH Diane Duane. <http://blog.crossingscon.org/> and <https://www.crossingscon.org/>

**July 5-7, 2019 – Montreal Comiccon**, Palais de Congres, Montreal. Guests: Chuck Norris, David Duchovny, Jason Momoa, Pamela Anderson, Val Kilmer, more. [www.montrealcomiccon.com](http://www.montrealcomiccon.com).

**July 12-14, 2019 – Ad Astra**, Richmond Hill, ON. Literary SF con, GoH TBA, [www.ad-astra.org](http://www.ad-astra.org).

**July 13-14 – GAnime Summer 2019**, Palais de Congres, Gatineau, QC. <https://ganime.ca/>

**August 16-18, 2019 – Otakuthon 2019**, Palais de Congres, Montreal, [www.otakuthon.com](http://www.otakuthon.com).

**August 15-19 -2019 – World Con in Dublin**, Ireland Several Montreal fans are attending! <https://dublin2019.com/> MonSFFA’s Sylvain St-Pierre has started a group on [facebook](#) with lots of information on hotels, attractions, etc.

**August 22-25, 2019 – Fan eXpo**, Metro Toronto Convention Centre, Toronto, [www.fanexpocanada.com](http://www.fanexpocanada.com).



# Starfleet Treachery

Barbara Silverman

**The story so far:** Captain Janeway is ordered to stop the impending coalition against Starfleet and the Federation. She ambushed the Maquis, capturing Chakotay. 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. The crew members are found in a clinic and taken to the Maquis ship to be treated by the EMH. Kes relates what she knows of her planet's history.

## CHAPTER 47

**B**ack onboard the Explorer, the captain decided her guests had earned the right to be trusted. "Neelix, instead of waiting in quarters, you and Kes are welcome to visit the mess hall or lounge. Perhaps meet with some of the crew."



Neelix immediately perked up. "Thanks Captain, we would like that. Mr. Tuvok called this a Nova class ship, certainly different than any vessel around here." Pulling his young friend by her hand the Talaxian quickly exited the transporter room.

Amused, Chakotay pulled his ear lobe. "I think our friend, Mr. Neelix, is beginning to like it here."

Janeway gave a small smirk. "From what I've seen of his ship, it's no wonder. Chakotay, could your men remain a little longer, we might have another away mission."

He had a good idea of what the next mission would be. "Of course not." He turned to his three Maquis crewmembers. "I'll be with Captain Janeway in her ready room. On the way, we'll drop you off at the mess hall. Wait there for further instructions from Tuvok."

The man called Timmins grinned. "No problem. We can enjoy more of this ship's coffee."

Chakotay looked at Janeway who, very suddenly, had become interested in the ceiling. "Captain, could you explain how my crew learned to use your coffee as a bargaining tool?"

Janeway struggled to keep from laughing. "Blame Evans." Chakotay refrained from any additional comment.

Tuvok turned to the Starfleet members of the away team. "Return to your stations, remain on standby."

"Yes Sir!"

Heading in the direction of the lower level turbolift, the three exited the transporter room. Janeway with Chakotay and the other Maquis went to the main turbolift, after stopping at the mess hall deck the captain, Tuvok, and Chakotay continued to the bridge. Arriving at their destination Chakotay and Tuvok waited near the turbolift while Janeway walked down to the command area. "Mr. Cavit, any sign of hostile ships and what is the status of the warp core?"

Looking up from the padd that he had been scrolling through,

Cavit rose from the command chair. "So far we have not detected any ships. As for the core, we are still experiencing problems. I was just reading Carey's latest report before going back down to engineering."

For Janeway that news was not good. "We found Kim and Torres alive, but just barely. At the moment they're being treated onboard Commander's Chakotay's ship. I'm concerned about the warp core, keep me posted, I'll be in my ready room."

"Yes Captain!" Cavit moved in the direction of the turbolift. Passing Chakotay, the first officer gave the Maquis commander a slight nod. For the time being Cavit had decided to be the embodiment of a perfect Starfleet officer.



Janeway, heading to her ready room, turned her head in the direction of ops. "Mr. Evans, you have the bridge."

"Yes Captain!" Slightly surprised, Evans glanced over at Chakotay, gracing the Maquis leader with a mischievous grin.

Looking into Janeway's dancing eyes, Chakotay shook his head. This Starfleet captain certainly had a sense of humour, and knew how to use it to her advantage. With a straight face Janeway locked eyes with the Maquis leader. "I assume Evans is capable of commanding the bridge."

Eyebrow raised, Tuvok followed his captain into the ready room. Chakotay looked over at Evans who, while suppressing a laugh, just shrugged his shoulders. After one last look at Evans, Chakotay quickly joined the other two in the ready room. The Maquis leader walked over to the desk, coming to a stop beside Tuvok. Tuvok looked down at the captain as she took her seat behind the desk. "You intend to return to the Array with Kes, in hope that she can convince the Caretaker to send us home."

Leaning back in her chair Janeway folded her hands in her lap as she looked up at her security chief.

The Vulcan casually replied. "Captain, it is the logical course of action. Occasionally, you do apply logic to your decisions."

For a second she glanced down at her hands before innocently replying. "I'm glad that you approve. I guess after so many years some of your logic must have rubbed off."



Raising an eyebrow Tuvok drew his head slightly backwards. “Not without effort.”

Chakotay clenched his teeth to avoid laughing. He realized that the relationship between Janeway and Tuvok was similar to what he shared with Evans: A bond that respected the office of captain while allowing for friendship, respect, and trust on the

personal level.

Though trying hard not to show it Janeway was also amused by the Vulcan’s comment. “Well....Mr. Tuvok, we humans can be very stubborn. It’s one of our characteristics that we consider very sacred. Now....when we’re over on the Array.....Chakotay, Kes, and I will try to find, and reason, with this Caretaker. Make one last attempt to have him send us back. In case our efforts prove unsuccessful, I want you to locate his transportation control unit. Hopefully, if necessary, we will be able to understand and operate it.”

From the comm system the voice of Evans entered the ready room. “Captain Janeway, Chakotay, I’ve just received a message from Seska. Harry Kim and B’Elanna are awake, it’s possible to speak with them.”

Janeway and Chakotay looked at each other as relief flowed through their bodies.

The captain rose to her feet. “Excellent! Tuvok, before going over to the Array, I’m going to speak with Kim and Torres, perhaps they can shed some light on the situation. In the meantime, have another talk with Kes, perhaps she missed something that could be important.”

The security chief glanced over at Chakotay. Either the captain forgot that she was venturing onto a Maquis ship, or she was ignoring the fact. Chakotay gave the Vulcan a small, almost indiscernible nod. Not only would the captain be safe, she would be a welcomed guest.

