

WARP 81

WINTER 2011-2012

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On the Cover

Crash landing! Photo and artwork by
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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.

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JANUARY 22, 2012

Club Elections * MonSFFA Radio Show Progress report
How Sci Fi was cool when I was 8 and is it cool now
that I am MUCH older (*Open discussion*)

FEBRUARY 19, 2012

MonSFFA "Commercials" progress report
That's not the star we were looking for – Star hopping with Cathy
Top 50 Sci-Fi movies (*Keith Braithwaite*)

MARCH 25, 2012

Sci Fi Fantasy music and sound (*François Ménard*)
Open Discussion – topic to be determined by audience

APRIL 22, 2012

Disabilities in SF (*Danny Sichel*) * Laws of Cartoon
Physics (*Joe Aspler*) * Bake Sale / Fund Raiser

MAY 27, 2012

Sci-Fi Fashion show (*Sylvain St-Pierre*)
Muppets in Space; Sci-Fi parody in television comedy
(*Josée Bellemare*)

JUNE 10, 2012

Field Trip: Star Wars Exhibition in the Old Port

July 22, 2012

MonSFFA BBQ (Angrignon Park)
Rain date the following Sunday

August 19, 2012

Collectibles: Displays and open discussion
SF/F Craft Workshops

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

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Hi Cathy,

Many congratulations on the Canadian Fanzine Fanac Award. As an occasional contributor to *Warp*, an erstwhile columnist for the Hugo-winning *Drink Tank* and the person responsible for most of the headings used by the latest Nova-winner, *Head*, I don't feel entirely left out of the past year's victory dances.

Whilst Keith Braithwaite is right to identify the debt J J Abrams' *Super 8*

owes to early Spielberg (particularly *E.T.*), the homage is much wider and includes other such 1980s film-makers as Joe Dante (*Explorers*) and Richard Donner (*Goonies*). My own review in *The Fortnightly Fix* closed: "Abrams has so meticulously caught the tone and look of that period, *Super 8* feels as though it's just been lifted out of a time capsule."

Like Carl Phillips, I found *Green Lantern* less than perfect, although much of the opprobrium heaped upon it by various reviewers struck me as excessive, especially considering the sheer awfulness of *The Green Hornet*. Hal Jordan's debut suffered from having to cram in far too much backstory (it might have been wiser to introduce the full GL Corps in a sequel, despite the inevitable complaints from the comic's fans), but I felt the script's greatest error was going for two separate climatic battles, making the final 10 minutes or so seem redundant. Quite how the budget for a largely CGI'd movie could run up to US\$200m I can only put to Hollywood's Wizard-of-Oz accountancy (as one producer opined in the 1970s to a screenwriter I know, studios preferred to finance a single \$10m film than 10 \$1m projects because "you can't steal \$1m from a \$1m movie"), but

Green Lantern only grossed \$220m from its theatrical release and any sequel is likely to stay in development hell till the DVD receipts are in.

Kind regards,

Steve Green

Hi, Steve!

Good to hear from you again. Thanks for the congratulations, and congrats to you as well. I enjoy reading the *Fortnightly Fix*, which Beryn puts up on our trading post, <http://www.monsffa.com/monsffahtml/tradingpost.html>

I don't think we have received one since #26, so I hope we are not losing them to cyberspace. I laughed at your comments about the Mayan calendar. I really wonder sometimes what some folks have for brains. Obviously, when you get to the end of the calendar, you run out and buy a new one. Or in the case of the Mayans, *carve* a new one.

Cheers!

Cathy



Dear Cathy:

Thank you for yet another issue of Warp...it's hard to believe you've hit issue 80. I have some comments ready to go, I just need to type them up and get them to you. Good news to start off with...

I can finally announce that I do have full-time hours in the daytime. I am a freelancer at a large advertising agency in Mississauga, just a short transit ride away. I work as a proofreader there, proofing all kinds of food packaging. I have had to put my voicework career on hold for right now, but that's okay. I still have my evening work at the Globe and Mail, so I am quite busy through the week, and we can enjoy a little financial recovery.

I hope the CFF Awards Graeme Cameron started will continue, and that others will win them. The circle of potential winners is fairly small, for not many of us are involved in fanzines, clubzines or other fannish publications. All in this circle should have the chance for a little feelgood. I believe the homemade trophies will soon be on the way to us, as soon as Graeme recovers from a serious hernia operation. Recover soon!

Also, greetings to Garth Spencer, and he's got some good work to help the finances as well. Could 2012 finally be a good year for us? Looks very good so far, fingers crossed...

I believe there was an 11th SF reference on the CFF Award certificates. Maybe not SF, but definitely fannish. Tintin the astronaut's backpack should be air tanks, but it is actually a Gestetner copier.

We in Toronto know the pain of losing a planetarium, especially one we'd had for so long, the McLaughlin Planetarium. At least Montréal is getting a new one. Toronto never did, and probably never will. The McLaughlin was closed in 1995, the space obtained by the University of Toronto and left to languish as office space and general storage, and eventually, the Zeiss projector was sold to York University for \$1. Given our current age of austerity, I doubt we'll ever get another facility like that one, unless there's a corporation out there with money to burn.

My next movie purchase will be the

Oscar-winning movie Hugo. I see few movies, and buy fewer DVDs, but for me, Hugo is a keeper. I even nominated it for a ... Hugo Award. I think it will win for many reasons, not the least being the coincidence of the name.

The John Carter movie...there's a huge four-storey tall ad for this movie on the side of a building just north of the Globe and Mail head offices. Photos 13 and 14 remind me of the timeturner of the early Harry Potter movies, or even the alethiometer of The Golden Compass. I have barely sampled ERB's John Carter of Mars series over the years, mostly because I never really liked the barbarian type of fantasy, like the Conan stories. This movie really doesn't appeal to me, but I hope it does well.

Awards...we've sent in our nominations for the FAAns and the Hugos. Even with the Auroras handed out just a few months ago, nominations for the next batch are due at the end of the month for the next CanVention at the 2012 When Words Collide in Calgary. Wish we could go.

Ad Astra 2012 is coming up next month, and I hope people will be coming down to Toronto to enjoy the convention...Yvonne and I have no responsibilities other than to enjoy ourselves. Other events coming up...we are hosting a full afternoon tea at a great tea room elsewhere in Etobicoke, coming up near the end of April, and we are about one-third sold. Then, in late June, Adam Smith is staging a steampunk street fair called Steam on Queen, a free event at historic Campbell House, right downtown at Queen St. W. and University Avenue. We plan to take a 10'x10' booth area, and sell our wares to not only the local steampunk crowds, but to anyone who walks in off the street to see what we've got for sale. We're praying for sunny skies, for we will be outside, and we have to buy or borrow an open tent to shade us and what we have to sell. If everything works out, it should be a great day.

I must get a Tale from the Convention! to you for the next issue, and I've written myself a note as a reminder. Many thanks, and perhaps see you sometime this spring or summer?

Yours, Lloyd Penney.

Dear Lloyd,

What good news about your job! So many are unemployed, yet we keep hearing that companies are hiring again. I guess it depends on your field.

About the CFF awards, I believe it is Graeme's intention to disqualify winners for a year, to let others have a chance. I believe this is a very good idea, and I hope he goes through with it. If I am not in the running next year, perhaps I can give him a hand with the awards. There are more zines being published than I was aware of before Graeme's initiative. The Auroran Lights, also published by Graeme, is another great project, and I have been collecting and binding them.

I remember when the McLaughlin closed- it was much talked about in the RASC mailing list, and many from the Toronto Centre are still grieving. I was at the Biodome recently and saw our new Planetarium under construction. It will be quite wonderful! I heard on the radio something about observing while leaning back on beanbags. I just wish they had kept the Dow open until the opening of the new one.

I'm not one for movie-going either, so little on screen is of interest to me. I'm not into comics and gaming, so that eliminates a lot of films, and previews I see of new movies seem to be all special effects and violence while I am most interested in character than plot.

I am most definitely going to Ad Astra, and this year I will not be spending all my time behind a table promoting Con*Cept. For once, I will actually get to see the Guests of Honour! I wish I could go to Convention, I have heard good reviews of When Words Collide, but my budget is already spent on World Con in Chicago.

Someone told me that Steampunk was a passing fad, but I see no signs of this "fad" fading at all in the near future. MonSFFan "Pete" Pettit is sending me a review of a steampunk convention he attended in Atlanta which will appear in next issue of WARP if not this one.

Thanks for the Tale from the Convention, I do enjoy reading them .



Star Dracula: Part VI

François Ménard

***The story so far:** When the Jump-gates failed, worlds colonized by humanity were isolated until the invention of the super-light drive. Ships from New London are re-establishing contact with other worlds, one of them being the HCSS Demeter, captained by Jonathan Harker, just arrived in the Carpathian system.*

First-Contact Op, Thomas Renfield is sent down to the planet, but crash lands. IGOR takes him to "Master" who introduces himself as Dracula, and explains that an IGOR is an Iso-Genetic Organic Robot.

While he sleeps, Dracula poisons Renfield's mind against Captain Harker. Fearing for his life, Renfield escapes in the lander, but Dracula is displeased. Renfield is told he was to have waited, and that he would never be free.

Worried when there is no word from Renfield, Harker drops down to the planet to search for him. Dracula welcomes him with drugged wine. When he awakes, Harker is unable to contact Renfield or the ship, and he sprains his ankle while trying to escape the mansion in the dark.

Renfield is running amok on the Demeter and another lander is lost in an attempt to rescue Harker. The first officer orders the launch of an emergency survival pod, hoping Harker will find it, and heads for home.

Six weeks later, the Demeter was on a collision course with the planet Piccadilly, and Harker was still lost on Carpathia. Rescuers found the Demeter's crew all dead of sudden blood loss, except for a delirious Renfield. Carpathia is declared quarantined until the cause is found, but Mina, Lucy and Dr Seward are determined to rescue Harker.

The Lost Hope Bar was one of the worst dives on Carfax's lower levels, but it was favoured by most of the independent trade ship captains while on station. Being unpopular and having the reputation it did, only people looking to discreetly charter a ship went there, which was, in truth, the only reason it had its reputation in the first place. All her time with Carfax Security, Lucy had not once heard of any incidents occurring here, official or otherwise. Quincy had explained that while not always legal, the dealing that went on there didn't bother or hurt anyone, so an understanding had been reached. An understanding Lucy was about to bend.

Even without her uniform, Lucy knew she had been recognized. All eyes were on her the moment she entered and stayed on her. The barman called over, "How can we help you, officer?"

"No 'officer' here tonight, Hobbs. Just plain old businesswoman looking to hire a ship." she said as nonchalantly as possible. About half the people there seemed to accept her reason for being here, those already involved in business of their own. From the other half that eyed her either menacingly or warily, Lucy found one to be very unusual. He was tall, darkly handsome with long black hair tied back in a severe ponytail. But it was his eyes that fascinated Lucy. While everyone else looked at her with hostility or fear, his gaze was friendly, inviting, and Lucy found, quite captivating. She was halfway to him when she realized he wasn't the reason she had come here. Even if he was captain of a ship she needed someone she knew and could trust.

Coming to her senses, she looked around the room and found just the person she was looking for in a booth on the far side. She headed over and sat herself opposite a rather large woman with short grey hair and a prosthetic right eye dressed in a loose fitting utility overall. "Hello, Julia," she greeted.

"Well, well, well... What do we have here?" asked the heavy set older woman jokingly, "This ain't exactly your neck of the woods anymore, Lucy." Lucy had known Julia Anders from the wild days of her youth. Julia was an independent trader who was known for having more than her share of "good times". Which

always took her crew by surprise as while in space, she was the epitome of discipline. Though never truly friends, Lucy and Julia had had more than a little fun and gotten into more than a little trouble together.

"I need a favour, Julia, a big one." Lucy said conspiratorially.

"Favours are fine, Lucy, but this place is for business." replied Julia disapprovingly.

"It's a business favour I need, and one I'll be paying for."

"Well, in that case, I'm all ears."

Lucy explained the situation with Jonathan Harker and her friend Mina Murray. She kept the details of what happened to the Demeter intentionally vague. Everyone knew something had happened and that the crew was dead, but thankfully most of the more gruesome details had been withheld. "So, Julia, can you help us?"

