

WARP 105

SUMMER 2019



**JULY 20, 1969:
The Day Science Fiction
Became Science Fact!**

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On the Cover

This issue's cover is a photo-montage by Keith Braithwaite inspired by the Apollo 11 moon landing of 50 years ago. Keith calls his piece "July 20, 1969: The Day Science Fiction Became Science Fact!" The LEM *Eagle* stands on the lunar surface set against a dream-tinted backdrop of selected fictional moonships representing the prognostications of science fiction, those audacious visions that anticipated the real first manned moon landing and subsequent lunar exploration. Can you identify all of these moonships? See Page 15 for our breakdown of the cover.

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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.](#)

July 20

13:00h We celebrate the Moon Landing on the exact day of the 50th anniversary! Keith to moderate a retrospective of the Apollo mission. Bring art, models, books, etc for the Display table!

14:30h Visions of the Future: An appreciation of the art of Robert McCall

16:00h MUSIC in Science Fiction and Fantasy

Aug 11

SUNDAY: Picnic in the Park

Sept 14

Utopia Planitia Shipyards Competition, Part 2: the detailing, starts at 11:30 AM

Debate: Can we separate the art from the artist?

Game: Guess that Superhero

Oct 26

11:30 Utopia Planitia Shipyards Competition Part 3: finishing and judging.

World Con and Eurocon: Cathy, Sylvain, Joe, René to report back on their trip to Dublin for World Con, and Belfast for Titan Con.

Mining the Data: You have probably heard that science fiction fans are all white males, that world cons are dying out because the young fans are all going to comic-cons, etc, but what does the actual data show us?

An introduction to Sock Puppets! Preparing for next year's film project. (Might be cancelled, watch for updates)

Nov 9

SECOND HAND BOOK SALE

DECEMBER 7 Holiday FEAST

Time and place to be announced.

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 us first. 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 105 Summer in the City

(BACK OF MY NECK GETTING DIRTY AND GRITTY
SWEARING AT THE TRAFFIC IN THE SUMMER, IN THE CITY, IN THE CITY...)

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MonSFFANDOM

April to August 2019 / 3;
MonSFFun / No submissions! Maybe next time?



Wow! Just as your editor was feeling jealous of all the LoCs in everybody else's fanzines, I get a veritable flood of mail! Love the feedback! Proves we have people reading our WARP and our website! You, too, can write to me <WARP@monsffa.ca> –CPL



You've Got Mail!

Dear MonSFFen:

Ah, the warm weather has finally arrived, and yet, I am inside...I have a lot to do. So, I am jumping ahead as best as I can, and writing some overdue letters. One of them is for Warp 104.

Some might say that there are two seasons in Canada...road repair and snow removal.

Sometimes, I think it's snow repair and road removal. The City of Toronto says it fills in several hundred potholes a week, and there always seems to be so many more to suddenly appear and attack the axles of our cars.

In Montreal, we went straight from nids de poules (potholes)

to rues barrés (You can't get there from here). It's totally insane. I had to drive through and around so many detours just trying to get to and from Saturday's MonSFFA meeting, I lost count, and lost a lot of time!

My letter... It looks like we shall not get a table at Anime North in their Crafters' Corner area. It certainly wasn't from lack of trying, but it looks like we won't be rising far enough up the waitlist. So, it looks like we won't be there, but we will be a part of Canada Day celebrations in Scarborough, so with some luck, that will make up for it. We do have a busy summer planned. We return to England in just over three weeks, and there are still a few plans to make, but for the most part, we are ready to go. We head off the day after our 26th wedding anniversary, and we will celebrate my 60th birthday at Mr. Fogg's Society of Exploration, a restaurant and gin bar.

I enjoyed your posts on facebook! Of course you know that

four MonSFFen made it to Ireland for the World Con and Titan Con. Great trip, lots of good memories.

The Blast from the Past reminds me of our Aparticons, and we had some great parties. I just checked our sign-in books...our last one was Aparticon 48, held in 2008 at Ad Astra. Some very good memories.

Space Voyage... Ouch on the font used! Still, the summary on the page before looks interesting.

Hi Cathy,

Many thanks for Warp #104. Had I been present at February's Star Trek debate, my vote would definitely have come down on the side of the original series, which I'll have been a fan of for a full half-century this coming 12th July (marking the fiftieth anniversary of BBC1 launching the show with 'Where No Man Has Gone Before'). I caught the first four or five episodes of the current incarnation, Discovery, on Netflix UK, but found them even less to my taste than JJ Abram's horrendous reboot movie.

Despite my liking for the character as depicted in The Next Generation and Patrick Stewart as an actor (on both stage and tv), I have little doubt Picard will prove yet another nail in the franchise's coffin.

Warm regards to all at MonSFFA,

- Steve (Green) Solihull, UK

Dear Miss Palmer-Lister,

Why science fiction? There are probably as many answers to that question as there are readers, fans, and indeed, films and books. Long relegated to the sub-category of "para-literature," the genre today has come to its own pinnacle of recognition. It is popular with many people – even college professors! – and can sometimes even be seen as a mirror that reflects the society and environment in which we live.

Science fiction is not only travel in outer space, nor is it only Frankenstein. It is science, i.e., what they do; "ordinary people set amidst extraordinary circumstances," à la Hitchcock or TV's "The Twilight Zone."

As Stanley Schmidt writes in "Analog," it is believable characters (who may or may not be human) doing believable things, no matter how fantastic the background!

But is there a common denominator to the works of these authors of sci-fi, is there a "grammar of the fantastique?"

I believe there is and it lies primarily in the thin line between reality (i.e., today's and even tomorrow's reality) and fiction.

For instance, radio offers us a smorgasbord of "information" which may, perhaps, lead us to sense impressions and increased perception; example, the radio program "In the Throes of the Creative Writing Process" (commentator: "Drink water, more and more water!") or the secrets of memory (is it more than a mere "tape-recorder?") or, then again, "Fire Fighters in USAKA." These seem to lead us to believe that reality is more "real" than

The font was my fault. I wanted a typewriter font, but it turned out hard to read. Our eyes have gotten used to smoother-looking text, thanks to computers.

It's getting close to dinner time, and it is my turn to make it, so I'd better get with it. Thank you for this issue, and I always look forward to the next.

Yours, Lloyd Penney



Wonderful to hear from you again!

Yes, that debate proved to be quite heated—there are very strong opinions held by Trekkers! Personally, I preferred ST-TNG. Discovery is fine, but only if I think of it as happening in an alternate universe. IMO, it just doesn't fit into my idea of the Trek universe I knew before. I didn't care for the movie reboot at all. Actually, I don't care for reboots at all! – CPL

NB: For new members who might be wondering, "Who's Steve Green?" – Steve was the winner of the TAFF, and was in Montreal for Anticipation. MonSFFen met up with him at a deli in town for smoked meat and lively conversation.



fiction. And who, indeed, can contradict them?

As Stephen King would have us see, the "real terrors lie within." Edgar Allan Poe's appeal was also to the adolescent mind – and adolescents readily took to him.

As for myself, I no longer watch many horror movies, which I somehow outgrew (i.e., Dracula at thirteen years of age!). I get all I need out of books nowadays.

I remain a fan, nevertheless.

Sincerely Yours,
Paul Gareau

I agree whole-heartedly! I find lately that I watch very little SF/F these days, preferring to read and watch the characters develop. Its hard to really portray characters on screen, we don't "see" their thinking, only their actions.

Science fiction does give us a way to view ourselves in a "safe" environment. Remember the first interracial kiss in Star Trek? Would never have happened in a "regular" television show.

I admit, however, that I am not reading as much SF now, since lately the authors seem fixated on either space battles or our own common problems such as the environment and climate change. To really explore strange new worlds I have to browse the fantasy shelves in the bookstore. – CPL



Mailed to our website:

Hi,

I operate a media collective in Mile End called Sur Place. We offer workshops on fiction writing, graphics design, filmmaking, and other creative media topics. We also offer our space for people to organise reading groups or other creative projects.

If any MonSFFA are experienced Sci-fi authors and would like to propose a workshop on writing sci-fi, we would be interested. Teachers get paid.

Or if you'd ever like to organise smaller events like a reading group or something, we'd be glad to offer our space, depending on

Excerpt from the ZineDump, edited by Guy Lillian who writes that TZD still wants every science fiction or fandom-oriented zine published in English. In TZD46, Guy reviews them all, including our own WARP 104. The full document can be viewed at <http://www.efanzines.com/ZineDump/TZD46.pdf>

Warp 104 / Cathy Palmer-Lister, via MonSFFA, c/o Sylvain St-Pierre, 4456 Boul. Ste-Rose, Laval, Quebec, Canada H7R 1Y6 / cathypl@sympatico.ca / Website: www.monsffa.ca. / Surely Cathy is the nicest person in fanzines, and Warp is usually a sterling example of the club genzine – as opposed to newszine – extant. Which is why the gritty, noir-ish cover to the Spring '19 issue – while well-drawn! – stuns me into submission! This urban cowboy Vic Ballantine would be more at home in a biker bar – or *ahem* somesuch – than a civilized place like Montreal! Stifling my shock, I open the zine ... and am relieved. The rough trade of the cover has no place in the contents. There we find a long-running Trek fan-fiction, a new story by a member, a memoir of goofing off (and drawing aliens) in high school, reviews of past Hugo nominees, webcomics, reports – photo-illustrated – of club activities ...

availability.

I've never been to one of your events, but I'm going to try to attend one.

Cheers,
Ted

Hi, Ted,

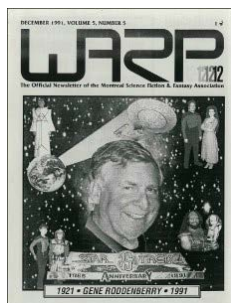
I'm sure this would interest our members. I have already passed on this information, but am printing it out again for readers who might not be members of MonSFFA. I can think of a few writers who would appreciate a workshop on writing, so if you do get a teacher, be sure to let us know. – CPL

including a lecture on space law by St-Pierre I wish I'd seen. Nothing to worry about! Clubzines are sweet when club members pitch in.

I laughed when I read Guy's reaction to the cover. Our Marquise is a fabulous artist, and a really nice person, but she is currently writing up scenarios for a dystopian future Montreal. Oh, yes, it is unexpected! But fun, too, to see a new vision for our city, which currently looks like a dystopian after-the-apocalypse scenario anyway as road engineers amuse themselves by ripping up all the streets and decorating them with orange cones. . – CPL



BLAST FROM THE PAST: WARP 18, December, 1991



At this time, the club was still numbering WARP issues according to the month of publication, hence WARP 12 for December.