Five minutes later Captain Kathryn Janeway materialized on the transporter pad of the Maquis ship.

His hands frozen over the control panel, the Maquis operator stared at the platform. She had been expecting Chakotay and Evans, not Chakotay and the Starfleet captain.

As the two stepped down off the platform, the Maquis leader turned to Janeway. “Welcome aboard Captain. May I return your hospitality by offering you coffee?”

With a small smile she closed one eye while tilting her head slightly to the side. “From what I have heard.....this time I’ll resist the pleasure.”

Chakotay laughed, “Good idea, I might be accused of trying to poison you. This way to sick bay.”

When Chakotay started in the direction of the door, the technician placed her hands on the console for support. “Ca....Captain....I want to thank you for the food. It was appreciated.....by all the crew.”

Janeway stopped and turned in the direction of the voice. “It was my pleasure.”

The captain was not exactly sure of what she had expected, but Chakotay’s crew were not fulfilling any of her assumptions concerning the Maquis. Evans and this petit, polite young lady did not fit the mental picture she had formed of the outlaws. Even the three, who were part of the away team, did not suit the image of

traitors and rebels. People who had no respect for the law or the rights of others. Kathryn Janeway was beginning to question her original perceptions. Taking a step in the direction of the Bajoran, Janeway appraised the sandy haired young lady. “Are your replicators working?”

Nervously Zeric Erin made a face. “Sort of.”

Janeway smiled. “If necessary I can send over more supplies.”

“Thank you.” The girl replied shyly, slightly in awe of the Starfleet captain standing before her – the first one she had ever met.

The captain gave the operator a slight nod then joined the Maquis leader who, with arms crossed, was leaning against the wall near the door.

Chakotay was amused at how easily Janeway was getting along with his crew. He knew there were few Starfleet officers who could accomplish such a feat. In fact, he could think of none other.

The Maquis commander tried to appear serious. “You definitely appear to be enticing my crew with your food and coffee. I might have to forbid them any more nourishment.”

“Your own fault, you put the idea into my head. “Janeway retorted walking out the door. Chakotay started to reply, then felt it would be best to remain silent.

After throwing Erin a quick grin, he followed Janeway out of the transporter room. Leaving behind a very disconcerted Maquis crewman.

Walking down the corridor Chakotay cautioned the captain. “You might find the EMH not the most pleasant of computer programs. He can be downright aggravating, however....he does know medicine.”

Janeway looked over at the Maquis leader, her voice carried a trace of teasing. “Thanks for the warning. Starfleet is still experimenting with the EMH programs, they will need fine-tuning.”

Catching the gentle hint that his ship was supposed to belong to Starfleet not the Maquis, Chakotay tried to look as innocent as possible. Which earned him a *‘don’t play innocent’* look from the captain.

She stopped before a schematic on the wall. “This appears to be a fine ship. I was admiring it when you were approaching us back in the Badlands.”

With her eyes showing a glimmer of mischief Janeway turned to Chakotay. “Let me guess, this ship is very similar to the Intrepid-class that Starfleet is building. Has warp speed of 9.975, which can be sustained. Fifteen decks, carries a crew compliment of one hundred fifty and is equipped with bio-neural circuitry. How am I doing?”

Chakotay ran his hand along the back of his neck. Not knowing what to say he kept quiet.

Laughing Janeway turned back to the diagram. After a moment she looked at the man standing beside her. “This is one place I never expected to be. At least, not with you as an escort.”

With a strange gentleness in his eyes the Maquis leader studied the Starfleet captain, who had earned his respect. “I never expected to have you as a welcomed guest, or be one on your ship. If we had more time I would give you a guided tour. Perhaps one day I will have the pleasure.”



Beginning in this issue, a new story by MonSFFan, Paul Gareau!

## Space Voyage

or

The thrilling, strange, and perilous adventure in the town of Burnley

### Space Voyage, by Paul Gareau.

Or "The thrilling, strange and perilous adventure in the town of Burnley".  
A science fiction short story / film scenario.

On the morning of Saturday, February 1st 2003, at 9 A.M., I heard a voice on the TV say "The US Space Shuttle Columbia has collapsed..." I dedicate this story to the families of those astronauts who perished in that crash and disaster...

-Paul Gareau

#### SYNOPSIS

So unreal... A strange and impossible thing really happens to a young Texan farmer's wife as, one hot July morning, she goes for a long lonely walk along a road at the outskirts of the small town which she inhabits. She discovers a strange meteor-lie object, actually a piece of debris. Do the gossipy local townspeople and Sam, the ambitious police investigator, dare to look for an ANSWER ABOVE THE STARS? Are the good burghers hypnotized by the THING which suddenly appears in their humdrum lives and that they caught sight of, ostensibly out of NOWHERE? Enters one BILL ELLENGREEN, an eager, city-bred, middle-aged newspaper man who works for the local North Yarmouth Reporter, a rag which he edits himself. Following a lead, he takes an interest in the woman's case. He follows her to the Texan's farmstead with TOM, his peppery-spirited young-office-boy-in-tow. Is this tinder-box Armageddon? Will there be a Happening, a real little tête-à-tête between Bill Ellengreen and the lovely Mrs. ANN SHERIDAN ROBINSON-PRICE? Or will instead the bunch of hypocritical townies hate-mongers prevail? Will there be some squabbles among them? Or will their shared distaste unite them?

#### NOTE

Watch for the accidental discovery of the strange and unreal object fallen from the skies. Was it a meteor? Was it an aerolite? Some may ask how this affects the separate and individual lives of the inhabitants of the town of Burnley, Texas, and how they are ripped apart by the controversy it arouses.

### Space Voyage

#### MRS. ANN SHERIDAN ROBINSON-PRICE

A young woman, she was born and raised an orphan and, as the story unfolds, she becomes a Texan farmer's wife. She lived to see the mysterious "IT", an aerolite or fragment, fall from the skies and land on earth, on the ground of the small Texan town of Burnley, near Dallas.

#### MR. BILL ELLENGREEN

Middle-aged, a newspaper man.

#### MASTER DETECTIVE MR. SAM SCURFIELD

Thirty years of age. A private investigator who "noses in" on the case.

#### TOM

A 17 year old office boy. Stalwart, proud, peppery-spirited and very determined.

#### DR. PAUL CARRUTHERS

A scientist who works at the local NASA headquarters (i.e. Space Exploration and Astronomy Department).

