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WARPF

33

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



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**An In-Depth Critique
of Star Trek Generations**

**The X-ceptional,
X-traordinary X-Files**

**Final Installment of Our
Look at Lost Race Novels**

**MonSFFA's Model-Builders
Column Premieres**

**DS9 Story "Risk and
Sacrifice" Continues**

**Convention Reviews:
Conv-iction '95,
Creation's ShatnerCon**

And More...



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Cathy Palmer-Lister: Vice-President

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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: Indeed it is, many UFO junkies believe. Two FBI agents investigate a flying saucer crash-site near the mysterious, super-secret Area 51. *Warp* editor Keith Braithwaite provides us with this issue's stylized, comic-bookish 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 (APRIL - JUNE)

Programming subject to rescheduling and/or change

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.

JUNE 11: Programming to be announced. (TransWarp '95, announced tentatively in this spot last issue, has been bumped to later in the year, probably August. See "MonSFFAandom" for latest on TransWarp; more details to follow.)

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. Trust no one.—catch-phrase from the television series *X-Files*

FROM THE CENTER SEAT

Greetings MonSFFA members. *Warp* is getting itself back on schedule, however, to compensate for any future circumstances beyond our control, we will begin periodically mailing out one-page notices to keep members up to date.

Take note that this issue of *Warp* begins a new semi-regular column about model building. There are quite a few model builders in MonSFFA, and I have had several requests about *Warp* covering the subject. Concerning format, sometimes the column will be small, containing information about upcoming shows and competitions or new kit releases, and in other issues it will be larger, with kit reviews, how-to articles, and photographs. So model builders, now is your chance to write some articles. *Warp* welcomes your submissions.

As most of you have probably heard by now, the CJOH television station from Ottawa has dropped *Babylon 5*. Those of you fortunate enough to live in a CF Cable neighbourhood can still get the show on the Boston superstation, WSBK. Videotron subscribers, however, are out of luck, as this cable company does not offer WSBK.

Babylon 5 is worth saving, if only because it is an alternative to *Star Trek*. It is well written, has interesting characters, exotic aliens, plenty of action and special effects, and has deep and mysterious ongoing thematic content. I am disappointed that I can no longer watch it.

Perhaps *Babylon 5* can be preserved through phone calls, petitions, or a letter-writing campaign. If you value high quality SF/F shows, let yourself be heard. You can write to CJOH, asking them to reinstate *Babylon 5*; or you can contact CFCF-12 and encourage our local station pick up the show. It's up to us, the fans, to help return *Babylon 5* to our airwaves. Do it right now, while you're still thinking about it.

CJOH
c/o Karen Norman, Programming Director
P.O. Box 5813, Merivale Depot
1500 Merivale Road
Nepean, Ontario
K2G 3G6
(613) 224-1320 (touch tone)
(613) 224 1313 (non-touch tone)
1-800-267-3467

CFCF
Attention: Bill Merrill, Head of Programming
405 Ogilvy Avenue
Montreal, Quebec
H3N 1M4

I thank in advance all those who will write in support of *Babylon 5*.

Enjoy your issue of *Warp* and I hope to see you at our next MonSFFA meeting.

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.)

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MonSFFA Discount Program

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COMIX

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Sci-fi Model Kits,
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Fax: 416-774-8495

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OAS

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Pointe Claire, Quebec H9R 5V1
Telephone: (514) 695 3620

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- 5345 boul. Decarie, Montréal, Que. (514) 484-0666
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COMIX

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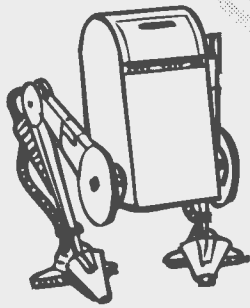
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COMIX

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 MonSFFA,

Hiyas from the other side. Thank you for issue 32 of *Warp*.

Sorry to hear about Keith's accident. He and I met at the Shatner C-con and he told me all about it.

Well, what did you guys think of that? Shatner pulled in 5000-plus over two days. That's at least \$25 a pop...and some people paid \$60 for "Gold Seating!"

Anyways, some good news: *Warp* 9 stands at 111 members as of March 1, 1995. That's an increase of just under 20 members since January 15, '95. The Montreal Science Fiction Festival III has been postponed. But we have decided to do a one-day event September 23, '95, again at the Days Inn. Guests are tentative at this time but include Ed Bishop (*UFO*), Arne Starr (comics artist), Marc Okrand (*Klingon Dictionary*), and Larry Stewart. We will be adding more comics people soon. We are calling it the Montreal Science Fiction Festival and Comic Book Show. Rates are tentative but at-the-door should be between \$10 and \$12 per person; pre-reg between \$8 and \$10. There will, we hope, be group rates. I don't know about you, but have you noticed more people at your meetings? *Warp* 9's been drawing 40-plus per meeting. That's

60 percent of the Quebec (membership) total for us. Anyways, that's my good news.

Comments on *Warp* 32:

Kevin Holden (on Festival II) points out that Montreal may be "conned out." We disagree. At the Doohan C-con we brought in a good chunk of our new attendees. In fact, we signed up five on the spot! Kevin also pointed out cost. Space: Dream and Reality was more than us...well, let's not talk about them. C-cons charge \$25 per day, and their day is 11:00AM-6:00PM! That's \$50 per weekend. We were \$45. The Saturday, with the Cabaret, would be 9:00AM-1:00AM—that's value! Lastly on Kevin's review, we advertised our Cabaret as "a variety show with some of our guests, and talented fans." In fact, we had a sign up at Registration from 2:00PM or 3:00PM with exactly who was scheduled in the Cabaret. If Kevin was unhappy (that more of the guests were not in the Cabaret), I'm sorry, but we tried, and more were very happy. Our (Fest II) Cabaret was longer than the one we had at Fest I and featured more acts. Some guests just refused to participate and that's that.

On Keith's review...we did break even, and even a little profit was made. We had sponsors knocking on our door wanting to help (this year), but what would be the point if we drew the same numbers again. We are analyzing the whole thing to hopefully come out with a new plan. Keith's comment on limited guests was something we couldn't have done. That's what makes the Festival special: we have good headliners, and good secondary guests as well.

We appreciate all your comments and would love to hear more. This is the kind of input that will make the Festival even better in 1996!

One final note: There's a group in the Maritimes calling themselves the Maritime Science Fiction Festival! No joke...yes, we know the initials are the same. We want it known, although they may suggest association in their advertising, that we are in no way associated. The Montreal Science Fiction Festival and *Warp* 9 have nothing at all to do with that show in the Maritimes. We are a little miffed over a group pretty

much ripping off our name, but until we talk to the chairman of that event, there's nothing we can do. We just want it known we spent years getting a good name for the Montreal Science Fiction Festival, and we would in no way jeopardize our Montreal event, especially since, in this case, we're not even involved. The funny thing is that we know the chairman, and some others (on the Maritime event's con-com); a letter or phone call would've been nice, much like I did when we started Festival I in 1993.

Well, that's all for now.

Chris Chartier
President, *Warp* 9
(Also wearing many other hats!)
Montreal, Quebec

Hiyas from this side, Chris. As always, good to hear from you. Thanks for the info on the Festival/Comic Book Show you are planning—keep us up to date, and let us know if we can help. MonSFFA's monthly meetings continue to be well attended, and we're pleased to hear that your meetings are beginning to pull in more folk after that stretch of a drought you experienced last year.

Miffed? We don't quite understand. We've heard that the people putting on the Maritime Science Fiction Festival were sufficiently impressed with what they saw here when they came up for Fest II that they are patterning their con after yours. Sounds like they are paying you rather of a compliment: your con has been an inspiration to them. Yes, the names of both events are similar, but no one mistakes the Monterey Jazz Festival for the Montreal Jazz Festival, and no one is likely to confuse these two SF festivals, which are, after all, a couple of provinces apart.

Let's face it, fan groups regularly borrow each other's ideas. The greater fannish community is made more vital when good ideas and successful endeavours are transplanted from one region to another. We all benefit from each other's experience, and adapt each other's concepts to our own, particular situations. Don't be too ticked at these Maritime fans: imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.

Many Eastern Canadian conventions, like Concinnity, Ad Astra, and the Montreal Science Fiction Festival, have adopted the idea of including model displays/competitions

in their programming. This is something which MonSFFA first popularized around here when we founded Con•Cept in 1989. Should we be miffed because other cons hopped onto our bandwagon? Should your fanzine, Warp Factor (originally Warp 9), be required to change its name because it sounds too much like MonSFFA's Warp, and our 'zine began publishing first? Of course not.

Now while nobody likes to have

their ideas ripped off, as long as there's no maliciousness behind it, and due credit is given, we, frankly, don't see anything terribly wrong with this.

Our best wishes to Warp 9 and its members; keep well and write us again.—Ed

Dear MonSFFA,

After a friend showed me a recent copy of your publication, I just

had to write and get more information on your club. I've enclosed an SASE.

Thanks,

Jeff DeMerchant
Fredericton, New Brunswick

Thank you, Jeff; we appreciate your interest in our club. The information requested is on its way.—Ed

Press Release:

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An Artist will paints the nighttime sky, with over 2,000 stars, on bedroom ceilings!
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Looks like your ceiling has rolled back, and you're sleeping under the most magnificent starry sky imaginable!

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Romantic. Educational.
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Bulletin Board

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PRESENTS

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TORONTO, ONTARIO CANADA



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Future Fashion Show * Friday Night Theme Social -
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* Dealers' Room * Victorian High Tea * Dance *
and Hospitality Suite.

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Weekend:
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Daily:
Fri., Sat. or Sun. \$20.00 (\$17.00 U.S.)
Mon. \$10.00 (\$8.00 U.S.)

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FOR MORE INFORMATION:

Mail to: Costume Con 13, Suite 0116, Box 187, 65 Front Street West, Toronto, Ontario Canada M5J 1E6
Phone: (416) 699-4666; Fax: (416) 699-5512
E-mail: Internet: 76437.1712@compuserve.com; or GEnie: C.Lyon4

Contact: Yves Veilleux

PHONE: (514) 979 - 3559

MonSFFA Androm

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

FEBRUARY MEETING

February's MonSFFA meeting took place on the 12th, as always in the Artimon I room of the Maritime Hotel. Some 35 people attended.

Club president Lynda Pelley got the meeting started a little after 1:00PM, quickly covering a few notes of interest to MonSFFA members before yielding the floor to our guest speaker, Emru Townsend.

Emru, an animation enthusiast, screened clips from an armful of videos spanning a decade's worth (early '80s to early '90s) of SF/F animation. Much of what he had on hand, like *Crusher Joe*, *Laputa*, the *Dirty Pair* movie, and *Robot Carnival*, came out of Japan. Emru touched on North-American animation with Canada's *Rock and Rule* and the American *Super Secret Secret Squirrel*. He prefaced his clips with a bit of info on each, and on the animators and their styles and influences. Emru fielded questions and entertained comments from the audience throughout his presentation, and was thanked at its conclusion with an appreciative round of applause.

The meeting's 15-minute break saw our usual raffle take place and allowed folks to stock up at our snack table.

The meeting continued with a discussion of romance in SF/F, what with Valentine's Day only 48 hours away. *Warp* editor Keith Braithwaite moderated the discussion. Most of the MonSFFA in the room felt that science fiction, for the most part, doesn't

handle romantic love all that well. Rooted as it is in adolescent male adventure fantasies, the genre tends to treat romantic relationships rather superficially, if it bothers with them at all. Fantasy, it was noted, generally does a better job than SF in the romance department. Keith held up the Captain Kirk/Edith Keeler love story as an example of well-rendered romance in the area of sci-fi television or film. But he's of the opinion that there are very few other worthy examples and challenged the

audience to come up with just a handful. Han Solo and Princess Leia, Lois and Clark, and *Beauty and the Beast's* Catherine and Vincent were among those cited.

The meeting wrapped up with an invitation extended to everyone to do dinner at a new restaurant nearby, The Deli Planet.

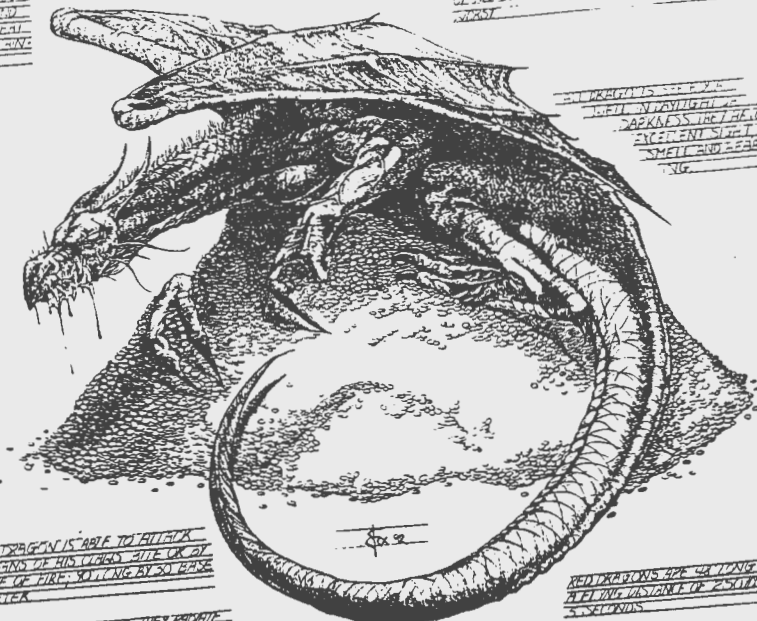
MonSFFA thanks guest speaker Emru Townsend for taking the time to participate in our February meeting. And, we thank the usual suspects for putting together and

WANTED DRAGONS

THE RESTORATION
IS NOT COMING
SOMEONE SHOULD
TALK TO THE
FUTURE

IT IS DRAGONS HAVE EXCEPTIONAL
INTELLIGENCE. STARRING DRAGONS
ARE THE INTERESTING PARTS.

IT IS VERY RARE AND PROTECTIVE
OF ALL BY THE WAY, AND SAID THE
SECRET



IT IS DRAGONS...
WELL...
DARKNESS...
EXCELLENT...
SMALL...
ING.

IT IS DRAGONS IS ABLE TO...
BY THE WAY...
A LINE OF FIRE...
DRAGON

IT IS DRAGONS...
A HONORABLE...
THEIR REACTION...
DRAGON

IT IS DRAGONS...
A FEW...
SECONDS

~REWARD~

MonSFFA The Montreal Science Fiction and Fantasy Association
SUNDAY MARCH 12 1:00
Hôtel Maritime
1155 Rue Guy, Montréal

running the meeting, particularly discussion moderator Keith Braithwaite, and Graham Darling and Kevin Holden, who arranged for the giant-screen TV which Emru used to show his video clips.

MARCH MEETING: MonSFFA, THE GATHERING

The club's March meeting was held on the 12th at our Maritime-Hotel locale. Over 35 people were in attendance.

To kick things off, club member Marc Durocher moderated an hour-long panel on dragons. Forgoing a lecture approach, Marc invited everyone to participate in an open, freewheeling discussion of the subject, and folks tossed in their questions and comments on, and knowledge of, all things dragon related. The conversation ranged far and wide, dealing at various times with the dragon legends of medieval and ancient societies, the differences between Eastern- and Western-world views of dragons, the evolution of the role of the dragon in fantasy literature, and Earth's real dragons, the dinosaurs.

The mid-meeting break, as always, included a raffle. Ticket sales were quite healthy in response to the afternoon's prize: a copy of the lavish *Star Trek* coffee-table book *Where No One Has Gone Before: A History in Pictures*.

The second part of the meeting was devoted to our look at Magic: The Gathering and other, similar collectible card-based games. MonSFFA's Mark Burakoff and Mike Masella provided a comprehensive history of Magic and its contemporaries, explained how the various games work, and spoke of the gaming and collecting sub-cultures which have sprung up around these games. They had brought along some of their own collections for viewing and at one point, Mark felt it his duty to warn the uninitiated that collecting these cards can, especially if a person is not careful, become a very expensive proposition. Mark and Mike fielded many a question throughout their presentation, and Mike closed out

the meeting with a demonstration of the TNG game.

MonSFFA thanks those members who helped to plan and run this meeting, in particular Marc, Mark, and Mike for providing the meeting's programming. And thanks, as well, to all who attended.

NEW WRITERS-GROUP PROJECT UNDERWAY

Members of MonSFFA's Special Interest Group for Writers have started on a project which has them each writing an original SF, fantasy, or horror short story. They have exchanged amongst themselves photos clipped from newspapers or magazines, and these photos are to serve as the inspirations for their stories. Each project participant is to have a first-draft manuscript ready for April 23rd's MonSFFA meeting and supply copies of their story to their fellow writers. The participants will written-critique each other's manuscripts, then meet to go further into the critiques at the Writers Group meeting, morning (11:00AM) of the May 14th MonSFFA meeting. The writers may then wish to revise their manuscripts, taking into account the critiques they've received, and when satisfied with their stories, submit final drafts to *Warp* for publication.

MonSFFA VIDEO PROJECT TO BE REVIVED

MonSFFA member John Matthias has taken it upon himself to try to revive the MonSFFA Video Project. This project was undertaken a couple of years ago but, unfortunately, fell apart about halfway through when the people involved seemed unable to coordinate their schedules and finish shooting the remaining few scenes of their production, a short, comedic SF piece.

John was one of the crew of that half-completed video-film, and now he hopes to renew interest among MonSFFA members in producing amateur SF/F videos. Step one: the

completion of the club's original video project.

A preliminary meeting called by John to gauge interest proved promising, attracting about a dozen enthusiastic MonSFFers. With some prep work already underway, John expects cameras to roll by month's end.

Club members who want to join the video-making crew are asked to contact John at (514) 484-0470.