The cover, commemorating the passing of Gene Roddenberry, is a photo montage by Kevin Holden, rendered on computer by Berny Reischl. Keith Braithwaite's editorial is a heartfelt tribute to the man largely responsible for the creation of our club and

the many conventions we attend. He also notes our growing membership, thanks to recruiting efforts at Creation and Con*Cept.

The LoCs were an interesting read, many thanking and praising the concom of Con*Cept, which at that time was MonSFFA's baby. Long time members will remember Paul and Sue Bennet, and the late Baird Searles. Paul Cornhill wrote from England, missing us, but has a lot of SF on TV in spite of there being only four channels. Lloyd Penney wrote a long letter touching on Creation vs fan-run cons, Chicon V and how the passing of Gene

Roddenberry might impact ST:TNG.

MonSFFandom starts with a commentary on the success of Con*Cept, which was held over two days for the first time. Club meetings were recapped, and some new activities introduced. There is a very grainy photo of Josée Bellemare who won a poster and passes to the Star Trek VI premiere.

Keith and Lloyd reviewed Con*Cept – lots more grainy pictures. I had to laugh about the Klingon "security" and the shenanigans at the KAG panel, though it wasn't funny at the time. I remember it well.

Sensors starts with a tribute to Gene Roddenberry, and continues with more Trek rumours, some quite dodgy. Lots more upcoming movies, including the first Jurassic Park: "The dinosaur FX, we're told, will be something else."

Kevin Holden reviewed **Man-Kzin Wars IV** by Donald Kingsbury, describing it as "possibly the strongest offering to date from Niven's universe."

The Main Viewscreen showcases art by Jean-François Poulin. Do take a look, very imaginative! ([Download WARP 18](#))

Cathy Palmer-Lister

UPCOMING CONVENTIONS AND EVENTS With thanks to **Lloyd, Dom, Lynda**
(Abridged, see [website](#) for more listings. Events that might most interest our members in **bold**)

September 28, 2019 CAPCON, IPMS Ottawa's biennial scale plastic model contest, Canadian War Museum, Ottawa <https://www.ipmsottawa.com/>

September 27-29 - Kimikon, Enercare Centre, Toronto. Anime convention. <http://www.kimikon.ca>

September 28-29 - Tri-City Super Con 2, Bingemans Conference Centre, Kitchener. <http://www.tricitysupercon.com>

September 29, 2019 model show / competition, Laval, QC, Pavillon du boisé, 3235 Boul. St Martin Est, Laval.

Admission: \$6 adults, \$5 children

<http://www.ipmsrealcote.com/ipmsrealcote.htm> or

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

October 5-6 - London Comic Con, London Convention Centre, London. <http://www.londoncomiccon.ca>.

October 11-13 - Creation Supernatural Convention, Westin HarbourCastle Hotel, Toronto.

https://www.creationent.com/cal/supernatural_toronto.htm

October 11-13 Scintillation 2, 2019, Holiday Inn Centre Ville, Montreal, QC <http://2019.scintillation.ca/>

October 12-13 - Comiccon de Quebec, Centre de Congres de Quebec, Quebec City. <http://www.comicconquebec.com>

October 18-20, 2019 - CAN-CON 2019, Sheraton Hotel, Ottawa, <https://can-con.org/>

October 18-19 - EGLX 2019, Metro Toronto Convention Centre. Video game expo. <http://www.eglx.ca>

October 19-20 - Hamilton Comic Con, Hamilton Convention Centre, Hamilton <https://www.hamiltoncomiccon.com/>

October 19 - Well*Co*M*E 2019, Centre Wellington Community Sportsplex, Fergus, ON Model convention, <http://www.thesprue.com>.

October 26-27 - Fantastic Beasts of Benares, Historic Benares House, Mississauga. Harry Potter event. <https://culture.mississauga.ca/event/benares-historic-house/fantastic-beasts-benares> also facebook page

October 26-27 - Frightmare in the Falls 2019, Scotiabank Convention Centre. Guests: Michael Berryman, Kane Hodder, more <http://www.frightmareinthefalls.com>

November 9-10 - Ottawa Comiccon: Holiday Edition 2019, EY Centre, Ottawa. Free admission.

<http://www.ottawacomicon.com>

November 30 - December 1 Horror-Rama 6, 918 Bathurst St., Toronto. Horror convention. Guests: Lamberto Bava, more.

<http://www.horrorramacanada.com>

December 7-8 - Mini Comicon de Montreal, Palais de Congress, Montreal. www.montrealcomicon.com



Space Law

The first in a series by Sylvain St-Pierre

This article is an expansion of the MonSFFA presentation given on March 9th, 2019



I: Earth Law

Back a few thousand years ago, our ancestors were blessed with a total ignorance of the Law; save for those few that really mattered, like the Law of Gravity or the Law of Thermodynamics. Whatever rules of conduct deemed beneficial to the tribe as a whole were agreed to by all

members and understood by everyone. Transgressions were probably dealt with by banishment or, in the more serious cases, a mammoth tibia to the skull.

As human societies became larger and more complex, it became desirable to enact more substantial laws. How to tax oxen, how many lashes for a given transgression, how to treat or mistreat slaves; that sort of things. Some of the earlier laws, like

Hammurabi's Code, remain famous to this day. Over the centuries, laws became so numerous and complex that simply interpreting what they actually meant evolved into a full-time occupation, something lamented upon by many speculative authors. Edgar Rice Burroughs mentioned that his Barsoomians were a fortunate people, as they did not have lawyers, and Jonathan Swift's giant Brobdingnagians had a rule forbidding to write any law with more words than their alphabet had letters (twenty-two, to be precise).

It should be made clear at this point that what we are covering here is Law, not Justice. One would think that the two are closely linked, and it is true that they should be, but they are by no means synonymous.

It has been – and sadly often still is – perfectly legal to discriminate towards people based on their race, religion, gender, or an infinity of other similar factors.

II: Shadow Law

While it is always an unpleasant surprise to have an obscure law sprung on us, at the very least we expect to be able to research the topic if it happens. Such is not always the case. Until very recently, China, among others, had Secret Laws. Rules written nowhere, but that you were still expected to follow and with harsh penalties for transgressors.

In fiction, we have an unending supply of spy stories where both heroes and villains operate outside the confine of any official rule. One would think that secret organisations are so common that it's a wonder that not everybody is member of at least one, if not several. While it is doubtful that the events of **The Man from U.N.C.L.E.** have any historical basis, there is always a nagging suspicion that Mission: Impossible may not be that far removed from the truth.

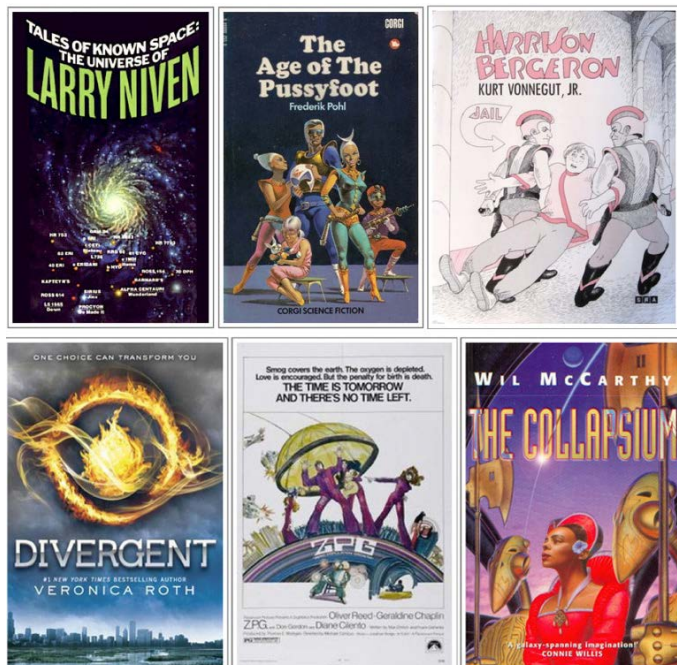


III: Future Law

For better or worse, our current laws are not what they used to be, and we generally prefer it that way. Sometimes, even, they do not change as fast as we would like (I still remember the days when Montreal hotels were still legally bound to provide for their customers' horses) but we do understand that many laws eventually need to adapt to changing circumstances.

This is an unending source of inspiration for writers in our

favourite genre. Consider the many stories where the protagonists run afoul of some law that looks utterly weird to us in this day and age.



In Larry Niven's **Known Space** series, for instance, pickpocketing is not illegal on Earth, simply because the population is so large that enforcing it would be physically impossible. Running a red light multiple times may however get you condemned to be taken apart, as there is an acute shortage of organs to transplant. In Robert Silverberg's **Caught In the Organ Draft** (1972) high ranking people, like judges and senators, have managed to secure the mandatory donation of things like lungs and kidneys for their own benefit; something that sounds frighteningly plausible.

Keeping up with advancing technology may also yield some strange new rules. Just keeping the legal system updated to the computer age is proving a challenge, so imagine if information processing could be expanded to include actual persons? That is the basis for Wil McCarthy's **Queendom of Sol** series, where humans can be copied, saved and edited just like text files. Killing somebody is just a misdemeanour as long as the victim can be "reprinted"... Similarly, the legal status of David Brin's **Kill People** (2002), who are artificial constructs capable of exchanging information with their "donor", can be somewhat fuzzy.

The right of living clones has also been covered in several different manners, depending on the attributes bestowed upon them by various authors. For example, cloning is illegal in the Outer Limits episode "**The Duplicate Man**" (1964), because clones catch up with the original in short order and become impossible to distinguish from humans. A situation not unlike that of the Replicants of the movie version of **Blade Runner** (1982).

Even improved medical practices can make things complicated. In **The Age of the Pussyfoot** (1966), by Frederik Pohl, resuscitation is so easy and common place that killing somebody you don't like is perfectly legal as long as you pay for the procedure.

Laws governing reproductions – a currently much heated topic in the United States and elsewhere – are also a favourite for stories set in the future, near and far. From anti-miscegenation laws, which have only been recently repealed in some places; to total bans on procreation, as in the movie **ZPG** (1972), where having a baby will not only result in the death of both parents but the offspring as well.

