

# WAR

# 83



SUNVIL EN  
FOLEY



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All members in good standing!  
Please help us plan **your** activities!

### On the Cover

Survie en forêt, Survival in the forest  
Art by Marquise \*

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## MonSFFA CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Except where noted, all MonSFFA meetings are held  
Sundays at 1:00 P.M. to 5:00 P.M.

Espresso Hotel, St-François Room, 1005 Guy Street, corner René Lévesque.

**Programming is subject to change, check our website for latest developments.**

### JUNE 10

Club excursion to Star Wars Identities Exhibition  
Montreal Science Centre.



### JULY 22

MonSFFA BBQ - Rain date the following Sunday



### AUGUST 19

Collectibles: Open Display of personal collections  
(actual objects or slide shows)  
Why do we start collections?

Craft workshops: Bring in your projects!



### SEPTEMBER 23

One season wonders: The Cape, The Middle Man,  
No Ordinary Family, etc  
*Berny Reischl & Josée Bellemare*



Sci-Fi Vernisage: Marquise – her life and times  
in art

### OCTOBER 28

Top 10 scary moments in SF/F & horror films  
The real CSI : Computer crime  
Garage/craft sale beginning at 11 AM



### NOVEMBER 18

Dinosaurs & Sci-Fi (Cinemasaurus)  
*Keith Braithwaite*



Fan Fiction and fan art  
as an introduction to the genre  
*Sean Peatman, Barbara Silverman, & Josée Bellemare*

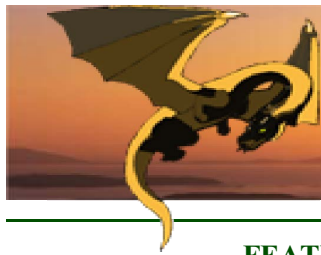


### DECEMBER 8

MonSFFA Christmas Party  
*Details to be announced*



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*You've Got Mail!*

Dear Cathy and MonSFFen:

It's a scorcher of a day outside, with temperatures already in the 30s, so staying inside with some A/C is a good idea. I am cool and comfortable, so here are some comments on Warp 82.

That octopoid fellow looks like he's related to the two space aliens from The Simpsons. That may not be what Berny had in mind, but...

As I write, it is the first day of Polaris. I imagine as this loc heads up to Montreal, you may be making your way to

Toronto, or at least Richmond Hill, for the con. We won't be there this evening, but do plan to be there first thing Saturday morning. In my previous letter, I meant to say that the RASC offices are now a short drive away from our home, and I should visit some time, if there's anyone left there who might remember me.

(Noticed all the way through...my last name is Penney, Cathy! Darned autocorrect...)

I am sure that if I were to get myself an iPad, I'd put the PADD software on it. What is the capacity of an iPad? I believe it can take an SD card, perhaps 8 to 16 Gb?

It hasn't been that long since the previous issue, so there isn't that much more to say. Let me know if you would like another Tale from the Convention!, and after our day at Polaris tomorrow, I hope to pick up lots of convention flyers with information to pass along to our mailing list.

I hope to hear lots of news from people going to Chicon 7 the end of next month, and I will sigh with wishing that we could be there. And, fingers crossed

for the Auroras, too. See you next issue, or maybe tomorrow at the con!

Yours,

Lloyd Penney

Hi, Lloyd!

Long hot summer, indeed! I don't do well in hot, humid weather, so spent a lot of it indoors with the A/C. My 13-year old dog snapped a ligament in her hind leg, so that kept me home as well.

I did make it to Polaris and World Con in Chicago, and had a good time at both. Sad that Polaris is no more, but looking forward to the Dr Who convention in November. Another convention has been cancelled due to lack of volunteers, Cap et Kimono in Quebec City. Do you think the age of the fan-run con is over?

Do please send me another Tale from the Convention, always enjoy reading them

Say hi to Yvonne for me!

Yours in fandom,  
Cathy



# Starfleet Treachery

Barbara Silverman

*The story so far: On a rare visit to Earth, Kathryn Janeway is called in to her father's office. Admiral Janeway tells her about Commander Chakotay's defection to the Maquis, soon followed by that of Ro Laren who is rumoured to have recruited over six thousand former resistance fighters. He fears the two forces may be joining up, and he has asked his daughter to come up with a plan to stop Chakotay and disrupt the impending coalition against Starfleet and the Federation.,*

*Janeway has a mole, Tuvok, in Chakotay's crew and knows that Chakotay has also recruited B'Elanna Torres and Tom Paris. Starfleet reports the suspiciously easy capture and arrest of Tom Paris and Janeway worries that Chakotay may be upping the ante. She plans an ambush for the Maquis, using a shipment of medical supplies as bait. Chakotay is captured, but the rest of his crew escape. A conversation with Chakotay leaves Janeway puzzled as to his motives, and the ease with which he was captured.*

## CHAPTER 13

**S**till standing behind her desk, Janeway watched as the ready room door slide back into position. Picking up her cup, she walked over to the replicator. Still reflecting on Chakotay's parting words, she obtained a fresh coffee then slowly resumed her seat.

Sitting quietly, sipping her coffee, Kathryn Janeway tried to comprehend this strange, quiet man. Admitting to herself, he was both intriguing and puzzling. She, too, wanted to continue their conversation, but doubted they ever would.

A man who appeared to hold no hatred against those responsible for sending him to prison, but nevertheless a man who become the leader of a powerful and dangerous rebel army. A man, who had grown so powerful, all the Federation wanted him in prison.

Obviously, someone not to be trusted.

Finishing her coffee Janeway returned to the bridge, and the running of her ship.

She was more mystified when, two weeks later, she sat in the courtroom.

The room was packed with representatives of the Federation, almost every member species, all wanting to see this famous leader of the Maquis. Every inch of available space contained a body. The room filled with voices, each shouting to be heard above the others. Bouncing off the walls, comments and opinions flew from one side to the other, all voicing their perspectives concerning one thing...Chakotay and the Maquis.

The hall was rectangular, with several rows of raised observer seats along the walls. The two public doors were located at one end, while directly opposite stood the platform where the Chief Justice was waiting. The wall to the left of the platform contained the door through which the prisoners entered.

Seated not far from the Tribunal podium, on the side of the courtroom opposite the prisoner's doorway, Janeway would have a clear, unobstructed view of the outlaw.

Finally, after what seemed an eternity, the door opened. Escorted by two guards, one on each side, Chakotay walked quietly into the room.

Silence descended as if a switch had been thrown. No one moved, no one spoke. Not even a whisper.

Despite the crowd his eyes found and locked with hers. No animosity, only sadness. Sadness, not for himself, but for her and the Federation.

Taking his place before the Chief Justice he stood quietly, hands by his side. The guards behind, slightly to the side.

The timbered voice of the aged, white haired magistrate resounded through the room. "Commander Chakotay, you are charged with actions violating the laws of the United Federation of Planets. With endangering the lives of the citizens of said Federation. Of actions jeopardizing the peace of said Federation. Of attempting to destroy the peace treaty that said Federation has with the Cardassian Empire. How do you plead?"

Without moving a muscle, without hesitation, Chakotay responded quietly, but firmly. "I have no plea."



Placing his hands on either side of the dais, the Federation's Chief Justice gazed intently at the Maquis leader. "I understand you have declined legal council."

"Yes Sir!" Chakotay stared straight ahead, eyes fixed on the podium.

The judicator carefully accessed the prisoner before him. "Very well Commander, that is your right. Do you have anything to say in your defence?"

"No Sir!" Chakotay's features were as emotionless as a Vulcan's.

Janeway watched with growing interest. Her eyes never wavered from Chakotay's face. She leaned forward, resting her hands on her knees. This trial was nonexistent. He was saying nothing. Nothing at all!

Then almost before it had started the process was over.

She sat there, watching Chakotay's ridged face and body as he calmly waited for sentencing. Why, she asked herself, why did he not offer some defence? What better forum for voicing the Maquis doctrine. A captured audience to hear his strong beliefs and claims.

Once again his words rang in her ears..."Providing the proof we have now, would endanger those risking their lives gathering the information".

The courtroom held its collective breath as the head of the Judicial Tribunal pronounced sentence:

"Commander Chakotay, for crimes committed as stated in the official records, you are hereby sentenced to forty-five years in a maximum security penal colony. Due to the serious, and dangerous nature of your offenses, there will be no chance of parole. Furthermore, you are hereby declared a perpetual danger

to the Federation. At the conclusion of the forty-five years, this court reserves the right to evaluate existing conditions and situations to assess if you are still a threat. Should the conclusions prove positive, you will serve an addition term of ten years. Each time you are scheduled for release, a determination will be made. Each time, if deemed warranted, you will be sentenced to addition time.”

It was over!

Quickly the guards moved to either side of Chakotay. Turning to leave, his eyes found hers. Again for an instant they locked. Then he was gone walking calmly between the two security officers.

The room now a complete contrast to what it had been only a short time before. Like invisible birds racing around, the air buzzed as voices flew black and forth. All disappointed at so short a spectacle.

Standing up, Janeway saw her father approaching. A big smile graced his face. He reached Janeway’s side as she stepped down from the seating area. “Well Katie, Chakotay will never cause any more trouble. Thanks to you we’ve seen the last of that rebel. I doubt he will ever be released from prison, at least not until he’s an old man.”

Side by side the two Janeways walked the length of the Judgement Hall. Pausing in the corridor they stood against the wall, avoiding the lava flow of society exiting the latest of attractions.

Kathryn turned to her father. “What about the other Maquis? Any sign of a rescue attempt?”

The admiral shook his head. “Nothing! Don’t worry, we have Chakotay under very heavy security. Since his capture there has been no Maquis activity anywhere. We cut off the head, the tail will soon die.”



The captain was not as confident as her father. There was something about Chakotay’s attitude. He was not a rebel, a misfit warring against society. Instead, she thought of him as a dignified, competent leader fighting for something he felt was justified. If she was correct, then his sub-commanders would probably be organized and capable. Based on the information supplied by Tuvok, her assessment was certainly correct about his crew. If the rest of the Maquis were the same...

She kept her thoughts to herself. “What about this Ro Laren? According to Tuvok, Chakotay ordered Evans, his second-in-command, to meet with her.”

Her father shrugged his shoulders. “There has been no further word from my contact. As far as I know, there was never a formal alliance. I doubt there will be one now. No, I fully expect the Maquis will slowly fall apart.”

Kathryn glanced about her, at the now almost empty corridor, then back at her father. Dad, did Chakotay have anything interesting to say during questioning?”

Her father appeared uneasy, replying cautiously. “What do you mean?”

Puzzled by his tone, Kathryn studied his face. Her blue eyes

probing his face. “About the Cardassians and the colonists?”

The elder Janeway was visibly relieved. “No! In fact, I understand he had very little to say. I did not attend the interrogations. At the moment, I have nothing to ask him. Chakotay would never betray the Maquis.”

Slowly they began to make their way down the long passageway, passing several closed doorways leading to various offices.

Turning her head, Kathryn again scrutinized her father’s face. She had the feeling he was holding something back. This he never did! Strange her father had not been present when Starfleet had questioned Chakotay. Something was not right!

Before his daughter could say, or ask, anything more, Admiral Janeway interrupted her thoughts. “Now...enough of Chakotay and the outlaws, back to business. Would you like to return to the Gamma Quadrant?”

Her eyes lit up. “You know I would, there is so much to be explored.”

He smiled at his daughter’s enthusiasm. “Good! I have a short, three month mission for you. I knew you wanted to be here for the trial, so I waited. Drop by my office tomorrow.”

The mention of the just completed trial diverted Kathryn’s attention. Coming to a junction, the captain was only half listening. “Okay Dad, I’ll see you then.”

Leaving her puzzled father standing in the hallway, quickly, without fully understanding why, she headed in the direction of the shuttle bay. Upon entering, Janeway walked over to the far end, watching as the four-man security detail prepared the Maquis leader for the short trip to the penal colony where he would be spending the majority of his life. Possibly the rest of it!

As before, he was standing quietly. One guard in the process of securing Chakotay’s arms behind his back, while another examined the escape alert anklet.

The Maquis leader moved to enter the shuttle. Catching sight of Janeway he stopped. One foot on the ramp, one foot on the platform, he turned to face her.

He smiled. “Well Captain, I guess you are happy. It will be a long time before we again have coffee together.”

Janeway returned his steady gaze. “It should have been longer. Forty-five years is not enough. Treason does not deserve leniency!”