"Well, Sugar, that depends." Lucy slid over a data board over the table. On it was a large down payment as well as an even bigger promise of payment upon return to Crafax Station. Julia looked it over and tucked it into one of her utility pockets. "The ship will be ready to launch in two days. I'll have an exact departure time tomorrow. Meet me back here at eight o'clock."

"Thanks, Julia. I owe you."

"Sugar, what you pay is what you owe. We'll go find this Jonathan friend of yours and once the second payment goes through, we're even, as always."

"Thanks again, Julia. Just one more thing, who is the new guy with the long dark hair and strange robe in the back?" asked Lucy expectantly.

"Who?" replied Julia seemingly mystified.

"The tall, dark, handsome..." Lucy's voice trailed off as she looked where the man had been only to find him gone. Lucy was certain she would have noticed him leave but obviously she hadn't "Never mind," she continued, "Looks like he left."

"I thought you and Mister High and Mighty were—" Lucy cut her off.

“Not that it’s your business, but yes, we are. There was just something... We’ll see you tomorrow, then, at eight.” Julia nodded and Lucy got up and headed on her way to tell Mina the good news.

The station was rather dark in this part of the lower levels. Vandals were well paid by certain less savoury individuals to keep it that way, leaving only one in five of the interior lights working. Maintenance refused to fix them, so it was pretty much always dark down here.

It had never bothered Lucy before, in fact she rather liked it

Lucy found herself unable to speak or even move, she could do nothing but stare helplessly into those strange eyes.

in her youth but something seemed odd this time, out of place. As she quickly walked through the dark maze of corridors she thought she heard someone whisper her name. Every so often she heard it, a whisper, as though it was coming from directly in front of her, beckoning her, but there was no one there. After a while she realized something she thought was impossible, she was lost. She knew this station inside out, top to bottom having grown up here. True, many of the corridors in this area looked the same, especially in the dark, but she had made her way to the Lost Hope without difficulty. How could she have lost her way going back? She looked around, trying to get her bearings but nothing seemed familiar and there was no one else in this part of the station. Finally she just picked a direction and went, she would have to find something or someone eventually.

She wasn’t sure how long she had been walking without finding a single person or comm station. Regretting not having brought her own personal comm she turned a corner and there he was, the tall, dark, handsome stranger with hypnotic eyes from the bar. She had nearly walked right into him and when she looked up to apologize and ask for directions, she couldn’t find the words. Those eyes of his seemed to almost reach out and hold her. Lucy found herself unable to speak or even move, she could do nothing but stare helplessly into those strange eyes. Perhaps strangest of all, Lucy felt neither fear nor worry concerning this. The stranger took her shoulders in his hands and leaned in closer to her. She suddenly felt her eyelids become incredibly heavy. Part of her wondered at her lack of fear and worry as she closed her eyes. She felt him take her in his arms, his lips on her neck. A sudden, sharp pain then a feeling of pure ecstasy washed over her as everything went dark.

Mina waited patiently in her quarters. Part of her wished she had gone with Lucy, but she had insisted on going alone. They both knew how dangerous the lower levels could be, and that had been each others’ argument, Mina wanting to accompany her, Lucy insisting on going alone for the same reason. In the end, Lucy had won, as she always did. Now she was a half hour late and Mina began to worry. She considered calling Quincy or even Arthur but bringing them into it would mean explaining why Lucy was down there in the first place, at that would put an end to any hope she had for getting a ship to save Jonathan. In the end, Mina decided to try and find Lucy on her own. Getting her personal comm and pre-recording a message for Quincy just in case, she left and headed for the central station lift.



Though she never spent as much time down here as Lucy, Mina had grown up on this station just as Lucy had. She knew the layout just as well as Lucy did, maybe even better as she had worked with station maintenance dispatch in the past and needed to know and study the station’s schematics and configuration. She also knew of the Lost Hope and its reputation.

Mina had gotten off the lift and was halfway to the bar when she heard a voice moaning off to her left. Thinking it only lovers in the night she quickly headed on and tried to ignore it but there was something familiar about the moaning. She couldn’t be sure but it almost sounded like Lucy! Mina went to investigate, trying to remain in the shadows and out of sight in case she were wrong. Her thoughts drifted to again to Jonathan. How she ached for him. How she wished he had returned. She wouldn’t be searching for Lucy, she would be with him, making those sounds herself instead of trying to discreetly find their source.

Turning a corner she saw two figures embracing in the dark. Sure enough, it had been lovers. She watched for a moment then went to go back around the corner and head towards the bar when one of the figures, the taller one, suddenly looked up straight at her. Its face was deathly pale and its eyes blazing red. A thick, dark liquid dripped from its mouth. It said something in a low, deep, hissing voice, Mina couldn’t make it out she suddenly felt dizzy and disoriented. The tall, pale figure seemed to simply vanish, and the other collapsed to the floor. After a few moments Mina blinked her eyes and shook her head, trying to shake off the strange dizzying disorientation from her mind, and rushed to the collapsed figures side. It was Lucy. She was pale and seemed cold to the touch. Mina took her in her arms and called to her. Lucy stirred gently and moaned softly. Mina pulled out her comm but Lucy put a hand over it before she could activate it.

“If they find us here, we’ll have to explain.” Lucy’s voice was weak and cracking.


“We’ll come up with something. Lucy, you need help. What happened?” Mina asked in near hysteria trying unsuccessfully to pry the comm loose of Lucy’s grasp.

“I’m fine, Mina. I just got turned around down here. Really, I’m fine. Please, just help me to my quarters, I just need to rest.” Lucy’s voice was still weak, but the cracking had subsided. Whether out of effort on Lucy’s part or her actually recovering, Mina couldn’t tell.

“But Lucy, who was that... I mean how did you...” Mina’s voice trailed off. The more she tried to think about what had just happened, the vaguer her memory of it seemed to become. Almost as if the memory itself was slippery, the harder she tried to hold it the more it seemed to escape her.

“I just felt dizzy is all. Guess I fainted and fell. Please, Mina, just take me home.” Lucy insisted.

“Alright, Lucy. Let’s get you home and into bed.” Mina took Lucy’s arm over her shoulder and lifted her up off the floor, “We can talk about it later tomorrow.” And the two women made their way back to the central lift. As they did a mist like vapour seemed to seep out of the shadows behind them and move off on its own in the opposite direction.



The next morning, Lucy awoke to find Mina slumped over the side of her bed, asleep. Rather than return to her own quarters she had stayed to watch over her friend. Lucy ran her fingers through Mina's short brown hair and called to her softly. Mina stirred suddenly, jolting into wakefulness. She took Lucy's hand and smiled. "Are you alright?" she asked anxiously.

"Good morning to you, too," replied Lucy in a sarcastic tone, "Yes, I'm fine. You didn't have to stay the night, you know."

"Yes, I did. You gave me an awful fright last night. Do you remember what happened?" Mina continued, still worried about her friend.

"Not really," Lucy answered, "I was on my way back when I felt dizzy. I somehow got lost and I guess I passed out. There must've been some kind of gas leak or something..."

"Yes, come to think of it, I felt dizzy and disoriented as well. That must have been it. Maybe we should take you to medical, just in case."

"I'm fine, Mina. Besides, they have more important things to do at medical. Speaking of which, good news, I found us a ship." Lucy still seemed unusually pale and cold to the touch, Mina thought even as she smiled at Lucy's news. "We leave tomorrow, I'll find out the exact time tonight."

"That's wonderful, Lucy. But maybe I should go with you tonight."

"Don't be silly, I'll be fine. I'll take the long way around just to be safe. Besides, there are some people down there that might recognize who you are, and things might get out of hand."

"You're the security officer, Lucy. Even if they did recognize me, though I can't imagine how, what would they want with me?" Mina asked incredulously.

"Access codes, shipping data, station procedures... I am the security officer here, Mina, trust me, it's safer for everyone, including me, if I go alone. I should probably get ready for my rounds, do we have time for our run?"


Mina couldn't believe what she just heard. She thought she was going to work after last night. And take their morning run "Lucy, are you mad? You're not running today and you're not going in to work, either. Comm Quincy, tell him you're not feeling well or I'll tell him everything."

"Mina, I can't just 'call in sick'. I have duties, responsibilities—" Mina cut her off in mid sentence.

"Oh really? And how were you planning to come with me then? That's twelve weeks, at least. I don't know what you were planning to say or do about that, but one day more or less won't change much." Lucy had to admit, she had a point.

"Okay, okay. I'll comm Quincy and take my leave a day early, but I'm going to get our departure time myself, and don't argue that point. You'll have six weeks to look after me once that's done."

"Alright, but you get plenty of rest today. I'll be back before you head out, and if you're more than five minutes late, I'm coming after you." After Lucy agreed, Mina head out and started for her quarters. She had some packing to do and things to take care of before they left.




That night, Lucy returned to the Lost Hope, met with Julia, got all the necessary information, and was back in her

quarters ten minutes earlier than the time she and Mina had agreed upon. Truth be told, Lucy had been feeling lethargic most of the day and once she had passed on the departure time, noon station time, to Mina, she headed off to bed after seeing Mina home.

As she slept, Lucy dreamed she could hear that strange voice whispering her name again. "Lucy," it called to her, over and over. When she opened her eyes she could see a thick, white mist all over her quarters. A face, then a body, emerged from the mist. It was him. That tall, dark, handsome stranger with those strange eyes. Now they seemed red and even more compelling. Lucy dreamed she removed her blanket and opened the collar and front of her sleep-suit. The snug, insulated material pulled back, revealing her neck, shoulders, and cleavage. He leaned over her and bared his left forearm. With one of his long, sharp, pointed fingernails he cut himself and held his arm above Lucy's face. His blood dripped into her mouth. Lucy was horrified, she wanted to wake up, but couldn't. The taste of blood in her mouth made her want to vomit but for some reason she couldn't help herself, she drank it. She was horrified and disgusted, but swallowed every crimson drop that fell into her mouth.

Thankfully, the blood soon stopped dripping from the now closed wound. His flesh seemed to heal itself right before her eyes. Then, caressing her intimately he leaned in closer. She tilted her head back and to the side, felt his lips on her throat, a sharp yet fleeting pain, and her disgust and loathing was instantly replaced with ecstasy. She then felt herself drift back into unconsciousness.

The next morning, Mina arrived at Lucy's quarters to find the door still locked. Had she not awakened yet? Mina thought to herself. She used the access code Lucy had given her years ago and the door opened. She found Lucy sprawled out, half naked, on her bed with her blanket laying on the floor. She was deathly pale, far more than the previous day, and her breathing was a laboured staccato of short, rasping breaths. Mina screamed and ran to the bed. Taking Lucy's head in her arms to elevate it and help her breathing, she found Lucy to be terribly cold. She took up the blanket, covered her, and cradled her head in her arms. When Lucy's breathing was once again slow and even, Mina went to the comm, wishing she had the day before.



Doctor Jack Seward regarded his microscope with frustrated despair. Another tissue sample from another of the victims from the Demeter, and still nothing. No foreign matter, no sign of infection, nothing. It was as if the blood simply vanished. The only clue he could find were twin discoloured marks, like healed over puncture wounds, on nearly all of the cadavers, usually on the throat. He only hoped the specialists coming up the following day would have better luck. The only other clue he had as to what happened was Renfield.

At times Renfield's violent behavior would diminish, or disappear all together. During these periods Doctor Seward would talk with him. His delusions were fascinating and frightening. He was sure something, or someone, had followed him back on the ship. He refused to describe or even name whatever this was, but Jack did notice him refer to it as "Master" from time to time. He always insisted on being set free, but alternated as to why. He would either insist he had to get away from this master of his, or go to it. These calm episodes were few, however. Most of the

time he would throw himself against the padded walls, bite at them, and scream and howl wildly. Doctor Seward wondered if this had happened to everyone on the Demeter.

As he was about to prepare another tissue sample, his personal comm beeped. The call was from Lucy's quarters. His heart skipped a beat. Part of him knew he should move on, that she would never feel for him the way he did for her. His psycho-medical training told him it was unhealthy, for both her and him, but he just couldn't let her go. He activated his comm and was surprised to hear Mina's voice.

"Doctor Seward, it's Lucy, she's sick. I need help, please." She sounded nearly panicked.