ARTISTS CO-OP

MonSFFA's Marc Durocher is spearheading the formation of an SF/F artists co-op, the goals of which include organizing showings of the work of MonSFFA's numerous visual artists and creating quality reproductions of their work for sale purposes. MonSFFA's artists will also be encouraged to submit more of their work to *Warp*. For more information on the artists co-op, call Marc at (514) 482-5328.

TRANSWARP '95

The various genre clubs interested in mounting TransWarp this year are currently meeting to discuss the particulars. Consensus so far seems to be that TransWarp's standard structure will be shelved this year in favour of some kind of an outdoor activity (an "Olympic Games"/picnic/pub-crawl has been suggested). TransWarp has, to date, taken place in April or May; the date for the '95 event will likely be pushed into August. Stay tuned for further details.

Begun in 1992, TransWarp has been an annual Montreal fandom tradition which sees a number of the city's SF/F clubs pool their resources to put on a one-day mini-con.

MEMBERSHIP RENEWALS

As always, 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!

STAR TREK GENERATIONS: A CRITICAL ANALYSIS

by Lynda Pelley

I've been a Star Trek fan for a long time, and like so many others, was excited by the prospect of a new adventure for the big screen. I followed all the production rumours, and even managed to get my hands on one of the black-market scripts in circulation. I desperately tried to get tickets to the advance premiere at the Imperial Cinema (now, sadly, closed), and failing, ended up standing in a long line at a multiplex a few days later. I really hoped the new movie would be good.

Well...

The latest *Star Trek* film, *Generations*, was okay, for an odd-numbered *Trek* picture. This seventh film was not the worst *Star Trek* movie ever made, but it was by no means the best.

To begin with, *Generations* didn't have to be made quite this soon. It's not like anyone was going to forget about *Star Trek* with so much of it around in various incarnations. Paramount greedily and impatiently jumped into doing a film as soon as

Star Trek: The Next Generation ended its run as a TV series. Therefore, instead of getting a film, what they got was mostly just television on a bigger screen.

The whole production looked rushed—story elements didn't integrate well and production values looked sloppy. Television hides a lot of flaws which are all too obvious on the big screen. For example, Data's makeup looked terrible, especially when the story called for parts of his head and arm to be removed. You could see big, fake-looking bulges in the makeup, which probably wouldn't be noticed on the average TV.

The film's lighting was almost as bad as the makeup. Was the *Enterprise-D* experiencing some sort of malfunction or power failure, or was that supposed to be dramatic lighting? Lighting, when done well, is supposed to create a mood. It should be sensed rather than seen as an obvious visual element. In *Generations*, the lighting is conspicuous, especially the shadows and dark areas on the *Enterprise-D*. At the very least, the illumination should be consistent with the instruments and lighting fixtures in the scene. Week after week on television the ship's light panels

have provided a bright, even illumination. Now, all of a sudden, these same light sources produce inexplicable long shadows and dark patches.

I know that some construction touch-ups were done to the bridge and other sets for *Generations*. Clearly, though, the production schedule didn't allow time for everything to be brought up to spec, and I wonder if all this uneven lighting was designed to hide the cinematic inadequacies of the television-quality sets.

The directing was also not up to cinema standards. There were a lot of static medium shots and close ups, and the dynamic movements often looked more like the camera was panning over the action rather than being involved within it, a style typical of television shooting. *Generations* included a few obvious crane shots and occasionally used a steadicam, camera work more closely associated with cinema, however most of the action was played out in the central, TV-safe area of the picture. As such, the film's wide screen format was not used well. So don't bother paying extra money for a letter-box version of *Generations* on video cassette. I'm sure this movie will easily fit into the



Generations: "...long shadows and dark patches."

standard television screen space with very little panning and scanning.

Industrial Light and Magic's visuals *almost* make up for the uninspired camera work in the rest of the film. I was quite impressed by the shot where the camera pulls back from Scotty, Chekov, and Captain Harriman to reveal that they are looking out of a gaping hole in the *Enterprise-B*'s secondary hull. The ships and their choreography in space looked great. Further, I especially liked the enhancements to the model of the *Excelsior*, making it into the *Enterprise-B*. The nexus energy ribbon effects were interesting, and even the *Enterprise-D* looked better than usual.

The only two effects shots which bothered me were the exploding

bird-of-prey and that really bad saucer-section crash.

The bird-of-prey explosion was technically well done and visually spectacular. Its problem is that it was so memorable as the climax of *Star Trek VI*! Since this was the exact same shot lifted from the previous movie, it lost its impact.

Most of the shots involving the ships seemed too short. I felt like I wanted to see more, get a better look. This was not the case with the saucer-section crash. It went on and on and on. In reality, a saucer that size would have a lot of momentum, and *really would* travel quite a distance before coming to rest. Cinematic reality is a very different thing, however. This sequence would have benefitted from much tighter

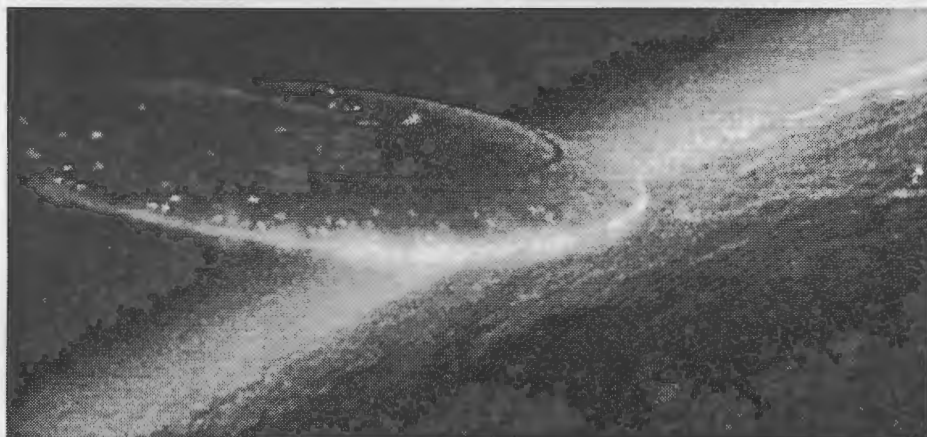
editing. It didn't look right physically, either. There was a scale problem within the miniature set. Unless those trees the crashing hull was plowing through were giant redwoods, they were much too large for the size of the saucer! The whole scene was a gratuitous waste of special effects. Destroying the *Enterprise-D* after it had won the battle with the Klingon ship did nothing to advance the plot. It made no dramatic sense whatsoever! All it did was provide an opportunity to redesign the *Enterprise-D* for the next movie (and sell more model kits).

The live-action shots for the crash scene were every bit as bad as the miniatures. I felt like I was watching one of those hokey, airplane-crash disaster movies. Aren't there any seat belts or equivalent restraints in the 24th century? Perhaps the *Next Generation* crew should have been played by Starfleet crash-test dummies. (Would anyone have noticed, given the size and significance of most of their roles?)

I was definitely not impressed with the camera "shakes." Whenever a starship experiences a rough ride, the turbulence is traditionally done as a combination of the actors lurching about and the camera being physically shaken. Bigger budget productions sometimes shake the whole set, too. The vibrating motion in *Generations* seemed to be an artificial-looking post-production effect, probably the digital equivalent of optical step-printing. This is one element which should have been done the old-fashioned way!

In spite of its technical flaws, *Generations* did have a few good moments. It started well, at least. I really liked the opening title sequence with the champagne bottle, certainly the most imaginative credits of any *Star Trek* film.

The best part of *Generations* was the 23rd century introduction with some of the original cast. Although they appeared only briefly, Scotty and Chekov were used well. I also liked the idea of Sulu's daughter being on the *Enterprise-B*, and the reporters from the 23rd century equivalent of CNN were a nice touch too. This was Kirk's segment, however, and he stole the show. The scenes were played true to character,



Saucer-section crash: "...a gratuitous waste of special effects."



"Too bad... *Generations* didn't take place on the *Enterprise-B*."

worked well dramatically, and the mild humour seemed natural, not forced. This first part of the movie looked like it was up to the standards of an even-numbered *Trek* film. Too bad the rest of *Generations* didn't take place on the *Enterprise-B*!

The other good part of this film was the bit involving Worf's promotion on the holodeck's old sailing vessel *Enterprise*. Exotic costumes and set, and perhaps the only occasion in the film where everyone in the *Next Generation's* ensemble cast had something to do. The scene reminded me of a typical *Next Gen* episode teaser. It was fun. But the 23rd century segment with the original cast already provides *Generations* with a better opening teaser, which leads into the main plot. This second teaser is unnecessary; although it works well as an isolated vignette, the sequence has almost no bearing on the rest of the film. It makes no difference to the remaining plot whether Worf is a Lieutenant or a Lieutenant-Commander. This is a rather elaborate scene to waste as an excuse for Data to decide he needs to use his emotion chip. (The emotional Data, played strictly for comic relief, did provide a few good laughs, but the humour was overused, and soon became tiresome.) True, this scene also sees Picard find out about his brother and nephew's death, but he could have just as easily, and with less fanfare, received the news in his ready room or quarters.

Regardless of the 24th century *Next Generation* setting, this film is mostly a Kirk-Picard story. It illustrates the differences between their command styles very well. If you want to discuss a problem, get Picard; if you want to solve a problem, get Kirk. In the beginning, Kirk, aboard the *Enterprise-B*, faces the nexus and battles to keep the ship from being pulled into it. He takes the direct approach, fires a "photon torpedo" from the deflector array into the heart of the energy ribbon, and decisively wins the *Enterprise-B's* freedom. Picard encounters the nexus 78 years later. He thinks about it, and he talks about it, and he's always a step behind. Without Kirk's help, Picard doesn't get to where he's got to be in time to save the universe. When

Picard confronts Soran, it's uncertain who will win; when Kirk faces Soran, we know Soran will get his butt kicked!

Picard is a fine leader, a diplomat; Kirk is a hero. This is precisely why Kirk's death is so disappointing. I'm not opposed to Kirk dying, I just wanted him to die well, and he doesn't. In order for a hero's death to work well dramatically, the villain must be worthy of the deed and the situation must merit it. Think about Khan as a villain and Spock's death in *Star Trek II*, and how the climax of the film hinged on Spock's sacrifice.

Soran, as the villain of *Generations*, is pathetic. He isn't interested in weapons or power or revenge, he just wants to *feel good*.

Soran is obsessed about getting back to the nexus, like a drug addict searching for his next fix. The character is just not strong enough to be the film's principal antagonist.

The main plot of *Generations* doesn't bear up under close examination, either. Soran first got to the nexus because he was on a ship that flew into the energy ribbon, then was yanked out because the *Enterprise-B* rescued him, against his will. All Soran had to do to get back was simply steal a shuttle and fly it into the nexus. End of story! So the movie's *entire* plot—involving the Romulans, the Klingon sisters, and the stolen trilitium super-weapon—was all for nothing. That script definitely needed more work!

Kirk is sucked into the energy



Holodeck scene: "Exotic costumes and set..."



Confronting Soran: "Picard is a fine leader, a diplomat; Kirk is a hero."

ribbon during the action at the beginning of the film, and given the nature of his character, I'm sure he'd soon figure out the holodeck-like properties of the nexus. After all, this is *Captain Kirk*! Even if he thought he was dead, he would hardly be complacent about it. Kirk has spent an entire career being confrontational with Klingons and super-computers and gods. He has thought and tricked his way out of capture and death in every situation imaginable. Kirk would demand an explanation about his surroundings. He would find the answers and come up with a *good* plan of escape. Kirk would be long gone from the nexus before Picard would even arrive!

But Picard does find Kirk in the

nexus, and they must work together to thwart Soran or see millions killed. I find it hard to believe that two such experienced starship captains are unable to come up with a better plan than the one presented in this movie. Kirk and Picard could have exited the nexus and arrived at any time and any place of their choosing. For example, Kirk could have gone back to the *Enterprise-B* and dealt with Soran there, either by preventing his rescue, or by allowing him to return to the nexus. They had so many better alternatives, and yet they chose the very last possible moment to stop Soran! The only merit to this plan is that if the two of them failed, they would simply end up right back in the nexus, able to try again and again, until they

succeeded.

It's bad enough that the audience has no emotional attachment to the pre-industrial civilization that Picard and Kirk are fighting to save, but the way this script is written, it doesn't even matter whether our two captains win the day or not. All the suspense is taken away because we know that they can try, try again, if at first they don't succeed. So Kirk sacrificing his life is *meaningless*.

The "bridge-on-the-captain" scene is only marginally better than having Soran shoot Kirk in the back, which, incidentally, is how Kirk's demise was originally conceived. *Generations* needed an expensive, on-location reshoot after this first ending was received poorly by test audiences. It seems like the filmmakers spent their money in all the wrong places. In addition to the new ending, the old sailing-vessel vignette, and the destruction of the *Enterprise-D*—all costly segments which contribute very little to the main storyline—an elaborate orbital skydiving scene with Kirk, Scotty, and Chekov was shot and subsequently not used. (The missing footage was probably dropped because it was too reminiscent of the "Row, Row, Row Your Boat" introduction in *Star Trek V*.) This fragmented structure in *Generations*, where the biggest, most emphasized scenes are only loosely connected to the overall plot, simply points out that the film as a whole is unable to equal the sum of its parts.

Generations started off well, got weaker through the middle, and finally ended as an accumulation of plot inconsistencies. There were holes in this screenplay big enough to swallow a galaxy-class starship, and yet they might have been forgivable, if only the film could have delivered a strong finish. If both Kirk and Picard had returned triumphantly after their adventure together, this film might have left the audience feeling that the end justified the means. As it is, the substance of the story is too shallow, and *Generations* too poorly assembled, to support a dark ending. So unfortunately, without some kind of a spectacular close to offset such questionable storytelling, *Generations*, as a whole, remains unsatisfying.



Orbital skydiving scene: "...shot and subsequently not used."



***Two captains. One destiny.
Eight bucks?!***

Risk and Sacrifice, Part 4

by Bryan Ekers, from a story idea by Keith Braithwaite

Bryan Ekers' DS9 story continues; parts 1, 2, and 3 ran in, respectively, Warps 30 (Summer '94), 31 (September '94), and 32 (February '95).

Jelenik looked at the long range scan report, and set the small display for a large-scale image of the immediate region; including the station, the wormhole, the cloud . . .

"What's this?" he asked sharply, pointing at a fourth point. "Computer, enhance."

Kira looked at the monitor. "That's the Herald." She tapped her communicator badge. "Kira to O'Brien. Any change in the reactors?"

"We'll have two of them back online in three hours, Major. The others will take a few days at least."

"There's no chance of moving the station before then?"

"Major, it was a miracle we moved it the first time. I can restore the shields."

"Will it be enough to stop 3 million tons of anti-matter?"

There was a noticeable pause. "I'll work on moving the station, Major."

"Good. What about your family, Chief?"

"Evacuated with the others, Major. There's only official personnel on board, except the wounded in sickbay."

Kira winced; she should have checked on Sisko earlier.

"Understood. Kira out." She thought for a moment, and tapped her badge again. "Kira to Bashir."

"Bashir here."

"How is Commander Sisko?"

"Still unconscious, but stable. His son's here with him."

"How long until he wakes up?"

Bashir looked around him. Odo's emergency teams had helped him clean the debris out of sickbay and set up emergency beds, all of which were filled with the injured. "Major, I have 25 patients here, most of them hurt worse than the Commander.

He's stable, and that's all I can say."

Kira felt like shouting at Bashir, or going down to sickbay herself, but she held steady until the impulse passed. Bashir hadn't spent most of his life fighting a dirty war; he'd never had to sacrifice 10 unimportant people to save one vital one. Kira knew she didn't have time to change him now. "Keep me informed. Kira out."

"Major," muttered Jelenik. "Look at this."

The graphic on the screen still

*"The comet is the
only nearby object
massive enough to
deflect the cloud."*

showed the cloud, the station, the wormhole, and the Herald.

"Computer, give projections, one-hour intervals," ordered Jelenik.

The cloud jumped a centimeter, the Herald jumped a similar amount. Another hour, another jump. Several steps into the projection, Kira tensed.

"The Herald's changing course." She tapped a few keys on the console. "That's not correct."

"No, it's all right, Major," said Jelenik. "Just watch."

As the projected hours quickly passed, the Herald followed an impossible parabolic course, converging on the cloud, even as the cloud converged on the station. According to the simulation, roughly 10 hours from now, and well within sight of the station, the Herald would meet the cloud to spectacular effect. A muted glow on the monitor

marked the demise of each.

Kira rolled her eyes. "You think the Herald will obligingly change direction for you? I thought atheists like you didn't believe in miracles."

"It's not a miracle, Major. Computer, restore to time index one-five-one-two. Magnify on the comet."

The screen complied. A close-up view of the Herald destroyed its beauty, Kira decided. She watched the screen, clearly bored at Jelenik's useless scenario. She suddenly froze.

"No," she said flatly.

"Yes," he replied. "The three runabouts can coordinate their tractor beams on the central mass of the comet and—"

"No!" She glared at him. "You're not gonna destroy the Herald. It's insane."

"Is there an alternative, Major? Tell me what it is."

Her voice caught momentarily. "I don't have one. Yet. But destroying the Herald is just not an option."

"You're dreaming, Major. The comet is the only nearby object massive enough to deflect the cloud. It's perfect."

"It is not!" replied Kira indignantly. "I'll sacrifice the station before I'll destroy the Herald."

"That's unacceptable," declared Jelenik. "If Bajor is going to regain its former scientific prominence, *Deep Space Nine* is vital. The comet is not."

"How dare you?" said Kira slowly. "When you and others like you abandoned Bajor during the occupation, we stayed and fought. The religion you dismiss so readily, Secretary Jelenik, was what bound us together for the common good. Symbols like Preta's Herald were vital. How dare you dismiss it as unimportant?"

