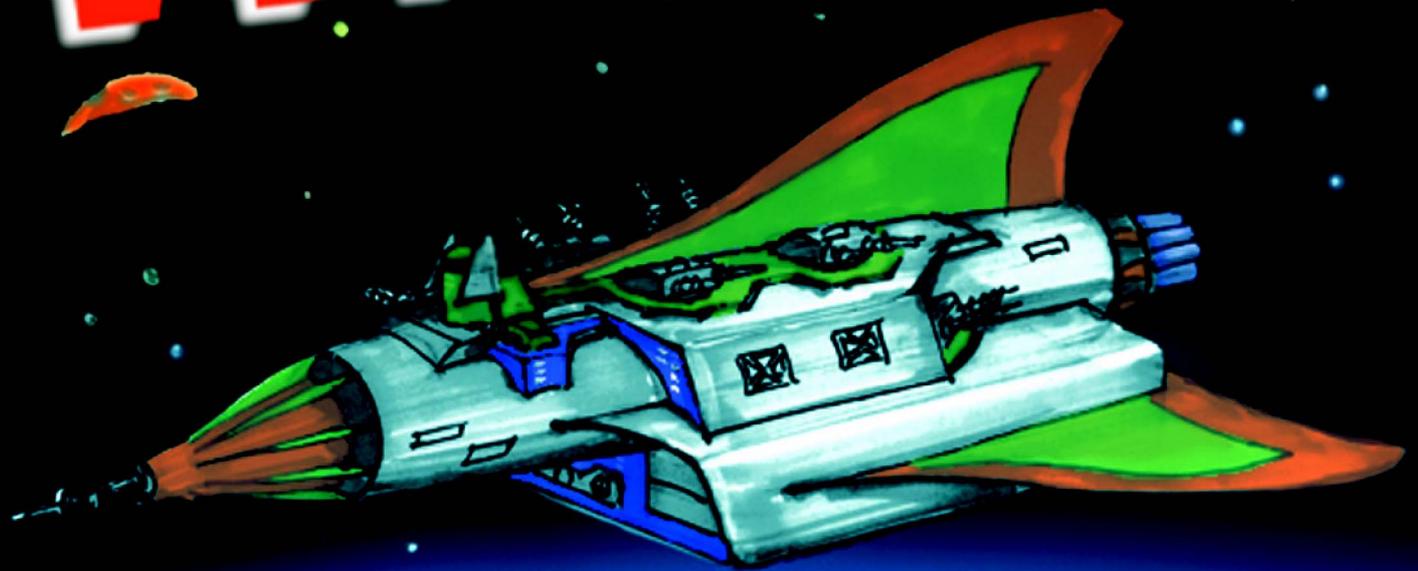


WARP 74



KEITH/2010

Featured Authors

**Joseph Aspler ★ Josée Bellemare
Nikolai Krimp ★ Barbara Silverman
& Sylvain St-Pierre**

MonSFFA's Executive:

Bernard Reischl
President (& self proclaimed Emperor :)

Keith Braithwaite & Lindsay Brown
Vice-Presidents

Sylvain St-Pierre
Treasurer

Appointed Positions:

PR, Membership, editor of **Impulse**
Keith Braithwaite
Web Master
Bernard Reischl
Editor of **WARP**
Cathy Palmer-Lister

Board of Advisors (BoA)

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

On the Cover

Our cover this issue comes courtesy Keith Braithwaite, who coloured an old black-and-white marker sketch he'd made a few years back. The Emperor's flagship, painted in the Imperial colours of war and bristling with weaponry, orbits the Empire's homeworld.

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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 Hotel Espresso (formerly the Days Hotel), St-François Room, 1005 Guy Street, corner René Lévesque.

Programming is subject to change, check our website for latest developments.

June 13, 2010



Meeting cancelled in favour of a **garage sale** on the 12th and **bowling** on the 13th.

July 25, 2010

Annual MonSFFA **BBQ** (rain date: August 1, 2010)



August 15, 2010



Fancraft Workshops: Members try their hand at a variety of sci-fi-themed crafts in a series of workshops

September 19, 2010

Guest Speaker: Olivier Xavier speaks on his professional career, the modern visual effects industry, and the FX techniques employed by low-budget independent filmmakers.