Even your emotions might not be safe from future laws. In the **Divergent** movie series, it is mandatory to act in a manner consistent with your social caste, and woe to you if you feel otherwise. Be careful about being too bright or too strong, too. The short story Harrison Bergeron (1961), by Kurt Vonnegut Jr., was written at the start of Affirmative Action, and warns of what might happen if you carry such policies too far. In it, the much amended Constitution decrees that all must be equal, even if it means dumbing down and weakening people who are smarter and stronger than the average.

IV: Law in Space

The idea that the space outside the Earth needed to be regulated used to be, until less than a century ago, pretty much a theoretical concept. For a long time, it was generally assumed that if and when space travel would become reality, ownership of the planets would probably follow the same routine as the various Earth continents outside of Europe during our Age of Discovery. Namely, that they would belong to whomever landed there first and had the might to make the claim stick.

This, of course, did not sit well with countries that were unlikely to achieve space flight on their own. Some of them suggest that the nearest target, the Moon, should belong to those above which our satellite directly orbited. The United States, who qualified thanks to their possession of Florida and parts of Texas, did not object; but the U.S.S.R. strongly objected.

Eventually, the Treaty was signed, recognising that Outer Space did not, per say, belong to anybody.

Of course, like any law, that one is subject to creative interpretation. Several persons have advanced the argument that there are roundabout ways to claim any piece of off-Earth real estate, and have done so with great gusto. A short Internet search will lead you to numerous Websites offering to sell you a piece of the Moon, and one Mister Greg Nemitz has yet to collect on a parking ticket that he issued NASA when that agency landed a probe on asteroid 433 Eros, which he claimed to own.

Robert Heinlein, who loved to weave legal technicalities in his stories, listed several of the then prevailing space ownership arguments in his 1949 book **The Man Who Sold the Moon**, even those that made no sense but could still be used as legal leverage. He also touched on ownership of Mars with **Stranger in a**

Strange Land (1961). As an interesting side note, that last novel introduced the concept of the waterbed in such a precise manner that when such a piece of furniture was actually invented a few years later, it could not be claimed to be wholly innovative for patent purposes.

Ever since we started actually going into space, with the launch of Sputnik in 1957, not all aspects of the laws of space are theoretical anymore. Canada had a brush with the practical side when the Russian spy satellite Kosmos 954 made an uncontrolled re-entry in January 1978, scattering radioactive debris over large portions of the North West Territories. The cleaning bill added up to over fifteen million dollars at the time, an amount the U.S.S.R. initially refused to pay. Until somebody pointed out that with their own vast amount of land they were at an even greater risk of being put in the same situation if, say, an American satellite was to fall down on them. Eventually, they reluctantly agreed to pay half the amount.

In fiction, some interesting pieces have been written about law enforcement in space. One of my favourites is the 1987 British TV series **Star Cops**. I like it because of the very credible way the agency is portrayed. For instance, in the show the United States are initially adamant that their space stations will not bow down to anybody's rule but their own. The best aspect of the show is that it takes into account the fact that criminals are likely to keep up to date with technology, finding new ways to break the law using new inventions.



Compare this with Gerry Anderson's **Space Precinct 2040** (which aired in 1994-95). If not for the fact that some of the cops are a bit bug-eyed and telekinetic, it could almost be set in modern day New York.

And, for the sake of nostalgia, I'll throw in one particular adventure of the brief Walter Lantz comic book **Space Mouse** (1960), where that rocket-blasting rodent ran afoul of a race of aliens who rounded their budget by imposing speed limits in their section of space and ticketing the transgressors.

V: Time Law

While we have just begun to move around in space, time is proving to be a bit trickier. We had a whole MonSFFA presentation devoted to time travel at the February 2019 meeting, and enforcement was one of the topics covered. The main problem, of course, is going forward in time and running afoul of some weird Future Law that you never expected, like being arrested for having food (**F...**, by Richard Matheson, 1952), or refusing to eat the disgusting mandatory local soup (**He Didn't Want Soup**, by Paul Ernst, 1951).

But the most interesting parts, of course, are about the regulation of time travel itself. There is no doubt that if it becomes common place enough, it will have to be policed in some way. Hence stories like those of the **Time Patrol** series by Poul Anderson. The fun part is that in that universe, time travel is perfectly legal; it's just forbidden to throw a monkey wrench in history.

For those who prefer more action, there are movies like **Time Cop** (1994), but I am yet to see one such that really pleases me. Coming up with a plot that really brings out the intricacies of time travel rather than just using it as a gimmick is not easy.

Interesting developments can also be woven from mere predictions, as in Philip K. Dick's **The Minority Report** (1956), which was made into a rather good movie (2002). Being arrested for the crime that you would have committed is probably not a pleasant experience.



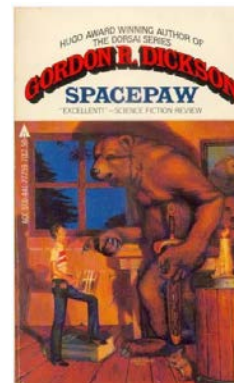
VI: Alien Law

I remember a TV show that could be seen in Montreal in the '70s. I have forgotten the title, but loved the concept. A presenter would show a clip in which somebody did something in a distant locale and got quickly arrested. The purpose of the game was to find out which law might have been broken. One example that I recall was that of a small island in the Pacific, where only street cleaners could legally pick confetti off the ground after a wedding. There was a perfectly logical reason for it: people had previously gathered such potentially contaminated material for the purpose of reselling it.

In fiction, a well-designed alien law, no matter how weird, will usually have a similar valid background. An expert in the genre is Jack Vance, whose characters constantly run afoul of strange and unexpected local regulations in their travels. Stories like **The Dying Earth** (1950), **Big Planet** (1952) and **The Many Worlds of Magnus Ridolph** (1966) are full of places where one has to

tread carefully, or end up in serious trouble for not having applied sacred salve on the chin before going to bed.

If we can encounter strange laws just a few hundred kilometres from home, in places inhabited by our own species, what will it be like when we meet actual aliens? We can get some inkling by reading such stories as **Spacial Delivery** (1961) and **Spacepaw** (1969), by Gordon R. Dickson, where the Dilbians are absolute sticklers about the word of the law but extremely creative when it comes to interpreting it.



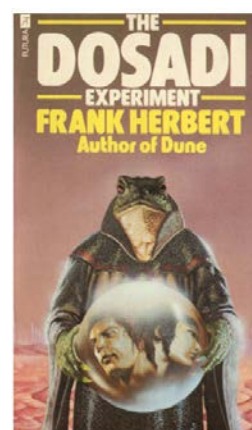
Facing alien justice is often tricky. As in **Star Trek: The Next Generation** "Justice" episode (Season 1, Episode 7, 1987). Planet Rubicun III has a single penalty for any transgression, no matter how slight: death, applied swiftly and without appeal. In the same universe, the Cardassians also have a quick judicial system. Whenever a crime is committed, you can be certain that somebody will rapidly be found guilty and punished. If that person is the actual perpetrator, well, that's a bonus (**Star Trek: Deep Space Nine**, Season 2, Episode 45, "Tribunal", 1994). It has been pointed out that we have jurisdictions on Earth that operate much in the same way today.



We also have the Gowachin, from Frank Herbert's **The Dosadi Experiment** (1977), who have a judicial system they deem superior to all others, despite the fact that the guilty are let free and the innocent punished. A point of view that seems perfectly sane when you compare it with the proceedings of **Bizarro World** in DC's universe.

But in dealings between aliens, transgressions will inevitably occur because of simple misunderstandings. In **Nicolai Klimii Iter Subterraneum** [Niels Klim's Underground Travels] (1741), by Ludvig Holberg, the hero is accused of sexual assault on a High Born subterranean Lady. However, he can be excused if we take into consideration that a) he was running away from a ferocious beast and b) to human eyes, the lady in question was undistinguishable from a tree.

To be continued in WARP 106



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 Javis 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. Janeway visits the Maquis ship when informed that Harry and B'Elanna are awake.

CHAPTER 48



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. “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.”

“Yes, perhaps someday,” Janeway replied slowly, a reality she never expected to occur.

Entering the turbolift Chakotay gave the computer their destination. “Deck five!”

It took all of two seconds to drop down from deck four.

Having picked up the note of sadness in Janeway's voice, Chakotay reminded her of something as they walked along the passageway in the direction of sickbay. Something both of them had learned only a few days before. “One never knows what will happen, life is full of surprises, both good and bad. In a matter of seconds your whole life can change direction. Your enemies can suddenly become your allies and friends.”

Smiling, Janeway looked up at the Maquis leader. “In that....Commander Chakotay, you are correct.”

The captain stopped and turned to the man who had earned her respect. “I share your hope that once you have met with my father, the conflict between the Federation and the Maquis can be resolved. It will not be an easy task, for you will have to provide absolute proof that the actions of the Maquis are justified. Proof beyond a shadow of a doubt that the Cardassians have joined forces with the Dominion in a joint plan to attack the Federation. And....they are using the peace treaty as a way to do so.”

For a moment she looked down at the deck. Heaving a sigh the captain's light blue eyes settled on Chakotay's face. “In all honesty I don't know which I hope for the most. One way you and your crew will remain outlaws, to be hunted by Starfleet and myself. The other places the Federation in grave danger.”

Chakotay's gaze did not waver from the face of the Starfleet captain. “Captain, I do have the proof that you fear. But....keep in

mind, by working together perhaps we can prevent a devastating war from taking place.”

Janeway gave a sharp, short nod. She could only hope Chakotay was right. They walked the rest of the way in silence.

Entering sickbay they found Tom Paris talking to Torres. “I give you my word B'Elanna, I'm not joking it....”

Tom Paris stopped in mid-sentence as Torres stared past him. Staring in disbelief at her commander and the woman walking beside him. Tom threw her a ‘I told you so’ look.

Over in the next bed Ensign Harry Kim managed to sit up. Legs hanging over the side his hands clutched the edge to steady himself. “Captain, it's good to see you. I knew you would find us.”

Janeway walked over to the foot of the bed. “Harry, I'm glad to see you too!”

Looking over at Torres, Kathryn Janeway made her feelings quite clear. “It's good to see both of you! However, I cannot take all the credit. It was a combined effort between Chakotay and myself, with help from both crews.”

Chakotay moved to stand beside Janeway. “How are the two of you feeling? Both of you certainly appear better than the last time we saw you. Though you still look like speckled eggs, it is an improvement.”