"The war with Cardassia is over, Major," replied Jelenik calmly.

"But the war within Bajor is not," she said curtly. "You're aware of the factional fighting, you've even taken advantage of it."

"You're dodging the issue, Major. The runabouts have to leave within the hour to intercept the comet."

"No. Absolutely not. Besides, the runabouts don't have the power for an operation like this; not even all three of them together."

Jelenik paused. "I can get you a class-eight power source. Over 1500 megawatts. It's enough for a small city." He smiled sourly. "It's my fusion powersphere. The Vulcans are excellent engineers."

Kira tore her eyes away from the display. With a shudder, she stood up and walked away from Jelenik and his horrific plan. As she approached the doors, they started to hiss open.

"No, close." The doors closed. She stared through the window panes of one door, looking down at Ops. Her eyes moved from Dax, to O'Brien. From their posture, Kira knew they hadn't found a solution. Her eyes wandered Ops, and alighted on the engineer, Barclay. Close by him was Ensign Ro. Kira stared at her; a Bajoran expatriate, like Jelenik had been. Kira would have hated her, once. She tapped her communicator badge. "Kira to O'Brien."

O'Brien looked up at the office door, meeting her eyes. She watched his lips move, and heard his voice on the communicator.

"O'Brien here."

"Chief, anything new?" Please let there be something new, she thought.

He shook his head slightly. "Sorry, Major."

"What about Dax?"

Kira saw O'Brien look at Dax's station, then back at her. "I don't think so, Major."

There was a long pause. O'Brien looked at her expectantly.

"Chief, stand by. Kira to Bashir."

"Bashir here."

"How is Commander Sisko?"

"Unchanged. I'll let you know."

"You do that," she whispered.

"Kira to O'Brien."

"Major," replied O'Brien.

"How would you rate Barclay as an engineer?"

O'Brien's surprise was apparent. He leaned slightly away from Barclay, hiding his words. "He's . . . competent, Major."

Kira allowed herself a smile. "What about Ensign Ro?"

The bewilderment on O'Brien's face deepened. "As an engineer?"

"No, as a pilot."

"The same, Major. A little cold-blooded for my taste, though."

"Call Constable Odo for me. When he arrives send him, Ro, and Barclay up here. Kira out."

She turned away from the door, faced Jelenik again. "I have a few conditions, Secretary. If you screw up any one of them, I'll make you pay for it." She levelled a finger at him, stopping his objection. "Shut up. One, I want you to copy all of your information onto two Starfleet datapads. I'll take one with me on the *Rio Grande*. The other I'm giving to Constable Odo. He'll give it to Sisko when he wakes up, and I wouldn't trust anyone else. Two, you'll erase all references to your

"...there's an

excellent chance I

won't return from

this mission..."

plan from the main computer. Three, after the problem is . . ." she winced ". . . dealt with, you will issue a public statement saying that as far as you know, the *Herald* changed course by itself and acted to save this station and Bajor."

She was rewarded with a look of total shock and indignation on Jelenik's gaunt face. "I will not," he spat. "A man in my position mumbling about miracles. It would ruin me."

"I don't give a damn about that, Secretary. And you deserve to be ruined after this disaster." She narrowed her eyes. "I'm not giving you a choice, Jelenik. I'll be keeping your powersphere until I hear your statement. I swear, I'll tear it apart unless you do as I say. And unless you plan another trip to Vulcan, I don't think you'll get a new one

anytime soon. *No one* is to know about this. That's why I'm taking two outsiders with me instead of members of *DS9's* crew. They can go back to their lives in the Federation when this is over."

Jelenik glared at her, his eyes showing layers of hate. "You'll pay for this, Major."

She stepped up to him. As with Quark, she found, she was able to stare down at the shorter man. "Secretary, there's an excellent chance I won't return from this mission, what with all the gamma radiation from the cloud," she said softly. "I hope you'll consider that payment enough. Now prepare the datapads and get the hell out."

Benjamin Sisko felt the warm water of *Pharos III* surround him. The squidling was harmless, he knew, even clutching tightly at his hand. He squeezed back sharply.

The painful shout of his son Jake caused Sisko to force his way from the water and subsequently, his dream.

"Dad! Dad! Doctor Bashir, he's awake!"

Sisko tried to force a question past his stiff tongue. Suddenly, Bashir was standing over him, looking carefully at him. "Don't try to talk, sir. Just keep still. You're in sickbay with a concussion, but you'll be all right."

Sisko glanced sideways. He could see Jake standing beside Bashir. The boy was massaging one of his hands with the other. "You were here all along?" he asked quietly. "Holding my hand?"

Bashir noticed Jake's sore hand and scanned it with a tricorder. "Some mild bruising," he commented. "You should be more careful with your relatives, Commander."

Sisko kept his eyes on his son. "I'm sorry, Jake."

The boy smiled. "It's okay, Dad."

Bashir started to move away from the table, but Sisko grabbed his sleeve. "What is going on?" he asked clearly. Although his eyes were on Bashir, Sisko noticed the sickbay was filled to overflowing with wounded.

The voice that answered came from beyond the head of Sisko's bed. "I have all the information you need, Commander." Sisko tried to turn and

look at the speaker, but the attempt caused a shooting pain to lance through his forehead. Constable Odo obligingly stepped into Sisko's range of vision. His expression was as uncomfortable looking as Sisko had ever seen it, which wasn't much. "I'd like to speak to Commander Sisko alone, please."

Bashir backed away willingly; Jake only after Sisko nodded. Odo watched them leave, then almost shyly placed a datapad on the bed next to Sisko's arm. "Major Kira asked me to deliver this to you on her behalf."

Sisko picked up the datapad and examined it. A small digital clock in one corner told him he'd been unconscious for over nine hours. "The station is being repaired," he noted.

"Yes, Commander."

Sisko scanned a few lines of the station's damage report. "Dax and Chief O'Brien seem to have things well in hand. Is Major Kira in Ops?"

"No, she isn't."

"Is she overseeing the repairs?"

"No, Commander."

Sisko frowned. "Where is she?"

Odo's lips pressed together for an instant. "She's left the station, Commander."

Sisko was shocked. "What?" he whispered. He tried to sit up and was rewarded with more pain in his forehead. Odo made no move to help him. "Has she taken her leave? At a time like this?"

"No, Commander." Odo took the datapad from Sisko, and pushed a few keys, calling up the flight plan Jelenik had programmed earlier.

"There's an explanation recorded by the Major. It will respond to your voice code. Major Kira wanted you to be alone when you read it." With that, Odo abruptly turned away and left sickbay.

Sisko pondered the datapad for another moment, then swung his legs off the bed and sat up, ignoring the headache. Bashir was immediately at his side, gently pushing him back. Jake was beside him, looking equally worried.

"Commander, please. Lie still."

Sisko pushed Bashir's hands aside. "You need the bed, Doctor. I'll be in my quarters." Sisko put his hand on Jake's shoulder. "My son will help me to my quarters."

The boy beamed.

Continued in the next issue of *Warp*

BOOK REVIEWS

David Weber's *Honor Harrington Books* (Give this series a dishonourable discharge!):

On Basilisk Station
The Honor of the Queen
The Short Victorious War
Field of Dishonor

Reviewed by Joe Aspler

The Truth in Reviewing Act states that I have to say I've only read the first and third books of the above list. But two of these books was more than enough!

The old-style adventure story has a respectable place in any science fiction collection. You could even claim a connection to historical fiction, and to studies of history itself. But forget this series by David Weber.

The Napoleonic wars have provided the most fertile ground for the naval saga: the life and times of a single hero. The best known is Captain Horatio Hornblower.

Hornblower was a first, a hero with genuine human frailties. Other heroes of that period include Patrick O'Brien's creation, Jack Aubrey, my personal favourite. O'Brien has a real feel for the time, both on ship and on shore. Dudley Pope's Ramage has all the style of a cartoon character, but at least he's a well-written cartoon character. The worst is Alexander Kent's Captain Bolitho, a hero whose adventures are written without the slightest bit of originality. Each story follows the same, standard formula, with loyal and/or disloyal superiors and/or subordinates, a minor bloody battle in the middle of the novel, and the obligatory major bloody battle at the end of the novel.

Now along comes David Weber. His may be the first SF series to feature a woman as a senior combat officer. Too bad the occasion wasn't celebrated with well-written books.

2000 years in the future, the good guys are at war with the bad guys.

Respectively, we have the Space Kingdom of Manticores (with a social structure reminiscent of 19th-century England) and the People's Republic of Haven (with a social structure resembling a cross between the Soviet Union and a very bad parody of our politically correct present).

We first meet Captain Honor Harrington in the introductory novel of the series, *On Basilisk Station*. In a system where heredity and titles mean much to an officer's career, she has resolutely fought her way up from obscurity—well, from a comfortable middle-class anyway. Rather like *Star Trek: The Next Generation*.

Weber seems to have patterned his saga on the worst of the Napoleonic sagas. The characters are made of cardboard: I haven't seen so much of the stuff since my last visit to a recycling plant. Everything is written according to formula.

The bad guys are predictable, without a single saving grace. The way in which one of the

bad guys signs his name at the end of *The Short Victorious War* is particularly revealing of something: silliness, lack of originality, or what, I'm not sure. (I won't give away the ending by saying what so-called secret the signature revealed.)

Mind you, the good guys aren't much more interesting. With the exception of one cowardly captain, all the good guys are good: good sailors, good junior officers, good senior officers. Any minor confusion or insecurity is rapidly transformed into heroism. Even the good-guy politicians have something going for them.

With formula writing, you don't have to bother with tension, conflict, or other trivial plot devices.

The Hornblower novels were parodied by Harry Harrison, who told us of one Captain Honario Harpplayer and his adventures with a little green man from outer space. I wonder if Weber read Harrison's parody. Too bad if he didn't: he might have learned something!

THE LOST RACE NOVEL

BY GEORGES DODDS

Georges Dodds concludes his look at lost race novels with this third installment of his article. The first and second installments (encompassing sections 1 through 3) were published in *Warps* 31 (September '94) and 32 (February '95), respectively.

4. Atlantis and Mu Survivors

Most of you have heard of Atlantis, first described by Plato as the site of a prehistoric super-civilization. Mu, on the other hand, is less well known. For more information on Mu, see James Churchward's *The Lost Continent of Mu* (c. 1930 and its sequels, a series of pseudoscientific, anthropological treatises on the mythical land of Mu (equated by some with Lemuria), quite distinct from Atlantis, and which allegedly sank beneath the Pacific thousands of years ago due to volcanic activity. Modern archaeologists and anthropologists consider these works in much the same light as Von Daniken's *Chariots of the Gods*, i.e. completely unfounded trash. (Throughout this article, I describe some of the novels as 333 titles. These are titles listed by J.H. Crawford, J.J. Donahue, and D.M. Grant in their 1953 publication 333, *A Bibliography of the Science Fantasy Novel*.)

Elizabeth G. Birkmaier's *Poseidon's Paradise* (Clemens Publ. Co., 1892), a 333 title, tells of the latter days of Atlantis. King Atlano sees Pelasgia (afterwards Greece) as a threat to his empire. He leads an attack, but after an initial retreat, the Pelasgians rally to their leader, Deucalion. The Atlantean king soon realizes he must withdraw but in doing so he takes Deucalion's children as captives. Deucalion, in disguise, comes to Atlantis, rescues his children, and as the continent sinks into the Atlantic he leaves with Atlantean technology they have acquired, to later lay the foundations of the Hellenic civilization.

This book is notable as it was published by Mark Twain's (Samuel Langhorne Clemens) short-lived publishing firm in San Francisco.

G. Firth Scott's *The Last Lemurian: A Westralian Romance* (1898, reprinted Arno Press) tells of Australians

Hatter and Halwood who follow up on a legend of a strange land, in the middle of the desert, where there are piles of gold for the taking and a strange, yellow woman ruling over pygmies. They run out of water at the base of a cliff, but that night a door in the stone opens and out comes Tor Ymmothe, the Queen of Lemuria. Hatter convinces her that he is the reincarnation of her long lost love. She has been cooped up in the caves for thousands of years in punishment for the sins of her race, along with a beautiful young princess in suspended animation. Halwood recognizes the latter from a vision he had a year before. He opens her casket, her body revives briefly, just long enough for her to tell him to seek her in the outside world, then she crumbles to dust. A volcano destroys the caves, killing Hatter and the Queen; Halwood escapes and when he searches out Hatter's now orphaned daughter, he finds her to be the living princess, thus fulfilling the ancient prophecy.

Frank Aubrey's *A Queen of Atlantis* (Lippincott, 1900; reprinted Arno Press), a 333 title, tells of a group of Americans marooned in the Sargasso Sea after a ship's mutiny. They find the hidden island of Atlantis and an ancient city peopled with vampires. Beyond the city they discover the Atlantean race, who recognize the girl in the party, Vanina, as the prophesized and long-awaited queen. Under the guidance of Monella (see also *King of the Dead*, by Aubrey, in this article's section dealing with Amazonia; *Warp* 32, page 26) the Atlanteans win the war against their hereditary enemies. Vanina is bewitched into betrothing herself to the enemy king. Her brother breaks the spell after joining a race of elfin-like beings who provide him with a counter-spell.

Another of Aubrey's three classic lost race novels.

C.J. Cutcliffe Hyne's *The Lost Continent* (Pearson's Magazine, July-December 1899 [reproduced in *Rivals of H.G. Wells*, Castle, 1979]; Harpers, 1900; *Ballantine Adult Fantasy Series*, 1972; Oswald Train, c. 1990) is a 333 title.

A couple of archaeologists investigating an Indian pueblo find an ancient manuscript. It tells again of Deucalion, legate to Yucatan, who upon his return to Atlantis finds that evil Empress Phorenice has taken over, and that abject poverty and an evil cult reign

supreme. Deucalion refuses to join forces with her, resulting in his betrothed (Naia) being buried alive. He finally escapes and survives nine years in the wilderness before returning. He joins in the revolt and brings Naia back to life. The priests realize that Phorenice cannot be killed or defeated and call destruction down on Atlantis. Natch', Deucalion and Naia survive.

L.S. DeCamp, in his *Lost Continents*, says of it: "Despite the author's weakness for plesiosaurs and other anachronistic Mesozoic reptiles...the novel is a competent piece of story-telling: fast, well-constructed, colourful, with the leading characters well drawn and occasional flashes of rather grim humor. Moreover, the story is not burdened with the sentimentality and didacticism that oppress so many novels of this group." This may account for why it has so often been reprinted.

David M. Parry's *The Scarlet Empire* (Bobbs-Merrill, 1906; Arno Press reprint) tells of John Walker, captured by inhabitants of Atlantis, which is hidden below the sea. He finds a socialist society and befriends a free-thinking doctor. He falls for Astraea, a beautiful girl, who is part of a group trying to restore capitalism, and has been recently incarcerated. Walker and Astraea attempt to escape in a submarine but are recaptured and jailed. With the help of the doctor they escape again and destroy the dome over Atlantis using a torpedo.

Not a bad story if you are a rabid capitalist, as the author, a rich American industrialist, was.

Joseph M. Brown's *Astyanax* (Broadway, 1907; a 333 title) is the story of Hector of Troy's son, Astyanax, who after the fall of Troy is delivered into the hands of the king of Assyria. Raised as a prince, when adult he returns to reunite the remnants of the Trojan race. They sail beyond the Gates of Hercules (Straits of Gibraltar) to Atlantis, and subsequently, with a few Atlanteans, escape the destruction of Atlantis. In the West he falls for princess Xibalba, and when she is kidnapped by the emperor of Mexico, he uses cunning and friends on the inside to save her and accede to the throne himself.

Pierre Benoit's *Atlantida* (Duffield, 1920), the English version of Benoit's *L'Atlantide* (France, c. 1915), a 333 title, tells of the adventures of French officers Morange and de Saint-Avit. Based on evidence of early Greek explorations in the far south of the Sahara, they are led to investigate a hidden mountain oasis where Antinea, direct descendant of the kings of Atlantis, reigns. The beautiful Antinea keeps the mummified bodies of her former lovers, who she has killed when bored of them, in a gallery. Morange's ability to resist her makes her fall madly in love with him. Antinea, the woman scorned, enthralls de Saint-Avit and has him murder his fellow officer.

Besides d'Esme's *Les Dieux Rouges* (see article "F & SF Before the Double Helix," *Warp* 25, specifically page 31), one of the few French lost race novels to ever see book form.

Olof W. Anderson's *The Treasure Vault of Atlantis* (1925, reprinted Arno Press) tells of a vision wherein the narrator remembers a previous incarnation as King of Atlantis, and the site of a hollowed mountain where Atlantean technology and people are preserved. After weeks of swamps and jungles they reach the mountain. They revive about 50 Atlanteans and are shown

helicopters, and a TV screen which can see anywhere on Earth. At the narrator's request they create a machine to communicate with the dead. A new era is going to begin for mankind.

Isabell C. Crawford's *The Tapestry of Time* (Christopher, 1927; a 333 title) tells of Astrellon, great sage of Atlantis. Having prescience of the doom of Atlantis, he warns King Lumnos, but the latter, under the influence of the high-priest Memhota, ignores him. Astrellon moves his kith and kin to Peru, where, with atomic technology, he builds the super-city of Delosarian. Memhota's atomic experimentation sinks Atlantis, and Lumnos and friends are saved by Cretan sailors. They establish a base at Athros, in Crete, and both colonies carry forward the Atlantean civilization.