Lightly he replied. “I guess you don’t want my opinion. In forty-five years I hope you will not be on the review board. That is if the Federation still exists.”

Shifting his weight, bringing both feet firmly down onto the platform, the Maquis leader looked Janeway directly in the eye. “Captain, be careful, be watchful. I know you feel, as do many others, that the Cardassians will honour the peace treaty. They will not! At least, not all of them. The ones who will not are, unfortunately, in the top ranks. Keep your eyes and ears open. Not only for yourself, but for the good of the Federation.”

Janeway’s eyes did not waver. “Do you mind explaining!”

Sadness showed as Chakotay shook his head. “I can not. At least not at this moment. I hope, before it is not too late, I will be able to do so. Perhaps someday we will no longer be enemies.”



Her voice carried the chill of a winter's dark night. "There is no chance of that!"

He responded slowly. "No...I guess not."

Kathryn Janeway's eyes locked with those of the Maquis leader. "Nothing justifies breaking the law. Within the constricts of the edicts which govern this society, there are always opportunities to speak up."

A deep sadness covered Chakotay's face. "Only when somebody listens!"

Without another word he turned, starting up the ramp. The guards walking slowly behind.

Janeway had one last question. "Why did you not offer any defence?"

He stopped. Looking up his eyes stared at the metal dome high above his head. Seeing not the physical barrier, but the

limitless regions of space that lay beyond.

Without turning he replied softly. "You know the answer."

Saying all he had to say, Maquis commander Chakotay continued up the ramp, disappearing inside.

Janeway watched in silence. Did she have the answer? Was he really protecting others? On the other hand, was he nothing more than an outlaw without a justifiable defence, trying to make her believe that he did have one? Too bad, Janeway thought, she would never have the opportunity of knowing which it was.

As the door of the prison shuttle slowly closed, Kathryn Janeway was convinced that was that.

When the shuttle lifted off, she turned away. Walking back to her life as a Starfleet captain, while Maquis Commander Chakotay started his life in a Federation prison.



## CHAPTER 15

Four months later Kathryn Janeway was once again sharing coffee with her father. Sitting relaxed at the table in his office, the captain sipped her coffee as she enjoyed the pleasant conversation. Molly, content with the world, was stretched out asleep beside her mistress, the dog's feet jerking as dreamland sent her chasing an imaginary ball.

Kathryn held up her cup. "It's a strange thing, ship replicators are supposed to produce the same coffee we have on earth, but the quality is not the same."

Her father laughed. "Katie, come on now, it's just you. Admit it!"

"I'm not so sure about that." In a very definite manner Kathryn placed the cup on the table.

She then fixed stern eyes on the admiral. "Okay Dad, out with it. What's going on? You sent me into the Gamma Quadrant on a three-month exploratory mission, with explicit instructions to watch for signs of Cardassians interested in establishing colonies. No explanations! Now, I've been back for a month, no assignment. Not even a hint of one. Let's have it. What is going on!"

Her father lowered his eyes, staring into his cup. "I'm sorry Katie, I know you're anxious for another mission. However...I might need you."

Turning his head he stared out the window. Kathryn remained quiet, giving her father the room he needed. She had suspected something was wrong, now she was sure.

When the admiral turned back towards his daughter, his face was taut with apprehension. "During your conversations with Chakotay, did he say anything about the Cardassians and the Dominion?"

"The Dominion!" In shock and confusion, Kathryn Janeway stared at her father.

Puzzled, she shook her head. "No! We did talk about the Cardassians, and the peace treaty. Nothing at all was mentioned about the Dominion. Why?"

As if to rub away the problem, Admiral Janeway ran his hand up and down his cheek. "About two years ago, it came to my attention of a possible alliance between the Cardassian Empire and the Dominion. At first I dismissed it, the reports were sketchy

and infrequent but several months ago I began to receive more and more information which, if correct, could mean we're heading for war. A bad one! Nothing has been confirmed, but I now fear it's more than rumours or somebody trying to stir up trouble."

Kathryn Janeway's eyebrows knotted together. "I don't understand! We have had no problems with the Dominion. From what I know, only a few Alpha Quadrant ships have ventured into the Gamma Quadrant, with very limited contact."

Worry etched deep lines into the admiral's strong face. "In a manner of speaking you are correct. We're proceeding very cautiously. The Dominion is an alliance of planetary systems ruled over by the Founders. These Founders are ruthless and militaristic, claiming sovereignty over the Gamma Quadrant. They have refused any of our attempts at diplomatic contact."

Taking a sip of coffee, he heaved a deep worried sigh. "From the limited intelligence we have been able to gather, they want to destroy the Federation, taking over the Alpha Quadrant for themselves. So far, they lack the resources for a full scale invasion. Plus... there is no way they could bring a substantial attack force through without alerting us. Only one or two large ships, such as battle cruisers, can traverse the worm hole at a time, thus giving us sufficient time to assemble enough ships to overpower them as they exited."

With shocking awareness the picture came into focus. Kathryn now understood why her father was so worried. "A treaty with the Cardassians could give them the necessary resources. And a possible way of entering the Alpha Quadrant without our knowledge."

Her father nodded. "Exactly. We keep track of the number of ships going back and forth, but not the number of people onboard. A Cardassian ship could enter the Gamma Quadrant with a skeleton crew, return full of military personnel. Meanwhile, Cardassia could build entire fleets without our knowledge. It would not be easy, but it is possible."

Kathryn could hardly voice the thought in mind as she slowly whispered. "The annexed colonies give them a perfect place to do so."

Realizing the conversation was taking a very serious turn, the captain shifted into a less leisurely position. "What does Chakotay have to do with this?"

Her father replied with a question of his own. "Did you ever wonder why I was so determined to avoid a confrontation? Why I wanted him alive?"

Kathryn shrugged. "Not really. The reasons you gave were legitimate. Though after the trial, I felt you were holding something back."

Her father responded with a small smile. "Katie, I apologize. Never have I withheld anything from you. It was necessary since



you were going back to the Gamma Quadrant. Your orders were worded very carefully, very specifically. Watch for Cardassians interested in colonization, offering assistance and information should they request it. This legalized your interest in any Cardassian ships, without putting you in danger by mentioning the Dominion."

Running a finger along the rim of his cup, the admiral's eyes shone with anger. "Damn it, Katie, with the Founder's ability to shape shift they can be anywhere, making them extremely dangerous. We suspect they have, on several occasions, infiltrated our ships in the Gamma Quadrant, including yours. Starfleet has been very careful to ensure that none of our ships going into the Gamma Quadrant contained sensitive information."

Thinking of how his daughter had been unaware of lurking danger on her own ship, caused shivers to run up and down his spine. "On one's own ship, a captain feels secure. Alone in your ready room or quarters, orders are read and log entries written up, never thinking someone could be looking over your shoulder. By the very cup from which you are drinking! So far the Founders have not interfered with the limited amount of exploration we are conducting. I believe they are using this as a means to spy. Gathering information concerning Starfleet and the Federation. That is why I lied to you. Knowing the truth would not only have alerted them to our suspicions, it would have put you at risk."

Placing a hand on his knee, he rose to his feet. Walking over to the desk he picked up a padd, silently studying it before returning to his seat. "I have been concerned about the Founders and Dominion since learning of their existence. However, until Cardassia came into the picture I did not see the need to worry. I first learned of Cardassian involvement from Ro Laren, when she was undercover with the Maquis. Some of the information she passed along to Jean-Luc concerned the Dominion. After Ro joined the Maquis, I thought her allegations were nonsense. Something the outlaws had cooked up to cause trouble. I'm now convinced that what, or at least part, of what she said was true."

Starting to pick up his cup, then realizing the coffee would be cold, the elder Janeway changed his mind. "That's the mission I sent Jean-Luc on, trying to determine the truth behind the rumours. We now know there is some type of agreement, however, so far he has been unable to discover how long it's been in effect, or what it entails. I suspect Chakotay knows more than we do."

Standing up he handed the padd to Kathryn. "Here's the report I received from Jean-Luc yesterday evening."

Picking up the cups, he walked over to the replicator. "Computer, two coffees, regular."

Returning to the table he placed one cup before his daughter. Molly, having been disturbed, looked up in annoyance. The

admiral laughed. "Sorry, go back to sleep." Coffee in hand he sat down, waiting for his daughter to finish.

Carefully studying the information, Kathryn slowly scrolled through the padd. Her face reflecting the seriousness of what she was reading. "This could have some very nasty consequences!"

"That...is an understatement!" Confirmed the elder Janeway.

She placed the padd on the table. "With their undercover operations, it makes sense the Maquis could know more than we do. Now the warnings Chakotay issued makes sense, however, he never mentioned the Dominion."

She picked up her coffee. "Thanks for the refill," adding tongue-in-cheek, "I was about to go myself."

For an instant a smile flickered across the admiral's worried face. "You're welcome."

Thoughtfully, Kathryn's finger tapped her cup. "Why would the Cardassians want another war? They suffered badly during the last one."

The elder Janeway shrugged. "Land, minerals, technology. Don't forget we now have an alliance with Cardassia, and we are not supposed to have any knowledge of the Dominion agreement. Taking into account Federation help, in three or four years the Cardassian Empire will be back on their feet. All they have to do is be patient, bide their time. Kathryn, the Federation may have signed their own death warrant. Adding to the problem....the Founder's shape shifting abilities. They can board our ships, even infiltrate Starfleet Headquarters. How do you stop intelligence gathering or sabotage when you have no idea of what the enemy looks like!"

Slowly he shook his head. "They may already be in the Alpha Quadrant! I would be surprised if they were not. It gives anyone allied with them a distinct advantage."

Kathryn held up her hand. "If that is the case, would they not infiltrate the Maquis? Shape-shifters within the rebel ranks could cause major problems for the outlaws."

Admiral Janeway heaved a sigh. "I had thought of that. This would be a question for Chakotay. Something tells me that if our suspicions concerning the Dominion are correct, he has taken steps to prevent such an occurrence. We know virtually nothing about the Dominion or the Founders. Their strengths, their weaknesses."

The captain sat quietly, absorbing all that her father said.

For a moment the Admiral closed his eyes, then pinching the bridge of his nose he continued. "What we do know...the Founders harbour an intense hatred for solids, ruling those Dominion planets with an iron hand. And with their special fighting force, the Jem' Hadar, a genetically engineered species of killer soldiers, they are extremely dangerous."

Thinking over her father's words, Kathryn was still slightly mystified. "Dad, the Cardassians are also 'solids', what could they hope to gain? Once the Federation was defeated, what would prevent the Founders from turning on them?"

Her father shrugged his shoulders. "The desire for power and conquest can lead to very strange bedfellows. Perhaps Cardassia feels the risk is worth it. The Cardassians might have something to offer, or the Founders have reason to fear them. It is possible the Cardassian Empire has a device to control the shape shifting. We are working on such an instrument, one which would not only prevent the shifting, but also detect and alert us to their presence.

So far we do have limited means of detection, ensuring the security of Starfleet Headquarters. Odo from DS9 has been aiding us.”

The admiral rubbed his hand along his chin. “I suspect Odo has also been helping the Maquis...in this respect. I’ve been turning a blind eye to it mostly because we need Odo’s help. But, just in case these rumours are correct, I certainly don’t want Maquis shape-shifters. Helping the rebels in this will not endanger the Federation. Katie, if what I suspect is true, we might need the help of the Maquis.”

Continuing to think over the words of her father, trying to put everything into a clear perspective, Kathryn slowly sipped her coffee. “Would confronting the Cardassians not help? Realizing we know, that Federation aid could be withdrawn, perhaps they would reconsider this alliance.”

Leaning forward, the admiral placed his arms on the desk, folding his hands before him. “I plan to do that. However., first I must know when this coalition began.”

Kathryn looked puzzled. “Why would that be important?”

Her father rubbed his hands together. “If the Cardassians formed this alliance because of the growing threat of the Maquis, feeling the Federation could not protect them, then that would not be so bad. Especially now that we have Chakotay in prison. On the other hand, if this alliance began a few years ago, before the Maquis became a serious danger, perhaps even before the peace treaty, or before the peace negotiations began., then we have a major, major problem. If the latter proves to be true, then most likely the Cardassians never planned to honour the treaty. Gaining our help in rebuilding them.... That would put a different light on things!”

Kathryn Janeway grasped the seriousness of the situation. “Now, I understand why you wanted Chakotay alive.”

