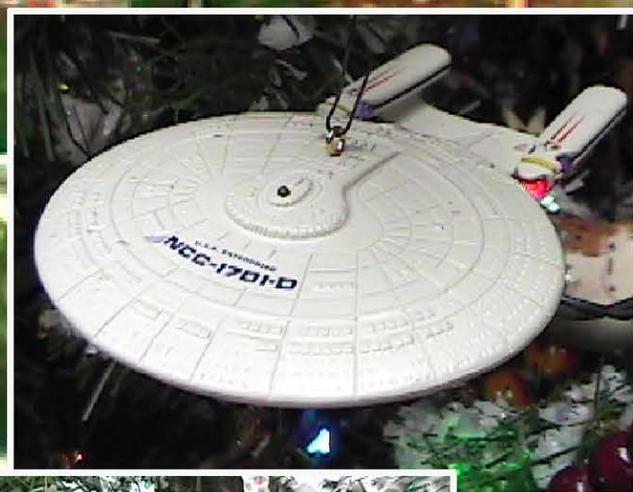


MonSFFA WARPed

Living



*Trekorating the Christmas Tree
Tips for Clearing Fannish Clutter
Bonus: Con*Cept Photo Essay!*



January 2005

www.monsffa.com

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The Trekorated Tree
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MonSFFA CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Except where noted, all MonSFFA meetings are held
Sundays at 1:00 PM to 5:00 PM
at the Days Inn, St-François Room
1005 Guy Street, corner René Lévesque

Programming is subject to change.

January 23, 2005

Villains in Science Fiction & Fantasy
Hosted by Lindsay Brown and Cindy Hodge
&

Getting Down and Dirty – Photoshop & Illustrator
Presented by Bernard Reischl

February 20, 2005

Readings: Dead Magicians Club – Volume 1: Maps
Read by the author Gord Morrow
&

Animated Conversations: The State of Animation
Hosted by Tamu Townsend

March 20, 2005

Star Wars: *L'Alliance*
Hosted by Ernst-Udo Peters
&

Back to School – Kids in Science Fiction and Fantasy
Hosted by Joe Aspler

April 17, 2005

Stargate on Location (slide show)
Presented by Lynda Pelley
&

Costuming Workshop
Hosted by Teresa Penalba and Lynda Pelley

May 15, 2005

The Decline of Literacy in SF
Hosted by Keith Braithwaite and Gord Morrow
&

“I’m a Doctor Jim!” – Medicine in the Future
Hosted by Cindy Hodge, Lindsay Brown and Ernst-Udo Peters

The Real Fine Print: WARP is published quarterly by the Montreal Science Fiction and Fantasy Association (MonSFFA), a non-profit organization of fans interested in sharing their love of science fiction and fantasy. The opinions expressed in WARP are those of the individual writers and do not necessarily reflect those of MonSFFA or the editor. To reprint any article, please contact the writer, or ask the editor to pass on your request. The use of copyrighted material is generally discouraged, but it's hard to talk about Star Wars without stepping on toes; our apologies to the copyright holders, no serious infringement is intended. This is an amateur production, your tolerance is appreciated by your fans.



MonSFFA WARPed Living!

Since Martha is too busy decorating cells these days, MonSFFA is proud to offer assistance to the hapless fan looking for creative inspiration.

In this issue, the reader will find tips on fannish fashion designing, decorating, and interesting crafts such as model building. Yes, the issue is a couple of months late, but that's fandom!

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To-Ho, the Gold Slayer

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paparazzi! Page 15



You've Got Mail!

Dear MonSFFen:

I've got Warp 58 here, otherwise known as the MonSFFA summer photo album. Lots of great photos, I'll see what there is to say.

My letter...I have proved that I am an idiot who should know better, but never does. In my loc, I said I had no intentions of rejoining the Ad Astra committee. Well, at the gentle prodding of committee secretary and dealers' room chief Janet Jones, we both have taken positions with Ad Astra XXIV. Yvonne will be in charge of science programming, seeing that science and space are where her interests have taken her after the Torcon debacle. I am in charge of pre-convention graphics, including flyers and other advertising vehicles, and the badges. Also, tomorrow, October 3, is the second-last recording session for Sectarian Wave. I did say we'd see if we could get to Con*cept, but with my lack of employment, the answer must be no. We'd like to, but...

(As of this moment, Yvonne is in Vancouver. She is spending nine days there, attending the annual Mars-Moon conference, the annual International Astronautics Congress, and VCon 29, which are all consecutive. Gotta be a bachelor for a little while...)

Great photos from TT18. Brian Downey has quite the reputation as the partier, doesn't he? If you can get him to keep his pants on, all will be safe...

I have a question...is there still a gaming convention going on in Montréal, staged by the McGill Gamers? Just

wondering.... I couldn't find out any information when I was working on the last convention list.

I hope there will be reports from Con*Cept, and from Boréal/ CanVention. I hope you've all voted in the Auroras! Time to go, see you next issue.

Yours,

Lloyd Penney.

Hi, Lloyd!

As you have undoubtedly heard by now, Con*Cept did very well indeed. We had our largest attendance in years, and our treasurer reports a substantial surplus. WARP did not receive any reviews of Con*Cept, but you can see lots of photos taken by MonSFFen by following the links from here:

www.monsffa.com/monsffa.html

I wasn't able to attend Boréal, but heard the convention went well. According to one attendee, though, Boréal did not do CanVention justice.

In answer to your question about the McGill Gamers, their convention appears to be on hiatus. It's still early in the year, though, so watch their website:

<http://ssmu.mcgill.ca/gamers/>

In closing, I wish you and Yvonne the very best of the New Year, and hope that we get to see you at this year's Con*Cept!

– Cathy

Dear MonSFFen:

I don't know if you and the MonSFFA gang know it, but there was a mention of your recent movie "BEAVRA" in the recently published book "Godzilla on My Mind" (William Tsutsui). Apparently the author saw it at Godzilla con X (Gcon X). Just wanted to pass that along to you and your members.

Still haven't seen the movie myself, but I do hope to catch it someday. I posted a review of the book at:

<http://www.theendoftheuniverse.ca>
(a Montreal based SF site) in which I mention the "BEAVRA" reference.

Regards,

Dario

To quote Dario's review: "The local MonSFFA (Montreal Science Fiction and Fantasy Association) guys and gals should also pat themselves on the back as

their

recent movie "BEAVRA" was mentioned since it was screened at Godzilla Con (G-CON) X, which was the first GCon attended by the author."

–
Berny Reischl

Editor's note:

To read the review in question, go to www.theendoftheuniverse.ca In the left margin, click on the module called "forums", and from there, "Read Any Good Books Lately", and then finally, "Godzilla on My Mind". You can order "Godzilla on My Mind" by William Tsutsui from:

<http://www.chapters.indigo.ca>

It's a trade paperback, published September 2004 by Palgrave, \$18.95.



Guy H. Lillian III, editor of 5-time Hugo-nominated fanzine Challenger, reviewed MonSFFA's WARP 57.
<http://challzine.net/index.html>

The spring '04 issue of this creative clubzine features a Locus parody on the cover and good stuff inside. There's even a theme – although I suspect it's accidental and I know it's R-rated. For instance, there's a hilariously-illustrated piece on Furrries, mostly dealing (fortunately) with the comics, although some flabbergasting photos from AnthroCon 2003 finish the piece and come close to finishing me. In this vein, there's an article about fictional ape-human sex (I'd hate to see an article about factual ape-human sex) with the inspirational quote "Concupiscence overcame me!" Wow! After all this, the page about real Unas, as opposed to those on Stargate:SG-1, is downright relaxing. Another neat bit follows on the making of chain mail, Reinhardt take note, itself followed by a squib on the Dracula myth, in turn followed by reviews of The Chronicles of Riddick (which left me cold) and Taking Lives (notice how its poster is dominated by Angelina Jolie's lips?). Then there are photos of local fans in Renaissance garb, book reviews, model reviews, meeting reviews ... a lot of MonSFFA and its fanzine, 'ey?

So, congratulations to our WARPed contributors! Keep those articles rolling in!

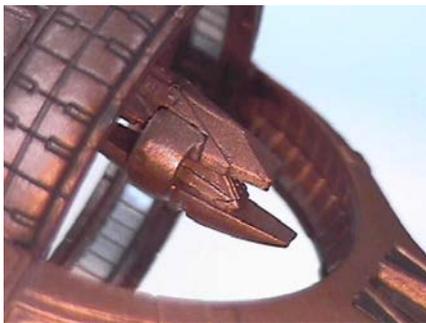
– Cathy

Trekorating the Christmas Tree

By MonSFFA Stewart



A Hallmark Keepsake Ornament is always a stylish and elegant addition to any collector's Christmas tree. This year's model is the Vulcan Command Ship from Star Trek: Enterprise. The bridge lights up, and the panels within the propulsion ring glow. The hull is beautifully detailed.



A small shuttle craft is docked to the aft section.

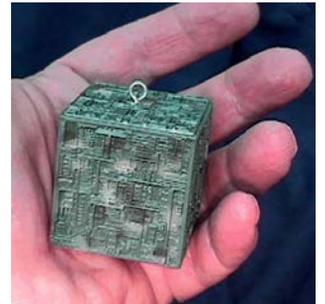


Panels on the inside of the propulsion ring glow with blue light.

Collectors

are often swamped with Micro Machines. As the name suggests, they are very tiny models. They come with small plastic stands, but few fans set them out on display. They topple easily, and who wants to keep dusting them? Unless you are saving them in pristine condition for resale, why not adapt them for hanging on the Christmas tree?

Small eyelets, available from any hardware store, are easily screwed into the models. A loop of gold thread for hanging completes the project.



ASGARD - HOME TO THE NORSE GODS

by Barbara Silverman

Scandinavian mythology had the universe divided into layers. Humans inhabited Midgard with Niflheim, the land of the dead underneath. Asgard, the dwelling place of the gods was situated just above Midgard. This was the stronghold of the Aesir, the younger and stronger branch of the divine family, the heroic gods, representing the warrior class in Norse culture. Other gods known as the Vanir, symbolizing the settled agricultural side of society, lived at Vanaheim, sharing the top layer alongside Asgard and Alfheim, the kingdom of the light-elves.

Asgard was divided into twelve or more realms, with each god living in his own palace, believed by Germanic peoples to be similar in design to the mansions of their nobility. Valhalla, where those who died bravely in battle found themselves, belonged to Odin, and Thrudheim, which was Thor's domain, were the two best known. Odin reigned as chief and Thor, known as the protector of Asgard, was second in command. Asgard could only be reached from Midgard by the bridge Bifrost, the rainbow, which was constructed of three plaited strands of fire.

When Asgard was first constructed, it was surrounded and protected by a mighty stone wall. During a long and bloody war with the Vanir gods, this wall was destroyed. The gods, fearful that their domain was now defenceless, searched for a stonemason. Finally they discovered a builder by the name of Hrimthurs, who agreed to rebuild the wall, however he requested the fertility goddess Freyja and the sun and the moon as his payment.

