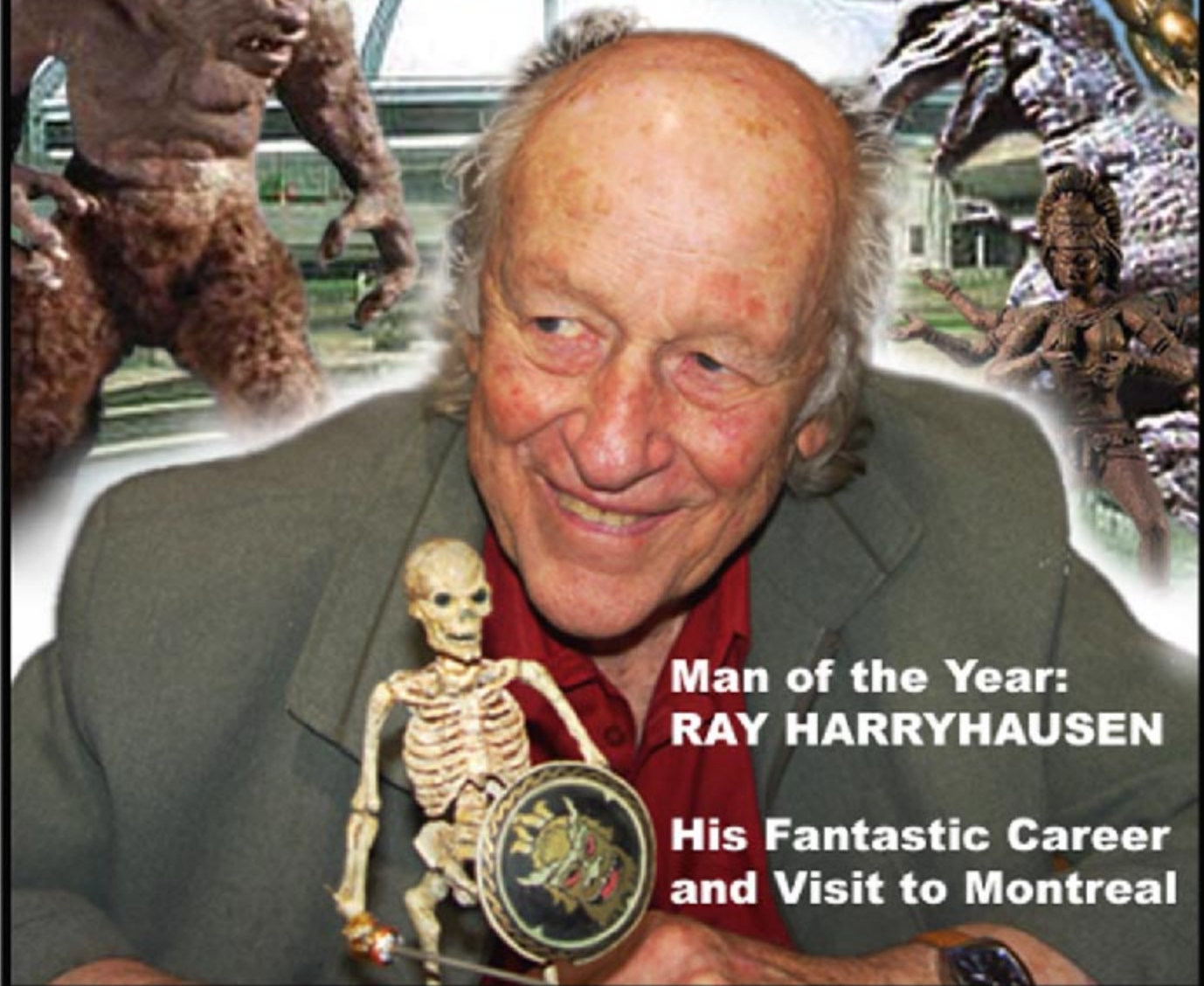


# WARP



**Man of the Year:**  
**RAY HARRYHAUSEN**

**His Fantastic Career  
and Visit to Montreal**

**MonSFFA's Executive:**

Bernard Reischl  
President

Sébastien Mineau  
Vice-President

Sylvain St-Pierre  
Treasurer

**Appointed Positions:**

PR, Membership, editor of *Impulse*  
Keith Braithwaite

Web Master  
Bernard Reischl

Audio/Video  
Wayne Glover

Editor of WARP  
Cathy Palmer-Lister

**Board of Advisors (BoA)**

All members in good standing! Please help us  
plan our activities!

**On the Cover:**

This issue's Time Magazine-like cover  
features fantasy film legend Ray  
Harryhausen, who visited Montreal this  
summer courtesy fps magazine and the  
Fantasia film festival. Photo-montage by  
Keith Braithwaite; photo of Mr.  
Harryhausen by Jerry Scott.

**Write to us:**

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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.**

**August 21, 2005**

You want to hold a World Con in Montreal?

Hosted by the bid organizers of *Anticipation*  
Montreal 2009 WorldCon Bid

Two Wacky Pin Guys Contest of Evil  
Hosted by Bernard Reischl and Mark Burakoff



Wonderful World of Fan Films  
Guest Speaker: Marc Shainblum

**September 18, 2005**

Classic B Movies in Science Fiction  
Presented by Keith Braithwaite

**MonSFFA Fund Raising Auction**

A science fiction and fantasy collectibles auction to benefit MonSFFA  
Donations Are Being Accepted NOW

**October 16, 2005**



Mystery Science Theatre 3000 Movie Morning

Canadian Hauntings  
Hosted by Keith Braithwaite and Cindy Hodge

**November 20, 2005**

What do you get for the fan boy (or girl) who has everything?  
Hosted by Tamu Townsend

**December 3, 2005**

MonSFFA Xmas Dinner and Party  
Place and location to be announced



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.



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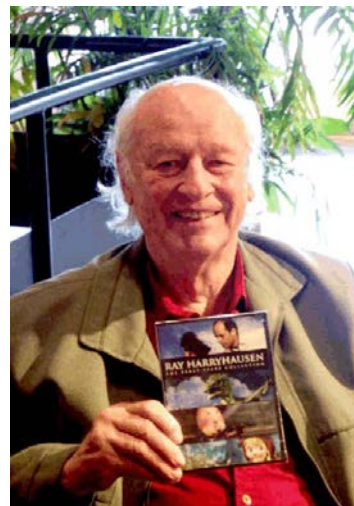
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Ray Harryhausen  
MonSFFA Man of the Year

As we choose to remember them.....



Ed Bishop  
1932 – 2005



Michael Billington  
1941 – 2005

For biographies of Ed & Michael: <http://www.fanderson.org.uk/news2.html#EdandMike>



## You've Got Mail!

Dear MonSFFEN:

Many thanks for a mint copy of MooseMan Comics issue #1. Or, Warp 60, whichever you prefer. It's the first full day of summer, and as much as I'd like to be sipping an iced cappuccino somewhere, I am at work, waiting for my work to arrive, and I'll write a loc while I'm cooling my heels.

Interesting topic for May 15...why are we watching more and reading less? Television and movies get far better advertising than books do. We know what's coming on the large and small screens, but we have to go and find out what books are coming up. Reading a book, especially the size of book being produced these days, requires a real investment of time, X number of hours to read and retain the story. It's much easier to turn on the TV and see your favorite show, and you'll get the story in half an hour or an hour. Because we pay for it as a regular bill, we often don't think of the costs behind our cable, and movie theatres, depending on the chain have reduced the cost of tickets. The theatre requires about two hours or less to give us the story we want. Meanwhile, a paperback costs \$10-\$12, and a hardcover can cost as much as \$45. Movies and television are much more time- and cost-effective. I not saying they're better, but...

My letter...still at the Globe and Mail, and still looking for daytime employment. Ad Astra 2005 was a popular success (not sure yet if it was a financial success), and I'm glad, Cathy, that you had a good time there. The new space and science track was very well received, and Yvonne is not only looking at new topics for Ad Astra 2006, she is seeing if a space/science guest can be booked. Ad Astra 2006 is planned as quite the celebration, being the 25th Ad

Astra. Our first advertised guests are Terry Brooks, Peter David and Betsy Mitchell, and now we can add film legend Ray Harryhausen, Ray Bradbury via satellite, and now, artist GoH Rowena Morrill and fan GoH David Warren. And, our guest list isn't done! We're looking to book a few more guests, and make AA2006 a must-go-to convention. I'll pass along any information I can get my hands on as time goes on, and if you like, I can send a package of flyers to the club for distribution at meetings.

The eulogy for Frank Kelly Freas and Will Eisner reminds me that I received an e-mail message just yesterday...Ed Bishop and Michael Billington, two stars of the British science fiction show UFO, died within days of each other. They were the closest of friends. I don't know any more than that, but I am sure that Ansible will have some of the details when the next issues comes out for July.

Montreal is indeed lucky to have a medieval fair, even for a day. I keep hearing about the possible revival of the Ontario Renaissance Fair, which ran for nine years on a site just west of Mississauga, but I don't think it will return. It was a money loser, and the owners were a group from Maryland which owns RenFaires all over the continent. It will take quite an investment of money to secure the land, and I know some of the vendors at the Ontario RenFaire were looking into a re-launch, but I don't think it will happen. Former Toronto fans Martin Hunger and Christina Carr, now living in Vancouver, have looked into the idea of starting a faire somewhere in the lower mainland, and I think they are having the same problems.

Thanks to Sylvain for a good con report on the Boston Worldcon. Seeing how many dealers and artists did not want to deal with crossing the Canada-US border, I would imagine that there were lots of art and good stuff to buy at Noreascon. I am certain that any Montreal Worldcon bid will be hurt by what is already called the Torcon factor, and the fact that fans from Kansas City have been bidding for one year or another, real bid and hoax, for about a decade. I wish this bid luck.

That's all for now... Toronto Trek 19 is coming up in a few weeks, and I will be spending some of that time at the Ad Astra 2006 table, and some more at the Gaylaxicon 2006 table. Lance Sibley has secured that travelling convention for Toronto next year, and we'll have all the details for that convention at the table. Take care, all, and see you at TT19.

Yours,  
Lloyd Penney

Hi, Lloyd!

*Always nice to hear from you again!*

*Good point about TV and movies being more cost effective than books these days, but you cannot snuggle into bed with them!*

*Fans here are looking forward to Ad Astra and Trek 20. Great guests have been announced at both! Unfortunately, our own Con\*Cept has had to be cancelled this year, as you have no doubt heard by now.*

*Ed Bishop, Michael Billington, Jimmy Doohan....the stars of our youth are moving on, and I feel my age with each passing.*

*Take care, say hi to Yvonne,  
-Cathy*

---

*The following is a recent e-mail exchange between a Beavra fan and the film's writer/director, Keith Braithwaite. We thought we'd share it with our readers.* -Cathy

Good Sir,

I just watched Beavra on SV Bell's Cold Blonded Murder/Irish Whisky DVD and I really have to tell you that that's the funniest thing I've seen in a long, long, long time. You had me spraying beer out my nose on more than one occasion, and damn, that hurts a lot more than you'd think.