The admiral leaned back in his seat. “Now you understand the position I’ve been in over the past year, year and a half. It was vital to stop Chakotay, to see the reactions of the Cardassians, to see if they put an end to this alliance. At the same time, since he might have information vital to the safety of the Federation, it ruled out an armed assault on Maquis bases. I was caught in a catch twenty-two situation. To know if what the Cardassians, or Chakotay, tell me is correct, I need the truth before I speak to either one. On the other hand, they have that truth. This was one of the reasons behind wanting his ship. His computer banks could hold vital information.”

Kathryn drummed her fingers on the table as the whole picture slid into focus. “An alliance of protection or aggression.”

The admiral looked at his daughter. “That, Katie, is the problem in a nutshell. The nature completely dependent on when it was formed. There are only three parties with the answer. The Cardassians, the Founders, and most probably the Maquis.”

The captain brushed the padd along her chin. “From what, and the way, that you are speaking, it sounds very much as if you don’t trust the Cardassians.”

Running his finger along the edge of his cup, her the elder

Janeway appeared ill at ease. “Between you and me....no, I don’t! I never agreed with the Federation’s decision to turn over the colonies, argued very strongly against it. I think we were wrong, that the Federation council moved too quickly. Cardassia was tired of war, their resources drained. In my opinion, and others share it, the Cardassian Empire would have accepted a peace treaty without these colonies. This alliance certainly puts everything into a different perspective. I wondered at the time why Cardassia was so adamant about these settlements. Now I realize these colonies give the Cardassians an excellent starting point for an invasion....especially, if supported by the Dominion and the Founders.”

For a moment Kathryn’s piercing eyes studied her father. “Dad....do you support the Maquis?”

Admiral Janeway smiled. “No! Not in the way you mean. I could never provide information or resources to such a group.

However, I do understand them, and in my own way sympathize with Chakotay. If this alliance began before the peace treaty, and the Maquis are aware of it, then this is probably the reason behind their formation.”

He returned his daughters penetrating gaze. “I have always believed peaceful methods to be the only way to settle differences. If this alliance between the Cardassians and the Dominion is one of aggression, and the Maquis know this, then Chakotay must have some proof. This proof should have been brought to the Federation of Starfleet.”

Hesitating for a moment his gaze shifted to the floor. After a couple of seconds he again looked at Kathryn. A sadness overshadowing his face. “It’s easy to pass judgement sitting here in the comfort and protection of our offices. Katie, the Federation did break their word, turned their backs on these colonies. We did not honour any of our commitments, leaving the settlers with no one to turn but to themselves.”

Pride burned deep in his eyes as he looked at his daughter. “I am a Federation officer, the fleet-admiral of Starfleet forces, and even if I am not in full agreement, it is my sworn duty to uphold the laws of the Federation, which up to now I have been proud to do. Damn it, we could be the makers of the Maquis. If Chakotay, and the others, are correct in their accusations, that the Cardassians never intended to honour the peace accord, and they are killing the colonists, then Katie, it will bring me no pleasure to hunt down the Maquis. In all honesty, if their claims turn out to be true, though I could never support them, I might be forced to resign from Starfleet. Under those conditions, if I helped to send the Maquis to prison, or be instrumental in any of their deaths, I would not be able to live with myself.”

For a moment the captain remained silent. “I understand how you feel, though I slightly disagree. They are still outlaws, operating outside of Federation laws. I see no justification for that. Even if their claims are correct, their actions might only be compounding the difficulties, not resolving them. As you pointed out, in this case they must have some sort of evidence against the Cardassians, which should have been brought to the Federation.”

The words of the Maquis leader resounded in her ears.

*“It’s easy to pass judgement, sitting here in the comfort and protection of our offices. Katie, the Federation did break their word, turned their backs on these colonies.”*



“However, Chakotay did make one very good point. Talking is good only when somebody listens.”

Slowly her father nodded his head. “Only when somebody listens. I fear that is what we failed to do. The colonists have claimed, right from the moment the treaty was signed, that the Cardassians have been burning the settlements, attacking and killing men, women, and children. We turned a deaf ear. I did suggest that Federation officials should go and verify, or disprove, these claims. The council refused....they did not want to upset the Cardassians, fearing any such action would appear as distrust of the Cardassian Empire.”

In despair, he again shook his head from side to side. “Kathryn, when talking is useless, what then? What is the answer? Now that we are prepared to listen, perhaps it’s too late.”

Deeply troubled by the conversation, and remembering the one with the Maquis leader, Kathryn leaned forward, placing her cup on the table. Slowly she sat back in her seat. “Chakotay and I discussed the former Federation colonies, about how the Cardassians were treating the colonists. I now realize he was being vague, very careful. He mentioned there was evidence being gathered, that to provide proof now would endanger these people. I believe this was the reason behind Chakotay’s silence during the trial.”

Her father looked both agitated and shocked. “Really! I was surprised by Chakotay’s silence, he made no attempt to justify his actions, and I did wonder why. Katie....do you realize what position the Federation will be in if these accusations against the Cardassians prove true? The blood of the colonists will be on our hands!”

Kathryn Janeway made no reply. What could she say?

Her father slowly rose, the burden he carried clearly showing in his movements. Walking over to the window he stood looking out, hands clasped behind his back. “The time has arrived for Chakotay and I to meet. I’m arranging to have him brought to Starfleet headquarters.”

“What!” The captain bolted upright in her chair, causing a startled dog to jump to her feet.

When the shock wore off she attempted to reason with her father. “Dad....we have no proof against the Cardassians! There is the possibility this alliance with the Dominion is one of protection, the Maquis might be the cause. And....we do not have

any evidence of aggression against the colonists!”

Receiving a reassuring pat from Kathryn, Molly lay back down. Resting her head on outstretched paws the dog watched her mistress.

Kathryn thought about all the long hours she had put into planning and achieving the capture of the Maquis leader. “This could be what the Maquis are waiting for, Chakotay out in the open. I certainly agree with the meeting, but why not go to the prison rather than risk moving him?”

The admiral turned around, standing with his back toward the sun filled window. “If I were Chakotay, I would be inclined to talk more freely here than at the penal colony. With something of this importance, I too feel safer. Here we have protection against the Founders. We also have access to the databases of both Starfleet and the Federation, which we would not have at the prison. While the penal colony is secure, it was not designed for high-level meetings. I want our conversation secret and private. Only you, Chakotay, and myself. That is if you are interested?”

The captain’s retort was very firm. “You bet I want in. However, I’m concerned about this transfer. I strongly suspect that the Maquis will take advantage of the situation. Don’t forget, once here, Chakotay has to be returned to the prison.”

Admiral Janeway tried to reassure his concerned daughter. “Don’t worry. At the moment no one else knows of my intentions, not even the warden. He will be notified once I’m on my way.”

Glancing at the old-fashion ship’s clock sitting on his desk, he moved away from the window. “Unfortunately Katie, I must end our conversation. I’m planning to leave shortly.” Standing up, Kathryn addressed the dog now standing beside her. “Come on, Molly, let’s leave the admiral to his business. Which, between you and me, I do not agree with.”

With the dog at her heels, the captain started in the direction of the door. The senior Janeway joined them, laughing he patted Molly’s sleek head. “I’ll return tonight with full escort. No ship will be able to come within transporter range.” Walking beside his daughter he gently teased her as amusement twinkled in his eyes. “What’s the matter Katie, don’t you trust your old man?”

She dropped a kiss on her father’s cheek. “I trust my old man, I don’t trust the Maquis!”

With that Kathryn turned and left, leaving her father laughing in the doorway.



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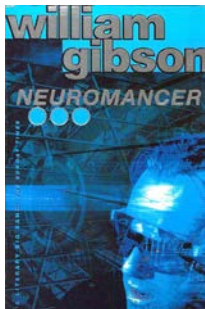
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MonSFFA member Paul Gareau offers his unique ruminations on the science fiction genre, the writing of one's own SF tales, and observations on sources of inspiration for same. Paul has reworked for publication in *Warp* his bullet-notes, originally prepared for a public talk he gave on the topic in 2010, and again last year at a club meeting.

## ON THE CREATION OF SCIENCE FICTION STORIES (OR, "HOW TO")

Paul Gareau

When you folks asked me to give a brief talk on writing science fiction, I welcomed the opportunity with open arms! After all, sci-fi is a popular genre. Who does not like it? And, as I plan to show, it's more than monsters, bug-eyed creatures, and radio-active corpses that rise from the depths of the sea to threaten whole cities.



William Gibson's  
*Neuromancer*

First, let us distinguish between the different genres of sci-fi. A genre is determined by the main focus of the story. As typified by, say, William Gibson's breakthrough novel *Neuromancer* (1986), we have hard-core sci-fi (i.e., "Hard Science"; an umbrella term that includes "Cyber Punk", as by Gibson or, say, K. W. Jeter). Hard Science is science fiction based on bits of scientific knowledge and speculates on what we could do with it. On the other hand, we have humanist sci-fi, such as that written by Isaac Asimov (the *Foundation* trilogy). Asimov also created the three laws of robotics in *I, Robot* and utilized these later on in series that followed. Another example of humanist science fiction is the rather sad, bleak *1984*, written in 1946 by George Orwell. Here, a totalitarian civilization is shown to be senseless.

But really, science fiction is such a broad field. Briefly, we have the genre's well-mined conventions, such as the City of the Future (as in the film *Metropolis*), Dystopian Satire, Galactic Space Opera, the creation of Artificial Intelligence, contamination from outer space, robots and androids, visits to Parallel Worlds—the list goes on. Sometimes, the supernatural mixes with the scientific (e.g., Curt Siodmak's *Donovan's Brain*).

One definition of science fiction states that these are stories in which some aspect of future science or technology is so integral to the plot that, if that aspect were removed, the story would collapse. Try to picture Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* without the science and you'll see what I mean. No story!

Stanley Schmidt of *Analog Science Fiction and Fact Magazine* says:

The science can be physical, sociological, psychological, the technology anything from electronic to bio-genetic engineering. But the stories must be strong and realistic with believable people (who needn't be human) doing believable things, no matter how fantastic the background might be.

Does one need to know a lot about science in order to write science fiction? I leave it to you to decide. Suffice it to say that the imagination must be involved.

Let me take a moment to give you the genesis of one of my own early stories, "Space Voyage". The kernel of the idea for the story came to me gratuitously. The idea for "Space Voyage" (about the discovery by a woman of an unidentified flying object) I got straight from the TV news as disaster unfolded. "Space shuttle *Columbia* collapses over Dallas," read the newscaster. It was a quiet winter's Saturday morning in February. I was no longer a teenager but anything was possible. What in fact happened over the Texas skies *seemed* like fiction. And, there was that human element: the seven astronauts—including two women—who perished. Could it be that a simple, young farmer's wife, one morning while going out for a walk, might find a piece of debris?

And presto! There you have it! That's how my story got started! All that remained for me to do was to fill in the details. Characters began to appear—the inquisitive newspaperman who wants to decipher the mystery; the hordes of puritanical, tradition-bound villagers who live nearby; the eager police detective; the scientists from NASA; etc.

The fact that my main character, or witness, was a woman provided an added bonus. After Madame Curie discovered radium, after the brave exploits of Amelia Earhart, I could offer a twist and have the reader ponder the following question: do you think the readers of a newspaper would be as comfortable with the testimony of a woman as that of a man in such circumstances? Would a top-secret experiment, perhaps, require the more deliberate response, demeanour, and resolve of a man? And what might eventually happen to humanity if scientists were to open this particular Pandora's Box?

All alternatives were possible. The would-be story thus appeared to me, as a whole, open-ended and plausible. That it was eventually developed along those lines was due to in part to observation, in part to the freshness of the original inspiration.

### Existential Intelligence and Science Fiction

Science fiction takes place, for the most part, in the cosmos, but human elements should not be denied. Thus the writer may build upon a story displaying a type of existential intelligence; i.e., sensitivity and the capacity to tackle the deep questions about human existence—how did we get here, why do we die, what is the meaning of life?

Thus may science fiction be a kind of mirror on humanity. And, it may borrow from the "myth pool". The writer can be a seer and science fiction help us anticipate the future? Jules Verne is a good example of this, to borrow from the 19th century.



Jules Verne

Verne's inventions were not mere gadgets, they were anticipatory, and suggested a vision of the world to be. *That* is science fiction in, perhaps, the greatest sense that we can give to the term.