"Mina, what's wrong? Take a deep breath, it's going to be alright, just tell me what happened." He wondered why she hadn't called the emergency comm, why she was calling him on his personal comm. Part of him was secretly glad she had though. If anything happened to Lucy, he didn't know what he would do, but he did know he would do anything for her.

"She's... It's difficult to explain, just come to her quarters, please." He could hear her sobbing between her words.

"I'm on my way, Mina, everything's going to be alright." And he closed the comm and left medical, leaving his staff to handle the maddening mystery of the Demeter.

When he arrived, Mina answered him at the door. "What's all this then?" he asked.

Mina explained the situation and what happened. She told him everything, about Lucy's efforts to get them a ship, the strange occurrence when she went to find her two nights ago though she still had difficulty recalling exactly what happened. She then brought him to see Lucy.

She was sitting in bed, still in her sleep suit. His breath caught in his throat as it always did every time he saw her. She was so beautiful, he thought to himself, even though she was deathly pale. "Hello, Lucy," he greeted her as he walked over and sat at the corner of her bed, "Mina tells me you had a bad night last night, and something happened to the both of you the night before. Care to talk about it?" He took her wrist and checked her pulse. It was weak, and her heart rate was unusually slow. He smiled as though nothing was wrong.

"It was nothing, just a nightmare." Mina noticed her voice had regained some strength.

"So tell me about this nightmare then." he asked as he continued to examine her, checking her pupil dilation as he activated his medical scanner.

"I honestly don't remember, Jack. I'm fine, honest. I'm already on leave, I'll just take some time off and..." She watched as Doctor Seward examined her and a mischievous grin grew on her face, "You're enjoying this, aren't you?" she joked, trying to reassure him.

"Lucy," he said, his voice a combination of embarrassment and scorn, "Please, I'm here as your doctor." He continued as he

checked his med-scan readings. "Well, I'd like to run a few tests--"

"I'm sure you would," Lucy interrupted as she winked at him.

"But," he took a deep breath, trying unsuccessfully not to let her rattle him, "I want you to take complete rest for the next few days. I'll be letting Quincy know you're now on medical leave, just in case you change your mind and try going back to work. I'll also be putting you on a high iron diet for the time being. Now try and get some rest, I'll be back to see you tomorrow."

"Jack," Lucy was suddenly serious, "Don't tell Arthur. Please. At least not until Mina's gone, if I haven't gotten better by then, of course."

Doctor Seward took another deep breath, looked back and forth between Lucy and Mina, and nodded, "All right, I will. Besides, you're on leave anyways and since it doesn't endanger the station, he doesn't have to know." Lucy smiled at him, a warm, real smile that made his heart melt, and closed her eyes. Jack dimmed the lights and lead Mina into the next room. "I suppose it's useless to try and convince you not to go?" he asked.

"I have to, Jack. Jonathan needs me, I can feel it. It sounds silly, I know, but it's like I know he's alive. I have to find him." Seward was a little taken aback by her resoluteness. He understood how she must feel, imagining how he might feel if Lucy were in Harker's situation. He only wished she felt that way for him.

"If things weren't going so badly in the lab I'd... But I'm afraid I've gotten nowhere figuring out what happened to the Demeter. By the time we figure it out I'm afraid it may be too late for Jonathan. Just promise me you'll take every precaution, and then some."

"I will, and thank you, Jack. Don't forget, I scored even higher in atmospheric flight than Renfield. I'll bring him home safe." She hugged him and went back to check on Lucy. A chill ran up Seward's spine and his gut clenched up. He hoped it was only coincidence, but according to the med-scan. Lucy's symptoms were anaemic.

Mina quietly walked over to Lucy and leaned over her, kissing her softly on her forehead. Lucy opened her eyes and smiled, "Heading off?"

"I hate this, Lucy. I should stay here, you're not well..."

"Go," Lucy insisted, "I only wish I was able to go with you like we planned. You can trust Julia, she runs a very tight ship. Give my love to Jonathan when you find him."

Tears were welling up in Mina's eyes again. As much as being apart from Jonathan hurt, the idea of being apart from her dearest friend for so long, especially with her sudden condition, hurt even more, "I will. And you'd better listen to Jack, and get well by the time we get back." She wiped away her tears, gave Lucy one last hug, and headed for the docking bay.



To be Continued in WARP 82

LES 'COUILLES' DANS L'ESPACE

Marquise ☆

Le lendemain, encore engourdie, j'eus la visite d'un docteur, d'une infirmière et d'un type du gouvernement en train de tenter de me faire remplir un questionnaire et de me cuisiner. Marc passa à temps et après une brève discussion en privé avec le personnel médical, fit sortir l'homme louche aux questions trop idiotes et/ou pointilleuses avec son questionnaire de questions dirigées. Pendant un moment, je cru avoir affaire à un « bon cop, bad cop » où Marc avait le rôle de celui qui devait me mettre en confiance. Cependant, alors que l'autre me laissa en paix, il jeta le questionnaire à l'autre extrémité de la pièce et me demanda de m'habiller en me donnant mes vêtements hors de la penderie. Marc m'attendit derrière le rideau quand avec toute la vitesse de mon corps privé de sa médication, je me changeai. Mais même en prenant mon comprimé, j'aurais eu bien pire symptômes sans nourriture! Cependant, Maxime arriva et je reconnus sa voix. Alors que Marc s'impatientait, il tenta d'expliquer la situation... Je dus vraiment le traduire et cela donna à notre retraité de la Nasa le ton sur lequel toutes nos communications allaient se passer dès lors.

Marc me conduisit à son véhicule où son chauffeur doté d'une caméra vidéo nous prit sur le vif. En arrière, mes dessins et le portable de Maxime saufs dans nos sacs respectifs... Saufs quoiqu'un peu froissés et je me doutais que quelques papiers durent partir au vent. En chemin, Marc ne manqua pas de nous mettre sur la touche sur les derniers développements aérospatiaux quand je comparai avec la réalité tous les scénarios imaginaires possibles et inimaginables qui me passaient par la tête. Certains lui semblaient simplement possibles que par accident, et n'expliquaient pas comment Maxime léguerait son pied à la science dans un futur immédiat; il ne faisait même pas partie d'un groupe de pilotes du programme. La caméra se promena d'un interlocuteur à l'autre en filmant le plus possible avec l'impression de faire l'Histoire. Nous fûmes plus productifs en prises de vues dans la halte routière un peu plus fructueuse en folles théories. Il se passa moins d'une heure pour arriver au quartier général de la NASA. Du moins celui choisit par Marc et qui était bel et bien celui que nous eûmes anticipé entouré seulement par les rues 2 et 3 et entre d'autres alphabétiques et le sentiments que les autoroutes étaient tout près aux portes. Quelques anciens modules et artefacts ou reproductions de l'ère de la conquête spatiale siégeaient fièrement comme monuments là où parfois on poserait plutôt des œuvres d'art. Mais, une fois arrivés, pas le temps pour une visite guidée; Maxime et moi nous portâmes volontaires pour toute une folle batterie de tests.

Prises de sang, test cognitifs, IQ, étude de notre passé, questionnaire, tentative de trouver dans notre environnement d'origine et/ou notre passé quelque anomalie et finalement quelques tests avec les cartes de Zenner. Maxime et moi n'avions que des résultats près de normaux. Selon Marc même, à me voir aller cela devait être mon pied qui se retrouverait en haut même si je sentais qu'il se désagrègerait avant. Marc m'expliqua qu'avec ma santé je ne devais même pas être capable de marcher, que cela ne devait se faire seulement selon ma volonté... que

selon les tests Zenner cela dût être aussi possible même si mon ESP n'était pas si élevée. Je lui répondis que c'était seulement par la volonté de Dieu que je vivais et me tenais debout. Qu'importe l'explication scientifique, il était improbable de tester l'insondable en cette vie matérielle, car nous n'étions qu'humains et destinés à l'erreur. Marc me dit que justement, le pied était une manifestation bel et bien physique sur laquelle travailler. Maxime qui suivait la conversation avec intérêt me fit traduire son intention de justement le voir. Marc nous le déconseilla vivement pour des raisons de sécurité; matériellement, le même objet ne pouvait se trouver deux fois au même endroit à la fois. C'était ce qui provoquait une surenchère sur le mystère et la commotion initiale. Maxime ne comprit pas. Pourquoi devait-il éviter son propre pied? Il était à lui! Marc tenta de son mieux de se plier en quatre pour vulgariser la chose. Ce pied était dans un état où son ongle incarné avait guéri, donc dans un état futur. Je sursautai en traduisant; UN PARADOXE. Marc cliqua des doigts et me pointa comme pour me donner le point. Maxime ne comprenait toujours pas, tandis que Marc se posait des questions sur les origines de mon érudition. Je répondis premièrement à Marc que j'aimais la théorie derrière la science-fiction et deuxièmement à Maxime que c'était mal de se retrouver nez à nez avec son futur soi! Je traduisis pour Marc après l'avoir dit à Maxime que le contact ou la proximité des deux pieds au même endroit pouvaient entraîner le même incident qui a projeté le pied de Maxime dans son passé! En arrivant à la grande salle devant ses collègues, Marc me dit que c'était un résumé très naïf de la situation, mais que la raison était bien la même.

Nous prîmes place et alors que je songeai à glisser mon bâton sous les bancs plusieurs de ces hommes de science en prirent un vif intérêt. Je le leur laissai donc en écoutant leurs spéculations sur le sujet. On installa même une chaise sur la table pour dénuder les pieds actuels de Maxime et essayer de comprendre. Assez rapidement, nous passions sur tout ce qui nous semblait impossible. De la chair résistant au zéro absolu de l'espace, ne présentant aucun dommage apparent aux rayons X et aux UV. Comment l'expliquer? Le voyage dans le temps? Qui à cette table ou en contact avec Maxime aurait développé quelque chose de digne de ce procédé? Comment dans environ trois jours ce pied serait-il dans l'espace? Je m'avançai à un illogisme additionnel, qui ne disait pas que ce pied n'était pas dans l'espace depuis trois jours? Marc me demanda si dès son arrivée à la NASA Maxime devait perdre son pied dans l'espace et en quelque sorte voir ce pied continuer de guérir dans l'espace où toute vie sans support devait être impossible. Dépitée, je me tus. Mais comme les autres le dirent, au moins la question était fort intéressante et l'effort y était! Malheureusement ce n'était que le début des questions; pourquoi un pied seulement? Sans vouloir aller dans le morbide, pourquoi pas toute la personne? Maxime et moi nous nous regardâmes. Mais qu'est-ce qui lui sectionnerait bien un pied dans un futur rapproché et l'enverrait dans l'espace? La réponse, la plus plausible qui se présentât et que l'on accepta, fut qu'une catastrophe d'une puissance telle à tordre les lois de la réalité de l'espace-temps allait arriver sur la Terre. Maxime

l'ayant compris se rechaussa en n'ayant plus de doute; il devait théoriquement mourir dans un avenir rapproché. Avant qu'il ne déguerpisse, je l'avertis que même si nous ne l'avions pas su, son pied allait quand même se retrouver là-haut; que c'était déjà arrivé. Maxime s'emporta que cela ne pourrait arriver si l'on ne lui faisait pas d'expérience sur lui.

Marc défendit ce point de vue qu'il trouvait intéressant. Non qu'il appuyait la théorie de Maxime, mais la fuite ou toute possibilité d'empêcher cet évènement futur de se produire devait être mise en œuvre. Maxime s'arrêta dans le cadre de porte et se retourna incrédule, car il croyait qu'il devait devenir un cobaye dans une expérience de fou. Les autres chercheurs le rassurèrent que la mission de la NASA ne fût pas militaire et qu'ils eussent de l'éthique. Qu'ils ne le retiendraient pas contre son gré! Surtout si cela pouvait – en quelque sorte - empêcher l'apocalypse.

Nous nous mîmes alors à élaborer toute la nuit diverses théories et réviser même celles que je ne connaissais pas. En fait, dont je ne connaissais pas les fondements. Celles dont je comprenais les théories, mais pas les applications ni les formules et chaque calcul me perdaient. Maxime était alors très participatif avec moi, traitant la chose un peu comme les règles abstraites d'un jeu de rôles. Marc approuvait que des non-scientifiques, des artistes se joignissent de si près à eux, car cela jetait un regard neuf à la situation. Einstein appelait l'imagination la plus grande science et Sagan disait qu'avec elle nous pouvions voyager sur des mondes qui n'existaient pas, mais que sans elle nous n'irions nulle part.