#### THE TOWNSPEOPLE AND BURGHERS OF BURNLEY, TEXAS

#### "IT"

The Thing, the mysterious flotsam. From whence? One does not know! The discarded bit of unidentifiable debris which one fateful day fell from the skies.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

## SCENE I

One Bill Ellengreen, from Boston, who penned a scatter-shooting column for the North Yarmouth Reporter was the first to write about the woman. She was the wife of a Dallas, Texas, farmer who, it is said, had one morning found some strange debris as she went for a walk on a road close to where they lived and farmed. She, Ann Sheridan Robinson-Price, was not one of those “bold-explorers-in-a-wild-country-where-no-one-had-ever-been-before”, as the cliché goes. It could be said that exploration was not a desire written in her heart. She was just an ordinary Texas farmer’s wife, hardly suspecting that the strange, unearthly fragments or debris, so strange and heterogeneous in nature, so bizarre to the eye and luminous, these vestiges, i.e. had actually fallen from the sky! For she was not one of the Avant-gardistes. “Nowadays you hear a lot about astronauts” she thought. They were part of the avant-garde, these astronauts!”

Yet, surely, even they could not explain the monoliths accidentally to be found on the cobble-stoned road. One morning...

These astronauts, they were explorers and brave men (them and the scientists working behind them) – yes, they were the brave men who would conquer Space. Or mine the fold ore to be found on some far-distant Phantom Planet!! An unknown, yet-to-be-found distant planet, soon to enter the field of vision of some Copernicus-inspired, eager young astronomer as he bent over to look and peer into his lens. Ah! The refractory range of it – that marvellous invention – the telescope!!! Yes, she thought to herself, with perseverance, one day... with perseverance... But if scientists and astronauts were to change the world, they would need much more, much

## SCENE II: On How the Strange Story Begins To Unfold.

Ten o’clock. Bill Ellengreen gulped down some more hazelnut coffee (which the office boy, Tom, had gotten for him at the local resto-café down the main street of Burnley), and prepared himself to search his tired mind in vain (i.e. in order to fit in Ann Sheridan Robinson-Price into the story he was writing).

What he needed was a VIEWPOINT. Hers. More than just the details on how the strange meteor-like object was found on the town’s outskirts and the ensuing turmoil it caused. “I’ll write it – but only under duress!”, he laughed as he told his boss at the newspaper, the North Yarmouth Reporter, how he felt that this little spicy item, his hammy bit of news, in his own words, “was not likely to exonerate the Dallas Texan! Ha Ha!”

At eleven o’clock, Tom sat next to him and he could see that he was squirming in his chair. “Have you written that story yet, Mr. Ellengreen?”, he asked.

“No!”, answered the reporter while lighting a cigarette, “ask the radio boys to keep on doing that number on the air!”. It was at this point that their eyes turned in the direction of the door as it jarred open, letting Sam in abruptly with three police detectives in tow, startling both men and causing Ellengreen to drop the lighted cigarette to the floor. Space story or not, this was trouble with a capital “T”, he thought! Now, he’d really have to get himself an in-depth interview with Mrs. Robinson-Price.

Ann Sheridan Robinson-Price was speaking cautiously,

much more than a piece of glass!! “Or an aerolite found one hot July morning on some snaking, unwinding strip of American country road!!”... She thought to herself... They would have to map out an indifferent universe, organize expeditions to the Moon and to Mars and back, and to chart and mark the confines of a new cosmos. She shuddered as she thought about it (as she considered it); it was too terrible – only too terrible!!!

And then, at the office that day, Ellengreen placated her. “Had it been perhaps a fallen meteor? Do you think that the luminous object that you found on the ground... Would you say that it bedazzled you?” Bill Ellengreen was not one to leave things to chance. He questioned her thoroughly and, once his interrogation completed, suggested that they call in the local prefect of police, the Marshall. The whole area would have to be combed, checked for facts. Even the NASA had gone through with a fine-tooth comb... One fact at a time. Maybe there were some other, similar objects out there... and...

“Ann. This thing you saw out there. It’s a heck-of-a... And the imagination sometimes plays tricks with the mind. Have you ever lived in the nameless hidden place of your mind, Ann?”

“I know. You mean this whole thing may be a figment of the imagination? Something concocted?”

“It would be easy to prefabricate a fiction. Being over-stimulated... In reality, these things don’t quite really happen. But it would be quite a story, don’t you think? Yes, quite. Quite a story!”

“Yes, but...”

for she did not wish to challenge the principles that were the unwritten laws of Burnley.

“Madame Curie was a woman, and she discovered radium. And Amelia Aerheart, well... Do you think that your readers will object if what they find out that this testimony is from a woman?”

“Madame Curie, eh?”, replied Ellengreen. “They might object if it was a top-secret experiment she was working on. But a respectable farmer’s wife finding a bit of debris that looks suspiciously like a fallen meteor on a country road – where hardly anybody ever goes – on a hot July morning and offering to give a first-hand account about it... Hardly, I think! In fact, I think that they will even be delighted! So no, they wouldn’t object, believe me. Outer space invaders, fallen meteors, strange aerolites and odd fallen debris – people love to read stuff about that – you’ll see. Here, let us discuss this over a coffee”, he concluded as he took her by the hand.

He led her on gently, as if making her acquaintance. And knowing her was indeed a rare experience, a privilege, even. One that, in time, could perhaps become something more.

On her part, Ann felt that the outlook was promising. She would be open to almost all of his questions, answer his queries...





# When I was in High School, I Made Aliens, Part 2

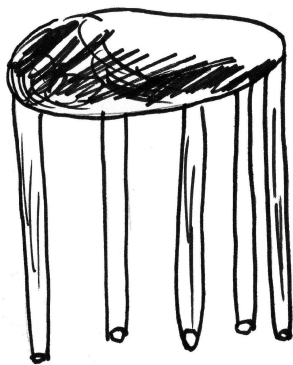
Danny Sichel

Continued from WARP 102: ....I looked at the aliens in the books I was reading. And I wondered, how alien were they really. I decided to try creating intelligent aliens based not on what I needed for a story, but on an alien Bauplan. A body that would be like nothing we knew.

I remember sitting in history class (well, I only remember doing these in one particular classroom, and it's where I took history class, but these weren't all on one occasion, so they probably occurred elsewhere too) and sketching so many different false starts.

There was the spiderweb creature. It had entire spideroids as its appendages: one at each of four corners. The mind would be in the fibers of the web, and... no. Too fragile, and too biologically implausible. How would this even have evolved? Complex appendages, sure, but they'd need to be on a complex organism.