Introduction to Computer Gaming: A primer on popular computer gaming (*François Ménard*)

October 17, 2010



Future's History: The evolution of the Captain Future character over a variety of media. (*Marquise Boies*)

Weird Sci-Fi Technologies: A review of some of the more bizarre technologies to be found in the annals of science fiction. (*Sylvain St-Pierre*)



Commercial Advertising: A look at advertising's use of SF to sell products and services. (*Alice Novo, Beryn Reischl*)

November 21, 2010



Signs and Symbols, Legends and Mythologies: An examination of their origins and connections. (*Lindsay Brown, Marc Durocher*)

Star Trek Remastered: An appreciation of the remastered versions of the original Star Trek episodes, in which the visual effects have been updated. (*Wayne Glover*)

Fan Film Theatre: Screenings of some of the most interesting and recent examples of SF/F fan films available on the Web. (*Beryn Reischl*)

December 4, 2010

MonSFFA's Annual Christmas Dinner & Party
Details to be announced.



As is our tradition, we will be collecting toys and items of non-perishable food for donation to Sun Youth's Christmas Basket Drive. In the spirit of the season, please give to benefit those less fortunate in our community.

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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June 2, 2010

Dear Cathy:

Emperor Reischl may be demanding your devotions soon, and when Berny I does, he may be looking at being deposed. Although, I think he'd prefer that. He realized too late it's not a paying job. Here comes the Wrath of Berny...

My letter... Yvonne is now at Shredit, the document shredding company, and their head office is in Oakville. I spent six months working at The Law Society of Upper Canada, and I'm job hunting again. There might be the chance to return to the Law Society in the fall, but I'd rather have something full time. I have found a Montréal Steampunk group on Facebook, plus steampunk groups across the country. I'm sure the local group could do some programming at the next Con*Cept.

Anime North was this past weekend. Yvonne and I are not anime fans, but the AN committee has tried their best to provide non-anime programming, and to show their attendees there's more to popular culture than anime. There's a lot of walking to do at the Toronto Congress Centre, and we just hung out and met up with friends on the Saturday, and we participated in the Steampunk Hetalia/Wonderland fashion show on Sunday. I've already heard an attendance figure, unofficial, of course, of 18,000. Looks like there were lots of happy people, and it seemed more crowded than in previous years, so I'd say the 18,000 figure is fairly accurate. Our next convention will be Polaris in Richmond Hill in July.

Great article from Graeme Cameron. Everyone should know their own history, for fandom does have a long history, in many places. Anticipation may have also helped to illustrate the history of fandom and Montreal fandom in particular. The MSFS would celebrate its 65th anniversary next year. And great review of *The City and the City*, written by two reviewers?

Ah, there we are on page 24. Good party, and we were a little over-dressed because we'd just come from the Aurora Awards banquet.

John Hertz won DUFF, I didn't win the Aurora this year, but it is always good to be nominated, and speaking of

nominations, I am on the Hugo ballot this year, in the category of Best Fan Writer. The excitement of this has yet to fade, and I am hopeful for some great news in August. Finally, the day I am writing this is my 51st birthday!, so I am taking the day to do as I please, and catch up on commitments like a loc. As soon as I finish this up, e-mail it to you, and send you a Tale!, I have some other commitments to look after as well. Take care, Cathy, and see you as soon as the new issue is ready.

Yours,

Lloyd Penney

Hi, Lloyd!

You're on the Hugo Ballot! Wow! That's a win in itself! Congratulations!

The review of The City and the City is by one reviewer, Danny Sichel, and he'll be glad you noticed how he wrote it in the style of the book. He was worried readers might not "get" it.

Donald Simmons gives a figure of 18,000 warm bodies for Anime North. I can't imagine that many people!