Muriel Bruce's *Mukara* (Henkle, 1930; reprinted Arno Press) tells of two archaeologists, an anthropologist, and a physicist who go off to discover a legendary, pre-Mayan white race in Amazonia. A 333 title, it also falls into this article's previous two categories ("Arctic, Antarctic, and Hollow Earth" and "Amazonia and Aztecs, Mayas, et al," *Warps* 31 and 32, respectively) to a certain extent. They are met by a vanguard of this race at the base of towering mountains. Once in Mukara, site of survivors of Mu, two usurpers attempt by occult means to force princess Clio, rightful heir to the throne, to marry a member of the party, rather than her betrothed, King Nubti. The good guys naturally win the ensuing civil war and fulfill an ancient prophecy.

Interestingly, the novel was inspired by the author's friend, Colonel Percy H. Fawcett, who in 1925 disappeared, murdered by Indians, in the upper Xingu basin while searching for this very city. Some of the spiritualistic/occult attacks are a bit tedious but the remainder of the book is excellent.

Dennis Wheatley is perhaps best known for his great novels of the occult and satanism (*The Devil Rides Out*, *Strange Conflict*, etc.) as well as some spy novels. He also edited *The Dennis Wheatley Library of the Occult* (Sphere, 1970s), a great series of occult fiction and "non-fiction."

They Found Atlantis (Hutchinson, c. 1935; Lippincott, 1936; Arrow, 1970s and later), a 333 title, tells of a number of rich girls and their suitors out cruising around on daddy's (Dr. Tisch) underwater research yacht. Some mean, nasty hoodlums seize the boat and dump the whole gang overboard at the bathysphere, taking care to remove wallets and diamonds beforehand. Instead of their being crushed to death at the bottom of the Marianas Trench, the bathysphere is sucked into a chamber under the ocean floor. After fighting off some sub-human creatures (Ooh! I broke a nail, daahlinx), the whole gang are saved by Atlantean descendants, living in a miniature utopia. Two couples marry and everything is comfy-cosy until a woman spurned by Dr. Tisch knocks him off. The whole gang are banished, escape the sub-humans again, and blow up the escape tunnel as they leave.

Stanton A. Coblentz's (1896-?) *The Sunken World* (Fantasy Publ. Co., Inc., 1948), another 333 title, tells of a WWII U.S. submarine sucked into a whirlpool and down to the bottom of the ocean. There they are saved

by the survivors of Atlantis, who live inside a glass dome at the bottom of the ocean. Commander Harkness and his crew are well treated in the utopian community. Harkness wins an Atlantean girl, Aelios, as his bride, and only they survive the destruction of the dome, returning safely to America.

5. Asia, Oceania, and Elsewhere

Several of these novels set in Asia have been covered in a section on Oriental literature in a previous article ("F & SF Before the Double Helix," *Warp* 25, section beginning page 27), so I will only include those not mentioned before.

G.G.A. Murray's *Gobi or Shamo; A Story of Three Songs* (1889, reprinted Arno Press) tells of Mavrones, who finds a manuscript in an old Greek monastery telling of a lost race of Greeks in the Gobi Desert. He organizes an expedition and they reach a river gorge deep in the Gobi. There they are saved from going over a waterfall by an Englishman, Trench, king of a barbarian race called the Sanni. Trench tells them that the high-tech Greeks live in a utopian city just down river. The Sanni revolt, using bombs stolen from the Greeks, but blow themselves up before they can take over. The Greeks allow the explorers to leave, electrifying their citadel so they will never be disturbed again.

Murray was perhaps the preeminent classical Greek scholar of his time, and my father remembers his books being used in school when he was a kid.

Percy Brebner's *The Knight of the Silver Star* (Fenno, 1907; also as *The Fortress of Yadasara* by Christian Lys, c. 1905), a 333 title, tells of Clinton Verrall, whose travels in Turkey bring him to a lost valley beyond impenetrable mountains. In the valley, called Drusunland, he is captured by descendants of the Crusaders. Verrall is recognized as the prophesized Knight of the Silver Star, destined to lead the people backing princess Daria to power. At first everything is going like clockwork, until Verrall is betrayed by one of Daria's trusted nobles. Captured, Verrall escapes to free Daria from the unwelcome attentions of her betrayer, and they both flee to the outer world.

John Taine's *The Purple Sapphire* (Dutton, 1924; a 333 title) tells of General Wedderburn's search for her daughter, who was spirited away into India 12 years before. The only clue is a huge sapphire left behind by the kidnapper. Wedderburn hires the world famous adventurer, John Ford, and his trusty assistant/niece Rosita. They join Captain Joicey, who has also found a huge sapphire. He leads them across a radioactive desert to the home of a lost, degenerate race that was flourishing 10,000 years ago. The daughter of Wedderburn and the Ford trio are in the prophecies as those who will return the race to its former stature. Betrayed by a wandering Tibetan, they must use the last piece of ancient technology to escape, except they don't know what the contraption does. Turns out that it is a tool of mass destruction which destroys the entire region. Oops!

Gilbert Collins' *The Starkenden Quest* (McBride, 1925; a 333 title) tells of John Crayton and Gregory Hope, who

join Esau Starkenden in a quest to find his daughter, who has disappeared in Indo-China. The party is captured by savage dwarfs, led by Starkenden's brother, who is a thrall of an immortal, evil Khmer demi-god, the Undying One. Imprisoned in vast caves, awaiting sacrifice to the Undying One, they (including the daughter) manage to escape and kill the demi-god. The brother's mind is then released and he leads the whole family and friends back to civilization.

Collins also wrote *The Valley of Eyes Unseen* (McBride, 1924), also a 333 title, which tells of Ronald Mirlees, who is being hunted down by a Chinese secret society. He joins an expedition to Tibet, led by a mysterious man of great mental and physical prowess. The expedition is led to a hidden valley where descendants of Alexander the Great's army are living. The expedition leader is recognized as the reincarnation of Alexander. Internal strife endangers Mirlees' life and he has to resort to using man-made wings to escape.

E. Charles Vivian's *Fields of Sleep* (Hutchison, 1925; reprinted Arno Press, and Donald M. Grant), another 333 title, tells of the adventures of Victor Marshall, sent by Mrs. Delarey to find her son, Clement, who is to inherit the family fortune and was lost on an island in Indonesia three years before. After simulating his own death to throw off other money hungry relatives, Marshall eventually journeys to the interior. He is attacked by giant, flesh-eating crabs and must jump down an incline which permits no return to evade them. He is confronted by Tari-Hi, the keeper of the Mah-Eng, the last outpost of Babylon and also a gold mine. All the workers, including Clement, down in the valley are enthralled by the smell of a strange flower, from which withdrawal causes sleep, then death. Tari-Hi wants Marshall to marry his beautiful daughter, Aia, and carry on the line of the keepers, but he refuses. A breach in the aqueduct floods the plants and the labourers (including Clement) die in their sleep. Several other subplots are also interwoven in this great novel.

James Hilton's *Lost Horizon* (Morrow, 1933; Pocket Books #1; a 333 title) is well known to most, and has even had a decent screen adaptation.

Four British men in a government plane crash-land in remote Tibet and are guided to the lamasery of Shangri-La. The huge mountains around the Valley of the Blue Moon preclude escape, but the special qualities of the air permit extremely long life and great mental achievement. One of the men, Conway, soon becomes attuned to the ways of the place and is groomed to become spiritual leader. Conway is to maintain civilization in this small niche as the rest of the world goes to hell in a handbasket.

Jack Williamson (1908-) is best remembered for his *Legion of Space* series and the werewolf classic *Darker than You Think*.

His title *Golden Blood* (1935 magazine; Lancer, 1964) tells of a lost city in the Arabian desert and the members of the "Secret Legion," a group of adventurers who go in search of it. The lost race are gold coloured, have a huge golden tiger as a weapon, and use gold in various technological wizardries.

This is to a certain extent an updated sword and sorcery novel, a very entertaining one at that.

The previously mentioned Stanton A. Coblenz was a poet and occasional writer of SF/F. He was editor (and founder) of the verse quarterly *Wings* from 1933 to 1960, and had some training in anthropology.

His classic 333 title *When the Birds Fly South* (Wings Press, 1945; Newcastle Forgotten Fantasy, 1980) tells of an American geologist who gets lost in the mountains of Afghanistan and is rescued by a strange tribe, the Ibandru, living in a virtually inaccessible valley. He eventually falls in love with a young woman of the tribe, Yasma. The Ibandru are not like other people. When the birds fly south they are transmuted into great birds which migrate with the seasons. Prescott spends a lonely winter in the valley. The next summer he marries Yasma, and she stays behind in the valley at migration time because of her love for Prescott. She slowly withers away and eventually dies. Prescott curses the strange, massive idol at the top of the valley and eventually escapes back to civilization.

Gertrude Atherton, the popular novelist, considered the work "a classic." Excellent stories in the bird-man tradition also include *Angel Island*, by Inez Haynes Gillmore (1914, reprinted Arno Press), a sort of lost race novel, with winged women, and Edmond Hamilton's wonderful short story "He That Hath Wings" (included in *The Best of Edmond Hamilton*, Ballantine, 1977).

Hamilton's *The Valley of Creation* (1948 magazine; Lancer, 1964) tells of a lost race in Tibet and Eric Nelson, a soldier of fortune who ends up there after following a psychic summons. He helps the forces of good against the bad guys while magically transformed into a wolf.

This book combines sword and sorcery, SF, and lost race themes. Not great, but a passable read.

Novels set in Oceania (i.e. the South Pacific) include one by Oliphant Smeaton (forgot the title) written in the 1890s about the lost Roman Legion rediscovered, complete with triremes and emperors, on a lost island in the Pacific. Also, there is George Randolph Chester's *The Jingo* (discussed in the section on humour in "F & SF Before the Double Helix," *Warp* 25, see page 23).

Perhaps the best set in this locale is E. Charles Vivian's 333 title *City of Wonder* (Moffat, Yard, 1923; Centaur, c. 1972). It tells of Watkins, who learns of Kir-Asa, a lost city in the Pacific, through family records. With two other adventurers, Faulkner and Bent, he begins the trek which leads to a massive roadbed now overgrown with jungle. They reach the outskirts of Kir-Asa, which are patrolled by gigantic apes under the control of a woman. They fight their way through to the city, the last outpost of Atlantean civilization, where they are welcomed in peace. When Bent is killed by the city's mad prince, Faulkner and Watkins overthrow the government and take over themselves.

Another story set in the Pacific is the 333 title *The Island of Captain Sparrow* (Cosmopolitan, 1928), by S. Fowler Wright. Charlton Foyle is shipwrecked on a remote Pacific island, where he finds a young French girl, Marcelle Latour, who has been living off the land for a few years. They are attacked by satyr-like creatures, and later by the descendants of pirates whose ancestors settled there 100 years before. The island also houses the remnants of a lost white race of ancient origin, who are slowly dying out. Foyle and Latour take cover with

them, and are left the sole survivors when the lost race and pirates kill each other off.

A. Merritt, even though he only wrote half a dozen or so books, is perhaps the greatest writer of lost race novels after H. Rider Haggard. A newspaper man most of his life, and assistant-editor and later editor of the *American Weekly* from 1917 to his death in 1943, he had little time to devote to writing fiction, but what he did produce was top notch. All of his works are 333 titles. An excellent and detailed biography of Merritt, by Sam Moskowitz, is included in *A. Merritt: Reflections in the Moon Pool* (Oswald Train, 1985).

His greatest work is *The Moon Pool* (Putnam, 1919; Avon, 1944; several other editions). Merritt's novel does not have the great courageous male figure of Haggard's novels, but makes up for this in breadth of imagination and in the poetic prose of his descriptions:

The car came to rest; the portal opened; Yolara leaped out lightly, beckoned and flitted up the corridor. She paused before an ebon screen. At a touch it vanished, revealing an entrance to a small blue chamber, glowing as though cut from the heart of some gigantic sapphire; bare, save that in its centre, upon a low pedestal, stood a great globe fashioned from milky rock-crystal; upon its surface were faint tracings as of seas and continents, but, if so, either of some other world in immemorial past, for in no way did they resemble the mapped coastlines of our earth.

Poised upon the globe, rising from it out into space, locked in each other's arms, lips to lips, were two figures, a woman and a man, so exquisite, so lifelike, that for the moment I failed to realize that they, too, were carved of the crystal. And before this shrine—for nothing else could it be, I knew—three slender cones raised themselves: one of purest white flame, one of opalescent water, and the third of—moonlight! There was no mistaking them, the height of a tall man each stood—but how water, flame and light were held so evenly, so steadily in their spire-shapes, I could not tell.

The Moon Pool tells of Throckmorton, who asks his friend Dr. Goodwin to help him find his (Throckmorton's) wife, who has been abducted by a "Shining Thing" that moves along moon beams. Throckmorton is similarly abducted and Dr. Goodwin's investigation leads him to the island of Nan Tauach, where, along with adventurer O'Keefe, they find a doorway amongst old ruins. They descend into the earth through the "moon door" to find a strange civilization. Two factions of elder beings are at odds, that of the evil "Shining One," led by the priestess Yolara, and that of the good "Silent Ones," led by the hand-maiden Lakla. O'Keefe falls bigtime for Lakla and their love renders the "Shining One" impotent, and they are destroyed. Goodwin returns to the outer world and the door is forever sealed by an earthquake.

The second such novel by Merritt is *The Face in the Abyss* (Liveright, 1931; Avon, 1945; several other

editions) and is really an Inca lost race novel but will be dealt with here for convenience.

Nicholas Graydon, a mining engineer, joins a trio of soldiers-of-fortune on an expedition to find Inca treasure. In the South American jungle their guides abandon them but they meet the lovely Suarra, hand-maiden to the Snake-Mother of Yu-Atlanchi, who takes them to a lost city in the Andes. She brings them to a huge gold face, the prison of the Lord of Evil of ancient Yu-Atlanchi. The soldiers of fortune are consumed by gold-lust, and when they touch the face are transformed into globules of gold. Graydon is saved by Suarra and together they defeat the Lord of Evil's attempts to escape his prison.

In Merritt's last lost race novel, *Dwellers in the Mirage* (Liveright, 1932; Avon, 1946; several other editions), Lief Langdon, recently returned from strange adventures in Siberia, along with his North-American Indian companion, discover a lost valley in a remote region of Alaska. It is peopled by the Little People of the latter's tribal mythology, a Mongol-derived race which Langdon had met in Siberia. They worship the monstrously evil Kraken, called Khalk'ru, which they invoke from another dimension. Langdon is the reincarnation of the long dead hero-king Dwayanu, whose spirit possesses him. After warfare with the Little People, Langdon throws off the possession of Dwayanu and defeats the Kraken.

These three novels are amongst the greatest fantasy works of the pre-WWII era.

John Buchan's (of *The 39 Steps* fame) novella, "No-Man's-Land," in *The Watcher by the Threshold* (1902, later editions Nelson & Sons), tells of the survival of degenerate Picts under the hills of Scotland. The hero, while taking a walking tour of a particularly remote hillside, discovers a cave and is captured by evil dwarfs. He escapes but is eventually drawn back by supernatural means, but again escapes bloody sacrifice. However, he is now a broken man and dies a laughing stock as others cannot find any of the nasty little men.

A tasty piece which incorporates much of the suspense which became Buchan's later trademark.

Richard Barry's *Fruit of the Desert* (Doubleday, Page, 1920; 333 title) tells of Ranor Gaul, who is left for dead in the American Southwest by an outlaw who has stolen all he has. Saved by a strange Indian, he is led to a tribe of sun-worshippers (not the type with the tanning lotion), the Nahneet. Gaul learns to respect this people, and when he breaks the greatest law in the city, he is saved by the high-priestess through an apparent miracle. She is consequently banished and he becomes worshiped as a God. He flees into the desert, and along with the priestess, returns to civilization.

Ella Scrymgeour's *The Perfect World* (Stokes, 1922; 333 title) is one of the strangest lost race/end-of-the-Earth/interplanetary travel/utopia novels I have come across.

The small English mining town of Marshfield is plagued by a series of strange disappearances when the mine owner's son, Desmond Forsyth, and his cousin, Alan, arrive in town. Locals believe the pair have rekindled the old curse that strangers bring to their town. Desmond disappears in a blinding helix of light.

Alan searches vainly, but when trapped in a mine cave in he discovers an underground stream which leads to an inner world, where Desmond is held a thrall by a seductive priestess of a giant, flaming-radioactive pit. The pit needs human life-energy to sustain it, and it is slowly dying out. The underground dwellers use the power of the pit to transport surface dwellers to their world where they can be sacrificed to the pit. Legend has it that if the pit dies out, the end of the world has come. The pit dies out, the priestess is knocked off, the lost race is identified as the lost (evil) tribe of Israel, and the two heroes end up in Australia.

So far so good. But this is where this novel goes *way* beyond belief.

On their return to England, the world starts falling apart, literally. Conveniently, Desmond's father the rich industrialist has just had himself built an anti-gravity ship; the happy family flies off to Jupiter where they find a utopian civilization where evil is unknown and everyone is chummy-chummy.

I have to think that this was originally two distinct novellas that were rather inappropriately stuck together.

Pierrepoint B. Noyes' *The Pallid Giant* (Revell, 1927; 333 title) tells of two diplomats, Walters and Rudge, who visit ancient caves in the Pyrénées (where are located the Lascaux caves, with their caveman paintings). Guided by an elderly local, they find oodles of treasure and ancient super-technology. They also meet a beautiful and mysterious maiden, Mraaya, and see a manuscript chronicling the end of a super-civilization millions of years before. A death ray had been developed. Nation destroyed nation, then faction destroyed faction, family destroyed family, brother destroyed brother, until only two men survived. They replanted life on land, and mated with monkeys to perpetuate the race. The locals near the cave and Mraaya are those closest to the original racial type.

This is by far the best novel I have read that captures the evil and paranoia of disarmament, and the use of mass-destruction technology in a cold-war situation. Noyes was American Rhineland Commissioner and wrote other books on the pre-WWII European military buildup.