With Tom's help B'Elanna struggled into a sitting position. Crossing her legs she managed to brace herself. “You bet I'm feeling better, anything would be an improvement. The doctor said these spots should disappear shortly.”

He two hands clenched into fists. “Damn it Chakotay, I thought I would never see this ship again. Starfleet over here kept me alive by refusing to give up. I was angry and irritated at him for not allowing me to die in peace.”

Torres turned her head in the direction of Harry Kim. “Thanks Starfleet, I owe you one.”



Harry looked over at the outlaw who, had shared the most difficult days of his young life. "You're welcome Maquis."

Janeway felt a surge of relief warming her body, not all her crew were like Cavit. Despite their different affiliations Kim and Torres had developed a very special bond, resulting from facing a life and death situation during which they had helped each other to survive.

Chakotay grinned at B'Elanna. "The crew missed their chief engineer. They're glad your vacation is over."

Torres glared at her commander. "You can tell the damn crew that next time they can be the first in line!"

Both Kim and Janeway laughed as Chakotay retorted. "Upp, she's our old B'Elanna Torres!"

At that moment the EMH emerged from his office, his manner anything but friendly as he waved a small instrument in their direction. "What do you think you're doing. My patients need rest. You are all to leave immediately!"

The captain's irritation, aided by fatigue, caused her to forget that she was not on her own ship. "Computer, end EMH!"

When the computer failed to respond she whipped her head in Chakotay's direction. The Maquis was one step ahead of her. "Computer, end EMH." As the doctor shimmered and disappeared Janeway rolled her eyes.

Chakotay gave her a knowing look. "I did warn you."

Janeway gave her head a small shake. "Yes, that program absolutely needs adjustment." It had been a hard day for both of them. But not so hard that they missed one small important fact. With the agreeable atmosphere between them, they were at home on each other's ships. For a second Starfleet captain and Maquis leader locked eyes, each showing the respect and support for the other. Both commanders realizing how much things had changed since that day in the Justice building.

Slowly Janeway turned back to Kim. "Harry, did you obtain any information as to why we were brought here?"

Kim shook his head. "No Captain. I remember being in the lab, then waking up in the clinic. I tried asking questions, but even the Ocampa did not understand the reason behind why were sent there, or how the transport was accomplished."

Janeway turned to the Maquis engineer. "Ms. Torres, do you have any information that might help? Did you see or hear anything?"

B'Elanna Torres did something she had believed impossible, she spoke politely to a Starfleet captain. "I'm sorry Captain, I know just as much as Harry. The lab, then the clinic. During the first couple of days we did go outside, seeing many of the Ocampa, but we spoke only to Daggin. After that both Harry and I were too sick, remaining inside where we only had contact with the medical attendant. Daggin visited us every day but he had no information. The Ocampa appear to be a very easygoing people with little technology. They have no knowledge of the outside world, or of this so-called Caretaker. And their medicine is

archaic."

Both Janeway and Chakotay hid their disappointment.

The captain smiled at both rescued crew members. "All right. Follow the orders of the doctor and rest. Chakotay and I will work on the problem of getting us home."

She looked over at Paris. "Tom, we will be returning to the Array with Kes. Do you wish to join the away team or would you prefer to remain here?"

He looked directly at Janeway, at the captain who was giving him a second chance. A chance to prove he was worthy of the uniform he was wearing. "I would prefer to join you."

Janeway was pleased with the answer. There was a responsible man emerging from the boy. "Good! Return to the ship and report to Tuvok."

Tom looked over at Harry. "I'll see you later, you too B'Elanna."

With that Tom Paris left sickbay, walking for the first time in months with his head held high.

Harry Kim turned his attention to Janeway. "Captain, I would like to return to my post."

She shook her head. "Not yet. Get some more rest, you've been through a rough time."

She glanced over at Torres. "Both of you have. Harry, at the moment we can do without you. One of Chakotay's men, Mr. Evans, is manning your station. Stay here and recuperate as long as possible, you might be needed soon."

Chakotay had a rather innocent look on his face when he turned back to Torres. He could tell from her shocked expression that Tom had not informed her about Evans. "B'Elanna, that goes for you too. Rest, right now things are under control."

Janeway turned to leave. "Harry, I'll see you later, you too Ms. Torres."

Chakotay moved to join Janeway. "Remember B'Elanna....rest! I don't want you back in engineering until you are fully recovered."

Leaning back against the pillow Torres managed a small nod. Her body ached from head to toe and she was more tired than she had let on.

As Janeway and Chakotay left they heard B'Elanna comment to Harry. "Well, well, Starfleet, apparently we've been missing all the fun. A Maquis working on a Starfleet bridge.....nobody will believe that."

Harry's reply brought a smile to both the Starfleet captain and Maquis leader. "We worked together to survive. Why can't they?"



Did you know? MonSFFA has a public group on Facebook! Members and friends may post links to interesting Internet sites, news, and so on. Check it out! <https://www.facebook.com/groups/3668900441/> We also have a page on facebook which automatically uploads posts from our website. Comments welcome! <https://www.facebook.com/MonSFFA/>

Space Voyage

OR

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

The story so far: A reporter from Boston, Bukk Ellengreen, is investigating a report about something strange that fell in a little Texas town. He is currently interviewing the principal witness, Ann Robinson Sheridan-Price.

SCENE III: LATER, AT THE COFFEE SHOP

ANN - Mrs. Ann Sheridan Robinson-Price. A young widow, she witnessed "IT" falling from the sky

BUKK - Mr. Bukk Ellengreen. A middle-aged newspaper man.

SAM - Master Detective Sam Scurfield. A thirty-years old private investigator.



ANN - "Hum! The coffee tastes food!"

BUKK - "Do you want some more sugar? More sugar in your coffee? More milk? One milk or two will be fine?"

ANN - "I will take mine double-double!"

BUKK - [*Pours her some milk.*] "Then 'double-double' it is!"
[Here they both pause for a moment.]

BUKK - "What you found is not a meteor, or an aerolite. It's an asteroid."

ANN - "An asteroid?"

BUKK - "Well, not an asteroid. A piece." He continues: "You know, for a while it was thought that a few asteroids naturally graze the orbits of both Earth and Mars."

ANN - "You sound very learned for a newspaperman."

BUKK - "Well, yes, I do my research. You see, to the astronomer and to the mathematician, the scientific study to discover new facts is not something new. It's not always something fresh."

ANN - "But it is a constant preoccupation."

BUKK - "By God! Hershell, Copernicus, Carl Segan, Galileo, Sir Isaac Newton, Swift, Kepler, Tuttle, Enfield, Holley – these were the great minds, the real pioneers, trailblazers in their field, you see... But all these men had one thing in common: they were desperately seeking the solution to the enigma of life."

ANN - "I see..."

BUKK - "Ann, may I call you 'Ann'? Ann... It's such a beautiful name – Ann! What is it that you actually found? Can you describe it for me?"

ANN - "But it was so awful! Oh, I do not know how I could describe it really!"

BUKK - "Don't panic. Then tell me what you do remember... Give me the bare facts, the essentials. But don't miss any of them, or the details. Just go back in your mind to where you were on the morning of July 6th... or whatever... it was a Wednesday, if I am not mistaken... where you were at, say... ..no, let us be precise... where you were at 5 AM, sunup on that particular morning, Ann."

ANN - "Now you are beginning to sound more and more like Sam, that police detective..."

BUKK - "Has he been harassing you? I'll... Ha! Investigative reporter! Ann, I'm not Sam Scurfield – any day – now – today – ever – never was and never will be, Ann. [Smiles] "Just go back to that Wednesday at 5 AM, please."

ANN - [*She makes a very big effort at memory.*] "Well, that day... July 6th... that morning at sunup, I got up and went out the door. I remember my husband was in the barn, milking the cows, doing the rounds... Farming is a 'round the clock affair... it is a routine, but it is also a matter of business, being that it's our livelihood, you know, Mr. Ellengreen... Bill. We had just gotten

some new Holsteins, new livestock, this month and... well, first I sort of thought of my husband, then decided I'd just go out for a walk alone while the dawn was still breaking..."

BUKK - "While the dawn was breaking..."

ANN - "I took a walk. I walked for a while, maybe 25 or 30 minutes, just a short walk really, knowing that I would be back. There was a glow from the early sunshine. The air was quite fresh, as it is wont to be in Burnley at this time of the year, yet hot. Mr. Ellengreen, I made my way to the lane, the one that follows about a quarter of a mile back from the Interstate 45 Highway. You know the one."

BUKK - "Yes, I know it. Go on."

ANN - "Well, well... there was a little wind. A slight odor in the morning air. It felt – I felt a little queasy. Was I well? I felt I had wandered enough. I had walked a long way... I found myself following that lonely stretch of road that lies behind the lane. You know, the one that snakes... that winds along... I remember there was a bit of heat, and then a strange thing... A strange thing occurred to me..."

[*Pause. And, in almost a pleading tone:*]

ANN - "This may sound strange to you... I mean, it seemed that where I was walking, on that lane, and around it – I knew this for a fact – this strange frightening silence! The birds had stopped singing. I noticed that and then... and then, there was something else."

BUKK - *[Encouraging nod.]* “And then?”

ANN - “And then I saw it... It was lying there all in one... Ugh! All in one heap. I tell you, with my very own eyes, at that spot at the end of the lane!

BUKK - “Saw what? What? Ann, what is it that you actually saw or came across? What is it that you found? Can you describe it for me? Tell me! Tell me!”

ANN - *[In a desperate tone.]* “Can I? Can I? Will I? Why, oh! Oh! Oh! Mister Ellengreen! Describe it? Ugh! But it was there!!!”

BUKK - “In God’s name, Ann, what was it?”

ANN - “It... It seemed like debris. Yes, yes... *[Building up courage.]* Yes, yes... That’s what it was. Some sort of debris. IT... It... But I was alone. And then there was that strange odor, that smell in the air... I didn’t... I didn’t know what to do. I just stood there and IT...”

BUKK - “And then what happened? And the cameramen came?”

ANN - “Yes...”

BUKK - “You were on the spot, on the site, and then the cameramen came...”

ANN - “Yes.”

BUKK - “The camera crew, the investigative reporters, and some curious onlookers came...”

ANN - “Yes! Yes! Yes! Oh! Oh! Oh! And IT was there! IT was there! Oh! It was horrible!”

BUKK - “That was before the camera crew came, right?” *[With deep feeling.]* “But did you touch it? Did you touch it, Ann?”