*I wish you well in the job hunt, and hope you and Yvonne can make it to Con*Cept.*

Yours in fandom,

Cathy

From **Guy Lillian's Zine Dump 25**, a review of WARP 72: Cathy was the last Challenger's tributee for her help with the Montreal Fan-Eds' Feast. She also edits a dandy club-genzine. This issue features a funny cover – the Enterprise orbiting a green egg – and color photos throughout. The best pictures hail Forry Ackerman (and some movie props he leant MonSFFA) and the late film producer, Charles Schneer. TAFF winner Steve Green greets the club before chapters of

Nikolai Krimp's The Last Mage and Alice Novo's "Message in a Bottle", books and movies are reviewed, a concert of film music is hailed (by Cathy herself), as is the Salon de la Passion Médiévale et Historique – an anachronist event, as you can guess. More good photos of creative SFnal Easter eggs, and a cool quiz involving alien women from the movies and the actresses who play them. Worldcon may be over but MonSFFA

carries on.

Wow, thanks, Guy, what a nice review!

Guy even published our logo with it! Cool!

And BTW, Guy Lillian III is also in the running for a Hugo, again, I think this is the 10th? Good luck, Guy! Challenger is a great zine!

<http://www.challzine.net/>

Upcoming Events

Compiled by Dom Durocher & Lynda Pelley

June 4-6 What-the-Fur (anthro) Montreal, QC
<http://whatthefur.ca/>

July 3-4 ConBravo (Anime) Oakville, ON
<http://conbravo.com/>

June 25-27 TwiCon (vampire con - True Blood, Twilight, Vampire Diaries); Toronto, ON
<http://www.twicon.org/>

July 8-27 Fantasia (film festival); Montreal, QC
<http://www.fantasiafest.com/>

July 16-18 Polaris - formerly Toronto Trek (SF media); Toronto, ON
<http://www.tcon.ca/polaris/modules/tconguests/>

July 22-25 San Diego Comic Con (SF multi-media); San Diego, CA
<http://www.comic-con.org/ci/>

July 30 - Aug 1 Creation Convention (Twilight); Toronto, ON
http://www.creationent.com/cal/twilight_toronto.htm

Aug 4-7 IPMS USA National Convention (model competition); Phoenix, AZ
<http://ipmsusa2010.org/index.html>

Aug 12-15 Star Wars Celebration V; Orlando, FL
<http://www.starwarscelebration.com/>

Aug 13-15 Otakuthon (anime) Montreal, QC
<http://www.otakuthon.com/>

Aug 27-29 Fan Expo (SF multi-media); Toronto, ON
<http://www.hobbystar.com/fanexpo/>

September 2-6 AussieCon IV, the 68th World Con, Melbourne, Australia
<http://www.aussiecon4.org.au/>

Sept 3-6 Dragon*Con (SF multi-media); Atlanta, GA
<http://www.dragoncon.org/>

Sept 11-12 Comic-Con (Comics, media) Montreal, QC
<http://www.montrealcomiccon.com/>

Oct 1-3 Con*Cept; Montreal, QC
<http://www.conceptsf.ca>

Oct 28-31 World Fantasy Con 34, Columbus OH
<http://www.contextsf.org/WFC/>

Oct 2 London Scale Model Show (model competition); London, ON
<http://londonmodelshow.ca/>

Oct Ajax Model Show (date TBA, usually the weekend before Halloween) (model competition); Ajax, ON

Nov 19-21 SFContario (SF literary); Toronto
<http://sfcontario.ca/>



Sea Serpents – A Fisky Tale

Barbara Silverman

With the wind puffing her sails out full the trading ship slipped through the silent waters. Slowly the sun glided down to the horizon, casting eerie shadows over sea and ship. Standing alone at the port railing, the captain gazed out over the deep blue watery surface. This was his fourth such voyage and though he had heard tales of sea monsters and serpents he had yet to see one.

Suddenly his hands gripped the wood until his knuckles turned white. Fearing it would disappear, he forced himself not to blink, for there it was! Just below the surface and extending down into the murky depths, the long silvery body outlined by a red mane, the like of which he had never seen before! He had one more story to add to those already told.

The interesting thing about mythology is that stories are frequently based on an event that occurred and expanded over time with the telling, or something existed that was beyond the logic of the time and needed an explanation. Though old-time myths and legends may appear nothing more than fanciful stories, beware - the truth is often stranger than fiction. Deep in the core of the inconceivable there might be a grain of reality.

