

FEBRUARY 1995, VOLUME 9, NUMBER 1

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WARP

32

The Official Newsletter of the Montreal Science Fiction & Fantasy Association (MonSFFA)

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*REVIEWS OF
THE MONTREAL
SCIENCE FICTION
FESTIVAL II*

*WORLDCON '94
PHOTO ALBUM*

*DS9 STORY
"RISK AND
SACRIFICE"
CONTINUES*

*• SECOND
INSTALLMENT OF
OUR LOOK AT
LOST RACE
NOVELS*

AND MORE...



Roll Call

MonSFFA's Executive Committee:

Lynda Pelley: President

Cathy Palmer-Lister: Vice-President

Sylvain St-Pierre: Treasurer

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Newsletter Staff:

Keith Braithwaite: Editing, Layout
Word-Processing

Michael Masella: Laser-Printing,
Non-Mac to Mac Computer File
Translation, Typesetting, Word-
Processing,

Lynda Pelley: Word-Processing,
Photo-Scans.

Berny Reischl: Non-Mac to Mac
Computer File Translation

Murphy: Typos, Misspellings, and
Other Errors

COVER UP: This portrait of *Babylon 5's* Ambassador Delenn (pre-cooing), in marker and pencil by MonSFFA member Nicola Stoeckert, was given its background by *Warp's* Daniel P. Kenney. Dan slipped a space photograph in behind Nicola's rendering, completing this issue's cover.

1995 MonSFFA MEETING SCHEDULE

**ALL MEETINGS HELD SUNDAY AFTERNOONS, 1:00PM TO 4:00PM
(SOME MEETINGS INCLUDE MORNING ACTIVITIES, WHICH BEGIN AT
11:00AM) IN THE ARTIMON I ROOM OF THE MARITIME HOTEL, 1155
GUY STREET (CORNER RENÉ LÉVESQUE), DOWNTOWN MONTREAL**

1995 MEETING PROGRAMMING (MARCH - JUNE)

Programming subject to rescheduling and/or change

MARCH 12: 1:00PM, "Dragons!" To be followed by a primer course on Magic: The Gathering, Star Trek: Customizable Card Game, and other similar card games

APRIL 23: 11:00AM, screening of a home-made SF/adventure video-movie produced by MonSFFA member André Poliquin. 1:00PM, how to script, prepare, shoot, direct, act in, create special effects for, and edit your own SF/F video-film! Followed by a screening of the *sequel* to the morning's video-movie.

MAY 14: 11:00AM, Meeting of MonSFFA's special-interest group for writers. 1:00PM, how to produce fanzines, comic books, and other amateur-press publications, from simple, typewritten cut-and-paste efforts to slick, desktop-published semi-pro jobs. (Note: scheduling of this programming item is *tentative*; confirmation to follow).

JUNE 11: 10:30AM-5:30PM, TransWarp '95 (tentative; date may change). A whole day of SF/F fun brought to you by MonSFFA and other of Montreal's genre clubs! Discussion panels and presentations, videos, gaming, and an SF/F books and collectibles auction.

JANUARY

15

FEBRUARY

12

MARCH

12

APRIL

23

MAY

14

JUNE

11

AUGUST

13

SEPTEMBER

10

OCTOBER

15

NOVEMBER

12

Warp is published six times a year by the Montreal Science Fiction and Fantasy Association (MonSFFA). Address all correspondence to *Warp*, c/o MonSFFA, P.O. Box 1186, Place du Parc, Montreal, Quebec, Canada, H2W 2P4. Subscription rate is \$12.00 per year; however, the subscription fee is included in the annual membership to MonSFFA, which is \$20.00 per year. MonSFFA is a non-profit organization dedicated to the enjoyment and promotion of science fiction and fantasy in literature, films and television, art, music, costuming, model-making, comics and fanzines, and gaming. The opinions expressed in *Warp* are solely those of the individual writers and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of *Warp* or MonSFFA. The use of copyrighted material in this newsletter is a no-no, but is not intended to infringe on any of the rights of the copyright holders. Come on people, lighten up. This is an amateur publication, intended for enjoyment only. The cable TV sex channels don't expand out horizons, don't make us better people, and don't come in clearly enough.—Bill Maher

FROM THE CENTER SEAT

Welcome to a new year MonSFFA members!

As you are aware, this issue of *Warp* is late. Despite our best efforts, fanzines—being, as they are, part of a spare-time, hobby activity—sometimes experience production delays. That's the unfortunate nature of the beast. We'd been doing fairly well with *Warp*'s release schedule during the past couple of years until our luck ran out in December, '94. It wasn't computer problems, nor apathy, nor procrastination on our parts, but rather human frailties which befell us this time.

Keith Braithwaite, our newsletter editor, was right in the middle of working on *Warp* 32 in mid-December, when he slipped and fell down a flight of stairs, severely injuring his knee. He ended up housebound, in convalescence, for well over a month and was unable to get together with *Warp* staffer Mike Masella or myself to complete *Warp* 32 in time for release by the end of December.

And, I had caught and re-caught a sinus/nose/throat/ear infection, which absented me from work (and certainly from my duties on *Warp*) for several days on two separate occasions during this same period of time. So, with both Keith and myself out of action, as one might expect, *Warp* 32 fell behind schedule.

We decided to combine the December material with some of the stuff we had on deck for February, thus making an expanded *Warp* 32. Note that some of what you'll read in this issue may be a few weeks dated. In any case, enjoy! And our apologies for the delay.

MonSFFA, as a club, will officially be missing Conv-iction, slated for February 18th and 19th, in the Maritime Hotel. The decision is a financial one—the club is not broke, we just insist on getting value for our dollar. They want us to pay \$80 to become a member of their organization, which basically would give us two club tables and would require MonSFFA members to pay half-price for entry to the convention, as opposed to previous years when our members attended the event free of charge. We do not consider this year's price acceptable, given that the convention offers little in the way of programming or guests, and relies mostly on the club displays as the main attraction. We offered to do panels, and we made a counter-offer of \$50 for the tables with MonSFFA members paying half-price at the door, or the full \$80 with members getting in free. The Conv-iction organizers refused to alter their

pricing structure, so instead of getting \$50 or \$80 from us, they will get zero and MonSFFA will not attend as a club. MonSFFA members are welcome to attend as individuals, however they will have to pay full price.

Neither *Warp* 9 nor the High Council of Gallifrey will be attending Conv-iction. KAG/Kanada was slated to do security for the convention, however they have since cancelled, due to the unreasonable contract demands of the organizers. (They wanted KAG/Kanada to sign some sort of bonded security contract, making them legally and personally responsible for the security of the event!)

Conv-iction's new leader, who has attended a couple of the Creation-style Fangoria Horror shows, thinks that we are missing out on a great display opportunity, as Conv-iction will become so popular and so successful that its concom will be able to draw salaries for their organizational efforts within the next few years. Those of us with *real* concom experience are trying to keep a straight face!

Perhaps it's poetic justice that Creation Entertainment is coming to town with guest William Shatner that same February 18-19 weekend. They are at the Queen Elizabeth Hotel this time and tickets are \$25 at the door. The event runs from 10:00 AM to 6:00 PM both days. I never thought I'd say this, but Creation seems to be your best choice for a convention that weekend.

One of the upcoming SF/F events that MonSFFA will be taking part in is Con•Cept '95, which will take place on March 31st, April 1st, and April 2nd, at the Holiday Inn Crowne Plaza Metro Centre (Sherbrooke metro stop). Guests include authors Spider and Jeanne Robinson (*Stardance*, *Starseed*; Spider alone, *Mindkiller*, *Time Pressure*, *Time Travellers Strictly Cash*, and the *Callahan's Crosstime Saloon* series), artist Vincent DiFate, author Brian Daley (*Star Wars* and *The Empire Strikes Back* National Public Radio scripts, the *Han Solo* trilogy). The pre-registration full-weekend rate is \$24 before March 15, 1995, and the at-the-door price is \$29. (See Con•Cept's ad in this issue.)

As one of their fundraisers, the Con•Cept group will be holding a "Valentine's Eve Masquerade Ball" on Saturday, February 25 at the Maritime Hotel, in the "saucer-section" room. The Birds of Prey will be providing the music; the event runs from 6:00 PM to 3:00 AM and costs \$15. Tickets may be purchased at the door. This sounds like a good party. Don't miss it! And don't forget to wear a costume.

Finally, I would like to thank all of the MonSFFA members who actively participated in and/or helped to organize club meetings, special events, and our table displays (at cons and such) throughout 1994. I especially want to thank the Board of Advisors (BoA) and fellow executives for the time they've put into MonSFFA, and for all their terrific ideas. We need more members like you; keep up the good work!



Lynda Pelley
President, MonSFFA

MonSFFA Membership Benefits

The Montreal Science Fiction and Fantasy Association (MonSFFA) is a Montreal-based non-profit organization dedicated to the enjoyment and promotion of all activities which engage and support the interests of science fiction and fantasy fans. The benefits of membership in MonSFFA include:

Membership Card

Your MonSFFA membership card identifies you as a MonSFFA member, allows you free admittance to the club's monthly events and entitles you to certain discounts at SF/F-oriented retailers participating in MonSFFA's discount program!

Monthly Events

Attend MonSFFA's regularly scheduled events, held about every month (except during the summer), and meet other SF/F fans! Share interests, exchange ideas, view current and classic SF/F movies and TV shows, enjoy guest speakers and special presentations, participate in workshops and discussion panels, get involved in various club projects, and more!

Discount Program

As a member of MonSFFA, you are in a position to save on your SF/F purchases, and your membership pays for itself within the year! If you buy an average of only \$4.00 worth of SF/F books, comics, collectibles, gaming and hobby items, etc. per week, your yearly MonSFFA membership will pay for itself in discount savings within the year! Full details of the discount program are printed in each issue of MonSFFA's newsletter.

Newsletter

You will receive a one-year subscription (six issues) to MonSFFA's newsletter, Warp! Produced by our

members for our members, Warp keeps you up to date on club activities and brings you general news from around the greater SF/F community! Warp is also a forum for you, the members—we want your book and movie reviews, opinion columns, short fiction and humour, artwork, etc! And, as a MonSFFA member, you are entitled to place (non-commercial) ads in Warp at no charge—sell your old SF book collection, announce that you're looking for gaming partners, or whatever!

As a MonSFFA member, you'll enjoy these benefits and more!

MonSFFA is administered, on behalf of all of its members, by an executive committee, who are empowered to appoint officers and advisors to assist them with the operation of the club. Executive committee members are elected annually by vote of the general membership; any member in good standing may run for office.

The fee for a one-year membership in MonSFFA is currently \$20.00.

Please address all correspondence to: MonSFFA, P.O. Box 1186, Place du Parc, Montreal, Quebec, Canada, H2W 2P4.

MonSFFA Discount Program

Listed on this and the next page are the SF/F-oriented retailers/dealers participating in the **MonSFFA Discount Program.** *We encourage members to frequent these establishments.* A valid MonSFFA membership card must be presented in order to take advantage of the discounts offered under this program. (Note: Certain exceptions with regard to the MonSFFA Discount Program may exist at some of these establishments. Conditions subject to change.)

COMICS CARDS

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1201 Crescent, H3G 2B1
Tel.: (514) 871-1402

Empire Hotline:
345-5544

15% off on SF/F merchandise and on back issues of comics; U.S. cover price on new comic books.

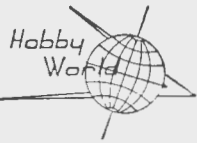


MEMORABILIA & COLLECTIBLES
Grace Wong & RuthAnn Raycroft

P.O. Box 80005, Broadmoor P.O.
82 Athabasca Avenue, Sherwood Park, AB T8A 5T1
Tel.: 1-403-449-6936 Fax: 1-403-467-4931

10% off on all orders (include your name, MonSFFA membership number and expiration date when ordering).

TEL.: 514-481-5434



- HO & N MODEL TRAINS
- DOLL HOUSE MINIATURES
- RADIO CONTROL MODELS
- WOODEN PERIOD SHIPS
- ARCHITECTURAL SUPPLIES

5450 SHERBROOKE ST WEST
MONTREAL, QC
CANADA H4A 1V9

FAX: 514-691-5669

10% off (5% if paying by credit card) on models and role-playing games, \$10.00 minimum purchase.

MonSFFA Discount Program

1,000,000
COMIX

- NEW AND OLD COMICS
- OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK

3846 Jean Talon E.
Montreal, Qc., H2A 1Y4
(514) 725-1355

20% off on most merchandise.

GALAXY ENTERPRISES Paul Bennett

Box 17 R.R.2
Dunnville, Ont.
N1A 2W2, Canada
Tel: 416-774-8337

Importers of Fine
Sci-fi Model Kits,
Toys and Collectibles
Fax: 416-774-8495

10% off on most items (include your name, MonSFFA membership number and expiration date when ordering).

OAS

Fred Albert

OAS Rocketery Division,
Suite 606, 116 Albert Street,
Ottawa, Ontario K1P 5G3
(613) 233 1159 Fax (613) 830 5811

10% off on all orders (include your name, MonSFFA membership number and expiration date when ordering).

COMPUTCENTRE

Fairview Shopping Centre
6815 Trans Canada Highway G-19
Pointe Claire, Quebec H9R 5V1
Telephone: (514) 695 3620

10% off on computer game and video game software not otherwise on special. Fairview store only, see Mike Masella.

EL PASO KOMIX

L'ENROUIT OU L'HOMME-ARAIGNEE
LIT LES HISTOIRES DE SES
SUPER-HEROS FAVORIS

WHERE SPIDEY READS THE
STORIES OF HIS FAVORITE
SUPER-HEROES

Ouvert 7 jours/semaine
Open 7 days a week

2432 Sauvé E., Montreal (514) 385-6714

15% off on most merchandise; does not apply to "series discounts" already offered to customers of this establishment.

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QUEBEC H3H 2M8 • TEL. 514-937-3904

10% off (5% if paying by credit card) on most merchandise, \$10.00 minimum purchase.

The New Frontier
Science Fiction & Space Model Kits

Send \$1.00 for our latest catalogue

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Nepean, Ontario, K2H 9R0

10% off on most items, 15% at cons and shows (include your name, MonSFFA membership number and expiration date when ordering).

Kangourou HOBBIES

JOUETS

10% off (5% if paying by credit card) on models and role playing games, \$10.00 minimum purchase. Applies to all locations.

KOMICO
One Block South of Villa Maria Metro

Role Playing Games
New & Old Comics
Bags & Supplies
Retail & Wholesale

4210 Decarie
Montreal Que. H4A 3K3
489-4009

10% off on new issues, 15% off on back orders.

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- 5345 boul. Decarie, Montreal, Que (514) 484-0666
- 1070 rue Notre-Dame, Lachine, Que (514) 637-0733

10% off on most merchandise.

MARS

COMICS
RECORDS (IMPORTS)
COLLECTOR'S ITEMS
CARD'S

BANDES DÉSINÉES
SCIENCE FICTION
CASSETTES VIDEOS
POSTERS

537 A St. Catherine W
metro McGill 844-4329

Between 10% and 15% off on most merchandise.

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More than a SCIENCE-FICTION
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7 days/week

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metro Guy (514) 932-3930

10% off on everything except imports and magazines.

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COMIX

1418 Pierce Street
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20% off on most merchandise.

FANTASTIQUE FICTION FANTASIE

The place to find it
all comics (ouverts),
role playing, books
and more

L'endroit où tout
trouver
B.D. (achat-vente),
Jeux de rôle
romans et plus

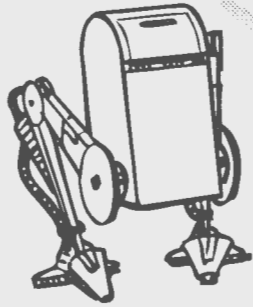
7190 St-Hubert Montreal, Quebec H2R 2N1 (514) 273-0081
METRO JEAN TALON

10% off on most merchandise. Does not apply to discounts already offered by this establishment.

1,000,000
COMIX

5164 Queen Mary Road
Montreal, Quebec

20% off on most merchandise.



MonSFFA and Warp welcome letters of comment and inquiry. Mail letters to: P.O. Box 1186, Place du Parc, Montreal, Quebec, Canada, H2W 2P4. Unless otherwise instructed, we assume all letters are intended for publication. Published letters become the property of MonSFFA. Warp reserves the right to edit letters where deemed necessary.

Dear Sir or Madame,

Please send me any information concerning events that your organization sponsors or attends.

I am the director of the Science Fiction and Fantasy in Literature program at the University of Vermont. The program is designed and run by students of the university, who live in a group suite and read and write sci-fi/fantasy material. We are very active in role-playing, the Society for Creative Anachronism (SCA), and games such as Magic: The Gathering. I am sure none of this is a surprise to you.

I made contact with your organization during a pledge drive for WCFE, the public television station based in Plattsburgh, New York. The reason I am writing is that we would like to attend a convention or event in Montreal. We have been to Con•Cept for the past two years and are thinking of trying something else.

Adam E.E. Huff
Burlington, Vermont, U.S.A.

In recent years, Montreal has found itself hosting, annually, some half a dozen or more SF/F conventions and events. Con•Cept is probably your best bet if you're looking for a well-rounded,

multi-interest con (slanted a little to the literary side of things). But as you're looking to try something new, might we recommend Conv-iction.

It isn't the kind of a con that you may be familiar with. It's more of an exhibition. Panel discussions and other fixtures of the average North-American con take a back seat to rooms full of displays mounted by various clubs from in and around Montreal and Quebec City. Themes covered include science, SF, and fantasy. There are regularly a couple of first-rate medieval-recreation clubs in attendance, and several gaming clubs, too. (MonSFFA has participated since Conv-iction was founded, about five years ago, but unfortunately, we won't be able to take part in '95's con.) Take note: We are assuming that few, if any, of you are conversant in French, and Conv-iction takes place largely in French (largely, but not exclusively). Even so, we think your group will find it an interesting outing, and the cost of weekend-admission is around \$15, half the price or better of most cons. 1995's Conv-iction is scheduled for February 18 and 19.

MonSFFA and several other Montreal-area clubs get together annually for a mini-con which we call TransWarp. It's a day-long party, and a chance for the clubs to introduce themselves to SF/F fandom's newcomers. It also serves as a fund-raising vehicle for the clubs, and for a couple of local charities. Programming includes six or seven panel discussions (each club hosts at least one of these), a track of videos, a little gaming, and an SF/F books and collectibles auction. There's no firm date yet for 1995's TransWarp, but it'll probably take place on either May 14 or June 11.

You are, of course, always welcome to drop by one of MonSFFA's monthly meetings (see our 1995 schedule, page 2). As Montreal's one truly omnibus SF/F club, we cover many diverse genre topics at our meetings. Do pay us a visit.

Contact us again if you need further info.—Ed

Dear Warp,

Thank you for the WorldCon report in the September '94 issue of Warp (number 31). We thank Sylvain St-Pierre for taking the time.

We are very pleased that many Montrealers managed to make the convention. We are sorry there were

not more of you.

Some follow-ups to what Sylvain's review had to say:

1) I understand the comment about our restaurants versus Montreal's. And you wonder why we all want to go *out* to eat at Con•Cept, or why the Montreal Smoked Meat Party was so popular.

2) There was almost no wait to get into the Masquerade. A line did form, but we opened the doors almost an hour before the event, and at that time there were maybe 50 people in line, and they waited maybe 10 minutes. They got into line believing that there would be a long wait; there was not. We seated in that room everyone who showed up, even those arriving after the Masquerade started.

3) Dealers' sales varied as at any con in any given year. We still all come back, don't we?

4) We agree that there was a communication problem between Conadian and Convention (Canada's national science fiction convention). The WorldCon chair travelled to both Alberta and Ontario, but no Convention member met him or travelled to Manitoba. A pity.

5) The Air Canada deal was a solid one, but there were some problems. Air Canada and Canadian Airlines have a real problem in this country, which you may not be seeing in Montreal. Two competing airlines, PS Holidays and Canada 3000, have cut their prices for flying within Canada. Their Toronto-to-Winnipeg prices, for example, are about 20 percent less than the best that either Air Canada or Canadian Airlines can do. Thus, the discount was not practical when flying from some Canadian cities. However, people coming in from the U.S.A., or people flying in at the last minute from those Canadian cities, certainly took advantage of the deal. (By the way, some 127 Air Canada tickets were passed in for our draw.)

6) We still do not have exact, final (attendance) numbers for Conadian, but we are working with what looks like about 5100 memberships, all types, and 3600 actually on site.

We are very glad people enjoyed themselves at the con.

Please pass on the fact that I plan to attend Con•Cept '95 as a dealer,

and am prepared to do some programming if they wish.

Thank You Again,

John Mansfield
Chair, Conadian
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Good to hear from you, John. Kudos to you and your team on the tremendous success of Conadian. All of the feedback that we've been hearing regarding the con has been very positive. We've run a Conadian photo gallery in this issue, which may interest you.

We've passed on your offer to do programming at Con•Cept to the appropriate people. We're sure your experiences as a WorldCon chair would make for a most interesting panel.

So, we look forward to seeing you, beginning of April, at Con•Cept. Until then, go and get some well-deserved rest!—Ed

Madam/Sir,

Could you please send me information about your association. I am a stage director and a fan of SF stories. I would be interested in becoming a member of your club.

Sincerely,

Elie Men
Montreal, Quebec

Dear MonSFFA,

Please send me any material concerning your club. Also, I'm a beginner-writer and am wondering if you could refer me to local and other Canadian magazines or (book) publishers who accept to try new authors of sci-fi.

Thanks a lot in advance.