Still, that has to be one of the funniest things I've ever seen. Massive props, man. Sheer brilliance, especially the use of the one Asian guy over and over.

Cheers,  
Ron Hogan, via e-mail

Hi Ron:

*Thanks for the good words. I'll pass 'em along to the cast and crew.*

*Whenever we manage to get someone spraying beer out their nose, we are both pleased and distressed: pleased that our little parody got a few laughs while distressed at the unfortunate loss of perfectly good beer.*

Thanks Again...

Keith Braithwaite  
Writer/Director, Beavra

Keith,

I wouldn't be too distressed. I'm an American, so it wasn't very good beer.

Cheers,  
Ron Hogan, via e-mail



# Scotty “Beams Up”

Carl Phillips

Best known for his endearing portrayal of starship engineer Montgomery Scott – “Scotty”– of the starship *Enterprise* in *Star Trek*, actor James Doohan has passed away at age 85. He succumbed to pneumonia and Alzheimer’s disease at his Redmond, Washington, home early Wednesday morning, July 20, attended by his wife of 31 years, Wende Braunberger.

Doohan’s Scotty will remain with us for a long time to come, not only as a favourite character in a classic SF TV series, but as a component of pop culture. The actor’s wonderfully melodramatic delivery of lines involving the inability of Scotty’s beloved warp engines taking much more stress, or lacking in desperately needed power, has migrated, as “Scotty-speak,” into everyday parlance whenever the office photocopier starts overheating or the snowblower struggles through a particularly thick drift. One of *Star Trek*’s most enduring catchphrases, “Beam me up, Scotty,” has become shorthand for the wish to quickly exit a situation, but interestingly, was, in fact, never spoken during the run of the show.

The Vancouver-born Doohan was raised in Sarnia, Ontario. He served in the Canadian Army during World War II and was wounded at Juno beach on D-Day, losing his right middle finger to enemy machine gun fire. He enrolled in a drama class in Toronto following the war and was soon a voice actor on CBC radio, later earning a scholarship to New York’s celebrated Neighborhood Playhouse, where his classmates included Tony Randall, Richard Boone, and fellow Canadian Leslie Nielsen. Returning to Toronto, he enjoyed a busy career as a character actor in radio, television, and theatre, including a role in the low-budget 1953 CBC series *Space Command*, a sci-fi adventure for children.

In 1966 he auditioned for and won the role of a spaceship engineer in a new NBC science fiction show called *Star Trek*. His early years in radio had outfitted him with a stock of dialects and he recalls trying seven different accents for the character, finally settling on the Scottish because, as he suggested to the show’s producers, if the fellow was an engineer, he should be a Scotsman.

Popular with kids and teens but a ratings disappointment, *Star Trek* was cancelled by the network after three seasons. However, the show gained increased popularity in reruns and over time grew into an entertainment juggernaut that spawned a successful film franchise, numerous television sequels, and a wealth of books, toys, and games.

*Star Trek* conventions played to the devotion of fervent fans, dubbed “Trekkies,” and featured appearances by the show’s stars, including the affable Doohan, who was a favourite on the convention circuit. He genuinely appreciated the affection Trekkies had for him, and always enjoyed coming home to *Star Trek* conventions in Canada.

But this was not always so. The cancellation of *Star Trek* saw Doohan forever typecast as some variation of Scotty, which frustrated him to no end until his dentist offered that he would always be associated with the character, so he might as well embrace the fictional starship engineer. Doohan took his dentist’s advice, and noted that “since then everything’s been just lovely.”

His family has announced plans to have his ashes rocketed into space,

there to travel among the stars as did his television alter ego.



## Remembering Jimmy Charles Mohapel

I had the fortune of meeting Jimmy Doohan while I lived in Ottawa. Both were in the days before Creation Cons came into Canada and were held at Carleton University and Alonquin College.

He gave a nice talk, aired “The Trouble With Tribbles” his favourite episode, answered some questions, and signed autographs for everyone who wanted one. Obviously, this was before VIPs had handlers to either facilitate their escape or keep them from getting tendinitis signing too many autographs.

The first time I met Jimmy, his pen ran out after only a few autographs, and I loaned him one of my pens. It was the least I could do for all the pleasure he had given us as Scotty. He was very grateful and we carried on quite a conversation until the last autograph hunter went away happy, at which point he gratefully and graciously returned my pen.

Not only was he a fine actor, when dealing with fans, he was a warm, friendly human being, and his loss will be most felt by those who met him in person.

Lift a glass of your favourite spirits, look to the heavens, and thank his memory.





# “Scottyisms”

Collected by Ann Methe & Cathy Palmer-Lister

“Captain, we can do it. We have to lay in the automatic transporter setting. But when we interrupt engine circuits to tie the power increase into the transporter, it’ll show up on Sulu’s security board.”

*(TOS: Mirror, Mirror)*

“Any matter that comes in contact with antimatter triggers the explosion. And I’m not even sure a man can live in the crawl way in the energy stream of the magnetic field that bottles up the antimatter!”

*(TOS: That Which Survives)*

“I can’t change the laws of physics. I’ve got to have thirty minutes.!”

*(TOS: The Naked Time)*

“We can’t make transporter contact, sir. The entire system’s inhibited. The way it is now, we couldn’t beam up a fly!”

*(TOS: The Apple)*

“Our shields are holding but they’re takin’ all our power. If we try to warp out or even move on impulse engines, we’ll lose our shields and burn up like a cinder!”

*(TOS: The Return of the Archons)*

“Absolutely fantastic. Handwork to the finest tolerances. Microvison! A nanopulse laser, I’ve never seen the like before....Captain, you should see this shop.”

*(TOS: I, Mudd)*

“Keyboard. How quaint.”

*(ST IV: The Voyage Home)*

“Mr. Spock, that hit we took from the Tholians has fused our power supply converters. I can’t do a thing with the Enterprise now.”

*(TOS: The Tholian Web)*

“No change, Captain. The orbit is decaying along computed lines. No success with the warp drive; we’re goin’ down and we can’t stop it!”

*(TOS: The Apple)*

“The warp drive is a hopeless pile of junk.”

*(TOS: The Doomsday Machine)*

“I’ve got bad news, Captain the entire dilithium crystal converter assembly is fused.”

*(TOS: Elaan of Troyius)*

Kirk: How long to re-fit?

Scotty: Eight weeks. But you don’t have eight weeks, so I’ll do it for you in two.

Kirk: Do you always multiply your repair estimates by a factor of four?

Scotty: How else to maintain my reputation as a miracle worker?

*(ST III: The Search For Spock)*

“I know this ship like the back of my hand” (Bonk!)

*(ST V: The Final Frontier)*

“It’s, uh, it’s grreen!”

*(TOS: By Any Other Name)*

“It’s...it’s... ..um, it’s green.”

*(Data to Scotty, STTNG: Relics)*

“NCC 1701. No bloody A, B, C, or D.”

*(STTNG: Relics)*

“I’ve giv’n her all she’s got captain, an’ I canna give her no more.”

“She canna take much more of this.”

“This jerry-rigging won’t last for long.”

“Me bairns...me poor wee bairns.”

*(Frequent quotes from several TOS episodes)*

“Whatever you say...thy will be done.”

*(ST: IV: The Voyage Home)*

“Full power...now sir.”

*(ST: IV: The Voyage Home)*

“What are ya standin’ there for. Dae ye not know a jailbreak when ye see one?”

*(ST V: The Final Frontier)*

“Admiral...there be whales here!”

*(ST IV: The Voyage Home)*

“All I can say is...they don’t make them like they used tae”

*(ST V: The Final Frontier)*



# HEMO

Georges Dodds

*This English translation, the first ever, comes from my translation of a French novel by Emile Dodillon – of whom I know nothing in terms of biography. This is a short excerpt from near the end of the novel*

*Dodillon, Emile. 1886. Hémô. Paris: Alphone Lemerre.*

*The book is available in French, in electronic form the Bibliothèque Nationale de France's electronic library (<http://gallica.bnf.fr>)*

*The novel is about a Dutchman, Jan Maas who sees humanity ravaged by disease and develops the strange idea that putting some ape "blood" (genes) back into humanity would give humanity some hybrid vigour. He goes to Africa, and finds a mating pair of gorillas, and inadvertently but conveniently kills the male. He takes in the female and eventually they mate (!) and a child is born, but is it his? or was she already pregnant? He becomes obsessed with finding the slightest human trait in the offspring, which he has named Hemo, and whom he tries to teach how to read and write. They are separated when Jan falls sick, and by the time Jan recovers and returns to Holland, Hemo is in a travelling vaudeville troupe playing a Pierrot character in a romantic comedy. However, Hemo is very jealous of the girl who plays his wife, who in the play is having an affair with another character. Eventually Hemo kills his dramatic rival and is relegated to the zoo, which he eventually manages to set on fire. Jan arrives, and Hemo is perched on a great tree in the very midst of the flames...from whence he pronounces a great ode to the flames...the story of how humanity discovered fire. After this passage, Jan goes mad, and ends up dying in an asylum.*

*Georges Dodds*

It was then that Hemo, whom none had heard proffer the least sound since his departure from Africa, not even the Englishmen who had long educated him, not even the spectators who had seen him murder the clown and escape with Colombine into the theatre's rafters, began intoning a strange concert, brief and strident cries from a coppery throat, guttural muffled croaks, prolonging the same note as the wind through the deep recesses of marine conches, the tremolos of a tongue rolled up against the pallet. Jan, in ecstasy, heard in it a speech expressed almost entirely in onomatopœia, but which he understood, and consequently which all could understand, and which finally supplied that proof so long hoped for, the indisputable proof of the success of his experiment: Hemo sang, Hemo spoke, Hemo was thus born of man, was thus indeed his son.

Hemo, for Jan, improvised a hymn to the glory of fire, a superb recapitulation of a number of lectures and teachings which Jan had lavished upon him in their hours of common solitude.

Having little faith in chance, Hemo does not believe that the discovery of fire is the result of lightning in the forest primæval setting a fire in giant ferns having dried up under a sun larger than the one which appears today, or by the striking together of dead branches in a hurricane. It rather probably occurred during some terrible winter of the Ice Age. Alpha male among the males – among the males of an era lost many thousands of centuries in the past – a man extends his

arm bearing a club cut from a tree trunk, over the women he prefers, over the children he has had by them, over the ancestors which bore him and whom before him, when they no longer could follow the shifting camps of the tribe, were killed, over the orphans whose fathers have been smothered to death by the great cave bears, or gutted by the four incredibly rigid and sharp tusks of the mastodon, and states: "This share is my share. Beware all who try to lay a hand on it!" And the human family, thus barely constituted under primordial justice and consecrated by force, defeated by the eternal cold, is in its final agonies, and will die.