Spiny-rayed fish, from the Phylum *Chordata*, account for about half of all species. Belonging to the Class *Osteichthyes*, Subclass *Actinopterygii*, Superorder *Acanthopterygii*, they compose the largest fish group and evolved later than other fish species. There are a total of 15 Orders, 259 Families, and approximately 13,500 species.

Spiny-rays can be found in almost every sea and ocean environment. Generally having the supremacy of the inshore aquatic areas, and while they are numerous in lakes and ponds, they also inhabit open ocean areas and can be found in deep waters. Since they form such a huge group, there is a varied array of shapes, colours, behaviour, and adaptations to specialized environments, but, there are some anatomical similarities.

Most will have stiff, bony spines close to, or right at, the dorsal fin. This separates spiny-rays from the ray-finned fishes, which have their fins held up by bone segments that are jointed. Generally, the spiny-rays have ctenoid scales containing minute spines on the exterior of each scale. However, in some species the scales became bony plates, and there are species with no scales at all. Most spiny-rayed species have a movable mouth that can be extended forward, however, mouth shape and teeth types vary considerably.

Lionfish and stonefish fall into this group as well as tuna, plaice, sole, seahorses, bass, snappers, mackerel, and butterfly fish. Since the spiny-rays are such a varied group it stands to reason there is a large size range, with the miniature gobies the smallest at 1 cm or 3/8 inches long.

And then you have the largest, the oarfish, *Regalecus glesne*, from the Order *Lampridiformes*, Family *Regalecidae*, the sea serpents measuring up to 8–11 metres or 26–36 feet in length. People have reported seeing specimens up to 17 metres/ 55.8 feet long but this has been unconfirmed, with the largest dependable record standing at 11 metres, and a weight of up to 270 kg/600 lb.

Recorded as the longest fish to be found in our waters, they have a long, ribbon-like slender body that is only 5 cm/2 inches

across, it is also one of the most mysterious of our ocean dwellers. Oarfish are thought to be the source of stories incorporating sea serpents and ocean monsters. There are some who speculate the oarfish might be the origin of the Loch Ness Monster, but this has never been proven. As well as having the sea serpent reputation they were once believed to swim in front of herring shoals, as though guiding or leading them, hence they were crowned the “king of the herrings”.

The habitat of the oarfish is worldwide, being found in tropical, subtropical and temperate areas of open seas and oceans up to a depth of 20-1,000 metres or 60-3,280 feet, including the Atlantic, Indian, Mediterranean, and the eastern Pacific from southern California to the south of Chile. Since these unique fish are seldom captured or even seen alive, our information comes mostly from specimens washed ashore, leading to a scarcity of knowledge about their life style. It was not until 2001 that one was actually filmed in its natural element by the US navy. Their life span and current status is unknown, but it is believed they are fairly common throughout their habitat.

Due to their unusual length they probably have few predators, but the majority of oarfish that have been either seen or washed ashore had a part of their tail missing, or had scars along the rear section of their bodies. The internal organs of oarfish are all



Oarfish range from 8-11 metres in length, though there are unconfirmed reports of fish up to 17 metres.

contained in the front quarter of the body. They lack a swim bladder, but there is an accessory digestive organ – a large bag connected to the stomach, extending back along the tail muscles to about the centre of the body. Based on this evidence it appears oarfish can survive an attack as long as only the rear section of the body is bitten. It is theorized that the rear half could be completely bitten off and the fish would still survive.



Oarfish have no scales. The skin is covered with guanine, the substance that give fish their silvery colour. Sloping, bluish-grey streaks appear at irregular intervals along the length of its body. They have small eyes and a short, bluish concave head that slopes down in the direction of their protruding mouth. They have no teeth. However, they do have 40 to 58 long, spiny gill rakers, used to filter small crustaceans such as euphausiids contained in the water passing over their gills. For such a large fish their food is fairly tiny, consisting of crustaceans such as krill, small fish, and squid.