F. Pujol
Rawdon, Quebec

Thanks, both of you, for asking about our club. We've sent you the information requested and hope that you'll find MonSFFA to be of interest to you.

As to Canadian publishers of SF, two magazines come immediately to mind. On Spec is based out of Edmonton, Alberta, and the French-language Solaris is published here in

Quebec. Most of the big players in SF publishing are American; you might want to look south, as well as here at home. Get hold of a recent market guide for writers (should be available at a good library or bookstore), find out who publishes the kind of stories you write, and take it from there.—Ed

Dear Editor, Warp:

I would appreciate it if you could review the enclosed 'zine, *Futures Past*, in the pages of *Warp*.

With Regards,

Dale Speirs
Calgary, Alberta

Thanks for the copy of Futures Past, Dale. I've put it on the "In" pile, and will definitely take a closer look at it in a coming issue of Warp.

A quick initial glance reveals that FP lives up very well to its self-description: A visual guidebook to science fiction history. The idea of covering the events of a single year (1929 in the case of the sample you've sent) in science fiction is probably the best way of looking, overall, at the genre from an historical perspective.

I get from the editor's letter that three issues of FP, covering the years 1926, '27, and '28, preceded this installment, and that plans are to do one for each subsequent year up until the present. Such a series will make an excellent addition to an SF-historian's reference library.—Ed

Dear MonSFFen,

My apologies for not writing sooner, and allowing three *Warps* to pile up. My time has not been my own. Anyway, I have issues 29, 30, and 31 here.

29: There have been many comments (including those in letters published in "*MonSFFA Mailbag*," *Warp* 29) about what to do with a literary SF con in Montreal and other places.

I have stepped down as chair of *Ad Astra* effective with this last one, 14, and changes are in for *AA* 15 with the new chair, Steve Wilson. And now that I have stepped away from the con, I can see how difficult it is for literary cons to stay alive, given how interest in SF books seems

to be on the decline. There's so much competition, now, from *Trek* cons, general media cons, specialty cons, etc., which overwhelm the lit-cons and push them into a small ghetto. This is a shame because these (lit-cons) were the original kind of science fiction con, going back to the 1930s. Lit-cons now have to enlarge their area of market appeal by including activities that appeal to other groups, like *Trekfen*, *filkers*, etc. But in so doing, the readers feel left out, and many lit-cons have folded because interest has dissipated.

If Con•Cept matters to you, save it, and keep it going. If the literary interest is dying, Con•Cept may still act as a general-interest con, where all interests may meet. (This is what has happened to many literary cons.)

30: Hoovers from outer space (on the cover)! Alright!

I'm glad Sylvain St-Pierre enjoyed *Ad Astra* this past June. One of the reasons that Yvonne and I decided to leave the committee was that there were some complaints of stagnation that the con suffered from in terms of administration, programming, and some other areas. We felt we needed a rest, too, but we believe in the con and were beginning to feel that our presence on the committee was actually hurting the con. So, we announced our retirement, confident that the con would get some new blood, thoughts, and ideas in its operation, and that's what has happened. The committee has lots of new faces on it (Yvonne has the satisfaction of knowing that it took six people to replace her) and *AA* will now take some new directions.

The Winnipeg WorldCon (Conadian) was a true blast. It was a pleasure to go to a WorldCon and not have to purchase American dollars or travellers cheques, but to spend your own money, or hit an ATM for more.

The con started out as being very disorganized the day before the first day of operation, but afterwards went very smoothly. Yvonne and I ran the fanzine lounge and we had a great time, finally meeting folks we knew only through fanzines, like Dale Speirs (publisher, *Opuntia*; Calgary) and Alan Stewart (editor, *Thyme*; Australia). Add to all this that I won an *Aurora*, awarded at the

ceremonies outside the main library the Saturday of the con, and the whole week was just great. I couldn't have asked for more or better.

John Mansfield ran a great WorldCon, and we all know how much time that takes, so we shouldn't be too surprised to see that he couldn't give CUFF (Canadian Unity Fan Fund) the advertising it needed to work. Few people in Toronto knew about the opening of the CUFF race, and it flopped. Through the sales of fanzines we raised nearly \$200 for CUFF, only to find that the fund had been put into hibernation by John. Strange...few people get his fanzine (*ConTRACT*), but he expects all of Canadian fandom to have read it. Is anyone willing to re-launch CUFF in time for the next Convention in Ottawa this coming May?

31: The cover ("Bwade Wunnuh") is great. Some years ago, someone else also thought of this. In a progress report for a WorldCon, a cartoon depicted Elmer Fudd standing over the broken body of a Bugs Bunny android, with the caption reading: "Hawwison Fudd is the Bwade Wunnah!" The cartoon balloon said: "Be vewy, vewy quiet. I'm hunting wepwicants. Heheheheheheh!"

More on Conadian: I found the dealers room small, as did Sylvain (who reviewed the WorldCon in *Warp* 31), but I also found that many of the American dealers there were unable, or unwilling, to take Canadian money, even though they were told that the Canadian dollar would be the official currency of the con. Many of them lost heavily on sales because of this. I have no idea what they were thinking.

I'll finish off here; take care and see you next issue.

Lloyd Penney
Brampton, Ontario

It would, indeed, seem that lit-cons are not the draws they used to be, in large part because, as you mention Lloyd, interest in the literary—and not only SF, but pretty much all of literature—is on the decline. People in this modern age of communication are just not into reading!

Con•Cept, of course, does matter to Montreal fandom, and particularly to we

at MonSFFA, who founded the con. The Con•Cept that MonSFFA built was the first consistently successful (both critically and financially) SF/F convention created by this current—and most active, ever—crop of Montreal SF/F fans.

But you've got it backwards: Con•Cept isn't a lit-con which must broaden its appeal to survive the reality of the new fannish market, but rather a multi-interest con which, if it's to have a future, must get back to being what it started out as.

MonSFFA's Con•Cept was not a lit-con, even though the principle guests—because of budgetary limitations—were usually authors, who, as we all know, are infinitely more affordable than TV and movie stars. Now you rightly put forth that lit-cons today must expand their programming to appeal to a wider variety of fandom's interests in order to survive. They must, in effect, become multi-interest SF/F cons. Well, that was our approach to Con•Cept right from day one! We wanted to make it a con which appealed to as many diverse SF/F interests as possible. We knew that our market here in Montreal consisted of not only readers of SF/F, but Trekkers and other mediafen, artists, scale modellers, film/videomakers, costumers, gamers, etc. We designed the con to serve all of their interests. And that it did. Rather well, too, we can say with a certain measure of pride.

Then, in '93, MonSFFA removed itself from any official and active role in organizing Con•Cept. The con-com that year, many here believe, made an unfortunate mistake in moving the con away from its established mix-of-interests approach to a decidedly more lit-oriented approach. As a result, attendance dropped drastically as many of the non-literary fans, feeling left out, stayed away.

The financial fallout from Con•Cept '93 nearly sunk the con for good, but it has rebounded and will return, after just over a year's hiatus, on the weekend of March 31-April 2, 1995. The '95 con-com are pledged to getting Con•Cept back to being the multi-interest con that it was before. Montreal fandom supports their efforts and we all wish them success.

The Montrealers who regularly make their way to Toronto for Ad Astra have always found it to be a very enjoyable convention and a lot of fun.

You and Yvonne have been a part of the AA team for many years, and you can take your measure of pride in knowing that you've contributed a great deal to a fine convention (one of the best, certainly, in all of Canada). Let the new blood run with it, now; enjoy your "retirement." And please pass on our best wishes and encouragement to the rookies on AA's con-com.

The Winnipeg WorldCon was a blast. The Montrealers who attended came back with much praise for the con, and for the efforts of chair John Mansfield and his crew. That crew, of course, included you and Yvonne; your fanzine lounge has often been mentioned positively in reviews of Conadian. Congratulations on a job well done. And congratulations to you, Lloyd, on your Aurora Award.

This whole CUFFuffle is unfortunate. The practice of funding, each year, a worthy fan's visit to the Convention (the annual Canadian National Science Fiction Convention) helps not only to promote CanFandom, but to establish connections amongst SFans across this vast land of ours. It seems, however, that while most fans would jump to take advantage of the funding offered, few are altruistic enough to pitch in and see to it that the CUFF is effectively run. And those who are, perhaps, find themselves facing a limited-resources situation. Canadian fandom's apathy, here, is why we in Montreal, you in the Toronto-area, and other areas didn't get the word about the '94 CUFF until it was too late, or at all. It seems to us that John did what he could to promote CUFF '94; if it wasn't enough (and it, obviously, wasn't), the blame should not fall upon him, but on all of us.

*Glad you enjoyed my Hoover-vacuum-cleaner-inspired spaceships on the cover of *Warp* 30; I'll pass on your accolades on his *Warp* 31 cover to Kevin Holden.—Ed*

Dear Mr. Braithwaite,

Thank you for the copy of *Warp* 31 (September 1994). I have enclosed a copy of the latest issue of *Fast-Forward*, the newsletter of the Fredericton Science Fiction Society (FSFS), in exchange.

We are a relatively new organization, and we are growing at a moderate pace. At present we have 40 members.

I look forward to the next issue of Warp.

Survive and Succeed,

Brian Davis
Editor, *Fast-Forward*
Fredericton, New Brunswick

Hello, Brian. Thank you for the

copy of *Fast-Forward*; it's a very good 'zine, nicely done.

To date, we have had only sporadic contact with fandom in your region. We are therefore pleased to join with your club in swapping fanzines on a regular basis. *Fast-Forward* will be, for us, a valuable source of fannish news from Atlantic Canada.

40 club members is quite a healthy

number, close to the average for Canadian SF/F clubs. (Incidentally, you may be interested to know that several of our members hail from your neck of the woods.)

Glad you enjoyed reading *Warp*; we look forward to the next issue of F-F.—Ed

Bulletin Board

ATTENTION MonSFFA MEMBERS: A PROPOSAL HAS BEEN MADE TO HOLD A LASER-QUEST CHALLENGE AT SOME DATE IN THE COMING MONTHS. MEMBERS INTERESTED IN PARTICIPATING ARE ASKED TO CONTACT EITHER DAVE LEGAULT (514-698-0239) OR MARK BURAKOFF (514-683-3086) AND LET THEM KNOW THAT YOU'D LIKE TO TAKE PART.

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ATTENTION MEMBERS OF MonSFFA'S SPECIAL-INTEREST GROUP FOR WRITERS

PROJECT: Write a short story of no more than 2800 words (approx. 12 double-spaced, typewritten pages) based upon an image clipped from a (preferably non-SF/F) magazine. Science fiction, fantasy, or horror. Original fiction; no Trek or other franchise-universes.

PLAN: Each participant to bring in one clipping to March 12 MonSFFA meeting. Clippings will be exchanged amongst participants. Each participant to write story using as inspiration clipping they have received. Each participant to bring in several copies of their manuscript to April 23 MonSFFA meeting. There, everyone will receive copy of everyone else's story, all to be read and written-critiqued for Writers Group meeting morning (11:00AM) of May 14 MonSFFA meeting. At this time, authors may respond to critiques, elicit further explanation of critiques. Authors are then free to revise their manuscripts based upon critiques they feel are valid, and submit final drafts, at their convenience, to *Warp* for eventual publication.

MonSFFA Androm

"ALL THE CLUB NEWS THAT FITS, WE'LL PRINT!"

MonSFFA's 1995 EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE ELECTED

First on the agenda for MonSFFA as the new year began was the election of the club's Executive Committee for 1995. Elections were held at the January 15, '95, MonSFFA meeting. The '94 Executive Committee—Lynda Pelley (President), Cathy Palmer-Lister (Vice-President), and Sylvain St-Pierre (Treasurer)—sought a mandate to continue, for another year, the job they've been doing. They ran unopposed and were acclaimed to office for the '95 term by Keith Braithwaite, serving as the club's Returning Officer.

MonSFFA congratulates Lynda, Cathy, and Sylvain on receiving the club's confidence for another term as our executive. We all wish them the best as they prepare to chart MonSFFA's course for the coming year.

(MonSFFA elects, annually, a president, vice-president, and treasurer—who constitute the club's Executive Committee—and charge them with the responsibility of running the club on behalf of the membership. The executive may recruit advisors and appoint officers to assist them in carrying out this responsibility.)

SEPTEMBER '94 MEETING

September '94's MonSFFA meeting was held on the 18th. About 30 people were in attendance.

Shortly after 1:00PM, Lynda Pelley opened the meeting. Taking a few minutes to brief the assembled membership on recent club business, she then solicited a few more volunteers to augment the team readied to staff MonSFFA's recruitment booth at the Science Fiction Festival II the next weekend. And, she began taking the names of volunteers to do the same at the upcoming Montreal Hobby Show

(Thanksgiving weekend). Also, she announced that MonSFFA members attending the show would benefit from a 25 percent discount on the price of admission upon presentation of their club membership cards. Announced, too, was a special advance-registration rate for MonSFFA on the full weekend's admission to Con•Cept '95 (March 31-April 2; guests include Canadian SF authors Spider and Jeanne Robinson, and noted sci-fi artist Vincent DiFate). At \$18 per person (group of no less than 12 required), the rate worked out to a \$6-per-person saving on the con's advertised pre-reg rate. The offer would be in effect until the October 16 MonSFFA meeting. (By the time said deadline rolled around, the

required dozen—plus a few more—MonSFFA members had taken advantage of the deal.) Lynda finished up by introducing Sylvain St-Pierre, freshly returned from the 1994 WorldCon in Winnipeg.

Sylvain screened some of the video footage he'd shot at the WorldCon, and shared his impressions of the con with the group. (See Sylvain's review of WorldCon '94 in *Warp* 31.)

Then, Kevin Holden wondered aloud about the feasibility of Montreal fandom one day staging a WorldCon. This precipitated a lively discussion on how realistic that idea was, just what such an undertaking would entail, and how it might be achieved. The room was pretty much evenly split on the question. Those

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enthusiastically open to the possibilities were tempered by those more cautious, who questioned, first, exactly how much tar and how many feathers would be required for Kevin, and second, whether Montreal fandom had yet developed to the point where it could successfully embark upon such a gargantuan, long-term project. Everyone was in agreement, though, on one point: Montreal would likely be seen favourably by SFandom as a WorldCon-host city. The discussion closed with the suggestion that a more reasonable course, to start with, would be to look at the possibility of Montreal hosting a Convention (the annual Canadian national SF convention), a decidedly smaller-scale, more easily manageable event than a WorldCon.

Following a 10-minute break, the meeting continued with our look at animation. The guest speakers planned for this track of programming, regrettably, did not pan out, and so at the last minute, several MonSFFen, each with a certain knowledge of the subject, were prevailed upon to fill the bill.

Kevin Holden gave an overview of the topic, examining the animation field from a broad spectrum of perspectives. He compared such animated fare as the Bugs Bunny/Looney Tunes cartoons; Disney features like *The Lion King*, *Aladdin*, and *Fantasia*; contemporary television's pop-culture offerings *The Simpsons* and *Beavis and Butt-head*, and 1993's stop-motion picture *The Nightmare Before Christmas*.

Taking his cue from *Nightmare*, Keith Braithwaite zeroed in on the avenue of stop-motion, or 3-D, animation. He screened a few video clips in illustration of his explanation of some of the different stop-motion animation techniques used to bring us the mythical monsters of Ray Harryhausen's *Sinbad* movies, the AT-ATs of George Lucas' *Star Wars* films, the claymation comedy of Britian's Nick Park, and the characters populating George Pal's classic Puppets.

And, Dominique Durocher covered the area of Japanimation, or anime, screening many examples of the first-class animation produced out of Japan. Much of the prolific output of Japanese animation is done

without the use of computers, says Dominique, and in half the time that Disney would take to do the same thing. Animation is a big thing in Japan, and anime is growing in popularity here in North America. That is, in part perhaps, because the stories, themes, and images offered in most of anime are aimed not at the Saturday-morning kiddie set, but at adult audiences.

The September meeting included those two fixtures of all MonSFFA meetings, the raffle and the snack table. The club thanks those members who pitched in with prizes for the raffle, and those who stocked the snack table. A special thank-you goes out to Bill Strople, who has been co-ordinating the set-up of the snack table at our meetings. We also thank Sylvain St-Pierre, Kevin Holden, Keith Braithwaite, and Dominique Durocher for doing the programming this meeting. And lastly, to all who attended, thanks for taking part.

OCTOBER '94 MEETING

Added to our 1994 events schedule was an October MonSFFA meeting, which took place on the 16th. The Artimon I, the room which we usually use for our meetings, was, on this day, booked by another group, and so we moved to an alternate room, the Beaupré I. 30 people, give or take a few, attended the meeting, including a handful of fans visiting from Ottawa, who came down to do a little 11th-hour promoting of their relaxicon, Concinnity, which would take place at the end of the month.

The bulk of the meeting was given over to the recording of a radio play that had been prepared over the previous six months by MonSFFA's Special-Interest Group for Writers. José Bellemare, André Poliquin, and Yolande Rufiange had each scripted a short, humourous, SF/F vignette. Collectively, the stories were dubbed *Spaced Vignettes*. Dave Legault, the project's producer, drew upon MonSFFA's greater membership to round out his production crew and cast.

Equipment set-up, sound-effects and recording tests, and rehearsals began at about 11:00AM and ran for about an hour and a half. It took

about two and half to three hours to record the whole production. All went fairly well, with a not unexpected number of retakes needed. The production experienced only one major glitch: recording engineer Keith Braithwaite failed to notice that a switch had been incorrectly set at one point, and as a result, several scenes went unrecorded. Fortunately, the error was discovered during playback and the scenes were redone.

The MonSFFolk not involved in the recording session observed quietly from their seats, or left the room to carry on their conversations outside in the hallway, out of range of the microphones. *The writers group wishes to express its appreciation to these folk for their patient co-operation during the recording of the radio play. Everyone was a really good sport about keeping quiet and this allowed the recording session to proceed without any disruption.*

Editing and the post-production addition of a little music are all that remain to be done, now, on the radio play project. The completed production will be premiered at a club meeting soon.

Thanks go out to the cast and crew of *Spaced Vignettes*: Dave Legault (producer, director, sound effects), José Bellemare (writer, actress), André Poliquin (writer, sound effects), Yolande Rufiange (writer, director), Mike Masella (actor, announcer, sound effects), Vince Yeoman (actor, sound effects), Bill Strople (actor, sound effects), Liza Marcotte (actress), Dominique Durocher (actor, sound effects), Lynda Pelley (actress), Catherine Gervais (actress), Gilbert Martin (actor, sound effects), Keith Braithwaite (recording engineer, sound effects, editing and post-production sound mixing, actor), Marc Durocher (music, sound effects, actor), Cathy Palmer-Lister (sound effects).

What with Halloween just a couple of weeks away, the closing hour or so of the meeting featured a discussion of the horror genre.

Kevin Holden hosted and began by asking if, in this day of inner-city street-gang warfare, violent psycho murderers, and other such real-life horrors, the average person can really be scared anymore by vampire

stories, tales of demonic possession, and the like?

Most felt that, yes, despite our having become somewhat inured to the horrific by what we see on the evening news these days, a (well-executed) supernatural-horror story can still scare the heck out of us. Real-world horrors can, in the end, largely be explained, understood, and defended against. The supernatural cannot be explained, and it is that element of not knowing what you're up against that strikes real terror into your heart. One person commented that fear of the unknown is the greatest fear of all, and that the best horror stories take full advantage of that fear.

A few folks noted that the horror movies most effective at scaring you are those which keep the monster hidden in the shadows, only hinting at its form and nature, thus allowing your imagination to create most of the horror. And all the special effects in the world can't conjure up a monster as terrifying as the monster created by your own imagination!

Several people commented that a lot of modern horror movies are more gruesome bloodfests than true, spine-tingling tales of terror. The *Friday the 13th* and *Nightmare on Elm*

Street films, for example, succeed only as cheap scares, not as deep-down, frighteningly bone-chilling horrors. They're full of revolting, blood-soaked imagery, but they aren't really scary.

Stephen King's stories were, of course, discussed. More than a few people said that they often found King's novels tiresomely long and difficult to get into. He was praised by others as being able to so deftly twist ordinary, everyday events into first-rate horror scenarios. His best work, according to one King reader, is to be found in his short story collections. "The Mist," "The Langoliers," "The Sun Dog," and "You Know They Got a Hell of a Band" were recommended.

At one point in the discussion, the following explanation of King's approach to manipulating his readers for the big pay-off was put forth: The first part of a typical King novel introduces you (admittedly, often in tedious detail) to a nice, normal, quiet little setting full of nice, normal characters. Having thus set you up, King then begins, ever so slowly and almost imperceptibly, to bring in the elements which explode into a full-blown maelstrom of horror in the concluding chapters of

the novel. The pay-off is well worth struggling through the ennui of earlier sections of the book.

Comments were made on the many, many movie adaptations of King's stories. Most were rated as fairly good horror films; *The Shining* got the best marks.

H.P. Lovecraft's stories were cited as an example of how supernatural tales can, indeed, be very scary. Lovecraft lets his readers know, in no uncertain terms, that the horrors of which he writes are so unspeakably terrifying that one might go stark-raving mad just to look upon one. Characters often encounter the collateral effects of the passage of one of Lovecraft's nightmares, those effects horrifying enough by themselves but nothing when compared to the real horror. Recommended Lovecraft: "The Colour Out of Space," "The Dunwich Horror," "The Call of Cthulhu," "The Shadow Over Innsmouth," and "The Shadow Out of Time."