There was the enormous rectangular-prism monolith creature. It had a slime-secreting gastropod foot the size of a hundred-year-old tree stump, and tentacles with serrated maws like alligator clips... and I remember that there was an eye. And gill slits on its top facet. And it would have a siliceous carapace – perhaps it could alter the carapace's optical properties at will so that it could make itself have a mirror finish, and thereby sneak into a herd of prey? But... ultimately, it seemed boring. It wasn't an alien, it was a monster.



There were the black-and-white rounded patio tables that ran around on five legs and talked via radio pulses. So their language would be very high-pitched, shrill. Rapid-fire modulated bleeping, like a fax machine, or – although I devised these before I ever heard modem noises – a modem. The “WIIINIIP”, they'd call themselves. Or “WEENEPP”. In all-caps. Their planet wouldn't have much atmosphere. They would generate laser pulses from

their legs, and shoot prey with them, and then use a feeding leg to suck up the liquefied remains. They wouldn't see like we would, but they'd absorb light via the black on the table-disc part. They'd have five sexes... or maybe they'd just need five to reproduce? Anyway, they'd hold their mating legs together, and their mating feet would all fuse together and fall off, and that tiny little thing, the central lump, the fusion disc, would form a new baby. And then... what? What else could I do with these creatures? What kind of a society could they build? They had no appendages for holding tools – at most, they could push things around. And when I thought about their planet, it seemed empty. They didn't feel as if they could be real. They were a concept, not a creation.

I honestly don't recall what order I made these in. But eventually, I decided to be methodical. What were the organs a creature would need? Or rather, what functions did I want these organs to fulfill?

It needed to be able to perceive its environment. It needed

some way to see. But not necessarily *eyes*, not the way we understand them. As long as there was something photosensitive.

It needed to be able to take in food. A mouth.

It needed to be able to move around. It needed to be able to breathe. It needed to be able to reproduce.

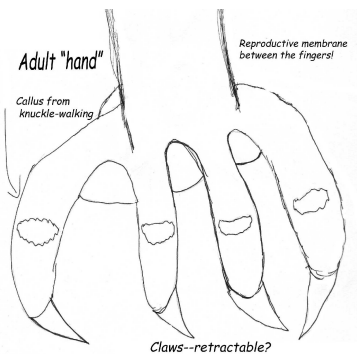
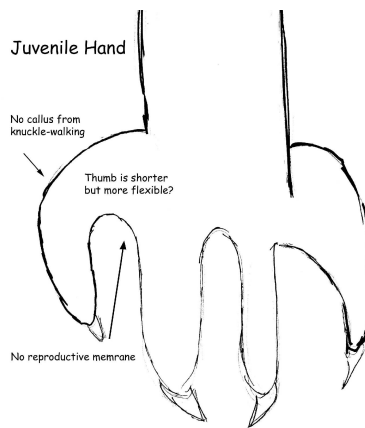
And it needed to be able to manipulate its environment.

Eventually, I drew it. The first version was more cylindrical, but I sketched it again and again as the weeks went by, and the top broadened until it looked more like an inverted isosceles triangle – I remember, some months later, being surprised by how un-triangular the first version was.



It had a giant head – it was a giant head, almost. There was a giant mouth, with lots and lots of serrated teeth... and it didn't have a jaw. Or... well, not a temporomandibular joint. Its jaw was not separate, its

jaw was fused. I don't know that the vocabulary exists to describe this properly. Basically, its mouth was always open to a fixed width and length.



Juvenile Hand

Adult "hand"

Callus from knuckle-walking

Reproductive membrane between the fingers!

No callus from knuckle-walking

Thumb is shorter but more flexible?

No reproductive membrane

Claws--retractable?

There was one thick central leg, with a rounded elephantlike foot. It would hop – or, more precisely, it would move in a combination of hopping and knuckle walking. Sort of as if it was on crutches. And knuckle walking implies hands. Big hands. *Giant* hands. Two of them. With claws. The adults don't have opposable thumbs, but the fingers are more curved towards each other than on human hands. And they were webbed.

And rather than eyes, it had – above its mouth – an elongated patch of photosensitive tissue in the general shape of an inverted capital A.

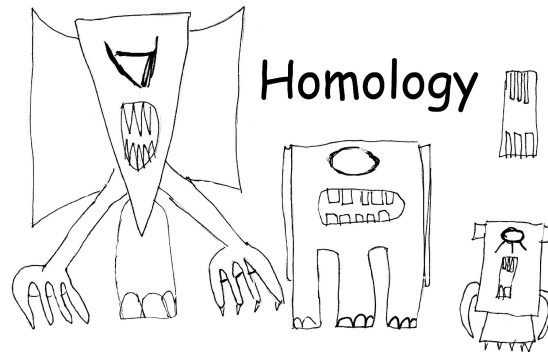
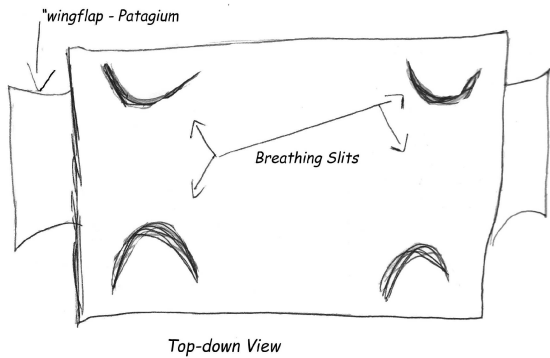
And a tongue. And breathing slits. And four rounded nails on

the foot – which was, as I said earlier, elephant-like. Four fingers on the hands, four toes on the foot.

And, above the arms, protruding from the head/body:  
Wings.