The gods did not like the terms, but they agreed to them on one condition. At the urging of Loki, the trickster god, Odin, who knew the work would take eighteen months, informed Hrimthurs that he would have only six months in which to finish construction. If he failed to complete the wall in one winter's time, payment would be forfeit.

Hrimthurs requested that he be allowed the help of his magical horse Svadifari. Loki persuaded the gods to grant his request. The magnificent stallion, capable of pulling huge rocks, increased the work rate threefold. Three days before the deadline, there stood a high strong wall which could never be breached. Only the gateway remained to be finished.

Odin, and the other gods were horrified. They turned their wrath upon Loki, making it extremely clear that he

had better come up with a solution. Changing himself into a mare, Loki beguiled Svadifari, confusing the stallion and causing him to leave his work and race after her. Thus, as mare and stallion spent the night chasing each other through the woods, Hrimthurs was denied the aid of his wonderful horse.

Realizing that he would not be able to finish on time, Hrimthurs flew into a rage, revealing himself to be a frost giant. There was a great deal of hostility between the gods and the giants. In fact, they were bitter enemies destined to eventually meet, to their mutual destruction, in battle at Ragnarok. However in the case of Hrimthurs, Thor used his hammer to break the giant's skull. Thus the gods obtained their wall without losing Freyja, the sun and the moon.

The union of Loki as a mare and the stallion Svadifari produced Sleipnir, which was to become Odin's supernatural mount. Legends state that Sleipnir sported eight legs, had the ability to gallop through air and over seas, and that his teeth were inscribed with runes.



Welcome to Asgard! Mounted on Sleipnir, Odin receives the soul of a slain warrior. (Scene from a memorial stone found in Gotland.)

Watch for the next episode in the Beyond the Stargate Saga: Thor, Guardian of Asgard.

Sources: Classical Mythology, Arthur Cotterell, Lorenz Books Anness Publishing Inc., 1996, 2000

Sagas Of The Norsemen: Viking and German Myth, Time-Life books, Duncan Baird Publishers, 1997

The New Encyclopaedia Britannica: V1, page 620 'Asgard'; V11, page 424 'Svadilfari'; V8, page 874 'Odin'; V4, page 363 'Edda'; V5, page 215 'Germanic religion and mythology'; V18, page 773 'Eschatology and death customs'; V18, page 770 'Thor'; V6, page 614 'Jord'; V8, page 205 'Mjollnir'; V11, page 723 'Thor'; V12, page 14 'Ull'; V12, page 841 'Yggdrasil'.

Jules Lermina & To-Ho, the Goldslayer

by George Dodds



Born March 27, 1839, Jules Lermina was a man of many interests, writing in an impressive range of fields. Having completed high school, the young Lermina married at 18 and was a father by 19. After a number of jobs (secretary in a police station, bank employee, failed business man, and insurance inspector), he began in

1859 a career as a journalist, contributing pieces to *Diogène*, the *Petit Journal*, *Journal littéraire* and to *Le Soleil*. Becoming editor-in-chief of *Le Soleil* he shaped it into a virulently socialist and pro-republican (vs.monarchical) publication. A similar stance in *Le Corsaire*, which he founded in 1867 got him thrown in prison, but drew him the support of Victor Hugo. In 1870, he published an incendiary pamphlet *MM. les propriétaires! Plus de loyers! (Landlords! Raise your rents!)* which gets him a 2 year prison sentence, which is cut short by the reestablishment of the Republic. Lermina also published a number of other political works over this period, including:

- *Fondation de la République française 1789-1848-1870, histoire de cent ans*
- *La France martyre, documents pour servir à l'histoire de l'invasion de 1870*
- *Histoire de la misère, ou le Prolétariat à travers les âges*
- *Vive la République! histoire d'un gamin de Paris, 1848-1851-1871*
- *La question ouvrière; étude sur l'association dans le passé et dans l'avenir.*

Even to the end of his life he defended his libertarian views, publishing in 1906 the well respected and still widely distributed, *L'A.B.C. du libertaire*. Lermina also wrote a study on international literary copyright law.

Lermina, concerned that all should have equal access to knowledge, also contributed to and edited a number of dictionaries and reference works during his

life, including *Dictionnaire de la France contemporaine, catalogues des oeuvres et des auteurs de l'époque qui comptent* (1884), *Dictionnaire française-argot à l'usage des gens du monde qui veulent parler correctement la Langue Verte* (1900, with Henri L é v è q u e) ; *Le Réveille-mémoire, encyclopédie de poche, manuel de conversation* (1906). He also produced some works on French history, including a short history of the city of Lyon (available at:



http://www.alyon.org/InfosLyon/histoire/litterature/jules_lermina/).

After his release from jail in the mid-1870s he devoted more time to fictional writing. He published a great number of adventure novels including two well respected sequels to Alexandre Dumas's *Le comte de Monte-Cristo*, namely *Le fils de Monte-Cristo* (1881) and *Le trésor de Monte-Cristo* (1885, anonymously) in which the hero is much more of a socialist crusader [these are available in recent English translations, but listed under Alexandre Dumas on amazon.com]. He similarly produced a sequel to *Cyrano de Bergerac's* adventures, *Amours et aventures de Cyrano de Bergerac*.

Lermina, using the pseudonym William Cobb then published *Les mystères de New York* (1874), another installment in the then hugely popular genre of urban mysteries introduced by Eugène Sue (*Les mystères de Paris*, 1842-43). As with the later *Les loups de Paris*, these novels while adventures also have a clear social agenda. Still under the name of Cobb, he also publishes a couple of collections of short stories of horror and suspense (*Histoires incroyables* (1885) – available at <http://gallica.bnf.fr>) amongst which “*Les fous*” has someone trepanning mental patients to view the emanations of insanity arising from their brains.

From the 1880s on, he took interest in the occult, contributing stories to *L'Initiation*, and giving seminars on the occult sciences. He produced a number of

works of fantasy and horror, including *L'elixir de vie* (1890) and *La deux fois morte* (1895) [the latter is in print (2003) from the French publisher Mille et une nuits]. The average quality of his fiction tended to decline as the 1900s crept up; one assumes that his popularity had worn off and there were still bills to pay. A number of his works were published in the French equivalent of pulp magazines, and never saw publication in book form. Lermina died in Paris in 1915.

One such work, suggested to me in the context of precursors of *Tarzan of the Apes* (1912), was Lermina's *To-Ho le tueur d'or* (*To-Ho the Gold-slayer*) published in 1905 in *Journal des voyages sur terre et sur mer*¹. My thanks to Marc Madourand, an aficionado of old French SF for tipping me off to this novel and supplying me with the original illustrations by Charles Clérice which accompany the text.

The excerpt presented here doesn't need much introduction except to state that it's in the first part of the novel, it is set in Indonesia during the quashing of a native rebellion by the Dutch. This episode occurs well before any of the gold-slaying goes on, and is perhaps the most Tarzanesque episode in the entire novel. To-Ho is a quasi-human ape, whereas Tarzan was perhaps a quasi-simian human, but certainly To-Ho and Tarzan do share a lot in common. Of course the chances of Burroughs ever having seen much less read *To-Ho* are rather infinitesimal, but it does go to show that the ideas that Burrough's worked with were out there and being manipulated into narratives by other contemporaneous writers. The translation presented here is mine, and the first appearance of this novel in English anywhere (the French version has never been published in book form). The translation hasn't as yet had a thorough overhauling by anyone, so you'll have to pardon me the perhaps awkward constructions and vocabulary. Enjoy...

— Georges Dodds

¹ LERMINA, JULES. 1905. "TO-HO LE TUEUR D'OR" *JOURNAL DES VOYAGES ET DES AVENTURES DE TERRE ET DE MER*. 2^E SÉRIE. 18(448): 74 C. 1-76 C. 3; 18(449): 97 C. 1-99 C. 1; 18(450): 114 C. 2-115 C. 3; 18(451): 129 C. 1-131 C. 1; 18(452): 144 C. 3-147 C. 2; 18(453): 162 C. 1-163 C. 3; 18(454): 179 C. 2- 181 C. 1; 18(455): 202 C. 3-204 C. 3; 18(456): 222 C. 1-224 C. 3; 18(457): 232 C. 1-233 C. 3; 18(458): 247 C. 2-249 C. 1; 18(459): 271 C. 1-272 C. 3; 18(460): 280 C. 3-282 C. 3; 18(461): 298 C. 1-299 C. 3; 18(462): 326 C. 3- 328 C. 3; 18(463): 331 C. 1-332 C. 3; 18(464): 354 C. 1-355 C. 3; 18(465): 364 C. 3-366 C. 3; 18(466): 390 C. 2-392 C. 3; 18(467): 414 C. 1-415 C. 3; 18(468): 431 C. 1-432 C. 3; 18(469): 450 C. 1-452 C. 3; 19(470): 14-16.

To-Ho Saves a Human Child

Jules Lermina

But at this very moment, Igli-Otou the shaman, who did not wish to see his victims escape and who was on their trail, seized upon a moment when little George, in spite of all his efforts, had lagged back a few steps.

He sprang on the child, snatched him away, ran off between the huts, losing himself in the ruins, and disappearing.

He held the child: the shaman believed in his sorcery. By autosuggestion he was convinced that his God, the Antou, a shapeless idol he served in the forests of Malacca, required a human sacrifice...if the blood of a white man was shed, offered to the monstrous divinity, all these cataclysms, the bombardment, the screeching of the shells, the march of the enemy troops clambering up the ramparts, all would suddenly stop and the Dutch would be struck down.

He had taken little George, and leaping amongst the rocks which overhung the kratons, he managed to finally reach a sort of platform which sloped sharply over a fissure so dark and so deep as to appear bottomless.

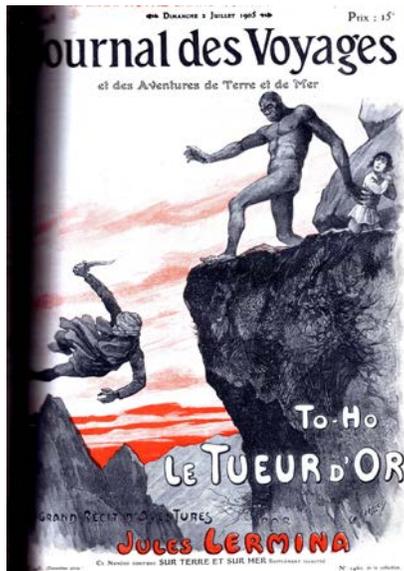


Illustration from the original text.

It was a favourable spot. He allowed the child to drop heavily upon the stone, then raising his eyes towards the sky in an invocation, he drew from his belt a dagger whose keen blade was notched like the jaw of a crocodile.

The child saw this, was horrified, and wanted to cry out, but the hand of Igli-Otou nailed him to the ground, while the other raised the horrible weapon.