Joseph Bushnell Ames' *The Bladed Barrier* (Century, 1929; reprinted Arno Press), a 333 title, tells of two prospectors, Stillman and Cavanaugh, who find a dying Mexican. He gives them a large emerald and tells them of a great treasure in Baja, California. In the desert they reach a series of mountains and find a tunnel, which they go through. In the hidden valley, beyond the sinister "Boca Inferno" (Hell's Mouth), they are captured by evil, pagan Chinese priests of a lost Chinese race. A captive American girl falls for Stillman, and along with Cavanaugh, they kill the evil Chinese ruler, Li-Kiang, who had threatened them with torture and death if they did not return the emerald. Possessing her knowledge, they escape back through the booby-trapped tunnel, "the bladed barrier," with oodles of emeralds and a beautiful girl, too.

Farnham Bishop and Arthur Gilchrist Brodeur's *The Altar of the Legion* (Little-Brown, 1925; 333 title) is a historical adventure novel and a lost race novel all rolled into one. During the early Saxon invasions of eastern

Britain there is an increasing threat to the Celtic-Welsh west. The latter send an army to the land of Legionis Asa, the mythical Lyonesse, where dwell a mighty people, descendants of the Romans. The native islanders are joined by disciplined legionaries and for a time, they keep the Saxon hordes from advancing. The Saxons drive to the Roman capital but are eventually defeated by the Romans. However, an earthquake and tidal wave obliterate all of Lyonesse.

Walter S. Masterman's *The Yellow Mistletoe* (Dutton, 1930; 333 title) begins with the death of rural minister Shepherd in a crowded subway. His foster child, Diana, is upset and has strange dreams and sees strange shapes. When she is abducted, Ronald, Shepherd's son, tracks her eventually to a remote location in the mountains of Bulgaria. Diana has been claimed as high-priestess of a lost, pure-Greek race who have slipped into degeneracy and madness due to inbreeding. Ronald defeats their evil leaders and becomes king. However, the people are insane and can only be satiated by human sacrifice. Fortunately Bulgarian mountaineers under English direction come and save the day.

Masterman's *The Flying Beast* (Dutton, 1932), also a 333 title, begins with a murder in ancient Buckhurst Hall, England. We find that the owners are party to the discovery of anti-gravity metal in a vast abyss in the Arabian desert, where a strange race of enslaved cave men live. The strange atmosphere and events at the Hall are related to the presence of some of these creatures of the dark, which have been flown in using an airship built of the mysterious metal.

Joseph O'Neill's *Land Under England* (Simon and Schuster, 1935; Overlook Press, 1980s; 333 title) tells of Anthony Julian, son of an English family dating back to the Roman occupation, whose father suddenly disappears. After many years of searching, Anthony finds a door in an ancient Roman wall leading to a tropical, subterranean world, lit by a strange phosphorescence. He is seized by human robots, Roman descendants whose individuality has been destroyed by years of inbreeding. Their leaders try to force him to stop all resistance and give himself over to them, as his father had done. He fights off their attempts to control his mind and escapes to the surface.

And, Marianne Andrau's *Les Mains du Manchot* (Denoël, 1953; Néo, 1989) is a bizarre novel about a couple's trip to a strange, utopian city, Persepolis, run by a cyclopean, earless and mouthless, all-knowing Supreme Chief. The husband and wife are isolated into separate halves of the city, which are divided by a strange force field that is only lifted once a year for mating purposes. Since everything (including houses) can be created by one's mind, inhabitants have infinite leisure to consider deep, philosophical questions. The husband revolts and attempts to reach his wife, but she is inaccessible and being groomed to one day become Supreme Chief. He eventually dies in an attempt to overthrow the regime.

Sort of a cross between Franz Werfel's *Star of the Unborn* and David Lindsay's *Voyage to Arcturus*.



HAS THE FIRST FILK SONG BEEN DISCOVERED?

by Joe Aspler

Many years ago, so the story goes, a science fiction convention held a folk song session. Due to a misprint, it came out in the program book as a "filk" song session. In the usual tradition of SF fandom, that typo became the accepted word.

A filk song is usually a parody of a well-known song, rewritten with a science fiction bent. *The NESFA Hymnal* (published by the New England Science Fiction Association) contains many prime examples. (It also contains the words of an 18th-century English drinking song, the tune of which the Americans took as their national anthem!)

Several years ago I bought *The Faber Book of Parodies*, edited by Simon Brett. My favourite: P.G. Wodehouse in the style of Mickey Spillane. The book also contains the following song on statistical thermodynamics, to the tune of Burns' "Coming Through the Rye" (to help understand the poem, combine a first-year physics textbook with a dictionary of Scots dialect):

Gin a body meet a body
Flyin' through the air,
Gin a body hit a body,
Will it fly? And Where?

Ilka impact has its measure
Ne'er a' ane hae I
Yet a' the lads they measure me
Or, at least, they try.

Gin a body meet a body
Altogether free,
How they travel afterwards
We do not always see.

Ilka problem has its method
By analytics high
For me, I ken na ane o' them
But what the wuar am I?

Not Shakespeare you say: quite right. But the author of that ditty was none other than James Clerk Maxwell (1831-1879), the greatest scientist of the 19th century, and probably the greatest between the death of Newton and birth of Einstein.

If he were alive today, would Maxwell be a guest at SF conventions, participating in their filk song sessions?

THE X-CEPTIONAL, X-TRAORDINARY X-FILES

by Keith Braithwaite

Science fiction is everywhere on TV these days and SF fans are revelling in the bountiful crop. But if our parents came down into their basements, judged that we all needed to get lives and restricted us to only one hour of TV SF per week, the choice of which show I'd watch would be easily made. Hands down, *The X-Files*.

No SF show currently on the air comes anywhere close to equaling the intelligence and solid dramatic quality of *The X-Files*. This is grittily realistic SF with a dose of mystery/crime-solving and plenty of the horror genre stirred in. The show cleverly exploits public fascination with unexplainable phenomena, offering viewers a shadowy, spooky, often terrifying weekly encounter with the paranormal. Resisting one of the conventions of episodic television—that of wrapping everything up nice and neat in time for the closing credits—*The X-Files* remains arrestingly open-ended. Just as many questions go unanswered as answered in a typical hour of *The X-Files*, and you'll be churning what you've seen over and over in your mind, again and again...long after you've clicked off your set...well into the dead of night.

The X-Files follows the adventures of a pair of FBI agents—Fox Mulder and Dana Scully—who investigate UFO sightings, alien abductions, demonic possessions; situations involving biological anomalies, genetic mutations, weird

"...without question, the finest science fiction series to flicker across our picture tubes since Rod Serling invited us to open that door with the key of imagination."

science; and other such cases of a paranormal nature. But UFO aliens and the supernatural are not the only forces that Mulder and Scully are up against; covert forces within the government are engaged in a cover-up of the truth about the existence of extraterrestrials.

Mulder is having none of that. His mission in life is to expose this truth. As a child, he witnessed the abduction by aliens of his sister, and it is his obsession with tracking down the aliens and finding out what happened to her which drives the series. Scully, a medical doctor and forensics expert, has been assigned to partner with Mulder, serving (her superiors hope) as a rational counterbalance to his sometimes too-easy willingness to accept the fantastic. Their relationship is soulful, but non-romantic (with no plans by the show's producers to have them go horizontal any time soon); they are co-workers who respect and admire each other's integrity, intellect, and professionalism.

I think that Mulder and Scully are the most engaging characters to come along in decades of televised SF. In broad terms, he represents the believer in all of us, she the skeptic. Like Mulder, we want to believe in the unbelievable and allow that maybe science can't explain everything that's out there. But like Scully, we quickly dismiss such thinking and seek our answers well within the realm of the possible.

David Duchovny and

Gillian Anderson bring Mulder and Scully to life on the screen in a superbly understated style, aptly in contrast to the show's otherworldly plot lines. Mulder is penultimately cool and Duchovny lends him his own quirky, dry wit. And Anderson's serious-minded Scully is TV's smartest and most admirable female lead.

Filmed in Vancouver, B.C., *The X-Files* benefits from the talents of a top-notch, largely Canadian production crew who, on a limited budget, create a truly masterful piece of work. *X-Files*' production values often surpass those of mega-budget contemporaries like *Star Trek: Voyager* and *seaQuest DSV*.

Perhaps the show's only real flaw is that, on occasion, its writers borrow a little too blatantly from other works of SF. The first-season episode "Ice," for example, is uncomfortably similar to John Carpenter's 1982 film *The Thing*.

The X-Files was created by 38-year-old Californian Chris Carter, whose adolescent memories of being "scared out of my wits" by the *Night Stalker* TV movies and subsequent, short-lived series (circa early '70s) inspired him to fashion a show which would do the same for today's television audiences. He has been entirely successful.

And beyond scaring the supper right through you, *The X-Files* has garnered critical praise, bringing a certain respectability to TV SF after recently copping a prestigious Golden Globe Award

as the best dramatic series on television. In less than two seasons, the show has gone from a cult-hit curiosity to mainstream acclaim. *X-Files* spin-offs and merchandise tie-ins are hot, gotta-have-'em items and Duchovny and Anderson are on the covers of not only SF/F magazines, but such publications as *Entertainment Weekly* and *TV Guide*.

All of this hoopla is very much deserved. It behooves every sci-fi fan (particularly fans of the television variety) to tune in Friday evenings for what is, without question, the finest science fiction series to flicker across our picture tubes since Rod Serling invited us to open that door with the key of imagination.

Agents Scully and Mulder investigate one of the FBI's X-files.



UFO SHOWS

by Keith Braithwaite

The X-Files is not the first sci-fi television series to feature extraterrestrials as a central element. E.T.'s have visited us before in:

THE INVADERS

U.S.; ABC, 1967-68; a Quinn Martin production; 43 50-minute episodes; colour

Architect David Vincent (Roy Thinnes), looking for a short cut late one night, finds himself on a remote road where he sees a flying saucer land. Aliens from a dying planet are invading Earth! Disguising themselves as humans, they are infiltrating our police and military forces, media organizations, and governments with the intent of taking over control of the world

right under our unsuspecting noses. But now, David Vincent knows what is happening. The aliens, however, are good at covering their tracks and nobody believes Vincent's story. Or, those who do invariably turn out to be aliens trying to lure Vincent into a trap and silence him. David Vincent can trust no one. Eventually he finds other people who know the truth as

he does, and they join him in battling the invaders.

This paranoia-fueled series owes much of its tone to the 1956 film *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. *The Invaders* was generally a well-rendered show but suffered from a rigid plot formula that made its stories a bit too predictable after a while.

UFO

U.K.; ITC, 1970-73; a Century 21 Pictures Ltd. production; 26 50-minute episodes; colour

The Invaders:

Paranoia-fueled series

Ed Bishop played Commander Edward Straker, head of SHADO (Supreme Headquarters Alien Defense Organization), a powerful, super-secret operation in the near future (1980). SHADO protects

Earth from attacks by a sterile, dying alien race (rarely seen and from an undetermined point of origin) who are raiding our world for human organs they need to keep themselves alive.

UFO was the first live-action television series for its creators, noted puppet masters Gerry and Sylvia Anderson, and the show's plots and characterizations were decidedly more adult and darker in mood than the couple's prior, kiddie-oriented productions, like *Thunderbirds*. Bishop, and George Sewell and Michael Billington (as Straker's two principle lieutenants, Colonels Alec Freeman and Paul Foster), were the stars of the series. But the show is probably best remembered for its bevy of shapely female cast members, clothed in skin-tight jumpsuits and sporting purple wigs, and for such nifty, high-tech crafts and vehicles as the moon-based interceptor spaceships, tank-like SHADOMobiles, *Skydiver* submarine/aircraft combo, and transparent, cone-shaped, alien UFOs.

PROJECT UFO

U.S.; NBC, 1978-79; a Mark VIII Ltd. production; 26 50-minute episodes; colour

In what one reviewer described as "National Enquirer television," two U.S.A.F. officers are assigned to the Air Force's Project Blue Book, set up to investigate UFOs. Every week they looked into flying saucer sightings and encounters with aliens, including an encounter of their own in one episode. The explanations offered for each of these incidents were sufficiently open to interpretation so as to be able to support either a believing or skeptical view of UFOs, depending

on one's inclination.

In terms of viewing audience size, *Project UFO* is one of the most successful American SF shows ever made. It managed to do something that I don't think even the *Star Trek* series have managed to do: crack the Nielsen ratings' national top 20! SF shows just don't ever do that. I think that it was the U.S. public's enormous interest in the show's subject matter (an interest which continues undiminished to this day) which propelled *Project UFO* to unprecedented ratings heights for an SF TV series.

"V", *V: THE FINAL BATTLE* (TV miniseries), and "V" (weekly series)

U.S.; NBC, 1983 through 1985; both miniseries, Kenneth Johnson productions, in association with Warner Bros. Television; weekly series, a Daniel H. Blatt and Robert Singer production, in association with Warner Bros. Television; first miniseries, two 100-minute episodes; second miniseries, three 100-minute episodes; weekly series, 19 50-minute episodes; all colour

What began in the first half of the first miniseries as a pretty decent, if none too subtle, allegory for the Nazi takeover of Germany rapidly deteriorated into clichéd, juvenile garbage in the second half, and through the follow-up miniseries and weekly series.

A race of lizard-aliens, disguised as humans (in time-honoured fashion) and led by the evil Diana (Jane Badler), are our space Nazis. They arrive over Earth's cities in giant spaceships, claiming that they come in peace and offering to trade us their advanced technology for a few minerals they say they need. The world's governments agree and the aliens are quickly among us, setting up a brown-shirted Visitor Youth Corp and winning the hearts and minds of an easily duped human population with insidious, Goebbelsian propaganda. Before too long, they've taken control of the media and are herding Earth's scientists into concentration camps. But TV news cameraman Mike Donovan (Marc Singer), suspicious of the Visitors from the outset, discovers that it isn't a few minerals

that they want, but Earth's water. Worse, they intend to use us humans as a food source! A resistance movement is formed, and with help from a fifth column of good aliens, humanity battles back. A young girl, the offspring of a human/alien coupling, proves to be the key to defeating Diana and her forces by the end of the second miniseries. But the lizard-lady is soon back for more, aided by human collaborators, and the battle continues in the weekly series.

WAR OF THE WORLDS

U.S.; syndicated, 1988-90; a Ten-Four/Paramount production; 100-minute pilot followed by 41 50-minute episodes; colour

This series takes place some three decades after the events depicted in the classic 1953 SF film *War of the Worlds*. The story picks up with the revival of the film's martian invaders (now referred to simply as aliens), thought killed by Earthly germs just as they were about to conquer the world (turns out they were not killed, but rather sent into a state of torpidity). Stored all this time in barrels at a U.S. military base, the alien "corpses" awaken when gunfire from a terrorist attack on the base ruptures the barrels and frees them. The aliens adopt the bodies of the terrorists (sound familiar?) and set out among us to complete their mission of conquest. The show's heroes discover the alien presence but are unable to convince authorities of the danger (again, sound familiar?) and must foil the alien plot on their own.

This was a so-so series and the hardest thing about it to get past was that Earth's people, strangely, had no recollection of the aliens' original invasion, which laid waste to practically the whole planet.

**Project UFO:
unprecedented
ratings for TV SF**

**War of the Worlds:
takes place three
decades after film**

X-FACTS

Once an avid surfer, *X-Files* creator Chris Carter put in 13 years as a writer for a surfing magazine. He is amazed by the runaway success of his show: "I had no idea this could happen. I wrote this in my office in my surf trunks, playing with my dog." Carter has said that when the time comes, down the road, to wrap up the series, his closing story will reveal the fate of Mulder's missing sister.

The X-Files has nearly doubled its ratings numbers since its debut; Canadian viewership alone now stands at almost 1 million weekly.

X-Files fans call themselves "X-philes." The first *X-Files* convention will be held this year, in L.A.

David "Mulder" Duchovny, 34, holds a master's degree in English literature from Yale. His feature film credits include roles in *Chaplin* and *Kalifornia*, and his first notable TV appearance was as a transvestite in *Twin Peaks*. Unlike the character he plays on *The X-Files*, Duchovny is more skeptic than believer when it comes to UFOs and such. Duchovny's girlfriend, L.A.-based

actress Perrey Reeves, played a beautiful vampire who spends the night with Mulder in the episode "3."

The role of Scully is 26-year-old Gillian Anderson's first significant acting gig. Like co-star Duchovny, she is at odds with her television alter ego when speaking of things paranormal. Anderson recently married Canadian Errol Clyde Klotz, an art director she met on the show. She gave birth to their daughter, Piper, this past September. They have bought a house in Vancouver, where *The X-Files* is filmed.

The CBS series *Picket Fences* featured an episode this season in which, supposedly, alien-DNA experiments were being carried out on cattle. Originally, Duchovny was to guest star as Mulder, investigating the case, but this proposed crossover never materialized.

The first season's enigmatic Deep Throat character, played by Jerry Hardin, was inspired by Donald Sutherland's character in the Oliver Stone conspiracy fest, *JFK*.

The Media Research Center, a Virginia-based conservative think tank, doesn't much care for *The X-*

Files. The MRC says that the show "frequently attacks traditional values and conservative views."

Night Stalker star Darren "Kolchak" McGavin was wanted for a cameo stint on *The X-Files*, as a U.S. senator who supports Mulder's efforts to expose the truth. Unfortunately, scheduling couldn't be worked out. McGavin's appearance would have made for a nice little tribute to *Night Stalker*, Chris Carter's inspiration for *The X-Files*. Meanwhile, Topps Comics, who began an *X-Files* comic-book series in January, are now planning to launch a *Night Stalker* comic. These new Kolchak adventures will spin-off out of a special *Night Stalker/X-Files* crossover.