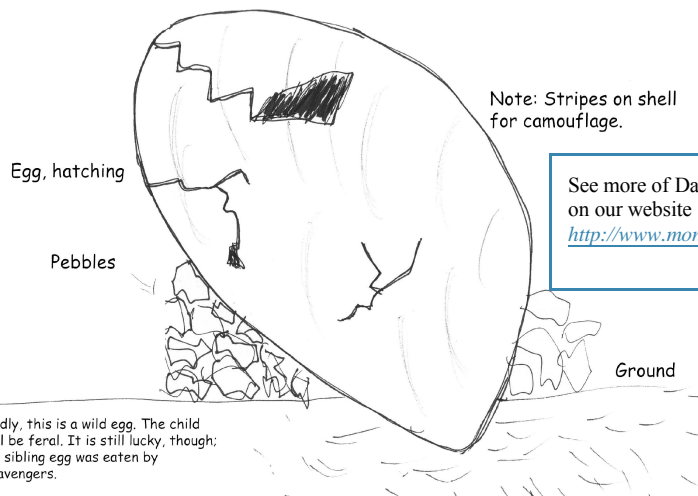
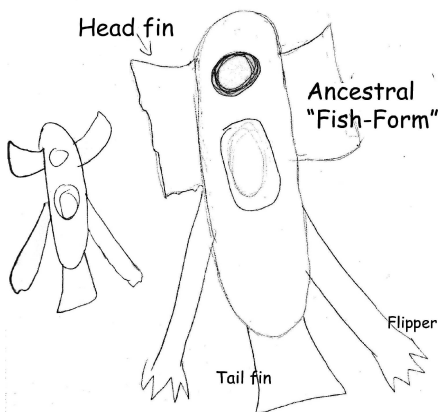
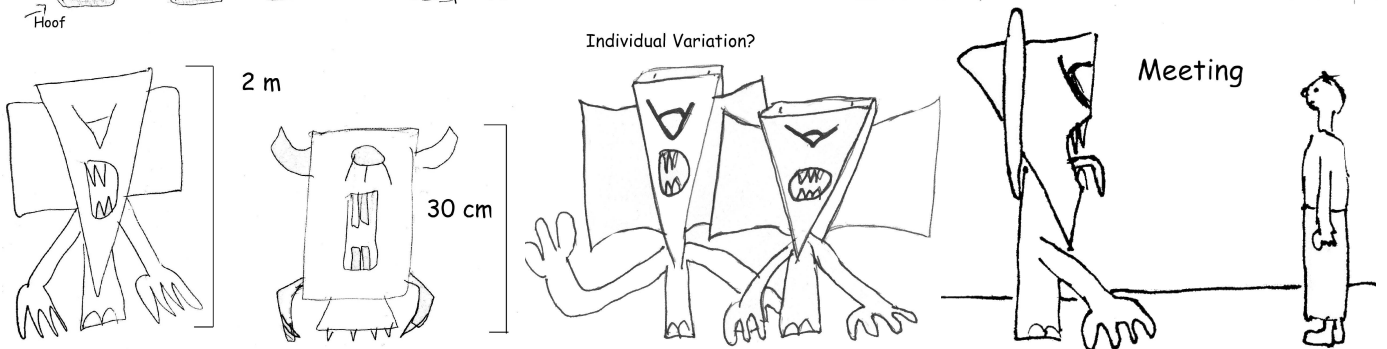
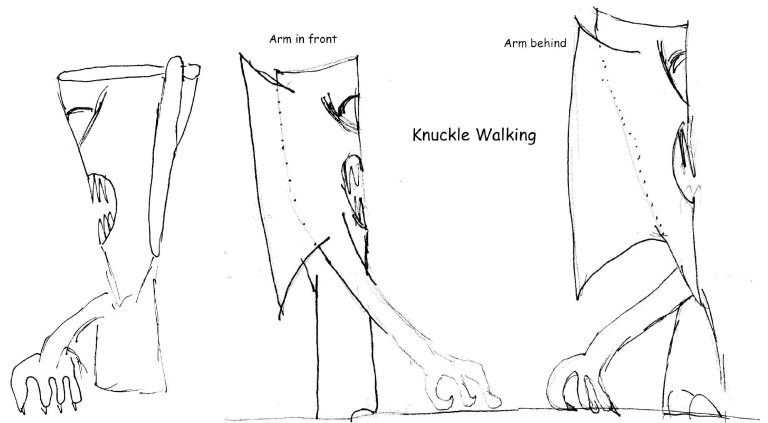
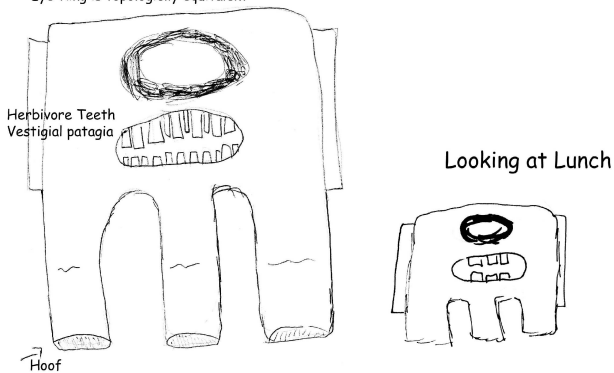
Well, not wings, not precisely. They're big, and they're flappy, but they're not for flying. At best they're for gliding. If they jump

off a cliff, they can steer their descent. If your definition of "patagium" is broad enough to include a flap that's not stretched *between* anything, then it's a patagium. And they can fold it across themselves to keep warm, or to serve as eyelid-equivalents when they sleep.



**Trundler: Prey Animal**

Note the homology  
Eye-Ring is topologically equivalent



Note: Stripes on shell for camouflage.

See more of Danny's aliens on our website  
<http://www.monstffa.ca/?pag>

Sadly, this is a wild egg. The child will be feral. It is still lucky, though; its sibling egg was eaten by scavengers.



Hugo Retrospective 2012  
Danny Sichel

*As with last issue's Hugo Retrospectives, the goal here is to see how much I remember of these. If I get a detail wrong... well, that's the point!*

NOVELS

**Among Others, by Jo Walton.** Very, very strong memories of this one. Diary of a teenage SF fan in the late 70s, newly disabled by the same incident that killed her sister, sent off to live in a boarding school. Also there's magic. Subtle and brutal and deep and powerful magic. Or is there? (Yes. Yes there is. But it's plausibly deniable.) I remember how, for instance, when she was lonely and wanted to talk to people about SF, she did something to make a local club exist... retroactively. Tons more details, so many of which dance beautifully on the edge of ambiguous interpretation.

**A Dance with Dragons, by George R.R. Martin.** Honestly, I don't like the Westeros books. I skimmed this one for a few minutes and then moved on.

**Deadline, by Mira Grant.** Sequel to her Feed, which I mentioned in the last retrospective, with the continuation of the story. I don't think it was different enough that I've got distinct memories of the two books, though.

**Embassytown, by China Miéville.** Magnificent work. I'm remembering more and more details about this one as I write. The human colony on an alien planet. A very alien planet. Minds without language, languages without minds. The Arieke, hiring people to be metaphors. Amba / Sadors. Avice Benner Cho. "Before the humans came, we didn't speak so much of certain things". So good.

**Leviathan Wakes, by James S.A. Corey.** Couldn't get into this one either, although I know it's the local-system space opera on which The Expanse is based. I remember that the first chapter had piracy and lots of people being killed and a lone survivor who was miserable and terrified out of her mind, and I remember it was unpleasant.