Suddenly, a form which appeared seemingly out of nowhere, dropped in a gigantic leap from a stone above the cliff, landed heavily on the platform, grabbed Igli-Otou by the scruff of the neck, raised him in the air like a young cat, then in a sudden release, dropped him down the fissure. The Sakay smacked against the wall,



The cover of the issue in which this novel began depicts a scene from this excerpt.

spread out his arms, scratched the granite with his nails, while the child disappeared.

The child had remained in place, motionless, having fainted away. The man-beast, the unknown creature, then knelt, took the child in his arms, approached its lips as though to kiss him, and supporting him against his chest, allowed himself to quickly drop to the

bottom of the rock, ran, reached some woods, plunged into them, and disappeared, taking the child with him.

For hours and hours, the escapee from Rota-Rajia ran all out, the sun set, the deepest night, without hesitation, without a break, he ran with his prey, with his conquest.

In astonishing dashes, crossing a chasm, climbing a rock, leaping over a pit, he went, holding the unconscious and motionless child tight against his chest. This frail human frame had been subjected to such jolts, both in mind and body that its brain had plunged into a coma.

However it seemed that the great creature understood this weakness: with an incredible dexterity it drew aside all that could have struck and hurt the one he carried, and when he hung suspended by one arm from the branch of a tree, when he dropped from high up onto his feet, he did so in such a manner that the child was not subject to any violent shocks.

At first he had charged through the undergrowth, following a straight ahead path through the tangled lianas, with the rectitude of a will resolved to attain its goal; nothing, however, suggesting any calculation. He was guided by instinct alone, by one of those natural faculties one may find among carrier pigeons. He dashed forward so forcefully, his rush so irresistible that the way opened before him. As soon as he had passed the branches dropped again, closed up, recreating an impenetrable barrier behind him.

Sometimes, when a tree stood before him, a

foualang with hard, unbreakable branches, whose colossal trunk six men holding hands could not have spanned, the fugitive, pausing for a moment, flexed his legs, and in a muscular release, shot like a stone from a sling, reached another branch, let himself hang so as to catch one further on, and thus by way of a trapeze exercise which the most agile of our clowns would have backed away from, he arrived over a small clearing, and there allowed himself to drop to the ground and resume his dizzying race.

Thus further and further on, into solitudes where man had never penetrated, into masses of greenery, foliage, of great seedlings as deep as waves upon the sea, through a colonnade of trees so tightly packed, so thick-set that sometimes he had trouble slipping through; until he would break the younger stems and still made his way through.

Or it was tree-ferns which enveloped him, tried to tie him up, grabbing him by the neck, the legs, the arms. He fought, braced himself, always made it through, under the rains from dew on the canopy, tramping through the sticky mud which he hammered with his heels to find some purchase.

There was yet ponded water accumulated by the moisture of the vegetation, in milky greenish ponds; also springs gushing, spurting from some fault in the rock, which struck him as he passed, causing such a violent shock as to draw a heh! of defiance, a pause to draw breath – had the child not been struck? No, he had bent over in time and with his flesh and his hair had protected him.

To the treacherous forest had succeeded the mountain, more brutal with its precipitous sites, its exposed knolls, its black diamond spires, its piles of crumbled rocks strewn there by some internal upheavals, with, all of a sudden a dug-out bowl, the crater of an extinct volcano, whose clean and slippery sides offered no purchase for walking. The feet adapted themselves, the flight continued.

For thirty hours the mysterious creature had thus fought against Nature. Night had passed, then a day, then another night. The sun rose, irradiating the immensity of the place with its vivid and splendid glow.

They were in a small upper valley, halfway up the mountain, in a clearing with giant trees, which encompassed a gorge lined with mosses and small bushes.

The creature slowed his pace, stopped, looked

around, picked out a clump of trees forming a sort of canopy: then in the white light he gazed upon the child with an odd grin, quickly prepared a pile of leaves, and then put his burden down upon it.

The poor little George was pale, as if exsanguinated: why did he not move?

He, no doubt, wondered: very soft sounds escaped from his throat, made up of vowels with strong consonants, recalling the Spanish jota or the German ch, odd contractions of the glottis which nonetheless had a certain sonority of melancholy and worry. He had knelt down and his huge mouth almost touched those of the little one, as if to draw in his breath.

He got up suddenly: he had felt the breath caress his face. The child was alive. But why this immobility? why this silence? Why did these frail limbs he held up drop back inert and as if paralyzed?

He had drawn back slightly, his head falling to his chest, his eyes wide open in a mask of mental strain and thought. Certainly a question remained, still unfathomable, as the frowning of his eyebrows and the pouting of his lips attested.

But, all of a sudden his lips relaxed, he raised his head, and his mobile features brightened. He had figured it out! A personal sensation, that of hunger, had brought on a simple deduction. The child must be too have been hungry, and it was to this condition that one could associate his depressed state.

He uttered several times a single syllable:

“Ete! Ete!”

He raised his head and finally saw some distance away some lianas that were well known to him and which the natives called Akar-Loodany: these plants contained a lovely and nourishing liquid, while their seeds, milky and wholesome made them an excellent food.

However, from this green clump he was separated by a deep gulf, a split right through the bedrock in which the humidity had led to the accumulation of a muddy cesspool. It was a matter of getting across it.

Again he thought: two enormous branches were arranged one before the other, not forming a bridge, but a bar which could serve as an aerial route.

He took a step forward, ready to take a running start, yet he stopped, came back. He hesitated to move away from the child. knowing that these solitudes hid terrible treacheriescachent, slimy creatures slithering beneath the tree limbs, wild beasts lurking in the brush.

All was calm, not a sound, not a murmur. The child was well, quietly laying on the bed of moss, the tree branches above his head forming a protective cradle. In this deep repose, his breathing was regular, even some colour was apparent on his cheeks.

Everything was reassuring. The creature made a gesture of decision and at a resolute pace ran to the gulf, still turning his head towards the motionless child. He took a running start, jumped, reached the first branch the extremity of which bent under his weight, but not sufficiently that he could not manage to grab onto the other, stronger branch. Thus in an alternating motion, throwing out his arms one after the other, he managed to reach the other side of the dark gulf, slid down, tore off in handfuls the nutritious liana which he hung from his neck and shoulders, and with little squeals of joy, took up once more his perilous way, suspended from the branch which had already held him up.

But, so it was that suddenly there was a great cracking sound, the branch broke, he was thrown and dropped on the slippery slope of the gulf. Were he to go down to the bottom it would be a certain and most agonizing death, as the deep, viscous mud would snatch him up, would envelop him, would suck him in. He knew this, and where his fingers were sunk in like steel pins, he held desperately on to the side with his nails.

But the material it was made up of was not compacted enough, he felt it slip away through his fingers. He stuck his heels into the saturated soil, and still he had that horrible sensation that it was all giving way under his weight.

And at the same time, a horrible cry rang out, terrifyingly high pitched – the voice of the child, who from his tight throat called for help!

What was happening? This: the torpor in which George had been sunk, long maintained by the brutality of the journey and the continuous shaking movement, dissipated little by little in this motionless sleep. The fresh air which came down from the tree canopy penetrated his limbs and released them of their stiffness.

It was almost a feeling of well-being, mixed, however, with a little fever-driven excitation, which did not allow him to fully clear his thoughts

He opened his eyes and by the radiant glow of the dawn, filtered through the trees, saw the strange and magnificent spectacle of the vast forest, with its

colossal trees, its inextricably tangled boughs, their vault taller than those of the largest cathedrals.

He thought he was dreaming and closed his eyes, only to open them again. And it was then that he let out a sinister, desperate cry, drawn from all the terrors of his nightmare.

A monstrous ape had just bounded out from the depths of the underbrush, a true ape this one, the Maoussa, an orang-outang, a gorilla, huge, deformed, its belly distended, its limbs knotted, its legs short and knock-kneed, bending under the weight of its colossal torso. Its face was grimacing. Near the horrible snub-nose, the eyes, stupid and malevolent, blinked.

From the height of his aerial observation point, the ape had seen the child stretched out, and born in him was a nasty, bestial instinct to acquire this unknown prey, for he had never seen anything like it, as never had a human being penetrated the mysterious depths of Sumatra's innermost forests

Was it a carnivore's appetite which drew him? No, since even of the fiercest of apes, none feed upon flesh. He obeyed an brute instinct, a desire to destroy.

Dropping from branch to branch, he hastened towards the child.

Were the poor George to end up between its huge paws, strangulation, dismemberment, and the breaking of his bones on the rocks, would be the result of the unrestrained beast's furious and disgusting game.

Had George guessed all of this? He had only seen the animal when it was about to land on the ground, and in his child's imagination, the vision proved fantastic, demonic...

He had cried out with all his strength, with all his breath, without knowing or understanding where he was, without even having the notion that he could be rescued...and one word had burst forth from his mouth, that word which all little ones utter and which sometimes returns to the lips of the elderly in their last moments:

"Mommy! mommy!"

The cry had been so high-pitched that the ape had paused for a instant.

The brute, being cowardly, was prudent: from up there he had thought he could attack with impunity a creature which would not even attempt to defend itself. He knew all the denizens of the forests and mountains, knew which he was sure to subdue, and those before which he must flee.

He was almost scared of this little fellow who had suddenly risen to his feet and, petrified with surprise, horrified, was watching him wild-eyed. He got on all fours, hiking up his back, circling around the child, stopping to scratch himself, then again making a few steps back and then forward.

"Mommy! mommy!" little George repeated desperately.

The ape soon convinced himself that this stranger, very weak, was at his mercy; he leaped on him in one last bound.

Feeling the claw on him, George, startled, drew back and escaped from him. But more alert, the monster caught up with him, threw out his nails which entered the clothing. The cloth tore, stayed attached to the ape's claws who furiously shook his hand, and then, having decided to get it over with, he resolutely threw himself upon the child, who this time was caught. The beast began to drag him by his arms, towards the forest, grinding its teeth in rage. George was struggling, screaming, trying to tear his wrists from the hold.

The other, exasperated, rising on his legs, threw hands around the child's neck..."Mommy!, mommy!"

Suddenly the ape received a violent blow right in the forehead, which made him roll on the ground.

It was the saviour.

The mysterious creature who, seeing the child at the exact instant he felt himself slipping into the abyss, had made a supreme, desperate attempt, had managed to leap onto the crest of the gulf. And now he was before the child, raising his huge bulk, his great hands darting out against the assailant.

The latter, having gotten himself up, was not running away. His simian face was twitching and in his blinking eyes showed flashes of rage, while from his throat came high-pitched, inarticulate, bugle-like cries.

Relaxing his hamstrings, he charged his adversary, recognizing in him his primordial enemy, he who, issued of the same lineage, despised and abhorred him. Once again he let out his guttural cry.