ANN - “I moved my hand on it! I brushed my hand on a bit of debris! I actually did! Oh! Oh! Oh! *[Barely repressing a shudder.]*”

To be continued...



Less than a hundred days to go before Worldcon 77!

Sylvain St-Pierre

(Your editor is very late in delivering this article, Blush)



Preparations for the trip are going nicely. Transportation, hotels, restaurants, tours, all the essentials are secured or firmly pencilled in. I will readily admit that I am a meticulous planner, but I am not naïve to the point of believing that everything will unfold the way I expect. The best crystal balls are useless when it comes to this sort of thing.

For instance, the direct Montreal-Dublin flight that I was hoping for has been cancelled, and now involves a stopover in Boston. Seems that Aer Lingus will not be getting their new planes early enough to start operating the route in early August. I’ll be happy if this is the worst bump in the road. Mechanical failures, strikes, Icelandic volcanoes erupting; so much unexpected stuff can happen!

This is not to say that planning is useless. Having a fast-track ticket for such heavily visited places as The Book of Kells or Kilmainham Gaol, for example, is likely to save hours of waiting in line. It’s just that you should accept that there are bound to be delays somewhere and should be ready to adjust at a moment’s notice.

There is lots to see, and dividing our attention between the Worldcon and the mundane world outside will require some

heart-wrenching choices. Do I go to see the superb collections of Celtic Art at the Museum of Anthropology or do I attend some fascinating panel on Leprechauns? Do I splurge in the Traders’ Hall or go wild at the Forbidden Planet store? This is where the value of planning ahead is most rewarding. Unless you have a TARDIS at your disposal, you must schedule carefully if you want to maximise your enjoyment.

In addition to the four MonSFFA members who have stated their intent to go to Ireland, we know of several other Canadians who will join in and have tentatively arranged for a few get-togethers. Our fun meters will be tested to their upper limit.

The report that we have scheduled for the October meeting will no doubt be a lively one. And rest assured that there will be a lavishly illustrated Warp article to follow.

I need to go back to my check list now.

Schedule

08:02:37 - Inhale

08:02:53 - Blink

08:03:14 - Exhale

08:04:18 - Scratch nose

08:05:41 - Turn head (right)

08:06:00 - Book of Kells

When I was in High School, I Made Aliens, Part 3

Danny Sichel

Continued from WARP 104: ...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.



They're called – they call themselves – *K'Sin'T'Xiks*. (Yes, there's a difference between the 'x' sound and the 'ks' sound.) And they call their world *G'Jin'D'Stek*.

One detail I'm pleased with is that often, writers will say that an alien species has a language that we can't pronounce properly – their vocal apparatus is more complex than ours and therefore they have more phonemes than we do, which are typically represented by non-letter characters. The *K'Sin'T'Xiks* are the inverse of that: their vocal apparatus – and thus their phoneme range – is more *limited* than ours. To speak like a *K'Sin'T'Xiks*, open your mouth until you're in the right position to vocalize the sound "ih". Then open it a little more until you're *almost* in the right position to vocalize the sound "eh"; if you can *actually* vocalize the sound "eh", you've gone too far. Then *tense your jaw* and *don't move it*.

Their language doesn't have a name. They've never needed to name it, because they've never encountered a second language. This isn't because everyone on the planet speaks the same language... it's because *most of them don't speak language at all*.

The *K'Sin'T'Xiks* are in their equivalent of the Neolithic era (and I'll admit that this is in part because I can't extrapolate an entirely alien technology tree). They're an apex predator, and a pretty successful one. Very adaptable, very prone to explore new territories when, for instance, glaciation makes land bridges, so they've spread across most of the planet. But there's a hitch.

They're an oviparous species... but they're *not nest-tenders*. The happy couple gaze into each other's vision patches, lean their heads against each other, clasp each other's enormous hands... and in that act of handclasping, the eggs are fertilized. Both the eggs, because they're hermaphrodites who fertilize each other. They bury their eggs in a safe spot, and wander off.

I once read a story in which, in the background, anthropologists from different species are arguing about what had to be the First Inventions, the ones without which civilization could not have begun. And the anthropologist from an aquatic species scoffs at the notion that it's fire, and argues that the first invention had to be ropes and nets, because how else could you keep things from floating away.

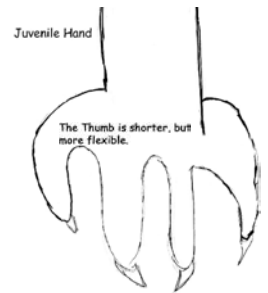
In the *K'Sin'T'Xiks*, the invention which allowed the onset of civilization was not fire. It was not the stone ax. It was not agriculture or domestication. It was *child-rearing*.

Without the instinct to raise your offspring and teach them to

survive, each generation has to learn everything for itself. It's been barely a thousand years since the onset of the hatchling-raiser caste. And raisers are still quite rare. There's maybe four million *K'Sin'T'Xiks* on the planet... of which maybe a few tens of thousands are part of the proto-civilization. The others are... the word "savages" has a lot of negative connotations. Let's say "feral".

I mentioned earlier that the adults don't have opposable thumbs. The hatchlings do. As they age, the thumbs become less opposable, and fine manipulation becomes more difficult. This is another advantage to digging up someone else's eggs and bringing them back to civilization to hatch and be taught: you need the children to do the detail work. They haven't yet figured out the connection between malnutrition and delayed puberty, but they've noted that when times are bad, the children keep their thumbs longer, and are able to learn more skills and do more things.

They've recently developed the basics of agriculture. They're mostly obligate carnivores (what else could you expect with teeth like that?), but once you have agriculture, ranching becomes easier: the prey animals (mostly trundlers) are less likely to try to



escape if you supply them with food. Plus there are the occasional medicinal herbs, and flavorsome spices. Note that ranching is a derivative of child-rearing: what if you find trundler hatchlings and, rather than eating them *or* ignoring them, you stampede them into an enclosure? And then you give them big piles of leaves and fruit to eat, and they stop trying to escape. And they become adults, and eventually they lay their



own eggs in the enclosure! And then you kill and eat the adults, and start over – and this time, you don't even have to find hatchlings to stampede into the enclosure. It helps that you don't need to eat every day.



OUR COVER: The Moonships

By Keith Braithwaite

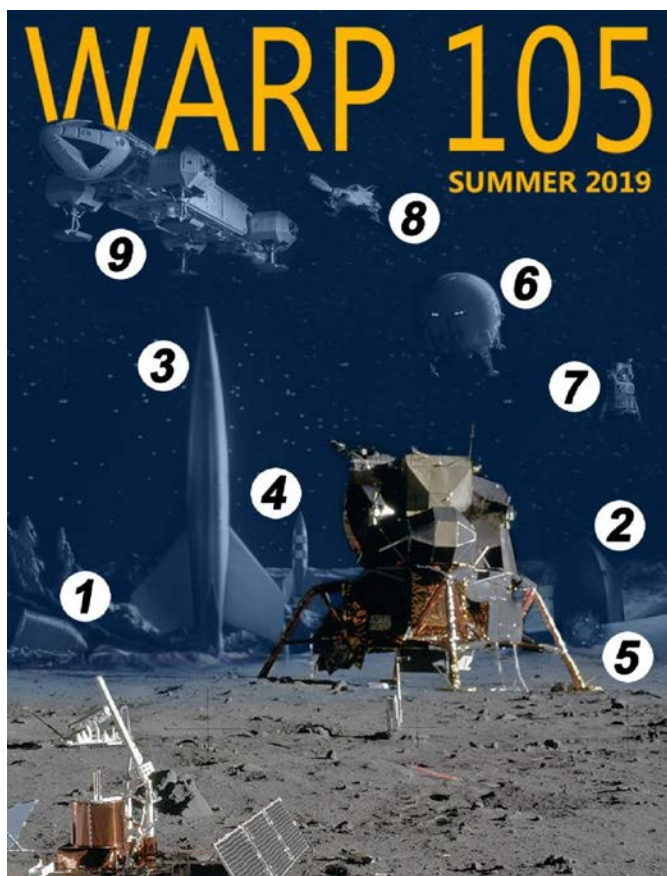
This issue's cover is a photo-montage I put together inspired by the Apollo 11 moon landing of 50 years ago, which I remember keenly watching live on TV as an 11-year-old as excited by the real space program as by Star Trek. I call it "July 20, 1969: The Day Science Fiction Became Science Fact!"

Science fiction fans old enough to remember following the historic Apollo 11 moonshot on television, and especially the climactic lunar landing and EVA, were already familiar with the idea of flying to the moon in a spaceship and touching down upon the rock-strewn surface of Earth's only natural satellite, having read countless science fiction stories, and watched the many imaginative movies and TV shows that had been made about such an undertaking. But Apollo 11's mission wasn't fiction; it was the real thing. To our delight, the dreams of science fiction became

real on that momentous day, and the rocket-fuelled fantasies of our youth were suddenly seen as not so far-fetched, after all!

I chose to symbolize those fantasies with a decades-spanning selection of fictional moonships, forming a phantasmagorical dream-tinted backdrop behind the image of the LEM *Eagle* standing on Canadian-made spider-like legs amid the "magnificent desolation" of the Sea of Tranquility.

Here are the imaginary moonships featured on this issue's cover:



1) *L'obus spatial*, or the "Rocket Shell," from *Le Voyage dans la Lune (A Trip to the Moon)*; B&W, silent, 1902

Based on Jules Verne's 1865 classic *De la terre à la lune (From the Earth to the Moon)* and its 1870 sequel *Autour de la lune (Around the Moon)*, as well as H. G. Wells' 1901 novel *The First Men in the Moon*, this earliest science fiction film was produced by French magician and cinematic innovator Georges Méliès.

The film's bullet-like moonship echoes Verne's descriptions

and the craft, shot from a huge cannon in both book and film, bears more than a passing resemblance to Apollo's CSM (Command/Service Module). Verne's account of a lunar excursion was remarkably prescient in many other particulars, too, such as his expedition's Florida launch site, and the returning capsule's ocean splashdown and recovery by a U.S. naval vessel.

Méliès' film is a rather more fanciful, satirical yarn than were the Verne books. Inserting Wells' "Selenites" into proceedings, Méliès has our explorers come upon these insectoid moon people, dispatch their leader, and return to Earth with one of them as captive.