The cave which it inhabits, chosen for its depth, opens halfway up a hill by a narrow entrance which overhanging rock makes even smaller. Racing brooks; rivers so slow that ripples from cross-current winds lead one to misidentify the direction of flow; great lakes whose limpid surface the great stag takes for a stretch of sky fallen to earth, and where, thirsty, he would, in admiring his four metre wide antlers, forget to drink; torrents the steps of whose cascades seem an atomizer of light; all these waters now but a chaos of ice, piles of jagged blocks, their tumult congealed in place, and hardened into silence. Around them, neither the mountain nor the plains have, under the universal shroud of snow, any define shadows, distances and elevations being confounded. The whole Earth is levelled by a sepulchral whiteness, barely tinged, deep in the abyss of night, with a blue metallic sheen.

Their skin slashed on the edges of the ice; the callosities on their feet crushing the rounded pebbles of granular glacier snow; their nails, like genuine claws, scratching even the smoothest of the slippery surfaces; sinking to their navels and sometimes even completely disappearing into hidden crevasses, the men are headed to the forest in a tight file. The father is in front, erect and spreading wide his hairy chest to protect his elders behind him from the squall which has taken them unprepared. The hollowness of their eyes, their cheeks, their hypochondriums, indicates months of famine, and the frightful emaciation that strips the very meat from their bones, brings out the husky nature of their skeleton. Their veins and tendons stand out like taut ropes, their joints as knotty masses, and their spines resemble the angular backbones of the hyena. Naked, a stone axe in their fist, a spear on their shoulder, their hair full of pellets of ice, two steady streams of steam as their breath exits through their nostrils, between which gleam their sharp chattering teeth. The last hope which led them out to the hunt rises as they approach the forest; the red sun set in a pale sky seeds the understory with shifting gleams, which they take to be the eyes of wild creatures watching them. And they speed up, straining their pace and voices, throwing their weapons by the wayside to lighten themselves, drunk with lust, believing already that after the fierce embrace of starvation they would eat and drink their belly-fulls of fresh meat and warm blood at the very breast and neck of the monsters whose glowing ambushes they can make out. The men's hunger defies that of the monsters.

In the forest where they rush, loosened from the treetops by their passage, chunks of ice lapidate them; they find, rather than the eyes of carnivores, the cold purples of dusk pouring over the ground through the low branches, they hear only the echo of their own cries. Exhausted, failing, they lean on the fir trees, and beneath the sweat which chills their backs and the rest of their bodies, they feel a tightness around their hearts, their joints stiffen, as if they were being petrified alive.

However, the women, the children and the elderly having remained behind, crouch down in a single group to share their remaining warmth. No longer having even their animal-hide or bark clothing to chew on and appease their hunger, they suck on the gravel they have picked up at the base of the moraine and clasp their hands around their middles. A girl, Adah, leaving the shapeless group, sits away from the others, her legs stretched out on her bed of moss and dry leaves. Her love for the strongest of her brothers, now hunting with her father, drives her last hopes. Before dying, she

dreams of flaking him a flint axe sharper than all those found among the natural chips of rock split by the frost or broken off by avalanches. Holding the rock she has chosen upright between her knees, she strikes at it with another, work which she has already begun outdoors, without noticing, as here in the shadow of the cave, the sparks which are ejected from the striking point and which she vainly attempts to catch. She believes them to be day-flies suddenly born around her, or the drops of a mysterious, previously unknown blood which escapes from the secret heart of rocks which one breaks, leaving no more trace than the lightning- or meteor-like blood spatters. Now warmed up, she strikes harder, only pausing to rearrange the pads of moss which help her to better stabilize the stone whose edges she sharpens, between her shaky thighs.

Drawn up suddenly in a jerk of her back and hamstrings, she drops her tool, shakes the sprigs of moss warmed by their contact with her maiden's lap, and which the sparks have lit. Bent over the dancing redness, which from the mattress spreads to bundles of bark-based twine and scattered tree limbs, she wants to catch them, put her finger in them, crying out more in surprise than pain at the slight burn. She quickly teaches the elders, the women, the children, who are now awake, amazed, and fearful, to bring their benumbed limbs near the young god, which manifests itself in bringing them warmth, light and joy, and all the life of the bright sun of their lost summers. Fire is discovered and men, having come home without killing anything, paralysed with cold and thinking they have nothing left to do but die, lay down near it and are saved. In Adah's honour the young women are consecrated to serving the hearth. The adults now pursue their prey until they reach it and wherever it takes them, and prolong their lying in wait well into the night; they no longer fear getting lost; back there the coals glow red to guide their return, and the smoke rises and flies in the breeze, as if to carry afar the amorous thoughts of the keepers, the proof of their vigilance, and of their tranquil state. During the rests which come with stormy weather, the elderly who no longer sleep, along with all the rest, free of dull tedium in the warm and well lit shelter, inventors of future arts, cook pottery; string shells to adorn themselves with bracelets, necklaces and hair decorations; carve, onto slabs of ivory and schist, now fabulous beasts which then existed: elephants with manes, bears with bulging foreheads. Emptying the leg bones of the Dinornis, a bird before which the ostrich would look like a crow, make a quiver, boring holes into smaller ones make musical instruments, sculpt stag and reindeer antlers



into staffs and whistles of command for the chiefs, into dagger handles and barbed harpoons.

Finally, at a second memorable date, fire gives man, now become the king of creation, the first and best servant to his sovereignty.

As the ice receded slowly towards the poles, restraining their empire to their immutably dismal regions, the seeds of flora and fauna which were spared rapidly multiply in the liberated areas, and the fight for survival becomes so harsh that the family of man has its development more at risk, amidst the irresistible thrusts of life, than when it laid about its caves amidst the apparent death of creatures and things. Humble grasses like *Sigillaria*, which children's steps now cut down in tufts, grew up as great columns, losing their green domes in the clouds, and which the anger of a herd of rhinoceri no more unsettled at their base than a swarm of ants. Fires set by man free him from the encroachment of the forests, but his huts built, when he should be enjoying the sun and breathing a little easier, it is only by surrounding himself with logs that he guarantees his safety from the ceaseless animal attacks, that he purges the cinders of his clearing of the even more deadly reptiles and insects; and if the circle of fires burns low, he sees behind them another blaze approach, almost as bright, that of the wild beast's eyes watching him.

A woman crying out as if she had been gutted had the camp leaping to their feet one morning. A mother has entrusted the fire she was pledged to maintain to her daughter, named Adah in remembrance of her great ancestress. When she comes back to find her, she discovers her asleep, rolled over, with, near her, almost on top of her, an animal with frothy and bloody shear-like canines. The whole tribe drawn up around see, in the place of the carnage they expect, the child is playing at pulling the fluffy tail and pointy ears of the beast, and the latter not only does not get angry, but licks the cute little hands and begs for their caresses. Then turning her snout without otherwise moving towards the clubs already lifted over her, she shows in all her appearance and especially in her long imploring glances which beg for mercy, such a humble and submissive meekness, that rather than striking her, the clubs spare her, as perhaps she spared the little body she had at her disposal. A she-wolf or jackal, one of

diverse genus, she is bitten all over, one of her hips is crushed, she has a wide tear on her flank, and the blood which flows from her lips comes from her own wounds which she continues to stanch. Besides, she is gravid, and this state as much as her weakness explains why she took refuge near the fires, the only way she could escape the attacks of the large carnivores. Out of curiosity regarding what will come of her, they wash her and bandage her; the little Adah, under her necklace of winkles which slaps her face, and laughing through it all, leans on her as a companion, and refusing to let her go, her arm around her neck, the mother takes them both along. The litter having come to term, wolf cubs and children nestle together on the same litter and play-fight over the she-wolf's breasts; and soon, both, grown up, having the same needs, sharing the same passionate interests, loping along the in unison on the trail of some prey, guile, patience, speed, courage, strength, all the power of man multiplied ten-fold, a hundred-fold by the first faithful pack to help them out, by the dog forever become man's liege-animal.

At this point in the story, Hemo was getting excited. The roar of the lions in the heavily damaged greenhouse, as they were shot, served as an appropriate accompaniment to the savagery with which he exalted the pride with which primitive man must have flared his nostrils when, upon the signal of a blast of horns, the first dogs lost their series of bites and rabid baying at the throat of elands, boars and aurochs, and delivered their still quivering flesh to the hunger-driven sharing of the flint and obsidian knives. And in singing he continued to swing, not being able to stop lest the flames begin climbing up straight to envelop his legs.

The lions dead, the firemen who no longer feared releasing further large carnivores, all by then cooked or asphyxiated, entered the hallway from the greenhouse, where they attacked the fire in the hottest of its foci. The nozzles of their fire hoses were spewing forth water in great streams, when the barrels of oil and thinner which the painters had put away in the monkey enclosure blew up in turn, feeding such gerbes of flame that Hemo, suffocated, dropped from the trapeze and was swallowed up by the heap of red hot coals, his final shriek answered only by Jan, who fainted in the crowd and was taken away.

I'm still expanding on my ape-spouse stories, have some new ones from Maine, Italy, and Mongolia, amongst others, and know of some (but haven't got a copy of them yet) from Belize and Venezuela. Anyways, a couple of these are in *Strange Magazine*, which doesn't seem to be in any local libraries. I was wondering if anyone in MonSFFA might have back issues, specifically:

Picasso, Fabio. 1992. More on the Mono Grande Mystery. *Strange Magazine* No. 9: 41

Sanborne, Mark. 1993. On the trail of the Duende and Sisimite. *Strange Magazine* No. 11: 55

Best regards,  
Georges Dodds



## The Time Traveller Convention

Josée Bellemare

The Tardis whirred and came to a stop.

“Well, here we are”

“Doctor, where and when exactly are we?”

“Boston, Monday May 2<sup>nd</sup> 2005.”

“So what’s so special about this day?”

“Nothing yet but on Saturday May 7<sup>th</sup> MIT is holding a Time Traveller Convention and I thought it might be fun.”

“A time traveller convention? Don’t tell me you’re thinking of going public?”

“After that mess at Downing Street, certainly not. The general public is not ready for a time travelling alien.

But they’re going to have interesting scientific speakers and I thought you might enjoy the party: they’re going to have live bands.

Reports say the weather was good with no disasters, natural or otherwise. So Rose, are you up for it?”

“Sounds like fun but why are we here a week early?”

“Because they only have so much space so you have to register in advance otherwise they may have to turn some people away.”

“Can’t you use the psychic paper?”

“Too risky. Besides, our names have to be on a list in a computer.”

“Alright then, what do we do until Saturday?”

“We play tourist: we do some sightseeing, some shopping...”

By the way, can you tell me what a DeLorean has to do with time travel?”

“You’re kidding right?”

The Doctor only shrugged.

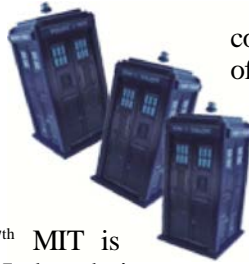
“It’s what they use as a time machine in the “Back to the Future” movies.”

“Is that supposed to mean something to me?”

“Haven’t you ever seen science-fiction movies?”

“Rose, I’m a 900 year old alien, travelling in a ship that can go anywhere, anytime in the universe.

My life is far more exciting than anything Hollywood could possibly come up with.”