Between the two creatures, one the ape, the other the half-man, the battle was engaged, furious, to the death. The ape was tremendously strong; the other, the colossus, was no less powerful, but what distinguished him from the brute was the coordination of his movements and the attention he brought to defending



himself. While the ape, time and time again struck out wildly with his limbs, instinctive, disordered motions, the other, more master of himself, struck out straight ahead and with accuracy.

The muffled blows rang out frightfully; they finally clinched, the ape seizing his adversary with all four hands, wrapping him up with his arms and legs. In this bestial charge the ape left himself open, the other's hands closed around his throat, tightening, choking, and as the ape rattled out his last, the victor carried him towards the muddy abyss, where he pitched him.

The ape gave out one last screech, an awful agonizing outcry, then disappeared.

But here, upon this last cry, which might have been a call, apes of all sizes appeared upon the tree limbs, rushing to the aid of their comrade.

The half-man, his task accomplished, had come back towards George. It was in the nick of time as the group of apes were close. He perceived the awful danger: this crowd of apes would surround the two of them...it was a horrid, unequal battle...

He seized the child quickly and placed it behind him against a rock, to which, with an elementary sense of strategy, he backed up against, sheltering the child with his body. Then, finding within his grasp a young tree trunk, he tore it out with one twist and thus he drew himself up, like a great athlete, ready to receive the attack.

It was not long in coming: the apes were the first to charge him, throwing out their arms before them as though seeking to harpoon him, while others, tumbling down from the trees, armed themselves with missiles, fruits, broken branches, with which they bombarded him.

He struck, breaking limbs, cracking open skulls, but the apes were not getting discouraged, their instinct told them that they would eventually manage to tire him out, more so since something dangerous was occurring: the little one, terror-struck, held on

desperately to his rescuer's legs, almost paralyzing him.

Already the missiles had struck the fighter, who now had bloody traces on his brown face. The terrible windmill of his arm was slowing, only a few more moments and he would weaken.

Then, in turn, he let out an awful, oddly modulated cry, which surely could not simply be the cry of a beast, having two very clear syllables:

"To-Ho! To-Ho!"

And then, in the distance, other calls answered him:

"To-Ho! To-Ho!"

The monkeys, completely wrapped up in their bestial exasperation had not heard nor understood anything: perhaps they thought it a desperate cry of agony. He, bolstered by a new hope, as he felt himself overwhelmed by their numbers, had tried to give an ultimate effort.

Gathering all his strength, he had taken hold of a large fragment of rock, which he had managed to shake loose, and having pulled it out, had rolled it in front of him and stuck it in the ground as a barricade.

Under this provisional cover, which at least abstracted a portion of his body from their strikes, he fought on, lashing out at the overly audacious amongst his assailants. But, on their side, the apes had numbers, stubbornness, and an instinct for evil.

They tried to surprise him, climbing up the tree trunks, jumping from there onto the rock which covered his back, dangling from lianas and trying to tear apart with their nails; another instant and the whole horde was going to drop on his shoulders, crush him under their weight. His strength was giving out.

"To-Ho! To-Ho!"

All of a sudden, a tremendous stampede coming through the forest, a frantic push bursting through the brush and undergrowth: To-Ho! To-Ho! and a group of huge creatures, seemingly both human and simian at once, brandishing sticks or holding sharp stones in their hands, threw themselves upon the apes.

A stunning and grotesque scene of horror! The apes were taken with an indescribable panic. On their distorted masks, terror stretched their muscles in convulsive contractions, and it was a leaping, tumbling, stunning mêlée to escape.

Hideous and ridiculous, they pushed each other, threw each other over, in a excruciating cacophony of yelps, while those arriving chased them down, bludgeoning those they could reach, slashing the

others with their stones.

Amongst them there were some females of great size: one of them, coming out through the ranks had rushed towards the injured creature. With one muscular exertion she had thrown over the stone behind which he had sheltered himself and had taken him in her arms, hugging him, seeking to staunch the blood that flowed over his face and coagulated on his hairy torso, and whispering softly the two syllables: "To-Ho! To-Ho!" It was clearly his name, his own, which he had called out through the forest as a signal; it was the same his mate repeated as she lavished signs of affection upon him.

But suddenly she saw the child, who, terrified, still thinking himself in a nightmare, hung desperately onto the one he knew to be his friend and defender. The female, in an instinctive and terrified gesture wished to push him away: the little one began to moan.

To-Ho heard, and, spreading his big lips in a smile of goodwill, he spoke a few syllables to his mate. She sort of shrugged her shoulders, with a tremor of

disbelief and revolt. But To-Ho placed his large hand on the child's head, saying something again, in a plaintive tone, in which tears were held back, and the female suddenly had a down-cast look, big tears even beading under her eyelids.

She then took the child in her arms and looked at him for a long time.

She made a gesture of decision, lay the child on one of her shoulders and held out her arm to To-Ho.

He leaned on it.

The others, males and females, seemed to be prey to a profound happiness, undoubtedly for having arrived in time and having dispersed the apes, their eternal enemies. The younger ones gave themselves up to wild dances, stepping to a rhythm they accompanied with strange cries resembling a barbarian chant.

And upon a new cry from To-Ho, they all gathered around him and his mate who carried the child. George had thrown his two arms around her neck and was falling asleep, exhausted.

The troop plunged into the forest

SFF Sightings!



THE FORCE IS STRONG WITH THIS ONE: MR. POTATO HEAD TURNS TO "THE DARK SIDE"

**Hasbro Introduces New MR. POTATO HEAD
As Darth Vader**

PAWTUCKET, RI, January 14, 2005 – Falling to the temptations of the evil Emperor, MR. POTATO HEAD is adopting a new look and heading over to the dark side of The Force! To build on the excitement of the Star Wars fantasy, Hasbro, Inc.'s (NYSE:HAS) PLAYSKOOL division is launching a new MR. POTATO HEAD figure, Darth Tater. Available at stores nationwide in February, kids will be able to have all kinds of mix 'n match, MR. POTATO HEAD fun with this wacky spud dressed as the infamous Star Wars saga villain, Darth Vader.

DARTH TATER comes complete with lots of silly parts, including lightsaber, cape, helmet, shoes, eyes, nose, teeth and more. The figure will retail for approximately \$7.99 and is recommended for ages 2 & up.

Convention/Boréal, October

The Aurora Awards

MonSFFA congratulates MonSFFan Jean-Pierre Normand on winning another Aurora!

Best Long-Form Work in English

*Blind Lake, Robert Charles Wilson
Hidden in Sight, Julie E. Czerneda
Humans, Robert J. Sawyer
Scream Queen, Edo van Belkom
Burndive, Karin Lowachee
A Telling of Stars, Caitlin Sweet

Meilleur livre en français

*Phaos, Alain Bergeron
Le Stratège de Léda, Michèle Laframboise
La Cage de Londres, Jean-Pierre Guillet
La Chevauchée des hippocampes, Robert Tessier

Best Short-Form Work in English

*"Scream Angel", Douglas Smith
"Porter's Progress", Isaac Szpindel
"The Siren Stone", Derwin Mak
"Stars", Carolyn Clink
"Come All Ye Faithful", Robert J. Sawyer

Meilleure nouvelle en français

*La Course de Kathryn, Élisabeth Vonarburg (Le Jeu des coquilles de Nautilus, Alire)
La Nuit, Sylvie Bérard (Solaris 145)
Volvox, Marie-Josée L'Hérault (Solaris 144)
Du clonage considéré comme un des beaux-arts, Mario Tessier (Solaris 146)

Best Work in English (Other)

*Julie E. Czerneda for editing Space Inc.
The Stars As Seen from this Particular Angle of Night, Sandra Kasturi, ed.
May Queen, Heather Dale (Amphisbaena Music, 2003)
Robert J. Sawyer, Writer-in-Residence (Merril Collection)
Neo-Opsis Science Fiction Magazine
From the Files of Matthews Gentech, Bruce Ballon

Meilleur ouvrage en français (Autre)

*Solaris, Joël Champetier, réd.
Sur le Seuil, Réalisation: Éric Tessier,
Scénario: Patrick Senécal et Éric Tessier (Go Films)

Artistic Achievement

*Jean-Pierre Normand
Mel Vavaroustos
Martin Springett
Ronn Sutton
James Beveridge
Lar deSouza
Michèle Laframboise
Stephanie Ann Johanson

Fan Achievement (Publication)

*Made in Canada Newsletter, Don Bassie, ed.
Zine-Zag, Direction: Salvador Dallaire

Fan Achievement (Organizational)

*Martin Miller
Brian Upward
Joan Sherman
Roy Miles
Marah Searle-Kovacevic

Fan Achievement (Other)

*Eric Layman
Gord Rose
Peter de Jager
Larry Stewart
Urban Tapestry



The Auroras: Canada's highest award for SF Achievement.
- Photo: Charles Mohapel



Joël Champetier, Julie Czerneda, Jean-Pierre Normand
- Photo: Roger Czerneda



Julie Czerneda, Joël Champetier, Jean-Pierre Normand, Charles Mohapel (accepting for Martin Miller), Jean-Louis Trudel (accepting for Alain Bergeron), and seated, Elisabeth Vonarburg.

Nominate & Vote for the 2005 Auroras!

Nomination form on-line: January 16

www.sentex.net/~dmullin/aurora

Nomination deadline: 1st week of April

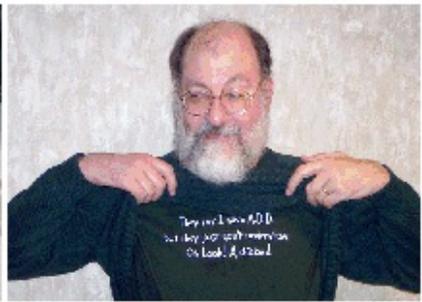
Voting ballot available 1st week of May

Voting deadline: mid-June.

Con*Cept 2004, as seen by MonSFFA's Paparazzi!

Dominique Durocher, Daniel P. Kenny, Charles Mohapel, Sylvain St-Pierre, Bernard Reischl









Christmas Party

Keith Braithwaite, Photos by Charles Mohapel



MonSFFA held its 2004 Christmas celebrations on a blustery Saturday evening, December 4. Our members and friends occupied several large tables at the downtown Alouette Steak House then post-dinner, moved to our traditional holiday watering hole, the Park Place Bar, to party.



The bar's back-room pool table was, as usual, quickly seized by a number of the "sharks" in our group while those of us gathered in the main room enjoyed conversation over drinks or played a little pinball, all to a soundtrack prepared for the occasion by party organizer Keith Braithwaite.

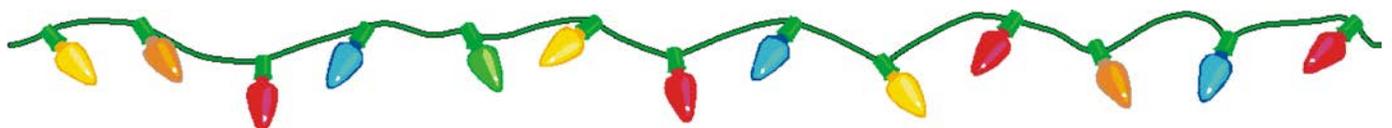
A demonstration of "holiday gift-wrapping techniques" was staged by a few of the ladies no doubt topping Santa's "Naughty" list, who duct-taped our vice-president to a pole!