Among the films recommended by various participants in our discussion of the horror genre: *Alien*, *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* (1956 version), and both Hitchcock classics *Psycho* and *The Birds*. Among the TV series recommended: *Kolchak: The Night Stalker*, *Night Gallery*, and *The X-Files*.

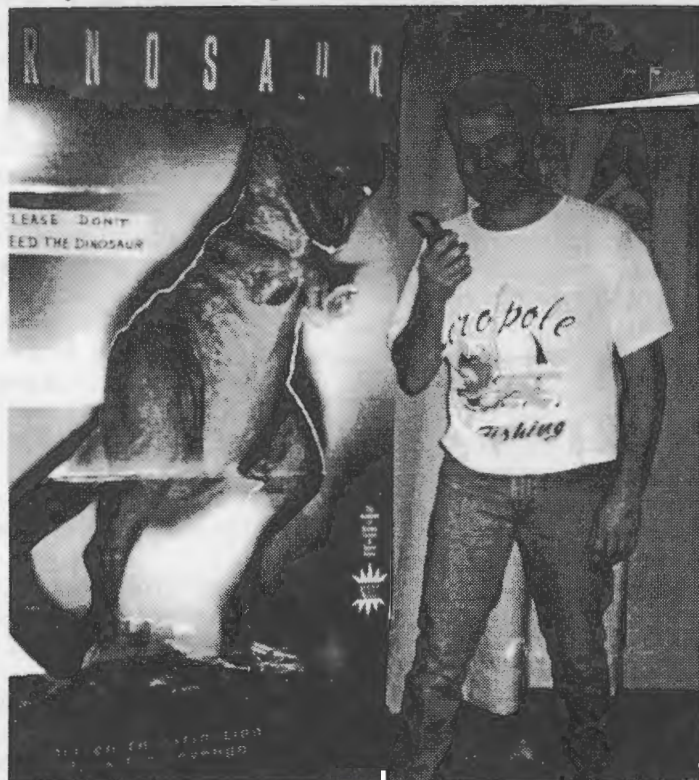
MonSFFA thanks Kevin Holden for his hosting of our discussion of horror, and all who participated.

Our raffle prizes this meeting included a MonSFFA T-shirt and our last copy of the *Star Trek Generations* script. We thank the members who donated this meeting's raffle prizes, as well as those who stocked our snack table.

SF FESTIVAL, HOBBY SHOW

MonSFFA was well represented at the Montreal Science Fiction Festival II (September 24 and 25, 1994), sponsored by our fellow SF/F club, Warp 9. We provided a number of volunteers to help with the Festival, and the con's Fan Guest of Honour was Berny Reischl, KAG/Kanada's chief and a long-time MonSFFA member.

We responded to an invitation by the Fest's organizers to encore a few of the presentations we've featured this past couple of years at



MonSFFA's Dave Legault calls for beam-up to escape a nasty predator at the Montreal Hobby Show (photo by Dominique Durocher).

SCOTTY,
EMERGENCY
BEAM-UP,
NOW!...
SCOTTY?
BEAM ME UP
MR. SCOTT!
OKAY,
O'BRIEN...
HELLO,
O'BRIEN?

"ENTER-
PRISE, JUST
A MOMENT,
PLEASE."

NO! NO,
DON'T PUT
ME ON
HOLD!



Andrew Weitzman staffs MonSFFA's booth at the Montreal Science Fiction Festival II (photo by Kevin Holden).

MonSFFA's monthly meetings. Lynda Pelley gave her slide-show overview of *Battlestar: Galactica's* 15th anniversary convention (held in Los Angeles in 1993). She also joined Fest guest Mike Cuneo (a model-maker on *TNG* and *DS9*) in hosting a model-building workshop. And, Keith Braithwaite offered video and slide-show coverage of two topics: dinosaurs in SF/F and the history of SF illustration.

A team of MonSFFen, headed by Andrew Weitzman, staffed our recruitment table and extolled the benefits of MonSFFA membership to Festival attendees throughout the weekend.

Lynda Pelley headed up the team that staffed our recruitment tables at The Montreal Hobby Show (October 8-10, 1994). Interest in our club was quite healthy, if the number of visitors to our booth and promotional flyers handed out are any indication.

Thanks are due all of the MonSFFA members who pitched in and helped out at the Festival, and the Hobby Show.

NOVEMBER '94 MEETING

The November 20, '94 MonSFFA meeting was designated a club fund-

raiser, in the form of our annual "SF/F Garage Sale." Some 35 to 40 people were in attendance, and approximately \$500 was raised through the sale, raffle, and auction of boxes full of SF/F books, magazines, posters, toys, collectibles, etc. Bargains abounded! (All monies raised at such events as the Garage Sale are directed to financing MonSFFA's activities, typically helping to pay for the rental of our meeting space, and the production and mailing of *Warp*.)

MonSFFA thanks *very much* those members who donated items to the Garage Sale. We thank, as well, the following, who either donated items to us, or provided us with merchandise at a substantial discount: Paramount Pictures, Cineplex Odeon, Capitaine Quebec, Nebula Books, Fantastique Fiction Fantaisie, Hobby World, and Eaton's (Rockland Shopping Center). And, thanks *very, very much* to those members and visitors who bought from our inventory of SF/F goodies.

THE X-MAS PARTY

MonSFFA held its 1994 "X-mas Party" on Saturday evening, December 10, at the Park Place Bar in downtown Montreal. Some 40 or so MonSFFen and their friends enjoyed an evening of seasonal merriment at the now familiar bar, which has hosted the club's Christmas party for the past few years.

Thanks go out to the Park Place's Deborah Gordon and her terrific staff, to our own Keith Braithwaite, who organized the party and mixed about six hours of music for the occasion, and to Bill Strole and the MonSFFA members he recruited to stock our plentiful (and popular) snack bar.

A good time was had by all!

A large box and several bags full of non-perishable food items were collected at the X-mas Party for donation to Sun Youth's seasonal food basket drive.

JANUARY '95 MEETING

The first MonSFFA meeting of 1995 was held on the 15th at our usual Maritime-Hotel locale. About 35 people were in attendance.

Scheduled first was the election

of the club's 1995 Executive Committee. Running unopposed, '94's executive—Lynda Pelley (President), Cathy Palmer-Lister (Vice-President), and Sylvain St-Pierre (Treasurer)—were returned to office by acclamation. (See firstitem "MonSFFA's 1995 Executive Committee Elected.")

Stephane and Liza Marcotte, and Dave Legault, then took center stage as hosts of the afternoon's discussion panels.

Stephane began by speaking of the changes that 1995 has brought to local cable television services, and educating folks on the new TV-signal delivery systems now/soon coming online.

The past couple of years have seen a boom in TV SF, and many new shows have been scheduled on channels that we don't get here in Montreal, or that are available only in certain areas of the city, and at a premium. Videotron cable subscribers in the room felt short-changed next to their CF Cable counterparts, who have access to quite a few more of the new channels recently introduced across the country. Some MonSFFen, not hooked up to cable, praised the local CTV affiliate, CFCF-12 (which can be picked up easily around town with an ordinary antennae), for carrying more SF than one might expect.

Many club members, unhappy with what either of our two local cable operators have to offer (or finding cable subscription costs too high for what you get) looked favourably at American direct broadcast satellite (DBS) services, which carry many specialty channels like the Sci-Fi Channel. With as many as twice the number of channels available than cable currently offers, DBS is certainly appealing to the major-league TV junkie.

But the U.S. satellite systems are not without their drawbacks. First of all, you're looking at a substantial cash outlay for the hardware you'll need. Then, a bit of fibbing is required to get yourself connected. These American services are not supposed to be available to Canadians, but often, this restriction can be circumvented by simply giving a U.S. address when signing up—it would seem that these things

are not all that scrupulously policed. Once online to a U.S. service, your monthly subscription fees are payable in (naturally) *U.S. dollars*. Lastly, the American services offer few, if any, Canadian channels.

Montreal-based Power Broadcasting have been trying to start up a Canadian DBS service, Power DirecTV (affiliated with DirecTV in the States), but are running into CRTC regulations covering the use of non-Canadian satellites. Stephane believes that the CRTC will, eventually, loosen its rules to allow for DBS in Canada, and he suggested that another Canadian DBS service, Expressvu (which expects to begin operating this fall, dishing up some 35 Canadian and 15 American channels), will end up offering Canadian subscribers the best value for their money.

Mention of Canada's telecommunications regulator, the CRTC (Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission), raised the ire of more than a few people in the room. The CRTC's purview includes the granting of operating licenses to the country's television broadcasters, and several MonSFFers practically foamed at the mouth as they railed against our federal government's intrusion into what we watch on our TVs. There was a great deal of resentment towards a system which sees a bunch of civil servants deciding what Canadians can and cannot receive on their TVs, and who will deliver their TV signals to them.

It was put forth that the idea of protecting Canadian TV-program producers from the big, mean open market (read: Americans) in order to buoy our homegrown industry, while perhaps well-intentioned, has proven to be of questionable success. Some people felt that the special-interest groups, politicians, and bureaucrats have sold our TV-production talent short; Canadians are quality producers, and they're quite capable of competing successfully on the open market. A few suggested that our government's protectionist policies have actually *impeded* the development of the industry in Canada.

It was concluded that the CRTC, in any case, is an outmoded

institution, soon to be made entirely impotent by the technological advances of the modern telecommunications age.

A brief break followed. The meeting's raffle was held at this juncture, and people had a chance to hit the snack table in earnest.

We reconvened for our look at *Babylon 5*. Stephane screened a half-hour TV special on the making of the hot, new SF series, set aboard a huge space station which serves as a diplomatic center for human and alien civilizations. Dave Legault then read a few paragraphs by *B-5* creator J. Michael Straczynski, written as the series was being developed and outlining the producer's vision of the show.

The meeting was opened to comments on *Babylon 5*'s characters, storyline, and special effects. *B-5*'s characters were generally praised as interesting, *real*, and entertaining, although the recent "humanization" of Minbari ambassador Delenn didn't sit well with a few people. The show's computer-generated spaceships and starscapes met with much approval, with one fan commenting that *B-5*'s outer space scenes come across as so much more striking than *Star Trek*'s. And when compared to *Deep Space Nine*, which is also set on a space station, *B-5* was favoured by many over the *Trek* show. *Trek* has gone stale, opined a few folks, and much appreciated is the refreshingly different sci-fi universe which *Babylon 5* offers.

After the meeting was closed, a good half of the crowd headed out to supper at a nearby restaurant, where the day's topics were further discussed.

MonSFFA thanks Stephane and Liza Marcotte, and Dave Legault for hosting the January meeting's panels. Thanks also to those members who donated the items which were our raffle prizes, and to those who stocked our snack table. And, of course, thanks to all who attended.

MEMBERSHIP RENEWALS

Please be sure to renew your MonSFFA membership on time when your time to renew comes up. Without your continuing support, your club won't be able to continue!

THE PUPPET MASTERS: NOVEL AND MOVIE REVIEWED review by Sylvain St-Pierre

A copy of Robert A. Heinlein's *The Puppet Masters* had been lying around the house since about 1952 (my father had bought it, back when a paperback cost only a quarter) and by sheer coincidence I happened to read the book only a few weeks before I saw the recent movie adaptation. I offer, here, a comparison of both renderings of the story.

The basic story is this: Hideous parasitic aliens come to Earth and try to take over the world by attaching themselves to the backs of people, tapping into the nervous system and gaining complete control over the victim.

In the book, the action occurs about a generation after World War III. Heinlein seems to have thought that a nuclear war would not be so bad, and in fact, a good opportunity for urban renewal! But the post-WWIII setting isn't essential to the plot and the movie's time frame is contemporary.

The screen version is very close to the original, something that you do not see too often. The aliens of the movie are slightly different than those of the book, but the difference is for the better. And, the plot had to be fitted to the pace of the silver screen, so some elements were dropped out of cinematic necessity. (One scene that I was sorry to see deleted is the part where half the world's population goes around virtually naked to show that they have not been taken over by the parasites.) But again, the movie sticks amazingly close to the book.

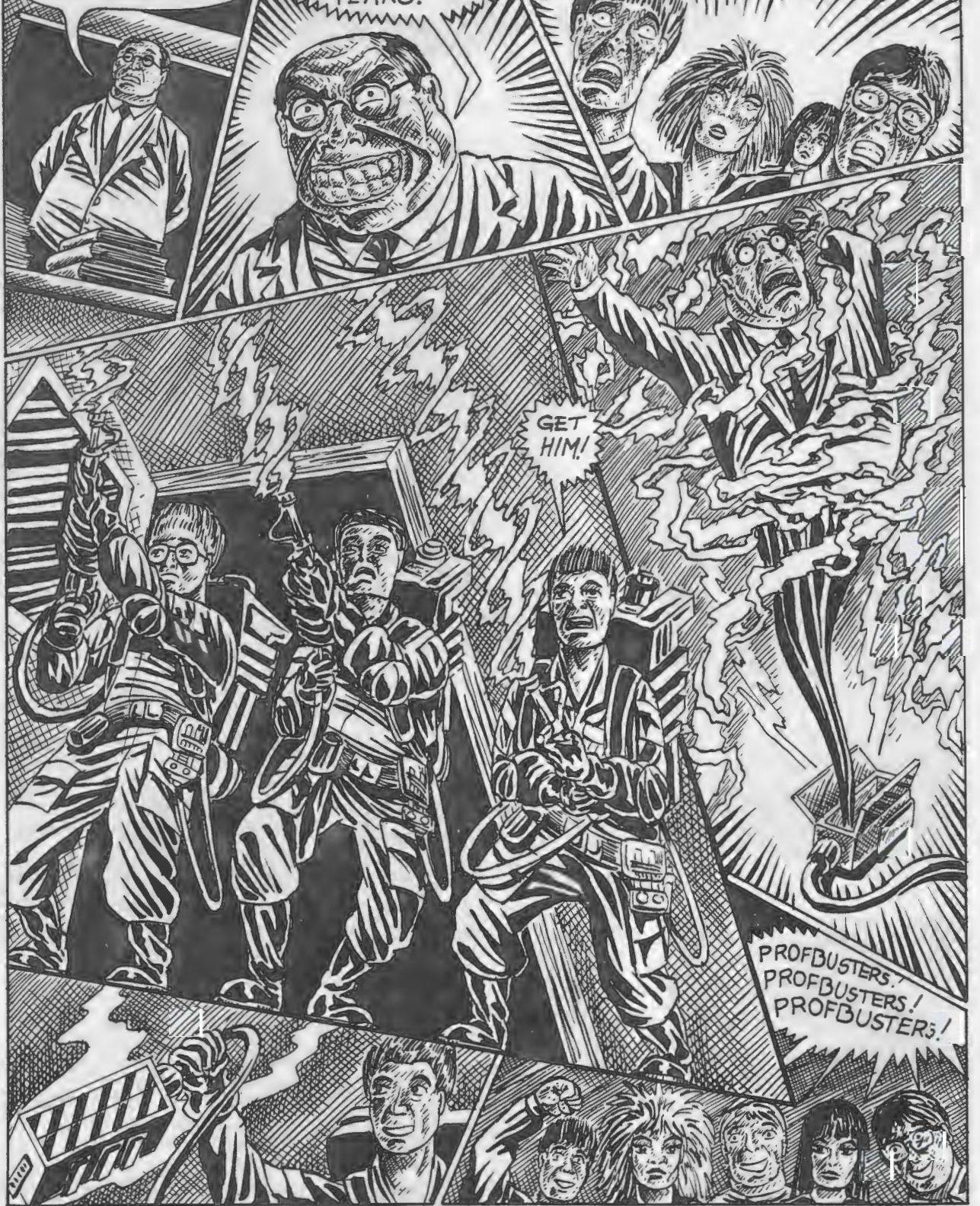
Lastly, the book makes a big point of the fact that men who do not react to the sexual aura of the lead female character must *obviously* be alien-controlled, and should be shot on site. In the movie, this is only grounds for suspicion of alien influence.

I strongly recommend both the book and the movie; see the film first, though, so as not to spoil the ending for yourself.

BY THE WAY, YOU WILL HAVE A LITTLE EXAM TOMORROW MORNING WICH IS BASED ON...

...EVERYTHING WE'VE SEEN FOR THE LAST THREE YEARS!

IF YOU DON'T PASS, YOU WONT GRADUATE!



PROFBUSTERS!
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SOMETHING'S WRONG, WITHIN THE CLASSROOM, WHO YOU GONNA CALL?...

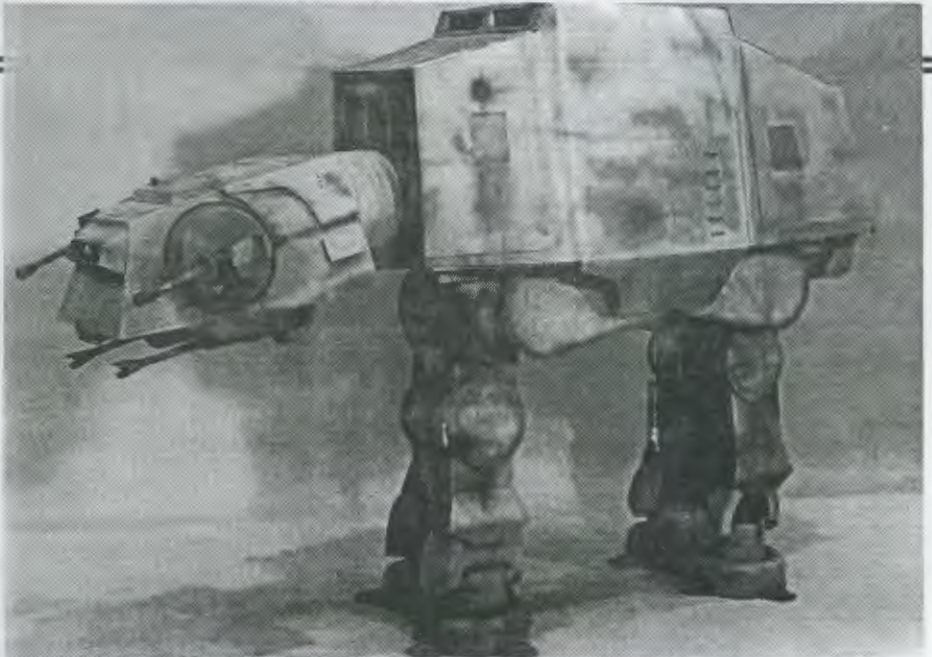
PROFBUSTERS

CONNA

A Photo Album of the 52nd World Science Fiction Conve



World's most famous SF/F fan, Forrest J. Ackerman (photo by Jean-Pierre Normand)



Award-winning masquerade costume, WorldCon '94 (photo courtesy Bernard Reischl)



Toronto fans Lloyd and Yvonne Penney at the Aurora Awards ceremony; Lloyd holds his Aurora for Fan Achievement—Organizational (photo by Jean-Pierre Normand).



WorldCon '94 attendee (photo courtesy Bernard Reischl)



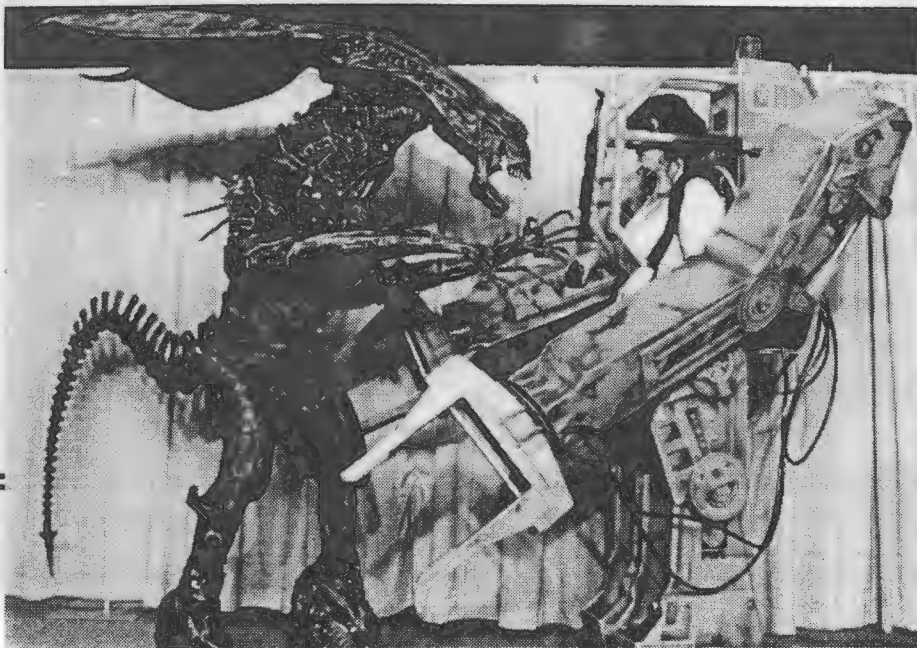
Montreal fan Capucine Plourde presides over the Aurora Awards ceremony during Convention, which was held in conjunction with Conadian (photo by Jean-Pierre Normand).

DIAN

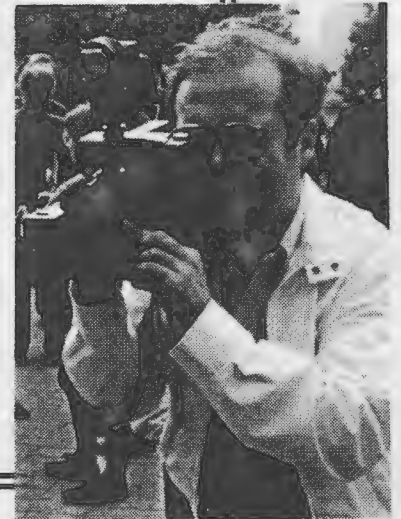
on, September 1-5, 1994, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada



Masquerade participants pose for photos (photos by Jean-Pierre Normand and Bernard Reischl)



Climactic scene from Aliens; another masquerade award-winner (photo courtesy Bernard Reischl)



MonSFFAn Sylvain St-Pierre shoots video footage at the Winnipeg WorldCon (photo by Jean-Pierre Normand).