“Point taken. But if you’re going to a time traveler convention you should know how the general public think of time travel.”

“Fair enough, show me.”

“I don’t suppose you know of a good video store in Boston?”

“Don’t need one. The Tardis has every movie or television show ever made in its video collection and a state of the art home theatre system.”

“Why didn’t you tell me this before?”

“All in good time Rose. So are you ready to fill the gap in my movie education?”

“You got it. You show me where this movie room is and I’ll bring the popcorn.”

For the rest of the week Rose and the Doctor spent their days shopping and sightseeing and their nights watching movies.

They started with the original “Time Machine” and its remake, all three “Back to the Future”, “Final Countdown”, episodes from “Time Tunnel” and “Quantum Leap” and even threw in a few “Sherman and Mr Peabody” cartoons.

By Friday night the Doctor was ready to surrender.

“Please tell me that’s it, that it’s over”

“Oh, there’s plenty more out there but I think that you’ve seen enough to hold your own tomorrow night.”

“So glad you think so, he said sarcastically, I don’t think I could watch one more film.”

“What’s on tomorrow’s schedule?”

“The morning is free, in the afternoon we sign in and pick up our badges, go somewhere for dinner then get ready for the convention. I plan to attend the scientific conferences and I assume you’ll be going to the party.”

Saturday night finally arrived. The Doctor spent the evening listening to scientists, nodding occasionally in understanding or approval. By the time he left he was mildly impressed and reassured that none of them were up to anything dangerous.

He tracked down Rose on the campus. He saw her just as the motorized couch was rolling in.

“Rose, I’m going back to the Tardis, see you later.”

"Won't you stay a while, maybe dance a little?"

He looked around at the crowd of students.

"Not really my scene. Don't worry about me, you stay and have fun, but not too much fun."

"Spoil sport. Alright then, see you later."

Rose went off in the direction of the light up dance floor.

It was well past two in the morning when Rose made it back to the Tardis. She was a little drunk and still dancing

The next morning, the Doctor was having breakfast in the kitchen when Rose dragged herself in.

"Good mornin, Rose."

Rose moaned "What's so good about it?"

"I did warn you last night not to have too much fun."

For that comment the Doctor got a potholder thrown at his head. He got up, opened a cabinet and rummaged for a bit. He found a bottle with a strange label Rose couldn't read, poured a capful of liquid in a mug, added water and handed it to Rose.

"Here, drink this."

She took a sip. "Yuck, what is this stuff?"

"A hangover cure I picked up on Rigel 3. Drink up, I know it tastes awful but it works. You wouldn't need it if you had been reasonable last night. I'm 900 years old, I've learned a few things in that time.

Now finish that potion and then we can be on our way to our next adventure."

Rose looked up and saw the Doctor with a silly grin on his face.

*NOTE: I don't own any of the characters but the Time Traveller Convention was real. -Josée*

Editor's note: From the Time Traveler website:

<http://web.mit.edu/adorai/timetraveler/>



Update: The convention was a mixed success. Unfortunately, we had no confirmed time travelers visit us, yet many time travelers could have attended incognito to avoid endless questions about the future. We had a great series of lectures, awesome bands, and even a DeLorean. We regret having had to turn away visitors, but there were capacity restrictions governing Morss Hall. Thanks so much to the dozens of people who helped.

## Upcoming Conventions & Events!

**August 26-28 – Canadian National Sf/comic**



**Book/anime/horror/ Gaming Expo**, Metro Toronto Convention Centre, Toronto, ON.  
[www.hobbystar.com](http://www.hobbystar.com)

**September 1-5 – Cascadia Con**, SeaTac Hilton and



Conference Centre, Seattle, WA. North American Science Fiction Interim Convention. Guests: Liz Danforth, Toni Weisskopf, Kevin Standlee, many more. [www.cascadiacon.org](http://www.cascadiacon.org)

**September 10 – CapCon 2005**, IPMS Ottawa's IPMS



Ottawa's biannual Plastic Model Show and Contest.  
<http://www.ipmsottawa.ca/dnnOttawa>

**October 7 - 9, 2005 Albacon 2005** Science Fiction



Convention, Albany, NY. Guests: Terry Brook, Rowena. <http://www.albacon.org/>

**October 21-23 – Bakuretsu Con, stronomi-con** Best



Western Burlington Windjammer Inn & Conference Centre, South Burlington, VT. Anime/gaming convention.  
[www.bakuretsucon.org](http://www.bakuretsucon.org)

**October 29&30 – A Toronto 2005**, Games Workshop



Battle Bunker, Oakville, ON. Warhammer 40,000 tournament.  
[www.astronomi-con.com](http://www.astronomi-con.com)

**November 11-13 – Astronomicon 2005**, Clarion



Riverside Hotel, Rochester. Guests: Spider and Jeanne Robinson, Bob Eggleton, Roberta Rogow, Robert Weinberg, Erwin Strauss [www.astronomicon.info](http://www.astronomicon.info)

**November 4 - 6 – -Con\*Cept 2005**, Montreal, QC.



**CANCELLED**

**November 19&20 – AC<sup>3</sup>**, Crowne Plaza Hotel, Ottawa,



ON. Anime convention. Memberships: \$25 until October 22, [www.ac-cubed.ca](http://www.ac-cubed.ca)

# Ray Harryhausen: A Life Lived One Frame at a Time

Keith Braithwaite

Born and raised in Los Angeles, a 13-year-old Ray Harryhausen was galvanised by a 50-foot-tall gorilla and an island populated by dinosaurs when he went to the movies in 1933 to see *King Kong*. He was thus set on the path of his life's work. His early 16mm experiments with stop-motion photography revealed a talent for the craft and he was soon working as an animator on short films, including the Madcap Models series (later called Puppetoons) produced by George Pal's studio.

He broke into features as "first technician" on another giant gorilla film, *Mighty Joe Young* (1949), recruited for the project by his hero and mentor, Willis "Obie" O'Brien, the pioneering stop-motion wizard who had animated Kong and the prehistoric denizens of Skull Island in *King Kong*. Obie's confidence in his protégé's faculty was such that Harryhausen was assigned about 90 percent of the animation on *Joe*. The film received an Academy Award for its special effects.

Early in 1952, Harryhausen pitched the idea to producer Jack Dietz of employing stop-motion animation for a planned monster movie loosely based on "The Fog Horn," a short story written by Harryhausen's friend and fellow dinosaur enthusiast Ray Bradbury. (Introduced as teenagers by mutual friend Forrest J. Ackerman, the two Rays famously vowed to age but never grow old.) Dietz was impressed with Harryhausen's drawings and models, and after viewing a sample of his *Mighty Joe Young* footage and a test reel for an unrealised project called *Evolution*, Dietz hired the young animator to create the special effects for what would become *The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms* (1953). A grand success, *Beast* sparked the cycle of "city-destroying-monster-on-the-rampage" movies to follow later in the decade, including *Gojira/Godzilla* (1954, Japan/1956, U.S.A.)

Conscious of *Beast*'s tight budget—the picture cost about \$210,000 to make—Harryhausen had ingeniously devised an inexpensive method of convincingly inserting his table-top monster into live-action footage of New York City and other of the story's settings. His combined use of rear- and front-projection, matte techniques, and two-pass photography has been described by commentators as a "reality sandwich."

Partnering with producer Charles H. Schnee for his next film, *It Came From Beneath the Sea* (1955), and many thereafter, Harryhausen honed his skills, perfecting the art of three-dimensional model animation,

his brand of which would be dubbed "Dynamation" with the release of *The 7th Voyage of Sinbad* in 1958.

This thrilling take on the Arabian Nights featured Harryhausen's iconic Cyclops, one of the most popular of his many outstandingly designed creatures. A hallmark of his work, Harryhausen's extraordinary models are never less than impeccably sculpted and detailed.

In the first half of the 1960s, Harryhausen drew upon Victorian science fiction and Greek mythology for inspiration, the latter theme resulting in the film he often cites as his personal favourite, 1963's *Jason and the Argonauts*. The celebrated sequence from this film in which Jason and his men battle a platoon of sword-wielding skeletons remains, to this day, one of the finest works of animation ever committed to film. The incredibly complex scene required remarkable concentration on Harryhausen's part and took some four and a half months to complete, an entire day's work at times yielding less than a second of footage!



Ray Harryhausen with skeleton from *Jason and the Argonauts*, photo by Jerry Scott.

In the second half of the '60s, Harryhausen's star players were dinosaurs, including an agile Allosaurus named Gwangi, whose striking features were based on the paintings of acclaimed palaeo-artist Charles R. Knight.



The '70s produced two *Sinbad* sequels and, as the decade gave way to the '80s, a return to Greek mythology resulted in Harryhausen's final film, *Clash of the Titans* (1981). Harryhausen went out, fittingly, with another memorable animated segment, *Titans'* dramatically lit confrontation between the heroic Perseus and a menacing, serpentine Medusa.

Of his decision to retire following the release of *Titans*, Harryhausen writes in his autobiographical career retrospective *An Animated Life*:

The Industry was on the threshold of revolutionary changes, all of which I would have been unhappy with. CGI is a wonderful tool that continues to fascinate me, but I know, deep down, it would never have suited me. Perhaps my fate would have been significantly different if it had been CGI that brought Kong to life. I might not have been so inspired and could have ended up as a plumber! The use of CGI is now so commonplace that almost all major (and some not so major) movies have embraced the technology and now it is overused. Three-dimensional stop-motion model animation created a fantasy world that was so rare.

The way the creatures moved encouraged

a sense that one was watching a miracle, but when the miraculous becomes commonplace, the concept of the miracles cease to be miraculous. In any event, my time had passed: there would be no room for a maverick who worked on his own in a small back room making it up as he went along.

Ray Harryhausen crafted a wealth of fantastic films over a career spanning more than 30 years, his memorable gallery of mythical monsters, dinosaurs, giant insects, and space creatures transporting audiences to wondrous worlds of spectacular adventure and excitement. He is a masterful filmmaker, a superb craftsman and technician, an unparalleled talent whose pictures have entertained generations of fantasy film fans, and whose seminal fantasy images have influenced many of today's top genre filmmakers, including George Lucas, Steven Spielberg, James Cameron, and Peter Jackson.

The man is nothing short of a *grandmaster* of the cinematic arts.

He was recognised as such in 1991 when he received a special Oscar for a lifetime of technical excellence in motion pictures. His lifelong friend Ray Bradbury was selected to present him with the award.

### Ray Harryhausen's Feature Filmography:

Mighty Joe Young (1949)  
The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms (1953)  
It Came from Beneath the Sea (1955)  
The Animal World (1956)  
Earth vs. the Flying Saucers (1956)  
20 Million Miles to Earth (1957)  
The 7th Voyage of Sinbad (1958)  
The 3 Worlds of Gulliver (1959)  
Mysterious Island (1961)  
Jason and the Argonauts (1963)  
First Men in the Moon (1964)

One Million Years B.C. (1966)  
The Valley of Gwangi (1969)  
The Golden Voyage of Sinbad (1973)  
Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger (1977)  
Clash of the Titans (1981)



### What Might Have Been—Unrealised Projects:

(Conceptual sketches or storyboards, and in some cases, test footage were produced for many of these.)