Party-goers each took home a present or two by evening's end as the result of a particularly prize-packed raffle, and we are pleased to report that three Santa-sized sacks of non-perishable food items and children's toys were collected for donation to Sun Youth's annual Christmas Basket Drive.



We trust that all of our members and their families and friends enjoyed the very best of the festive season. Our thanks to Berny Reischl and Keith Braithwaite, who organized the dinner and party, respectively, and to Heather, our Park Place hostess, who warmly welcomed us, as always.

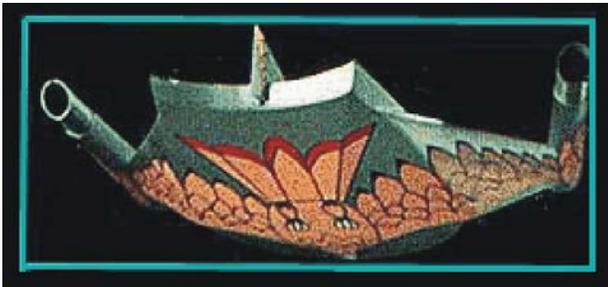


Letters to MonSFFA Stewart

Dear Ms MonSFFA,

I hope you can help us out with a slight problem. As you might well know our War Birds class ships are all equipped with a cloaking device. When in use, this device renders our ships invisible to all other ships. However, it also seems to affect the morale of our crews – they spend hours and hours decorating their ships to look mean and aggressive. Mean-looking birds of prey decorate the ships and the crews are really proud of their decorations. Yet all this effort is wasted when the cloaking device is turned on – no one can see all this effort. How can our birds of prey scare off our enemy when they can't see us? Turning off the cloaking device, however, is hazardous to our health and can lead to damaging the decorations on our ships. Which can also affect our crew's morale in a negative and fatal way. Your thoughts or suggestion on this matter would be welcomed....

Fernster Aquillia
Romulan Commander



Dear Commander Aquilla,

Your ships are beautifully decorated, and this is a Good Thing, but staying alive is a Better Thing.

It is my understanding that cloaking devices must be turned off before firing weapons. If you wait to de-cloak until just before firing, the last thing seen by your enemies will be the sudden appearance of your ferocious-looking birds of prey. The risk to yourselves will be minimal as you will have the advantage of surprise.

As for the morale of your crew, I suggest they take pictures of the decorations next time you are in space dock. These pictures can be mounted into

lovely scrapbooks. Be sure to include pictures of the blasted remains of the enemy ships. These books will be treasured by your crewmen for years to come.

Dear Ms. MonSFFA,

I have a problem with Tee-Shirts. I have too many of them!! Every time I go to a convention, I buy a few more. I just can't help myself!

Have you any idea on how I can clear closets and drawers, and still have my beautiful shirts?

Tee-shirt Junkie

Dear Tee-Shirt Junkie,

Have you considered taking up quilting as a hobby? The fronts of the shirts can be cut into squares and made into lovely quilts.

Shirts can also be stuffed to make very unusual cushions. Or, turn the sleeves inside and, stitch them closed, and slide them over the backs of your dining room chairs for a whole new look.

Dear Ms. MonSFFA,

I have heard of a Klingon drink called "Raktajino". Where can I get it, and how is it prepared?

Raktajino is best served hot. It can be replicated, but generally replicated Raktajino is weaker in flavour than the brew favoured by Klingons. Beans are available on special order from Deep Space 9. Use about two tablespoons of coarsely ground beans per cup of water. Use an Espresso coffee maker. An alternative method involves putting the ground Raktajino and the water into a saucepan. Bring to boiling, allow to simmer for ten minutes, pass through a strainer. Serve with chocolate to truly impress your Klingon friends.



It Came Out of the Box! (Finally)

Dominique Durocher

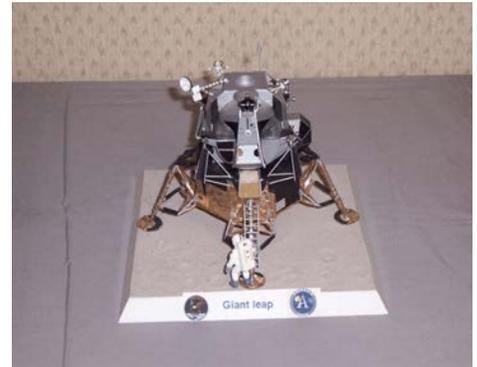
Winners of the model Competition at Con*Cept



Flying Taxi
Dimitri Klaviotis

Best in Show, Judges' Choice
Best in Show, People's Choice
Flying Vehicles, 1st Place

Best in Show, Guests' Choice
Real Space Vehicles, 2nd Place



Giant Leap
Michel Burelle



Sputnik I
Michel Burelle
Real Space Vehicles,
3rd Place



Naboo Royal Starship
Lynda Pelley
Spacecraft, Large, 1st Place



Zero G and I Feel
Fine
Dominique Durocher
Real Space Vehicles,
1st Place



I.S.S. Enterprise
Lynda Pelley
Spacecraft, Large, 2nd Place



Piranha
Normand Tétrault
Spacecraft, Small, 2nd Place



ID4 Attacker
Lynda Pelley
Flying Vehicles, Small
3rd Place



Mars VW Rover
Gérald Lauzon
Surface Vehicles, 1st Place



HMS Surprise
Daniel P. Kenney
Naval Vehicles, 1st Place



Acheron
Daniel P. Kenney
Naval Vehicles, 2nd Place



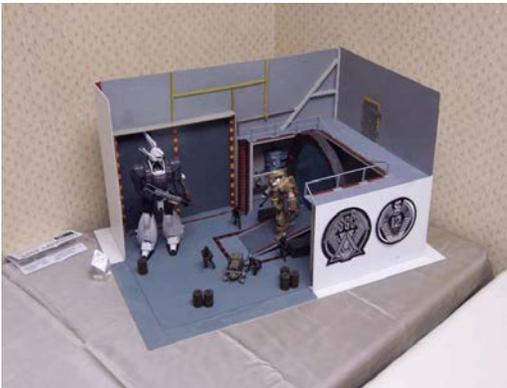
Quarter Deck Cannon Set
Daniel P. Kenney
Naval Vehicles, 3rd Place



Superior Blade
Gérald Lauzon
Figures, 1st Place



Earth, Winner by BKO
Jean-Pierre Bastien
Dioramas, 1st Place



SG - 12 Arrival
Wayne Glover
Dioramas, 2nd Place



Friendly Contest
Wayne Glover
Dioramas, 3rd Place

There were no entries in the Mecha Class.

Congratulations to all our participants and winners!



My Summer of Discontent

Keith Braithwaite

I caught a lot of genre flicks this past summer. The theatre schedules were brimming with big-budget action and adventure flicks, salivating entertainment reporters told us, indeed more than in previous popcorn seasons. But never more true has the old adage been that Hollywood movies don't live up to the hype that precedes their release.

The promise of audacious high-concept pieces, gripping stories, memorable characters, and spectacular action sequences mostly turned out to be more of the same, tired, uninspired, often CGI-heavy rip-offs, remakes, and sequels. Just about every "big" movie disappointed, some not as badly as others, but not one of them coming even close to the kind of engaging, memorable film you'd shell out another \$10 to see again.

For example, what should have been an imaginative homage to the classic monster movies of the 1930s proved a pointless pastiche of over-the-top digital swashbuckling that demanded suspension of disbelief beyond any reasonable measure, even for an action-fantasy film. Such was *Van Helsing*, which kicked off the season. And the low-rent sci-fi actioner that played out, quite literally, like a mindless video game offered no better as Labour Day approached. This was *Alien vs. Predator*, an entirely forgettable franchise combo. To be fair, there were a couple films in between that stood out—*Shrek 2* comes to mind—and a few outstanding visuals, at least, within otherwise pedestrian fare, like that tidal wave hitting New York City in *The Day After Tomorrow*. But this summer's bumper crop of "blockbusters" was the least satisfying in years.

It's been said many times but bears repeating: Hollywood is out of ideas and is now simply strip-mining past entertainment properties in whole or part as substitute, and it seems they've reached the bottom of the barrel! That's a generalization, of course, but one that all too often applies. Sadly, most of the money, these days, seems to be going toward high-paid stars and fancy special effects, not to where it should be going, which is to a good screenwriter.

Soon to arrive on video and DVD, here are my reviews of three of the Summer 2004 movies for which I desperately held out hope, but that ultimately fell flat:

Catwoman

The critical shredding this movie received succeeded, perhaps, in lowering my expectations as I set out to my local theatre. This is not, by any means, a great or even good comic book movie. But I will allow that it's not as bad as the critics say, this being largely attributable to star Halle Berry.

The girl is certainly built for the part and that *really* does count in this kind of film. A few ill-conceived scenes have her behaving like a cat, licking food out of a tin can and pawing at things, but she manages to get through these without looking completely ridiculous. That's more than can be said for Sharon Stone as the vain villainess of the piece.

The film includes a few nice comic-bookish visuals but awfully bad CGI positively ruins the action scenes.

The story, meanwhile, deviates considerably from the source material, which will surely upset the purists but which I don't mind in such instances, provided the new tack makes for an equally compelling or better tale. Here, it didn't.

Thunderbirds

This live-action movie is geared to young kids, as was the 1960s marionette-populated British television series upon which it is based.

The TV show revolved around the incredible rescue operations undertaken by the Tracy clan aboard their fabulous, futuristic Thunderbirds craft. It was those amazing vehicles that appealed to young lads such as myself, coming up as we were in the exciting new NASA-driven space age.

But the movie spends way too much time with a group of blandly stereotypical kids'-action-movie-mold youngsters chasing around the jungle on the family's secret tropical island base. The Thunderbirds ships—sharply updated while remaining faithful to the original designs—are sidelined for much of the film. Come on, producers, you called the movie *Thunderbirds*, after all!

A let-down for the most part, but I'll admit it was fun to see real live people inhabiting now retro-cool Tracy Island, just as we dreamed of doing ourselves back in the days of the TV show. And Lady Penelope brought to proceedings a modern, kick-ass action heroine allure lacking in her wooden predecessor.

The Village

While well acted and beautifully shot, writer/director M. Night Shyamalan's *The Village* is just not all that frightening a film. The nature of the mysterious creatures that inhabit the woods surrounding the titular village proves rather an anticlimax.

But the story isn't really about them so much as it is a love story. I don't have a problem with that except that the movie was sold to the public as a suspenseful, *scary* movie. I eagerly drove to the theatre anticipating such a film and came home quite disappointed by the whole

thing. Shyamalan's previous effort, *Signs*, was also not so much about crop-circle-making space aliens as about a man's regaining of his lost faith. Nevertheless, it managed to tell that story while at the same time delivering plenty of chilling moments. *The Village* did not succeed in this respect.