NOVELLAS

*[Note: This is a bit trickier, because I already reviewed these for WARP in 2012, and subsequently reread my reviews, so my memories were refreshed.]*

**The Man who Bridged the Mist, by Kij Johnson.** I remember liking this quite a lot. It's about building a suspension bridge across a vast chasm that's full of a dangerous mist which may or may not be home to monsters. Building suspension bridges takes a long time, and is very expensive, and has a huge impact on the lives of everyone on both sides of the chasm. Methodical and meditative.

**Countdown, by Mira Grant.** If I remember correctly, this is the backstory to Feed – how the zombie apocalypse got started. Something about a cure for cancer combining with a cure for the common cold... I think.

**The Ice Owl, by Carolyn Gilman.** More than once during the retrospectives, I've mentioned a story which I initially disliked, but eventually came to appreciate. That's not what happened here. Depressing story about refugees, and religious fundamentalism, and old war criminals who still need jobs, and owls that are made of ice and live in tiny portable freezers. I'll grant that its relevance has unpleasantly increased, though.

**Kiss Me Twice, by Mary Robinette Kowal.** I know that, back in 2012, I called this a "tricksy little whodunnit", and described it as a cop investigating something with his AI partner, and I have no recollection of the rest. There was probably a murder.

**The Man who Ended History: A Documentary, by Ken Liu.** I remember this story well enough to remember why I disliked it. Time viewer with hugely inconvenient limitations – namely, a given time/space locus can only be viewed once. And only by one person. So if that one person didn't notice a detail, or didn't understand the language being spoken... oops. And the inventor gives it to his mother so she can observe Japanese war crimes (because she survived a death camp), and then there are people who claim she's lying because she can't adequately answer their questions and the past is gone and etc. And so much of the story is details about wartime atrocities.

**Silently and Very Fast, by Catherynne Valente.** In 2012, I praised the quality of Valente's luxuriantly rich prose, but... okay, it's about an AI becoming a person. An AI that runs a house, I think. Possibly something about a child growing up. There might be someone falling in love. Transcendence. Philosophy. Beyond that... as with the Kowal, I got nothing.

NOVELETTES

*[Note: Again, I already reviewed these for WARP in 2012.]*

**Six Months, Three Days, by Charlie Jane Anders.** Very, very strong memories of this story. Precognition, predestination, and spoilers – in more ways than one. I remember the first sentence, I remember the last sentence, I remember all the neat little tricks that Judy figures out (especially when she decides to start warning people), I remember how grim Doug was. I even remember how much of a role remembering has in the story.

**The Copenhagen Interpretation, by Paul Cornell.** I know this is set in the same universe as Cornell’s 2010 teleportation-rich “One of Our Bastards is Missing”, and I’m pretty sure this is the one where they don’t understand relativity and the twin paradox. But aside from that, nothing.

**Fields of Gold, by Rachel Swirsky.** A guy dies and goes to heaven. At first he spends time with his ex-wife and tons of dead celebrities (I remember there were some politicians), but eventually he changes his mind about what makes him happy. Because why shouldn’t you be able to change your mind, right? So he spends time with a different woman. I believe she may have been his cousin?

**Ray of Light, by Brad Torgersen.** This is set a generation or so after the survivors of humanity migrated to the undersea colonies. Because it’s dangerous on the surface for... some reason. The adults are too worried about safety to find out that conditions on the surface have become calmer, but the teenagers who grew up underwater aren’t. I remember not being impressed by this – it felt very formally correct, very old-style, but nothing particularly innovative or amazing. Interestingly, Torgersen subsequently enmeshed himself in the Puppy scandal.

**What We Found, by Geoff Ryman.** Nigerian scientist discovers that science is wearing out: once it’s gone, our technological civilization won’t work any more. Also he’s still suffering from long-term psychological damage as a result of growing up in a hugely abusive household – decades of lies, cheating, torment, mental illness, possibly a sibling who died suspiciously. I remember that there was some symbolic connection between the abuse and the imminent death of science. I also remember that I strongly did not like this story.

### SHORT STORIES

**The Paper Menagerie, by Ken Liu.** First-generation Chinese-American regrets not spending more time with his immigrant mom, or learning more about how she was able to make origami animals come to life. Meh. No stronger memories than that.

### REVIEWS: Webcomics

---

#### Forward Reviewed by Danny Sichel

*Note: **Forward** contains significant amounts of explicit discussion of sexual activity. It does not, as of this writing, contain any actual sexual activity.*

I’ve been reading Mason “Tailsteak” Williams’ work for years – from his self-referentially existential metafantasy **One Over Zero**, to his “*literally* the apocalypse” novel **Bang**, to his rom-com-with-boardgames **Leftover Soup** – and what his writing is defined by is characters who are willing to talk about ideas. This is particularly the case with **Forward**.

**The Cartographer Wasps and the Anarchist Bees, by E. Lily Yu.** Something very symbolic about a community of intelligent wasps who were attacked by a community of intelligent bees. I remember a review that missed the point about the symbolism – fables don’t entirely make sense if you take them literally and try to figure out the worldbuilding.

**The Homecoming, by Mike Resnick.** I read this again a few years ago, so the memories are stronger – but is the fact that I read it again is, itself, an indicator of its lasting quality? Not necessarily – I’m pretty sure that I read it again because, when I saw it mentioned on Wikipedia, I didn’t recognize the title so I dug it up to see what it was about. Old man is taking care of his wife who’s dying of not-actually-Alzheimer’s, and then their estranged son comes home. Estranged because he’s undergone a procedure to make him physiologically into some sort of barely-humanoid alien. Will they explain this to the confused old woman, or will they just tell her that an alien has come to visit? I found this reasonably innovative, an interesting take on some old concepts. In retrospect, it very strongly evokes transgender issues.

**Movement, by Nancy Fulda.** A girl is offered a cure for her ‘temporal autism’, which is something that Fulda made up – I remember it involved existential awareness of deep time, possibly to a degree where it interferes with your daily life. Also, there were ballet shoes. Emotional, and artfully done, but not really anything special.

**Shadow War of the Night Dragons: Book One: The Dead City: Prologue, by John Scalzi.** When I first read this as part of the voter packet, I wasn’t aware that it had been published as an April Fool’s Day thing. Oh, I recognized that it was parody, but I didn’t know that it wasn’t actually part of a larger work. Guards in a grimdark fantasy city discuss dragons, and the evil government under which they live, and how it’s probably lying about dragons even existing. Then a dragon eats them. Meh.

*Learn more about the Hugo Awards*

<http://www.thehugoawards.org>



Set in 2167, **Forward** is the tale of Lee Caldavera, a depressed shut-in loner who spends all their<sup>1</sup> time watching anime and complaining to their therapist AI. A misunderstanding results in

---

<sup>1</sup> yes, ‘their’.