The Adventures of Baron Munchausen  
Conan  
John Carter of Mars  
Sinbad Goes to Mars  
Food of the Gods  
The Island of Doctor Moreau  
The Time Machine  
The War of the Worlds  
Frankenstein  
The Fall of the House of Usher  
The Hobbit  
People of the Mist  
R.U.R. (Russom's Universal Robots)  
Dante's Inferno  
King Kong (remake)

# Ray Harryhausen in Montreal

Charles Mohapel

*Photos by Charles Mohapel*



Charles with Ray Harryhausen & "Ismael"

While attending Conspiracy, the 1987 World Science Fiction Convention in Brighton, England, I had the great pleasure of listening to legendary SFX Master Ray Harryhausen. One does not often get the chance to listen to someone who has inspired such current SFX Masters such as Stan Winston, Rick Baker, and Ken Ralston, and approximately 200 fans, pros, and press were shoehorned into a room more suited to 150. I imagine that most present were like me in wishing that time had not raced by hellbent for leather.

Eighteen years later, Ray arrived in Montreal in order to be presented a Lifetime Achievement Award by the Fantasia Film Festival at the screening of a restored copy of "Jason and the Argonauts", considered by many to be his greatest single work. The Thursday before this, I was told to show up at the hotel where Ray and his party were staying. I had expected to be able to take a few photos during what I had assumed would be a press conference, only to discover that it was scheduled as an interview and both reporters were unable to make it at that time.



To my great pleasure, I spent the next 45 minutes having a nice informal chat with Ray and producer Arnold Kunert. Ray brought out a tiny little coffin, asked me if I knew what was in it (I did not), removed the lid and "introduced" me to Ismael, the last skeleton to survive filming and much more since then. Knowing that Ray had other appointments later that day, I returned to work.



On Sunday I spoke to Ray and Arnold briefly, then getting Ray to pose beside of a large display of his artwork from lobby cards. After watching the movie in a sold out theatre, Ray took about 10 questions, then adjourned upstairs to sign early release copies of *Ray*

*Harryhausen - The Early Years Collection* (his new DVD), and sign just about anything people wanted signed. Rumour has it that Ray's lawyer will soon be contacting Keith Braithwaite in order to present him with a bill for physiotherapy for Ray's hand and wrist.





# *Pool Party at Wayne's World*

Photos by Sylvain St-Pierre & Charles Mohapel









# MonSTFA BBQ in Park Angrignon

Photos by Josée Bellemare, Bernard Reischl and Sylvain St-Pierre







## 10 THINGS I LEARNED AT TTREK

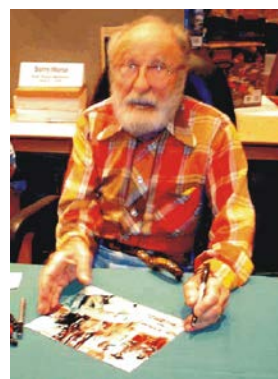
Alice Nova

- 1- NEVER, EVER go shopping with Cathy and Josée at MICHAELS (Giant craft store.!) Unless you bring LOADS AND LOADS of money.
- 2- Take 10 minutes to study the program. I found out stuff that I could have used – on my way BACK to Montreal.
- 3- Carpets and running shoes and Alice, do not mix.. I kept tripping all over the place and couldn't figure why until I realized that I never walk on textured carpets. My family don't call me Twinkle-Toes for nothing.
- 4- IMPORTANT to plan lunch and supper breaks. I didn't realize I was taking a panel every hour on the hour until I got this massive headache from HUNGER.
- 5- Plan two panels in a row on the same side of the building, makes for less running around like a crazy chicken with its head cut off.
- 6- Buy the TTREK tee-shirt early, mainly because the cute colour I wanted sold out fast.
- 7- Remember to take pictures!! I kept seeing gorgeous costumes in the hallways and kept forgetting I had a camera with me. I brought 2 films and only took two pictures!
- 8- Get a room closer to the elevators. (My poor aching feet)
- 9- I LOVED the bathroom half a wall mirror, I could get my makeup on easily without glasses.
- 10- I HATED the bathroom half a wall mirror, I got a good look at this 58 classic chassis and got to see all the bumps, and dents on it, ALL AT ONCE, YIKES!

MOMMY, can I have my inheritance early, I want to go to Extreme Makeover?

-- Alice Novo

aka Twinkle-Toes! 2005



*Photos by Dominique Beaudoin*

## **The Exorcism of Emily Rose**

Reviewed by L.E. Moir

The Internet Movie Database (IMDb) classifies this film as "Drama -- Horror -- Thriller" which is a good way of capturing that which falls into no specific category. I do think that "drama" as the first term is fair, and I would use "suspense" in place of either of the other terms. British actor Tom Wilkinson handles the part of the priest well, and comes across as a fair American. The off-beat priest role is not new to him, as he was the "buck-the-establishment" priest in *Priest* in 1994. The film is worth seeing for this character's sincerity, if nothing else. No other character really stands out, aside from the two lawyers: but as they are constantly on the screen, this is inevitable. Both lawyers are well played.

There is an overall drift of Canadianism, which is confirmed when one notices in the credits that it was "filmed on location in Vancouver." It does strike me as a film which has the potential to be "arty" in the Canadian way -- although it does not quite accomplish this.

As a person who is not fond of more modern horror pictures, I can say that it does not fit the bill of same: no cut and slash here!

In fact, if the constant sniggering around me was anything to go by, I'd say that Emily Rose misses the mark as a horror film. I do like court-room drama, however, and within this frame I found the story sufficiently interesting for the duration of the film. The ending, unless one has researched the case, is not evident until it occurs.

The language is, at times, rather simplistic. The overall filming is reminiscent of *Amityville Horror*, and that is probably intentional.

I do not know what the professional critics will say, but I'd give it a 3.5 out of 5, and recommend it for a one-time viewing. Whether or not it would be better on big vs. small screen is anyone's guess. The courtroom scenes don't matter, and the rest is probably personal taste. I'm suspecting it wasn't a big draw, as it started 20 minutes late, and the cinema was only something between 2/3 and 3/4 full -- for a freebie!

## **War of the Worlds**

Reviewed by Sylvain St-Pierre

I am beginning to loose somewhat the apprehension that used to seize me whenever the remake of an old classic was announced. Despite a few flaws, the 1953 movie version of *War of the Worlds* is still high amongst my favourites, and I was hoping that it was not going to be mangled too much this time around.

The previews were a good sign: not a trace of the war machines in them, which is an excellent way to keep the suspense! I was not disappointed by the movie proper; it kept me on the edge of my seat practically from start to finish, and I am glad to see that I have not become too jaded by the most recent mega-productions.

Much to my surprise, this remake turned out to be a lot closer to H.G. Wells' book -- published in 1898 - than the George Pal version. The fact that Hollywood now has the technology to put actual walking tripods on screen no doubt helped, but there are several touches from the novel that they did not strictly need and left in nevertheless. Things like the deep bass tone the invaders use to communicate and their mechanical tentacles proved to be surprisingly effective as movie devices.





But the previous version was not forgotten either. While such classical icons as the snake head camera and the impenetrable force field are not part of the book, they certainly work well too and have been wisely left in. Making the actors of the 1953 version the grandparents in the 2005 one was also a nice touch.

Of course, everybody knows that the invaders are going to be wiped out by our germs at the end, which makes keeping the story suspenseful that much more of a feat. Just as in the novel, the main character is not a brilliant scientist or a super efficient fighter. Just a blue collar worker caught with millions of other ordinary citizens and concerned about the welfare of his family. It is sad to think that the population at large would probably react pretty much the way it did in the movie if Earth was really invaded.

But then again, the machine-clad invaders are incredibly cold and merciless killers, seemingly invincible and unstoppable. On the fear-o-meter, they easily hold their own against many of the most frightening creatures of the great classics.

In addition to being different from either the book or first movie version, the aliens have two interesting characteristics featured in neither. First, it is never even suggested that they are Martians, which is not too surprising given what we now know about the Red Planet. Second, the war machines *were already here*, hidden beneath our feet for thousands of years, which I personally consider to be a thinly veiled reference to current world fears. In the fifties, the byword was Watch the Sky (for Communists); today, the (terrorist) danger is right in our midst...

## **The Fantastic Four** Reviewed by Sylvain St-Pierre

It took a few decades for the major comic book publishers to realise that they could make a bundle by turning their little doodles into live action movies, but now that they've caught on there seems to be no way of stopping them!

The latest Marvel superheroes to be fleshed out are the Fantastic Four, and while this movie is not quite as gripping as, say, Spiderman, the adaptation is not a bad one. A lot of time is spent covering the basics and the emergence of the main characters powers, but the original plot is about forty years old and many of today's viewers may not know how the whole thing started.



The "cinematographic adaptation" is not all that severe if you take into consideration the fact that the publishers themselves keep rewriting origin stories all the time. The plot is very simple, but on the whole believable. I did not see any groaner and I thought that Ben Grimm's anguish over becoming an inhuman Thing was quite well covered. The Torch is portrayed more as an immature than a hothead, but Mr. Fantastic does come across as the traditional absent minded genius.

This movie is obviously targeted towards a younger audience, but not so much as to be juvenile. The Invisible Girl taking off her clothes and a half naked Johnny Storm, for instance, will certainly appeal to older kids... Plenty of good special effects provide eye candy of another sort for those who prefer it way.

The ending absolutely screams for a sequel, and if it is as good as the first movie it will be well worth seeing.



# NEW GENRE TV FEATURES SCARY SPOOKS, AQUATIC ALIENS

Keith Braithwaite

*Heralded as the most promising in years, the Fall 2005 TV season includes a good number of new genre offerings, a few of which are getting pretty good buzz. In no particular order of preference, here's what SF/F fans might want to tune in this month (air dates/times subject to change):*

## SUPERNATURAL

WB (WPIX): Tuesdays, 9:00PM; Space: Fridays, 10:00PM

Premiere: WB, September 13; Space, September 16



The camera frames a young man's face as blood drips from above, splattering on his cheek and awakening him with a start. His eyes widen in terror at what can only be something ghastly, horrible, frightening looming over him, unseen by we, the viewers (and therefore all the more chilling). He screams! Fade to black.

Should this show prove as effective at raising the hairs on the backs of our necks as the just-described promo for the new series, we could very well have ourselves, here, another X-Files. Indeed, producers promise to deliver skillfully crafted scares akin to those of horror movies like *The Ring* and *The Grudge*. Let's hope the show lives up to its hype.

One of the first new series out of the blocks this season, *Supernatural* debuted on September 13, introducing us to a family visited by a terrible tragedy that has left two young boys motherless. The narrative picks up some two decades later as Dean Winchester calls upon his younger brother, Sam, to help search for their father, who has mysteriously vanished while engaged in his obsessive pursuit of the evil, otherworldly forces which he believes took the life of the boys' mother. When these same evil forces claim Sam's beautiful and loving girlfriend, he joins his brother in taking up their father's quest, travelling the darkest back roads of America hunting for their missing parent, and the nightmares which so consumed him.