And the director's trademark twist ending this time out just didn't stack up.

Noreascon 4 (62nd World Science Fiction Convention)

Boston, MA (September 2 - 6, 2004)

Charles Mohapel 2004

Wednesday September 1st

Arriving the day before the con began, I was eager to attend the joint bid party organized by the two bids competing to hold the 64th Worldcon in 2007. Columbus, Ohio and Yokohama, Japan put on a nice quiet party with lots of tasty snacks provided by both sides. Not being particularly knowledgeable about Japanese cuisine, I was gratified to find that our gracious Nipponese hosts had been very considerate of all their guests and had provided each snack with a nameplate listing the Japanese name in English characters and an English translation for the more cautious snackers present.

The party had lots of space to circulate, talk to members of both bids, meet new friends, and conduct private business. Compared to some previous site selection processes, I observed both sides conducted themselves with complete civility.

Thursday September 2nd

The first day of the con began in mid-afternoon for me, with a late morning trip to the Museum of Science to see the "Lord of the Rings" exhibit taking priority. My friends and I found the exhibit to be well worth the time, even given that people were forbidden to bring in cameras and cell phones. Among other memorabilia actually used during the filming of the trilogy, the exhibit displayed one of two actual versions of Anduril (the Sword That Was Remade) used in the movie. Protected by glass, we could not touch it but instead, we could wield an almost copy made using moulding techniques instead of hammering it from an iron rod like the two originals. Both our guide and anyone wielding the copy had to wear gloves to protect the sword from sweaty

hands; even with the guide keeping one from swinging the sword rashly, or in the case of small children, dropping it from the unaccustomed weight in their hands, I found the sword to be beautifully balanced.

Returning to the convention halfway through Opening Ceremonies, I decided that I would simply relax and let the convention happen, as opposed to the last 3 years where I have been rushing around taking lots of photos for the con.

Visiting my friends at the Costumers Display and Masquerade table, I was informed that I was to operate as the Official ICG Hall Costume Photographer and take photos for the International Costumers Guild.

First Night failed to live up to all the hype but was still quite enjoyable as I encountered many old friends and made some new ones.

Friday September 3rd

Typical of my 20 previous Worldcons, I found that I wished to attend at least 2 simultaneous program items and wished I could clone myself at least once. Having to choose between the Retro-Hugos and the Chesley Awards, I decided to visit my artistic friends and enjoyed the lively paced Chesley Awards Ceremony.

Saturday September 4th

I received a surprise when I ran into SFRevu Editor Ernest Lilley and he told me that sudden illness had forced his photographer into the hospital and neither of them would be able to photograph the Masquerade on Sunday. Already committed to photographing the Masquerade for Chronicle magazine, I was suddenly offered the chance to use a Nikon D70 digital SLR and

jumped at the opportunity to use it. Arrangements were made to meet on Sunday morning where the camera would be turned over to me and I would receive a crash course in its use. Having owned two 35 mm SLRS, two 35 mm point-and-shoot cameras, and one digital point-and-shoot camera, I know that each camera has its own characteristics, and was eager to see what a pro level digital SLR could do.

Meeting back at the room I shared with Dr. John L. Flynn, an old friend and nominee for this year's Hugo for Best Fan Writer, I was fitted in my very first tuxedo, and went off to the Pre-Hugo Reception. As is the custom, the reception was filled with nominees, acceptors for absentee nominees, presenters, and their invited guests. Nattily attired hostesses circulated with a wide variety of tasty hot and cold hors d'oeuvres, allowing everyone to nibble, chat, and take numerous photos of everyone in their sartorial splendour. I was pleased to discover that clothes do indeed make the man, given the number of times I was asked to pose individually with pretty ladies and in groups.

I was far from the only person to observe that the Hugo Ceremony itself dragged on longer than many would have wished, particularly the winners who are anxious to celebrate their victories, as well as the runners up who are eager to seek solace with their fellow runners up. I refuse to call these people losers since in my mind they are all winners for having made it to the final ballot, but failed to win the Grand Prize in their particular category.

Having run the Post-Hugo Photo Session at ConJose and Torcon 3 (the two previous Worldcons), I was curious to see how Noreascon 4 would fare without my help. Knowing that once the last Hugo is presented, everyone present wants to begin partying, my method of handling the Post-Hugo photos is to tell the winners and designated acceptors that they will have to stay for exactly 15 minutes for photos and keeping my word. I allowed 10 minutes for what I refer to as the "Piranha Feeding Frenzy", the time when friends and family of the winners can take photos, as well as the average fan. Running the session like the Swiss railroad, I give people warnings at 2 minutes, 1 minute, and 30 seconds left. At this point everyone not possessing valid press accreditation issued by the con is politely cleared from the area and the working press are given their exclusive 5 minutes with the winners. Even while taking my photos during this quieter period, I keep close watch on the time, and release the winners at exactly 15 minutes after it all started. Noreascon 4 had nobody present to organize and run the Post-Hugo Photo Session, a job that I compare to herding cats since both the working media and the

winners tend to mill around and wander off if left to their own devices. Believe it or not, the press actually appreciate having someone to run the show as long as they are treated fairly and with some respect. I'm told that a number of the press who worked at both ConJose and Torcon 3 were quite dissatisfied with the way that the Post-Hugo Photo Session was more akin to battle stations on a navy ship than a photo session.

Sunday September 5th

Having turned in late after the Hugos, I woke up late and had to rush to meet Ernest Lilley and pick up the digital SLR he was loaning me. Even though I did not have an opportunity to take any test shots, I found the Nikon D70 body, Nikkor 18-70mm f3.5-4.5G ED-IF AF-S DX Zoom lens, and Nikon SB-600 AF Speedlight flash to be a very nice system. While heavier than my Minolta Maxxum XTsi 35 mm SLR (purchased in 2000) and similar in weight to my Minolta Maxxum 7000 35 mm SLR (purchased in 1986), the Nikon D70 felt well balanced in one hand. I found that the SB-600 AF Speedlight lived up to Ernest's glowing praise and is one of the most capable flash units I have ever used.

The Nikon D70 is a very good camera but I quickly discovered one quirk to my chagrin. If you hold the shutter release button down for a fraction too long, the D70 acts like either of my Minolta SLRs in continuous mode and takes a second shot. Since the flash has not recycled fully in that short time, the shots generally failed. Given that I shot almost 300 photographs and had this happen only 3 times, it is a camera quirk that can easily be avoided with more practice with the camera.

This said, I would heartily recommend the Nikon D70 with Nikkor 18-70mm f3.5-4.5G ED-IF AF-S DX Zoom lens and Nikon SB-600 AF Speedlight flash to anyone with the money. Having checked around Montreal before Noreascon 4, I found that the going price for the Nikon D70 with Nikkor 18-70mm f3.5-4.5G ED-IF AF-S DX Zoom lens was \$1,899 CDN at LL Lozeau, Breault and Martineau, and Astral Photo if you can find one in stock. The Nikon SB-600 AF Speedlight flash will run you another \$350 - \$400 CDN, and expect to pay about the same for a 1GB Compact Flash memory card (32x or faster). In their wisdom, Nikon has made the D70 backwards compatible so that you can use most existing Nikon and Nikkor lenses, as well as the newer flash units. As for me, in an ideal world, I would choose to go with the Minolta Maxxum 7 digital SLR due to be released in late September or early October. Minolta carefully considered their satisfied customer base and made the digital version of the Maxxum 7 backwards compatible with most of the existing Minolta lenses and flashes, particularly the newer ones.

One of the larger Worldcon Masquerades in my admittedly hazy memory (I photograph them not conduct a census of the number of entries), this year's edition was notable for the number of Young Fans and Novices entered. A typical recent Worldcon Masquerade normally has 4 or 5 entries in the Young Fan category; Noreascon 4 had 12 of them. We also had an astounding 20 Novice entries, meaning that out of 47 entries who actually went out on stage, 32 of them were Young Fans or Novices. I heard grumbling from experienced Worldcon photographers who said that the quality was below the norm in their experience. Their tone changed when I pointed out that just over 2/3 of the entries were newcomers and that this bodes well for the future of Costuming.

By comparison to last year's Worldcon in Toronto, non-American entries were almost non-existent. Fellow Montrealer Josianne Morel was the sole Canadian entry and won Novice Workmanship Honorable Mention - Best Handwork for 'Last Battle'. The only other foreign entry was Frenchwoman Iris Hart of Paris with 'Emergence of the Cyberwoman', another Novice entry.

Monday September 6th

Since I had to download the photos from the Nikon D70 before turning it over to a friend of Ernest Lilley, that morning was spent with a friend's laptop, while at the same time making preparations to celebrate the 50th

birthday of my friend John L. Flynn. Given that John and his nephew Tim Flynn (attending his first con ever) were checking out at 2:00 p.m. that day, we also had to pack hurriedly. While most attendees were preparing to attend Closing Ceremonies, I was moving my stuff to another room for one last night at the con, then unpacking and repacking some of it before dinner and the Dead Dog Party. Initially I found myself in a room full of familiar faces, somewhat surprising given how many people I know. Eventually more and more people drifted back in and people began circulating from group to group. Conversation was quite lively, snacks and cold drinks were plentiful, and Noreascon 4 ended on a good note.

Some Final Thoughts

Talking to the general attendees at large, the consensus was that Noreascon 4 was a good convention. Having started attending Worldcons at Chicon IV in 1982, I was two years late for Noreascon 2. I began working Worldcons at Conspiracy in Brighton in 1987 and have worked officially or unofficially at 17 Worldcons, 1 NASFiC, and 1 World Fantasy Con since then. With a very good idea of how Worldcons and such should be run, Noreascon 4 came up somewhat short of the lofty standards set by Noreascon 3 in 1989. That said, I found that for a very wide variety of reasons, some completely unanticipated, I really enjoyed myself at Noreascon 4. I would rate it 3 1/2 stars out of 5.



MONSFANDOM. MAY 2004 - OCTOBER 2004

Keith Braithwaite

Each issue of Warp offers an abridged version of the club's most recent business and activities reports, gleaned from the pages of MonSFFA's monthly news bulletin, Impulse. Setting aside for the moment the monthly meeting reports, we'll review, more or less in chronological order, the news items that ran in the May-October 2004 issues of Impulse.

May's Impulse informed MonSFFA members of a few programming changes that had been made regarding upcoming meetings. The period we are covering, here, included a number of such changes, before all was said and done, stemming from cancelled and postponed appearances by scheduled speakers.

It was also announced that Impulse would not publish in June due to unique production-time constraints, and as a cost-saving measure.