Et nous, nous allions de la théorie du chaos et l'effet papillon, à quelque thème quantique relatif au voyage dans le temps. L'effet papillon disait qu'un battement d'ailes raté par un papillon à l'une partie de la terre pouvait déclencher une tempête à l'autre bout du monde. En ce qui concernait la physique quantique nous connaissions tous la théorie d'Einstein qui disait que le temps était relatif et qu'il semblait passer à différentes vitesses selon que nous étions immobiles ou en mouvement. Les sportifs le ressentaient parfois et certaines personnes très sensibles sentaient le temps passer plus vite en vieillissant. Mais était-il vraiment possible de le plier?

Les hommes de science s'étonnèrent de m'entendre dire que oui... en dessin animé! Je comprenais le principe ainsi en simulant la réalité du mouvement dans l'espace et le temps sur des images fixes par tranche de temps préétablie. Quand nous devions donner l'illusion à la caméra de suivre une automobile dessinée passant entre divers niveaux de décors et de suivre un oiseau dans le ciel, nous devions nous arranger pour que les éléments le plus près de la caméra se déplacent plus rapidement, et ceux du fond plus lentement pour simuler l'espace ainsi parcouru. Tous, à l'exception de l'automobile et de l'oiseau qui eux étaient fixes pour aller dans la même direction que la caméra. Cependant, si l'automobile stoppait ou décélérait ainsi que la caméra qui le fixait sans pour autant que l'oiseau ne s'arrête, alors, nous étions subitement visuellement victime d'un effet de fronde de la part de l'oiseau qui sortait hors champ à ce qui semblait la vitesse d'un jet parfois... De même si, tout en roulant encore, l'automobile toujours fixée par la caméra continuait ainsi alors que l'oiseau virait dans le ciel à cent quatre-vingts degrés, l'oiseau alors

semblait aspiré ou soufflé au double sinon au triple de sa vitesse même si elle était pourtant constante. Même principe en centrant sur l'oiseau continuant sa course si l'auto stoppait ou décélérait, il semblait qu'un élastique soudainement tirait violemment sur le véhicule pour l'enlever hors du champ de la caméra. Le seul pouvoir et contrôle que j'avais alors sur le phénomène naturel était de graduellement changer les vitesses; de tricher sur ce qui semblait inesthétique, mais pourtant était naturel. Ce n'était pourtant rien qu'un pouvoir sur des éléments en deux dimensions sur une approximation de réalité pas un contrôle dans la troisième dimension de la quatrième dimension. En fait, l'animation en trois dimensions suivait aussi les mêmes règles, car il ne s'agissait que de réalité virtuelle. Ce qui était ironique à la vérité, car le mot virtuel provenait de Virtue qui signifiait vérité alors qu'au niveau informatique cela était toujours une perception, une interpolation, une interprétation d'une réalité recréée, façonnée ou imaginée de toutes pièces.

Marc sembla impressionné de ma perception de la théorie d'Einstein. Maxime n'arrivait pas à le croire; c'était du domaine de la perception, de l'illusion d'optique. Cependant, plusieurs remirent sur la table la théorie de l'Institut Polytechnique Rensselaer du professeur Mark

Et nous, nous allions de la théorie du chaos et l'effet papillon, à quelque thème quantique relatif au voyage dans le temps.

Changizi qui planchait sur la question du cortex visuel du cerveau humain qui serait prétendument capable de voir dans l'avenir afin de pallier au problème de percevoir la réalité une fraction de seconde après un évènement donné puisque la lumière ne se déplace pas plus rapidement que ce qui se produit! Maintenant, restait à savoir ce qui pouvait bien mettre le pied de Maxime sur un « niveau d'animation » différent de sa réalité... de son « acétate »... En fait, sur deux « acétates » simultanés, si on accepte l'image ainsi portée. Je dirigeai mon imagination vers une solution qui pouvait englober les recherches sur l'antimatière et l'accélération de particules. J'hochai la tête, car un contact direct entre deux choses l'une de matière l'autre d'antimatière provoquerait certainement une telle catastrophe. Cela pouvait-il être suffisant pour tordre l'espace-temps et permettre cet effet de triche dont je parlais pour projeter le pied de Maxime dans le futur... dans le passé? Le pied qu'ils avaient, n'était certainement pas fait d'antimatière puisqu'il avait été en contact avec assez de matière sans avoir provoqué de catastrophe.

Cependant, impossible avec les moyens du bord d'expliquer sa résistance à toute désagrégation stellaire, spatiale et naturelle. Un champ de force sympathique? Une aura antimatérielle? Non, nous tournions en rond encore une fois et un peu plus nous nous sentions dans un épisode de science-fiction populaire mettant en vedette un noble temporel. Nous devions nous acharner peut-être à nos propres limitations humaines et notre capacité à créer des catastrophes naturelles pouvant engendrer celle que nous craignons pour un tel avènement.

Marc se mit à mettre de l'avant tout ce qui devait être méga énergétique soit l'énergie nucléaire qui pouvait à loisir servir à la fois à l'alimentation en électricité ou à détruire. Pessimiste, pour le besoin de la cause, je notai l'incident de Tchernobyl; si un pire incident devait arriver sur la faille de San Andréas par exemple, Dieu sait ce que cela pourrait entraîner. Il y avait aussi

l'armement, une bombe bien placée? Un fou furieux près du bouton rouge? Une guerre courante qui dégénérerait? Sinon, un acte du ciel comme un météore pire que celui qui élimina les dinosaures; on a vu un bref aperçu à Toungouska!

Marc et les chercheurs me remirent les idées en place sur deux choses, à moins de pays sous-développés dont on ignorerait tout des développements nucléaires, tout les projets de centrales nucléaires étaient maintenant supervisés mondialement et les mesures de sécurité révisées à la hausse. Et pour ce qui est de détecter la course des corps célestes, cela était depuis longtemps de leur ressort et, à moins qu'un bolide se déplacerait à une vitesse égalant ou étant supérieure à la lumière, il était certain que d'ici quelques années nous serions saufs. En entendant ces faits, mes mains avaient pris deux positions distinctes, l'une de centrale, l'autre plus haut de bolide – ce qui devait comprendre les comètes et les météores dans ma tête —. Maxime guida celle dans les airs et la fit tomber sur celle qui représentait une centrale en disant que ces deux craintes pouvaient bien ne devenir qu'une seule. Cela nous amena à la théorie qui n'avait pas encore été rejetée, si autre chose qu'un corps céleste nous tombait dessus inopinément, cela serait probablement quelques choses créées de mains humaines et guidées précisément sur des points stratégiques! Mais cela devrait être fait de façon massive sur une échelle mondiale. Une guerre globale! Maxime me rappela qu'après le projet de Guerre Des Étoiles, les États-Unis parlaient maintenant de Skynet. Mon dangereux rire paniqua sur le coup les chercheurs qui ne l'avaient jamais entendu auparavant. Je me justifiai en reprenant mon souffle que nous n'étions pas dans *Terminator* ou une trilogie de George Lucas. Marc cependant, défendit Maxime en expliquant que la soldatesque s'inspirait bel et bien de la culture cinématographique pour trouver ses noms de projets par moment et que, même si non mis sur pied totalement, malheureusement, ce projet devait exactement faire ce qui était initialement prévu dans le film que j'avais en référence... Les cyborgs mis à part!

Nous devîmes plus sérieux; quelque chose devait servir de motif, de déclencheur pour un pareil scénario. Mais quoi? Nous devons trouver vite et le stopper! Dieu n'envoyait que rarement pareils avertissements et je sentais de tout mon for intérieur que nous étions sur la bonne piste. Que nous baignions dedans jusqu'au cou sans pouvoir le pointer du doigt.

Les chercheurs associèrent notre dépendance à l'éthanol et à l'énergie fossile comme cause pour quelconque courante guerre à cause de la crise alimentaire engendrée. Maxime leur proposa de me laisser vider mon sac avec ma vue quasi extra-terrestre de la situation, car, je devais selon lui être une encyclopédie vivante des désastres provoqués par la bêtise humaine. Tout en le traduisant, je me sentis mal à l'aise et remplaçai le mot bêtise par insouciance après mûre réflexion. Il s'en suivit d'un questionnaire commémoratif sur le thème avec les commentaires et informations additionnelles de tous autour de la table.

Je commençai avec le plus vieux des fossiles utilisés; le charbon. Quoique la tablée semblât incrédule, je dus leur remettre les pendules à l'heure; inondations ou pas, tremblements de terre ou non, la Chine qui s'en remettait au charbon comme principale source d'énergie, tentait de triompher du problème et de celui des inondations en bâtissant le plus gros barrage hydroélectrique au monde. L'un d'entre eux cependant fit un parallèle avec les terrains asséchés les montées de mercures dans les sols et trois

autres parallèles; avec Hydro-Québec, avec le lac Aral -qui étaient en lui seul un autre sujet et un autre avertissement- et un autre aux États-Unis? Cela avec les tremblements de terre récents pouvait effectivement mettre la population en danger et engendrer une perte de ressources naturelles au profit de l'énergie et de l'appât du gain. Un autre pensa qu'il en était de même avec tout développement économique et boum immobilier. On installait des habitations là où les marais existaient avec plusieurs contaminants et on obtenait une nouvelle épidémie de malaria. On mettait des maisons dans d'anciens lits de rivières et l'on s'étonnait de l'étendue des dégâts quand les barrages cédaient. On déboisait des rives et pour y bâtir des habitations qui allaient se jeter dans les eaux avec des glissements de terrain. Les côtes de la Louisiane perdaient ainsi l'équivalent de plusieurs terrains de football par an, si on oubliait la Floride qui avait bâti sur le lieu de reproduction des alligators. Un autre souligna juste la salinisation constante de l'eau qui coûtait déjà beaucoup en ressources marines et potables. D'ailleurs, avec la Chine, même en fermant plusieurs centaines de manufactures polluantes, on espérait que les dauphins de l'endroit ne disparaîtraient pas dans des eaux trop souvent brunes. Marc prit la parole en disant qu'un certain Wang admettait ne pas pouvoir atteindre une économie prospère aux dépens de l'environnement. Un projet de vingt-quatre billions commencé en quatre-vingt-treize malgré les plaintes sur ses coûts tant financiers qu'environnementaux et força le transfert de plus d'un million de résidents inondés par ses réservoirs. Aujourd'hui, malgré les olympiques, à cause des catastrophes écologiques pour l'humanité là-bas, ce projet, qui devait être totalement opérationnel en deux mille neuf, devrait être remis encore en question.

Maxime rajouta tout le reste dans le sujet; les algues bleues, la pêche non contrôlée de nos mers et de nos océans, la pollution tuant nos champs de coraux et la vie marine, les déversements pétroliers, le réchauffement de la planète causant des sécheresses tuant la végétation globale qui à son tour affame tout les animaux qui les consomment. La fonte des calottes glaciaires qui soustraient des masses globales importantes de terrain non seulement pour la vie arctique, mais également la nôtre alors que la masse des océans inonde un monde sans cesse rétrécissant pour notre planète déjà surpeuplée.

Un des scientifiques se pencha vers nous avec une lueur dans les yeux. Il nous aida à réaliser que déjà avec le pétrole, un désastre écologique phénoménal créé par l'humanité tout entière se déroulait déjà jour après jour. Non seulement en rejetant des quantités extraordinaires de carbone dans l'atmosphère, mais aussi en créant tous ces emballages, tous ces contenants, ces vêtements, ces produits électroniques, ces fournitures diverses de la vie quotidienne. En tentant de nous refroidir même, nous réchauffions le reste du monde. Il y avait déjà depuis long des avertissements répétés faisant échos dans notre monde. Des avertissements maintes fois ignorés. Peut-être qu'après celui-ci, ce ne sera plus le temps... Peut-être qu'il n'y aura plus d'avertissement!