Stars Jared Padalecki and *Smallville*'s Jensen Ackles.



## NIGHT STALKER

ABC: Thursdays, 9:00PM; CTV: date and time yet to be announced

Premiere: September 29

Another supernatural thriller sure to be compared to *The X-Files* is *Night Stalker*. For legal reasons, this new show is based not on the mid-'70s fantasy/mystery series, *Kolchak: The Night Stalker*, but on *The Night Stalker*—partly the inspiration for *The X-Files*—and its sequel, *The Night Strangler*, two TV movies about a monster-chasing newspaper reporter that

spawned that short-lived *Kolchak* series. The new show's creator/executive producer, by the way, is *X-Files* alumnus Frank Spotnitz. (My but how things have a way of coming around full circle!)

Reporter Carl Kolchak has a keen interest in unusual deaths and unexplained disappearances in the Los Angeles area. Partnered with Perri Reed—the Scully of the piece—he investigates a series of freakish murders involving strange lupine creatures. These killings may be related to the death of his wife 18 months earlier under similar weird circumstances, a crime for which he is considered the prime suspect.

The original Carl Kolchak was memorably played by Darren McGavin as a dishevelled, wisecracking reporter in the twilight of his career. The new show casts Stuart Townsend as a younger, more driven Kolchak, in keeping with the series' decidedly dark tone. Producers paid tribute to McGavin's Kolchak by digitally dropping him into the background for a few seconds in *Night Stalker*'s pilot episode. Further, his trademark hat can be seen hanging in the new Kolchak's home office.

At its core, the show is about good versus evil, says Spotnitz, adding that Night Stalker will steer clear of the kind of complex mythology that critics cite as having smothered The X-Files in its later seasons.

In addition to Townsend, the cast includes Garielle Union, Eric Jungmann, and Cotter Smith.



### **THRESHOLD**

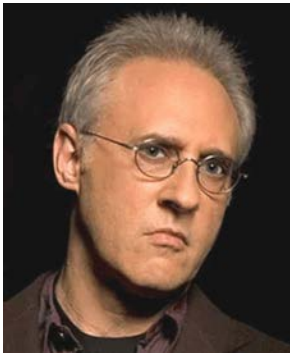
CBS, Global: Fridays, 9:00PM

Premiere: September 16

Veteran Star Trek writer/producer Brannon Braga is reunited with Brent “Mr. Data” Spiner on this action/suspense yarn about a team of scientists sent to contact the mysterious alien life form aboard a UFO that has splashed down in the Atlantic Ocean. Braga is the show runner and describes the series as an intricate mystery, with each episode designed to reveal a piece of the puzzle. Expect an urgent, unrelenting style of storytelling.

Spiner plays forensic microbiologist Nigel Fenway, one of the company of specialists tasked by the government with investigating the alien intrusion. Sin City’s Carla Gugino plays contingency analyst and team leader Molly Anne Caffrey. During the course of their mission, she and some of her crew find that they may have somehow been infected by “the alien signal.”

The cast also includes Brian Van Holt and Gothika and Alien 3’s Charles S. Dutton.



### **SURFACE**

NBC: Mondays, 8:00PM

Premiere: September 19



Entitled Fathom at first, this sci-fi action/adventure series takes cues from Steven Spielberg’s Close Encounters of the Third Kind and James Cameron’s The Abyss. The story revolves around a mysterious life form that rises from Earth’s oceans. Are these

deep-sea creatures a previously unknown aquatic species, or something else? Aliens, perhaps? Producers remain tight-lipped, explaining that they don’t want to give away too much. The nature of the creatures is an essential element of the show and will be slowly revealed over the course of the series. But the audience can expect numerous Lost-like false leads along the way.

Lake Bell plays an oceanographer who is one of the first to encounter the creatures. J. R. Ferguson is a Louisiana fisherman who loses his brother under mysterious circumstances during a dive and is determined to find out what happened to him. Carter Jenkins is cast as a California boy who has discovered one of the creatures’ eggs and imprudently places it in his family’s aquarium. Batman Begins’ Rade Serbedzija, meanwhile, is a shady scientist whose controversial theories on evolution have attracted the attention of the pentagon. All have different reasons for pursuing the enigmatic sea creatures.

### **GHOST WHISPERER**

CBS, CTV: Fridays, 8:00PM

Premiere: September 23

Jennifer Love Hewitt stars as Melinda Gordon, a young newlywed possessed of the unique ability to communicate with the spirits of those departed, who regularly call upon her to help them speak to the families and friends they’ve left behind. Acting as a psychic conduit between this world and the next, she passes along these messages from beyond to an often skeptical reception, all the while yearning to lead an ordinary life. But when her uncommon gift brings comfort to lost souls on either side of the great divide, she takes her own measure of comfort in knowing that her special talent serves a noble purpose.



Inspired by the cases of famed psychic James Van Praagh, *Ghost Whisperer* is a rip-off of *Medium*, say critics, with a feel-good vibe reminiscent of *Touched by an Angel*.

Also stars Aisha Tyler and David Conrad.

## INVASION

ABC, CTV: Wednesdays, 10:00PM

Premiere: September 21

Riffing on the classic *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* and the recent *War of the Worlds*, this creepy thriller cranks up the paranoia in small-town Florida following a devastating hurricane that may have been insidiously engineered to mask an event of far greater gravity. Who—or what—could execute such a feat? Strange lights, bizarre occurrences, and folk who, in the wake of the storm, seem not to be themselves suggest some kind of alien infiltration. But, we are told, the show plays on two fronts and remains open to broad interpretation with regard to the central mystery of the tale.



A promising series in that it was created and is executive-produced by Shaun Cassidy, well regarded by genre fans for his mid-'90s cult favourite *American Gothic*. Stars include Eddie Cibrian, Lisa Sheridan, William Fichtner, Canadian Kari Matchett, and Tyler Labine.

Note that ABC briefly pulled promos for the new show in sensitivity to the victims of a real-life hurricane, Katrina, which so completely shattered the American Gulf Coast last month. The network, reportedly, considered postponing *Invasion*'s scheduled September 21 premiere, but the latest word is that the show will debut as planned.

*My picks for the new shows having the best chance of becoming hits this season (or at least surviving until next season!): Supernatural and Invasion. Least likely to make it to mid-season: Ghost Whisperer and Surface.*

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### On the MonSFFA Bulletin Board

This past Toronto Trek, we received hundreds of pounds of poptabs and hundreds of pairs of eyeglasses at the KAG table, even though we hadn't announced we were collecting them (we took them anyway, and made sure they found a good home).

So this year, we ARE officially soliciting both poptabs and used eyeglasses from fandom at large. Anyone



who can figure out a way to get their collection shipped down to TT next July should start collecting now!

Please pass the word to Montreal fandom.

Col. Krikor zantai-jechwI'  
(Krikor Ajemian)  
Crimson Knight Fleet Commander, KAG



*In each issue of Warp is printed "MonSFFandom," an abbreviated version of the club news and activities reports collected from the pages of Impulse, MonSFFA's monthly news bulletin.*

*This issue's column covers the period April-August 2005.*

*As is our custom, here, we'll run through our outside-of-meeting news first, and finish with the individual monthly meeting reports, chronologically, April-June.*

*We begin with a report that the club had begun work on its latest film projects, as published in the May 2005 issue of Impulse:*

## ***MonSFFilms Begins Work on 2005 Projects***

MonSFFA's movie division, MonSFFilms, has begun pre-production on two short film projects destined, it is hoped, for Toronto Trek 19's video contest this July. The contest asks filmmakers to imagine a futuristic time travel-based reality TV show. MonSFFA members came up with a half-dozen ideas along these lines, two of which were judged viable from a production standpoint, given the limited time within which the projects must be finished.

The first was penned by Keith Braithwaite under the working title *Timeline* and riffs on Ray Bradbury's classic short story "A Sound of Thunder." The tale centers on a game show in which contestants travel back in time to accomplish assigned tasks and win cash prizes. But something goes horribly wrong for one player, who returns to a world quite a bit different from the one he left.

The second, conceived by Marc Durocher, spoofs the reality series *The Simple Life*, providing "Paris" and "Nicole" access to a time machine.

Plans are to film both and edit them so that they may be submitted as a single entry, with the fall-back being that should we anticipate running short of time, the quicker-made of the two be completed and entered on its own.

Production design on *Timeline* is such that the whole piece can be filmed on a single set. However, challenging make-up, green-screen, and miniature work is required. A shooting script is near completion as of this writing, the fabrication of sets is underway, and make-up designs have been produced. Talented costumer Miranda Feenstra, who was guest speaker at MonSFFA's April meeting..., has agreed to produce a

number of "reptiloid" masks for the production and handle make-up. Cameras roll at MonSFFA's May 15 meeting with the bulk of shooting scheduled for the following month, at the June 19 meeting.

Miranda will also co-star in the *Simple Life* spoof, shorter of the two productions. Location shooting is involved, here, which could prove problematic with regards to transportation. But otherwise, we expect things to go fairly well.

A third short is slated for production later in the year. *Beavra Las Vegas* is a sequel to our award-winning 2003 *Godzilla* parody, *Beavra*. Conceived by Charles Mohapel, it's really just an excuse to filk the hit Elvis Presley song Viva Las Vegas!

Finally, we expect to be able to start work on a couple of long-form projects before the end of the year.

*The issue also listed recent movie premieres co-sponsored by MonSFFA, passes to which were distributed to club members. MonSFFen were among the first in town to enjoy The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy, Kingdom of Heaven, and House of Wax.*

*June's Impulse announced the near-completion of the shorter of those first two 2005 MonSFFA film projects, updating readers, as well, on the progress of the other:*

## ***Simpleton's Life "In the Can"***

A small company of MonSFFA members and friends gathered on location under overcast skies Saturday afternoon, May 21, to shoot the club's latest video-film project, *The Simpleton's Life*, a spoof of the Paris Hilton/Nicole Richie reality TV series *The Simple Life*. Rain threatened but held off long enough to get the script's outdoor scenes "in the can" before the crew



moved to a makeshift studio to film the indoor sequences. By mid-evening, principle photography was complete. Post-production followed in the ensuing weeks. A rough edit is finished as of this writing and the post team is currently working on visual and sound effects.

Intended as an entry in this year's Toronto Trek video contest, the short piece runs with the contest's theme of adding a time-travel element to reality TV. Marc Durocher conceived of the idea and Keith Braithwaite penned the screenplay and directed. Miranda Feenstra and Maery Morrison star.



*Miranda & Maery, Stars of a Simpleton's Life*

*Photo: BKR*

A second MonSFFilms time-travel story, *Timeline*, is also currently in production.... It is unlikely, however, that this more technically challenging film will be completed in time for the Toronto Trek contest....