Lee meeting Zoa, who is, to be blunt, a freelance sexbot (“legally, I’m a vending machine”). Lee is not at all up for using the services Zoa offers, but *is* in need of the companionship of someone who’s not as scary as a Real Person, and things proceed from there.

And by ‘proceed’ I mean ‘almost immediately go horribly life-changingly wrong’, because of course they do, what kind of a story would it be otherwise.

This is a fascinating little wander through a society that’s recognizably derived from ours, but is still very alien in a lot of ways, as seen by some of the people for whom it’s not working. Tailsteak has made the deliberate decision to leave many of the details implicit, which paradoxically makes the world feel *more* defined. The Author’s Comment section at the bottom of each strip certainly helps to clarify some of the more subtle points of both worldbuilding and plot development, even if only by raising discussion questions. (Also, there’s the occasional truly terrible pun.)

One of the interesting things about having followed Tailsteak

for so long is that I’ve seen his artwork evolve. **Forward**’s art is lush, cartoony, expressive, detailed, and nothing like what there was in **One over Zero** – and yet if you follow it through, you’ll find the earliest traces of what eventually becomes an identifiable style.

Even if you don’t like characters talking about ideas, I’d still recommend **Forward** for the interplay between Lee and Zoa. Biggest drawback – if it can be defined as such – is that the strip only updates on a weekly basis, so there’s not even a hundred installments yet. On the other hand, this means you can go through the whole archives pretty quickly.

**Forward** is available at <http://forwardcomic.com/> and updates every Monday.

**One Over Zero** is available at <http://oneoverzero.comicgenesis.com> and is a completed work of 1000 installments.

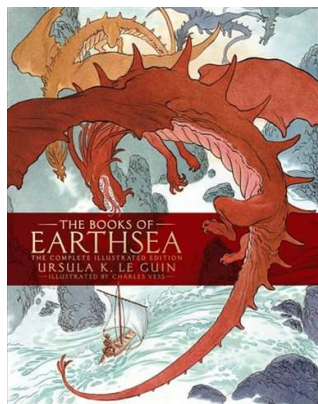


## REVIEWS: Art Books

### The Books of Earthsea, The Complete Illustrated Edition, by Ursula K. Le Guin

Illustrated by Charles Vess

Reviewed by Cathy Palmer-Lister



I read glowing reviews of this book, but the price tag was a sticking point. The list price is 81\$, but only 60\$ on line from Chapters. Still I wavered. Sure, it’s a great price for six books, but I already have them all! So, essentially, I am buying the art work. Unseen. The artist is Charles Vess, and while not one of my very favourite artists, he’s certainly not one I would pass over easily. So, I kept clicking on the

book, and then unclicking it. I thought about it even more when it made the Hugo short list for best art book.

Then a friend told me Chapters/Indigo was putting a lot of best sellers on sale, and I found that *The Books of Earthsea* was one of the discounted items. \$51.67 for six books, illustrated by Charles Vess? Sold. No regrets, either, except that I wished for more illustrations. Selfish me! There are already at least 50!

An article in Locus explained how closely Vess and Le Guin worked on this volume over four years, so this really is a portrayal of Earthsea, just as Le Guin imagined it. There are several colour plates, and many more black and white illustrations. We see a world of magic, but imagined as the folks of Earthsea would – villages, kids tending goats, a small boat on a very large sea – scenes from a real world. The dragons have a wing span that you can believe would lift so massive a creature. They are frightening, the way lions and tigers are frightening – as they should be – but also creatures due proper reverence. In the world of Earthsea, they are fact, not imaginary creatures of magic.

I flipped through the book, reading passages at random, and came across the scene when Tehanu calls up Kalessin. After a brief dialogue with the eldest of the dragons, in the language of the Making no less, Tehanu leads the utterly stunned Ged and Tenar away:

“Come on!” the child said, looking back at them. “Aunt Moss is sick”

First things first– there are practical matters needing their attention. That evening they talk about Ogion’s books, replanting his garden, peach trees, all ordinary aspects of life which continues with or without dragons.

There were new things to be learned, no doubt. And she could send somebody for the books, if Ged wanted them. And for her spinning wheel.

Earthsea is a real world, with real problems, and real people, even if there are dragons, and words of magic. I think, remembering when I first met Ged, this is what I most loved about the series. The magic is grounded. When you look at the illustrations, it’s obvious the artist understood this.

Ursula Le Guin wrote *Tehanu* outside, sometimes in the cold and rain, “But wings upheld me, and when I dared look, I saw a new world, or maybe only gulfs of sunlit air...If some of the wild freedom of that flight is in the book, that’s enough; that’s how I wanted, as an old woman, to leave my beloved islands of Earthsea. I didn’t want to leave Ged and Tenar and their dragon-child safe. I wanted to leave them free.”

After I’ve admired the artwork, I do believe I will reread the books. Again. And if you have managed to miss the Earthsea

books, this is a great deal at only 60\$. Not only does it include the six novels, it also has a new introduction written by Le Guin, the early short stories, Le Guin's "Earthsea Revised" Oxford lecture, and a new Earthsea story, never before printed.

The volume is beautiful, even comes with a ribbon for a bookmark! But it's a BIG volume, one end page has already become unstuck. Thankfully, it did not tear, but there is no point

in trying to glue it back in. I don't even know where I will keep this book as it is too thick and heavy to slide in among the other LeGuin books, and there is absolutely no room for it among the art books.

But it's a gorgeous book! I say, go for it! It's well worth the price.



## Main Viewscreen

Also at times called **Artists' Alley**, this was once a regular feature of WARP, a showcase for the artwork of our members. This page is open to all forms of art – not only charcoal and paint, but also your models, costumes, and so forth. This space is for your imagination! Be creative!

*Marquise is a long time member, perhaps best known for her Werewolf (cover of WARP 98). Currently, she is experimenting with ideas inspired by the popular Fallout video game franchise . Two drawings from this series appeared in WARP 102.*

**Vic Ballantine**, who also appears on the cover of this issue, is the pet project of Dr Sirius in the Prosthetics and Orthotics department from St-Luc Hospital. He is made of various parts of medical limb replacements and some electronic computing gizmos. He might become some mysterious, strange urban legend in Montreal.