2) *The Friede*, from *Frau im Mond (Woman in the Moon)*; B&W, silent, 1929

Influential German filmmaker Fritz Lang penned the screenplay and directed this tale of a journey to the moon by rocketship in search of gold. Said rocketship is named for the story's heroine, Friede Velten, who becomes involved in a love triangle with mission leader Wolf Helius and his assistant, Hans Windegger. The house-sized rocket lands on the far side of the moon, where the explorers find the atmosphere breathable. Ultimately, the ship's oxygen tanks are damaged and the crew realize that the remaining supply won't be enough to support them all for the return trip. Helius arranges that he stay behind and after the rocket lifts off, is surprised to behold Friede, who has chosen to remain on the moon with him. Their embrace closes the film.

Pioneering rocket scientist Hermann Oberth served as a consultant on the production and *Frau im Mond* is noted for presenting to the general public for the first time the basics of rocket travel. Certain of the real space program's technical details were presaged by the movie, such as a countdown and the use of a multi-stage rocket. Wernher von Braun and his fellow V-2 rocket engineers were fans of the film; post-WWII, von Braun became NASA's space flight architect.

3) *The Luna*, from *Destination Moon*; colour, 1950

Loosely based on Robert Heinlein's 1947 juvenile *Rocket Ship Galileo*, this George Pal production featured spectacular Oscar-

winning Technicolor special effects and posited that private industry would build and launch the first atomic-powered moon rocket, the towering, single-stage *Luna*. Heinlein contributed substantially to the movie's final screenplay, and was credited as the production's technical advisor. Noted astronomical artist Chesley Bonestell, for whom are named the Association of Science Fiction and Fantasy Artists' Chesley Awards, produced magnificent backdrops and matte paintings for the film.

While travelling to the moon, members of *Luna*'s crew must exit the rocket and spacewalk to unfetter a stuck radar antenna. Magnetic boots keep the spacewalkers firmly attached to the spaceship's metal hull. Once in orbit around the moon, *Luna* begins its descent and makes a landing, however, too much fuel has been consumed in the process. The astronauts must shed as much weight from their ship as possible in order to successfully achieve lunar escape velocity, but after tossing out all non-critical equipment, come up some 100 pounds short. It seems that one of them will have to stay behind in order that the others be able to return safely to Earth! With their launch window for departure fast approaching, they finally manage to jerry-rig their way out of the problem and all blast-off for home, the closing title card reading "This is The End...of the Beginning," in anticipation of the coming space age.

4) The *Fusée lunaire*, or "Moon Rocket," from *Objectif Lune (Destination Moon)*; serialized 1950, collected 1953, and *On a marché sur la Lune (Explorers on the Moon)*; serialized 1951-1952, collected 1954

The Belgian comic series *Les Aventures de Tintin (The Adventures of Tintin)*, rendered beautifully in signature *ligne claire*, or "clear line" style, has always been popular in Quebec, and thus did I give a nod to author/artist Hergé's tale of a trip to the moon by his intrepid young reporter/adventurer and company.

Hergé wanted to depict a manned moon mission as realistically as possible, abjuring the fantastical – "no moonmen, no monsters, no incredible surprises," he stated – and so researched the subject extensively in advance, drawing upon a variety of books and scientific articles about rockets and space travel.

A mix of science fiction backed by solid scientific and technical detail, in addition to adventure, intrigue and espionage, and the comic series' trademark sense of humour, Tintin's lunar adventures are regarded by many critics as among the acclaimed cartoonist's best work. The run is "triumphant...on every level," declares one review, Hergé's "greatest artistic achievement," opines another, while a third praises his "uncannily accurate" depictions of the moon. Indeed, the bright red-and-white checkered rocket standing in contrast to a craggy moonscape of muted colour has become an iconic science fiction image.

5) The "Cavorite Sphere," from *The First Men in the Moon*; colour, 1964

In addition to the movie's stop-motion animation sequences, special effects maestro Ray Harryhausen was responsible for the stunning visual design of this film, an adaptation of the same H. G. Wells novel upon which Méliès drew.

The world follows with great interest as the multi-national crew of the first UN moon mission are shocked to find on the lunar surface a tattered Union Jack and evidence of the moon

having been claimed for Queen Victoria over 60 years earlier! Back on Earth, UN investigators locate one Arnold Bedford, the sole living survivor of that heretofore unknown Victorian lunar expedition, now residing in a nursing home, where his tales of adventures on the moon have been dismissed by the staff as the delusional ramblings of an old man. But the UN people want to hear his story and thus is an account of a 19th-century lunar adventure told in flashback.

In 1899, Bedford and his fiancé join Professor Joseph Cavor on a voyage to the moon in an airtight spherical capsule propelled by a substance – "Cavorite" (named for its inventor) – which, when applied to any surface, acts to repel gravity. Bursting through the roof of Cavor's laboratory, the "Cavorite Sphere," with its three passengers aboard, races skyward and travels across the void of space to the moon, where it descends to impact the lunar surface, bouncing across the landscape like a beach ball until it rolls to rest, an array of sturdy struts attached to the sphere absorbing the shock of landing.

The Victorian astronauts soon discover an underground civilization of insectoid moon people which Cavor dubs "Selenites," after the ancient Greek moon goddess Selene. A misreading of intentions leads to several Selenite deaths and Bedford and his fiancé must flee the moon in the sphere, with Cavor voluntarily remaining behind hoping to peaceably exchange scientific information with the Grand Lunar, leader of the Selenites. Unfortunately, as the UN astronauts will discover at film's end, the Selenites are doomed to perish, for Cavor has a cold and the virus he carries will prove deadly to the moon people.

6) The *Aries 1B*, from *2001: A Space Odyssey*; colour, 1968

Often cited as one of the best science fiction films of all time, celebrated director Stanley Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey* showcases leading-edge special effects that forever influenced the look of cinematic sci-fi. Preeminent SF writer Arthur C. Clarke, upon whose short story "The Sentinel" the movie is based, co-wrote the screenplay with Kubrick, and while most of the narrative unfolds aboard the spaceship *Discovery* en route to Jupiter, the first reel introduces a mystery that drives the story, that of an unusual radio signal emitted from a strange towering black monolith discovered on the moon near the giant crater Tycho, and believed to have been buried there some 4 million years ago.

The film's Clavius Base is an American lunar station from which the mystery is initially investigated, personnel travelling to the site of the excavated monolith by "Moonbus," a low-altitude transporter that ferries personnel across the lunar surface. The first part of the film features a number of space vehicles, including Pan Am's *Orion III* space clipper, a sleek spaceliner, and the *Aries 1B*, a spherical trans-lunar shuttle that conveys the tale's Dr. Heywood Floyd from the wheel-shaped Space Station V orbiting Earth to Clavius Base.

7) The *Moon 02*, from *Moon Zero Two*; colour, 1969

Britain's legendary Hammer Films produced this movie, billed as "The first moon 'Western.'" A couple of references to Neil Armstrong and the Apollo 11 mission were inserted into the final cut of the film just prior to its release in October of 1969, three months after Armstrong had stepped into the history books.

The moon is a wild new frontier in the year 2021, and as

colonization advances, a former astronaut now working as a space salvage expert pilots his old *Moon 02* spaceship, which closely resembles NASA's LEM design, though sporting something of a double-decker descent stage.

Our hero becomes involved with a young woman searching for her missing brother, a miner working a claim on the far side of the moon, and further tangles with the crooked industrialist who had hired him to clandestinely hi-jack a low-orbiting asteroid made of a valuable mineral, and who is discovered to have murdered the woman's brother!

A "Moon Buggy" is utilized to cover rocky ground in one of the film's sequences, foreshadowing NASA's use of the Lunar Roving Vehicle (LRV), a dune buggy-like electric "mooncar" deployed from July 1971 through December 1972 on the Apollo 15, 16, and 17 missions.

8) The "Moonbase Interceptors," from *UFO*; colour, 1970-1973

Gerry and Sylvia Anderson packed the marionettes away in storage and tackled their first live-action sci-fi TV series, about the covert operations of SHADO (Supreme Headquarters, Alien Defense Organization), a secret international military agency tasked with preventing an alien invasion of Earth.

Set in a kitschy 1980, beings from a dying planet have come to Earth in shiny, spinning, conical UFOs to abduct humans and harvest their organs, and perhaps, too, as a prelude to a full-scale invasion of our planet. SHADO is established under the command of Colonel Edward "Ed" Straker, a former American Air Force pilot and astronaut, and employs a number of technologically advanced vehicles, ships, aircraft, and spacecraft to defend against the aliens. These include a trio of "Moonbase Interceptors," one-man fighters launched from an underground hangar attached to SHADO's Moonbase, an early-warning outpost on the moon. The

airplane-like spaceships, each carrying a single, large, nose-mounted missile capped with an explosive warhead, serve as the first line of defense against incoming UFOs.

UFO premiered just over a year after Armstrong and Aldrin walked on the moon and ran until early 1973, by which time NASA had flown its last Apollo mission. Gerry and Sylvia had envisioned a permanent base on the moon some ten years following the Apollo 11 mission. That didn't happen. But if not by 1980, then certainly by the titular year of the far-flung future the Anderson's imagined in their follow-up to UFO...

9) The "Eagle Transport," from *Space: 1999*; colour, 1975-1977

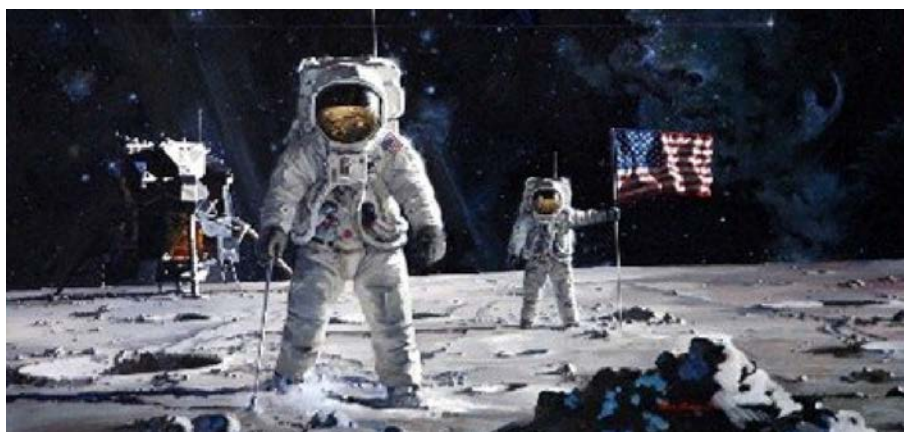
Space: 1999 told the wildly fantastic tale of the 300-plus personnel of scientific research centre Moonbase Alpha, who find themselves hurtling ever further away from Earth after a colossal nuclear explosion blasts the moon out of its orbit and on a trajectory out into deep space!