CONVENTION REVIEWS

Kevin Holden and Keith Braithwaite each review the Montreal Science Fiction Festival II, probably the most anticipated local fannish event of 1994. And Lynda Pelley covers Ottawa fandom's new relaxicon, Concinnity.

THE MONTREAL SCIENCE FICTION FESTIVAL II reviewed by Kevin Holden

The second Montreal Science Fiction Festival (sponsored by local sci-fi club Warp 9) took place at the downtown Days Inn—formerly Auberge Ramada—over the weekend of September 24 and 25, 1994.

Fest II featured a refreshing assortment of guests. *Trek's* Majel Barrett fronted the band, supported by *Babylon 5* star Mira Furlan (in only her second ever—first Canadian—con appearance) and Mark Goddard of *Lost in Space*. *TNG/DS9* model-maker Mike Cuneo, DC Comics' Arne Starr, *Trek* writer A.C. Crispin, and fan guest

Berny Reischl provided backing vocals. Irrepressible MC Larry Stewart stole the show from all of them (as usual).

The programming was probably about as varied as you're going to get at a con with the emphasis on televised SF. As with any con, some of the panels worked, some did not; most popular that I observed seemed to be the rumours panels (with hot news of upcoming Hollywood productions) and the stars' appearances.

The Fest's function space was adequate, and there were no hassles from the nearly invisible hotel staff. Local genre clubs (including, of course, MonSFFA) and fannish organizations strutted their stuff and hosted some of the panels. Stars hung out in bars and made catty talk. Dealers complained (as usual). Fannish good will abounded and spirits were high. The "Spectre of Doom," who has crashed so many Canadian cons lately, trolling the halls with his scythe, pointed ears, and nametag, was nowhere in sight.

One of the things about this event most worthy of note was how well it was organized. Registration went smoothly, panels started more or less on time, and lines were kept short and moved quickly. All of the volunteers seemed to know exactly what was going on in any given room at any given time, coordinating with each other to the ever-present crackle of two-way radios.

The con's organizers really outdid themselves in the area of publicity. The Montreal market was inundated with Fest propaganda, some of it in the pipe *well* before the event. (The local media outlet for which I slave received its first batch of promo-flyers several months in advance of the con.) Fest television commercials were produced and aired during the broadcast of popular SF shows. Ford Canada was prevailed upon to be part-sponsor of the event. *The Montreal Gazette* gave favourable ink on the eve of the con and TV crews showed up the next morning, one of them to do periodic live remotes from the site, as if they



Mira "Ambassador Delenn" Furlan (second from right) poses with costumed *Babylon 5* fans at the Montreal Science Fiction Festival II (all photos by Daniel P. Kenney unless otherwise indicated).

were covering a summit of world leaders. That kind of PR is priceless!

But here's the part I can't figure out: The Fest reports that it attracted only just enough people (702 is the quote I've heard) to break even, maybe make a tiny profit that would cover the cost of dinner at a Chinese buffet for the con-com. (It's a good thing, of course, that the Fest recouped its expenses, insuring that its con-com won't be showering in debtors prison along with the organizers of practically every fannish event this city has hosted recently.) *But this con was supposed to be huge.* It was thought that the biggest problem would be one of overcrowding, and that people might have to be turned away at the door. Instead, there was not a single panel filled to capacity; not the costume show, Cabaret, or even Majel Barrett's Q&A.

Many of the con-savvyed fans watching the scene had predicted that Fest II would be big. There didn't seem to be any reason why, if Creation regularly pulled in between 1500 and 2500 people at its Montreal shows, the Fest (with more to offer its attendees) couldn't do the same, or come fairly close. We've since been scratching our collective heads trying to figure out why the crowds weren't larger. The guest line-up was great, publicity solid, the choice of weekend was fine, and there was a ton of good will and support for the Fest out there in fandom. Why, then, was the turn-out less than expected.

We came up with two possible explanations:

First, that Montreal may be simply be conned-out. In the 12 months prior to Fest II, Montreal played host to Creation (twice), Space: Dream and Reality, Conviction, WhoCon, and Con-cept '93. That's a *lot* of con in the space of a year, and a lot of money out of the pockets of the fans attending these events.

Which brings us to our second explanation: Money. Or more precisely, the lack of it. With so many cons going, it's certain that many fans found they just couldn't afford 'em all. Fest II was our last con of the year, and having already spent their money at other cons earlier on, a lot of fans had to pass on the Fest. Creation brought Jimmy Doohan to



Above: Model of classic Enterprise's bridge, on display at Festival II's model competition (photo by Kevin Holden).

Below: Make-up demo



town only a month before the Fest, leaving fans insufficient time to gather up enough empty beer and soft drink cans to be able to afford another con so soon! And the Fest was pricey, too. With such a stellar (and expensive) guest line-up, the con had to set its admission price at the high end of the scale: \$40 for the weekend (and *more*, if you wanted to attend the Cabaret, or special activities like the model-building workshop). Add it all up and you're looking at a big chunk of change, *too*

big a chunk for many fans.

I have few bitches about Fest II—mostly trivial ones that didn't really mar the event for me—but if I have to bitch about something before closing this review, I guess it would be the Cabaret. This was a talent show, put on the Saturday evening in lieu of the banquet or dance which most conventions schedule in this time slot.

It's an idea imported from British cons, I understand, and while it may work in England, it definitely



Majel Barrett gets Warped at Science Fiction Festival II.

did not work here. The Cabaret was a mostly amateur talent show featuring mostly local fans. A few of the acts had little to do with SF.

My wife (who didn't attend the con, but wanted to catch the Cabaret) was under the impression that the stars in attendance at the Fest would be performing and payed \$15 for a ticket, only to find that the show was almost entirely Warp 9 members singing, playing guitar, and doing shtick. I don't think we should have been charged that kind of money to see an amateur talent show. My wife and I were not happy.

But, I give the Festival's

organizers points for trying something different, even if it didn't work out.

So all in all, the Montreal Science Fiction Festival II was a pretty good con.

Months later, word is that while Fest II broke even, its organizers are tapped out and don't have any start-up capital for Fest III. Sadly, it looks like Fest II was maybe the last Fest, and that is a shame.

THE MONTREAL SCIENCE FICTION FESTIVAL II
reviewed by Keith Braithwaite

Late-September, '94's Montreal Science Fiction Festival II, run by the Warp 9 media-SF club, was a solid improvement over the first Festival, which drew a small, but very enthusiastic crowd some 14 or 15 months earlier. Attendance at least doubled and fans enjoyed the second Festival just as much, I'd say, if not more than the first one.

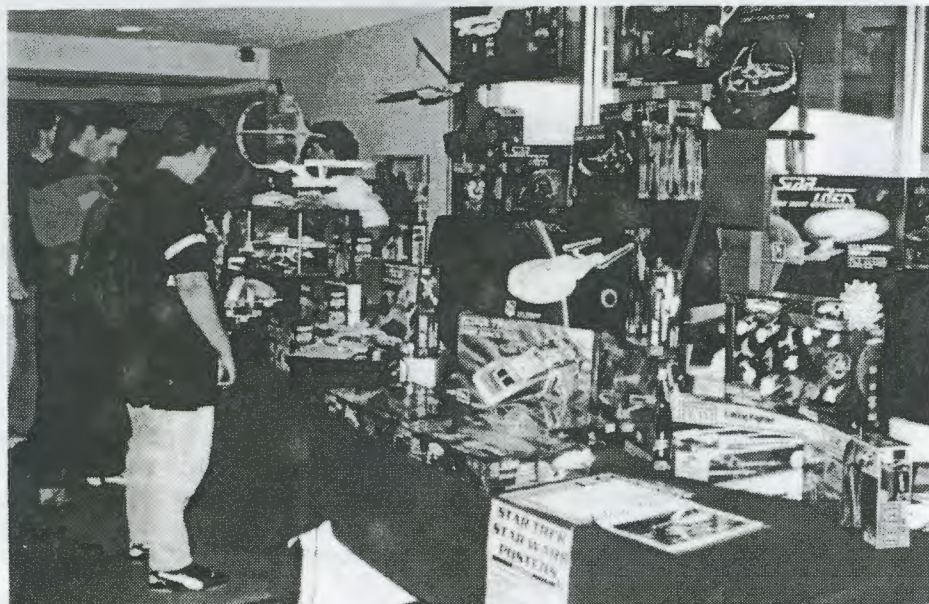
I give the "Fest-com" full points for organizing, strongly promoting, and near-flawlessly running a very good con. The mistakes made on the first Festival were corrected for the second, popular attractions (like the British and American video tracks, and the Saturday-evening Cabaret) maintained, and programming bettered. Festival II's guest roster, in particular, was fabulous (especially for the TV SF fan), headlined by *Star Trek's* Majel Barrett, and featuring

Mira Furlan, one of the stars of *Babylon 5*. Older fans remembered *Lost in Space* star Mark Goddard; *Space: 1999's* Barry Morse, unfortunately, had to cancel for personal reasons (this was not unexpected). Secondary guests included A.C. Crispin (*Trek* novelist), Arne Starr (*Trek NG* comics), Mike Cuneo (model-maker, *TNG* and *DS9*), and local fan Berny Reischl (a MonSFFA member and KAG/Kanada's head honcho). Area SF/F clubs and organizations participated, many of their members pitching in to help the Festival out, and everyone was in a great mood for one of the biggest fan-run parties of the year.

My single complaint involves the Festival's cost of admission. This con was an expensive proposition that worked out to about \$20 per day.



Babylon 5 star Mira Furlan fields questions at Festival II (photo by Kevin Holden).



Festival II's dealers room



Clockwise from top left: Fest MC Larry Stewart (left) performed with Fest guest Mark Goddard in a humorous Lost in Space skit as part of the Saturday-night Cabaret; Klingons surround Gorn ambassador; Major Kira talks with young Starfleet recruit; Warp photographer Daniel P. Kenney (center) poses with costumed fans at Festival II (photo by Kevin Holden).



Lwaxana meets Lwaxana: Majel Barrett and MonSFFAn Catherine Gervais

(Some of the events on the program—like the acting workshop and the Cabaret—included extra charges, so if you wanted to take these in, add a few bucks to that \$20.) Yes, I know that the Festival, with several TV-star guests (who don't come cheap) on the sked, had to budget more than the average fan-con. But bottom line: most fans just can't afford this kind of top-dollar event. What good is bringing in a sweep of star guests if half your market can't afford to go and see them?

I suspect that this may be at the heart of the Festival's pulling in fewer people than its organizers thought it would. My information is that the con drew barely enough people to break even, and no more. Coming away without anything in the way of profit, organizers have

nothing with which to get Festival III going. Recent buzz suggests, in fact, that there may not be a Festival III just exactly because the bucks aren't there.

Perhaps, had the Festival limited itself to *one* star guest (maybe two), the admission price could have been set lower, suddenly making the con more affordable to a sizable number of fans. And even with less star power, I'll venture that the con would still have attracted just about as many attendees, *probably even more*. A profit would have been made, and Montreal fandom would now be looking forward confidently to Festival III.

Of course, it's easy for me to sit here, in hindsight, and second guess things, but in the end, this con was greatly enjoyed by those who attended, and it paid for itself. That spells success.

CONCINNITY reviewed by Lynda Pelley

Concinnity, a new convention, was held in Kanata, Ontario (a suburb of Ottawa) over the 1994 Halloween weekend. This relaxicon was intended as a fund-raiser both to start up a new con to replace Maplecon, and to help pay off Maplecon's debt. (The now defunct Maplecon, a money-loser in its final years, was a full-scale con run by Ottawa fandom for over a decade.) It's good to see Ottawa fandom on

the way to recovery. About 60 people attended Concinnity and a good time was had by all.

The Journey's End Hotel, site of the con, was small and had none of the traditional convention facilities—Concinnity took place in a large suite and some adjoining rooms. Dealers operated out of their own hotel rooms, setting their own business hours. The major dealer, New Frontier, also in their room hosted an SFMBA-sponsored model competition. (New Frontier, a participant in MonSFFA's discount program, and the SFMBA—Science Fiction Model Builders Association—are run by Ottawa-area fans Barry and Sheila Alder.) And, a hall-costume contest was held in the main convention suite,

Concinnity's guests were Ottawa's own Larry "The Doctor" Stewart and MonSFFAn/KAGster Berny Reischl, who gave a few loosely scheduled panels on art, costuming, and model-building.

The highlight of the weekend was Larry's Saturday-midnight reading. While Larry's readings are always excellent, this one was particularly memorable because of the graphic descriptions in the new short story he brought, involving an anatomically correct female werewolf and menstruation! You just had to be there; Larry's ears turned such an intense shade of red. I'm sure that from now on, Larry will check the content of any new material before reading it aloud in front of an audience.

Concinnity was "The convention where club executives and con-com's from other conventions come to relax." It was all about fandom, friendship, and having a good time. This is a feeling that you'll find at the heart of all good conventions. Concinnity was the type of con that proves that you don't need overpriced *Star Trek* actors, long autograph lines, and con organizers who largely ignore the interests of fandom in the hope of pulling in larger numbers of psuedo-fans/mundanes (the latter, sadly, an increasing trend in fan-run conventions these days, and partially the reason why many of them fail).

Concinnity was a success, both critically and financially, and will be back next year.



Mark Goddard poses with MonSFFAn Nicola Stoeckert, in Cardassian costume.

Risk and Sacrifice, Part 3

by Bryan Ekers, from a story idea by Keith Braithwaite

Bryan Ekers' DS9 story continues; parts one and two ran in, respectively, Warp 30 (Summer '94) and Warp 31 (September '94).

When power was restored, it was almost anticlimactic. In the better lighting, Kira could see the damage to Ops wasn't as bad as she'd feared. She looked over at Bashir. "How is he?"

Bashir checked the dressing he'd placed over Sisko's head wound. "It's a serious concussion, Major. There's no brain damage, though. He'll be all right, but I need to get him to sickbay."

She stared briefly at the unconscious Sisko. "Do it." She called over two security personnel to help Bashir carry Sisko. "And inform the Commander's son."

Bashir nodded, and continued to minister to Sisko as the guards carried him to the turbolift.

Kira took another glance at station two. In under 12 hours, they'd have a disaster on their hands that would make this look like a drill.

"Continue the evacuation," she ordered coldly.

Dax and O'Brien glanced at her, then at each other, then at her again.

"We have power now—" started O'Brien.

"Continue evacuation?" repeated Dax, simultaneously.

"Both of you, come here," ordered Kira. As the two junior officers crowded Kira at station two, she called up the data on the anti-matter cloud.

"This is why I didn't want Sisko to fire on the runaway freighter," said Kira. "The entire station would have been sprayed with anti-matter if the ship had exploded before the collision."

"My God," whispered Dax. She reached around Kira and began to manipulate the controls. "That's about 3 million metric tons."

"Well," said Kira. "We've gotta get out of the way."

"Sorry, Major," interjected O'Brien. "There were too many secondary explosions from the collision. We lost four reactors. We don't have the power to go anywhere."

"The station can't be that seriously damaged," muttered Kira. "Whoever designed DS9 must have built in a system to handle collisions. What if we were hit by a meteor?"

O'Brien shook his head. "The Cardies removed a lot of the equipment when they abandoned the station. And the shields did work, absorbing most of the impact.

"We lost four reactors. We don't have the power to go anywhere."

If not for them, we'd have lost the entire docking ring. It was when the ship exploded that most of our systems failed. The hard gamma radiation," he shook his head. "We weren't prepared for it."

"Something else," started Dax, calling up more information, and a few projections. She paused, glancing almost shamefully at Kira.

"What is it?" prompted Kira.

"Uh, the anti-matter from the first ship will fall into Bajor's sun eventually, but this second cloud . . ."

"Go on," said Kira.

"About 90 percent of it will be consumed when it destroys DS9. The remainder will keep going."

"And . . .?"

"It'll fall into Bajor's gravity well within three days. There'll be widespread gamma contamination

of the planet."

Kira's mouth hung open for a moment. "Well . . ." she started. "Won't the upper atmosphere protect the planet?" she asked quickly.

Dax bit her lower lip before answering. "If this was just a wave of gamma rays, I'd say yes. But the radiation is only created after anti-matter collides with matter. When the cloud meets the upper ionosphere, the explosion will knock a hole in the protective layer. Gamma contamination of the planet's surface is almost certain." Projections began to file across the monitor, of thousands of immediate deaths, millions of slow ones, whole agricultural regions sterilized for generations.

Kira rubbed her eyes. "Damn," she said quietly.

Odo, wisely, had provided extra security for Ops during the crisis; he didn't want any panicky civilians being underfoot. Now, one of the security officers called to Kira.

"Major? Two personnel want in."

"Just a moment," she called. "I want a way out of this," she said softly to O'Brien and Dax. "And keep it quiet."

O'Brien looked doubtful. "Major, we have to alert Bajor. They need to—"

"They need to what?" hissed Kira. "There's nothing on the planet that could shield them from something like this. All we'll get is panic. Extremists will see this as Preta's first step in destroying Bajor. We'll have mass suicides and destruction. No one, I repeat, *no one* is to know about this. Get started." She called to the security officer: "Who are they?"

"Some Starfleet ensign named Ro Laren, and a man who says he's the Assistant Secretary of Science and Technology."

"Laren?" said the lieutenant at the engineering station, the one O'Brien had introduced to Kira as Barclay.

"Ro Laren's okay, Major,"

muttered O'Brien. "Another old *Enterprise* shipmate."

Kira smiled. "Tell me, Chief, how many old friends of yours can we expect?"

O'Brien did not smile in return. His voice dropped to a low whisper. "I never said they were my friends, Major."

Kira nodded. "Let them in," she ordered the guard. "I'll see the Secretary in Commander Sisko's office." She casually picked up her shoulder bag and started to climb the steps to the upper deck.

Ensign Ro stepped over to Barclay. "Is everything all right up here?" she asked quietly.

He nodded. "We, well, we had some trouble, but it's fixed now, mostly. Say, Chief O'Brien's here." He started to turn away from her, to get O'Brien's attention, but she caught his shoulder.

"It's okay," she whispered. "We don't get along."

He seemed surprised for a moment. "But—"

"Shhhh." She planted a soft kiss on his right cheek.

"You know," he added, "another 10 minutes and the reactors would have blown."

"Oh," Ro replied flatly. Her eyes dropped to Barclay's console and remained there while she spoke. "I'm sorry, Reg. When I invited you to come along for the Jalani, I never expected—" She stopped when she saw his broad smile. "Something funny?"

"How could you have known?" he said, a little quickly. "Besides, this is just another of Preta's tests, isn't it? To see how good we are?"

She looked straight at him and frowned. "Don't try to analyze it, Barclay. Bajor had a codified set of beliefs while your race was walking on all fours. There's only one thing you need to know about the Jalani." Under the console, out of sight, she placed her hand on his left knee. Her voice dropped to a murmur. "That it's my first as an adult. By Bajoran custom, I'm not a real woman until I've . . ." The rest she whispered directly into his left ear, and she punctuated her sentence with a brief lick of his earlobe.

It was not warm in the Ops Center, but a sheen of perspiration

began to show on Barclay's forehead.

Kira's face was frozen in an expression that displayed calm, intelligence and, she hoped, respect. "Secretary Jelenik, we are honoured," she said in a loud and cordial voice. "I'm Major Kira Nerys, Bajoran Liaison Officer."

The man stared at her, bemused. "You're out of uniform, Major."

Kira blinked. Her civilian clothing and shore leave had been completely forgotten over the last half hour. She stared at Jelenik, sizing him up as he was evaluating her. He was a small person, almost as short as Quark, but with remarkably fine, almost gaunt features and a whipcord body, despite his late-middle age. His sharp blue-green eyes zoomed in on Kira like camera lenses, making his cold, hard examination. Kira was almost

*"By Bajoran
custom, I'm not
a real woman
until I've..."*

amused by the man, all of his natural control, his economy of form and movement.

With a mild rising of his eyebrows and a movement of his eyes, Jelenik indicated the Ops Center, the entire station, and for all Kira knew, life in general. "Collision with an anti-matter freighter, was it not?" His voice was gravelly, as sometimes happened to Bajorans who spent most of their lives breathing the thinner atmospheres of other planets.

Kira was surprised. "Yes, it was."

"What about the other ships?"

She felt no need to give an evasion. "Destroyed. The one that hit us must have warped here ahead of the others. May I ask how you come by your information?"

Jelenik nodded. "I always carry a

portable sensor array with me."

Kira was disbelieving. "A portable array?"

"Yes, with a small fusion powersphere as an energy source. I've been tracking the Ferengi vessels ever since they entered the system. I probably knew what happened before you did, but I wanted your confirmation. What steps have been taken to salvage the anti-matter?"

"Secretary," she said tersely, "it's against regulations to bring a fusion powersphere aboard the station."

His eyes locked on hers and did not waver. "Major, I wrote those regulations. Salvage status, please."

"Salvage? My first concern was keeping the station in one piece. Right now, salvage is the least of our problems." She tapped a com panel on Sisko's desk. "Computer."

"Working."