### Some Concerns

Do science fiction plot ideas create themselves? Obviously not! In some measure, the author has to intercede, inserting his own point of view. In short, he has to have something to *say*. As long as sci-fi tries to evoke fear or astonishment in a style that lacks finesse (e.g.; the old plot of the undying monster shambling out of the darkness...*again!*) and remains at the level of tired clichés, SF as literature will never achieve any stature. It will remain lifeless, will not last, and ultimately, will not strike our imaginative faculties or stay very long in the reader's memory.

### The Future Forecast and Possibilities Derived from the Present

Sci-fi is more than a horde of bug-eyed monsters invading our planet! It is basically the exploration, through a speculative text, of the possibilities inherent in a use, or misuse, of science. Yes, it is exciting in the sense that it can one day in the near or distant future become true. Yes, it is always anticipatory, and the creative leanings of the science fiction author appeal to we, the readers, primarily through our imaginative faculty. As Albert Einstein said, more important than knowledge is the imagination. Science fiction makes of us all travellers, *explorers of strange new worlds out in the cosmos*. We are in it for the ride.

The dilemmas of the present are identifiable. We have the survival of the Earth as the most important of core issues. And the romances of the new millennium are also open to us. We have but to look to the new trends in sci-fi literature to see some important new patterns developing. And, as it happens, authors, in often pointing to the not-too-distant future, are opening us up to new perspectives.

Now, what of the science fiction cliché of “the terror of the silence of outer space”? Does this express the loneliness that is within us, within the cosmos? No! We are not alone! Other beings, other planets around distant stars or in other galaxies *must* co-exist along with us! Such is the enthralling mystery of space. And such are the amazing, astounding options open to the eager, budding, creative would-be science fiction writer nowadays!

### Science Fiction in the Movies and the Myth of Mad Science



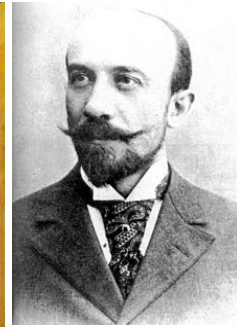
Lumière brothers

Edgar Allan Poe, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Jonathan Swift, and H. G. Wells were not the only precursors of the haunted screen, of avant-garde science fiction, and of the myths of future life. One has only to think of the pioneering essays of the Lumière brothers in France. Or of the lunar exploits of Jules Verne's (he, the inventor, or at least, a crucial pioneer of science fiction) heroes directed by Méliès himself in his avant-garde production

of *Le voyage dans la lune* (France, 1902; in English, *A Trip to the Moon* or *Voyage to the Moon*), which was a great precursor of the



Fritz Lang's *Metropolis*



Méliès, producer of *Le voyage dans la lune*

contemporary myth of the extra-terrestrial invasion, of course. Or, of the extraordinary fantasies “painted” by Fritz Lang in *Metropolis*, set in the Germanic megapolis, with its archetypal mad doctor, Rotwang (precursor of the



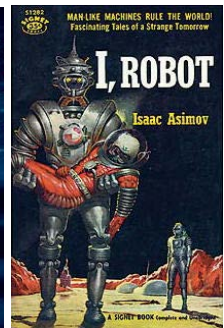
Karel Čapek's *RUR*

Hollywoodesque mad doctors of the 1930s). Or, of Rossum's Universal Robots (R.U.R.), imagined by Karel Čapek, a genius Czechoslovakian playwright from the German expressionist school.

One also encounters on the screen a haunted scientific vision that owes a lot to conceptions which, in turn, owe much to the games of adolescents fond of Pac-Man and of three-dimensional photography, or to a formalist art issued from some contemporary scientific myths rather than, properly speaking, the development, cinematographically, of the films or spectacles of today—sci-fi and fantasy, while around for a long time, took off as a genre after the release of the film *Star Wars* (director: George Lucas) in 1977 (also that year, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*; Steven Spielberg, director). These popular science fiction myths can be found within the public mindset and on today's movie or TV screens.

### Science Fiction, Science Friction

But I think that one would search in vain for true art in the mass of science fiction films. In the last 50 years or so, only a few films stand out: *The Day the Earth Stood Still*, *War of the Worlds* (the original versions, not the remakes), *Forbidden Planet*, *2001: A Space Odyssey*, *The Core*, and *Avatar*, to name a few. In its earliest stages of development—say, in the 1920s and '30s—the genre's mainstay was science, *demonical science* to be more precise! It was an age of myth on film, and it got to the point,





indeed, that if one saw a laboratory or the white coat of a scientist in a movie, one *shuddered* and it was as blood-chilling a sight as Count Dracula's black cloak! And thus we had such classic adaptations as *Frankenstein* (Mary Shelley), *The Invisible Man* and *The Island of Doctor Moreau* (H. G. Wells), and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (Robert Louis Stevenson).

But such is not the case today. As to why this is so, why the mass media of today are not on a par with good science fiction literature, opinions vary. It could be argued, for instance, with some validity, that literature is by far the more gripping as it takes hold of the imagination, because it is, by its very nature, more *primal!*

Just as our ancestors, the cave men, drew pictures on the walls of woolly mammoths and sabre-toothed tigers, or of weremen and night time apparitions, it is such tales that hold us in stark, rapt attention, like adolescents listening to a totally enticing, gripping, well told story around a campfire. And of course, there's a bit of the child in all of us when it comes to the imagination! Vincent Price said this:

You know, a great many scientists and college professors are fans of horror and science fiction pictures. It isn't true that you make such entertainments to appeal to twelve-year-old minds. It's just that a lot of fine minds revert to twelve years old for relaxation.

So in the end, I think even seemingly mediocre, far-fetched filmic attempts are redeemable.

## Tips and Notes

"If you want to write horror, read and listen to/about disasters."—Bryan M. Knight, *Writer's Digest Magazine*

- Listen to the news, read magazines
- Read different types of science fiction; find the type

with which you feel most comfortable

- Watch movies in the field
- Write down ideas
- Research background material—libraries are a great place to start
- Experiment with plots
- Read to positive listeners who will give you honest feedback
- Take writing courses, and be open to change
- Search for publishers—genre book, magazine; TV as well—where your interests lay; find out how to send your manuscripts out
- Read up on copyright, etc.

## Sci-Fi in French

The French-speaking world has turned constantly towards SF in English, to the point of forgetting, or neglecting its own, while the English-speaking world ignores the rest of world literature. Is it necessary to remind anyone that only three percent of works published in English are translated from another language?

## A Few Contemporary Issues as Possible Inspiration

These were listed by French-born writer Michel Folco (*Dieu et nous seuls pouvons, La jeunesse mélancolique et très désabusée d'Adolf Hitler*):

- Nanotechnology
- Space research (perhaps, the terraforming of Mars)
- Archeology (e.g.; will we discover the tomb of Genghis Khan?)
- Exponential development of MMOGs (Massive Multi-Player Online Games like World of Warcraft)
- USA's plans to land on Mars in about 20 years time (approximately 2030)



## UPCOMING EVENTS

Compiled by Lloyd Penney & CPL

**September 21-23 - CanCon**, Ottawa, ON. Guests: Hayden Trnholm, Tom Fowler, Alan Neal, others. <http://www.can-con.org/>

**October 19-21 - Con\*Cept 2012**, Montreal, QC [www.conceptsf.ca](http://www.conceptsf.ca)  
**CANCELLED**

**November 4 - ToyCon**, Montreal, QC. [http://site.toysonfire.com/montreal\\_toy\\_con/montrealtoycon.html](http://site.toysonfire.com/montreal_toy_con/montrealtoycon.html)

**November 1-4 - World Fantasy Convention 2012**, Richmond Hill, ON. Guests: Elizabeth Hand, John Clute, Richard A. Kirk, Gary K. Wolfe, Tanya Huff, Charles DeLint, Tanya Huff, Mercedes Lackey, Larry Dixon. [www.wfc2012.org](http://www.wfc2012.org)

**November 3-4 - Cape & Kimono**, Quebec, QC. <http://www.capekimono.com>  
**CANCELLED**

**November 9-11 - SFContario 3**, Toronto ON. Guests: Jo Walton, Jon Singer, Chris Garcia. <http://2012.sfcontario.ca/>

**January 25-27 - G-Anime**, Gatineau, QC <http://ganime.ca/2013/>

**April 25-28, 2014 - Costume Con 32**, Toronto, ON. [www.costumecon32.com](http://www.costumecon32.com)



**The Aurora Awards:** CSFFA awarded the Aurora trophies at **When Words Collide** in Calgary, the 11<sup>th</sup> of August. And the winners are:

**Best Novel :** **Best Novel: Wonder** by Robert J. Sawyer, Penguin Canada

**Best Short Fiction: *The Needle's Eye*** by Suzanne Church, **Chilling Tales: Evil Did I Dwell; Lewd I Did** Live, EDGE

**Best Poem / Song: *Skeleton Leaves*** by Helen Marshall, Kelp Queen Press

**Best Graphic Novel: *Goblins***, webcomic, created by Tarol Hunt

**Best Related Work: *On Spec***, published by the Copper Pig Writers' Society

**Best Artist: Dan O'Driscoll**

**Best Fan Publication: *Bourbon and Egnog*** by Eileen Bell, Ryan McFadden, Billie Milholland & Randy McCharles, 10<sup>th</sup> Circle Project

**Best Fan Filk: Phil Mills**, Body of Song-Writing Work including **FAWM** and **50/90**

**Best Fan Organizational: Randy McCharles**, founder and chair of When Words Collide (Calgary)

**Best Fan Other: Peter Watts**, "*Reality: The Ultimate Mythology*" lecture, Toronto SpecFic Colloquium

**The Constellation Awards:** The sixth annual Constellation Awards ceremony was held July 6<sup>th</sup> at Polaris.

### TV CATEGORIES:

1. **Best Male Performance: Robin Dunne**, "Sanctuary" ("Fugue")
2. **Best Female Performance: Ming-Na**, "Stargate Universe" ("Epilogue")
3. **Best Series: "Stargate Universe"**



### MOVIE CATEGORIES

4. **Best Male Performance: Andy Serkis**, "Rise Of The Planet Of The Apes"
5. **Best Female Performance: Olivia Wilde**, "Cowboys & Aliens"
6. **Best Movie: "Rise Of The Planet Of The Apes"**



### OTHER CATEGORIES

7. **Best Technical Accomplishment: Joel Goldsmith**, Composer, "Stargate Universe"
8. **Best Script: "Stargate Universe, Twin Destinies"** (Brad Wright)
9. **Outstanding Canadian Contribution: "Stargate Universe"**

You can see detailed breakdowns of the results in each category on the Constellation website: website: <http://constellations.tcon.ca>

**The Hugo Awards:** The 2012 Hugos were awarded on the 2<sup>nd</sup> of September at Chicon 7, the 70<sup>th</sup> World Science Fiction Convention, AKA World Con. I was late arriving and couldn't get a seat. Not a big problem, sez I, the ceremony is being carried live on Ustream, so I'll watch it from the comfort of my hotel room. Halfway through Neil Gaiman's acceptance speech for "The Doctor's Wife" the feed came to sudden halt – the clip from the show triggered the bot that searches out and kills copyrighted material. Morons. Anyway, after a lot of yelling and screaming (some of the posted comments would shock a sailor), much apologising and excuses from Ustream execs, etc, Ustream has made the ENTIRE ceremony available on line, without ads:

<http://www.ustream.tv/channel/hugo-awards>

1922 valid ballots were received and counted in the final ballot. A PDF is available with the full statistics for the nominating and final ballots. <https://chicon.org/docs/2012-hugo-statistics.pdf>

**The 2012 Hugo trophy base** was designed by artist Deb Kosiba, who had also previously designed the bases for the 2005 and 2006 Worldcons.

**The John W. Campbell Award :** E. Lily Yu

Chicon chair, Dave McCarty, presented the **Special Committee Award** to Chicago resident and science fiction author, editor, and collector Robert Weinberg.