In the 1999 of this scenario, man has colonized the moon and the far side has become a vast depository for humanity's nuclear detritus. But when a newly discovered form of radiation causes the accumulated waste to reach critical mass, a tremendous thermonuclear explosion results which knocks the moon out of its orbit around Earth and sets it on a path outwards into deep space, stranding the people of Moonbase Alpha on, essentially, a runaway planetoid. They must find a way to survive on their own in unknown space.

Moonbase Alpha's workhorse vehicle is a multi-purpose shuttle known as the "Eagle Transporter," capable of carrying either passenger or cargo pods, as well as specialized units set up for medical application or scientific research.



Both SHADO's Moonbase and the larger Moonbase Alpha, as well as *2001's* Clavius Base, were reasonable extrapolations of what we fully expected would be an eventual NASA lunar base put up in the years or decades following Apollo 11. But with the Apollo program terminated only a couple of years after that "giant leap," no such base was forthcoming, even by the year in which the fictional *Space Odyssey* was set. Surely, however, one might realistically have supposed that a moon base of some kind would have been built, whether by NASA or another space bureau, by the time we celebrated the 50th anniversary of the first manned moon landing. Alas, *no*. We have yet to return men, *or send a woman*, to the moon.



Robert McCall, *Moon Landing*

Free Comic Book Day
Josée Bellemare



It's become a tradition : on the first Saturday of May, various publishing houses give away samples of their ongoing series and teasers of upcoming titles to attract new readers.

This year, as an added attraction, Free Comic Book Day also fell on Star Wars Day: May the Force be with you. The giveaway packet even included a couple of Star Wars comics.

While the weather cooperated with bright sunshine the number of cosplayers was down this year compared to previous years. In spite of that it was a fun event for the whole family.



Aliens Serve Great Food: A Review of the Flying Saucer Restaurant in Niagara Falls
Agata Antonow



Adam and I recently went to Niagara Falls and got a chance to stop by the Flying Saucer Restaurant. It is a great option for any science fiction fan or alien who happens to drop by this part of the earth to take in the falls.



The Flying Saucer is located on Lundy's Lane, easily accessible by the WeGo bus system, car, or alien ship. The restaurant is easy to spot because it looks like a giant spaceship built out of concrete. If you do happen to miss that for some reason, there is a spinning neon sign in the shape of a flying saucer.

Step inside and it's all kitsch.

You're greeted by a round dining area that looks like the deck of a spaceship. The center of the room has a big column and the lit-up walls show scenes from galactic flights (or at least an artist's



rendition of what such a flight might look like). White booths and tables and chairs surround the central column.

The second, smaller dining room where we sat has a large 3-D green alien on the wall and kitschy art on the walls. One poster promises

that "earthlings" who don't pay their bill will be fed to aliens.

Despite the stark warning, these earthlings were treated quite well by a server who has worked at the restaurant for decades.

Apparently, aliens do not worry about cholesterol because the menu is pure greasy spoon and 50s diner. Perhaps to make items more appealing to intergalactic visitors, many menu items have a science fiction twist. The E.T. Breakfast, for example, is made up of buttermilk pancakes, bacon, sausage, eggs, fries, and Texas toast.

The hot dogs promise to be "the largest in the universe" and the saucer fries are "the best fries in the galaxy." Is it true? Who knows? We didn't see any Martians to ask them, but we did enjoy our food. The portions were large, possibly to better accommodate large aliens. We were curious about what saucer fries were, exactly, and we can report they are French fries with a chili sauce and sour cream on the side.

If you're looking for tasty diner food and want to be able to read some science fiction trivia on the menu, too, we recommend The Flying Saucer Restaurant for your next Niagara Falls trip. They are known for both their breakfast and late-night menu, so they make a good stop at any time.

While you're in the area, we also very strongly recommend Niagara Ghost Walks <https://www.niagaraghostwalks.com/>. We took a walk with Linda, a local historian and ghost hunter, and her tour is among the best we've ever tried. She showed us the many ghostly sites of the Elgin and surrounding areas of Niagara Falls, pointed out a haunted site that also used to be part of the underground railway, and even shared stories about how "negative ions" in the falls are said to supernaturally affect residents. The stories of local brothels, mobsters, and murders is definitely unique, and Linda has done a tremendous amount of research, even going so far as to talk to any "old-timers" to get their stories. Even if you decide to give Clifton Hill a miss, don't miss Linda's Ghost walk if you happen to be in town!



MAIN VIEWSCREEN

Also at times called Artists' Alley, this was once a regular feature of WARP which deserves to be revived. This page is open to all forms of art – not only charcoal and paint, but also you models, costumes, and other creative works. So, MonSFFen, send in your art and photos!

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 . Drawings from this series have also appeared in WARP 102 (Dimitrius Simons & Clair Tremblay) and WARP 104 (Vic Balantine & Dr Sirius).

About the characters, Marquise writes:

Brother Corporal Thorton loves to play with his minigun and cleanse the hospital from the raiders, illness, and keeps the hospital clean and safe from raider scum and savages. He is a very authoritarian paladin of the Quebec chapter of the Brotherhood of Steel but seems protective of any rookies.

Marly Theroux is a rather petite Follower of the Apocalypse who dwells in the sewers between Misericordia Hospital and St-Luc hospital. Befriended by Claire Tremblay, she agreed for her safety to at least carry a small pistol. Friendly, she only was certain her police bullet proof vest was all that she needed while learning and fixing all she could in Misericordia hospital. She also came with Dr Sirius, now in St-Luc.

Scribe Lemieux is a Quebec's Brotherhood of Steel scribe who helps repel raiders from St-Luc hospital by programming and powering on the robobrains, protectrons, and turret guards to assist Brother Corporal Thorton and wishes he had more time to learn from all those medical libraries.



Brother Corporal Thorton



Marly Theroux



Scribe Lemieux

MonSFFandom: April to August

Keith Braithwaite, photos: Sylvain St-Pierre, Josée Bellemare

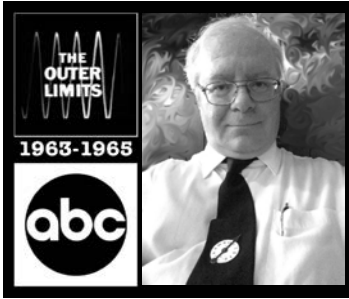
April

MonSFFA's April 14 gathering was dedicated to science fiction anthology television shows, specifically two of the finest, *The Twilight Zone* and *The Outer Limits*.

We opened the meeting an hour early so as to include the screening of a pair of classic *Twilight Zone* episodes as a prelude to **Keith Braithwaite's** presentation on the celebrated Rod Serling-created masterpiece. *Twilight Zone*, though billed as science fiction, was broader in scope and cannot be pigeon-holed

so easily. Showcasing some of the show's best moments as he covered various aspects of its creation and production, Keith pointed out that the series, while sporting the trappings of science





fiction, was arguably closer to supernatural fantasy, just as it was heartfelt or funny as often as it was suspenseful and terrifying. This, plus a gifted team of writers under Serling's leadership, the characteristic and memorable "twist endings," and Serling's singular style of narration

made *Twilight Zone* one of the best television series ever created, science fiction or otherwise.

Sylvain St-Pierre followed with his appreciation of early

televised science fiction in general, and in particular the 1960s anthology series *Outer Limits*, a successor to *The Twilight Zone* that quickly earned its own revered place in the pantheon of top-notch science fiction television. Purer science fiction than was *Twilight Zone*, *The Outer Limits* spawned a cadre of scary, spooky, and sophisticated aliens and monsters. The meeting closed with the screening of an outstanding *Outer Limits* episode penned by acclaimed SF writer Harlan Ellison.

We thank our two panellists, Keith Braithwaite and Sylvain St-Pierre, for their most entertaining presentations, and we acknowledge the efforts of those MonSFFen who helped to plan and run this, our March 2019 MonSFFA meeting.

May

MonSFFA's May 11 meeting opened with a talk on ghost hunting, covering the recognized characteristics of ghosts as outlined by a number of well-known paranormal investigators and ghost hunters, as well as the schedule of documentary-like television programs about ghosts available on cable these days, citing those most egregiously phoney.



Panellists **Lindsay Brown** and **Katreina Mace** played believer and

skeptic as they examined and debunked some (but not all!) of the most famous ghost sightings, photographs, and notorious cases, like that of



Montreal prostitute Mary Gallagher, brutally murdered and decapitated by her friend and fellow prostitute Suzy Kennedy following a dispute over a client, and whose ghost is said to return to a Griffintown street corner every seven years in search of her missing head!

A listing of Montreal's haunted hot spots and the local guided "ghost walks" available was presented in conclusion, along with a display of ghost-hunting equipment (a number of highly sensitive electronic recording devices).

During the course of the afternoon, **Mark Burakoff**, having

set up his home 3-D printer, gave a demonstration of 3-D printing, producing a few plastic widgets for use by the build teams who began working, during the latter part of the meeting on scratchbuilding model space ships.

This meeting saw us launch the club's group craft project for 2019, which we dubbed the Utopia Planitia Shipyards Competition, a friendly reality TV show-type contest set to unfold over three one-hour workshops, the first of which immediately followed our explanation of the project and outlining of the competition's rules. Teams began building spaceships from from an assortment of plastic bottles and caps, empty food containers and cardboard cereal boxes, and other discarded household articles



that MonSFFen had collected over the previous few months for the purposes of this exercise.

We thank ghost aficionados **Lindsay Brown** and **Katreina Mace**, 3-D printing expert **Mark Burakoff**, and **Keith Braithwaite** for organizing and overseeing the space ship-building contest. **Mark Durocher** and **Dominique Durocher** also contributed, here, offering advice and tips on model building. We acknowledge, too, the efforts of those MonSFFen who helped to plan and run this, our May 2019 club meeting.

June (Field Trip)

A group of MonSFFen ventured to the wilds of the West Island on Sunday, June 9, to visit the **Ecomuseum**, a zoological park.

The day was hot and sunny, and we feared that perhaps the animals might shelter themselves from the heat and quietly sleep their day away. While the black bears and a few other critters did

just that, the rest of the over 100 species indigenous to Quebec – wolves, foxes, lynx, deer, caribou, racoons, hedgehogs, rabbits, assorted birds, and a pair of particularly playful river otters – were out and about! MonSFFen were able to get a good look at them all and snap numerous photos.