X-Files spin-offs include the above-mentioned comics series and a line of original-story paperback novels penned by noted SF and horror writer Charles L. Grant. Fans hooked on Mark Snow's eerie music for the show can look forward to the release of an *X-Files* soundtrack later this year. And, the Fox network are talking—and it's just talk at this point—of capitalizing on the success of their property by producing an *X-Files* feature film, or creating a new television series, to be spun-off from *The X-Files*.

Fox Trot

By Bill Amend



CONVENTION REVIEWS

A REVIEW OF CONV-ICTION '95 by Sylvain St-Pierre

Despite MonSFFA's having had some problems regarding our participation in this event (see club president Lynda Pelley's "From The Center Seat," *Warp* 32, for details), Conv-iction has been interesting in previous years and I felt that it would be unfair not to at least have a look. I was pleasantly surprised.

Conv-iction has always been more of a display/fair type of event than a traditional fannish convention. The most striking feature of the con this year was its layout, a museum-style arrangement that I have never seen anywhere else. The clever use of partitioning created a series of rooms, each with its own theme, and even a narrow corridor that would have otherwise gone to waste held a stand for a local laser tag game.

Ingenious lines of strange footprints pasted to the floor directed the flow of traffic through a room full of ghoulish alien and monster latex props, an astronomical observatory with creative scientific displays, and a medieval court exhibiting swords and armour. The medieval room was a little more sparse than last year, but this may have been because they had to clear a large area in the middle of the room for their sword fighting demonstrations. The path ended in the main display area for clubs and dealers, set up as in previous years in the distinctive saucer-section of the Maritime Hotel. There, the spread was also a little less varied than in past years, probably because many of the clubs could not afford the new, rather steep cost of participation. (I am told that it has been realized that this pricing structure was a mistake, and that organizers will be a little more reasonable next time.)

There were several dioramas on display—an especially good one was the rebel's defensive trenchment on Hoth, from *The Empire Strikes Back*—and you could have a computer print out a picture of

yourself against a medieval background (no charge; part of the price of admission). A full-size, double-screen arcade game proved so popular that it had to be shut down during major discussion panels because it was drawing too many people!

The panels themselves were mostly of a scientific nature—Canadian astronaut Ken Money was back again as a guest—and alternated with videos shown in the same room. A Conv-iction tradition that other cons might consider is the public announcement of upcoming panels a few minutes before they start.

Creation Entertainment brought in William Shatner on this same February 18-19 weekend. Conv-iction's organizers felt that that would not hurt them too much, and that many people would attend both events, but I suspect that this was wishful thinking. The con-com initially had (unrealistic) hopes of attracting some 1500 people, but by noon Saturday had revised their figure downward, to 700, about 100 fewer than last year's attendance. I don't know what their final tally was. As it is, I suspect that the lower attendance was a blessing because for all its cleverness, the layout of the rooms was simply not amenable to heavy, two-way traffic and people would have been bumping into each other all the time.

I attended only on the Saturday and it was well worth the \$10 admission price, but because of the nature of the con (everything to see and do there required only a single day), I would not have wanted to pay \$15 to attend both days. I was told, however, that a weekend pass could be used by two different persons—a day each—so it'll be an interesting deal if they include that policy next year.

The con's working language, by the way, was French, but anglophones did not have any trouble enjoying themselves.

It should be again stressed that the general atmosphere of Conv-iction was very different from what

one would expect at, say, Con•Cept or Toronto's Ad Astra. But I think it's a good thing that somebody demonstrate that there isn't only one way to do things, even in the fannish world.

CREATION'S SHATNERCON review by Lynda Pelley

Creation Entertainment was back in town for the February 18-19 weekend, this time with guest William Shatner. The convention took place in the Queen Elizabeth Hotel, and drew the biggest crowd yet for a Creation event in this town. The line-up to get in was the longest I've ever seen for any convention, and it appeared the show was severely lacking fan volunteers.

As a venue, the Queen Elizabeth Hotel had a superior layout to the Bonaventure Hilton, which previously hosted Creation. The dealers room and the programming room were completely separate, as opposed to the Bonaventure set-up, where everyone had to walk through the dealers room to get to their seats. With the overcrowding at this particular show, such an arrangement would have been a disaster. As it was, the people could only be let into the dealers room in groups, as it was not large enough to accommodate everyone.

Content-wise, the dealers room had quite a variety of items, considering this was a Creation convention. About one third of the tables were stocked with Creation's licensed *Star Trek* merchandise, however the rest of the room was composed of several independent dealers. I was able to pick up an *X-Files* T-shirt, an unlicensed resin model kit, and a pre-script treatment for *Fall Of The Republic* (supposedly part three of the new *Star Wars* trilogy). If you want to shop at a Creation show you have to go on Saturday, and you have to get there early. The good stuff sells out fast!

After my brief trip to the dealers room, I spent the rest of the day staking out a seat in the programming room. I was lucky

enough to find a place about four rows from the front, just adjacent to the \$60 reserved-seating area. Yes, some fools actually paid \$60 to see this show from the first five center rows! (There was a \$40 section behind these "gold" seats, and general admission was \$25.)

Other than squeezing into the over-crowded dealers room, or hanging out in the corridor, there was nothing else to do at this show but sit in my seat and watch endless



Above: William Shatner comes home for Creation's show, February 18-19.

Below: MonSFFAn Nicola Stoeckert's superb costuming talent was evident at the ShatnerCon (photos by Daniel P. Kenney).



video material—loud, distorted sound, fuzzy projection-TV image—until Shatner appeared at 4:30 PM. William Shatner is *very* popular here, fandom's generally derogatory impression of him notwithstanding. The programming room was dangerously full and as Shatner arrived, several fans rushed the stage. This was the first time a convention crowd has made me a bit nervous. Fortunately, Shatner was able to get these fans to calm down and return to their seats.

To his credit, William Shatner is quite a good speaker. He briefly described a couple of his experiences growing up in Montreal, and then talked about Toronto, *Tek War*, and the new special effects company, Core Digital Pictures, which he co-owns. He referred to the Toronto-based effects company as "ILM-North," and then mentioned that half the staff of Lucasfilm's Industrial Light and Magic were Canadians (an encouraging thought!). Shatner spent the remainder of his hour telling anecdotes about the filming and marketing of *Generations*. His presentation was entertaining and enjoyable, and the *Star Trek* stories were new material, at least to me. Shatner spoke for *exactly* one hour and then quickly exited.

Most *Star Trek* actors who do these conventions have very little to say. They almost always spend their hour on stage doing a question and answer session. William Shatner took only three or four questions, which was fine with me. The pseudo-fans and Trekkies whom Creation attracts often waste everyone's time by asking the dumbest questions imaginable. Shatner's storytelling was a refreshing change.

If you lower your standards, don't pay top dollar, and know what to expect, *yes*, it is possible to enjoy a Creation event. Compared to the other Creation conventions that I've attended, this one was pretty good.

VALENTINE'S EVE MASQUERADE BALL review by Lynda Pelley

The Valentine's Eve Masquerade Ball, referred to less formally as the "Valentine/Vampire Party," was a fundraiser for Con•Cept '95. It took

place on Saturday, February 25, in the "saucer-section" room of the Maritime Hotel.

This event was made up of two simultaneous elements: a dance and a live-action roll-playing game. The Birds of Prey, SF/F DJs from Toronto, provided the music for the dance. In addition to their sound system, they also brought along multi-coloured flashing lights and smoke machines—great atmosphere!

The majority of the attendees were also enjoying the vampire roll-playing game. The participants were expected to show up with a completed character sheet and know the rules of the game. Unfortunately, nobody seemed to have the time or the patience to explain the format and objectives of this game to those of us who had never played. Some effort should have been made by the organizers to include the new people who wanted to join in.

There was plenty of time to do some sort of gaming workshop before the main event started. According to the tickets, the masquerade ball was supposed to start at 6:00 PM and run until 3:00 AM, except the Birds of Prey were not ready until 9:00 PM. There was a small room off to the side, which included a bar and was designated as non-smoking, where people could sit and talk. However the three-hour delay made for an increasingly crowded hallway. Fortunately, many of the attendees were fashionably late, otherwise the allotted space would not have accommodated them all.

This was a costume ball and most people dressed for the occasion. There were a couple of Starfleet officers, a handful of Klingons, and lots of vampire types clothed in everything from capes and robes to sleazy, black evening wear. A few vampire hunters were present as well. In addition to costumes, many of the attendees also wore interesting make-up.

This was not Montreal fandom's usual crowd. I was surprised at how few of our club members attended after so much advertising (perhaps some thought the \$15-event was a bit pricey). I only knew about a dozen or so people, but I still had a good time. Everyone else seemed to enjoy the evening as well.



■ Welcome to MonSFFA's model-builders' column. We intend for this to be a semi-regular feature in *Warp*. There are certainly enough of us in the club who build SF/F models to support a column on the subject. One of MonSFFA's strengths is its diversity of interests, as reflected in *Warp's* coverage of media, literature, art, conventions, fandom, costuming, and now model building.

NEW RELEASES FOR 1995 by Lynda Pelley

There are several new kits, or re-releases with new improvements, coming out in 1995. This information was compiled by Dominique Durocher, Wayne Glover, and myself during a few of our recent trips to Ottawa. Some of this information can also be found in the 1995 Amt/Ertl catalogue, now available at some hobby stores.

The 1995 Monogram catalogue has advance advertising (no pictures) for *Star Trek: Voyager* kits. (Apparently, Amt/Ertl no longer has the exclusive license for the *Star Trek* kits.) The *U.S.S. Voyager* kit is slated for November '95, with 3 other vehicles to follow in late '95 and early '96. Speculation is that Monogram will do the *U.S.S. Defiant*, the Maquis ship, and one of the Gazon ships (the Gazon are to be the recurring adversaries on *Voyager*).

The new Amt/Ertl releases are as follows:

STAR TREK:

U.S.S. Reliant

14"-long x 10"-wide snap-together kit in scale with *U.S.S. Enterprise-A*, due August '95. According to Amt/Ertl, this was the kit most requested by fans.

Generations Klingon Bird of Prey

10" long, 14.5" wingspan, has hinged poseable wings, due April '95.

Generations U.S.S. Enterprise-B

18" long, in scale with *U.S.S. Enterprise-D*. According to schematics, this is a new kit and not a re-release of the *U.S.S. Excelsior* with new box art. Originally due November '94 in time for the movie, now delayed until April '95.

Fiber Optic Deep Space Nine

Identical to DS9 station kit previously released, however comes with 2000"-fiber optic filament; battery pack for four "C" batteries, power source jack, and wiring; 12 light sources; 4 chrome reflective strips; and a battery-powered micro drill and drill bit. Electrical set-up is similar to that of the *Fiber Optic U.S.S. Enterprise-D*. Kit is due in April '95.

U.S.S. Enterprise Flight Display

This is similar to the previously released *U.S.S. Enterprise 3-Piece Set*, except that it comes with a 13"-diameter transparent disc and a molded planet-surface base. The ships are cut in half so that the front end is on one side of the disc and the back end is on the other side. Due August '95.

STAR WARS:

Fiber Optic Star Destroyer

Identical to the *Star Destroyer* kit previously released, however it comes with the same type of fiber optic equipment as the *Fiber Optic U.S.S. Enterprise-D* and the new *Fiber Optic Deep Space Nine*. Due June '95.

X-Wing Flight Display

The original larger-size X-Wing Fighter, plus the same 13"-clear, flat disc and planetary surface that comes with the new *U.S.S. Enterprise Flight Display*. Again, the model is cut in half (just in front of the cockpit) to give the illusion that it is flying through the clear disc. Due September '95.

Limited Edition TIE Interceptor, X-Wing Fighter, and B-Wing Fighter

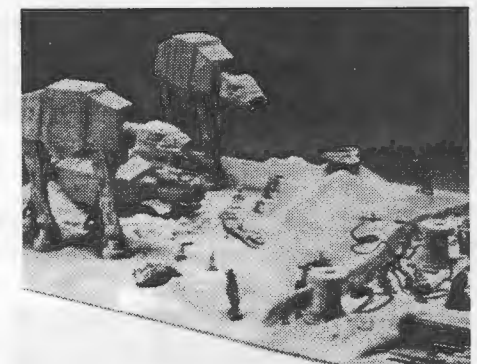
This is the *Star Wars* equivalent of that chrome 3-Piece *U.S.S. Enterprise* Set. These are the small snap-kits coated with gold-coloured plating. They are packaged individually, not as a set, and all are due April '95.

Slave I

This is a re-release of bounty hunter Boba Fett's ship. It features a detailed cockpit, an opening boarding ramp, and a replica of Han Solo frozen in the carbonite block. The model is about 10" long and is due April '95.

Battle On Hoth Action Scene

Has 11.5" x 17.5" vacuumformed base and includes AT-ATs, Snowspeeders, X-Wings, and several figures and laser turrets. Due April '95.



FIGURES:

Spock, Quark, Odo, Han Solo, Luke Skywalker, Darth Vader

These 1/6-scale (about 12" tall) *Star Trek* and *Star Wars* vinyl figures are due out starting in August '95. They are similar to the Kirk, McCoy, and Scotty figures already available.

MODEL CONTEST RESULTS

FIRST WORLDCON MODEL COMPETITION

Conadian (Winnipeg, September 1-5, 1994) marked the first time a model competition has ever been held at a WorldCon. The contest had 51 entries, and was organized by the Science Fiction Model Builders' Association (SFMBBA).

MonSFFA members Berny Reischl, Mark Burakoff, and Dominique Durocher distinguished themselves by winning several awards for various Klingon and mecha vehicles.

MONTREAL SCIENCE FICTION FESTIVAL II

The SFMBBA sanctioned the model contest at the Montreal Science Fiction Festival II (September 24-25, 1994). The contest was organized by Lynda Pelley, assisted by Dominique Durocher.

The MSFF II model contest and display was very successful. A total of 31 models were entered in the competition. There were 134 votes counted for the Best in Show: Fans' Choice Award. The total attendance for the convention was 702.

There were many categories, so everyone who entered the contest won an award/ribbon for at least one of their models. The results are as follows:

AIR AND SPACE VEHICLES

Kits

1st	Fullano Gerardo	Boba Fett's <i>Slave I</i>
2nd	Denis Larin	Klingon Cruiser <i>Vor'cha</i>
3rd	Robert Copot	DS9 Station

Scratch

1st	Ken Carroll	Doctor Who and the Spaceship
2nd	André Poliquin	Silver Attack Craft
3rd	André Poliquin	Gold Space Destroyer

Diorama

1st	Wayne Glover	Runabout <i>U.S.S. Ganges</i>
2nd	Wayne Glover	<i>Enterprise</i> and Star Destroyer
3rd	Heather Croft	<i>H.M.S. Bounty</i> (cloaked)

GROUND VEHICLES

Conversions

1st	Ken Carroll	War Walker
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Scratch

1st	Ken Carroll	War Crane 2020
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Diorama

1st	Daniel Brodeur	Borg Tank
2nd	Ken Carroll	Doctor Who Under Arrest

AQUATIC VEHICLES

Kits

1st	Wayne Glover	<i>seaQuest DSV</i>
2nd	Robert Copot	<i>seaQuest DSV</i>

3rd	Robert Copot	SHADO <i>Skydiver</i>
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FIGURES

Organic Lifeforms 120mm and Over

1st	Robert Copot	<i>Captain Scarlet</i> figures
2nd	Owen Oulton	<i>U.S.S. Victoria</i> crew
3rd	Ken Carroll	Velociraptor

Organic Lifeforms 120mm and Under

1st	Owen Oulton	<i>U.S.S. Enterprise</i> bridge
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Small Gaming Figures

1st	Daniel Brodeur	Dragon and Commisar
2nd	Michael Ridout	Three Skulls
3rd	Owen Oulton	<i>Star Trek</i> miniatures

Droids, Robots, and Equipment

1st	Owen Oulton	Phasers 'R' Us
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BEST IN SHOW: FAN'S CHOICE

Denis Larin, Klingon Cruiser *Vor'cha*

BEST IN SHOW: JUDGES' CHOICE

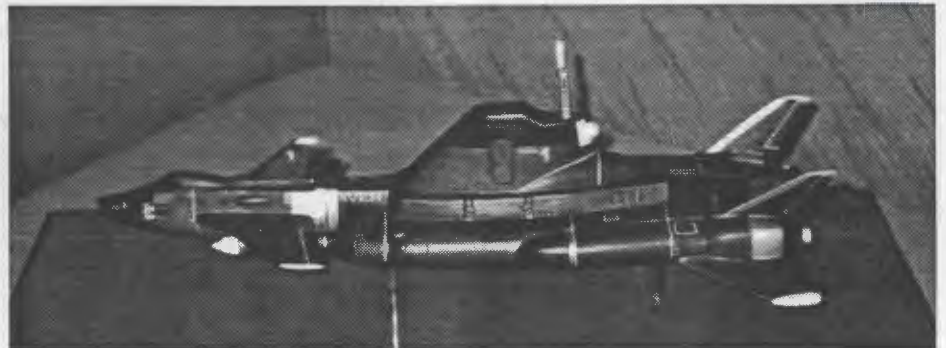
Fullano Gerardo, Boba Fett's *Slave I*

BEST HUMOUR

Heather Croft, *H.M.S. Bounty* (cloaked)

BEST LIGHTING

Denis Larin, Klingon Cruiser *Vor'cha*



Left: Ken Carroll's dinosaur models include his prize-winning velociraptor. Above: Robert Copot's award-winning SHADO Skydiver (photos by Dominique Durocher).

SENSORS

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

Information for this article was culled primarily from the magazines *CINESCAPE*, *Etc.*, *Sci-Fi Universe*, *Starlog*; the fanzines *OSFS Statement*, *Warp Factor*, *Sub-Space*, *Halifax Explosion*, *Morath Marching Orders*; *The Montreal Gazette*, *News of the World*; and fandom's grapevine, both spoken and electronic. "Sensors" was prepared this issue by Keith Braithwaite and Kevin Holden.