**Best Novel: *Among Others*** by Jo Walton (Tor)

**Best Novella: “The Man Who Bridged the Mist”** by Kij Johnson (Asimov's, September/October 2011)

**Best Novelette: “Six Months, Three Days”** by Charlie Jane Anders (Tor.com)

**Best Short Story: “The Paper Menagerie”** by Ken Liu (The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction, March/April 2011)

**Best Related Work: *The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction***, Third Edition edited by John Clute, David Langford, Peter Nicholls, & Graham Sleight (Gollancz)

**Best Graphic Story: *Digger*** by Ursula Vernon (Sofawolf Press)

**Best Dramatic Presentation (Long Form): *Game of Thrones (Season 1)***, created by David Benioff and D. B. Weiss; written by David Benioff, D. B. Weiss, Bryan Cogman, Jane Espenson, & George R. R. Martin; directed by Brian Kirk, Daniel Minahan, Tim van Patten, & Alan Taylor (HBO)

**Best Dramatic Presentation (Short Form): “The Doctor's Wife”** (Doctor Who), written by Neil Gaiman; directed by Richard Clark (BBC Wales)

**Best Editor (Short Form): Sheila Williams**

**Best Editor (Long Form): Betsy Wollheim**

**Best Professional Artist: John Picacio**

**Best Semiprozine: *Locus*** edited by Liza Groen Trombi, Kirsten Gong-Wong, et al.

**Best Fanzine: *SF Signal*** edited by John DeNardo

**Best Fan Writer: Jim C. Hines**

**Best Fan Artist: Maurine Starkey**

**Best Fancast: *SF Squeecast***, Lynne M. Thomas, Seanan McGuire, Paul Cornell, Elizabeth Bear, and Catherynne M. Valente



“When Jo Walton wrote a love letter to fandom, was she expecting a reply?”

***World Fantasy Award:*** What might well be the ugliest trophy in fandom will be award at the World Fantasy Convention to be held this year in Toronto, November 1-4.

#### Novel:

- *Those Across the River*, Christopher Buehlman
- *11/22/63*, Stephen King
- *A Dance with Dragons*, George R.R. Martin
- *Osama*, Lavie Tidhar
- *Among Others*, Jo Walton



#### Novella:

- “Near Zennor”, Elizabeth Hand
- “A Small Price to Pay for Birdsong”, K.J. Parker
- “Alice Through the Plastic Sheet”, Robert Shearman

- “Rose Street Attractors”, Lucius Shepard
- “Silently and Very Fast”, Catherynne M. Valente

#### Short Fiction:

- “X for Demetrious”, Steve Duffy
- “Younger Women”, Karen Joy Fowler
- “The Paper Menagerie”, Ken Liu
- “A Journey of Only Two Paces”, Tim Powers
- “The Cartographer Wasps and the Anarchist Bees”, E. Lily Yu

#### Anthology:

- ***Blood and Other Cravings***, Ellen Datlow, ed.
- ***A Book of Horrors***, Stephen Jones, ed.
- ***The Thackery T. Lamshead Cabinet of Curiosities***, Ann & Jeff VanderMeer, eds.
- ***The Weird***, Ann & Jeff VanderMeer, eds.
- *Gutshot*, Conrad Williams, ed.

#### Collection:

- ***Bluegrass Symphony***, Lisa L. Hannett
- ***Two Worlds and In Between***, Caitlín R. Kiernan
- ***After the Apocalypse***, Maureen F. McHugh
- ***Mrs Midnight and Other Stories***, Reggie Oliver
- ***The Bible Repairman and Other Stories***, Tim Powers

#### Artist:

- John Coulthart
- Julie Dillon
- Jon Foster
- Kathleen Jennings
- John Picacio

#### Special Award Professional:

- John Joseph Adams, for editing - anthology and magazine
- Jo Fletcher, for editing - Jo Fletcher Books
- Eric Lane, for publishing in translation - Dedalus books
- Brett Alexander Savory & Sandra Kasturi, for ChiZine
- Jeff VanderMeer & S.J. Chambers, for The Steampunk Bible

#### Special Award Non-Professional:

- Kate Baker, Neil Clarke, Cheryl Morgan & Sean Wallace, for *Clarkesworld*
- Cat Rambo, for *Fantasy*
- Raymond Russell & Rosalie Parker, for *Tartarus Press*
- Charles Tan, for *Bibliophile Stalker* blog
- Mark Valentine, for Wormwood





**Modern Fairytales**  
**Josée Bellemare**

Last year, when the new fall schedule announced two series based on fairytales, many had doubts. And yet both **Grimm** and **Once Upon a Time** have been renewed. Not only that, but the CW is doing a remake of the 80's series **Beauty and the Beast**. It would appear that fairytales do have a place in the modern world. Grimm, the darker of the three, tells us that all the monsters and creatures found in the fairytales are real and living among us. Some are good, just living their lives without fuss and then you have the bad ones, greedy and ambitious with their own agenda and their own rules.

That's where the hero of the series comes in: Nick Burkhardt is a Grimm, he can see all these creatures, *wessen* as they are called in the series, for what they really are. He's also a police detective for the Portland PD, caught between keeping the peace as a cop and maintaining the balance as a Grimm. Sometimes they are one and the same and sometimes the two conflict with each other. Part fairytale and part police drama, Grimm blends both very well.

**Once Upon a Time** has a different approach. When the Evil Queen cast a spell she cursed all the land, and all the characters from the fairytale world were transported to a world

without magic – ours. None of them remember who they were and now they're living in a small town called Storybrook, Maine. The only one who knows this is Henry, a ten year old boy. At the beginning of the series, he tracks down his natural mother, who turns out to be Snow White and Prince Charming's daughter, Emma Swan. It was prophesied that when she reached 28 years of age, Emma would break the curse and bring back magic. As the story develops, we discover the characters from fairytales and who they are in our world.

And finally, **Beauty and the Beast**. This time out Catherine Chandler is a cop and the beast is no longer a cat-like creature but Dr Vincent Keller, whom everyone believe died in Afghanistan in 2002. In hiding for the past ten years, he turns into a beast when enraged. Many have compared him with the Hulk and how he got this way will probably be explained at some point in the show.

Considering these television options, various movies that came out in the past few months and more to come, it might be time to take a whole new look at the fairytales you grew up with.



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**Reviews: Gadgets & Apps**

**The Art of the Adventures of Tintin App**  
**Sylvain St-Pierre**

The term “electronic book” used to cover only numerical text that could be displayed on some kind of device. While there is still plenty of that around, the introduction of more sophisticated readers has broadened the scope a little lately.



*The Art of the Adventures of Tintin* App for the iPad is a perfect example of a publication that takes full advantage of the higher

capabilities of the newer hardware. Based on the movie released last Fall (see *Warp* 80), this fascinating book takes the form of a very long horizontal page that constantly shifts in appearance from one chapter to the other. At first glance, it looks like what you would see in a good quality coffee table book, but you quickly discover that there is a lot more to it. Not



*Karaboudjan. It can be manipulated just like a model.*

only can you expand any single image by simply touching it, but there are plenty of movie clips and animations embedded in the text, as well as some very interesting



*Tintin's apartment. You can pan the view all the way around*

panoramic scenes tied to the iPad's internal gyroscopes. You can, for instance, stand in your living room and have a view of Tintin's apartment that will move with you as you turn around. It is also possible to cross-fade between Hergé's original drawings and their beautiful storyboard rendition, or rotate a number of 3D props and characters to examine them from all angles at your leisure.

Even without those neat tricks, the actual content of the book is quite good. The whole history of the making of the movie is covered, with sections focussing on characters, sets, scripts and so on. I always find it fascinating to look at all the work that went on behind the scene in the production of a major movie; and when said movie is a computer generated adaptation of a famous graphic novel, the process becomes almost surreal. The details



Actor Jamie Bell wearing a motion capture harness.

about the motion capture process, in particular, are worthy of note.

As is often the case in this sort of production, very little of what we saw on screen actually started that way. Most elements saw multiple incarnations, all aimed at trying to find the

best way to bring the story to life while staying as close as possible to the look and feel of the original graphic novels,

something Spielberg insisted on. The book covers many of those alternate routes, and they are no less interesting for the fact that they were not taken. Some of the discarded possibilities are in fact quite fascinating, and it would have been a shame not to make them public.

At \$5.99, this App is much cheaper than an equivalent hard cover book and it has many features that are quite simply not possible in the latter.

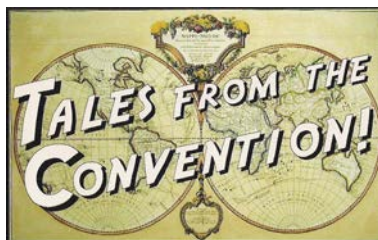
**Pour les francophones**, il existe également une version séparée en français de cette excellente application sous le titre "Artbook Les aventures de Tintin". On a heureusement pris le soin de s'assurer que toutes les cases d'Hergé soient dans la version originale.



A few of the many looks tried for Tintin.



One of several possible concepts for Omar Ben Salaad's palace.



### Pillow in the Sky Lloyd Penney

Ah, the Winnipeg Worldcon in 1994. ConAdian was the first Canadian Worldcon I attended, the first Worldcon where I didn't have to worry about the exchange rate between Canadian and American dollars. We were busy with working the Worldcon, and we were travelling on not much money, so we booked a one-bedroom suite at the Hotel Louis-Riel, and five of us stayed in the room.

Two of our roommates were a military couple from east of Toronto. Rather than fly, they drove all the way to Winnipeg via the north-central US, and camped all the way there. When they actually got into the room, they pitched their tent in the living room of the suite. Hey, the one-bedroom just turned into a two-bedroom! Don't tell the front desk!

I'm getting a little ahead of myself... On their way to Winnipeg, they purchased a new pillow, and kept the bag it came in. Also, in purchasing some supplies, they found a florist with a tank of helium...

It was the Saturday of the convention, and after a long, hard day of walking, managing the fanzine lounge, going to major programming that evening and hitting probably too many parties, we decided to hit the sack, and we wearily stumbled off to our room where we found all of our roommates. I pulled back the blankets on the bed, and my pillow floated off the bed and rose to the ceiling.

And now you know what happened to the pillow bag and the helium.

Everyone laughed while I just gaped at the pillow slowly descending, and I just collapsed on the bed, groaning. Aw, man, don't screw with my head so late at night!

These are my thoughts on the nominees for the 2012 Hugos, along with my rankings of them on the ballot.

### Novelette

1) *Six Months, Three Days* - the man who can see the future has a relationship with the woman who can see all possible futures, even though they both know that it will last six months and three days, and end very, very badly. What it's like to go through life with constant spoilers. Does some fascinating things with the relevant concepts. *Full disclosure: I'm friends with Charlie Jane Anders, and so I made an extra effort to be fair to the other nominees and not just vote for Charlie's story. But really, it's no contest.*

2) *Copenhagen Interpretation* - Paul Cornell tells another story about spies and diplomacy in his alternate Europe that's far ahead of us in many respects (in particular, space-bending is a key component of the milieu) and far behind in others. Several nifty ideas, many of which Cornell squanders. Cornell had another story in this setting ("One of our Bastards is Missing") nominated for a Hugo last year; in a way, it feels like a riff on Randall Garrett's "Lord Darcy" stories. But it's not... it's not as \*fun\*.

3) *Fields of Gold* - What it's like to show up in the afterlife... and what it's like after the first few weeks there... and the fact that what you think makes you happy, might not do so in the long term. Last time Rachel Swirsky wrote a story about the afterlife ("The Lady Who Plucked Red Flowers Beneath the Queen's Window"), she struck gold. This time, she approaches the concept from a very different angle, and doesn't do anywhere near as well. Execution is lovely, but the concept not only doesn't grab me, it pushes me violently away.

4) *Ray of Light* - after aliens block out the sun, humans settle on the ocean floor - which has long-term psychological disadvantages. Then the children grow up, and the rest is spoilers. It somewhat irks me that Brad Torgersen included this story in his Campbell Award Nominee package even though it's already in the Hugo nominee package, but that has nothing to do with why I'm ranking this so low. I'm ranking it low because ... well. The story just... it feels too... it's too \*ordinary\*. It's competently done, but this could have been written in the '70s. It's the archetypical Analog story. It's very technical, and very correct. I don't have a problem with hard SF per se, but this just isn't very interesting.

5) **No Award: *What We Found*** - a scientist tells of his abusive childhood in a family wracked by secrets, lies, and mental illness, and of his young adulthood mangled and twisted by tradition, and of how these led him to become a scientist. Scattered through the story, in the background, there are a few paragraphs about his world-changing discovery (science and causality are wearing out). Due to the way that Hugo voting works, I am not ranking Geoff Ryman's "What We Found" at all, because I strongly, strongly, strongly dislike it, and don't want it to have any chance of winning.

### Short Story

*Nothing this year that really grabbed me, but let's rank 'em anyway.*

1) *Homecoming* - Mike Resnick tells a sweet little story of a young man who comes home to visit his senile mother, as told by the father who disinherited him for getting a species-change operation.

2) *The Cartographer Wasps and the Anarchist Bees* - I'm not 100% sure I understand what E. Lily Yu is doing with this story about humanish wasps who make beautiful maps in their nests and wage horrible wars on humanish bees, but it's nicely done.