*The production of Timeline proved more time-consuming than originally anticipated and, indeed, the film did not make the video contest deadline. But The Simpleton's Life did (our fall-back plan), and enjoyed great success (more about that in a moment). Timeline went on a production hiatus over the summer break; filming is expected to resume in the fall.*

Additionally, the June issue appended *Batman Begins* to the list of premieres recently attended by MonSFFA members, and summarised arrangements made by the club for "16 MonSFFen and friends" to attend TT19 the following month on free or discounted passes.

*The July issue of the club's news bulletin covered the visit to our city of a fantasy film legend.*

## ***Animation Legend Ray Harryhausen Visits Montreal***

Concordia University's Hall Theatre was filled to capacity on Sunday, July 24, for a screening of the classic fantasy adventure film *Jason and the Argonauts* (1963). Hundreds of fantasy film fans were attendant for the movie, and moreover for the opportunity to meet the man who brought to life the amazing chimerical creatures and sword-wielding skeleton warriors populating the film.

Long retired from filmmaking and now in his mid-80s, legendary stop-motion animator Ray Harryhausen beamed as he received a thunderous standing ovation from the packed house during a brief ceremony in which the Fantasia film festival presented him with a lifetime achievement award. Posing for photos, he later fielded questions from the audience on his outstanding work in the fields of fantasy film and dimensional animation, and closed the afternoon with an autograph session.

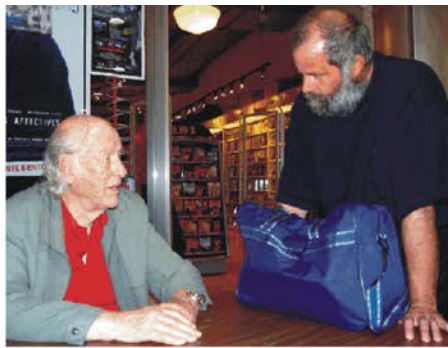
Among those in the front rows were a number of MonSFFA members, including Keith Braithwaite, Berny Reischl, René Walling, Jean-Pierre Normand, Ann Methe, and most notably, Tamu Townsend, all of whom had earlier enjoyed the wonderful occasion of



*Tamu, with Ray Harryhausen*

*Photo: BKR*

speaking with Mr. Harryhausen over a quiet breakfast. Tamu, it must be noted, did much of the legwork that brought Mr. Harryhausen to Montreal, and oversaw his visit, sponsored under the banner of her brother Emru's *frames per second* animation magazine



Ray Harryhausen, by BKR, Keith has "a few items" for signing, Jerry Scott, the interview group, by BKR

(fpsmagazine.com). Tamu received a well-deserved round of applause for her efforts from the appreciative crowd at the *Jason* screening.

Berny, meanwhile, was tapped to snap photos during an hour-long interview conducted with Mr. Harryhausen. And Keith presented the stop-motion master with a copy of MonSFFA's own *Beavra* as a souvenir of his visit to our city. Keith cited a scene in which the titular giant monster beaver topples the Peggy's Cove lighthouse as having been inspired by a similar sequence in Mr. Harryhausen's *The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms* (1952).

Those who missed Ray Harryhausen's Montreal visit will have a chance to catch him at the Ad Astra SF/F convention's 25th anniversary edition (ad-astra.org) in Toronto next year (March 31-April 2), where he is scheduled to attend as a guest of honour.

*News of the club's fourth video contest win at Toronto Trek was next:*

### ***Simpleton's Life* Win at TT19 Makes it Four**

The 19th edition of Toronto Trek took place over the weekend of July 15-17 and we are pleased to report that the latest MonSFFilms production, *The Simpleton's Life*, was named winner of this year's Toronto Trek Video Contest. The win is our fourth at Toronto Trek, following on the successes of *Encounters of the Very Close Kind* in 2001, *Beavra* in 2003, and *MooseMan* last year.

Contest organisers offered their congratulations to MonSFFA following a screening of our short film at the convention's closing ceremonies. The two-minute piece, set up as a promo for a reality TV series, spoofs the Paris Hilton/Nicole Richie show *The Simple Life*. This year's contest theme added the SF trope of time travel to reality TV, and *The Simpleton's Life* imagines what might be the result were two 21st-century party girls to

travel back in time to the Middle Ages! The project also served as a test for MonSFFilms of heretofore untried compositing techniques.

Accolades are due stars Miranda Feenstra and Maery Morrison; Marc Durocher, who conceived of the idea; writer/director Keith Braithwaite; Berny Reischl, who handled the post-production work; and cast and crew members Cathy Palmer-Lister, Mark Burakoff, Taly Danan, Christopher Hammock, Alice Novo, and Lindsay Brown. Bravo, people!

*The Simpleton's Life* is included on the club's new DVD release *MonSFFilms' Greatest Hits*, which collects our four prize-winning shorts on a single disc. We'll have copies available for purchase at upcoming MonSFFA meetings, along with *Simpleton's Life* posters signed by stars Miranda and Maery. As always, monies raised from sales of our films and related merchandise are directed to covering project production costs and seeding future ventures.



***Burn the Withches!*** Mark Burakoff, Marc Durocher, Cathy Palmer-Lister, Christopher Hammock, Taly Danan, and Alice Nova; Photo by BKR



*Wrapping up July's news was brief note of the attendance of MonSFFen at still a couple more movie premieres— Bewitched and Fantastic Four—and mention of our 2004 superhero spoof, MooseMan, screening twice at the celebrated Fantasia film festival. MonSFFA's Marc Durocher related that "our low-budget parody was well received and held its own against higher-budgeted offerings."*

*August's Impulse led with bad news:*



### ***Con•Cept Cancelled!***

Unfortunate news was transmitted to local fandom in a brief e-mail message last month: Con•Cept 2005 has been *cancelled!*

No rationale was given for the scrub, but the concom was known to be having difficulty squaring away guests and meanwhile, various of the necessary preparations for the event had fallen well behind schedule. In the absence of any explanation from the Con•Cept organisation itself, speculation began in earnest as to the reasons for the convention's cancellation.

The con has been operating under a revised system of management this year, which some observers suggested may have been the problem. Presumably, the new approach was intended to improve upon the procedures of previous years, but by some accounts was not. If the new methods just weren't working, this would likely have been a source of frustration for many concom members. Maybe there yet remain a few bugs to be worked out.

A dollars-and-cents angle was explored by others, who volunteered that organisers were, perhaps, chancing just a few too many bold but *costly* moves as they strove to open new markets and boost attendance. Finally recognising that the numbers were simply not adding up, they probably felt there was little choice left but to fold their tent.

If Con•Cept 2005's troubles can be pegged to a single cause, however, it is the opinion of this publication that the most likely reason—or at least a significant contributing factor—is this: over the past 18-

20 months, the con has haemorrhaged seasoned concom members to burn-out, gaffiation, etc. A lot of the folk who had been running the show for the past three or four years are gone and the 2005 event is, as a consequence, *severely* understaffed. The cancellation of Con•Cept in 2000 was largely attributed to this very thing. There were simply not enough people around anymore to do the job. The concom of the day prudently opted to cancel rather than continue with too few staff, and that may well be what has happened here.

Whatever the circumstances of Con•Cept 2005's cancellation, we can only salute those who stepped up and tried to make it work. We are certain theirs was a sincere effort and we hope that the fannish spirit of the team is not dampened by this setback. Our wish is for a refreshed and ready concom in 2006.

*A further item on the topic of Con•Cept dealt with questions of MonSFFA's possible role in the future of the convention:*

### ***Once More into the Breach?***

In the wake of the news of Con•Cept 2005's cancellation..., talk inevitably began as to whether MonSFFA would again ride to Con•Cept's rescue. MonSFFen will recall that the club rebuilt the moribund con following its cancellation in 2000. We staged the 2001, 2002, and 2003 events, nursing the con back to health as a one-day event until it successfully expanded to two days last year, marking the return of Con•Cept as a wholly independent operation.

As founders of the event—MonSFFA launched Con•Cept in 1989—we have a profound attachment to, and interest in the welfare of, the con. We expect that the subject of MonSFFA's role in Con•Cept's future will be broached in the coming weeks. But as of this writing, MonSFFA has not been asked by the current Con•Cept administration, nor has it offered, to become involved again in the organising and running of the con.

(Editor, sneaking in from stage left: Vote Keith for Conchair! Evil laugh, exit stage right...)

*The August issue included coverage of the club's annual summer barbecue.*

### ***Perfect Weather for MonSFFA BBQ***

Some 15 MonSFFen and friends welcomed absolutely perfect weather Sunday, July 31st, for the

club's annual barbecue at Angrignon Park in Lasalle. It was sunny and warm, but a stiff breeze served to keep humidity levels comfortable, and to discourage flying insects.



Photo: Josée Bellemare

We commandeered several picnic tables and set ourselves up on the edge of an open field under a couple of shady trees, there to enjoy a lovely afternoon of food, drink, and casual conversation on *the* quintessential summer day.

Our thanks to MonSFFA president Berny Reischl, who planned the outing and provided a cooking grill for all to use.

*Mention was made, as well, of MonSFFA's presence at Toronto Trek 19, our promotional-booth crew "talking up the club, handing out flyers and selling our merchandise, notably the latest MonSFFilms DVD, a collection of the club's best short films...." Thanks were given "to Berny Reischl and Mark Burakoff for getting the club a table, and to our booth staff, Keith Braithwaite, Josée Bellemare, and Fernando Novo, for giving of their time in service to the cause."*

*Also noted was the success of our "good friend Sv Bell's latest feature-length film, Purple Glow," which had premiered at Fantasia in July to favourable reviews and went on in August to "win an award for best sci-fi flick of 2005...at the Wreck-Beach film festival near Barrie, Ontario." Congratulations were offered "to Sv and his cast and crew, a few of whom are MonSFFilms alumni." Lindsay Brown, Marc Durocher, Mark Burakoff, Berny Reischl, and King-Wei all appeared in the "sexy sci-fi/horror pastiche," while Keith Braithwaite "shot a documentary on the making of Purple Glow, to be included on the deluxe DVD release of the film." The notation explained that our people "came to Sv's attention through his work with us editing*

*MooseMan and producing our Beavra and MonSFFilms Presents...DVD titles."*

*A final entry explained the reasons for the late postal delivery of part of the July (mistyped as "June") Impulse mailing and apologised "to those members who experienced any delay in the timely delivery of last month's club news bulletin."*

*Here, now, are the monthly MonSFFA meeting reports, April-June, as published in Impulse:*

#### **April MonSFFA Meeting**



Photo: BKR

MonSFFA's April 17 meeting offered a packed program to the 25 or so MonSFFen in attendance.

We began with a most interesting presentation on the Las Vegas Hilton's Star Trek Experience, a full-blown amusement park ride-like "adventure." MonSFFA members Dominique Beaudoin and Sylvain St-Pierre described for the audience their respective visits to this decidedly fannish vacation destination. Slides and video footage allowed the group a vicarious tour of the impressive display of *Star Trek* props, costumes, and large-scale model starships arranged



Photo: BKR



about the hotel lobby. For the fun of it, the audience was challenged to identify each of the objects shown and a bag of licorice treats was tossed to the first person who called out the right answer. In that the room was full of Trekkers, it was not surprising that the treats soon ran out!