Announced, too, in May was the club's plan to hold a fund-raiser in the fall, the first in some years:

MonSFFA Fund-Raiser Scheduled for September

As a means of boosting the club's bank balance, we will hold an SF/F book and collectibles auction and raffle at our September 19 meeting in lieu of the programming initially scheduled for that afternoon. The BoA made this call in light of our current tight budget situation and projected operating cost increases. Cost cutting, coupled with revenue-generators like our monthly raffle, have helped keep the club in the black this year. But just to be on the safe side, we'd like to put a few bucks more in the bank, as a reserve.

MonSFFA members with genre items to donate to the cause—books, comics, posters, videos, toys, etc.—are asked to bring these in to a MonSFFA meeting soon, or contact us to arrange for pick-up of your stuff.

This fund-raiser proved a tremendous success, as reported in the October issue of Impulse, if we can jump ahead for just a minute:

Fund-Raising Auction Nets Over \$700!

MonSFFA's Sci-Fi Book and Collectibles Auction was the main event at the club's September 19 meeting. Five or six tables worth of books, toys, videos and DVDs, T-shirts, autographed photos of genre TV and movie stars, and other collectibles, were up for grabs as the bidding opened. By the end of the afternoon, the club had recorded \$757 in sales, one of the best results it has ever posted for this kind of fund-raiser.

63 lots were sold. Winning bids averaged about \$10, and more than a few climbed to around \$20-\$30. High bid was \$40, made by Marc Durocher for a resource book, *The*

Dictionary of Imaginary Places, long out of print and coveted by Marc for many years. MonSFFA was glad to oblige.

The generosity of MonSFFA's members and friends, both in donating items to the cause to begin with and in bidding, is greatly appreciated. Thank you all, including our auctioneer, Keith Braithwaite, and Berny Reischl and Cindy Hodge, who set up the whole thing and took care of the cash box.

100 percent of the money raised will be directed to the club's operating budget.

Back to the May issue, now, for news of the club's latest video-film project, begun that month:

MooseMan Production Launched

MonSFFilms, the club's film division, has begun pre-production on its latest project, a short film (designed as a trailer) trumpeting the arrival of a new superhero, the very Canadian antlered avenger, MooseMan!

A couple of meetings have taken place, at which were discussed script, production logistics, and the challenging costuming requirements of the venture. A dozen or so club members and friends have signed on and MonSFFilms hopes to recruit additional participants at MonSFFA's May 23 meeting. Pre-production is expected to move further along at that meeting, and over the days following. The group would like to shoot most of the piece at the June 13th MonSFFA meeting.

If the project can be completed in time for this year's Toronto Trek Video Contest, the theme of which is superheroes, MooseMan will premiere in Toronto. But that's a big "if" cautions director Keith Braithwaite. The project could easily run well into July and August before the final cut is completed. This scenario, then, would see MooseMan open here in Montreal, at Con•Cept 2004 in November...

But the MonSFFilms crew managed to complete principal photography on MooseMan at that June meeting and the superhero spoof went on to win another first-place nod for the club at Toronto Trek's 2004 video contest. The gap left by the absence of a June Impulse required that July's issue catch up on a lot of MooseMan and other MonSFFilms news:

MonSFFilms News

We have a fair bit of news to report on out of the club's film division, MonSFFilms. Let's begin with *MooseMan*, our five-minute take on the superhero genre.

MooseMan Win Makes it Three in a Row

MooseMan wrapped shooting and post-production on

schedule last month and was entered in this year's Toronto Trek Video Contest. We are elated to inform MonSFFen that *MooseMan* received enthusiastic applause from the convention audience as it screened during the con's closing ceremonies, and was awarded top honours by contest judges. That makes three first-place wins in a row at Toronto Trek for the club's video-film projects!

Congratulations to the cast and crew of *MooseMan*, who pulled off the project on one of the tightest production schedules ever undertaken by MonSFFilms. Reports from the set indicate that while an exhausting shoot, all went quite well, with post-production proving equally as smooth....

MonSFFA Awarded TT19 Passes

Our *MooseMan* win resulted in a prize of four weekend passes to next year's Toronto Trek convention, the 19th edition of this large-scale regional media con. We expect to offer these passes, soon, via raffle, to cast and crew/club members....

Beavra to Screen at Fantasia

Meanwhile, MonSFFilms' *Beavra*, winner of last year's Toronto Trek Video Contest, will screen as part of Montreal's acclaimed Fantasia Film Festival!...*Beavra* has been included as one of 10 short independent films showing under the "D.I.Y. Québec" banner....

Describing "Do-It-Yourself" filmmaking as "Probably the purest form of cinema out there," and "The triumph of talent over means," Eric Lavoie writes in the Fantasia program book: "This year's selection brings you everything from zombie businessmen to killer cups, including a giant rampaging beaver, vampires, ghosts, cowboys, and science gone wild." Sounds like fun! We are positively thrilled to have *Beavra* included.

Prize Tickets Offered

We hope that MonSFFA members have bought their D.I.Y. Québec tickets in advance as we hear from the festival box office that the show is already sold out! However, the club has two complimentary tickets to offer, via random draw, to MonSFFA members who would like to attend. E-mail or phone club president Berny Reischl...to have your name entered in our draw....We will contact the winners and make arrangements to deliver the prize tickets to them.

Beavra on DVD

Beavra is now available on DVD, loaded with lots of extras, including *MooseMan*, added as a special hidden feature! We are pleased to report that we sold about a third of our stock of *Beavra* DVDs at Toronto Trek 18 a few weeks ago, and will have the remainder available at our August MonSFFA meeting, and at Con•Cept. Cost: only \$15!

MonSFFA takes this opportunity to thank our good friend Sv Bell, who produced these DVDs for us.

Brief mention was made of MonSFFA having set up a promotional table at Toronto Trek 18 (July 2-4), thanking MonSFFen "Berny Reischl and Mark Burakoff, who arranged for the table, and...Keith Braithwaite, Stephen Toy, and Josée Bellemare, who staffed it."

July's issue also reminded members of the planned field trip to Laval's Cosmodome space camp and museum, giving details of price, etc. Ultimately, however, not enough interest was shown in the outing and in September, Impulse announced that the field trip had been cancelled:

Cosmodome Field Trip Scrubbed

Regrettably, we were not able to guarantee the minimum number of persons required to proceed with our proposed field trip to Laval's Cosmodome, cost and transportation seemingly the stumbling blocks. Thus, we will offer an alternate activity on the date on which the field trip had been scheduled, Sunday, October 17....

Our thanks to member Ernst-Udo Peters, who did all of the preliminary legwork on the Cosmodome outing for us.

The club went bowling on October 17 instead.

In August, Impulse editor Keith Braithwaite suffered a stroke. Consequently, the news bulletin did not publish that month. Keith's stroke turned out to be a minor one as these things go and he was back on his feet within a few weeks, "grateful for the numerous calls, cards, messages, e-mails, visits, and gifts" he received from his fellow club members during his convalescence. "My sincere thanks to each and every one of you," he wrote in the September Impulse. "Your get-well-soon sentiment and kind words helped greatly to keep my spirits up." We are pleased to report that Keith is doing well as he adjusts to a healthier, post-stroke lifestyle in accordance with his doctor's directives.

Better late than never, September's Impulse reported on the club's summer barbecue...

Club BBQ 2004

About 30 folk attended this year's MonSFFA barbecue, on Sunday, July 25. The group enjoyed a pleasant afternoon in the park—specifically, Parc Angrignon—under a cloud-dappled summer sky, warm temperatures, and light-breezy conditions that added up to the best weather we've had since the event was inaugurated three years ago.

The club annually holds its barbecue to bridge the summer-break gap between our June and August meetings, offering members and friends a relaxing afternoon of good food, good fun, and good company.

Club president Berny Reischl gets the nod this year for organizing the affair.

...offered an update on this year's edition of Con•Cept, just a couple months away...

Con•Cept 2004

Con•Cept 2004 is slated for the weekend of November 13-14 and will take place, as it has for many years, now, at the same Days Inn hotel at which MonSFFA meets. The convention doubles the fun this year, expanding to two days! Full-weekend pre-reg rate is \$36, at-the-door, \$40.

Fans of the popular *Stargate* TV series will be pleased with the media guest line-up, headlined by both Peter "Apophis" Williams and Douglas "Heru'ur" Arthurs. Lit fans will be delighted, too, we are sure, to meet alternate history master Harry Turtledove. And for comics aficionados, the con has booked DC and Marvel artist Phil Jimenez (*X-Men*, *Wonder Woman*, *JLA/Titans*, *Invisibles*).

On the French side of programming, local francophone sci-fi luminary Frédéric Ouellet (*Grande Ourse*) visits again, as do authors Anne Robillard (*Les chevaliers d'émeraude*, *Les cordes de cristal*, *Ways of the Thunderbird*, *The Treeman*) and Joël Champetier (*La peau blanche*). New to the con is bédéiste Jean-Paul Eid (*Le Naufragé de Memoria*)....

...and followed up on July's word of Beavra's scheduled screening at Fantasia, reporting that the award-winning short film...

...screened at Fantasia to healthy applause on Saturday, July 31, as part of the "D.I.Y. Quebec" program, a collection of short, independent films. A second screening was added two days later in response to public demand for the D.I.Y. track! MonSFFA is immensely pleased that *Beavra* was a part of it all. In the weeks that followed, *Beavra* writer/director Keith Braithwaite was contacted by the INIS (Institut national de l'image et du son), a co-sponsor of Fantasia's D.I.Y., and presented with a copy of the organization's film and television production guide, awarded to us as a D.I.Y. finalist. Cool!

October's Impulse took a moment to offer sympathies to MonSFFriend John Zmrotchek—Johnny Z—on the loss of his dear mother, who succumbed to cancer.

Featured in the October issue was a piece on a new WorldCon bid that came as somewhat of a surprise to Montreal fandom:

Montreal WorldCon Bid Launched

News of a bid to host the 2009 WorldCon here in Montreal came as a surprise to local fans, raising concern among some that active Montreal fandom is too tiny a group and not ready to tackle such a grand project. A few are miffed that the bid, dubbed Anticipation, was, in their view, launched prematurely, before the local fans whose support the bid will surely need could be consulted on the plan.

There are fears, too, that prominent Montreal fannish organizations like MonSFFA and Con•Cept will feel compelled by circumstance to become involved in a bid they had no say in shaping. (For the record, as of this writing, neither organization is involved with Anticipation.)

Other locals, however, are not nearly as worried. Most members of MonSFFA, at least, seem favourable enough to the idea of Montreal bidding for the 2009 WorldCon, Con•Cept's concom less so.

But at this point, very little is known of Anticipation and many of the area fen interested in this kind of thing find themselves lacking the information needed to form a considered opinion on the matter. And so, *Impulse* sought to provide some of that information. We spoke with René Walling, who if not Anticipation's chair—he states that the nascent bid does not yet have a chair—is its principal spokesperson.