"Relay the medium-range sensor reports to this station." She backed away from the desk, allowing Jelenik to see the monitor. She watched him intently, for his reactions. She'd heard stories about Jelenik, how he'd been hounded off the planet by the Cardassians almost 30 years ago. Details were sketchy after that; he'd been placed at various scientific and technological centers—the Daystrom Institute, the Vulcan Academy of Sciences, the Andorian First Polytechnic. When the Occupation ended, he was among the first to return, establishing himself as the leader of one of the many political factions that struggled and squabbled and had only been uneasily merged into the provisional government. Jelenik's followers were atheists and agnostics; technological extremists.

Jelenik had enemies, but in the enemy-of-my-enemy political scramble of Bajor, he was a friend of *Deep Space Nine*. At the moment, anyway.

Jelenik finished reading the summary. He leaned away from the desk, deep in thought. "Unfortunate."

Kira was not going to lose her temper. "Yes, it is," she replied icily. "You like directness, Secretary. So do I. Until Commander Sisko recovers from his injuries, I'm in charge. I want a team of the best engineers you can get on short notice to help in our repairs. We'll also need at least

10 or 12 ships with high-yield, wide-range tractor beams to deflect the anti-matter cloud. Failing that, we'll need them to help move the station out of the way. You want the anti-matter salvaged? Be my guest, but priority is saving Bajor and this station." She sat at the desk and looked at him casually.

He chuckled dryly. "Would if I could, Major. The Jalani has effectively shut down Bajor. Most of my staff has scattered across the continents and moons. I couldn't assemble more than a handful in the time we have."

Kira frowned. "You were prepared to accept shipment of nine tankers of anti-matter with a skeleton crew?"

He shrugged. "My timing was not accidental or careless, Major. With the various religious factions occupied with the festival, I had my opportunity to acquire the anti-matter without interference."

Kira had to smile; the absurdity of the situation demanded it. "Let me see if I understand this, Secretary. You authorized a gigantic shipment of a dangerous substance, and you

don't even have an emergency crew standing by?"

He frowned, his patience beginning to crack. "I've had this discussion with more powerful people than you, Major Kira. Do you know that 20 percent of the Bajoran population is without power? That whole industries are lying idle for lack of inexpensive energy? Are the churches and temples going to provide it?" His voice rose sharply, the memories of all his past struggles forcing his composure to slip. "Put your faith in the Prophets, my children!" he yelled mockingly. "But I don't need a Prophet to predict Bajor's future. I can see death by starvation, death by hypothermia, death by disease caused by unpurified water. The Bajoran people will be forgiven by Preta, as they always have been, and be free to die as uselessly as before. The Prophets know they will be good deaths, and the souls of the people will fly free even as their bodies wither and fail." He wiped a line of sweat from his forehead. His breathing, hard and fast, began to return to normal.

Kira looked at him in near shock.

His eyes moved away from hers, with some shame.

"It's easy for you, isn't it, Major? You want the power, but you're unwilling to face the costs and the risks. And I have had this discussion before. It's ironic, really. The religious factions want a return to the old ways, by which they mean a time when Bajorans were pious and devout and humble. I also want a return to the old ways, but to me that means when Bajor was powerful, and self-reliant, and our art and architecture graced every planet in this sector." He was calm again, almost introspective. "But all this is irrelevant. I don't want this station to be destroyed, Major. It's too important to Bajor's long-term economic growth. And I do understand what will happen if even a fragment of the anti-matter touches the planet's upper atmosphere." Idly, he began to play with the controls on Sisko's desk console. "There are always possibilities. I learned that on Vulcan many, many years ago."

Continued in the next issue of *Warp*

STAR TREK: VOYAGER A Review of the Pilot Episode, "Caretaker" by Keith Braithwaite

If *Star Trek: Voyager's* pilot, "Caretaker," is any indication, the *Trek* franchise has a bright future. *Voyager* is the third prime-time TV series spun-off from the original *Star Trek*. I'll boldly go so far as to predict that it'll soon eclipse *Deep Space Nine* (which just hasn't sparked with audiences) in popularity among Trekkers.

Voyager's debut was pretty good stuff, and the new starship's crew are the best lot of *Trek* characters to come along in some time. No teenaged, wonder-kid Wesleys, touchy-feely Deannas, or static Siskos here.

We are introduced to nine characters; three or four of them, led by Captain Kathryn Janeway, soon emerge as the nucleus of the show. The rest work well in support, and I pray that *Voyager's* writers continue to focus on their main characters and resist any pressure to play up the secondaries too much, which is what *TNG* did, often to its detriment, I think.

Janeway is clearly the star of the show. As played wonderfully by Kate Mulgrew, she comes across as an experienced, no-nonsense commander, intelligent and compassionate, protective of her crew, demanding their best and knowing that she'll get it. She doesn't strike me as the type who'll spend half an episode in the captain's

ready room philosophically pondering the implications of a course of action. She's a decisive commander who quickly assesses a situation and acts. This, in my book, is a Starfleet captain!

Voyager, by virtue of its being set in a far-distant, unreconnoitered sector of the galaxy, will see *Trek* get back to exploring strange new worlds, something which



Captain Kathryn Janeway (Kate Mulgrew) leads the crew of the U.S.S. Voyager.

TNG and *DS9* didn't/ doesn't do enough of. This will make for a better show, and it'll be a welcome change from the same old Federation/Klingon/Romulan/Cardassian/Ferengi neighbourhoods we've become now numbingly familiar with. Of course, *Voyager's* writers must avoid creating new civilizations which are merely the Klingons or whoever under a different name, in different make-up and costume.

Star Trek: Voyager, then, starts off well and shows much promise. A few years ago, I felt similarly about *Deep Space Nine* following its premiere. Regrettably for *Trek* fans, *DS9* has not lived up to its potential. I dearly hope that *Voyager* will.

THE LOST RACE NOVEL

BY GEORGES DODDS

Georges Dodds continues, here, his look at lost race novels, which he began in our last issue, Warp 31 (September 1994).

3. Amazonia and Aztecs, Mayas, et al.

3a. Amazonia

Novels set in Amazonia are relatively few considering the vast potential of the region to hide lost races. This is perhaps because this region is one of the least explored by English explorers. Many of the lost races in Amazonia turn out to be lost South American Indians, but in some novels, such as those first discussed here, the Amazonian jungle plays a somewhat greater role. (Throughout this article, I make reference to 333 titles, which are novels listed by J. H. Crawford, J.J. Donahue, and D. M. Grant in their 1953 publication 333, *A Bibliography of the Science Fantasy Novel*.)

Frank Aubrey's *The Devil-Tree of El-Dorado* (New Amsterdam Book Co., 1897; reprinted Arno Press), a 333 title, is considered one of the great lost race novels. The original edition is well worth finding for the cover and spine work, embossed in copper, not the usual gold.

A mysterious stranger named Monella incites two young men to follow him into the jungles of British Guiana and Venezuela, in order to find, atop the plateau of Mount Roraima (incidentally, this mountain was first explored the year after the book's publication and no lost race was found), the lost city of Manoa. After many adventures they reach the golden city of Manoa, where they save a beautiful, non-Indian princess from the clutches of the evil priest, Coryon, who was to sacrifice her to a man-eating tree. Monella takes command of the army and defeats Coryon. He then reveals that he is actually the legendary 2000-year-old leader of the Manoans, long ago treacherously double-crossed by Coryon, and returned to fulfil an ancient prophecy. He dies as his destiny is fulfilled and his life no longer is useful to his race.

Another of Aubrey's classic lost race novels is *King of the Dead* (1903; reprinted Arno Press). Don't bother

looking for the original edition, there are only 10 or 20 known to exist, the remainder having been destroyed in a fire. This is also likely why it was not included in the 333 list.

I will give a somewhat more detailed account of this one as I have recently finished reading it:

Arnold Neville, an orphan, is approached by the mysterious Brazilian Don Lorenzo to lead an expedition into the interior of South America. When Neville refuses, Don Lorenzo first shows Neville, an engineer, all sorts of new technological wonders he has invented, offering to give them to him. On the insistence of his fiancée, Beryl, he refuses the offer. Don Lorenzo then kidnaps Beryl and her aunt-guardian. Neville and his friend Gordon Leslie travel to British Guiana and follow the trail of Don Lorenzo through the jungle. On a side expedition to the mythical "Haunted Mountain," Leslie meets Manzoni and falls for his lovely daughter, Rhelma, and her pet, a trained white puma. Manzoni is a scientist-king who has voluntarily retired from his rulership of a nearby lost city, currently run by his ambitious but gullible brother, Lyostrah (who just happens to also be Don Lorenzo). Manzoni has devoted his life to using a mysterious electric plant, Mylondos, which gives off the "Red Ray," to destroy all disease. Neville and his fiancée are reunited in the lost city. She has a strange dream that the evil sorceress, Alloyah, who is jealous of her (actually nonexistent) relationship with Lyostrah, is using the Mylondos plant to create undead thralls from the thousands of ancient dead in the catacombs, the walls of which produce a mysterious preserving radiance. The population is terrified as the zombies live off human flesh. The threat of revolt against Lyostrah, who has been away for a while, is quashed when Manzoni arrives, demanding his kidnapped daughter. Beryl has also been kidnapped. Lyostrah finally gets it through his thick skull that Alloyah has taken his quest for world domination a little further than he expected—she will use a huge army of indestructible undead zombies to take over the world—and that he has been hoodwinked by her. Desperate times require desperate measures, but a direct

appeal to God requires three members of the royal family. Conveniently, the orphan Neville is actually the long-lost son of Lyostrah's and Manzoni's long-lost brother, so the trio is complete. They do the ceremony, knock off the evil Alloyah, save the beautiful girls (to later marry them), and Lyostrah destroys the zombies with one of his super-technology weapons using the Red Ray, dying from exposure after having atoned for his sins.

Chock full of lost race clichés, this is one of the best.

Aubrey's real name was Frank Atkins, but he also is credited with writing some juveniles, under the name Fenton As(c)h. Otherwise, there appears to be very little known about him.

Like Aubrey's *Devil-Tree of El-Dorado*, Arthur Conan Doyle set his *The Lost World* (Doran, 1912, many modern reprints), a 333 title, on an isolated plateau in South America.

Professor Challenger (whose complete adventures can be found in *The Complete Professor Challenger Stories*; John Murray/John Cape, 1982), along with another scientist, a reporter, and a rich adventurer, venture to the plateau. They fight off dinosaurs and cavemen, conveniently finding heaps of huge diamonds. (See Keith Braithwaite's article, in *Warp* 25, Summer 1993, on dinosaurs in SF/F fiction.)

While not strictly lost race novels, I will include here what are probably the best adventure novels set in Amazonia. They may have been omitted by the 333 compilers because they are straight adventure, with essentially no SF/F elements, but at least one involves a gun battle inside the ruins of a lost city. They are Arthur O. Friel's *The Pathless Trail* (Harper & Bros., c. 1920; Centaur, c. 1972), *Tiger River* (Harper, 1923; Centaur, c. 1972), *The King of No Man's Land* (Grosset and Dunlap, 1924), *Renegade* (Penn Publ., 1926), and *The Mountains of Mystery* (c. 1925).

A friend of mine who has read them, and had also worked with the Peace Corps in Amazonia, compared the quality of Friel's description of the mood of vastness and mystery of the Amazon to that of Robert W. Service's poems on the Yukon. Friel was part of an early (1910s) expedition to the upper reaches of the Amazon, which he chronicled in *The River of Seven Stars*.

In *The Pathless Trail*, old college buddies Colonel Roderick McKay, Meredith "Merry" Knowlton, and Timothy Ryan start up the Amazon in search of their old friend, Rand who has disappeared into the interior and is heir to a fortune. Besides the treacherous von Schwandorf, they meet with nasty crocodiles, poison arrows, and cannibalistic tribes on their search for Rand. Ironically, Rand didn't want to be found in the first place as he was in a deep depression over unhappy events in his life.

The foursome and related characters reappear in the subsequent novels.

Colonel S.P. Meek's (1894-1972) *The Drums of Tapajos* and its sequel, *Troyana* (in *Astounding Stories*, 1930, 1932; Avalon, 1961), tell of a lost race in deep Amazonia.

The first tells of Ray Willis, a white man who has penetrated into the "tierra prohibitiva" beyond the Tapajos River and witnessed the supernatural effects of the strange drums: the terrifying to death of another

white man. From the latter he receives a 1000-year-old, jewel-encrusted knife and directions to more treasure. Willis, along with three ex-military men and Pedro, a native, go out into the jungle towards the lost city. They encounter some carnivorous dinosaurs, "Guardians of the Jungle." In the night they are spied upon through high-tech devices. They are taken into Troyana and after some romance with the local princess and fighting against the nasties, Willis leaves so that he may replenish the lost race's supply of radioactive cobalt, depleted during the civil war.

His return is presumably chronicled in *Troyana*.

Another novel of South America, but Patagonia this time, is Alan Sullivan's *In the Beginning* (Dutton, 1927), a 333 title. Here, Professor Caxton is furnished evidence of a prehistoric sloth by a Chilean colleague. Caxton leads an expedition into unexplored Patagonia, where they find prehistoric creatures and a race of cavemen. Burden, a member of the expedition, goes native, teaches the natives about fire, and they promptly, inadvertently, torch the entire lost land.

3b. Mayas, Aztecs, Incas, Toltecs, and Their Relations

One of the first in this genre dates as far back as 1805! Robert Southey's epic poem, *Madoc*, comprising "Madoc in Wales" and "Madoc in Aztlan," tells of Madoc, the son of the king of northern Wales, Owain Gwynedd (d. 1169).

Madoc, rather than get embroiled in the civil war following his father's death, takes to sea. According to legend, he drops off about 200 Welshmen in America, and goes back for more colonists; at this point he vanishes from history. The Welsh settlement was allegedly where Mobile, Alabama, is today.

This myth was so popular that it was included in several early American history texts, and the Daughters of the American Revolution even put up a bronze plaque inscribed "In memory of Prince Madoc, a Welsh explorer, who landed on the shores of Mobile Bay in 1170." This legend also was used in getting Arthur's sword, Excalibur, to Mobile in Sanders Anne Laubenthal's *Excalibur* (*Ballantine Adult Fantasy Series*, 1973).

Southey improves on the Madoc story by having him also visit Mexico and get mixed up in Aztec politics. Southey's massive poem is a little hard to plod through nowadays, and the historical notes, which are almost as long, are even worse; however, it is probably the only reasonably accessible version of this legend.

Richard Porson, a literati of Southey's time, said "Madoc will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten." Perhaps he was a little too over-enthusiastic? Here is a little snippet from "Madoc in Aztlan":

Meantime from Aztlan, on their
enterprise,
Shedder of Blood and Tiger of the War,
Ocellopan and Tlalala set forth.
With chosen followers, through the
silent night,
Silent they travell'd on. After a way
Circuitous and far through lonely

tracks,
They reach'd the mountains, and amid
the shade
Of thickets covering the uncultured
slope,
Their patient ambush placed.

An excellent historical novel on these civilizations is James A. Porter's *A Prince of Anahuac* (The Crawford Co., 1894), a novel which actually influenced a couple of noted archaeologists—who's names, unfortunately, escape me—to enter that field of study. T.A. Willard's 333 title, *Bride of the Rain God*, is an excellent tale of war between the two ancient Inca cities of Chichen Itza and Mayapan, with a little romance between beautiful princesses doomed to sacrifice and strong brave warrior princes. Willard was himself a part time archaeologist/anthropologist. H. Rider Haggard's *Montezuma's Daughter* and Kenneth Morris' *The Chalchiuhite Dragon* (written c. 1935, first published Tor, 1992) are also excellent.

Thomas A. Janvier's *The Aztec Treasure House* (Harper, 1890; a 333 title) is perhaps best known because it was illustrated by the famous western painter Frederic Remington.

Professor Thomas Palgrave, suspecting a lost Aztec race exists in western Mexico, leads a group of two American adventurers, a priest, and a young Mexican to find it. Pressed into a cave by bandits, they find the secret entrance to the valley of Atzlan and the city of Culhuacan. They fall in with the revolt against the priest-king Itzacoatl, but are captured. The priest is foully murdered by Itzacoatl, who is in turn killed by the Americans, who lead an escape through another secret tunnel, of course not omitting to bring along heaps of raw gold.

Quite a tasty piece, especially since Janvier was himself a dabbler in the archeology of this region. It is somewhat unusual in that there isn't a single woman character in the plot.

Another early piece and 333 title is Charles Sumner Seeley's *The Lost Canyon of the Toltecs* (McClurg, 1893).

A mining engineer and two friends set out to join a party of explorers in Central America. After crossing a desert and huge gorges, they find a lost Toltec city where the explorers are being held captive. Rather than be sacrificed, they all promise the king to stay forever in the city. Unfortunately, the priests aren't quite so keen at having their sacrifice rudely taken from them. Besides, these newcomers are just a little too technologically advanced and knowledgeable for their liking. The white men are eventually forced to leave the city, with the king's permission; naturally the nasty priests go after them, only to be destroyed by a huge, cyclonic storm.

George Griffith was, before the advent of H.G. Wells, the most popular and prolific SF author in Britain, yet he is now largely forgotten. (Griffith's SF will be discussed in a future article.)

His *The Romance of Golden Star* (1897, reprinted Arno Press), tells the story of an archaeologist's doctor friend, Djama, who revives, through a mixture of occult and scientific manipulations, the 360-year-old mummy of

Vilcaroya, an Inca prince. In so doing, Djama is corrupted by evil Vilcaroya then narrates the remainder of the novel. Vilcaroya leads them to the Inca treasure chambers in Peru, promising them mountains of gold if they can revive his sister-bride, Golden Star. She is the spitting image of Djama's daughter, who is disgusted with Vilcaroya's incestuous intentions. Vilcaroya realizes that he must abide by modern conventions and soon falls for Djama's daughter. This scientist revives Golden Star, becoming yet more debased by his evil lust for the vast Inca treasures. He then attempts, unsuccessfully, to betray Vilcaroya and stop his plans for the recapture of Peru. The scientist commits suicide through mind power and Peru is returned to Indian rule.

Nothing fantastic, but an enjoyable romp.

Another book which involves the discovery of Indian gold is St. George Rathborne's *A Bar Sinister* (The Hobart Co., 1897).

In the first half of the book the good guys and bad guys fight over an ancient map. Meanwhile, one of the heroes is rescuing his bride from a nunnery, where she has been incarcerated by her family. They eventually get the map, sail off to Peru, and find the treasure, not without, of course, running across the meanies a couple more times.

A pretty enjoyable, light read. Rathborne later wrote material for young juveniles.

His novel, *A Goddess of Africa: A Story of the Golden Fleece* (The Hobart Co., 1897), besides being grossly racist, has fleeting elements of the lost race novel.

Both titles are probably pretty rare.

Miles Sheldon-Williams' *The Power of Ula* (1906, reprinted Arno Press) tells of three young Englishmen (Bob, Richard, and Patrick) enlisted to serve a mysterious woman, Ula Valdien. She claims to be the wrongfully exiled heir to a lost matriarchal kingdom of Amazons in South America, the Valdi, an offshoot of the Aztecs and survivors of Atlantis! They worshiped the goddess Artaven and the Golden Snake until the revolution in which she was ousted. After the usual trapeze through jungles and swamps, they reach the lost race, ruled over by Lady Valma. She explains that Ula was ousted because she led an evil religion that demanded human sacrifice. After numerous battles the evil Ula wins and is going to sacrifice Valma, Bob, and Richard to the hideous, living Golden Snake (Patrick having become her thrall). Lightning destroys the idol of Artaven, and the terrified snake kills Ula instead, then dies. Valma and Bob become rulers, and live happily ever after.

Described as fast-paced and action-filled by its reviewers.

James Paul Kelly's *Prince Izon* (McClurg, 1910; a 333 title), tells of a goofy scientist, an educated American Indian, and two women who enter the Grand Canyon looking for a hidden tribe. They meet Aztec warriors, led by Prince Izon, who treat them as honoured guests. They are attacked by another party of the same race, pawns of the evil high-priest. Only Izon and the original party are left alive to be sacrificed in the Red City. The scientist's daughter is first on the slate as she has refused the attentions of the high-priest. Fortunately, Izon's forces arrive in the nick of time to save them and destroy

the evil Red City.

Gaston Leroux is best remembered for *The Phantom of the Opera* (1910) but he also wrote *L'Épouse du Soleil* (1913; Marabout, c. 1980), i.e. *The Bride of the Sun* (Arno Press reprint), and several notable mystery novels.

This title tells of Dick and uncle Francis Montgomery (the latter an absent-minded archaeologist), who go to Peru so Dick can marry his fiancée, Maria. Because of insolent behaviour, Maria must banish a group of Quichua Indians, including Huascar, who have been associated with her family for many years. Maria is kidnapped by the Indians to be the virgin bride of the sun, a ceremony preceding the resurgence of the Inca monarchy. Dick and Maria's father give chase but in vain, however Huascar suddenly appears and promises to save Maria. By luck Dick finds the site of the sacrifice only to see Maria entombed alive. Dick tries to save her but fails; Huascar keeps his vow and saves them at the cost of his own life.

Rex Stout (1886-1975) is best remembered for his numerous Nero Wolfe mysteries, and while he himself despised SF literature, he did, very early in his career, pen a lost race novel. *Under the Andes* (*All-Story Magazine*, Feb. 1914; Penzler [Mysterious Press], 1986) is commended as "extraordinarily vigorous and well-written" by the noted student of early SF/F, Sam Moskowitz. It was also highly praised by no less than Edgar Rice Burroughs, who was worried about the competition at the time.