3) *The Paper Menagerie* - this doesn't feel like either fantasy or SF; instead, Ken Liu's story of how his mother could animate origami feels more like magic realism. It's nice, and poignant, but... I dunno. It's missing something.

4) *Movement* - have you ever read 2003's Nebula-winner for best novel, 'Speed of Dark', by Elizabeth Moon? It's about Lou, a high-functioning autistic man in the near future, being presented with the choice to take the cure for autism. 'Movement' has a similar theme - Hannah is a teenage girl presented with the choice of taking the cure for her 'temporal autism'. Prettily done, but rather thin -- and the fact that Nancy Fulda invented 'temporal autism' for the story weakens it.

5) **No Award: *Shadow War of the Night Dragon*** - John Scalzi slathers on the satire with a trowel. Bleh. Plus, it's just the opening to an entire novel. Reminiscent of the opening section of his recent "Redshirts", and not in a good way. You can do better than this, Scalzi. Again, I'm not ranking this.

### Novellas

1) *The Man Who Bridged The Mist*, by Kij Johnson. A story about building a suspension bridge, and what it does to the people who are involved. Much nicer than that description makes it sound.

2) *Kiss Me Twice*, by Mary Robinette Kowal - a tricky little whodunnit, as investigated by a cop and his AI partner. Sweet.

3) *Silently and Very Fast*, by Catherynne M Valenti. The life story of an AI. And it's rich like cream, and sweet like molasses, with enough symbolism and metaphor to choke a horse. It's a work of art. It's high literature. I don't like it, it's not my thing, but I'm impressed.

4) *The Man Who Ended History: A Documentary*, by Ken Liu. What happens when you can use a time machine to verify the actual details of angrily-disputed historical atrocities? Not as



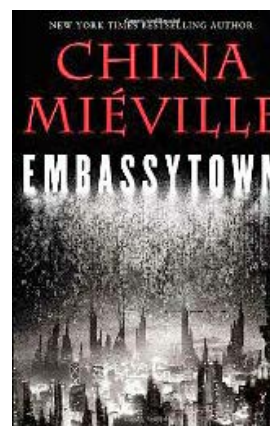
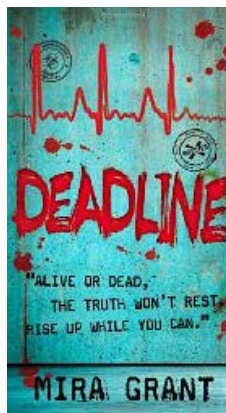
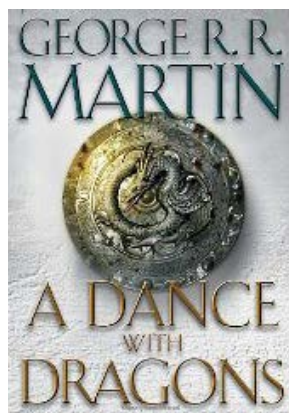
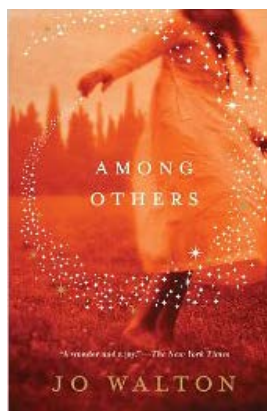
much as you might hope, since the time machine has some very inconvenient limitations. Lots of potential here, which Liu doesn't fulfill very well, especially since most of the documentary is basically real-world content.

5) **Countdown by Mira Grant** - meh. It's the backstory to her Newsflesh series: how the zombie apocalypse actually happened when people actually knew about zombies from watching movies and reading novels. The first book was all right, but I'm not sure the setting can support a trilogy, much less a trilogy AND a novella.

6) **No award: The Ice Owl**, by Caroline Gilman. A pre-teen girl and her mother are Space Refugees who watch as their latest refuge turns into Planet Taliban. Meanwhile, the girl gets private tutoring from a Space Jew who escaped the Space Holocaust. Also, he gives her an ice owl in a portable freezer. I am not impressed; in fact, I am \*so\* not impressed, I'm not ranking it. No vote.

### Novels

#### Hugo nominated Novels:



1) **Embassytown**: China Mieville does something wonderful with weird aliens and weirder language and the culture that springs up as we try to interact with them.

2) **Among Others**: Jo Walton's honest-it's-not-autobiographical story of a teenage SF fan in England in 1979, dealing with subtle magic as she copes with horrible life issues.

3) **Leviathan Wakes** by James Correy - this is wonderful space opera. Very, very hard space opera. Lovely.

4) **Deadline**, by Mira Grant. A sequel to "Feed". Not much to say about it that can't equally be applied to its predecessor: twenty-five years AFTER the zombie apocalypse, when everyone had already seen zombie movies and knew what to expect. Decent. Publishers deserve a kick in the shins for including the first chapter of "Blackout" at the very end.

5) **No award: Dance With Dragons**: George RR Martin goes back to the "Song of Ice and Fire" well once more. No thank you, Mr Martin.

### Reviews: Conventions and Events

#### Ad Astra, May 13-15, 2012 Cathy Palmer-Lister

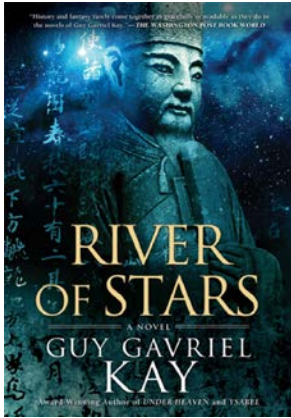
As is my custom, I drove to Toronto on the Thursday in order to spend an extra day shopping or visiting a museum. This year, Yolande and I spent the Friday at the ROM to see the dinosaur exhibit. Seeing the fossil of the embryos in the eggs was the highlight. I wandered through the Chinese, Korean, and Japanese pavilion. At one point a lovely lady who was working in the area explained the tomb guardian to us and showed us Chinese wares that was exported to places like Japan, Europe and Iran. It was interesting to note how the porcelains were catered to the tastes of other cultures, something we would never have realized without



the guide.

Ad Astra was off to a rocky start. Registration was chaotic, but at least this year someone had thought to provide a black Sharpie. Usually, we get an assortment of pens and pencils, most of which are dead. I still remember having to write my name in red on a red badge! There was no pocket programme available until much later. In fact, the programming was not up to the usual high standard that has been an Ad Astra hallmark. There wasn't much going on that evening that interested either of us. Sleep was difficult that evening – Polaris was throwing one heck of a party across the hall from us. Maybe we should have joined the ruckus, but we're getting old, I guess...

Saturday, I attended a really good presentation on speaking about science. I didn't note the speaker's name, unfortunately, but



To be released April, 2013

I wish I had heard him speak while I was still teaching! He touched on how we can use language, images, personal anecdotes, even the weather to manipulate people.

I enjoy listening to authors read from their books. Guy Gavriel Kay read one of my favourite chapters from *Under Heaven*, a book I consider one of the very best I have ever read. Made my day! He is writing another novel set in China, this time in the Song Dynasty, about 300 years after the events of *Under Heaven*. Release date is April 2,

2013. I'm looking forward to it!

Julie Czerneda read from *Turn of the Light*, a fantasy (her first) scheduled for release in March of next year. So much energy, and so friendly, it's always a pleasure to meet her.



To be released March, 2013

I ran into Harry Turtledove, who was a Guest of Honour at Con\*Cept a few years back and was tickled pink that he remembered me. I enjoyed his GoH talk later in the afternoon, he has such a great sense of humour! I was surprised to learn that the first alternate history was written by Livy. The plot: What if Alexander the Great had not died young, and had gone west to confront Rome. I must find that story!

The masquerade was only about thirty minutes, and not up to the standards of a few years ago. I find this is also true of masquerades at World Cons. Where are the costumers of yesteryear?

Sunday, for me, started with a panel on government. In my

conbook, I noted my frustration at not knowing who the panellists were. There were no name cards on the tables, and no names on the pocket programme, either. These panellists had some very interesting ideas, I would have liked to know who they were. Mostly, they were of the opinion that democracy does not lead to good SF. It's ordinary, and readers don't want ordinary; they want heroes. Much science fiction is based on the colonial/imperial friction we have experienced in our own past, just the setting is changed to suit a vision of the future. There are cycles in literature, as much of it is a reaction to events of the time. The grand masters of science fiction wrote just after the second World War, and we also have a lot of SF written in reaction to the Vietnam war. About zombies, is this new SF/F trope just a sneaky way to introduce psychopathic behaviour that we would not accept otherwise?

Eric Choi and Dr Stephenson headed a panel captioned "Is there space for people in space?" Nothing really new, but an interesting panel none the less. They raised the point that big business will always follow the money, but the space programmes are not yet pulling in the profits. They feel it will happen, given the chance. They also pointed out that people are not willing to risk public money, and even less risk lives, so manned missions to Mars won't be happening any time soon.

What's new from Del Ray: nothing really jumped out at me, sadly. If I am reading my notes correctly, there will be a guide to the lands of Ice and Fire, eventually.

The dealers' room was busy and had a variety of vendors. I finally gave in and bought one of those critters that sit on the shoulder. It's made with real rabbit fur, so it can't be left on display anywhere the dogs can reach.

It seemed to me that attendance was lighter than expected. Wizard World came in the same weekend as Ad Astra and probably sucked off a lot of the fans that would usually attend. Also, it didn't help that the DVP was closed! I did notice more young folk, that's a good sign. Ad Astra is a convention I always enjoy, so I hope they can keep it running.



### Boréal, May 4-6, 2012 Cathy Palmer-Lister

**Boréal** is a French language convention which recently has begun alternating between Montreal and Québec. This year, the convention was in Quebec city. Run by professional authors who volunteer their time, it tends to be more scholarly than most conventions I attend.

The atmosphere was somewhat muted due to the accidental shooting of a two-year old child, son of one of Alire's employees, that very day. This is a small community, everyone knows everyone, and Alire is an important publisher of SF in Québec.

Québec is a lovely city, even in a drizzle. The little inn we were staying in, les Jardins-Ste-Anne, was delightful. There was a courtyard with mature trees and benches, a perfect place for a bit of quiet reading.

The convention was across the street in the **Morrin Centre** which is an important cultural hub for Anglophones. It was the setting for a book by Louise Penny, *Bury Your Dead*, which I had



read and much enjoyed, so a tour of the library and prison was high on my personal agenda. We had an excellent guide, and when I told her I had read the Louise Penny book, she made a point of showing me where the body was found.

Jean-Louis Trudel was in period costume for the opening ceremony and his panel on the Morrin Prison and its connection to the science fiction of Québec. At least two of our earliest SF authors spent time in the prison. Jean-Louis gave his talk in the role of the ghost of one of these authors.

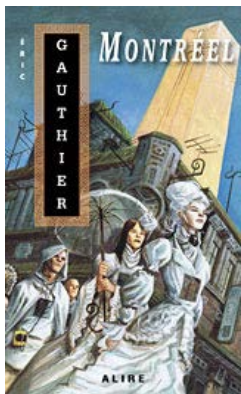
I enjoyed the End of the World panel which asked what was meant by "end of the world"—was it the destruction of the planet? The end of our civilization? The end of humanity? Life as we know it, such as the arrival of the conquistadors in South America?

I also much enjoyed a panel on Isaac Asimov, who is Ghost of Honour at a literary festival in Quebec, October 11-21. He was

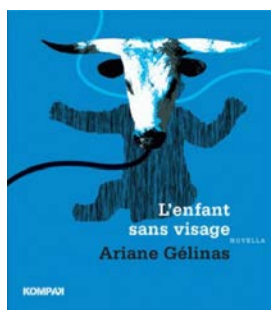


an author we all read while we were still very young and find we still enjoy on rereading now, even though some of his ideas have not aged well. His strengths were in his clarity of language, he had a gift for dialogue. The panellists also discussed the line between what is robot and what is human. They praised his optimism about the future, though one also said it bordered on naivety. Why, someone asked, are his books still readable even years later? One good response was that Asimov was a storyteller first, the science did not lead the story.

Guest of Honour, John Crowley, read his essay: *On Romance*. What is a novel? A sequence of events in time, which has a beginning, a middle, and an end. Good books, like *1984*, continue to have power as a parable, though the specifics are no longer of particular significance to us. Why? There are two streams of stories, those we deem to be true, and those that are secular. The latter are stories we tell for their own sake, and use the same tropes as the earliest folk tales. He spoke most notably of displacement – we could see Hansel and Gretel as children of crackheads in New York. I took a lot of notes at this panel, I won't bore you with details. Suffice it to say I came away feeling I had really had my eyes opened to new ways of looking at stories.