Je me demandais quoi penser. Il est vrai que même dans les catastrophes il y en avait toujours pour se remplir les poches... Même en allant chercher dans celles d'autrui sous prétexte d'aider les victimes de catastrophes. Comme à mon habitude, en comparant la réalité avec Métropolis, je m'imaginai tout haut que

l'humain avait découvert son absolu, son nouveau dieu; l'économie! Qu'il préférerait sacrifier sa santé et son bien-être à la sueur de son front pour littéralement nourrir les machines avec l'eau et les aliments qui lui étaient destinés, mais qu'il transformait pour elles en éthanol et en hydrogène pour se servir de ces mêmes machines qui l'amenaient travailler pour les nourrir. Combien de temps l'humain s'entêterait-il dans cet esclavage? Spécialement depuis qu'une multi nationale américaine avait coupé le smog de la Californie et les problèmes d'asthme avec la première auto totalement électrique en l'an deux-milles? On rendit illégale la EV1 pour la remplacer par la Humer qui consommait assez d'essence pour empirer plus que jamais la situation dans l'État de Californie et dans ses hôpitaux. Fallait-il absolument passer par les armes et la violence plutôt que par le cœur et la raison?

En fait, à voir la tête que faisait tout le monde autour de la table, il me semblait que quinze mille ans d'évolution de notre espèce ne furent pas suffisants pour dompter nos mesquineries agraires et nos convoitises destructrices. La réponse me fut tout au plus apparente, se battre pour un pain, se battre pour de l'argent, se battre pour l'amour, se battre pour un mensonge... n'était-ce pas notre vain apanage? Et derrière le tout, les prétendues grandes puissances de ce monde, incapables de régler les vrais problèmes et de s'attaquer à autre chose que leur illusion commerciale, organisaient un écran de fumée et de terreur en tournant les caméras vers les pays en voie de développement qu'ils approvisionnaient plus en armes qu'en denrées et en développements! Quoi? Cela ne leur coûtait pas cher, et leur permettait de se servir tout en alimentant tous les camps en

discordes. Une fois les yeux du monde tournés là, il était facile de se sentir mieux chez soi et de ne rien vouloir changer... d'avoir de faux ennemis, de vrais préjugés et d'être d'innocents complices pour des gouvernements et des multinationales qui tiraient les ficelles dans l'ombre.

Le problème se globalisait et l'écart entre les classes sociales était de plus en plus visible et s'accroissait. Comme les armes étaient si présentes et si faciles à se procurer, une crise mondiale, un crash boursier, un scandale de trop, un mensonge de trop, et les gens risquaient de monter aux barricades pour de bon, de se révolter, de mener des guerres civiles et globales. Maintenant, avec tout ce qui était à la disposition de l'être humain et sa résolution de s'entêter dans ses caprices, combien de temps cela prendrait-il à quelques-uns, voulant l'emporter par la terreur ou parce que tout semblerait perdu d'avance, à appuyer sur de fatidiques boutons rouges?

Alors qu'un lourd silence s'installa inconfortablement parmi nous, l'incertaine réponse s'inscrivit en nous tous. Que ferions-nous de l'avertissement que nous avions? Nous ne pouvions seulement la garder pour nous et nous ne pouvions nous battre avec, contre le monde. Il me semblait beaucoup trop tard pour être prise au sérieux en récitant au monde entier quelques passages bibliques nous ayant pourtant avertis. Marc et les autres délibérèrent et en virent à la conclusion que demain nous devions revenir autour de la table et penser à un plan d'action...

Que la nuit nous porterait conseil! Et j'espérais que le Seigneur en fasse de même... Qu'Il nous porte conseil!



Answers to MonSFFun Page Puzzles, page 24

Answer to "Bring down the letters":

Beam me up, Scotty!

Aye, aye, Captain. Sir, the transporter needs a little fixing.

Now, Scotty, now!

Answers to Crypto Words:

Doctor McCoy, Mr Spock, Mr Sulu, Lt. Uhura,
James T Kirk, Sarek, Ensign Chekov

Answers to the Wiz Quiz:

B	A	C
A	C	C
C	B	A
B	A	B

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The listing of upcoming events could not be included in this issue due to lack of space.

However, you will find it on our website at

<http://www.monsffa.com/monsffahtml/mevents.html>

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.

We pick up the story as Janeway waits for the Maquis to enter the trap.

CHAPTER 10



From her vantage point, Janeway anxiously watched the arrival of lots three and four, breathing a sigh of relief when the last of her team reached the security of the shed. So far so good, nobody had seen her team.

After Cavit returned to the ship Janeway settled down to wait for the arrival of the Maquis.

Three hours later she was still waiting. Rubbing her hand along the back of her neck, the captain attempted to gently work the stiffness out of her muscles. Looking upwards into the vastness of the sky above, she could only hope that Chakotay was out there....somewhere.

Janeway glanced around. If they had been there for any other reason, she would have enjoyed the peace and quiet of a beautiful day. Overhead, against a light blue sky, lazy clouds slowly drifted by. Warm sunlight, at just the right temperature, engulfed the land. Amid the multitude of trees colourful native birds filled the air with song. For any other reason a beautiful day.

However, Kathryn Janeway was in no mood to appreciate the climate. In fact, she was paying no attention to it. In fact, she was becoming uneasy.

Still no sign of the outlaws! In irritation she shifted her feet. With the medical transport due in slightly less than three hours, Chakotay either had to go ahead with the raid soon....or not at all. Easing cramped muscles Janeway turned her head, checking on her team.

She whispered softly to the young woman standing beside her. "Not much longer."

The ensign nodded, returning her captain's smile.

Changing her position, Janeway placed her back instead of a numb shoulder against the wall. Around the captain other members of the team also switched from standing to sitting, or vice versa. From leaning against the building, to not leaning against the wall. Trying to relieve the monotony and soreness of a long wait.

As the minutes edged along, her mind drifted over the negative possibilities. Perhaps Chakotay had changed his mind. Perhaps he had discovered the trap. If so....had he attacked the ship? There had been no communication from Cavit, did that mean all was as it should be?

The possibility loomed closer and closer that all her planning

could be for nothing? This she would know if Chakotay did, or did not, show up before the arrival of the medical transport.

Would he attempt a raid with the security detail guarding the drugs? Everything that she had learned about the Maquis leader said no.....but.... So far luck had been on her side, would it remain so?

She tapped her foot impatiently. Chakotay, where are you? Had Tuvok's duplicity been discovered? What would the Maquis leader do if he discovered a Starfleet undercover officer?

According to Tuvok, the raid was scheduled for shortly after the delivery. Of course, her ship was not supposed to be where it was, the apparent victim of an unfortunate accident. That was one of the weak links in her plan. That, and the longer they waited, increasing the chances of being discovered.

Unknown factors over which she had no control. Necessary elements of her plan. However, this she did not like. Kathryn Janeway preferred to be in complete control.

Suddenly the captain tensed. All senses on the alert.

"Damn!" She whispered to herself.

Two of the medical staff, part of the emergency response team, emerged from the hospital. Engaged in a very animated conversation, for several minutes they stood just outside the entrance.

Janeway mentally crossed her fingers, willing them to go back inside.

Five minutes passed. Then another ten.

Still the two continued their conversation.

Turning toward the courtyard, the man and woman started up the stone pathway. Heading directly in the direction of the storage shed and the Starfleet team.

When the medical couple came abreast of the benches, Janeway caught her breath. For an instant it appeared the two would stop there. No! They continued along the pathway.

Janeway knew the one drawback to the hiding place, was the hiding place itself. Due to the angle of the pathway, at one point near the end, the rear of the shed and therefore the Starfleet team would be visible.

Under her breath the captain cursed Chakotay. *Why had he changed his plans?* Kathryn Janeway had taken a chance, she had gambled. Now she was about to lose!

Absorbed in earnest conversation, the young couple continued to head in the direction of the team. Motioning for the

others to press up against the building, Janeway gripped her phaser. Slowly easing it out of the holder.

The two stopped! Apparently arguing about something, they remained where they were.

Janeway willed them to go back!

No! Once again they continued in her direction.

To have come so far, only to have her plans ruined so near to completion. It crossed her mind that these two might not be Maquis supporters, dismissing the possibility immediately. Just about everyone on Syzygie sympathized with the rebels.

Janeway held her breath. *Please turn around!*

On they came! If the two had not been so deep in conversation, by now, the Starfleet team would have been detected. Setting her phaser on stun, Janeway raised her hand. Slow her grip tightened. What else could she do? And afterwards? They would certainly be missed by their colleagues, especially if an emergency arose.

On they came! As the seconds sped by Janeway's mind searched desperately for another way.

There had to be a solution! She could find none!

Janeway took aim! Only two more steps! One more step! Her finger pressed down on the firing button!

A shout broke the death-like silence! A shout from the medical building. "Magote, Cholula, we have an emergency!"

The two halted, made a one-hundred-eighty degree turn, then hurried back to the hospital.

A hair width from firing, Janeway relaxed her finger muscle.

For more than one reason the captain breathed a sigh of relief, at the same time her body taunt with expectation, poised for action. Were the Maquis going ahead with the raid? From Tuvok's last message, she knew Chakotay was planning to issue a fake emergency call. Luring the Syzygiens away, so they would not be blamed for the loss of the drugs.

She would know in moments!

The couple quickly joined Avaris and the other emergency responders heading for the landing pad. Within seconds the jet-craft roared to life, then it was gone.

The way clear for both Starfleet and Maquis. The hunter and the hunted.

"Go!" The captain ordered her team into action. When the last member raced past her, Janeway started in the direction of the main complex.

Desperate to reach their hiding places Janeway and her group flew across the courtyard. Black boots pounding across grass and stone. Past the shrubs, past the benches. Lungs straining, the captain watched as one by one her team disappeared inside.

Three yards left! Two yards left! The soft sound of a transporter reached her ears. This was it! This was what all her planning had been for!

One yard left!

As the molecules of the Maquis began to materialize, Janeway raced through the doorway. It had been close. Very, Very close.

Quickly her team slipped into position, phasers ready, waiting for their unsuspecting prey. Janeway fought to catch her breath, muscles tense, every fibre of her body on the alert. The

tingle of expectation running up and down her spine. The long weeks of planning drawing to their climax for the two chief players....herself and the Maquis leader.

From her vantage point beside a small window, about two feet from the door, Janeway could see two Maquis standing in the courtyard. Phasers in hand, the outlaws stood beside the bench. Partially protected by the stunted trees, they still had full view of the entire area.

Taking out tricorders they began scanning. Janeway held her breath. Had Tuvok been able to sabotage Chakotay's equipment? One of the outlaws raised sharp eyes from the instrument in his

hand. Standing still, not a hair moving, eyes probing every corner, every shadow. Several seconds flew by before his eyes

dropped back to the tricorder. He carefully studied the information then continued his scrutiny of the area. "It appears to be all clear. I'm not registering any life signs in the section containing the drugs."

Some of Janeway's tension eased, one more hurdle passed. The fact there were only two did not surprise the Starfleet captain. She smiled to herself, Chakotay was being cautious, he had changed his plans. However, with Cavit ready, her ship fully armed and functional, it would make no difference.

The eyes of the other Maquis was still on his tricorder. "I'm registering life-signs only in the main hospital section. All Syzygien."

Still the foremost outlaw made no move. Hand tightly gripping his phaser, keeping it at the ready, he put away his tricorder. Once more keen eyes continued probing the darkest recesses, forcing the deepest niches to reveal their secrets. Motioning for his companion to follow, he took a step forward, starting in the direction of the hospital.

Cautiously they approached the entrance. As the doors slid open, one behind the other they slowly entered. The lead Maquis stopped. Once more every object, every corner, every shadow, not one inch of the circular room avoided scrutiny. Piercing eyes moved over displays, workstations, and counters.

Everything was as he remembered from a previous visit, made while planning the raid. After all, the Syzygiens were friends to the Maquis, keeping the outlaws informed of all Starfleet plans. Without moving he whispered to the man standing a couple of feet behind. "Keep an eye on your tricorder! The drugs are in the far section."

Still they made no move. One stood scanning, one stood probing.

Janeway held her breath, praying her team would be completely hidden. Hoping no piece of clothing, or stray strand of hair could be seen peeking around a corner. The seconds ticked by. Her whole body now tingling with the electricity of anticipation. With herself and the team strategically placed, the escape route for the Maquis would be cut off. However, the outlaws had to be at least half way to the back section.