It tells the macabre adventures of three travellers, two American brothers (Paul and Harry), and a gorgeous, international adventuress, Desirée Le Mire, who visit a lost world of troll-like descendants of the Incas, living underground in the Andes. There are numerous captures, imminent tortures, escapes and cliff-hanger endings.

A very enjoyable book.

Leo E. Miller's *The Hidden People* (Scribners', 1920) is, according to E.F. Bleiler, one of the more historically accurate lost race novels of this sort. It's sequel, *In the Tiger's Lair* (Scribners', 192?) is supposedly of much poorer quality. I have the first at home, but have yet to read it. (I'll reserve comment for now; details in a later article.)

Quién Sabe's (Jackson Gregory) *Daughter of the Sun: A Tale of Adventure* (1921, reprinted Arno Press) tells of Kendric, a handsome adventurer/soldier-of-fortune who wins a large amount of money from an old enemy (Rios) through gambling. However, the enemy's mysterious wife, Zoraida, challenges Kendric to a single dice toss for all the money. He loses every penny he has, and later she offers to give it all back if he becomes her bodyguard. He refuses, and goes on an expedition to Baja California to look for Aztec treasure. But she draws him, with her occult powers, back to her hacienda. She is insane, believing herself to be the direct descendant of Montezuma, and plans to reestablish the Aztec empire over Mexico as soon as she finds the lost treasure. Kendric again refuses to follow her plans and escapes with a captive American girl. They are cornered in a cave by Rios and Zoraida, but the latter die in a booby trap, conveniently revealing the lost treasure.

Harry F. Haley's *Immortal Athalia* (Dorrance, 1922; a

333 title) tells of soldier-of-fortune Wilder McDonald, and an archaeologist (Professor Drexel) and his nephew (Tom), who go off to Peru to find the lost Inca city of Loretto, based on an old manuscript. They reach Loretto, where the immortal sorceress Athalia reigns supreme. She falls for Tom Drexel, but hates McDonald, whom she condemns to fight in the Inca arena. Loretto's high priest wants to sacrifice the outsiders (always poking their noses in where they don't belong, those high priests), but Athalia learns of it through her black arts. She destroys the entire city in order for the outsiders to escape (aren't we overreacting a bit?).

Edwin L. Sabin's *The City of the Sun* (Jacobs, 1924; a 333 title) tells of Robert McClung, who ventures near the Mexican desert. Here a beautiful girl, Dona Felisa, begs for help, as her uncle wishes to sell her to be a sacrifice to the priests of the legendary City of the Sun. She is kidnapped and McClung trails her to the fabled city, where he finds a lost Aztec civilization which has a yearly virgin sacrifice. He saves Dona Felisa, kills the great serpent which guards the Aztec temple, and returns to civilization to marry her. (Don't you just love those perfect endings?)

Henry Carew's *The Vampire of the Andes* (1925, reprinted Arno Press) tells of a young girl, Quitu, left at a couple's doorstep in Peru. She is the focus of attention of a strange cult who eventually kidnap her. Will Wootton, who loves her, mounts an expedition into Amazonia, where he enters a mysterious cave. In order to save Quitu, he must become an initiate of the Muchacaraps tribe, who have kidnapped the girl. Having passed the initiation, he finds out that the day when the sacred birds will fly forth, drink the blood of seven virgins, and reestablish the supremacy of the old Gods is very near. The Gods wake and berate mankind for its evil ways, saying that if it does not abandon its current course, the Day of Reckoning will be soon. The Gods then all fall asleep again, Quitu is saved, and everybody lives happily ever after.

This book was specifically intended as a sequel to Rex Stout's *Under the Andes*.

T.A. Willard, mentioned above, also wrote a fine lost race novel of the Maya: *The Wizard of Zacna* (Stratford, 1929; a 333 title).

Thomas Cranton strikes an acquaintance with a wealthy planter, Pedro Cocom, as both are interested in the ancient civilizations of the Yucatan. Cranton falls for the elder of Cocom's two daughters. Cranton's investigations lead him to a ruined city where he saves the life of an ancient Indian of Mayan stock. The Indian tells him how in his youth he was captured and taken to Zacna, the hidden city of the Mayas. There he became blood-brother of Canich, second only to the king, but was betrayed by the princess Ixkan, whom he was infatuated with. He was saved from a grisly death by sacrifice by the younger princess. The old man dies, and Cranton realizes that he is actually in love with the younger daughter of Cocom.

One of the better researched works on the Maya.

Herbert Clock and Eric Boetzel's *The Light in the Sky* (1929, reprinted Arno Press; a 333 title) tells of a young Allied soldier during World War I who pursues a mysterious girl. Before he can speak to her, he is

drugged, kidnapped, and taken to the lost city of Atzlan, located in a huge cavern under Mexico and extending far under the Atlantic. He meets a man claiming to be a companion of Cortez who clues him in on the immortal Aztecs, and the fact that they are headed by the high-priest Tizoc, who uses light to control them. He meets the girl, Tinemah, daughter of Montezuma, who tells him that they will soon return to the surface and destroy it with the "Eighth Ray" of light. Through his love for her, he becomes friends with Tizoc, who tells him why he was kidnapped: to release his soul so that it can explore the stars. During this experiment, Tizoc's evil, ambitious son kills his father, intending to use the light to rule the world, but he cannot control the power and the whole place comes crashing down (just like the end of James Bond movies). Naturally, the soldier and beautiful princess escape.

A. Merritt's *The Face in the Abyss* (a novel set in the Andes with Inca survivals) and his other works will be discussed in greater detail in the third and final installment of "The Lost Race Novel."

Juanita Savage's *The City of Desire* (Dial Press, 1930; a 333 title) tells of Nora Warwick's attempt to find her father, lost in the Mexican interior while searching for Toltec remains. She leads an expedition, and while exploring a cave in the Sacred Mountain, discovers a valley within the mountain range, with a lost Mayan race. They are led by an English speaking (!) leader, El Rey, who believes himself descended from the gods. He falls for Nora and forces her into marriage. She grows to love him. When an attempt is made on El Rey's life, the conniving help of a mysterious high-priest saves him and the throne. It is then revealed that the priest is actually Nora's father. Naturally, they live happily ever after.

George B. Rodney's *Beyond the Range* (Clode, c. 1930; a 333 title) tells of the desecration of an Apache holy cave by a U.S. cavalry officer, and the return of the artifacts by his friends. While in the cave, the Apaches arrive and drive them deeper inside, where they find a secret passage that leads to a lost valley peopled with Toltecs. They are captured—the men to be living sacrifices, the women to become slaves—but they escape across a burning desert.

Rodney also wrote *Edge of the World* (Ruffield and Green, 1931), another 333 title, wherein Quintus Tertullius, escaping the wrath of Nero, sails for Spain, along with some troops. A violent storm eventually strands them on the coast of South America, near the city of Conal. This is the intellectual center of the Mayan civilization, but is threatened by the more barbaric elements of the race. The queen of Conal gets help from the Romans, but the enemy is too numerous and she is captured. The Romans begin making pirate raids against the Empire's coastal cities until the queen is freed to flee with Tertullius.

C.E. Scoggins' *The House of Darkness* (Bobbs-Merrill, 1931; a 333 title) tells of archaeologist Sylvester Maring and blond Christopher Kane, who fly to a remote region of the Yucatan. When the plane fails to take off from a remote lake, they go off into the jungle, where they find a lost Mayan city. The inhabitants have degenerated from a once proud race, but recognize Kane, who has

been amongst them before, and has been summoned by an ancestral calling, as their god, Kukulcan. Maring is given the key to Mayan hieroglyphics, which allows him to read documents from the "House of Darkness," storehouse of ancient knowledge (what an awful name for a library!). Turns out that the Maya are actually a bunch of lost (*surprise! surprise!*) Atlanteans.

In his follow-up, *The House of Dawn* (Appleton-Century, 1935), also a 333 title, Scoggins tells of an eccentric adventurer and dabbler in Incan archaeology, Red McDougal, whose lifelong dream has been to find the lost treasure of the Incas. An ancient manuscript tells of the location of the treasure, Iscacinga, in the Amazonian hinterlands. With his son, Malcolm, an American millionaire named Hall, and his daughter Joan, they reach Iscacinga, where strange, cleft-nosed Indians guard the treasure. An archaeologist, O'Leary, and his daughter have preceded them. They drain an artificial lake and find thousands of tons of gold and all sorts of archaeological goodies. The elder McDougal dies saving the expedition from unscrupulous white men trying to muscle in on the gold.

In the sequel, *Lost Road* (Doubleday, Doran, 1941), again, a 333 title, O'Leary has married Joan Hall, and along with Malcolm (who has married O'Leary's sister), they run the Iscacinga Gold Mine. He hires Howard Massey to fly him to a remote plateau, archaeological evidence of which has been found amongst the treasure. Stranded there, they discover a degenerate white race with beards, clearly contradicting any suggestion that they be Indian. They apparently migrated there eons ago, possibly from (yes, you guessed it) Atlantis. Massey joins the natives and O'Leary is eventually saved by a random plane expedition.

A. Hyatt Verrill's *The Bridge of Light* (Fantasy Press, 1950; a 333 title) tells of a young American archaeologist who obtains an ancient Mayan manuscript while travelling in Spain. Later in Guatemala, an old priest of a surviving Mayan religion translates it for him. The archaeologist follows the directions to a lost city, which he reaches after a number of trials. He passes all of these, and this qualifies him, according to the "Scriptures," to be a divine ruler. Naturally, the high-priest is plenty pissed at having God's right hand man show up, so he leads a revolt, which he of course loses.

And, J.A. Lath's *The Lost City of the Aztecs* (Cupples & Leon, 1934) is one of many juvenile lost race novels. One that can safely be ignored.

Georges wraps up his look at lost race novels in the next issue of Warp.

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MINI-MOVIE-REVIEWS

A couple of late-1994's SF/F movies are still in theatres as we enter 1995, the others have come and gone and will probably be popping up on video soon. Which of the flicks here have you yet to see? Maybe you shouldn't bother with some of them. Before checking 'em out at your local theatre or video store, check out our mini-reviews of:

THE PUPPET MASTERS reviewed by Keith Braithwaite

The idea of parasitic space aliens infiltrating human bodies and minds and taking over the world has been done on the screen a number of many times, most impressively in 1956's *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. So *The Puppet Masters* brings nothing new to the sci-fi movie fan. (Somewhat ironically, the Robert A. Heinlein book upon which *Puppet Masters* is based pre-dates not only *Body Snatchers* the film, but the Jack Finney novel it was drawn from.)

I could have overlooked the shopworn nature of the concept, however, had *Puppet Masters* been an even remotely good film. It wasn't.

This is a *bad* movie. half the lead cast do an incredibly amateurish job of acting, really stinking up the joint. Of course, the script they're working from isn't worth much, either, full as it is of plot holes and improbable action.

Don't waste your time on *The Puppet Masters*. Instead, watch again the classic *Body Snatchers* (or its 1978 remake).

(Sylvain St-Pierre liked *Puppet Masters*, both movie and book, which he compares in his review on page 14.)

ED WOOD reviewed by Keith Braithwaite

Batman director Tim Burton offers up a screen biography of Edward Davis Wood, Jr. Burton liberally mixes fact and fiction as he brings us (in glorious black and white!) the story of Wood, a cross-dressing, 1950s filmmaker with a penchant for angora sweaters who is widely considered to be the worst director of all time.

Ed Wood is a fabulous movie, a celebration of the triumph of

boundless enthusiasm over talentlessness. Writer/producer/director Wood naively believed that he was *good* at what he did, despite obvious evidence to the contrary. That was part of his charm, and Burton focuses on the Z-grade director's passion for his Z-grade film projects, *Bride of the Monster* and *Plan 9 From Outer Space* among them.

As a transvestite in 1950s America, Wood struggled for society's acceptance but found it only in the menagerie of weirdos, misfits, and pariahs he featured in his movies. This menagerie included aging, drug-addicted horror star Bela Lugosi (*Dracula*).

Burton has assembled a rock-solid cast to play Wood and his entourage. Stars Johnny Depp and Martin Landau—as, respectively, Wood and Lugosi—are both absolutely terrific.

Ed Wood is great fun and well worth seeing.

THE PAGEMASTER reviewed by Susan Denham

A mix of live-action and animation, this is the tale of a tootimid lad (Macaulay Culkin) who finds courage by way of the many adventures he discovers in the pages of books.

Christopher Lloyd is the Pagemaster of the title, who launches the boy into the wonderful world of literature. Lloyd's *Star Trek*-alumni, Leonard Nimoy, Patrick Stewart, and Whoopi Goldberg, lend their voices to the animated sequences.

The film is flat, however, redeemed only by its pro-reading message to children.

STAR TREK GENERATIONS reviewed by Keith Braithwaite

This seventh *Star Trek* movie is the first to feature the *Next Generation* crew, and they get their big-screen adventures off to a good start.

TNG is at its best when its strongest character, Captain Picard,



Animated sequence from *The Pagemaster*



Captain Kirk mounts up for one last adventure, with Captain Picard, in latest Trek film.

is front and center. *Generations*'s writers have wisely placed him at the forefront of their story, throwing the legendary James T. Kirk in for good measure. *Generations* is good *Trek*, a nice balance of action, drama, humour, and sci-fi, along with that certain sense of *Trek* history which appeals to so many of the series' fans.

There are a few memorable moments, here, but what should have been the most memorable is spoiled by the really stupid line

given Kirk as he dies at the end of the movie. Too bad; Kirk (and Shatner) deserved better.

INTERVIEW WITH THE VAMPIRE
reviewed by Susan Denham

Darkly erotic, creepy, and at times *very* gory, *Interview with the Vampire* is a big-budget exploration of the night-world and predatory lifestyle of the vampire, as imagined by Anne Rice, who penned the book upon which this film is based. (She



Interview with the Vampire's trio of night predators

did the screenplay, too, incidentally.)

The story centers on a trio of the undead: the storyteller, Louis (Brad Pitt), a vampire uncomfortable with what it means to be a vampire; his black-souled mentor, Lestat (Tom Cruise); and chilling child-vampire Claudia (Kirsten Dunst). The tale takes us to the New Orleans and Paris of 200 years ago, and to modern-day San Francisco. And while things drag a bit much about midway through, the movie finishes on an appropriately disquieting note as Guns 'N Roses' unnerving version of the Rolling Stones' "Sympathy for the Devil" is cranked up.

Much (probably manufactured) controversy surrounded the casting of Cruise as Lestat—Rice loudly made it known that she was opposed. But Cruise rose to the task and he and his co-stars do a fine job of it. (Rice, in the end, reversed herself, praising Cruise's Lestat.)

STARGATE
reviewed by Carl Phillips

While the idea is kind of nifty, and the FX slick, when all is said and done, this is only a so-so movie. And it's hard to buy a villain (Jaye Davidson of *Crying Game* fame) who makes Michael Jackson look butch!

MARY SHELLEY'S FRANKENSTEIN
reviewed by Carl Phillips

There's a lot of critically acclaimed Hollywood talent at work in this adaptation of the classic tale, including Kenneth Branagh (director; plays part of Victor Frankenstein), who really chews up the high-priced scenery. Ultimately unsatisfying.



Robert De Niro is Frankenstein's monster in latest screen version of the classic tale.

Following a viciously brutal attack on one of their own, the muppets demanded justice. Barney the Dinosaur was brought to trial and, on the evidence of the sensational, startlingly lurid photo (illustration 1) reproduced here, was convicted on a charge of aggravated assault!

But he was a dupe, a patsy, a chump, a sap and a stooge, and in an effort to have his sentence overturned, Barney cut a deal, declaring that he was willing to testify against the *true* masterminds of this hideous crime, the real purveyors of this unchecked mayhem, the deviant and demented architects of this dastardly deed, the bent degenerates who committed this unspeakable atrocity, the guys behind this really mean thing that was done to Elmo!

Yes, gentle reader, you read that correctly. Innocent and beloved little Elmo, of *Sesame Street*, was the victim of an attack so indefinably corrupt, so devilishly goonish and savagely monstrous, so barbarously brilliant in its warped, psychotic, foaming frenzy that we're rapidly running out of words with which to describe it!

And so, mellow soul, be forewarned that the following may be difficult to read, disquieting and induratedly unsettling. Stop reading here and now (!) if you believe that you may not be able to handle the caustically shocking details of:

THE TRIAL ON SESAME STREET (JUSTICE FOR ELMO?)

prepared for *Warp* by our crack(ed) legal reporter, Josée Bellemare, a specialist in muppet criminal law; based on the actual court transcripts

Judge: Remember Barney, you are under oath.

Barney: Yes, your Honour. It happened on the weekend of March 12 and 13, 1994. I was asked to show up at PBS television station WCFE to help with their pledge drive. The kids just love me, you know.

Judge: The court is well aware of your popularity with children. Please continue.

Barney: It was Saturday night and a science fiction club from out of town had shown up to man the phones. I

had heard that some of them were Klingons and that they sometimes get a little wild, so I decided to play it safe and keep my distance as much as possible.

Judge: Please limit your testimony to the actual events of that evening and refrain from speculating on Klingon behaviour.

Barney: Yes, your Honour. It was getting late and as the evening wore on the Klingons were, indeed, getting restless. I was resting quietly in a corner when a bunch of them grabbed me, forced open my mouth and...and... (Begins to weep uncontrollably)

Judge: Do you need a minute?

Barney: (Composing himself) No. It's okay. I'll go on. They stuffed an unconscious Elmo in between my jaws! Oh, God! It was awful. I bit down... I'm a T-Rex, you know. (Voice quivering) That's what T-Rexes do. I'm sorry. I...I never meant to hurt anyone. The Klingons forced me to do it! (Begins to weep again)

Judge: Calm down, Barney. Calm down. What happened after that?

Barney: Well, they were holding me so I couldn't do anything, and then they had their picture taken with me, Elmo still stuffed into my mouth. Your Honour, it was awful. They were laughing, boasting about a double blow against annoying cuteness on TV—attacking a resident of *Sesame Street* and ruining my good reputation. The president of the club even had her picture taken with me, still in that terrible, humiliating situation. And then she had it published in a fanzine! The horror...the horror. (After a moment, continues) I'm really sorry for what

happened. I would never hurt anyone on purpose.

Judge: Thank you, Barney. You may step down. (The witness steps down) After hearing the testimony of this witness, and taking into consideration the reputation of the witness, and the actions of these Klingons, I hereby overturn his previous conviction. Barney the Dinosaur is free to go. Court is adjourned.

Reporter's Note: Whether or not charges will be brought against any of the Klingons involved remains to be seen, but at this time, seems unlikely. Barney the Dinosaur has resumed his career as an annoyingly cute educator/entertainer of children, but his popularity with the kiddies has taken a downward turn. Elmo has yet to see justice done.

Meanwhile, conspiracy theorists have suggested that these Klingons were not really Klingons, but in fact, *Red Dwarf* holograms pretending to be Klingons. Close examination of the photo (illustration 2) which the president of the sci-fi club had taken of herself with Barney—chewing on Elmo—reveals an "H" on her forehead, the tell-tale sign of a *Red Dwarf* hologram. Adding fuel to this theory is the fact that WCFE was airing back-to-back episodes of *Red Dwarf* during that fateful pledge drive.

Klingons or holograms, it is certain that the perpetrators of this unconscionable assault on basic, common decency were *science fiction fans*. And there are few things on this good, green Earth more twisted than science fiction fans.



Illustration 1



Illustration 2

BOOK REVIEWS

The Mote in God's Eye
The Gripping Hand
by Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle
reviewed by Joe Aspler

When Robert A. Heinlein gives you a cover blurb stating that your book is "Possibly the finest science fiction novel I have ever read," you have accomplished something.

In 1974 Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle managed that achievement with *The Mote in God's Eye*. It took nearly 20 years, but they've followed it with a top-notch sequel, *The Gripping Hand*.

One of the oldest problems in science fiction is the question of how to create good aliens. How do you give them motives that are not merely inhuman, but truly non-human? Real aliens can't simply be Nazis, Communists, bank robbers, or other human bad guys in strange make-up.

Star Trek created a few good aliens. Most *Trek* aliens, though, are plainly people from the 20 century. Klingons, for example, are very obviously Russians. Any doubt on that score was removed in that *Deep Space Nine* episode featuring a Klingon playing a Klingon version of a balalaika and singing the Klingon version of the Volga Boat Song.

In *The Mote in God's Eye* Niven and Pournelle introduced the Moties, one of the best alien races in all of science fiction. They are alien, believable, and as non-human as a human can make them. Motie culture, physiology, and psychology elevate both of these books from the level of better-than-average space operas to that of SF classics.

Just over 1000 years in the future, the human race rules a chunk of the galaxy under the Empire of Man. This is an empire with something for everyone: free trade, popular assemblies combined with feudal titles, a convenient—but not instantaneous—faster-than-light drive, and lots of scientific research. What this empire does not have, however, is a tolerance for separatist-minded planets. Such things, they reason, led to the destruction of Earth and to the collapse of the First Empire.

After putting down a rebellion,

Captain Lord Blaine of the battlecruiser *MacArthur* is called to investigate the arrival of a space probe, driven by the light pressure of a gigantic laser. The aliens do not have faster-than-light travel, so they had to go the long way, through real space.

Such was the power of this driving laser that it was visible from a human planet, and influenced local astronomy, politics, and even religion. The spacecraft came from a group of stars called Murcheson's Eye, so the laser light was known as The Mote (read your Bible). The alien crew—killed in a mysterious fashion just at the first contact—become, naturally enough, the Moties.