Fins are a striking deep red with the dorsal fin, containing 260-410 rays, beginning at the front of the head and running the entire length of the body. The front rays of the dorsal fin are long, forming a high crest on top of the head just above the eyes. Pectoral fins are very small and located just behind the gills. The pelvic fins, situated just below the pectoral fins, consist of only two long single rays, one on each side of the body, ending in a tip resembling the blade of an oar, hence their name. Tail fins of oarfish are extremely small or missing altogether.

According to recent information oarfish swim in the same manner as seahorses, their bodies held in a vertical position with the dorsal fin at the back. Small wavelike ripples running along the dorsal combined with fanning movements from the pectoral fins, propel the fish slowly forward. The pelvic fins are held out to the side acting as stabilizers.



Oarfish swim in a vertical position, much like seahorses.

Breeding habits are little known except that the oarfish is oviparous. Their larvae hatching from small eggs, are seen floating on surface waters. Spawning is generally between July to December. The larvae have long streamers decorated with small pieces of skin. These streamers are part of the elongated rays from the frontal section of the dorsal fin and the extended pelvic fins. So far their purpose is unknown.

There are actually three species of fish that go by the common name of oarfish. The *Regalecidae* family contains two

genera, *Regalecus* with two species and *Agrostichthys*. *Regalecus glesne*, the oarfish species discussed here, is the best known and by far the longest. The other two species are *Regalecus russwlii* and *Agrostichthys parkeri*, also known as streamer fish.

Oarfish are related to the Family Trachipteridae or ribbonfish. These fish are similar to the oarfish in body shape, but are shorter and fatter. There are a total of 16 species in the *Trachipteridae* Family, all rare with little known about their biology or life styles.

Trachipterus trachipterus measures up to 1.6 meters or 5-1/4 feet and can be found in the Mediterranean, Eastern Atlantic, Indian Ocean, and the Central and Western Pacific. Very similar to the oarfish, this ribbonfish has a small fan-shaped tail fin that slopes upward, with the deep red dorsal fin also running the length of the body. It is patterned with 1-4 dark spots widely spaced on the upper body and 1-2 on the underside.

Another relative, *Trachipterus altivelis* can sometimes be seen off the North American Pacific coast, in the region of the large salmon runs. Here, the coastal indigenous peoples had beliefs similar to the herring fishermen of Europe who called *Regalecus glesne* "king of the herrings". Believing that *Trachipterus altivelis* led the salmon migrations to the spawning waters, the indigenous nations bestowed this ribbonfish with the title "king of the salmon".

So....you still think there are no sea monsters or serpents. The next time you're sailing the seas take a look, perhaps you'll see that which you did not expect hiding beneath the surface. For who can say what lies in the dark mysterious depths in areas still waiting to be explored. ❁

SFF SIGHTING! Cathy Palmer-Lister

From the website: <http://www.fbtbforums.net>, this model won third place in a Lego / Star Wars / Steampunk contest. First and second places were a Naboo Airforce 1, and a Tie fighter respectively, but I thought the barge was more representative of steampunk. I can't see steam getting you very far in space! Get many more detailed views of the barge at <http://pinlac.com/LegoJabbaSteampunkBarge.html>



CASTLES OF DREAMS AND NIGHTMARES

Sylvain St-Pierre

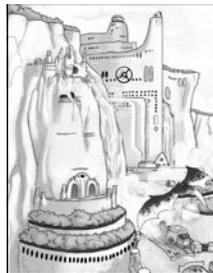
Few will dispute the fact that without castles, a great many of our favourite tales would quite simply not be the same. Whether it is a delicate dreamlike structure sheltering a sleeping princess or the dark and foreboding abode of a demented villain, a good castle adds character to a story. Often, in fact, the castle is more entertaining than the characters that move through it. Here is, in no particular order, a small cross-section of the various types of real estates favoured by the rich and not always mentally stable people.