TV

UPN Threatens *Babylon 5's* Future

The United Paramount Network is said to be bullying TV stations carrying *Babylon 5* into dropping the series if they want to acquire UPN's *Star Trek: Voyager*. As a result *B-5*, which doesn't generate nearly the revenue for the stations that *Voyager* does, is disappearing from many programming schedules. (Montreal's *B-5* fans were distressed to find that the show has been dropped by Ottawa station CJOH. CJOH was the only easily available source of *B-5* in Montreal.) Should *B-5* end up shut out of in particular the major U.S. markets, its days are certainly numbered.

Upset by what they regard to be strong-arm tactics on the part of UPN, *B-5* fans everywhere are mobilizing in support of the show, organizing write-in campaigns to try to convince stations to keep the series on the air. (MonSFFen who wish to lobby for *Babylon 5* in this area should check out club president Lynda Pelley's "From the Center Seat" this issue.)

Red Dwarf Exonerated

Red Dwarf star Craig "Lister" Charles has revealed details of his prison stay in Britain's notorious Wandsworth Prison. Charles and his friend John Peplow were accused of rape last fall by Esther Harmon, Charles' ex-girlfriend. Harmon, a

former topless dancer and call girl, claimed Charles and Peplow had assaulted her after a drug-fueled party.

Charles admits he had a "hectic" and "brief" relationship with Harmon (a really fantastic one, apparently, with lingerie, hired strippers, toys, and there was one particular time when she— Oh... sorry, we digress). But when he dumped her, she reportedly obsessed on him and began a *Fatal Attraction*-style pursuit. Several years of harassment followed. After a recent night on the town, Charles and Peplow met Harmon for breakfast, where she claims the assault occurred.

Charles and Peplow spent three and a half months in prison, enduring villification in the media and death threats from some of the jail's hardened inmates. At their trial, the jury took only 90 minutes to exonerate them. It was strongly suggested that Harmon was mentally unstable and pathologically obsessive.

Charles, admitting he once suffered from a cocaine addiction and that he "bottomed out at a crack house in Brooklyn," has since received treatment and now just wants to get on with his life, and get back to *Red Dwarf*.



Craig Charles

An expanded, eight-episode seventh season of the popular sci-fi comedy is scheduled to begin shooting this month.

Outer Limits, Invaders

We were off by a few months in reporting, last issue, that revivals of the *Outer Limits* and *Invaders* TV series were up and running on cable. In fact, *The Outer Limits* only just premiered (March 26) with its two-hour opener, "The Sandkings," on Showtime in the U.S. and on The Movie Network here in Canada. It's now running weekly, with TMN controlling the transmission Wednesday evenings at 8:00. (TMN, a pay-TV channel, is available in Montreal from either CF Cable or Videotron.) *The Invaders*, meanwhile, is in production and will air on the Fox network (also a pay-TV station available to Montrealers through either of this city's cable operators) probably sometime in the fall.

And Speaking of Fox...

The network has decided not to go with the proposed Amblin-Entertainment update of *Doctor Who*. The Doctor may end up finding himself another broadcaster, but for



Esther Harmon

the moment, he's more or less comatose.

But while *Doctor Who* fans are understandably disappointed, another of Fox's decisions should please fans of the single-season *Alien Nation* series, about a police detective and his alien partner. Following on the success of last year's *Alien Nation: Dark Horizon* TV movie, the network has okayed the production of two more AN flicks. The first up, *Body and Soul*, involves villainous geniuses, bizarre experiments, and slavery. The second, *Dangerous Portal*, sees a dangerously addictive virtual-reality device fall into the hands of a religious cult leader. Production on these two movies begins right away, and a third, *Time Bomb*, is on the drawing board.

And, former *X-Files* writers/co-executive producers James Wong and Glen Morgan are putting together a new, one-hour sci-fi/drama called *Space*. Described as a *Top Gun* in space, the show is scheduled to premiere on Fox in September.

Dyin' O'Brien!

Perhaps in an effort to boost flagging interest in the increasingly maudlin *Deep Space Nine*, producers are looking to create a little excitement aboard the space station.

Rumour has it that they are considering killing off Chief O'Brien in the show's season finale.

Animated Mask

An animated version of *The Mask* is being readied for a summer or fall start on CBS.

SCI-FI IS VEHICLE FOR POLITICAL SATIRE

Montrealer Albert Nerenberg's wildly wacky sci-fi political satire, *Reporter From Space*, recently got a special airing on CFCF-12. Nerenberg is known for his low-budget, highly innovative, too-hip-for-prime-time spoofs of Canadian politics.

In *Reporter From Space*, nerdy news correspondent Bornog Dorfy is dispatched to Earth by the Intergalactic Broadcasting Corporation to report on Canada's unity crisis.

Nerenberg and company showed up at real press conferences, posing as a TV news crew, and had actor Sean Goldwater, playing Dorfy, ask unsuspecting politicians bizarre questions. Preston Manning (his head digitally distorted in post-production to have him appear as Zaarog the Reformer!), Audrey McLaughlin, and even Prime

Minister Jean Chrétien are among those featured in the 30-minute comedy.

Nerenberg is now developing a satirical sci-fi series for Toronto's CITY-TV. The show is called *Weird Space* and will make it to air if only CITY-TV's owners can acquire a license for either of their proposed science fiction and comedy specialty channels.

MOVIES

Coming Attractions

A scrappy, punk-rock girl cruises the post-apocalyptic landscape in her modified panzer tank, and sleeps with a half-man, half-kangaroo mutant in the weird and wacky *Tank Girl*, now in theatres.

The release of *Johnny Mnemonic*, with Keanu Reeves as the William Gibson hero, has been pushed into June.

Ron Howard directs stars Tom Hanks, Kevin Bacon, and Bill Paxton (*Aliens'* Hudson) in the true story of America's ill-fated 1970 moon mission. *Apollo 13* launches in June.

Sean Connery is Arthur, Richard Gere Lancelot, and Julia Ormond Guinevere in *Ghost* director Jerry Zucker's take on Camelot. *First Knight* also premieres in June.

Congo, based upon the Michael Crichton novel about genetically altered apes, is another June release. (Crichton, by the way, is currently writing the book which will serve as the basis for Steven Spielberg's *Jurassic Park* sequel.)

And Spielberg's Amblin Entertainment brings *Casper the Friendly Ghost* to theatres in July, replete with the requisite snazzy special effects.

Films in Production or Development

An adaptation of Alfred Bester's *The Stars My Destination* is scheduled to begin lensing in May. Director Paul Anderson has in mind a return to the kind of epic style of SF filmmaking characterized by the *Star Wars* movies.

Kicked around for a little while now, the *Lost in Space* movie has recently been green-lighted.

Other SF/F projects in the



Reporter From Space: Preston "Zaarog the Reformer" Manning

works, in addition to those mentioned in this column last issue: *Dungeons and Dragons* (derived from the well-known role-playing game), *Foundation* (based on the classic Asimov trilogy; Jean-Jacques Annaud will direct), *Time and Again* (based on the Jack Finney story; to be produced by Robert Redford and released in 1997), and *Dinotopia* (based on the wonderful James Gurney book, with plans for the dinosaurs to be rendered CG).

Remakes planned include *The Island of Dr. Moreau*, *The Day of the Triffids*, and *Fahrenheit 451* (to be scripted by Ray Bradbury himself and star Mel Gibson). Rumour has it that Arnold Schwarzenegger is set to star in Oliver Stone's reworking of *The Planet of the Apes*. Oscar-winning make-up wizard Stan Winston will fashion the monkey suits, and according to producer Don Murphy, *Apes* (Summer '96 release) will be a cross between *Terminator* and *Gorillas in the Mist*. Lastly, the oft-mentioned *Forbidden Planet* remake is pretty much dead in the water for lack of financing.

SUPERSTUDIO GIVEN NAME

The new Hollywood superstudio headed by Steven Spielberg, Jeffrey Katzenberg, and David Geffen has been given a name: DreamWorks SKG.

STAR WARS RE-RELEASE

We have a little more information on the Summer '97 re-release of George Lucas' *Star Wars*, also known as *Star Wars: A New Hope*. It seems that not four or five, but some 13 minutes of extra footage is to be added. In one scene, we'll meet Luke Skywalker's Tatooine buddy, Biggs Darklighter, spoken of but never seen in the original cut of the film. In another, we'll witness a confrontation between Han Solo and Jabba the Hutt. In this unused scene, Jabba was depicted as a portly human, but in order that the re-release remain consistent with what we know Jabba to look like from *Return of the Jedi*, the human Jabba will be digitally removed from the scene and replaced with a computer animated version of the big slug. CG effects will be added to some of the

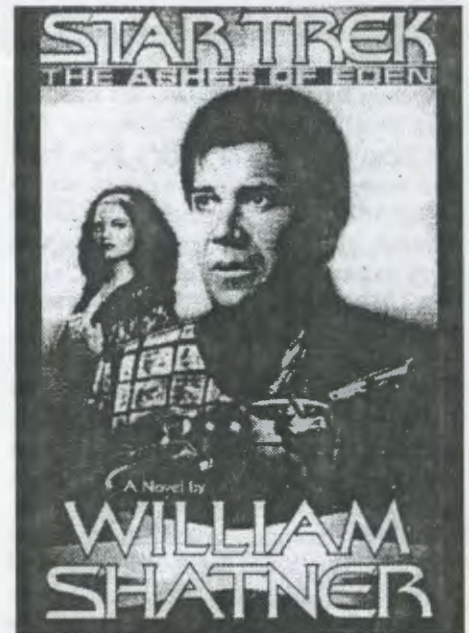
film's existing scenes as well, sprucing them up a tad.

SHATNER PENS TREK NOVEL

William Shatner, best known for his portrayal of popular *Star Trek* hero Captain James T. Kirk, has also met with success as the author of the *TekWar* books. Now, Shatner offers readers his first *Trek* novel, *Star Trek: The Ashes of Eden*.

In the wake of the Federation/Klingon peace initiative begun in *Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country*, the Klingon Empire is undergoing a restructuring and opportunities arise for dangerous military technology to fall into the wrong hands. Meanwhile, the *Enterprise-A* has been decommissioned and Kirk finds himself without a purpose in life. Then, he unexpectedly resigns from Starfleet to follow a mysterious, young woman on an adventure to a planet where sinister events are unfolding. Starfleet, suspecting that Kirk has turned against the Federation, sends Captain Sulu's *Excelsior* out after him, with orders to bring him back dead or alive. Aiding Sulu are Spock, McCoy and the rest of Kirk's old crew.

In conjunction with Pocket Books' hardcover release of *Ashes of Eden*, in May, DC Comics will put



New *Trek* novel by Shatner hits book stores in May

out a graphic novel adaptation, the first ever comic-book version of a *Trek* novel.

GODZILLA

TriStar Pictures has scaled back its much-discussed *Godzilla* feature film. The studio's executives are apparently skittish about the potential for production costs to spiral out of control. They recently



Star Wars re-release: Biggs Darklighter visits Luke on Tatooine

decided to allow a budget of no more than \$100 million, not exactly peanuts but some 30 or 40 million less than requested by director Jan De Bont (*Speed*). De Bont's plan calls for some 500 digital effects shots (Godzilla himself would be CGI in almost all of his scenes), indeed a very expensive approach.

Unhappy with the budgetary restrictions TriStar imposed on him, De Bont has now exited the project. The studio nevertheless intends to proceed with their movie and are searching for a new director. For the moment, *Godzilla* remains on track for a Summer '96 release.

Dark Horse Comics begins a 13-part *Godzilla* series with issue #0 (now available), in which Professor Yoshiwara builds a special "Killer Bee" missile to bring down the King of Monsters. She is motivated by revenge, her parents having been killed during the big guy's stomp through Tokyo 40 years earlier. This story sets the stage for the ensuing mayhem of issues #1 through #12.

And, Godzilla and all of his monster pals are the focus of a Canadian fan magazine, *G-Fan*, which promotes "International Understanding Through Godzilla." *G-Fan* is published by Daikaiju Enterprises, P.O. Box 3468, Steinbach, Manitoba, R0A 2A0.

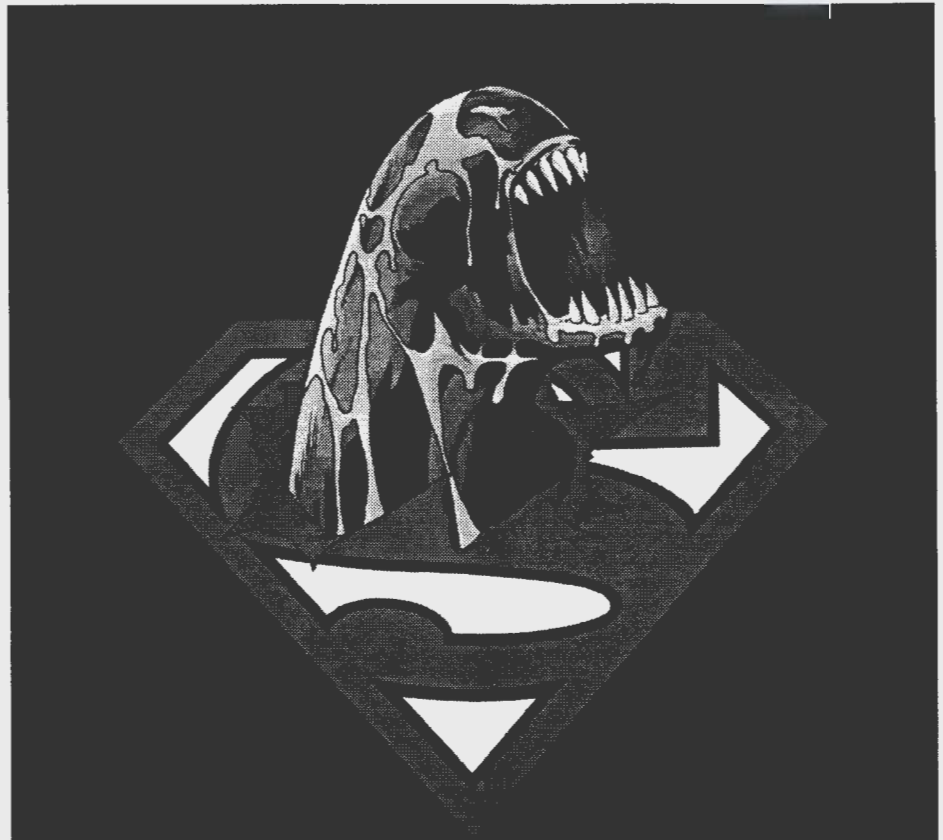
CANFANDOM

OSFS, Warp 9 Begin to Beat Back Apathy

In last issue's look at CanFandom, we reported on the stupefying effect apathetic memberships are having on two sci-fi clubs, the Ottawa Science Fiction Society (OSFS) and Montreal's own Warp 9. News of late is slightly more encouraging.

At least a few OSFS members have stirred and are now suggesting ways in which their club might be revitalized. They've begun by putting on such activities as video parties and astronomy evenings.

And here in Montreal, Warp 9 founder Chris Chartier has returned to the presidency of his club after a half-year's hiatus and is working hard to "reorganize the club and cut expenses." Chris aims to make Warp 9 more financially self-supporting: "I



SUPERMAN VS. ALIENS

Comics publishers DC and Dark Horse, who have successfully pit Batman against the Predator, are gearing up for the release of their next match-up, *Superman vs. Aliens*.

The Man of Steel detects a Kryptonian signal from space. He follows the signal to its source and finds the decimated remains of his home planet, and an infestation of the acid-blooded Aliens amongst survivors of Krypton's destruction.

The first of this miniseries' three issues hits comic-book stores near the end of May.

won't put any more of my money in." The number of issues per year of the club's costly fanzine (*Warp Factor*) has been cut and a cheaper-and-faster-to-produce, 10- to 12-page newsletter (*Sub-Space*) has been introduced to "fill in the gaps." Fewer Warp 9 meetings have been scheduled this year, providing further savings. On the revenue end of things, Warp 9 hopes that an increase in U.S. and overseas membership rates will bring in a few

more dollars.

Chris has also set an ambitious goal for Warp 9: he wants the club to boast 200 members by August of this year. Warp 9, which has at times billed itself as Montreal's biggest science fiction club, and has listed upwards of 150 members in past years, currently has a roll call of about 100.

Attendance at the club's meetings was down considerably in '94, but turn-out at the first couple

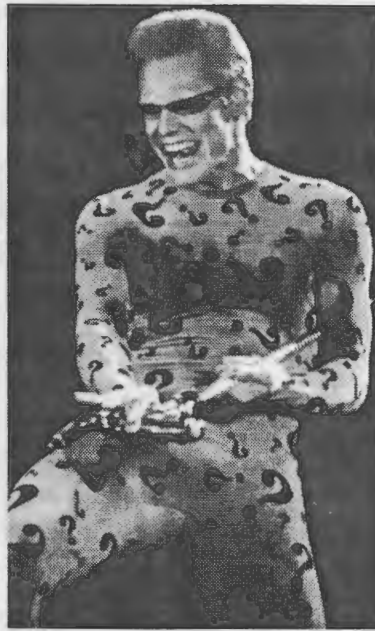
SUPERHERO MOVIES

The third installment of Warner Bros.' lucrative *Batman* movie series hits theatres in June. *Batman Forever* stars Val Kilmer, donning cape and cowl in place of the departed Michael Keaton, manic Jim Carrey as The Riddler, Oscar-winner Tommy Lee Jones as Two-Face, Chris O'Donnell as Robin (this is the Boy Wonder's first appearance in the film series), and Nicole Kidman as Dr. Chase Meridian, Batman's love interest. Featured as Two-Face's molls, Sugar and Spice, are Drew Barrymore and Debi Mazar. Director Joel Schumacher, sitting in Tim Burton's old chair, has included a number of off-beat cameos in the film; look for celebrities like U2's Bono, orange-maned comedian Carrot Top, and Vermont's Democratic senator, Patrick Leahy, reportedly a big Bat-fan.