Lord Blaine is sent to the Mote system to investigate. Along with him comes a beautiful young aristocrat, Sandra Fowler, whom he rescued from that rebellion; a (possibly traitorous) trader named Horace Hussein Bury; and a whole shipload of the usual SF characters.

Now the Moties are not your usual, earthly, biaxially symmetric species (that's us: one more or less equivalent eye, ear, arm, and leg on each side). The Motie left arm is for power, while the right side has two smaller arms for delicate manipulation. Also, the Moties are genetically directed towards different professions—mediators, engineers, doctors, and so on. Imagine a soldier genetically trained, from birth, to kill. That's nasty.

I can't say anything more about *The Mote in God's Eye* without giving things away. Suffice it to say that 25 years later, in *The Gripping Hand*, the Moties are a permanent headache for the Empire of Man.

The Gripping Hand is not just a title. "Gripping hand"—referring to the mighty Motie left arm—is also a favourite curse within the Empire.

Lord Blaine is back, along with Horace Bury, and we find that the Moties are trying to break out of their system. Should humanity go for accommodation or genocide? In the sequel, the Moties are familiar to us, and perhaps that familiarity leads us to view them as, if not human, then at least not as alien as before. Natural in a sequel, but regrettable nonetheless.

Do I have any problems with either book? Just as the Moties are an

amazing race, many of the humans are little more than caricatures: loyal retainers, servants, and spacemen; less-than-honourable types; and that SF standby, the scientist who puts research above good sense and loyalty.

In an essay written shortly after *Mote*, Pournelle side-stepped the question of a feudalistic space empire with a statement to the effect that a writer is not responsible for the actions of his characters. Fair enough. But at a WorldCon about 10 years ago I also heard Pournelle say that "one man, one vote" was not going to solve South Africa's problems. We are learning whether or not that's the case right now. But then, I'm a believer in Churchill's adage that representative democracy is "the worst possible form of government—with the exception of every other form of government ever tried."

Anyway, quibbles aside, Heinlein was right: *Mote* is one of the best SF novels ever written. That's a hard act to follow, but *The Gripping Hand* is a worthy successor.

Warlock Rock
by Christopher Stasheff
reviewed by Josée Bellemare

This past summer I rediscovered a paperback I'd bought a few years ago. *Warlock Rock* is an unusual and entertaining blend of fantasy and rock and roll.

One of the many titles in the *Warlock* series by Christopher Stasheff, *Warlock Rock* takes you through the history of rock and roll music (everything from Bill Haley and his Comets to discos!) using bizarre imagery and plenty of puns.

Nothing and no one is safe. Stasheff takes a stab at just about every cliché ever associated with rock and roll: that parents can't stand it, that it's loud enough to wake the dead, that hidden messages are to be found when the music is played backwards, and so on.

A great many performers and song titles are mentioned or hinted at in very strange ways, some more obviously than others, but I'll refrain from mentioning any here because looking for them is half the fun.

This is one book I definitely recommend.

SENSORS

FACT, RUMOUR AND SPECULATION FROM AROUND SF/F-DOM

Information for this column was culled primarily from *The Montreal Gazette*; the magazines *Sci-Fi Entertainment*, *Cinescape*, and *People*; the fanzines *CONTRACT*, *OSFS Statement*, and *Warp Factor*; and fandom's grapevine, both spoken and electronic.

MOVIES AND TV

Stargate, *Star Trek Generations*, and *Interview with the Vampire*, are among a spate of recently released SF/F movies, augmented this month by *Highlander III: The Sorcerer* and *In The Mouth of Madness*.

Due any day now: Clive Barker's *Lord of Illusions* (starring Scott Bakula). Also watch for Keanu Reeves in the cyberpunk thriller *Johnny Mnemonic*, based on a William Gibson short story.

Sylvester Stallone is the title character in *Judge Dredd*, Val Kilmer is the new Batman in *Batman Forever*, Dennis Quaid is a knight who teams up with his old enemy, a CG-rendered dragon in *Dragonheart*, artist H.R. Giger (*Alien*, *Aliens*) has designed a creature for *Species*, about a monster created from a DNA code picked up from a space transmission, Kevin Costner is rumoured to be all wet in the very costly, post-apocalyptic adventure *Waterworld*, and comic book hero The Phantom is coming to the silver screen, all this summer.

In the coming few years: *Contact* (starring Jody Foster, based on the Carl Sagan novel), *Indiana Jones IV* (Harrison Ford and Steven Spielberg are both aboard; 1996 release), Spielberg's *Jurassic Park* sequel (1997 release), Spielberg's *Deep Impact* (based on the 1950s film *When Worlds Collide* and the Arthur C. Clarke book *The Hammer of God*), John Carpenter's remake of *Village of the Damned*, *Starship Troopers* (based on the Robert A. Heinlein novel), *Alien IV* (it's hoped that Sigourney Weaver will reprise her role as

Ripley—*Alien*³ would be written off as a bad dream—and battle the aliens as they land on *Earth*), and the long-anticipated return of the *Star Wars* franchise. (George Lucas is finally, actually, *really this time* (!) working on the scripts for a trilogy of adventures which pre-date the *Star Wars/Empire/Jedi* trilogy; first of the films tentatively set for a 1998 release. 1997 will see the original *Star Wars* re-released, with some four or five minutes of extra footage and a few computer-generated effects added.)

Sci-fi is all over the prime-time TV sked these days. The past couple of years have seen some dozen new genre series premiere, including *Babylon 5*, *Lois and Clark: The New Adventures of Superman*, *seaQuest*, and recent Golden Globe Award-winner *The X-Files* (named best dramatic television series). These have been joined lately by *Earth 2*, *TekWar*, *M.A.N.T.I.S.*, *The Watcher*, and the latest *Trek* spin-off, *Star Trek: Voyager*.

Revived by fan support after its cancellation a couple of years ago, *Forever Knight* (set and produced in Toronto) is back in first-run syndication with 26 new episodes in production. Remakes of two classic sci-fi TV shows, *The Outer Limits* and *The Invaders*, are up and running on cable, and an American-made version of the BBC's *Doctor Who* is also in the works (although this project seems to be in limbo at the moment and may not ever make to TV screens).

Mid-season replacement series expected sometime in March include genre projects *Sliders* (an alternate reality adventure) and *VR*, also known as *Avenging Angel* (a woman fights computer crime in a virtual reality world).

From across the pond comes news that *Red Dwarf* will go a seventh season, with or without Craig "Lister" Charles, who faces trial on a charge of rape (evidence against Charles is said to be flimsy

and he is believed likely innocent of the charge). Rumours to the effect that Chris "Rimmer" Barrie was ready to leave the show and move on to other projects are, apparently, unfounded. *RD7* begins shooting in April.

And, new live-action footage is combined with classic Supermarionation in *Turbocharged Thunderbirds*, in which two teenagers stumble into an alternate universe where International Rescue are up against the evil Atrocimator.

TEKNO-COMIX RECRUITS SOME OF SF/F BIG NAMES

Florida-based Tekno-Comix recently launched the first titles in a new series of comic books tagged with the names Neil Gaiman, Leonard Nimoy, Isaac Asimov, Gene Roddenberry, and other stars of SF/F. Storylines are aimed right at the eight-year-old in all of us and online, CD-ROM, and ultimately, interactive TV and feature film spin-offs are planned.

Neil Gaiman (DC Comics' *The Sandman*) has come up with *Mr. Hero—The Newmatic Man*. The story pits a steam-powered robot from Victorian times, reactivated in the present, against his creator, an evil, inter-dimensional lizard-being (in an Armani suit!) out to conquer the Earth.

Leonard Nimoy's *Primortals* stems from an idea Nimoy and the late Isaac Asimov outlined for a never-realized short-story collaboration. Thousands of years after their ancestors were taken away from Earth by an unknown alien intelligence, a race known as the Primortals are coming home.

Gene Roddenberry's final creation, *Lost Universe*, is described as kind of like *Star Trek* without the Prime Directive. Roddenberry's widow, *Trek* actress Majel Barrett Roddenberry, and *Trek* writer D.C. Fontana will handle story



development. Noted comics artist Bill Sienkiewicz (*Fantastic Four*, *Electra: Assassin*) will provide covers.

And coming soon: Mickey Spillane's *Mike Danger*. Well-known detective writer Spillane and Max Allan Collins, a veteran writer on the *Dick Tracy* newspaper comic strip, are putting together the adventures of a hardboiled, 1950s P.I. who's awakened from his chemically supported hibernation in the year 2045. *Mike Danger* will also run as a newspaper strip.

Other comics to come in Tekno's series include titles by genre novelists Anne McCaffrey and Robert Silverberg.

CANFANDOM

National Library to Host SF/F Exhibition in '95

Beginning this summer, The National Library of Canada, in cooperation with the Merril Collection of Science Fiction, Fantasy, and Speculative Fiction, will host an exhibition of Canadian science fiction and fantasy literature.

Among the topics to be explored: SF's Canadian identity; the history and tradition of Quebec SF; Canadian traditions of magic realism, high fantasy, and dark fantasy; and women and feminism in Canadian SF. The exhibition will also look at the publishers of, and the

audience for SF/F, as well as media expressions of the genres and science-fiction spin-offs.

Canadian authors represented will include A. E. van Vogt, William Gibson, Elisabeth Vonarburg, Daniel Sernine, and Guy Gavriel Kay.

Examples of Canadian SF/F periodicals, journals, small-press publications, anthologies, and fanzines will be on display, along with comics and graphic novels, and original artwork. A selection of SF/F radio and television productions will be featured, too.

A variety of readings, lectures, and other events are planned, and a collection of essays on SF/F will be published as a companion to the exhibition.

The exhibition will be free of charge.

The National Library of Canada is located at 395 Wellington Street, Ottawa, Ontario, K1A 0N4. For more information call (613) 992-3052, or fax (613) 943-2343.

A programming highlight of CanCon (the 1995 Convention, Canada's annual national SF convention), in Ottawa May 12-14, will be a preview of the National Library's exhibition.

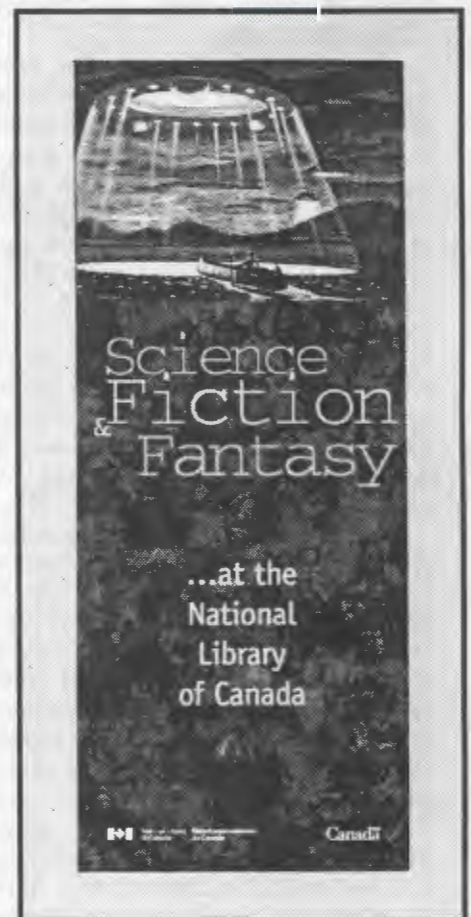
Canadian Unity Fan Fund

John Mansfield and Lloyd Penney are carrying on a discussion of 1994's Canadian Unity Fan Fund

(CUFF) in the letters and editorial columns of several Canadian fanzines. (Lloyd comments on the CUFF in his letter to MonSFFA this issue—see "MonSFFA Mailbag.")

John publishes *ConTRACT*, a bi-monthly 'zine of Canadian SF/F convention news, and served as chair of Conadian, the 1994 WorldCon. Lloyd is familiar to *Warp* readers as one of our regular letter-writers. He has been active, for many years, in Toronto fandom, most notably as an Ad Astra con-com member (Ad Astra is Toronto's annual lit-con). Lloyd received an Aurora Award in recognition of his efforts as chair of Ad Astra 14.

John states that apathy on the part of Canadian fandom has, effectively, killed the CUFF, in which, each year, a worthy fan is financed for a trip to Convention. In that there has now been "no interest in CUFF for two years running," John wonders if we should "carry it on?" Not *one* fan took CUFF up on an offer of a trip to the '94 WorldCon in Winnipeg (Convention '94 was held in conjunction with the WorldCon),



and John sees this as indicative of CanFandom's complete lack of interest in CUFF.

But fans and fan groups in a few cities, including Montreal, say they did not hear of the offer until it was too late to do anything about it, if they heard about it at all. The offer was announced in the January '94 issue of *ConTRACT*, which allowed for plenty of time for word to circulate, and for CanFandom to respond. Most of CanFandom, it seems, for whatever reasons, didn't get the message.

The main reason that much of CanFandom didn't know about the CUFF offer, according to Lloyd, was that, *ConTRACT* being "a limited-distribution fanzine," the announcement published just wasn't enough in the way of promoting CUFF. "The whole of Canada's fandom didn't read" the announcement, so "no one bid for CUFF in '94." While acknowledging that "John had little time to promote CUFF," busy as he was preparing for the WorldCon, Lloyd puts forth that John's "agents...did not spread the word about this offer" and so "few people knew that it was in operation."

Lloyd maintains that there is an interest in CUFF.

John counters that he did what he could "within the existing Canadian fannish community" to boost CUFF, and challenges Lloyd's view that *ConTRACT* is a limited-distribution fanzine. He goes on to say that Lloyd "attended the...meeting" at which arrangements were made to have the CUFF "get a fan free to WCon," and so "was aware years in advance" of what was planned. "We wish he had remembered that," writes John.

Lloyd asks if someone will "pick it (the CUFF) up, promote it the way it needs to be promoted, and make it work in time for the next Convention, in May 1995 in Ottawa?"

But "since the matter was not brought up at the Convention biz meeting and will never be a program item at any con," John believes that "CUFF has died."

Apathy Attacks Sci-Fi Clubs

"The disease of apathy is

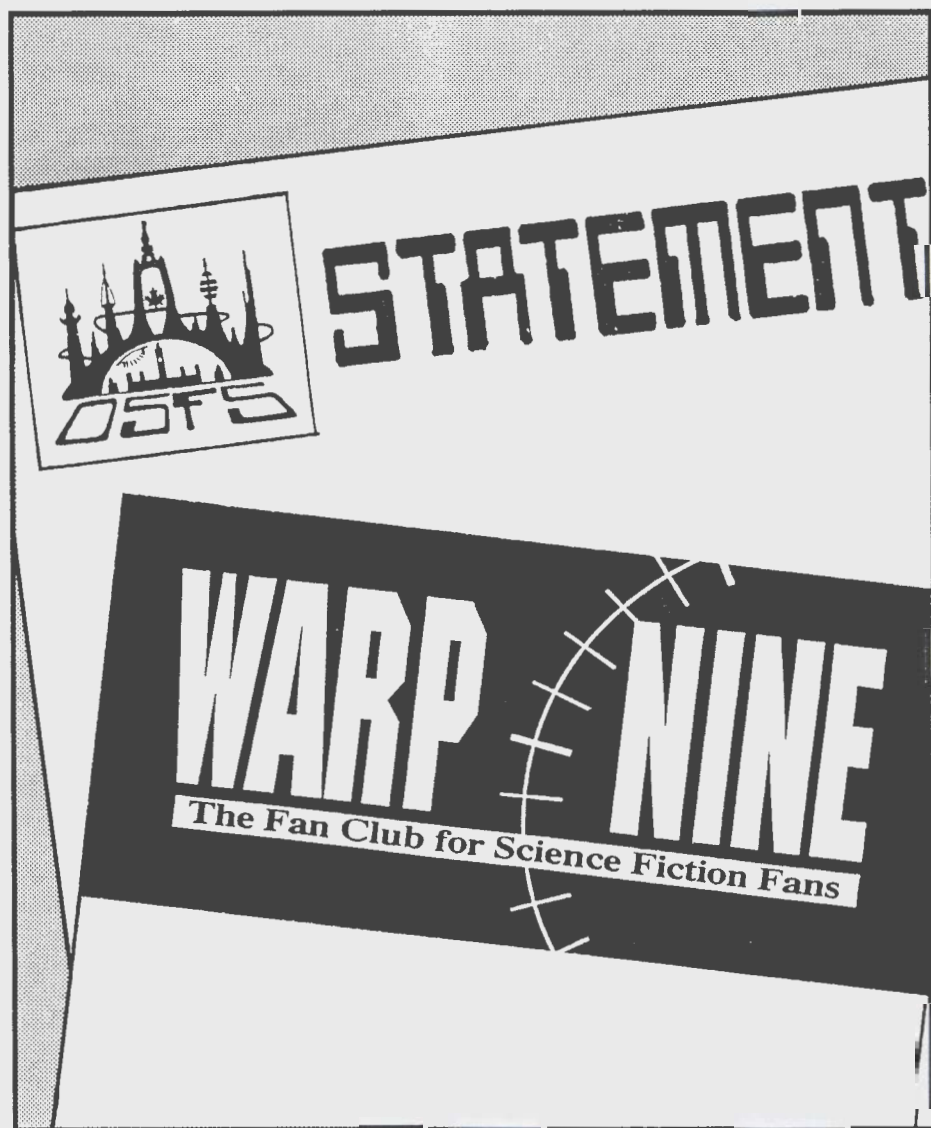
rampant among us," writes *OSFS Statement* editor Lionel Wagner in his "EDITed tutORIAL" (*OSFS Statement* issue number 209, November '94). He bemoans the diminishing interest on the part of the Ottawa Science Fiction Society's members in putting on their bi-weekly social, held at a different member's home each time and known (now, it would seem, appropriately) as the "Who Cares." Laments Lionel: "For the first time in 10 years no one was willing to host a 'Cares.' People seem to want to stay home and watch TV, or turn "to their computer screens to interact with others."

Lionel also reports that OSFS apathy has forced him to pad the pages of the *Statement* (The monthly OSFS fanzine) with an increasing amount of "material from outside sources to fill in for lack of our own."

Lionel warns that he may become desperate enough to publish the OSFS constitution!

OSFS (a club roughly the size of MOnSFFA) indeed seems to be awash in apathy these days. The club's president, Hildegard Henderson, noting that monthly meeting attendance had plunged to a paltry average of 12, requested of the membership ideas for an "overhaul" of OSFS, but received "no unsolicited opinions." And so, the OSFS executive has, "regretfully," decided to cancel monthly club meetings effective 1995.

In this column's look at CanFandom in last summer's *Warp* 30, we reported that the *Warp* 9 media-SF fan club here in Montreal had experienced a drop in attendance (an over 40 percent drop, apparently) at its regular meetings



and was thinking of cutting back on the number of meetings it annually holds. This they have done. An "Important Notice," published in W9's club newsletter, informed the club's members that "meetings would now be held every two months," and that if attendance continues to decline, "we'll have to scale back further."

Bottom line: Members of both OSFS and Warp 9 have to support their respective clubs by *participating*, or (quite possibly) see their clubs disintegrate. (Incidentally, while MonSFFA is—thankfully—thriving today, we survived, only a few years ago, a period of membership apathy which nearly saw MonSFFA shut down. The participation of its membership in its activities is *essential* to the health of any club.)

The Once and Future King

Chris Chartier served as president of Warp 9 from the day he founded the club, about four or five years ago, until he stepped down from the post in mid-1994 (covered under "CanFandom" in the "Sensors" column, *Warp* 30). He explained his departure as a temporary break, during which time he'd decide if he wanted to return to the job, or get out of fandom altogether.

Ultimately, he decided to return, and won re-election. MonSFFA extends its congratulation to Warp 9's "new" president.

WorldCon

Conadian, the 52nd World Science Fiction Convention (WorldCon), was held in Winnipeg September 1-5, 1994. It was only the third ever Canadian-hosted WorldCon.

Estimates put 3600 SF enthusiasts on site; a total of 5100 memberships—all types—were sold.

Reviews of Conadian in a sampling of North American and overseas fanzines suggest that the con was very well received by SFandom. Gripes were few and confined largely to trivialities.

When will Canada host another WorldCon? We've just gotten word that a group in Toronto have launched a WorldCon bid for 2003!

We wish them success.

Montreal Science Fiction Festival

The second installment of this con drew about 700 people, less than anticipated, but (*just*) healthy enough to cover the cost of staging the con. The latest word is that the Festival's organizers, having made no appreciable profit with Fest II, have cancelled Fest III for lack of start-up funds. Plans are for the Festival to return, perhaps, in 1996. (See our reviews of Festival II, page 18.)

NEW HOLLYWOOD SUPERSTUDIO

Three of the entertainment industry's biggest players have founded an as yet unnamed production studio. They are superstar director Steven Spielberg, former Paramount and Disney executive Jeffrey Katzenberg (who revitalized Disney's animation division in the past decade with hits *The Little Mermaid*, *Beauty and the Beast*, *Aladdin*, and *The Lion King*), and record mogul David Geffen.

The three will finance the fledgling studio's start-up themselves, to the tune of some \$2 billion. Other investors may become involved, most notably Bill Gates, co-founder and chair of Microsoft, the world's largest computer-software company. Gates, who reportedly harbours an ambition to direct movies, is said to be worth \$9.35 billion. He is in discussions with Spielberg, Katzenberg, and Geffen about coming aboard as a technology advisor.

The new studio is expected to be a major force in Hollywood and will, no doubt, create its fair share of top-flight SF/F properties. The studio will cover pretty much all of the Hollywood bases: film, television (one of the first undertakings announced was a \$200 million joint venture with Capital Cities/ABC to develop TV programs), music, and animation (it's speculated that Disney will be given a run for its money). Also of interest to the studio will be new technologies and their entertainment-field applications.