Gormenghast: Of all the fictitious castles described below, this is the only one that could possibly be built today, albeit at great expense. I you cannot grasp it at a single glance, it is labyrinthine and tortuous in the extreme and the very name has become synonymous with mmense to the point that huge and towering constructions. The *Gormenghast* novels, written by Mervyn Peake between 1946 and 1959, have been illustrated by a number of artists over the years

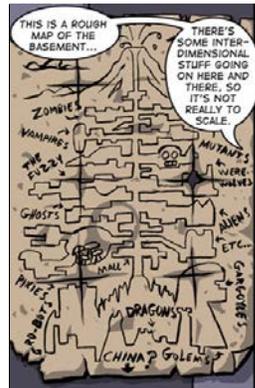
and the picture presented here is a fragment of a painting done by Ian Miller for the book *Realms of Fantasy* (Paper Tiger, 1983, ISBN 905895-82-7)

The Royal Palace of Quillotia: In the Web comic *Archipelago* by H.L. Devera, <http://archipelagocomic.com>, the kings of Quillotia have the power to manipulate stone to their will. Over the years, they managed to fashion a quite impressive and beautiful palace for themselves.



Doctor Eric Von Frankenstein's and Professor Steve Wallock's Lair: The now concluded series *Radioactive Panda!*, by Eric A. Johnson and Steve <http://radioactivepanda.com/comic/1>, featured two mad scientists who lived in a rather strange mansion (formerly a Chinese restaurant). While the building seems rather small from the outside, it is actually full of inter-dimensional zombie-infested

passages and folded spaces leading to just about anywhere. This makes moving the whole thing in one piece (to avoid the "have I forgotten to pack something?" syndrome) all the more impressive.



Castle Heterodyne: The long running *Girl Genius* graphic novel, by Phil and K a j a F o g l i o , <http://www.girlgeniusonline.com/comic.php>, is set in a steampunk world where mad scientists are not only common, but run rampant. Of those, one of the most famous and powerful families is that of the Heterodynes, who used to rule from their castle in the city of Mechanicsburg. The Castle, now much damaged by an

attack of the mysterious Other twenty years ago, is a marvel of engineering that pretty much runs itself but whose mind in fragmented into dozens of units, many of them insane. The place is also full of deadly traps and is not recommended to the faint of heart. The worst of it? The Castle thinks it has a sense of humour...



Xanadu:

*In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.*

Samuel Taylor Coleridge wrote those words for his poem, *Kubla Khan, a Vision in a Dream*, in 1816, reportedly describing an hallucinogenic trance. What is certain is that the term is now a by-word for an enchanting place, and has been applied to many sites – both real and imagined. Two of those in particular come to mind.

The first is **Mandrake the Magician's mountain top retreat** since the early 1960's. While technically a mansion rather than a castle, it is famous for the heart-stopping path that must be followed to reach it. Visitors must drive at exactly 20 miles an hour and never stop, or else run into serious troubles. But the gate, deep chasm and concrete wall along the way make that a nerve-racking experience,



as those are not illusions! While the obstacles always closed or moved out of the way just before being hit, I remember often wondering what would happen if the mechanism seized up...



The second site is **The Ever Changing Palace** in the graphic novel *Xanadu*, by Vicky Wyman. It is a pretty enough place, set in a Furry world, with the distinguishing characteristic that it magically changes its layout all the time. A spell allows its inhabitants to easily find their way around, but any intruder gets quickly lost. From *Xanadu: Across Diamond Seas*, Mu Press, Issue 1, January 1994.



The Palace of King Morpheus of Slumberland: To call it a dream palace would be of course redundant, although it looks rather more substantial and down-to-earth than many other fantasy dwellings. Hundreds of miles wide, it is vaster by far than Gormenghast, and cannon-propelled pods are considered a convenient way to go from one part to another. The path that one must follow to reach the throne room



would put to shame the security features of Mandrakes Xanadu: you need to go between a double row of tigers, then under a long line of ten tons weights, followed by a walk between menacing cannons, and finally by cable-car over a fiery moat. Fortunately, only the bad need to fear for their life. The ropes holding the ten-ton weights were cut by mistake only once... *Little Nemo in Slumberland* by Winsor McCay, 1905-1914.