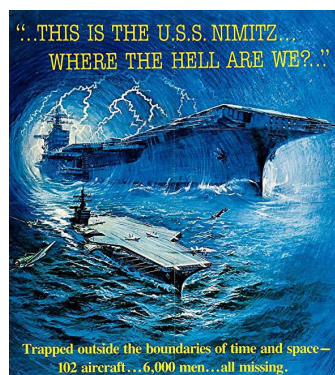
**Dr Sirius** might have a lot of secrets even as a Follower of the Apocalypse. He tries to learn about that section of St-Luc hospital that contains a little army of cryofrozen soldier patients, and has moral issues about whether or not they should be thawed. He also has lot of time to spare and plays legos with the pieces of prosthetics and orthotics.



February

The club's February 9 meeting was preceded by our first Saturday Sci-Fi Cinema Matinée of 2019, time travel being the theme, in keeping with the afternoon's lead presentation on the subject.

The early-birds present were offered a menu of five time-travel movies—the vintage *Beyond the Time Barrier* (1960) and *The Time Travellers* (1964), *Time After Time* (1979), *The Final Countdown* (1980), and for the Valentine's Day romantics in the group, *Somewhere in Time* (also 1980).



Folk chose for review *The Final Countdown*, in which a strange natural phenomenon transports the contemporary U.S. aircraft carrier Nimitz back in time some four decades to early December of 1941, just prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour! Can this modern warship and its complement of jet fighters take on the entire

Japanese strike force?

Most of our audience rated the film as entertaining enough, but many noted that the number of scenes focussing on the Nimitz's flight operations as it launched and recovered fighter jets was rather excessive and entirely superfluous, to the point of either annoyance or amusement. One of our reviewers commented that the film amounted to "Nimitz porn!"



The meeting proper began with **Sylvain St-Pierre's** bountifully illustrated presentation on the topic of time travel, and the many problems one might encounter as a time traveller.

What consequences would arise, for example, if you journeyed back in time and accidentally caused the death of your own grandfather before he had married and started his family? You might conclude that you would be erased from history, but then,

how could you have travelled into the past in the first place if you'd not been born as a result of your grandfather never having sired your father? Such is the fundamental paradox presented by time travel.

Sylvain offered simultaneously a history of the time-travel sub-genre and a primer on the various means by which time travel is achieved in the annals of science fiction, from simply concentrating one's mind on the task to the opening of mysterious naturally occurring time portals to the use of a time machine like the tricked out DeLorean sports car of *Back to the Future* fame.

Discussed, too, were the different theories put forth by sci-fi writers as to the nature of time travel—the past is set and cannot be substantively changed no matter the best efforts of a time traveller; history can be altered and persons and events completely erased by the tampering of a time traveller; or, with each trip into the past, changes are inevitably made to the timeline, which initiates different futures, each existing in parallel to the original timeline so that travelling in time can best be described as moving from one timeline to another!

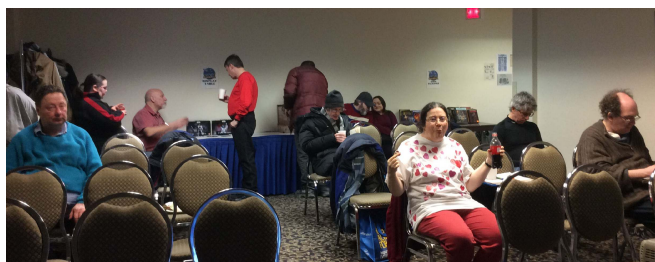
Following the mid-meeting break, we opened sometimes tongue-in-cheek debate on a few topics.



On display



Pretty in pink—Valentine's Day Treats



Enjoying the break

**Keith Braithwaite** first moderated a face-off between **Paula Dufour** and **Leslie Perryon** on a resolution stating that the original *Star Trek* remains the best *Star Trek*! Each of the debaters made opening statements in support of their positions, for and against, then argued back and forth, making their points, disputing

opposing opinions, and taking questions from the audience along the way until allotted time was up and a winner was declared.

Our second topic of discussion provoked passionate, sometimes raucous debate and ended up running well past the allotted time! The resolution presented was that the Hugos, in the wake of the “Sad/Rabid Puppies” successful bugging of the system, should give way to the peer-voted and less-manipulatable Nebulas as science fiction’s premiere award. **Cathy Palmer-Lister** served as moderator on this one, with Keith and **Danny**

**Sichel** arguing the pros and cons, here.

We thank **Sylvain St-Pierre**, **Keith Braithwaite**, **Cathy Palmer-Lister**, **Paula Dufour**, **Leslie Perryon**, and **Danny Sichel** for their participation in the afternoon’s programming, as well as those club members who helped to plan and run this meeting.



## March

Our special guests, **David Shuman** and **Paul Simard**, gave a fabulous presentation at our March meeting.

David started with an overview of the space programme, with emphasis on the rockets, the perils of space exploration, and then going on to the obstacles we need to overcome to colonize Mars. He also talked about what would need to be done to possibly terraform Mars – a popular theme in science fiction! If life forms of any sort are found on Mars, there will be ethical concerns as well as technical problems to solve.



*Paul and David take questions*

This presentation was followed by a 3-D film showing Mars as seen by the satellites and rovers. David brought in glasses so all could enjoy the incredible spectacle of canyons, craters, and mountains. All the 3-D effects were created by Paul and David from actual NASA images. Missed it? If you have the red/blue glasses you can watch the show here:

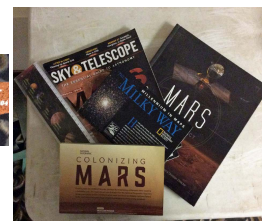
<http://www.rascmontreal.org/moon/>



Then, the cherry on top – a premiere presentation of the documentary they are working on for showing later in the year: The Shadow Chasers. We got to see wonderful footage of the total eclipse of the sun as well as interviews with amateur astronomers who travelled to watch the eclipse.



*A few of the MonSFen at the break put their glasses back on for the photographer.*



*One of the Raffle prizes*

Our own **Sylvain St-Pierre** followed with a presentation on



space law: Who will make and enforce the laws? with multiple examples from science fiction TV shows, movies, and literature. He kicked off his presentation with a clip from Night Court, the one with the quarrelling Trekkers who beam out of the court room because the laws of earth do not apply to them – a great favourite of Trek fans!

I was reminded of the Space Force Initiative, which you might want to read about on wikipedia, or just google the web for the many articles on the subject of space law enforcement. [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/United\\_States\\_Space\\_Force](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/United_States_Space_Force) . It brings together various issues which were discussed by both Sylvain and David: there are civilian craft up there in orbit

providing us with technology we consider basic to our lives, such as cell phones, GPS, Internet, television, and so on. Do we want the military involved in space law enforcement? Who owns space? who has the right to make the rules?

*We had quite a nice selection of raffle prizes, Thanks to the many folks who donated prizes!*