Popular kiddie heroes The Mighty Morphin Power Rangers make the transition from television to the movies in their first feature, due out in July.

And *Gremlins* director Joe Dante's big-screen treatment of *The Phantom* premieres Christmas '95.

Superhero movies curently in development include a big-budget *Fantastic Four* adventure, James Cameron's *Spiderman* (now delayed by legal entanglements, this project is taking an awfully long time to get off the ground), *The X-Men* (to be directed by Richard Donner, who helmed *Superman*), *Daredevil*, and Oliver Stone's *Elektra: Assassin*.



Batman Forever:clockwise from top, The Riddler, Two-Face, Batman, and Robin



meetings of '95 has been healthier.

We are pleased to report that fortunes seem to be improving for both OSFS and Warp 9.

Montreal Science Fiction Festival

Chris and some of the other organizers of the Montreal Science Fiction Festival II (September 24-25, 1994), meanwhile, are wondering why "more people didn't come" to the con (702 attended over the two days; 1000 were hoped for). Fest II just broke even, and with little of the money needed to start up a Fest III, the con has been put on hold until 1996 at the earliest while the Fest-com rethink the whole thing. Consideration is being given to holding future Fests bi-annually.

A one-day, comics/*Trek*/sci-fi event of some kind is planned in place of the cancelled '95 Fest.

Con•Cept '95

After a weak '93, and a hiatus in '94, Con•Cept was back with a solidly successful event in '95 (March 31-April 2). The con returned to its roots and offered up a diverse spread of programming, often utilizing the resources of Montreal's many SF/F fan clubs in realizing the con's three tracks of discussion panels. Con•Cept '95 was very well received by attendees; paid attendance is estimated at between 330 and 360. The con is expected to show a profit.

Congratulations to MonSFFA member John Zmrotchek (Con•Cept '95's chair) and his team on a job well done.

New Cons

A group of fans from Nova Scotia, who liked what they saw up here at Fest II, are modelling a new Maritime convention after Montreal's Fest. The Maritime Science Fiction Festival will premiere in Halifax April 13-14, 1996. We'll have further information as it becomes available.

And, Fleet Academy North (FAN), a new *Star Trek* con in Toronto, takes a novel approach to programming. FAN is themed on Starfleet Academy, and "students" attend "classes" throughout the weekend and "graduate" at the con's

closing ceremonies. FAN is scheduled for April 26-28, '96; guests include *Trek* writer D.C. Fontana and *Trek's* most famous fan, Bjo Trimble. For more info, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Fleet Academy North, c/o Georgina Miles, 26 Doddington Drive, Etobicoke, Ontario, M8Y 1S4; or call (416) 588-3817 and leave a message (they'll return your call; long-distance calls will be returned collect); or E-mail at BRU@io.org.

Also, word is that a new *Trek* con is gearing up in Winnipeg; no details available at this time.

TREKlave Folds

The organizers of TREKlave have decided to cancel the con, largely because interest in the event has been practically nil. Also, Creation Entertainment have scheduled one of their big shows nearby on the same weekend TREKlave was to have taken place. The con was to have featured *Star Trek* TV writers as guests, and would have run April 28-30 in Brampton, Ontario.

Foundation to Promote Canadian SF/F

The Canadian Science Fiction and Fantasy Foundation is a newly created national organization "dedicated to promoting Canadian imaginative works." The Foundation has been set up as a non-profit organization the goals of which are to "encourage the growth of Canadian imaginative works; increase the accessibility of imaginative works in Canada; provide support, education, liaison resources and communication across Canada and internationally; and promote literacy." The CSF&FF intends to play an active role in supporting the preservation and enhancement of Toronto's Merril Collection of Science Fiction, Speculation and Fantasy, one of North America's largest and most complete collections of speculative literature. The Foundation will operate in both of Canada's official languages. For more information, write the Foundation at 42 Park Street, Scarborough, Ontario, M1N 2N5; or call (416) 267-3933; or fax (416) 267-8800.

Bulletin Board

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- Filksong writing
- Fanzine publishing
- Desktop publishing
- Makeup and prosthetics
- Actors' workshop
- Artists' workshop
- Writers' workshop

A Command Classes

- Running fan clubs
- Organizing conventions
- The Con Runners' Game
- Budgeting for conventions
- Running masquerades
- Filing tax returns as a nonprofit organization
- Bookkeeping for cons and fan clubs
- Liability for cons and fan clubs
- Advertising cons and fan clubs
- The art of negotiation

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ENROLL TODAY!

For more information, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to:

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or call the **FLEET ACADEMY NORTH HOTLINE** and leave a message.
416-588-3817 Long distance calls to the hotline will be returned collect.

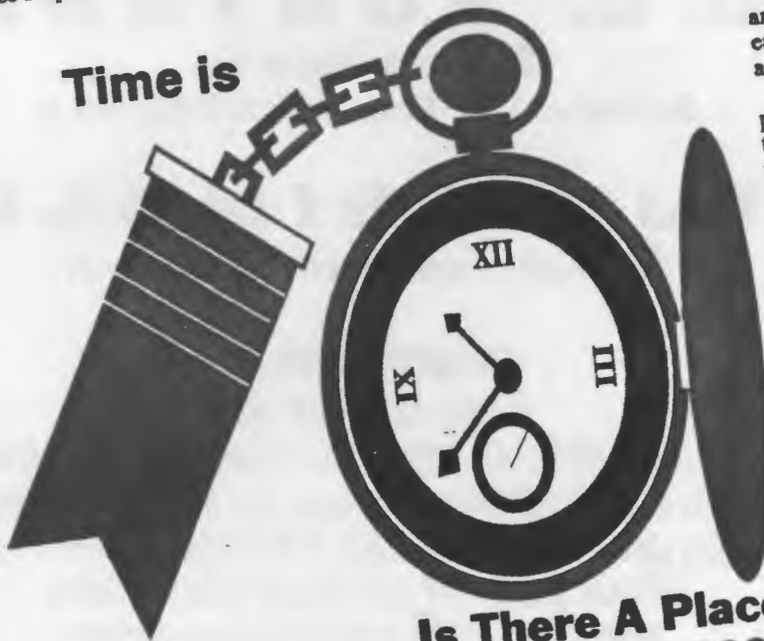
* A division of Fleet Academy North Conventions Incorporated.

Bulletin Board

CANADIAN UNITY FAN FUND

An Information Sheet for re-print by any and all interested persons & groups or clubs
March 1995 — This may be a one-shot if there is no response from anyone.
Please respond to: Linda Ross-Mansfield, 333 Lipton St., Winnipeg, MB, R3G 2H2

Time is



Running Out

There has been a small amount of discussion recently about the lack of entries for C.U.F.F. in 1994 and yet there has been no one yet who has come forward to say "YES WE THINK IT SHOULD CONTINUE."

I am hoping that there are enough fans out there who DO think this, that C.U.F.F. can rise from the ashes of apathy which have been burying it recently.

One of the main difficulties with the Fund this far is, well,

Is There A Place for C.U.F.F. ???

HOW DO WE GET THE INFORMATION OUT TO PEOPLE? There is no database nor is there the funds to mail out to each individual the nomination info. Although the info is sent to as many clubs/fanzines as the administrator has addresses for, the people who receive such a mailing don't seem to realize how important it is for them to disseminate this info to their fellow fans, and to encourage someone to enter. If a club zine doesn't print even the acknowledgement that the club had received the nomination info, how

are people suppose to know even enough to ask "What is C.U.F.F., and why was this info sent to us?"

Obviously they can't. "If good people do nothing..." to paraphrase the quotation. It is just that easy for the fund to fall into oblivion. With no nominations there can be no voting ballot. With no vote, there is no C.U.F.F. candidate to send to the opposite side of the country to attend a convention, and advance communications amongst fans from both sides of the country.

At this point I have sitting in the bank, more than enough money to send a winning nominee to anywhere in Canada, and cover reasonable hotel costs.

Is there no-one who wants this opportunity? Or is it that no-one wants to carry on the responsibility as winner to administrate and raise funds for future nominees?

I am asking each person who receives this to copy it at least once and pass it along.

I am also asking you to send me a postcard, or letter and tell me: is there a place for C.U.F.F. or if not, tell me what you think should be done with the funds that I have raised and been holding.

My address is at the top of this newsletter. If you are one of those who are electronically connected, I can also be contacted at my CompuServe Number: 70324.2252 or you can send it to John's Genie connection: J.Mansfield4 and he will pass it on to me. So come on, let's here from you. Silence is a terrible thing in this case!!!

Bulletin Board

Nominations Required to Keep C.U.F.F. Alive!

Send all comments and letters to:
Linda Ross-Mansfield, 333 Lipton St., Winnipeg, MB, R3G 2H2

At this time, Nominations are open Canada Wide, since there was no response to the 1994 request for Nominees. While it has been expected in recent years that a C.U.F.F. winner should attend the CONVENTION, there were apparently no comments about this during the induction of the 1995 Convention, at the last business meeting, and this aspect seems to be up in the air at this point. If there is no response to a call for nominations this year, and no one gives me any feedback, the fund may possibly fold. The requirements for nominating are shown below. Please disseminate this information as much as you are able to, and if possible let me know what you think.

Date: March/95



Now is the time for all good fen to stand up and be counted.

NOMINATION RULES

- 1 - Each Candidate provides a brief written platform, with their name and address.
- 2 - Provide the names and signatures of six fans, three in the east and three in the west.
- 3 - Agrees to administrate the fund and race, and pass funds to the new administrator.

- 4 - The Winner agrees to travel to and attend the designated convention, (Barring acts of God).

Rumour Spike

Despite assumptions to the contrary, my spouse is not administering or controlling CUFF, I am. Nor have I in any way folded the fund, and persons wishing to contribute may still send to me at the address above.

I have stopped doing auctions to raise more funds until I receive some input from my fellow fen as to what to do if CUFF doesn't receive Nominees again.



ANOMALY CREATES PROBLEM

While there is normally an East - West rotation, when there has been a year with no nominees, the next opportunity is open Canada-Wide.

The other small difficulty is, since I, as current administrator, was unable to attend the business meeting of Convention in 1994, apparently no one mentioned or reminded the 1995 Convention winner about the usual tie between CUFF and CONVENTION. As a result, there was no one set as a liaison to contact me, and they have apparently announced that there will be no Fan guests at their Convention. This is a bit embarrassing since one of the committee members of the 1995 Convention, Paul Valcour, is a former CUFF Winner himself, and he was the administrator prior to my winning CUFF, (which by the way means that one automatically becomes the administrator.)

Since I for one, would not want to force any group to host the CUFF winner, I would like to suggest that IF there are nominees for 1995, that there be the following possibilities offered. If the winner lives in the West he or she could be sent to Ad Astra, and if the winner is from the East they could go to ConVersions. Since both these cons are reasonably sized, and are in the summer, it might make it easier on everyone.

There are sufficient funds to pay both airfare & accommodations, within reason. I am open to other suggestions, but we can't procrastinate too long. The only other option is to wait until 1996. If we do that, then I will continue fund-raising, to pass on a healthy fund.

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Presents

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A Fan Run Star Trek and Media Convention

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MAJEL

BARRETT-RODDENBERRY

'Lwuxana Troi' - *ST:TNG & DS9*

MIRA FURLAN

'Ambassador Delenn' - *Babylon 5*

GRACE LEE WHITNEY

'Janice Rand' - *ST Classic & ST:TMP*

AUTHOR GUEST

TIMOTHY ZAHN

Star Wars "The Last Command"

FIX - MAKE-UP GUEST

EVERETT BURRELL

Babylon 5

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For more information, write to:

Toronto Trek, Suite 0116, Box 187, 65 Front St. W. Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5J 1E6

Phone: (416) 699-4666 (after 9 pm) (long distance calls will not be returned)

Fax: (416) 699-5512 E-mail: Compuserve 76437,1712; GEnie C.Lyon4



If you can't attend the convention and wish to receive the con publications, which will be mailed out after the event, we have a supporting membership for \$10.00 (\$8.00 U.S.) Cheque or money-order payable to: *Toronto Trek*

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.

MonSFFA

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

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.

AMonSFF

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

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

Name _____
Birthdate (optional) _____
Mailing address _____
 Apt. _____ City/Town _____
 Province/State _____ Postal Code _____
Telephone (home) _____
 (work) _____

Interests

- Science Fiction _____
- Fantasy _____
- Horror _____
- Movies/TV _____
- Writing _____
- Art _____
- Gaming _____

Others _____

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.

- You have my permission to pass on said information.
- Please do not pass on any of said information.

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

Nom _____
Date de naissance (optionelle) _____
Adresse _____
 App. _____ Ville _____
 Province/État _____ Code Postal _____
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Intérêts personnels

- Science-Fiction _____
- Fantastique _____
- Horreur _____
- Films/TV _____
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- Art _____
- Jeux de rôles _____

Autres _____

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.

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HOST OF 1ST ANNUAL ACADEMIC CONFERENCE ON CANADIAN CONTENT IN SPECULATIVE LITERATURE
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12 au 14 mai, 1995, Hôtel Talisman, Ottawa, Ontario
May 12 to 14, 1995. The Talisman Hotel, Ottawa, Ontario

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Le Congrès Boréal 12

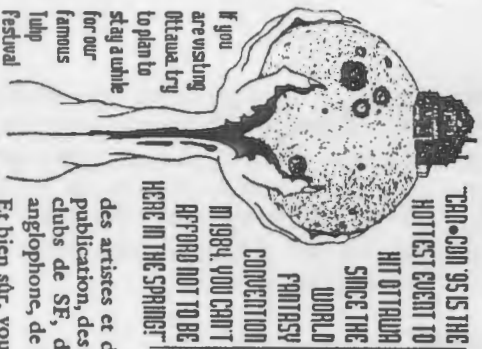
Élisabeth Vonarburg, Yves Meynard, Jean-Louis Trudel et bien d'autres...

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 maistratement 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'avvenir 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.

Venez à CAN-CON '95. Le monde de la science-fiction et factuelle, du fantastique, de l'horreur et des utopies vous attend!



CAN-CON '95 IS THE HOTTEST EVENT TO HIT OTTAWA SINCE THE WORLD FANTASY CONVENTION

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!

There is always something going on at CAN-CON, but outside the various special events we are hosting or conducting, we have tried to break it into two main streams of programming: workshops and seminars in smaller more intimate rooms; and an array of panels, interviews, readings, discussions, and pure entertainment in the main function area. We also feature an art show, dealers room, hospitality suite, a party floor, and Saturday night concert and dance. This year featuring the Dis The Birds of Prey and if all goes well, we will be bringing in a blockbuster act for the concert (we can't reveal who yet, but we're just raving out the details).

We are also hosting Convention 15/Prix Aurora Awards and Boréal 12/Prix Boréal. On the evening of Friday, May 12th, we are co-hosting the gala week and the opening of the National Library of Canada's landmark exhibit on Science-Fiction and Fantasy called "Our Of This World?" — attendance is limited to 600, so make sure to register early if you want to attend this once-in-a-lifetime event. On Saturday and Sunday we are hosting the first annual *Academic Congress on Canadian Content in Speculative Literature*. Also, we will be featuring our *Computer Expo* for the second year now, with a bit of something for everyone on technophobes to wizards. Special guests to the convention will include such individuals as Artist in Residence: *Heather Speers* (all the way from Copenhagen!), *Elizabeth Vonarburg*, *Canada Jane Dorey*, *Tanya Huff*, and *Robert Sawyer*. A unique event demands a unique way to celebrate, so Ontario's famed *Hillebrand Estates Winery* is producing a private labelled wine to help commemorate and remember it. The Talisman Hotel is at 1376 Carling Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario, K1Z 7L5. We negotiated a sweet deal on the rooms this year, they are \$59 a night for any occupancy — one to four people — no smoking rooms are \$65 a night, same deal. There are also plenty of restaurants around and a great one in the hotel. Information 613-722-7600, FAX 613-722-2226. For out-of-town reservations, call 1-800-267-4166 (Canada or US). Please mention that you are coming to CAN-CON, reservation number 104202.

Those who watch speculative fiction on television or read it in books are the thinkers and doers of tomorrow, and CAN-CON's goal is to get us all together — face to face — to discuss where our technology and developing society might take us. We do this not only for the thrill of exploring what possibilities the future holds for us, but also to prepare for the physical and ethical dangers our species will have to deal with. CAN-CON is not just a place where people get together to discuss books and authors, it is where ideas come together to shape the future of our world and our children.

The Society for Canadian Content in Speculative Arts and Literature is a not-for-profit organization dedicated to the promotion of new and established Canadian artists, authors, and industry and the enjoyment of their works through a commitment to forge new links between interest groups, to inform and network individuals, and to actively take part in the Canadian and international scenes through autonomous events and publications.

Les billets sont \$15 à l'avance, ou \$20 à la porte. Les billets à l'avance sont disponibles chez tous les TicketMaster Canadiens ou direct par utiliter le formulaire ci-dessous. Pour tous renseignements, écrivez à l'adresse indiquée sur le formulaire, poste-électronique cancon@dlmna.ocunix.on.ca, ou appelez 613-596-4105. Tickets are \$15 in advance, or \$20 at the door. Advance tickets are available from any Canadian TicketMaster or direct from us by using the form below. For more information, for family or group rates, or to help organize, write to the address below (send SASE if possible). E-mail cancon@dlmna.ocunix.on.ca, or call 613-596-4105.

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x Society Memberships (1 year): \$ _____
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