The outlaw nearest the door raised his eyes from the tricorder. "I'm not registering any unusual life signs."

The leader cautiously took a step forward. "Keep scanning!"

Still the foremost outlaw made no move. Hand tightly gripping his phaser, keeping it at the ready, he put away his tricorder.

He took another step forward, then another. Watching, listening for the least sign something was wrong. For a shadow to move, for anything that should not be. Again he stopped. Turning around his eyes probed the area behind, near the door.

Janeway could feel the intensity of his penetrating gaze as his eyes moved around her hiding place. She held her breath, had something alerted the outlaw? Several seconds speed by, then turning back in the direction of the storage room he continued. For an instant Janeway closed her eyes in relief. The she continued watching as the two Maquis slowly moved forward. Deeper into the trap.

One painfully slow step at a time. Past the desk of the chief

CHAPTER 11

In mid-stride the foremost outlaw froze. For a fraction of a second all was suspended in time. Then realization and anger registered on his face. Instantaneously analysing and understanding the gravity of the situation, the Maquis rebel threw his phaser onto the floor.

Slowly the captain stepped from behind a partition, as her team moved into the open from their hiding places. When she carefully approached the two men, they turned in her direction. “Well, Commander Chakotay, I’m Captain Kathryn Janeway. It is a pleasure to meet you.”

Out of the corner of his eye, Chakotay noticed that his companion had lowered, but not dropped, his weapon. The Maquis leader glanced in his direction. A suspicion began to form.

A suspicion that was confirmed by a very satisfied Captain Janeway. “Good work, Lieutenant Tuvok.”

Janeway’s comm badge chirped.

Her eyes never left the Maquis leader as she tapped open the comm line. Janeway here!”

The voice of her first officer drifted between the Starfleet captain and her Maquis prisoner. “Captain! We were unable to capture the Maquis ship. As they emerged from behind the moon I did obtain a fix on their location, however, after beaming down the raiding party they immediately went into warp. They’re masking their warp signature, we’ll be unable to track them.”

Janeway concealed her disappointment. She knew how badly her father wanted that ship. “All right, nothing we can do. However, we were still successful, I do have Chakotay. Stand down security teams, have them report back to their stations. Reduce the dampening field to just around the storage room, tell the transporter room to prepare for beam-up.”

Chakotay breathed a silent sigh of relief, now thankful at having changed his plans. Fortunately B’Elanna and Evans had done their part well. The fate of the Maquis would now rest on the shoulders of the person whom he had every confidence in. The person he himself had trained....Ro Laren.

He turned his attention back to the Starfleet captain. The captain who had ended his days as a Maquis, and probably forever as a free man. “My suspicions about a trap were correct. Somehow, you managed to fool my sensors, and that somehow must be connected to Tuvok.”

Carefully watching the Maquis leader, Janeway assessed the the man she had just captured. To her surprise, though obviously

medical practitioner. Past the main console with systems now quiet, on stand-by. The buttons blinking red-green, red-green, casting eerie lighting around the panel. Ready to relay information to the emergency shuttle, should another call come in. A silent witness to the unfolding drama.

Inch by inch the Maquis continued, toward the waiting drugs and the net ready to tighten. The halfway point! One more step! Two more steps!

Sending the signal to Cavit, Janeway hit her comm badge as she called out. “Maquis, you’re surrounded by Starfleet! Drop your weapons!”

angry, he was completely composed. Not at all behaving in the manner she had expected. Even as he turned in Tuvok’s direction, Chakotay appeared more upset with himself than with the Vulcan.

She looked on with interest as Tuvok addressed the man he had just betrayed. “I am Captain Janeway’s chief of security. I was assigned to gather and supply information, which would lead to your capture.”



At Chakotay’s retort Janeway could not suppress a smile. “I thought Vulcan’s did not lie. It would appear, to me, you have told a number of them, especially today. Am I correct, you are responsible for the false reading from our sensors and tricorders.”

Janeway answered the man she would have the pleasure of sending to Federation justice. “He gave you the correct information based on his orders. There are several shades of truth, especially when dealing with Vulcans. One must learn, sometimes it depends on how a question is asked.”

To the captain’s shock, instead of an angry retort, the Maquis leader looked at her with the same piercing eyes that had dissected the shadows. No fury burned in their dark depths, just curiosity. “I’ll remember that for the next time. That is, if there is a next time. Congratulations Captain, an excellent trap. Presumably, the medical supplies are non-existent.”

Janeway felt an unexpected surge of pleasure, the capture of the rebel leader would benefit not only the Federation, but also the people of Syzygie. “No, the drugs are real. A small price to pay for your capture.”

Was it her imagination or did Chakotay seem relieved. Janeway continued to study the Maquis leader. “Besides, the medicine is really needed. Though I doubt that will bring you any comfort. The court will have a warm welcome, it will be a long time before you cause the Federation any more trouble. In fact, this will probably be the last time.”

Little did Janeway imagine she was slightly incorrect.

The captain tapped her comm badge, time to return to her ship and begin the trip back to Starfleet Headquarters. “Janeway to Explorer, away team plus two for beam up.”

As they dematerialized, she heard the Syzygien shuttle returning. Returning from the emergency that never existed.



The Aurora Awards:

Nominations are being received for the Aurora Awards which will be presented at Convention, this year being hosted by When Words Collide in Calgary, August 10-12. Click on the link: <http://www.prixaurorawards.ca/> and then on the button: <http://www.prixaurorawards.ca/Membership/> **Nominations close on the 31st of March.**

There are ten categories, three of them reserved for fandom. Last year, there was no award for best fanzine due to lack of nominations, so please do take the effort to join CSFFA and nominate your choices. There is a membership fee of ten dollars which will grant the right to nominate and vote for the Auroras, and also to vote at the AGM. CSFFA is nonprofit, but the cost of the awards and the hosting of the ceremony is quite expensive.

There is a list of eligible works and persons at <http://canadiansf.com/> . CSFFA is preparing a package for members to aid in voting./

Do note that the awards for best works *en français* will be administered by Boréal, <http://www.congresboreal.ca> .



The Hugo Awards

By the time you read this, the nomination period will be probably be over. The Hugos are the ultimate awards in Science Fiction. This year the ceremony will be at Chicon 7, the 70th World Con, to be held in Chicago August 30th to September 3rd . Every World Con has the right to award one additional Hugo, and this year Chicon will be presenting a Hugo for the best fancast defined as: "Any non-professional audio- or video-casting with at least four (4) episodes that had at least one (1) episode released in 2011." It's a sort of trial run – if successful, it will be considered for a permanent addition to the current categories of fan awards. The hope is that it will acknowledge the new technology while still respecting the traditional fanzine format and put to rest all the controversy over the awarding of best fanzine to a podcast, Starship Sofa.

Learn more about the Hugo Awards: <http://www.thehugoawards.org/>



The Constellation Awards

The Constellations are presented and organized by the TCON Promotional Society, the not-for-profit corporation responsible for Polaris. This year, Polaris is on July 6th to 8th, and many MonSFFen plan to attend. The nominations period has closed, and by the time you read this, the nominees will have been announced at Comicon in Toronto, with special guest host, Ajay Fry. Be sure to check the website: <http://constellations.tcon.ca/> and VOTE!

Canadian Unity Fan Fund 2012 Announcement



I am pleased to announce that we have two nominees for this year's CUFF delegacy to the Convention at **When Words Collide** in Calgary this August.

Jane Garthson and **Debra Yeung** have both agreed to be considered by Canadian fans

Voting Is Open effective Monday, March 5th, and will remain open until April 17.

Further details and voting instructions are available on the web at:

<http://bit.ly/xzeKER>

And a pdf of the same may be downloaded here, and distributed:

cometdust.ca/cuff12.pdf

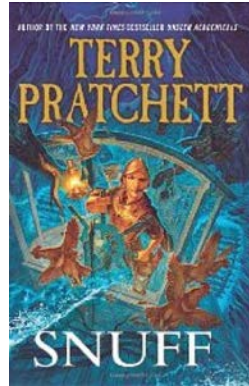
Kent Pollard

2011 CUFF delegate to the Convention and current western administrator

From Cathy's Library

Having your book turned into a movie is like seeing your oxen turned into bouillon cubes. ~John LeCarre

Snuff
Terry Pratchett
Doubleday, 2011



Pity commander Sam Vimes—he is being *forced* to take a holiday! His wife, the Lady Sybil, takes him to visit her family estate in the country. The very republican Vimes can't quite get his mind around concepts like servants and young women looking for husbands instead of jobs. He is also bored out of his skull, and determined that he's going to find a crime to solve, however calm and peaceful the countryside appears. The reader knows something Vimes doesn't: this vacation idea came from Lord Vetinari, and since when was Lord Vetinari ever so altruistic? Vimes *will* find criminals, count on it!

to use a modern term, who work at predicting where the circus might appear next and follow it no matter where in the world it might appear. The *Rêveurs* dress in black and white, but wear a touch of red—a rose, a scarf... What they don't know, is that the circus is merely a stage created for the benefit of two competing magicians—that is, practitioners of real magic—to showcase the talents of their respective students, Celia and Marco, neither of whom know anything about the competition except that they are supposed to be adversaries.

An amazing story, it read like a dream indeed. So imaginative, there were paragraphs I read and reread for the sheer magic and delight in the imagery.

Shades of Milk and Honey
Mary Robinette Kowal
Tor, 2011

Recommended to me by Jo Walton, and I'm very glad of it!

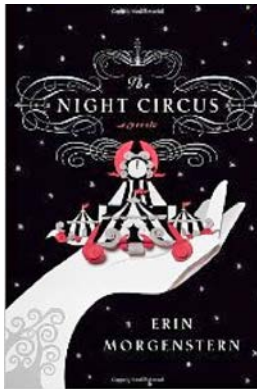
A delightful fantasy novel that might have been written by Jane Austen, it describes a world where young ladies are taught proper manners and the arts appropriate to their stations in life, including “glamour”, the art of creating imagery that appears real.

Jane Ellsworth is especially talented, but it's her sister Melody who has the good looks, and attracts the attention of the eligible bachelors. Mr Vincent, an extraordinary glamourist, is prickly and even at times offensive in his manners towards the ladies, but most

especially to Jane. The outcome is obvious, but getting there is a most enjoyable read.



The Night Circus
Erin Morgenstern
Doubleday, 2011



The *Cirque des Rêves* – a circus that travels in secret, opening only at night, all in black and white. No Big Top Tent, no three rings, this circus is a maze of little tents, tunnels, nooks and crannies to explore, night after night. It's a bit of *Cirque du Soleil*, a bit of Victorian England, but mostly it's a lot of magical experiences, because much

of it is created by magic. In a fantasy world, the circus might seem mundane, but this is the real world, no one believes in magic, the circus is something inexplicably awesome. There are “groupies”

REVIEWS: Websites



Recently I discovered a great costuming website for women called “**Take back Halloween**”. They don't sell the costumes, they tell you how to make them.

Ladies, how many times have you walked in a costume store looking for something only to find skimpy little outfits, costumes so short you're wondering where's the rest of it?

We are real women and do not want to be turned into sex kittens.

Enter “Take back Halloween”, a website that helps you create

Reviewed by
Josée Bellemare

your own costume. Pick from a wide variety of Glamour Girls, Notable Women, Queens or Goddesses, and Legends. For each lady you are given a history of the character, pictures and directions on how to get the look the model is wearing.

You don't have to follow the instructions exactly but it does give you a good starting point. You can always make your own variations.

Check it out and as the name says, “Take back Halloween” at <http://takebackhalloween.org>

Eden Worldbuilder App Reviewed by Sylvain St-Pierre

A few years ago, I got myself an iPod Touch to replace my aging Palm Pilot. I mostly use it as an agenda, and to read downloaded books or to play music. I did get a few games, but am not much for that sort of things. Until I found Eden.



Eden, Title Screen

I was actually looking for Minecraft, but the only version I could find at that time that would play on my device kept crashing every few minutes. Eden, on the other hand, was specifically designed as an iPod application and performed flawlessly.

While both games involve entire worlds made of cubes of various nature, there are numerous differences between the two. Eden is sometimes described as a Minecraft Lite, but is in fact much better suited for construction and exploration than its counterpart.