As reported in an earlier edition of WARP, the winner of the Aurora/Boréal for best French language novel was



*Montréal* (Alire) by Eric Gauthier. Best short story was won by "L'enfant sans visage" by Ariane Gélinas, the best SF/F related work was won by



Claude Janelle for his *Dictionnaire des auteurs des littératures de l'imaginaire en Amérique française*. Valérie Bédard won for best audio/visual creation for the cover of *Solaris* 177 and illustrations in various editions of *Solaris*. *Brins d'éternité* won best fan production.

We took time off from the convention to visit old Québec. The weather was so mild, the walk most enjoyable. A visit to St Andrews church across the yard from the Morrin Centre was also in order, as a fictional minister of this church had an important role in *Bury your Dead*. The stained glass windows are particularly fine examples of 19<sup>th</sup> century glass. A warm, inviting atmosphere and an excellent minister had me staying for the service.

Because Inspector Gamache bought his bread at Paillards, we just had to pop in there for lunch on Saturday. Someone was playing the accordion, and it happened that members of a choir were in from practice so they were singing along to all the old favourites. So festive and warm an atmosphere! Great sandwich, too, and the best Danish I've ever had. We returned several times for lunch and breakfast. They had really big coffee mugs – I brought one home for the cottage and I cherish the memories that came with it.



### Polaris 26, July 6-8, 2012 Reviewed by Sylvain St-Pierre

(all pictures by the author)



Because of a chronic shortage of available time, I have been able to attend the Toronto Trek/Polaris convention only sporadically over the years. Much to my sorrow, I must say, because I have always enjoyed myself tremendously every time I went. This time, I was lucky enough to find a very cheap airfare that allowed me to bypass the usual convoy of attending Montrealers, and thus avoided having to spend two extra days of my precious vacation allowance. I am glad I managed to see this year's edition, because it looks like it might possibly be the last one ever.

For those unfamiliar with this particular con, it is a large regional gathering held for over a quarter of a century in the Greater Toronto area. It focused mainly on media SF&F, but



covered a great many topics and touched enough of the hard science and literary aspects of the genre to please just about everybody.

The Sheraton Parkway hotel where it was held this year is a bit more isolated and distant than some of the previous venues, but quite a decent

place nevertheless. The Jacuzzi Suites, especially, were a real steal at only \$10 more than the regular rooms. There were several excellent dining options right on site and the indoor pool, if a bit drab, allowed me to indulge in my customary morning dip.





The Two Wacky Pin Guys table



Do you have that gizmo in glowing purple?..



Some nice steampunk watches

Con Registration was efficiently handled, the pre-registered line moving briskly and the wait not unbearably long. I also saw a few at-the-door registrations take place, and the whole process seemed to go along quite smoothly as well.

The hucksters are often among the first to get in full swing at the start of a con, and there were nearly as many of them lined up in the connecting passages as in the actual Dealers' Room. Traffic was hardly ever blocked, but this made travelling from one panel to another an interesting - and at times expensive - experience. The overall choice of merchandise was good, with a large selection of steampunk and other handicrafts. The function space was just a tad overspread, but not to the point of being a serious problem. Perhaps a little too generous, even for the far from small attendance, but at least the rooms were rarely overcrowded.

The theme of the Friday night Opening Party was, quite appropriate in this last year of the Mayan Long Count, the Apocalypse.



Some Apocalypse Party-goers. Notice the zombie-bait brain hat on top of MonSFFA President Berry Reischl's head

Mutants, zombies, mad scientists, survivalists; you name it! Quite a crowd, and probably a lot more fun than the real thing will turn out be if it ever comes to pass... As usual for a con this size, some very difficult decisions had to be made regarding which panels to attend. No matter how you juggle your schedule, there are almost always two or three different events that you would like to see at the same time. Choices were made somewhat easier

thanks to the availability of a Polaris smart phone application, and geeks had a lot of fun scanning the QR Codes sprinkled in the Program Book.

Most of what I did manage to get into turned out to be quite interesting. For instance, I went to two separate

movie-covering panels: one about *The Adventures of Tintin*, and another about Disney's *John Carter*. While I was not surprised that everybody liked the movie featured in the first one, I was a bit more puzzled about the fact that all participants of the second but me were just equally raving about *that* flick! I rarely attend cons for the Guests anymore, and so I missed the various presentations of Tony Amendola, Neil Grayston, J.G. Hertzler, Miracle Laurie, Robert O'Reilly and Wil Wheaton. I did however make an exception for the Starlost Mini-Reunion panel, having fond memories of that Canadian show from the 70's. Gay Rowan and Robin Ward (Rachel and Garth, respectively) were quite gracious and entertaining. The panel was standing room only, and Gay was quite amazed at the warm reception she got. She is no longer acting, and had no idea that the show still has a strong cult following. The list of other



An entry in the Model Show, entirely made of Lego bricks.



Fan-built Daleks. The craftsmanship was amazing.

authors, artists and academics was also quite impressive; and the activities covered pleasantly varied.

A very nice Art Show, a small but imaginative Model Show (they used Lego bricks this year) and several Club Tables and Displays nicely completed the list of places to visit. Among the latter, a couple of remarkable fully functional fan-built Daleks drew a considerable crowd; both when stationary and when they started roaming through the con.

I have been watching Toronto masquerades for a few decades now, and have videos going back a quarter of a



A steampunk Doctor Octopus

century to prove it. This is why I can unequivocally state that the art of presentation has been taking a turn for the worse over the years. Great costumes, guys, but you really should concentrate on trying to *do* something with them!

As I mentioned at the beginning of this review, this year's may have been the last Polaris ever, although there is talk of doing some kind of smaller scale event in a year or two, perhaps a relaxacon or a special interest convention. While nice, that definitely would not be the same.

What happened? A story familiar to Con\*Cept - and quite a few other long-established cons - goes, just on a larger scale:

fan burn-out and competition from the pro-cons. If you look at the list of organisers for any given fan-run convention, you can't help but to see many familiar names, having read the very same in the program book of some other event, sometimes a thousand miles away. The fact is that organising even a small gathering of this sort requires tremendous preparation beforehand and a lot of work on site, and there are only so many people both able and willing to take the job year after year.

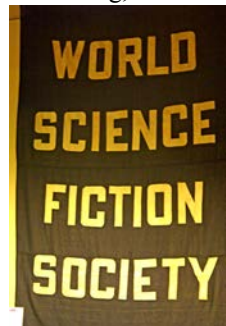
Some might call it evolution in action, I call it a damn shame!



**Chicon 7, the 70<sup>th</sup> World Con**  
**Cathy Palmer-Lister**  
*Photos by the author*



First Night at the World Con was held at the Adler Planetarium! Now, that's the way to start a great con! The exhibits were fabulous. Jim Lovell seems to have either loaned or donated much of his own personal memorabilia from his space flights. Especially interesting were artifacts from the ill-fated Apollo 13 mission, since one of the convention guests was Sy Liebergot, the EECOM Flight Controller in Mission Control for all the Apollo manned missions, including Apollo 13. In my con log book, I made particular note of seeing the manual missing its cover because it was used to McGyver a device to clean the air. The Gemini 12 space capsule was also on display, and I wondered how they got Lovell and Aldrin into it. Really, I was surprised at how small it was. Oddly, I have no photos from this visit, were we not allowed cameras? The souvenir shop was closed, which was disappointing, so all I have to show for this visit is a "My God, it's full of stars! ribbon for my badge. The con organizers did a fantastic job of organizing the shuttle buses that ran back and forth all evening, and the finger food was delicious.



I spent part of the con in business meetings. Some people avoid these like the plague, but I'm always interested in how Things Get Done. The debates are run very formally, which can sometimes lead to hilarity. This year's silliness had to do with a motion to de-louse poor Yngvi on the grounds that he had been slandered in Sprague De Camp's *The Incomplete Enchanter*. Listening to nonsense being debated by Robert's Rules can be insanely funny when the debate is run by competent people, and the WSFA people are very, very good. (In case you're wondering, the motion failed, Yngvi is still a louse.)

More seriously, there were three important issues under discussion, all having to do with the Hugo awards. The first item had to do with separating the fanzines and fancasts. Ratification of this motion means that there is now another Hugo, this one for best fancast. This will make a lot of zine editors very happy. A podcast is NOT the same as a zine! (See WARP 78, page 25 for Guy H. Lillian's impassioned editorial). There is, however, a sunset clause, and the whole issue comes up again for



*Loncon 3 presents GoH*

debate in 2016. Also up for ratification was the best graphic novel Hugo, which was under a sunset clause which came due this year. It passed with a very strong majority, probably thanks to Phil Foglio's speech in support of it. There was a motion to introduce a Hugo award for best YA novel, but this one did not carry. I suspect this is an issue which will not go away, there are very good arguments in favour of it. I think people are just a tad leery of yet another Hugo – the ceremony is already so very long!

London won the site selection for 2014, and presented its GoH: Iain Banks, John Clute, Malcolm Edwards, Chris Foss, Jeanne Gomall, Robin Hobb and Bryan Talbot. Check out the promo video on Youtube. We heard from several bid committees, including one from Finland for 2015. I most enjoyed the presentation by Eemeli Aro, which you can watch on the Finnish bid committee website. He's got a great sense of humour, and very articulate and witty in spite of speaking in a second language.

Dealers, exhibits, and art show were just as busy and interesting as I've come to expect from a well-run World Con. In



keeping with the theme, there were space exploration exhibits, including



a space suit. It wasn't clear whether it was a replica or genuine article. Indeed, I found the lack of descriptive signage throughout

the exhibits very frustrating. There was a lovely display of kaleidoscopes, no explanation given. And why were fen mowing





Battle Tech pods



Where the boys are...



Perpetual motion machine was perpetually under construction

Peggy Rae's lawn? The back of the room was a huge draw – yes, there are young people at World Cons! And they loved the old arcade games their parents wasted time and quarters on. I played a few matches of Ms Pacman and Donkey Kong. The games were free, btw. A row of white pods drew my attention. This turned out to be some sort of Battle Tech VR game. Tournaments ran continuously, and were hugely popular with the guys. An area was set aside for the construction of a perpetual motion machine. Wannabe engineers had a great time adding bits and bobs to complicate the path of the marbles.

Programming was very strong, especially the science track.



Sy Liebergot

I especially enjoyed presentations by Sy Liebergot and Story Musgrave. Sy gave several talks on Apollo 13, describing the sequence of events from his personal role in the mission control room. He was asked



John Scalzi & Story Musgrave



The DragonCon panel

interesting questions, too. John Scalzi interviewed Story Musgrave who spoke from the heart on overcoming great adversities to follow your dreams. Born on a dairy farm, he didn't finish highschool, but he later earned seven advanced degrees. A panel he gave on asteroids in conjunction with DragonCon would have been far more interesting had Sy Liebergot and John Scalzi

shown up as advertised.

George RR Martin spoke to a room packed to the rafters. Everyone wanted to hear about the TV series, of course. He talked about the differences between book and screen, how decisions on what to include, what to leave out are made, and who makes them. On writing, he explained that he sees two processes. One is that of an architect who designs everything in advance, the other is that of a gardener who knows what he's planted, but can only guess what will come of it as the process is organic.

Awards ceremonies are a big part of World Cons, and there were six of them at Chicon 7, notably the Chelseys for SF/F art and the Hugos. The Hugos I have reported on earlier in WARP. The Chelseys were awarded on Friday evening. There were eleven categories, but the Big Ones went to Tom Kidd for the cover of *Deathbird Stories* by Harlan Ellison, Matthew Steward for the cover of *The Cloud Roads* by Martha Wells, and Lee Moyer for the cover of *Weird Tales #357*. One of the presentations was by our own Jean-Pierre Normand.

The Stag Room! Grrrr. Sometimes a joke is not funny! Quite a few fans, including yours truly, wasted time running around looking for a fictional space with most unusual programming, which was of course, also fictional. So, thwarted from attending a non-existent presentation on the Delta 7, I thought I'd pop into the Ray Bradbury tribute, but got bored within five minutes and went in search of "The Other Space Telescopes". Most intriguing presentation! So sorry I was late and missed the first fifteen minutes. Really, the best part of this World Con was the science programming.