The well-staged Star Trek Experience was deemed by our presenters to be worth the somewhat pricey admission fee but the accompanying gift shop paraphernalia and restaurant menu they found overpriced.



*Josée, Marc, Miranda; photo: BKR*

Guest speaker Miranda Feenstra was next up on the topic of costuming. She was joined by MonSFFen Marc Durocher and Josée Bellemare.

Miranda told of her introduction to costuming, her early efforts—the mistakes made and lessons learned—which led to later award-winning masquerade entries noted not only for her skilled and inventive use of materials, but for her expert prosthetics and make-up application. Citing dollar stores and party supply shops as founts of inexpensive costuming accoutrements, Miranda included many a tip on the craft while relating her costuming history. Photos of her best work were circulated and she displayed a number of examples during the course of her talk.

Marc proffered that making a costume need not be a costly, time-consuming project. He held up a few shirts, vests, and cloaks rescued from the used clothing bin and cannibalised to become, in various combinations, anything from a simple medieval outfit or wizard's robe to a space pirate's uniform or Jedi knight's attire.

Josée furthered the theme with a few examples of dollar store-purchased plastic toys that she had spruced

up with a detailed paint job to form convincing accessories such as jewellery or "bladed" weapons.



*Accessories by Josée, photo by BKR*

The meeting's final hour was spent discussing the club's planned 2005 video-film projects. Keith Braithwaite outlined three short-film treatments selected for immediate production by the club's MonSFFilms unit, two of which suit the theme of this year's Toronto Trek Video Contest. The strategy is to focus on getting one or both of these in the can in time for the contest. Miranda has agreed to lend her talents to the effort, a most welcome development....

Thanks to our guest speaker, our panellists, and our usual meeting-planners/runners for a very entertaining April get-together.

### ***May MonSFFA Meeting***

MonSFFA's May 15 meeting was mostly given over to shooting costuming and green-screen test footage, and a few insert shots, for *Timeline*, one of the club's current video-film projects. The film crew worked from mid-morning to late afternoon, breaking only at about 1:00PM for an hour and a half to allow for a scheduled panel discussion. 25 or so MonSFFen were in attendance.

The panel posed the question why are we reading less and watching more? Panellists Keith Braithwaite, Gord Morrow, and Cathy Palmer-Lister engaged the audience in what proved a quite animated discussion. Just about everyone in the room had something to say on the subject.

It was suggested that the modern pace of life is such that people simply don't have the time anymore to sit down with a good book. The faltering education system was cited by some as responsible for several generations

of reading-challenged kids. Poor spelling and grammar, it was added, are perpetuated by what was termed “chatspeak” (that singularly annoying shorthand commonly employed in e-mail and text messages; e.g., “how r u” rather than “How are you?”). It’s the fault of the Internet, then! Others blamed the allure of video games.

Economics plays a role in all of this, said some. Book publishers have priced their product beyond the budget of many folk, with hardcovers going for upwards of \$35 and paperbacks running at around \$10. Renting a video or DVD costs less. Even a premium-priced ticket to the latest blockbuster movie at your local multiplex is about a third the expense of a new hardcover!

This brought up again the shortage-of-time argument: a movie will take up 2-3 hours of one’s time, maximum, while a book may take several days to read. But books offer so much more detail, depth, than do most movies or TV shows, it was countered. Conventional wisdom holds that the book is always better than the movie.

Perhaps the advent of screen-based communication—television, movies, computers—is leading to a shift away from words and towards images with regard to how we communicate our stories and ideas to each other. As did the oral tradition of

storytelling yield to the printed page centuries ago, so may the printed page now be surrendering to the projected image, at least in part. Does not the old adage state that a picture is worth a thousand words? And yet, the written word remains an integral part of human communication. Movies begin with scripts, after all—words on a page.

As the panel’s allotted time ran out, all agreed that, having provoked such stimulating debate, the topic be revisited at a future meeting.

Thanks to all who took part.

*A brief entry in the July Impulse covered June’s MonSFFA meeting:*

MonSFFA’s June 19 meeting was devoted entirely to shooting on *Timeline*, the club’s current video project. About 15 cast and crew worked at a relatively relaxed pace from mid-morning to late afternoon, managing to put away a few pages of script. The idea, here, is to take all the time needed to commit to videotape the best possible result, *Timeline* being a more technically ambitious picture than most of MonSFFilms’ recent productions, and a proving ground for future feature-length projects.

## *The Last Words!*

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### **The Fernster**

So you like watching movies, and you consider yourself as an expert in movie trivia. Well, here is a small challenge for you experts. Below, is a series of quotes from different movies, but not your regular familiar famous movie quotes. No these are actually the last words from the movie. Most are words spoken by a character of the movie but there are a few exceptions to this rule. Try finding the name of the movie and who in particular spoke the last words. By the way, since most movies end with a visual appearance of the words ‘The End’ - these are not applicable in this challenge unless they were actually spoken in the movie at the end. Your comments and suggestions would be welcomed.

*PS – We’ll start with a fairly easy challenge.*

### **The Last Words # 1**

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1) “I’ll be seeing you around, Dr. Jackson.”(2 pts)   | 4) “Well goodbye virgin alarm! “ (3 pts)  |
| 2 “What the _____! MY GOD!” (5 pts)   | 5) “Honors and fear were heaped upon his name, and in time he became a king by his own hand... and that story shall also be told. ” (5 pts) |
| 3) “Differences will be set aside. Alliances will be made and soon I will become the hunted.” (5 pts) |   |

*Answers on Page 31*

## USE YOUR MONSFFA CARD TO OBTAIN DISCOUNTS AT THESE FINE STORES!

**KOMICO:** 10% off on new issues, 15% off on back issues.

**LEGENDS ACTION FIGURES:** 10% off all merchandise (7104 St-Hubert)  
<http://www.legendsactionfigures.com>

**MÉLANGE MAGIQUE:** 15% off all merchandise (1928 St-Catherine West)  
<http://www.themagicalblend.com>

**MILLENNIUM COMICS:** 15% off all merchandise (451 Marriane-est)  
<http://libmillenium.com>

## TRADE 'ZINES RECEIVED

*Trade 'Zines are available for your reading pleasure at all MonSFFA meetings!*

**OPUNTIA** 56.3, 57, 57.3, & 58, published by Dale Spiers of Calgary:: Unusual article on the history of offprints and their importance to the scientific community, the difficulties involved in germinating very ancient seeds both in 57, excellent, very detailed review of Westercon in 58, 57.3 & 56.3 are apazines

**BCSFA**, March, April, May, June, July, Clubzine of the British Columbia Science Fiction Association, edited by Garth Spencer: Wow, they publish monthly.... (envious sigh) The April Issue interested me most,

but all have news, upcoming events, and lots of humour!

**PROBE** 127, club 'zine of SFSA (from South Africa), edited by Andrew of-no-apparent-last-name: Original fiction, poetry, cartoons, and lots of reviews. I was particularly touched by the poem on page 40, *Tethered to the Burning Wheel*.

**IN SPERO AD ASTRA**, Spring 2005 & Summer 2005, quarterly newsletters of the USS Bonaventure NCC-1845, Edmonton Star Trek Society edited by Barry Yoner & Shelley Ann Jensen: Club news, reviews,

recipes, costuming tips, review of model kit Polar Lights 1/350 Refit Enterprise.

**FOSFAX** 211, April 2005, Edited by Timothy Lane and Elizabeth Arrott for FOSFA, Kentucky: Lot and lots of reviews, a political analysis *The Chickens Come Home to Roost*, original art and cartoons.

**ETHEL THE AARDVARK** 117 & 118, edited by Sue Ann Barber for the Melbourne SF Club, Australia: A review of Swancon XXX, The Life Members Ceremony, and book reviews.

### *Answers to The Last words – the Fernster*

- 1) Col. O'Neal - *StarGate (the Movie)*
- 2) *Helicopter Pilot and the General - Predator*
- 3) *Selene - Underworld*
- 4) *Dot Matrix - SpaceBalls*
- 5) *The Wizard (Mako) - Conan the Barbarian*

- 0-2 - You're really in trouble...go back to bed...
- 3-5 - You're still not ready for the big time..
- 6-10 - You'd better start going to the movies..
- 11-15 - Average movie goer...
- 16-20 - Top Notch Movie Freak - you scare me...
- 21+ - Hey, you cheated...



<b>Montreal Science Fiction and Fantasy Association (MonSFFA)</b>	<b>I' Association montréalaise de science-fiction et de fantastique (AMonSFF)</b>
<b>Membership Application Form</b>	<b>Formulaire d'adhésion</b>
<div data-bbox="120 363 760 390"><i>Name</i> _____</div> <div data-bbox="120 464 760 491"><i>Street</i> _____ <i>Apt. #</i> _____</div> <div data-bbox="120 567 760 594"><i>City</i> _____ <i>Prov.</i> _____ <i>Postal Code</i> _____</div> <div data-bbox="120 669 760 697"><i>Telephone:</i> _____</div> <div data-bbox="120 772 760 800"><i>e-mail:</i> _____</div> <div data-bbox="120 842 250 869"><b>Interests:</b></div> <div data-bbox="120 915 760 1289"> <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 _____            _____            _____         </div>	<div data-bbox="824 363 1464 390"><i>Nom</i> _____</div> <div data-bbox="824 464 1464 491"><i>Rue</i> _____ <i>App. #</i> _____</div> <div data-bbox="824 567 1464 594"><i>Ville</i> _____ <i>Prov.</i> _____ <i>Code postal</i> _____</div> <div data-bbox="824 669 1464 697"><i>Téléphone:</i> _____</div> <div data-bbox="824 772 1464 800"><i>Courriel</i> _____</div> <div data-bbox="824 842 1094 869"><b>Intérêts personnels:</b></div> <div data-bbox="824 915 1464 1289"> <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 _____            _____            _____         </div>
<div data-bbox="120 1356 781 1425"><b><i>Please send cheque or money order in the amount of 25\$ to:</i></b></div> <div data-bbox="279 1430 634 1570" style="text-align: center;">           MonSFFA            PO Box 1186 Place du Parc            Montréal, Québec            H2X 4A7         </div>	<div data-bbox="824 1356 1485 1425"><b><i>Veuillez parvenir un chèque ou un mandat-postal, au montant de 25\$:</i></b></div> <div data-bbox="1011 1430 1312 1570" style="text-align: center;">           AmonSFF            CP 1186, Place du Parc            Montréal, Québec            H2X 4A7         </div>
<div data-bbox="120 1640 794 1822">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.</div> <div data-bbox="362 1864 553 1892" style="text-align: center;">           Yes <input type="checkbox"/>    No <input type="checkbox"/> </div>	<div data-bbox="824 1640 1498 1822">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.</div> <div data-bbox="1058 1864 1266 1892" style="text-align: center;">           Oui <input type="checkbox"/>    Non <input type="checkbox"/> </div>