The types of cubes available on Eden may be more restricted but, graphically, most of them look a lot finer. The tools provided are quite simple and easy to use and you do not, at least for now, spend most of your time fighting off monsters. Fire and explosives are available, but I hardly use them except for construction purposes, when I want to remove combustible material or dig large cavities.



Kaboom!



A Scenic View

When generating a new world, one can choose between a perfectly flat one or an endless succession of gently rolling tree-covered hills punctuated by picturesque stony valleys. Each world is infinite in all horizontal directions, and the algorithm that sculpts the landscape is a good one, resulting in often very interesting “natural” features.

The physics of that world are a fair approximation of those of the real one, with occasional strange quirks that gamers have

been quick to make a use of. For instance, Eden water is quite buoyant and can be stacked; so you can use it to make elevators to quickly get to the top of tall structures! Ice cubes make fantastic rapid transit roads, and Eden glass is far superior in quality to its Minecraft equivalent. There are also rubber cubes and lava cubes, as well as dirt, wood, foliage, crystal, brick and various types of stone. You can apply any colour you wish to any cube.



Choice of Cubes



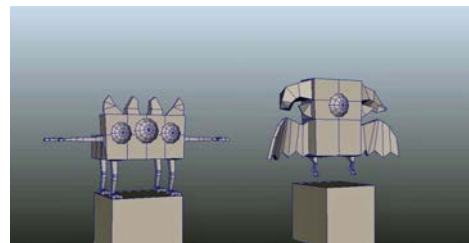
Add to the Ocean

There is, for instance, a world called “Add to the Ocean”; which had only a vast expanse of water when I found its version 8. After dutifully adding several hundred cubes of the blue stuff, I decided to spruce things up a bit by building a lighthouse in one corner. Today, after many updates by several players, the ocean is very crowded indeed, with multiple islands, oil rigs, ships and at least one sea serpent. Mind you, not everyone is respectful of the creations of others. In one version, I found that the pier to my lighthouse had been burned down and dozens of TNT cubes stacked against the wall!



The Kingdom of Sanspareil

My current masterpiece is the Kingdom of Sanspareil, a



Upcoming Eden Creatures

world that has grown so large and complex that I fear that the file can no longer be uploaded. And I regularly have to make use of the Warp Home function because I often get lost in it...

The latest update came out on December 9th, and included such features as flowing (sort of) liquids and autojump. The next one, tentatively scheduled for around the end of the year, promises to introduce much-awaited creatures, the likely behaviour of which currently being the source of a lively debate on the forums devoted to that game. One thing that is certain is that said creatures are highly imaginative and will definitely make walking around more lively.

An important detail: Eden is indeed a great app, but

rendering all those cubes in real time consumes a tremendous amount of power. The portion of the casing that houses the processor grows noticeably hotter after a few minutes of gaming, and you will find that continuous use drains the battery much faster than even watching a movie! There is also a separate, higher definition, version for the iPad and I will definitely get that one when I acquire that device.



REVIEWS: Comics and Graphic Novels



Le retour de Zorglub!

Alerte aux Zorkons et La face cachée du Z Revus par Sylvain St-Pierre

Elec tiaf sruojout risialp ed riover...

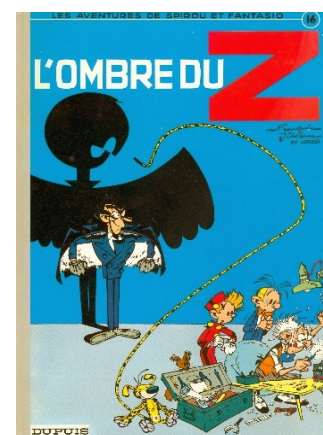
Oups! Pardon, je voulais dire: cela fait toujours plaisir de revoir de vieilles connaissances, et avec les deux derniers albums de la série des Aventures de Spirou et Fantasio, on n'est pas déçu.

Ces personnages ont connus de nombreux dessinateurs et scénaristes depuis leurs débuts en 1938, et Yoann et Vehlmann ne sont que les plus récents d'une longue lignée. Tous ces auteurs n'ont pas toujours été d'un talent égal, et il y a eu des périodes franchement sombres à mon goût. Ce qui est plaisant, c'est que les petits nouveaux commencent définitivement sur un bon pied en réintroduisant avec style un des savants fous les plus célèbres de la BD francophone: l'illustre Zorglub. Inventeur, pour ceux qui l'ignorent, de la zorglonde, qui lui permet de contrôler les esprits à sa guise; et de la zorglangue, un langage secret qui inverse la prononciation des mots tout en leur conservant leur place dans la phrase.

Ceux qui auront suivi la série avec un tant soit peu d'attention se souviendront que Zorglub était passé du côté du bien et devenu l'allié de nos héros, au même titre que son célèbre collègue scientifique, le Comte de Champignac. Hors, voici que Zorglub, dans *Alerte aux zorkons*, revient au château du Comte pour semble-t-il subtiliser certaines de ses découvertes. Que manigance-t-il donc? S'ensuit une invasion de créatures plus grotesques les unes que les autres, une rencontre avec deux voluptueuses suédoises technophiles et la menace d'une extermination atomique. La routine habituelle, quoi!

L'histoire continue dans *La face cachée du Z*, qui se passe sur la Lune, où Zorglub a construit une nouvelle base. Là où ça se complique, c'est qu'il a tenu sa parole de ne plus utiliser sa fameuse zorglonde et a dû chercher à la financer par un moyen on ne peut plus original: en ajoutant un parc d'amusement secret pour multi-millionnaires juste à côté. Ce voisinage n'est pas des plus faciles, et il se passe des choses mystérieuses du côté obscur de notre satellite. Ajoutez à cela les effets imprévus d'une tempête solaire sur la physionomie de Spirou, et vous obtenez une histoire des plus captivantes.

Le style de Yoann est remarquablement similaire à celui des hautes années de Franquin, qui créa Zorglub en 1961 en collaboration avec le scénariste Greg, dont les histoires très bien ficelées étaient un plaisir à lire. On a même ressorti le fameux costume de groom de Spirou, qu'il n'avait plus porté depuis des années. Comme quoi les grands classiques ne se démodent pas.



Si le dessin semble nous ramener quelques années en arrière, de nombreux détails nous rappellent que nous sommes au XXI^e siècle. Comme par exemple l'image de ce zorkon mâle aux attributs on ne peut plus visibles, et cet échange savoureux:

- Fantasio**: « Mais je ne vois pas Léna et Astrid... Elles n'étaient pas parties avec vous? »
- Zorglub**: « Brm... Elles ne se sont pas avérées à la hauteur de mes attentes... Je les ai donc renvoyées en Suède, où elles se sont mariées... »
- Fantasio**: « Mariées?! Avec qui? »
- Zorglub** (d'un ton glacial): « Mariées entre elles... »

On n'arrête pas le progrès... Eviv Bulgroz!

Who?

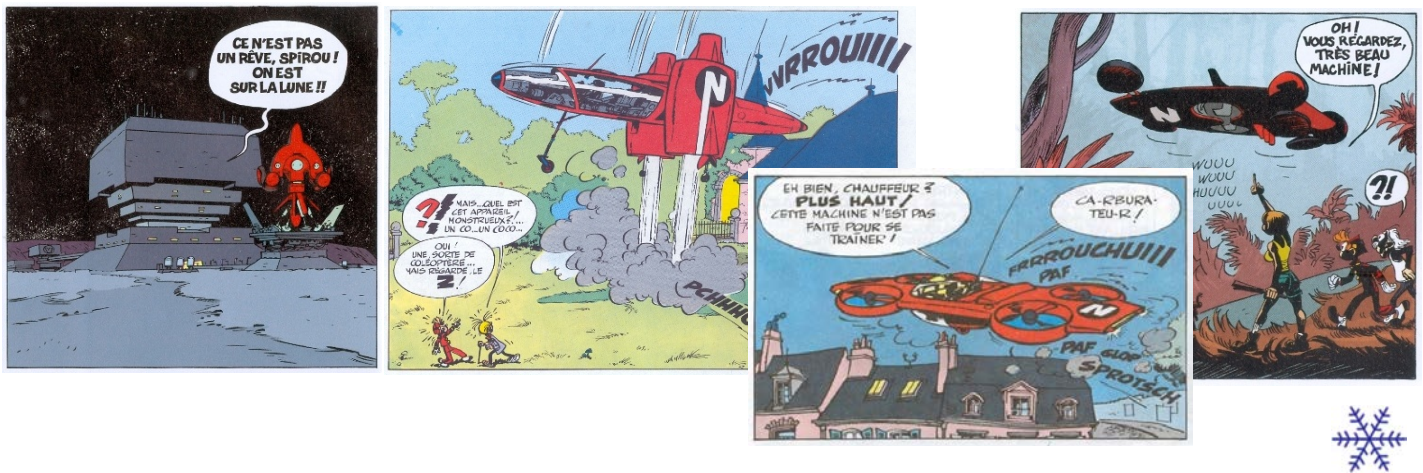
Spirou is a character created at the end of the 1930's by Belgian graphic novelist Rob-Vel as the mascot of the French language Spirou magazine. Originally a lift operator in an hotel, he eventually teamed-up with a journalist named Fantasio and became a full time reporter and adventurer, much in the way of Tintin, who had his own magazine. Both publications are in fact still very much in competition and many graphic artists have switched sides over the years, sometimes more than once.

Unlike Tintin, who was handled exclusively by Hergé over the length of his long career, Spirou has been drawn and scripted by a great many different artists and authors since his creation. The production has been rather uneven in my opinion, but is still going on strong to this day, with as many as 54 albums published so far. The vast majority of them have a strong genre element, probably because the two heroes are close friends to the Count of Champignac, a mushroom-obsessed scientist who keeps churning out very strange inventions (metomol, a substance that softens the hardest metal to the consistency of rubber, is a classic). In addition, Fantasio is a rather prolific inventor himself, but his creations have an unfortunate tendency to backfire.

A good hero is not worth much without a strong recurring villain to match. Spirou and Fantasio have had several of those. There is Zantafio an evil cousin of Fantasio, Vito la Deveine (Bad Luck Vito), an extraordinarily unlucky mafia boss, and a handful of others. The most flamboyant of them all, without a doubt, has been the mad scientist Zorglub. He is as well known to francophone readers as Doctor Doom is to Anglophones and, I think, much more colourful.

A good villain should always have many layers, and Zorglub has plenty of them. A former classmate of Champignac, he invented the mind-controlling zorgwave early on and used it to steal scientific knowledge all over the world. While he later reformed and became friend with Spirou, Fantasio and the Count, there are some indications in the latest album that he may be slipping back into his old ways. He certainly has kept his original taste for flashy and futuristic vehicles, which are always red and bear his monogram. Sadly, English translations of this series are hard to find. Some do exist, but the print runs have been sporadic and many of them are exhausted. A good summary about the series can be found on Wikipedia at http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Spirou_et_Fantasio.

He certainly has kept his original taste for flashy and futuristic vehicles, which are always red and bear his monogram.



REVIEWS: Movies

Ghost Rider: Spirit of Vengeance François Ménard



After getting a chance to see *Ghost Rider: Spirit of Vengeance*, in 3D, I can honestly say it is better than the first Ghost Rider film, though that's not saying much. It has a darker, more adult tone and much improved visual effects. The story revolves around a young boy, Danny, played by Fergus Riordan who is being hunted by the Devil, a.k.a. Roarke, portrayed by Ciarme Hinds, and is being protected by a secret sect

or the church in Eastern Europe. Enter Johnny Blaze, the Ghost Rider (once again played by Nicolas Cage) recruited by a member of the secret church sect named Moreau, played by Idris Elba, to protect the boy in return for freeing Blaze from the curse of being the Ghost Rider.

Someone has to tell the folks in Hollywood that a bouncing, jarring camera during action sequences and on foot chases does not make us feel closer to the action. It just makes the action blurred, that much more difficult to follow and can be nauseating for some, especially in 3D. The opening sequence of *Ghost Rider: Spirit of Vengeance* is plagued by this, though it thankfully tapers off as the film goes on.