The masquerade was short, but entertaining. There were a few outstanding costumes, but in general I felt I had seen better. There were a couple of innovative ideas I would like to pass on to other masquerade directors. Chicon arranged for the participants to "show" their costumes to the blind. For photographers, the costumers were paraded out on stage to pose at left, centre, and right of the stage. Brilliant!



Best in show presentation, and best in show workmanship



The fan-eds met for lunch at the Bistro in the Hyatt Regency. I really like meeting up with these folks! So articulate and funny. Chris Garcia was notably absent, but he was kept very busy during the convention running the fanzine lounge.



*Astronaut, Story Musgrave*



*Crown Fountain*

Stroll with the Stars has become a tradition recently. I strolled out on Sunday morning along with Story Musgrave, John Scalzi, Joe and Gay Halderman. We strolled through Millennium Park and had fun at Cloud Gate, AKA the Bean. I'd seen it before when I walked through the park to the Art Institute, but it's worth seeing more



*Cloud Gate, group shot of strollers*



than once. It's impressive, pictures don't do it justice. The Crown Fountain with the faces is very strange, but it was fun to see the kids splashing in the water. A few "big kids" were splashing, too!

Finally in Chicago with time to spend exploring, Yolande and I went on field trips before and after the con. At the Field Museum, we said hello to Sue, walked among Extreme Mammals, and discovered that Ghengis Khan was much more than a conquering tyrant. The Art Institute, oh my! I couldn't believe I was standing right in front of American Gothic. And Georgia O'Keef, the Impressionists, the textiles! Chagall's fantastic stained glass! I could have spent more time there.

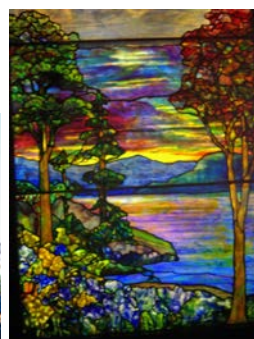
Speaking of time, we spent a lot of it on boats. We took a water taxi back from the Field Museum, getting a good view of the harbour and all the sail boats. Several companies offered architectural tours on the



*Water taxi-great way to commute!*



*Navy Pier*



*Tiffany window*



*Hello, Sue!*



*One panel of Chagall's America window.*



*American Gothic*

river; we settled on Wendella and were very happy with the good humoured and knowledgeable guide. The highlight, though, was the three-hour evening cruise on the tall ship Windy. Magnificent view of the fireworks over the pier and the very nearly full blue moon in the rigging! A couple of sailors regaled us with sea shanties, and I got to haul the mainsail up, to my eternal joy. (No, we didn't find Gilligan's Island - I knew you'd ask that!)

The Shedd Aquarium was a disappointment. Some of the tanks were very large, but others had fish in them that barely had room to turn around. I felt sorry for the sea lion, stuck in a cage no bigger than my bathroom. The dolphins had nothing to do but swim around in circles. Modern aquariums know enough to provide sea mammals with toys. And what on earth was the red-eared turtle doing in the Amazon?? That's a long way from the Mississippi! The jellyfish exhibit was very much hyped all over Chicago, but it was more for kids, even if quite informative. With kids running about, it was hard to really appreciate the graceful ballet of the tentacled jellies.

We spent a lot of time on Navy Pier, mainly because they had two galleries of stained glass, and I took more pictures of stained glass than anything else the whole week. I went through the Smith Museum of stained glass three times and left my heart there with Tiffany, Lafarge, Belcher and others. It was so odd to have open museums in a carnival space, but in retrospect it's one excellent way to bring art to the people who might otherwise never get to see it.

Next year's World Con will be Lonestar 3 in San Antonio. Too hot and humid for me, I'll save my money for London in 2014.





MAY

MonSFFA's May meeting was our last before the summer break and took place on the 27th. Featured were Sylvain St-Pierre's look at costume design in sci-fi and Josée Bellemare's appreciation of the Muppets' wacky science fictional outings. Attendance was healthy and those present very much appreciated the comfortable couches and armchairs of the alternate function room into which



we were booked as our usual room was unavailable. We are toying with making this alternate room our regular meeting space.

Sylvain was first up and Impulse takes this opportunity to apologise for the erroneous outline of his presentation published in the "Events Column" of our last issue. We mistakenly had Sylvain down for a treatise on masquerade costuming, when in fact, he planned to speak on futuristic costumes as seen in SF/F film, television, and comics. From the silver jumpsuits worn by space men and women in the classic Flash Gordon and Buck

Rogers exploits of the 1930s to the form-fitting body armour donned by the superheroes of current blockbuster movies, Sylvain screened numerous images while tracing the influences and many different styles developed for the "Wardrobes of Tomorrow" represented in our favourite sci-fi adventures over the years. Pretty cool stuff!

Following the mid-meeting break, Josée shared with the group her admiration for the sci-fi parody hilariously realized by the lovable Muppets. The well-known, Star-Trekish Pigs in Space skits are particular favourites, if the opinions of the assembled MonSFFen are to be taken as a barometer. Popular, too, are the scientific misadventures of Dr. Bunsen Honeydew and his hapless lab assistant, Beaker.



Time allowed for a period of open discussion; we speculated on what film projects might be upcoming in the wake of The Avengers and other of this year's hit movies.

Thanks to our two presenters and all of the usual suspects.  
*Photo credit: Sylvain St-Pierre.*

JUNE



Identities explores through the prism of Star Wars' archetypal characters the factors that shape our personalities. About 15 MonSFFen gathered in the lobby of the Science Centre at noon Sunday, June 10. Our scheduled entry was delayed by a half hour but was worth the wait.



Featured is a marvelous selection of Star Wars costumes, props, models, and artwork culled from the Lucasfilm Archives. Many



of the iconic costumes and superbly detailed shooting models of the spaceships that appear in the two Star Wars trilogies were on display, as well as life-sized props and original pre-production drawings, sketches, illustrations, and mock-ups produced by a variety of remarkable artists as the movies were developed. These pre-production items

were of great interest and among them were illustrator Ralph McQuarrie's original concept paintings, employed by George Lucas to convey to studio chiefs and others his vision for the first and subsequent Star Wars films. As folk moved through the exhibit, an interactive "game" allowed them to fashion their own



Star Wars character by selecting various aspects of those factors that influence our individual development as people, beginning in childhood and continuing into our adult years. A visual representation of each visitor's Star Wars alter ego could be viewed on a



large screen as one exited the exhibition area.

Identities, running throughout the summer, is an outstanding exhibit well worth the price of admission, especially of course, for Star Wars fans.

We thank club president Berny Reischl for booking this wonderful group outing.

*Photo credits: Bernard Reischl & Sylvain St-Pierre*

*Can you pass on Isis' comment on the exhibition?*

*When exiting the museum, she exclaimed, "That was INCREDIBLE!". She loved it as much as (if not more – she's not sure) the Indiana Jones exhibit. She quickly purchased a Light Saber and has asked to see all the movies (sigh). – Linzi*

## JULY



The club's annual summer barbecue took place this year under a hot sun on Sunday, July 22, in an uncharacteristically quiet Parc



Angrignon. Largely absent were the often boisterous youth groups and families that usually populate this expansive common in suburban Lasalle on summer weekends. On this particular day, MonSFFA was one of only a handful of encampments enjoying a

summer cook-out in the park. Thus were the surroundings a little quieter than usual, which was fine, and the park's picnic tables in abundant supply. And, we were able to claim a prime spot under a copse of shady trees, which proved advantageous as the midday sun blazed and the temperature rose, mitigated just slightly by a light breeze.

Perhaps it was the heat that kept people away speculated the dozen-plus MonSFFen gathered, or some of the festivals and parades going on downtown. Whatever the reason, our group certainly enjoyed the quieter, less crowded ambiance as we lunched, quaffed cold drink, and enjoyed each other's company.



Keith Braithwaite and Mark Burakoff prevailed in a trivia contest, winning DVD copies of the Morgan Spurlock documentary Comic-Con – Episode IV: A Fan's Hope.

As the afternoon drew to a close, a few were doused by water balloon, then we all packed up and headed home, another successful MonSFFA summer barbecue concluded.

The summer siesta continued for MonSFFen the following weekend as Wayne Glover hosted his annual backyard pool party.

*Photo credit: Sylvain St-Pierre*

## AUGUST

After a mid-summer break, MonSFFA's monthly meeting schedule resumed on August 19th, welcoming a good crowd for what has become something of an August custom these past few years: the club's annual crafting workshop. MonSFFen are encouraged to bring in a variety of sci-fi-themed craft projects that each may be working on and share their particular knowledge of their chosen craft with fellow club members. Types of crafting are outlined, techniques are demonstrated, and folks given the opportunity to try their hand at things.



In past years we've collectively learned about digital illustration and photo retouching; the techniques applied to scale model-building; how to fold origami dragons, aliens, and spaceships; of the various popular wool-and-thread crafts like knitting and cross-stitching, of scrapbooking, dollar-store jewellery-making, and a lot more. Some crafts are simple and quick, others more challenging. All are fun!

Of the "more challenging" variety this year was the production of stained glass art. Cathy Palmer-Lister gave a detailed lesson on this hobby. With examples on hand for perusal, Cathy charted in a

PowerPoint presentation the processes involved, fielding many a question as she spoke.

Keith Braithwaite and young Isis Redmond, meanwhile, each offered a "simple and quick" demonstration of papercraft. Keith wrapped coloured construction paper around cardboard toilet paper rolls to fashion stylized superheroes. Isis drew then cut out various paper figures and glued them to Popsicle sticks to easily create hand puppets.

In addition, Berny Reischl offered a primer on using Cloud Computing to store and later conveniently retrieve for presentation digital artwork or photos.

Added to the agenda this year was a segment on sci-fi collecting. Club members joined in a general discussion of collecting such things as science fiction books, comics, and action figures. A quick show of hands revealed that almost everyone in the room had at least one collection of some kind, and often several. The joys of collecting interesting sci-fi treasures were talked about, as were the pitfalls. Those collecting for the love of a particular thing as opposed to those collecting for profit were compared, and it was noted, are not always mutually exclusive. Novices were warned off anything that was labelled "collectible". Such items are not nearly as rare as one might be led to believe, and almost certainly will not accrue much in value. Truly rare and valuable items are those usually a number of years old but still in excellent condition that were not produced with the collectibles



market in mind. Certain space-themed toys of the 1960s, like the Major Matt Mason series or G.I. Joe's Mercury astronaut and capsule were cited as examples.

A few folk brought in items from, or photos of their collections and took a few minutes to talk about what they collect and why, how many items are contained in the collection and which pieces are the rarest, most valuable, were most difficult to acquire, and so on. Isis Redmond proudly showed her Hello Kitty sticker collection, holding up the book in which she had pasted her stickers for all to see. She collected these because she likes the colourful characters.

Keith Braithwaite brought in his collection of 12 unique Star Wars drink cups, each with the large sculpted head of one of the Phantom Menace characters serving as the cup's cover. These were given out in conjunction with the release of the film and were available for a very limited time at three different fast food outlets, each franchise offering four of the promotional cups. When Keith discovered that one of the franchises had no restaurants in Québec, he told of driving to Plattsburgh, New

York, weekly for a month in order to be sure to complete his collection! He had a lot more free time and disposable income back then.

Lastly, François Ménard screened photos of his collection of Masters of the Universe toy action figures, which includes a couple of uncommon villains. These he has picked up over the years and began collecting because of his fondness for the fantasy-adventure TV show he enjoyed as a youngster. François noted that his collection remains incomplete in that the rare figures he is missing are simply too expensive to purchase today, highlighting one of the unfortunate pitfalls of collecting, particularly for completists. Toy producers, it was posited, take advantage of those collectors who insist on obtaining every figure in a line by releasing several different versions of the same figure, changing only the costume or accessories.

A cult film screening immediately preceded the meeting. Our thanks to all participants!

*Photo credits: Bernard Reischl*



## *Stained Glass Workshop*





### Cathy Palmers-Lister's workshop on stained glass.

by  
ROLLIE POLLIE MonSFFA Roving Reporter

Everybody raved about Cathy's workshop. Well ... I say everyone!



Alice, before the workshop



Alice AFTER the workshop!

*So that's where all my bandaids went! – Cathy*

### Star Wars Identities!

Click the pictures to learn more



AKA Lynda Pelley



AKA Dom Durocher



AKA Wayne Glover

Please send me <[cathypl@sympatico.ca](mailto:cathypl@sympatico.ca)> the links to your identity so I can add them to WARP 84.