In addition to the nature walk through the various, newly



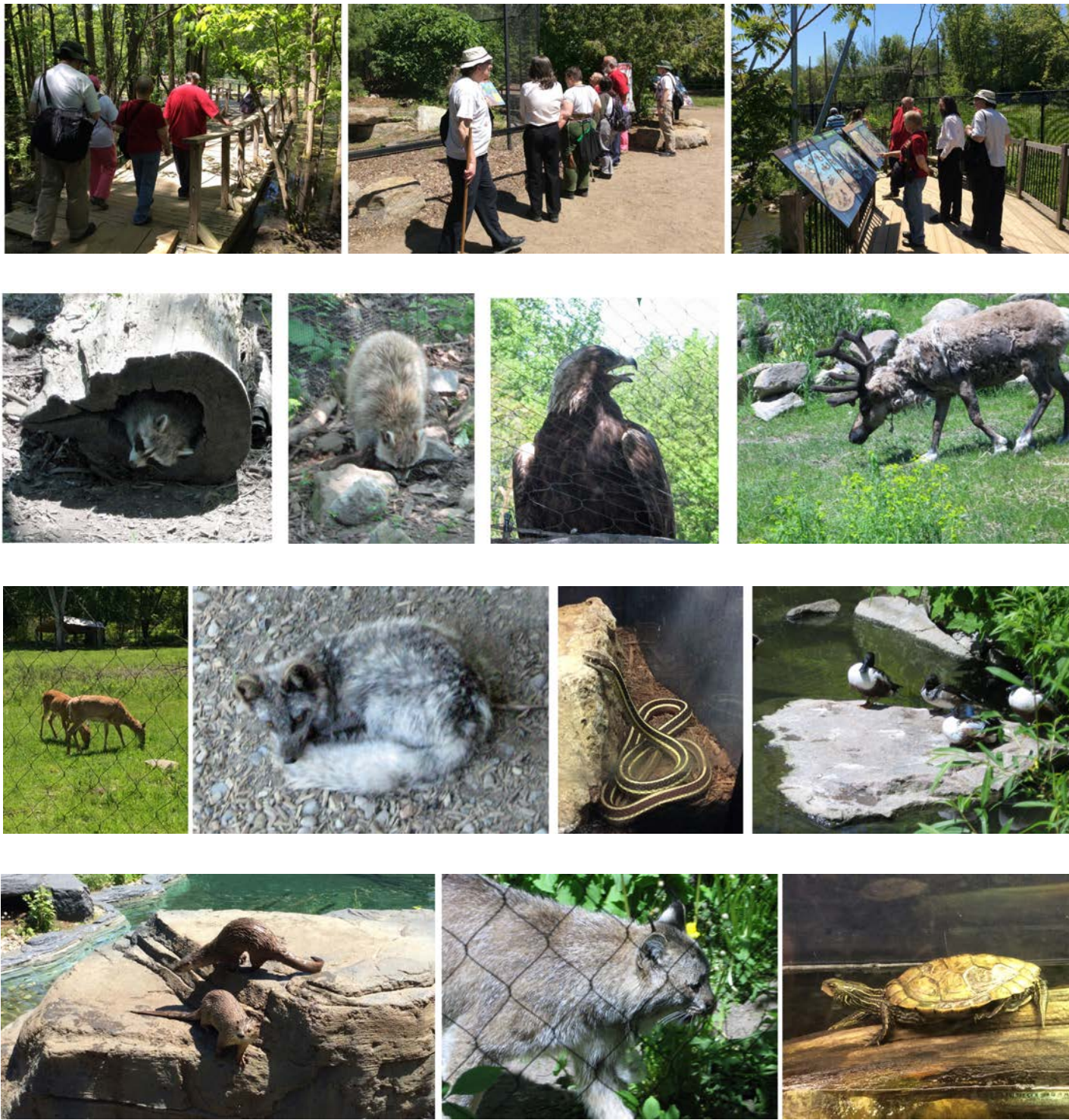
renovated enclosures, there were indoor exhibits, as well, showcasing various reptiles, amphibians, and fish, which we checked out after a snack break in the cafeteria. A perusal of the gift/souvenir shop wrapped up our safari.

We then convoyed down the road a short drive to the **Colisée Kirkland Theatre**, where we took in a couple movies, most of the group opting for the new Godzilla film with a couple of us

choosing the X-Men finale **Dark Phoenix**. Though enjoyable enough, neither movie impressed greatly, according to our people, post-screenings.

We had organized carpools for the outing and wish to thank those club members who provided rides to their fellow MonSFFen.

A most enjoyable day!



July

On July 20, 1969, the lunar lander *Eagle* touched down on the desolate surface of the moon, an astounding exploratory and scientific feat that was achieved from conception and design to testing and realization in less than a decade. A few hours after that historic touchdown, Astronaut Neil Armstrong became the first human being to set foot on another world, followed shortly thereafter by crewmate “Buzz” Aldrin. The event was watched back on Earth by a worldwide television audience of some 530 million!

At the club’s July 20, 2019, meeting, **Keith Braithwaite** presented a series of short video excerpts highlighting the television news coverage of the Apollo 11 mission by the major U.S. networks while he and a panel of MonSFFen reminisced on the monumental achievement that was Apollo 11.



Keith, along with **Joe Aspler** and **Dominique Durocher**, offered their childhood memories of the event, and their general knowledge of the Apollo program. For science fiction fans, the first manned excursion to the moon was not so outlandish a proposition; after all, they had been for decades prior reading imaginative fiction and watching fantastic films about just such an adventure. But the real thing was undoubtedly even more thrilling, perhaps especially for science fiction fans, who had been primed for and anticipating what they saw not as an impossible fantasy, but an eventuality.



Our panellists recalled the exhilaration they felt at the time, as the countdown to launch marked each second leading up to the mighty burst of roiling fire and smoke that propelled the giant *Saturn V* rocket

skyward. A few days later, it was those breathless moments experienced raptly following the radio communications between *Eagle* and mission control as the LEM maneuvered over the Sea of Tranquility with just minutes of fuel remaining. The world held its collective breath waiting for Armstrong and Aldrin to confirm

a successful landing. And, of course, the highlight of the whole venture, the historic first step, broadcast live from the lunar surface, was every bit as awe-inspiring today, viewed in retrospect, as it was while it was happening on that memorable evening in 1969.



Keith further offered a brief slideshow overview of the work of celebrated NASA and space artist **Robert T. McCall** (1919-2010), who chronicled in illustration the progress of the American space program from the early days of the Mercury flights, through the exciting Gemini and Apollo years, and on to the Space Shuttle missions of the 1980s and beyond. His drawings, sketches, and paintings have appeared in books, magazines, and NASA’s promotional publications, while his inspiring wall-sized murals are featured in museums.

McCall’s style is painterly, boasting bold, descriptive brush strokes and exhibiting his keen eye for lighting. In addition to his detailed visual record of NASA’s history, he looked to the worlds of tomorrow, envisioning a vast technological society expanding outward from Earth, and a bright future for man in space.



McCall also did conceptual and poster work for Hollywood, most famously for *2001: A Space Odyssey* and *Star Trek: The Motion Picture*.

Sandwiched between these two similarly-themed presentations, Danny Sichel’s fascinating PowerPoint presentation took us down another path entirely, examining the topic of music in science fiction and fantasy from several perspectives. *Star Wars*’ famous Cantina



Band, shown clutching their strange instruments, were quickly recognized by MonSFFen, as were musical instruments like Mr. Spock’s Vulcan lute or the

Holophonor depicted in an episode of *Futurama*. Iain M. Banks’

Culture novel *The Hydrogen Sonata* features an 11-stringed instrument that can only be played by a four-armed musician!

Danny listed SF/F books, comics, movies, and television programs as varied as Orson Scott Card's *Songmaster*, he of the emotion-amplifying singing voice, and the animated children's cartoon *Jem and the Holograms*, about a rock band that employs advanced holographic technology on stage. Or Alan Dean Foster's *Spellsinger*, about an aspiring rock guitarist whose repertoire allows him to perform magic in the fantasy world to which he has been transported, and the recent film *Yesterday*, in which only one man remembers The Beatles and becomes famous by claiming their

songs as his own. These and other stories were explored, focussing on the particular, and sometimes peculiar role of music in the narrative.

The pre-meeting Utopia Planitia workshop scheduled that morning had to be scrubbed as organizer Keith Braithwaite was unable to make it in on time due to Montreal's on-going construction-related weekend road closures and many lengthy detours.

We thank very much our presenters and panellists, and all those folk who helped to plan and run this meeting.

August (Annual MonSFFA Summer Barbecue)



MonSFFA's annual Summer Barbecue-in-the-Park unfolded this year on Sunday, August 11, with some 20 or so club members and friends gathering in Lasalle's **Parc Angrignon** under absolutely wonderful weather conditions, in stark contrast to the steady showers that soaked last year's picnic. While rain fell on the days leading up to and immediately following our barbecue, the 11th proved a splendid day – sunny, comfortably warm and dry, with a slight breeze wafting across the park that kept the insects at bay.

We had moved the barbecue from its traditional July booking into August in order to accommodate our plans for a club meeting on July 20 celebrating, to the day, the 50th anniversary of the Apollo 11 moon landing.

Folk began assembling under our usual stand of trees about 10:30AM, where a number of picnic tables were secured and not too long afterwards, our portable barbecue was erected and fired up. Within about 45 minutes, a variety of burgers and sausages were sizzling on the grill while salads, snacks, and drinks were

scoffed in advance of the main course.

Casual conversation ranged from the recently wrapped second season of *Star Trek: Discovery* and the latest Marvel movies to the about-to-unfold Worldcon in Ireland, other more local vacation plans, and additional morsels of summer frivolity.

All in all, a quite pleasant afternoon of easy conversation, tasty fare, and refreshing drink enjoyed amongst the company of fellow MonSFFen and friends.

The afternoon was marred, however, by the utterly filthy condition of the on-site washroom, a single Port-a-Potty temporarily installed while the park's permanent facilities were apparently under repair or renovation.

This has prompted a number of suggestions from inconvenienced MonSFFen that we look into moving our barbecue elsewhere should Angrignon's washrooms not see a marked improvement by next summer. The club is seriously considering such action and exploring possible alternate sites.