The film is enjoyable but nothing overly special. Despite its dark tone there are a few comedic sequences, some even intentional (Blackout/Carrigan, played by Johnny Whitworth, and the Twinky, Danny's mental image of Ghost Rider's flamethrower-like "taking a leak") and a few signature Nic Cage moments (the interrogation of one of Carrigan's associates a perfect example). A couple of nice cameos by Anthony Stuart Head and Christopher Lambert. As stated earlier the visual effects are quite good, a huge step up from the first film, and the 3D is

John Carter Reviewed by Sylvain St-Pierre



Not John Carter of *Mars*? Well, no, at least not until the very end, and that is one of the irritants of this movie. Given that so few people read these days, especially hundred year old novels, somebody must have been quite confident that the general public would realise that this is supposed to be a science fiction flick. I suspect that the narration starts with a sequence on Mars itself rather than on Earth precisely to counteract this. But then again, this is *Disney's* John Carter,

and that company has a long history of trying to hide the fact that a lot of its plots have been pilfered from public domain sources.

Already, the previews gave warning that this production would be only loosely based on Edgar Rice Burroughs' venerable series (see *Warp* issues 79 and 80). I saw the actual movie on the evening of the premiere, in the 3D version, but that did not add much to the quality of show. I can confirm that, storywise, ERB did indeed provide the scaffolding but that the finishing architects took a lot of liberty with the details.

Visually, the whole thing is quite decent; stunning, even, in places. It would have been rather disappointing if they had spent a whooping 250 million dollars on something that looked like crap (every time I see that figure, I keep wondering if somebody made a mistake and misplaced the decimal point). The whole design of the Barsoomian civilisation does not quite match the mental picture I had built in my head based on the novels, but such things are a matter of personal interpretation and I was ready to be lenient on that aspect. In truth, I would even be guilty of great dishonesty if I was to say that I did not like some of the sets, especially the Heliumite interiors; and the late Nineteenth Century decors are also extremely well done. The waking city of Zodanga is impressive, but so totally out of character that it becomes ludicrous.

Regarding the treatment of the many races populating Barsoom, one can say that the Green Martians are the closest to

well executed with even some nice, if a tad over-done, 3D lens flaring. The story and plot are typical action-movie fare, nothing overly special, though the surrogate father/son relationship between Blaze and Danny develops unbelievably fast and seems stuffed in despite being integral to the story.

Certainly not a must see, but a fun cheapy-Tuesday or rental movie. Better than I had anticipated after the bomb that was the first Ghost Rider film.

Burroughs' description, the painted Red Martians are passable, and the White Martians are a complete travesty (in more ways than one) of the Therns as originally conceived. One wonders how they will handle the Black and Yellow races if they ever make a sequel or three, not to mention the more exotic Plant Men and Kaldanes.

I could live with Dejah Thoris being made a scientist, for the attitude towards women has changed a bit since *A Princess of Mars* was written, but the warrior women mingling with the men are a bit hard to swallow, especially covered in armour the way they are. On Burroughs' Mars, women are almost sacred, and even the savage Tharks frown on killing an enemy of the opposite sex.



John Carter himself is a rather troubled character, much darker and moodier than the straightforward hero of the books. While he does fight a lot, he hardly gets to show off the magnificent swordsmanship that won him the title of Warlord on Barsoom.

Strangely, there is no doubt that the script writers must have read the books thoroughly, for some of the more obscure plot points have been rendered very faithfully and in great detail. Woola's amazing speed, the Tharks' ability to bring down immense flyers through great marksmanship and coordination, the boats left on the shore of the river Iss for the pilgrims, are all precisely as described in the series.

This leaves one final question: despite all of the above, is *John Carter* a good movie? That is a tough one to answer. If you have been paying attention, you may have noticed that most of my peevish centre around the fact that the whole thing departs too much from the vast tapestry woven by Burroughs. To somebody who has never read the original novels - and I suspect that it will be the case for the majority of viewers - it can be an attractive piece of entertainment. Only, those people will never know how much better the whole thing could have been!



DECEMBER

(Photos by Berny Reischl & Josée Bellemare)

MonSFFA capped 2011's activities with the club's traditional Christmas Dinner/Party, the festivities taking place on



Saturday evening, December 3. MonSFFen gathered at *Les 3 Brasseurs* restaurant on Ste-Catherine Street, downtown, to celebrate the season over a fine dinner, and later moved a few blocks west to party at the club's traditional Christmas watering hole, the "Not So Privateer" bar.

Some 20 or so folk settled in at a couple long tables reserved for us at the restaurant, exchanged holiday greetings, perused the menu, and ordered. A special fund-raising raffle was held between the main course and dessert; several MonSFFen won "Christmas gifts", including a giant toy Buzz Lightyear action figure, a ceramic tabletop statue of a dragon, and a couple DVDs.



Following dinner, all but a handful walked the few short blocks to the "Not So Privateer" to party. Over drinks, Christmas snacks (thanks to those MonSFFen who supplied these tasty treats), and conversation, our customary back-room pool

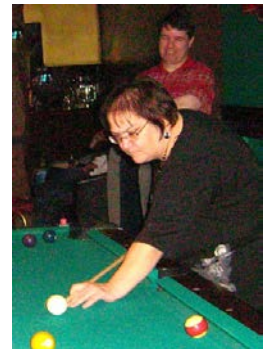


"tournament" got underway and during the course of the evening, we held another couple raffles, including our Rewards Raffle, an exclusive draw for the club's volunteers and the means by which MonSFFA offers special thanks for their participation to these club members. We also collected several large bags full of toys and non-perishable food items for donation to Sun Youth's Christmas Basket Drive, this our customary charitable effort during the holidays. (Thanks to all who gave.)

The party wrapped up at about 3:00AM when the last of our crew raised a final toast and made their way home.

We offer a nod of thanks to club president **Berny Reischl** for seeing to our dinner reservations, and to the staff of the "Not So Privateer" bar for their hospitality. Thanks, as well, to **Keith Braithwaite**, who provided the party music and also subsequently delivered our collected charity to Sun Youth.

We trust all of our club members and friends enjoyed a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



January



Berny



Keith



Sylvain

(Photos by cpl)

MonSFFen present at our January 22 meeting went with experience as the club held its annual election of its Executive Committee, returning to office last year's Executive, **Berny Reischl** (president), **Keith Braithwaite** (vice-president), and **Sylvain St-Pierre** (treasurer). Together, these three bring decades of club-running expertise to the table.

As has been the case for several years, now, continuing encouragement of greater member involvement in the club and the financing of MonSFFA's operations are expected to be the major challenges. We congratulate Berny, Keith, and Sylvain on their election and wish them well as they take the helm for another year.

A group discussion on the question of whether science fiction and fantasy is as "cool" today as it was when folk first

were drawn to the genre in the days of their youth generated a great deal of commentary. Some remarked that today's SF/F, as compared to that of previous decades, is diluted, catering to a mainstream audience and therefore much watered down. The fact that SF/F is so mainstream today robs the genre of any *outré* factor it may once have enjoyed.

A few folk noted that the stories they read as youngsters or teens were, upon a re-reading as adults, not quite as engaging as remembered. This might be true of some authors, it was agreed, but not all, by any stretch. Many books are as good when read today as when first read as a teenager, even better, arguably, in that the wisdom of years allows the reader a greater understanding and appreciation. While some generally supported the idea that the classics of science fiction and fantasy were so designated for good reason, others argued that the genre has grown up since those earlier days and modern SF/F is, for the most part, a more mature genus.

Following on that thought was proffered a comparison of the childish superhero comics of yesteryear to those decidedly more adult themed superhero graphic novels of more recent vintage. Several folk spoke of the exhilaration experienced watching a favourite sci-fi television series or movie as a youngster and the corresponding disappointment felt when viewing the same again as an adult, with the discovery that the piece wasn't really very good at all. Many in the room commented that while they enjoyed the nostalgia of watching something again that excited them as a youngster, they often had to reluctantly acknowledge, as an adult, that the thing didn't hold up all that well. Others liked the simplicity of a good story well told and noted that many contemporary films and television series suffer from an overindulgence of narrative so as to render the piece a convoluted jumble. Worse and pertaining to movies in particular, the visual effects are so often completely, suffocatingly overblown. One MonSFFan noted that because it was all new and astounding stuff for one's younger self, it would be hard today to top the thrill and

amazement felt upon reading one's first SF/F book or watching one's first genre movie or TV show, regardless of the quality of the material. The conversation could have gone on but for the demands of the day's agenda.

The mid-meeting break gave way to a discussion of club affairs, including a proposal to publish MonSFFA's news bulletin, *Impulse*, henceforth exclusively in electronic form to save on mailing costs. The plan is to shortly cease producing paper versions of the news bulletin and switch those MonSFFen currently receiving a paper edition—roughly half the membership—to the e-version available in .pdf format on the club's Web site. Recognizing that a few of our members either do not have, or have but limited Internet access, the club will still produce a handful of paper copies and mail these to said members via standard post. Thus will these MonSFFen continue to receive timely reminders of upcoming meetings and other time-sensitive information. And so, we hereby advise MonSFFA members who are unable to receive the electronic version of *Impulse* to let us know, either in person at a club meeting or by letter, addressed to the club (MonSFFA, c/o 4456 Boul. Ste-Rose, Laval, Québec, Canada, H7R 1Y6). We will allow a few months for members to contact us, after which *Impulse* will transition to an e-publication. The last regular distribution of a paper edition of *Impulse* will be this coming July's mailing. Note that a few paper copies will also be printed and made available at meetings for the benefit of collectors and fanzine purists within the club.

The remainder of the afternoon allowed folk to hear and offer feedback on a rough edit of our ongoing "old-fashioned radio play" project, which features the voices of many MonSFFen in a series of short sketches. Reaction was favourable. Sound effects and music remain to be added. Also presented to the group were the simple and brief promotional spots for the club shot on video last summer. We thank all those who helped to plan and run this meeting.



Milestones

It is with great sadness that MonSFFA reports the passing of MonSFFan **Mrs Dorothy Moir**. Lil Moir, also a member of MonSFFA, wrote the obituary for her mother which appeared in the *Gazette*, February 18th. extracts below:

MOIR, Dorothy Pearle (née West) 8 July 1924 - 9 February 2012

Dorothy Moir died peacefully while sleeping, without pain, at the Maisonneuve-Rosemount Hospital in Montréal, Québec on 9 February 2012, following a brief, aggressive and unexpected illness. Dear wife of the late John (Jack) Davidson Moir, beloved mother of Lil and the late Dave (Sascha Bennett-Moir, of Melbourne, Australia).

She was guarded in her room by her favourite character, Mickey Mouse, with his girl Minnie there, too. When her daughter was present Dorothy would communicate and was completely clear-headed. She held in her hand the scarf given to her by Dave as a boy, and the wedding rings of herself and Jack.

As per Dorothy's instructions she was cremated with no visitation or service. Donations may be made to the Canadian Heart and Stroke Foundation, or a charity of your choice. Sincere thanks for the attentive care from Doctors Martine Leblanc and Margaret Henri, and the nursing staff at the hospital.

She was honoured, respected and loved, and will be missed by many.

Bring down the letters and discover a conversation heard on the Enterprise communicator.

A	A	A	A	R	E	C	A	T	E	E	C	A	N	A
B	E	L	I	S	I	E	E	T	F	E	E	C	O	G
I	N	N	M	T	M	E	O	U	H	I	S	D	O	T
N	S	O	O	Y	S	L	R	Y	N	Y	X	I	P	T
T	Y	P	W		T	R			P			N	R	W

Crypto related words

Puzzles by Alice Novo

Each word is related to the subject line. Once you decrypted one word, use the known letters to solve the rest of the words.

Star Trek TOS

Example: Scotty

Ziwmik GwWip _____

Gk Ljiwe _____ Gk Lfn _____

Fm Nbnkp _____

Dpgal M. Ecke _____

Lpkae _____

Ahlegh Wbaeio _____

The Wiz Quiz
The Blueberry Wizard



Do you know your A, B, Cs?

Answers on page 12

Asimov, Bradbury, Clarke – Write A, B or C to match the author to the book title.

Something Wicked This Way Comes	Fantastic Voyage	Childhood's End
The Caves of Steel	Rendezvous with Rama	The Fountains of Paradise
2001: A Space Odyssey	The Illustrated Man	The Gods Themselves
Dandelion Wine	The End of Eternity	Fahrenheit 451