René believes that with help from greater Canadian fandom and American and overseas friends experienced in the ways of WorldCons, a Montreal bid *can* succeed. The most successful WorldCons draw talent not only from the fandom of the host city and nearby region, but from national and international fandoms. WorldCon committees that remain too local, try to go it alone, almost always run into trouble. Anticipation's originators want to involve *all* of Canadian fandom in the bid, says René, whose casual question at this year's WorldCon in Boston, Noreascon 4, lit the fuse on the whole thing.

René asked whether there'd be support for a Montreal bid one day, which resulted in numerous pre-supporting memberships handed him on the spot, at \$20 U.S. a pop. It all happened pretty quickly and before he knew it, he had a bid on his hands! We are told by those who know about such things that this is often how WorldCon bids get started.

The Montreal bid was announced in the Noreascon newsletter the next day, with mention made of our city's annual SF/F convention, Con•Cept. Concern was expressed by some of the Con•Cept people that the impression given was that Con•Cept was somehow behind the bid. René assures those so concerned that Con•Cept was mentioned *only* as the example the Montreal WorldCon would follow with regard to a bilingual event. (The name Anticipation, by the way, was chosen because it works in both English and French.)

Here, verbatim, is the item that was printed in the Noreascon newsletter:

Montreal in 2009 is less than a day old and already has almost \$1000 in pre-supporting funds. They are negotiating with a choice

of two sites. The convention would be bilingual, as is Con•Cept, their regional convention. The date of the convention has not been set. They will be holding a party tonight.

That quickly-organized party brought the pre-support total up to 150, with a handful of U.K. and Japanese fans signing up, as well as many Canadians and Americans. We can report that a number of high-profile fen from afar have joined, or are interested in joining, the effort. These include Bruce Farr (Phoenix, Arizona), Robbie Bourget (U.K.), and John Mansfield and Linda Ross-Mansfield (Winnipeg, Manitoba). All have experience running WorldCons and other such large-scale conventions; John chaired the 1994 WorldCon in Winnipeg. Closer to home, in addition to René, Terry Fong and Eugene Heller are involved, bringing still more WorldCon experience to the table.

In further addressing some of the concerns expressed regarding Anticipation, René wants to dispel any notion that the bid acted purposefully without the courtesy of first talking about the idea to groups like MonSFFA and Con•Cept. The way it all came about simply did not allow for much consultation before things started to move forward, he explains. But that consultation *is* going to take place. Bid organizers *want* to hear what Montreal fans think.

A timeslot has been provided Anticipation at Con•Cept 2004...and René invites Montreal fans to attend an information session on, and discussion of, the bid. Viewpoints pro and con are sought and a decision as to whether to proceed is the desired outcome of this meeting.

René, of course, hopes that local fans will get behind the bid, and that some of these folk will become involved at the organizational level. Certainly, he emphasizes, *all* are welcome!

Meanwhile, MonSFFAn and Con•Cept 2004 concomm member Sylvain St-Pierre has set up a web site dedicated to online discussion of Anticipation. Surf to it at:

www.total.net/~sylvst/anticipation/2009.htm

Note that Sylvain's site is of his own initiative and is not an official Anticipation web site.

Over the course of the few months of MonSFF Activities we've covered, here, Impulse noted that the club received complimentary movie premiere passes to The Chronicles of Riddick; I, Robot; Alien vs. Predator; Exorcist: The Beginning; and Sky Captain and the World of Tomorrow. As well, a few lucky MonSFFen were rewarded with tickets to the stage production of Evil Dead 1&2: The Musical. Thanked for their efforts in securing all of these goodies for the club were MonSFFA president Berny Reischl, vice-president Sebastien Mineau, and Tamu Townsend.

And finally, we arrive at that which is MonSFFA's bread and butter, our monthly meetings. Here are the meeting reports for April-September 2004, as they appeared in Impulse:

April MonSFFA Meeting

MonSFFen got a laugh out of the club's April 18 meeting, the theme of which was humour in SF/F. Some two-dozen were in attendance.

Sebastien Mineau opened with screenings of some of the "Thumb" movies, silly short films that parody Hollywood hits and classics such as *Star Wars*, *Batman*, *Frankenstein*, *The Godfather*, and *Titanic*. The unique feature of these movies is that the actors are *thumbs* dressed in tiny costumes, performing on tiny sets, with animated faces superimposed on them. A lot of thought and effort, clearly, went into the making of these things. But if the production values were good, the humour was hit and miss, at least in the opinion of some audience members.

Also screened was *George Lucas in Love*, a clever and very amusing spoof of *Shakespeare in Love*, with the *Star Wars* creator subbing for the Bard.

Discussion of sci-fi's funniest film and TV ensued, with *Galaxy Quest*, *Spaceballs*, *Star Trek's* "Trouble with Tribbles," *X-Files'* "José Chung's From Outer Space," *Red Dwarf*, and *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* and *Angel* among those topping the list.

Cathy Palmer-Lister covered humour in SF/F literature, describing satirical writers Terry Pratchett and Douglas Adams as masters of the art. Being a subjective thing, humour, Cathy allowed that tastes vary. She discussed a number of books that she was fairly confident would find a receptive audience amongst club members, including Robert Asprin's adventures of the few, the proud, the stupid, the inept, these futuristic military misfits being *Phule's Company*. Asprin also wrote the hilarious fantasy *Another Fine Myth*. Roger Zelazny and Robert Sheckley offer a twisted plan to rewrite the *Sleeping Beauty* fairy tale in *Bring Me the Head of Prince Charming*. The fantasy genre, in particular, often seemed to be the target of lampooners, it was noted. And then there are Sharyn McCrumb's mystery stories, *Bimbos of the Death Sun* and *Zombies of the Gene Pool*, known in fannish circles as spoofs—merciless, some would say—of sci-fi fandom.

Thanks to all who put together and ran this meeting.

MonSFFA's writers' group sat down together about an hour before the club meeting began to catch up on things and welcome new members. Our writers' group offers club members the opportunity to share an interest in writing SF/F.

May, June MonSFFA Meetings

MooseMan dominated the schedule as MonSFFA's May and June meetings were almost entirely taken up with the club's latest video-film project.

Both morning and afternoon May 23 were devoted to reviewing the script, and working out the logistics and last-minute details of *MooseMan*'s production. Cathy Palmer-Lister's discussion of the dark side of SF/F offered a brief, mid-day respite from matters pertaining to the antlered avenger. But while talking of dystopian futures and evil kingdoms, Cathy veered interestingly off course to offer her review of the recently released Brad Pitt-starring *Troy*. She found the film had gutted the story of those fantastical elements which make the ancient literary classic such a great tale. She opined that having removed the Greek gods from the plot was akin to doing *The Ten Commandments* without mention of God!

With a planned presentation on the celebrated *Dune* saga cancelled (speaker unavailable), June's meeting ended up being all *MooseMan*, all day! Principal photography on *MooseMan* was to be completed on this day and it was just as well that the film crew had the whole day to themselves, uninterrupted, for they needed every minute of it in order to finish the task. They wrapped at around 9:00PM!

Thanks to all who took part in our May and June meetings.

August Animé Packs House

Our August 22 MonSFFA meeting welcomed guest speakers Emru and Tamu Townsend on the topic of animé. They gave an exceptional presentation on this

increasingly popular Asian animation form, reports club president Berny Reischl. Clips of both well- and lesser-

known examples were screened to a packed house.

Ernst-Udo Peters hosted a game of Dungeons and Dragons to cap off the afternoon. The classic role-playing game celebrates its 30ieth anniversary this year.

And, the pilot episode of the new sci-fi series *Stargate Atlantis* was screened during the morning, pre-meeting session, courtesy Wayne Glover.

Thanks to all who put our August meeting together, with a special tip of the hat to guest speakers Emru and Tamu Townsend.

September MonSFFA Meeting

The bulk of MonSFFA's September 19 meeting was devoted to... (our) fund-raising auction.... But an hour off the top was set aside for Cathy Palmer-Lister's talk and slide show on dragons.

A staple of the modern fantasy genre, dragons are a part of the folklore of pretty much every culture on Earth. Before knowledge of dinosaurs, the fossilized bones of prehistory's giant reptiles were taken to be those of dragons. Cathy focused mostly on the dragons of Western civilization, putting up illustrations of the many versions of these mythical beasts on screen as she detailed the stories of each. Western dragons were associated with evil, as opposed to their Eastern cousins. They were said to be harbingers of war and disaster, bringers of storm and flood as they fought in the skies. They could often be found guarding treasure, threatening fair maidens, and battling brave knights and adventurers who could reach the pinnacle of heroism by slaying one of the wicked beasts.

And so, a most entertaining and educational hour on dragons was enjoyed by all; our thanks to Cathy for it.



Montreal Science Fiction and Fantasy Association (MonSFFA)	I' Association montréalaise de science-fiction et de fantastique (AMonSFF)
Membership Application Form	Formulaire d'adhésion
<hr/> <i>Name</i> <hr/> <hr/> <i>Street</i> <i>Apt. #</i> <hr/> <hr/> <i>City</i> <i>Prov.</i> <i>Postal Code</i> <hr/> <i>Telephone:</i> <hr/> <i>e-mail:</i> <hr/> Interests: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Science fiction _____ <input type="checkbox"/> Fantasy _____ <input type="checkbox"/> Horror _____ <input type="checkbox"/> Movies/TV _____ <input type="checkbox"/> Writing _____ <input type="checkbox"/> Art _____ <input type="checkbox"/> Gaming _____ <input type="checkbox"/> Others _____ <hr/> <hr/>	<hr/> <i>Nom</i> <hr/> <hr/> <i>Rue</i> <i>App. #</i> <hr/> <hr/> <i>Ville</i> <i>Prov.</i> <i>Code postal</i> <hr/> <i>Téléphone:</i> <hr/> <i>Courriel</i> <hr/> Intérêts personnels: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Science fiction _____ <input type="checkbox"/> Fantastique _____ <input type="checkbox"/> Horreur _____ <input type="checkbox"/> Films/Télé _____ <input type="checkbox"/> Écriture _____ <input type="checkbox"/> Art _____ <input type="checkbox"/> Jeux de rôles _____ <input type="checkbox"/> Autres _____ <hr/> <hr/>
<p><i>Please send cheque or money order in the amount of 25\$ to:</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"> MonSFFA PO Box 1186 Place du Parc Montréal, Québec H2X 4A7 </p>	<p><i>Veillez parvenir un chèque ou un mandat-postal, au montant de 25\$:</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"> AmonSFF CP 1186, Place du Parc Montréal, Québec H2X 4A7 </p>
<p>Occasionally, we are approached by other fan clubs or fan-run conventions interested in soliciting our members. Please indicate whether or not you give your permission to pass on the information contained in this application.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"> Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No <input type="checkbox"/> </p>	<p>À l'occasion, d'autres clubs et congrès amateurs désirent se faire connaître de nos membres. Veuillez nous faire savoir si vous acceptez que les informations contenues dans cette inscription leurs soient communiquées.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"> Oui <input type="checkbox"/> Non <input type="checkbox"/> </p>