Spielberg's Amblin Entertainment company will likely

be absorbed by this new superstudio.

PARAMOUNT GOES AFTER TREK SCRIPT BOOTLEGGERS

It is a simple matter of course at *Star Trek* conventions across North America for Trekkers to acquire unauthorized copies of *Trek* movie scripts well in advance of the release of the movies. Dealers at these conventions have, for years now, profited from a market of fans eager to be the first to learn of the plot details of an upcoming *Trek* film. *Trek* movie scripts, as well as the scripts to TV episodes, typically sell for between \$15 and \$30.

But these scripts may be harder to come by in future. Paramount Pictures, who own *Star Trek*, has decided to get tough with at least two alleged script bootleggers and has filed a copyright-infringement lawsuit against Omega Zone, a New York City sci-fi store, and *Trek*/SF-convention organizer Joe Kindle. (Montrealers may recognize Kindle as one of the promoters of the K&L media-SF convention which took place a couple of years ago out in Pointe Claire.) Paramount has accused these plaintiffs of selling copies of the *Star Trek Generations* script and the *Star Trek: Voyager* pilot-episode script, and is seeking unspecified damages and attorney's fees, or \$100,000 for each script that was sold.

PATRICK STEWART EXPERIENCES CLOSE ENCOUNTER OF THE L.A. KIND

While in L.A. to promote *Star Trek Generations*, Patrick "Captain Picard" Stewart found himself short of cash late one night. He drove to a bank machine and, while standing in the dark waiting for the machine to spit out his money, noticed that a car was circling him. His transaction completed, Stewart sprinted back to his car.

It was then that the circling car pulled up and flicked off its lights, recounted Stewart, and a "huge man" got out.

"Captain Picard?" called the man.

"Yes," replied a nervous Stewart.

"I love this town!" yelled the man, dropping to his knees.

AD ASTRA 15

Toronto's Regional
Science Fiction/Fantasy Convention

Guests of Honours
ROGER ZELAZNY * ANNE CRISPIN
Editor/Agent Guest of Honour
SHAWNA McCARTHY
Artist Guest of Honour
WAYNE BARLOWE

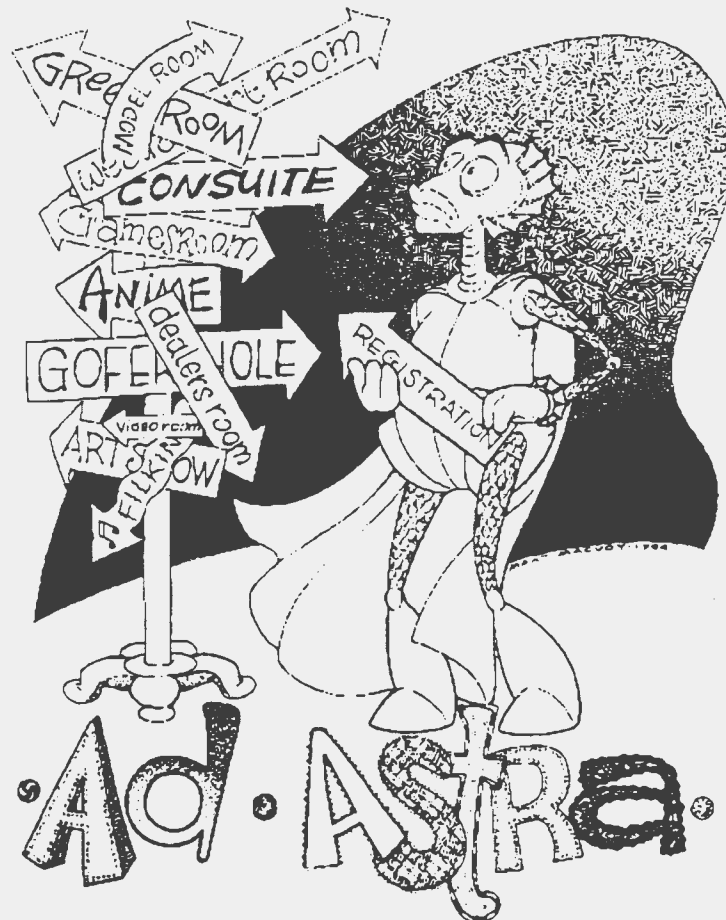
THINGS TO LOOK FOR:

Panels
Art Show and Auction
Videos
Dealers' Room
Masquerade
Dance
Readings
Workshops
Lunch
Gaming
Consuite
Model Show and Contest
Filking
Autographs
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HOTEL

Holiday Inn
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1-800-465-4329
\$6/night



MEMBERSHIPS

CDN \$20.00 until
Nov. 1
CDN \$28 until
May 1
\$35 CDN
after May 1

INFORMATION

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JUNE 16 -18,
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Montreal's Science Fiction and Fantasy Convention

CONCEPT 95

Invites you to meet

Guests of Honour

Spider and Jeanne Robinson

Artist Guests of Honour

Comics Guests of Honour

Vincent DiFate Len Strazewski

On March 31st, April 1st and 2nd, 1995

At the Holiday Inn Crown Plaza Metro Centre

Our Guest List Also Includes:

Our guest list is filled with many people active in the world of fandom including: authors, fans, media people and other neat folks of all kinds. Will be present: David G. Hartwell, Glenn Grant, Donald Kingsbury, Gabriel Morissette, James Luceno, Jack McKinney, Karen Wehrstein, Kathryn Cramer, Shirley Meier, SN Lewitt, TJ Glenn and many others!

Programming Activities Include:

Discussion Panels, Workshops, Exhibits, Dealer's Room, Masquerade (Costume Contest), Art Show, Gaming, SF&F Model Making Competition, Art, Books & Collectibles Auction, Video Room, All Night Dance and much much MORE! If you don't see an event or activity you would like to participate in, let us know.

Panels:

We will have three tracks of programming, with topics ranging from the serious to the whimsical. Subjects will include a mix of literary, media, art, science and humor panels.

Dance:

A **Con=Cept** tradition, our annual Dance will take place right after the masquerade and will last until the last dancer drops from exhaustion or until the sun rises, whichever comes first.

Art Show and Print Shop:

Our art show will once again allow artists to display and sell their work. For more information and/or an artist registration kit, please write to the **Con=Cept** address c/o the Art Show Director.

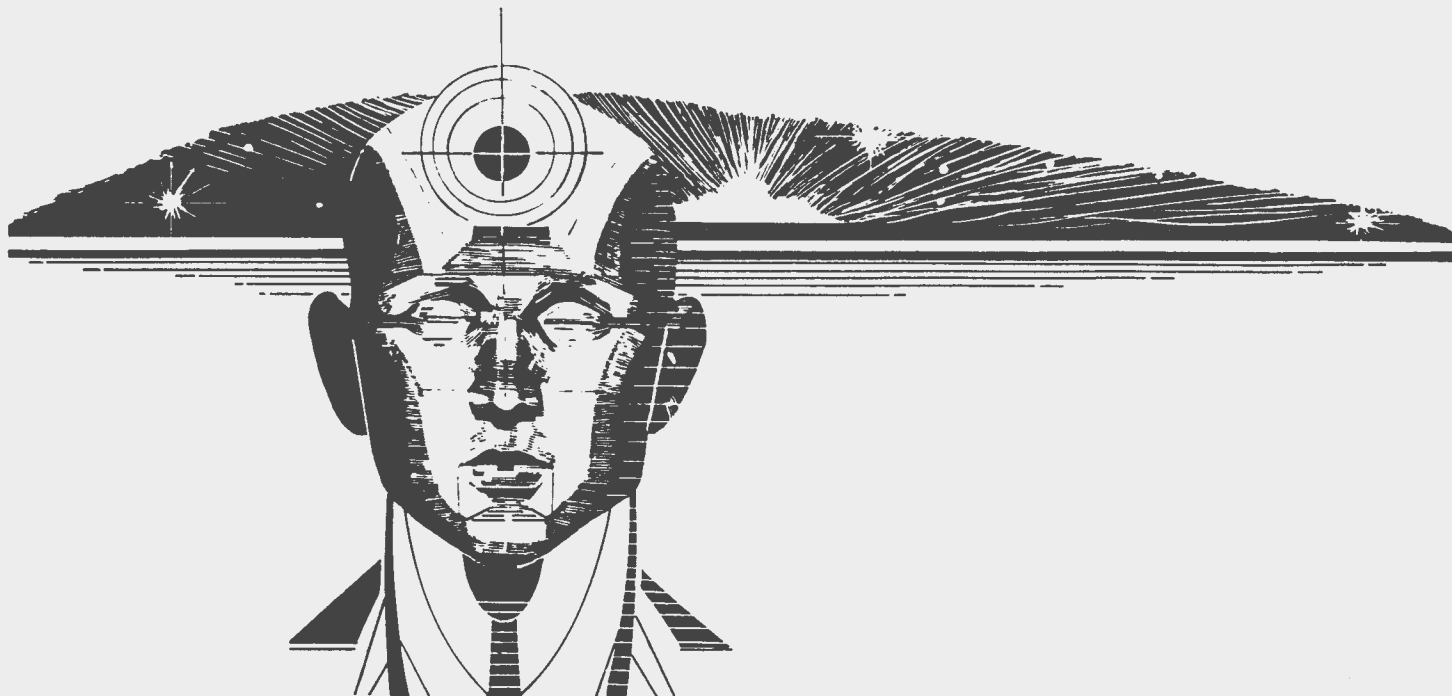
Please note: the programming schedule and guest appearances are subject to change.

Masquerade:

The **Con=Cept** Masquerade will allow all costumers to show their stuff to all convention attendees. The masquerade will take place Saturday night right before the dance. Masquerade registration will take place at the **Con=Cept** table in the Dealer's room. For more information please contact us.

Model Exhibition and Competition:

Our annual model exhibition and competition will be sanctioned by the Science Fiction Model Builders Association (SFMBMA). Come and see spaceships from other galaxies, all in the comfort and safety of the convention hotel. For those of you who wish to enter the competition, registration will be at the convention site, Friday night and Saturday morning.



Convention hotel:

This year we are again situated at the Holiday Inn Crown Plaza Metro Center, within walking distance from downtown Montreal and directly above Sherbrooke Metro Station. The hotel has promised us convention space that is less spread out than last year's and an elevator will be reserved for the convention's use.

Holiday Inn Crown Plaza Metro Center
505 Sherbrooke St. East, H2L 1K2,
Tel.: (514) 842-8581, 1-800-561-4644,
room rates are:

\$85 for single and doubles

\$95 for triples and quads

Mention **Con=Cept** when making your reservations.

Artwork Copyright © Vincent Difate



Yes! I want to register for a weekend of fun at **Con=Cept '95!**

Name: _____

Address: _____

City/Town: _____ Province/State: _____

Country: _____ Postal/Zip Code: _____

Telephone No.: _____ Fax No.: _____

E-mail address: _____

- I would like more information on:
- Art Show
 - Masquerade
 - Gaming
 - Display Area
 - Dealer's Room
 - I Want to Volunteer
 - Model Exhibition and Competition

Will you be taking a room at the convention hotel?..... Yes..... No

May we have your permission to exchange this information with other non-profit, volunteer organizations? Yes..... No

When communicating with me please use: English..... French

Directions to the Convention Site:

Coming from Toronto/Ottawa: Once past the Quebec border, follow signs to Highway 40. Take 40 into the city, until the 15 South/Sud. At the bottom of the 15, the road splits, take the right-hand lanes (Autoroute Ville-Marie, or the 720). *Get off the expressway at the Berri Street exit then turn left on Berri Street, continue until you reach Sherbrooke Street. The hotel will be on the corner.

Coming from the South: Take the 10 North, when approaching Montreal, follow signs to Pont Champlain/Champlain Bridge. Follow the bridge and ensuing highway until signs for the 720 East/Autoroute Ville-Marie /Downtown Montreal. Once on the 720, follow the directions marked with an *.

Convention schedule:

Programming will run all week end long and will bring you something different to do every day.

Programming will run

Friday: 6 pm to 12 pm

Saturday: 9 am to 12 pm

Sunday: 9 am to 5 pm

Dealers room and display area will be open

Friday: 5 pm to 9 pm

Saturday: 9 am to 8 pm

Sunday: 9 am to 3 pm

Registration will be open

Friday: 3 pm to 10 pm

Saturday: 9 am to 8 pm

Sunday: 9 am to 3 pm

Some activities, including the video room and the consuite, will run overnight.

Membership Rates:

Week end: \$24.00 before March 15th, 1995 or \$29.00 afterwards and at the door.

Friday only: \$8.00

Saturday only: \$18.00

Sunday only: \$13.00

Friday and Saturday: \$20.00

Saturday and Sunday: \$25.00

A special group pre-registration rate is also available, please write for more information:

Con=Cept

P.O. Box 405, Station "H"

Montreal, Quebec

H3G 2L1 Canada

To pre-register, simply fill out our advance registration form and mail it to the above mentioned address, along with a cheque or money order in the correct amount, made out to **Con=Cept**.

Thank you for pre-registering early.

Bulle

**VALENTINE'S EVE
MASQUERADE BALL**

FUND-RAISER FOR CON-CEPT AND
MISSING CHILDREN'S NETWORK
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 6:00PM-3:00AM,
MARITIME HOTEL (1155 GUY STREET)
DJs: THE BIRDS OF PREY
DON'T FORGET YOUR COSTUME, AND DON'T
MISS THE PARTY!
TICKETS AT THE DOOR: \$15.00



Toronto Media Fan Conventions Club
TORONTO TREK 9
A Fan Run Star Trek and Media Convention
AUGUST 4TH TO 6TH, 1995

REGAL CONSTELLATION HOTEL
900 Dixon Road, Etobicoke, Ontario (416) 675-1500
Hours: Friday: 6:00 p.m. - Midnight; Sat./Sun.: 10:00 a.m. - Midnight

- ACTOR GUESTS**
- RENE AUBERJONIS**
Odo - Star Trek: Deep Space Nine
- MAJEL**
- BARRETT-RODDENBERRY**
Lwuxana Troi ST:TNG
- MIRA FURLAN**
Ambassador Delenn - Babylon 5
- GRACE LEE WHITNEY**
Yeoman Janice Rand - ST Classic

- TIMOTHY ZAHN** - Star Wars "The Last Command"
- AUTHOR GUEST**
- SPECIAL EFFECTS-MAKE-UP GUEST**
- EVERETT BURRELL** - Babylon 5
- TOASTMASTER -NIGEL BENNETT** - Lacroix - Forever Knight

MEMBERSHIPS (TO JUNE 15TH, 1995)
 Full Weekend: \$35.00 (\$32.00 U.S.); Fri.: \$15.00 (\$12.00 U.S.)
 Sat. or Sun.: \$20.00 (\$17.00 U.S.)
Reserved Seating (additional charge)
 Weekend: \$25.00 (\$22.00 U.S.); Sat. or Sun.: \$15.00 (\$12.00 U.S.)

for more information mail to:
 Toronto Trek, Suite 0116, Box 187, 65 Front Street West,
 Toronto, Ontario M5J 1E6 Canada
 Phone: (416) 699-4666 (after 9 pm); Fax: (416) 699-5512
 (long distance calls will not be returned)
 E-mail: Compuserve 76437,1712; GENIE C.Lyon4

TORONTO-2003-WSFCB
ECLIPTICON
3026-300 COXWELL AVE.
TORONTO ONT. M4L 2A0

This is your
Invitation

to support a

**World Science Fiction
Convention Bid**

for
Toronto in 2003
(Ontario Canada)

Pre-supporting: \$7.00 U.S. / \$10.00 Cdn
Friend: \$25.00 U.S. / \$35.00 Cdn
Patron: \$150.00 U.S. / \$225.00 Cdn
Please make cheques or money orders payable to:
TORONTO IN 2003 WSFCB

If you would like to join, please fill in the membership application and mail it to **MonSFFA**, along with a cheque or money order made out to **MonSFFA** for the amount of \$20.00. Feel free to write us for more information.

Si vous voulez vous joindre au club, veuillez remplir le formulaire d'adhésion et nous le faire parvenir à l'adresse si-dessous avec un chèque ou un mandat-poste, payable à l'ordre de l'**AMonSFF**, au montant de 20,00\$. N'hésitez pas à nous écrire si vous avez besoin de plus amples renseignements.

MonSFFA

P.O. Box 1186, Place du Parc
Montreal, Quebec
Canada, H2W 2P4

AMonSFF

C.P. 1186, Place du Parc
Montréal (Québec)
Canada, H2W 2P4

The Montreal Science Fiction and Fantasy Association (MonSFFA): Membership Application

Formulaire d'adhésion à l'Association Montréalaise de Science-Fiction et de Fantastique (AMonSFF) :

Name _____

Nom _____

Birthdate (optional) _____

Date de naissance (optionelle) _____

Mailing address _____

Adresse _____

Apt. _____ City/Town _____

App. _____ Ville _____

Province/State _____ Postal Code _____

Province/État _____ Code Postal _____

Telephone (home) _____

Téléphone (rés.) _____

(work) _____

(trav.) _____

Interests (optional)

Intérêts personnels (optionels)

Science Fiction _____

Science-Fiction _____

Others _____

Autres _____

Fantasy _____

Fantastique _____

Horror _____

Horreur _____

Movies/TV _____

Films/TV _____

Writing _____

Écriture _____

Art _____

Art _____

Gaming _____

Jeux de rôles _____

Others _____

Autres _____

We are sometimes approached by other organizations interested in soliciting our members. Please indicate whether or not you give your permission to pass on the information contained in this application to any such organizations.

Il arrive que d'autres organismes nous demandent la liste de nos membres afin de les contacter. Veuillez indiquer ci-dessous si vous nous autorisez à transmettre les renseignements inscrits sur ce formulaire à ces organismes.

You have my permission to pass on said information.

Je vous autorise à transmettre ces renseignements.

Please do not pass on any of said information.

Veuillez ne pas transmettre ces renseignements.

Le Futur... Maintenant!

CAN CON '95

Create The Future... NOW!

Boréal 12/Convention 15/Exposition à la Bibliothèque nationale

**CAN•CON '95: THE 4TH ANNUAL CONFERENCE ON CANADIAN CONTENT IN SPECULATIVE LITERATURE
HOST TO CONVENTION 15: THE 1995 CANADIAN NATIONAL SCIENCE-FICTION AND FANTASY CONVENTION**

HOST TO BORÉAL 12: CONGRÈS DE SCIENCE-FICTION ET DE FANTASTIQUE

**HOST OF 1ST ANNUAL ACADEMIC CONFERENCE ON CANADIAN CONTENT IN SPECULATIVE LITERATURE
AND CO-HOST OF THE GALA OPENING CEREMONIES FOR THE NATIONAL LIBRARY OF CANADA'S LANDMARK
EXHIBIT ON SCIENCE-FICTION AND FANTASY/EXPOSITION SUR LA SCIENCE-FICTION ET LA FANTASTIQUE**

12 au 14 mai, 1995, Hôtel Talisman, Ottawa, Ontario

May 12 to 14, 1995. The Talisman Hotel, Ottawa, Ontario

The National Capital Region's Premier Celebration of Science-Fiction, Fantasy, Science-Fact, Alternate Histories and Worlds, Utopian/Dystopian Fiction, and Speculative Horror... All in an Entertaining and Informative Format!

This Year's Guest of Honour: Fantasy Writer Dave Duncan

Le Congrès Boréal 12

**Élisabeth Vonarburg, Yves Meynard,
Jean-Louis Trudel et bien d'autres...**

En vous inscrivant à CAN•CON '95, vous pouvez aussi assister à la renaissance des congrès Boréal. Renouant avec une tradition lancée en 1979, Boréal 12 succèdera à Boréal 11, qui avait aussi eu lieu à Ottawa.

Pendant trois jours, il y aura des panels et des tables rondes, des livres en vente et des séances de signature, ainsi que des activités fort attendues, telles la remise des quinzièmes Prix Boréal, le concours d'écriture sur place et le célèbre Concours de maltraitement de texte. Des auteurs, des éditeurs, des directeurs littéraires,

des artistes et des fanéditeurs seront sur place pour discuter des problèmes de publication, des rapports entre le texte et l'illustration, de l'avenir des fanzines, des clubs de SF, de la critique, des sujets tabous, des relations avec le monde anglophone, de l'histoire de la SF au Canada, etc.

Et bien sûr, vous pourrez aussi participer au lancement de la première exposition majeure consacrée à la science-fiction et au fantastique canadiens par la Bibliothèque nationale ainsi qu'à la remise des Prix Aurora, événements qui auront lieu dans les deux langues du pays.




"CAN•CON '95 IS THE
HOTTEST EVENT TO
HIT OTTAWA
SINCE THE
WORLD
FANTASY
CONVENTION
IN 1984. YOU CAN'T
AFFORD NOT TO BE
HERE IN THE SPRING!"

If you are visiting Ottawa, try to plan to stay a while for our famous Tulip Festival and the many other attractions unique to the National Capital Region!

Les billets sont \$15 à l'avance, ou \$20 à la porte. Les billets à l'avance sont disponibles chez tous les TicketMaster Canadiens.

Pour tous renseignements, poste-electronique cancon@diana.ocunix.on.ca, ou appeler 613-596-4105.

Tickets are \$15 in advance, or \$20 at the door. Advance tickets are available from any Canadian TicketMaster. For more information, E-mail cancon@diana.ocunix.on.ca, or call 613-596-4105.

 Montréal (514) 790-1111 Ottawa (613) 755-1111 Toronto (416) 870-8000 Or call your local TicketMaster office