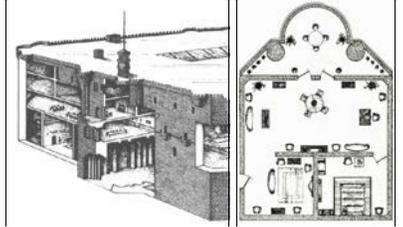


H.R. Gigers Harkonnen Castle: You may be familiar with David Lynch's 1984 movie version of Frank Herbert's *Dune*, as well as John Harrison's 2000 mini-series. But did you know that in the mid-70s a French consortium had acquired the rights and was seriously working on producing a ten-hour epic? The whole enterprise collapsed because of infighting and funding problems, but it certainly would have looked very different from the versions we



have seen. Salvador Dali would have played the role of the Emperor, Chris Foss would have designed the spaceships and H.R. Giger - of *Alien* fame - actually did a considerable amount of design for the buildings. The most interesting one would have been Castle Harkonnen. It would have been shaped like the Baron himself, with a face that could slide down to reveal a devastating defence system.

Castle Amber: One of the main settings of Roger Zelazny's *Amber* series is Castle Amber, located in a reality of which all others - including our own - are but distorted reflections. While that castle is never mapped very precisely in the novels, there is a book that fills that gap. *Roger Zelazny's Visual Guide to Castle Amber*, by the author himself and Neil Randall (Avon Books, 1988, ISBN 0-380-75566-1) provides an extensive floor by floor description of that vast edifice, with plenty of plans, illustrations and diagrams. Hours of fun, provided that you are not a stickler for realism because structurally speaking, the place makes no sense at all and would collapse in minutes if built, unless propped up by a massive amount of magic.



Neuschwanstein Castle: Of the lot, this is the only one that you can actually visit in this day and age. I was lucky enough to do so many years ago, and I still have dreams about it. King Ludwig the Second of Bavaria may have been as mad as an Heterodyne, but this is the sort of madness the world could use a bit more of. Finished in 1884, this building is only a fraction of what the Mad King had envisioned, but even that is beautiful beyond compare, inside and out. The major source of inspiration



The Last Mage: The Dragon's Mouth

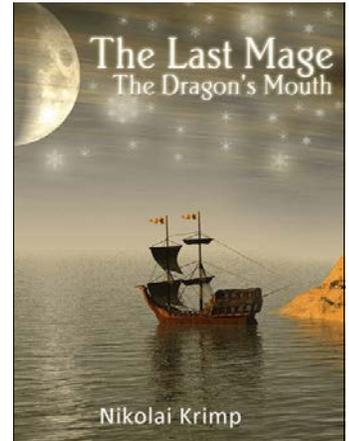
Nikolai Krimp

The story so far: Jennifer Wells worked for a bio-hazard lab located deep inside a mountain just south of Seattle, Washington. Following a car accident during a mysterious storm, she awoke in the body of a young elf named Shannon. In the company of Shannon's friend, Roma, and a hobbit, Treymane, she finds herself caught up in events resulting from the finding of a box in the ruins of the "Cave of the Ancients" – Jenny's former laboratory.

When the companions reached the safety of Shannon's home, they learned that they must now journey on to find Teagan, Shannon's aunt, and the only one likely to be able to explain what's been going on. A forced detour through the Shadow Forest results in their being captured by elves. Jenny convinces the council that she is indeed Shannon, but Kirin who has volunteered to be their escort demands the truth, and Jenny tells him who she really is and what she suspects is in the Demon Box – a biological weapon. The village comes under attack, the companions are given magical gifts and make their escape through a secret passage.

When they finally reach their destination, Teagan informs them she has lost contact with Shannon, leaving her to conclude that Jenny will never be able to return to her own time. However, because Jenny is in Shannon's body, and Shannon was a mage, she is capable of magic. Teagan begins teaching her the skills she will need in the world which must now be her home.

The companions set off to the Dragon's Mouth, hoping to destroy the Demon Box before it falls into the hands of Malodor. We pick up the story again just as the travellers arrive at the village of Maryton. Though safe for the moment, they know they have been spotted by Malodor's spies.



Chapter 14

The sun just set, as the party crested the last hill and there, in front of them, lay the village of Maryton. They passed a few farms and other small homes that lay well outside the village centre. The homes were small and had a low roofline. Flowers decorated the windowsills and the outer walls were painted in different colours. The fields of the farms were perfectly square and now, since the harvest was in, the farmers were out turning the soil. Each row looked exactly like the other.

As darkness fell, they walked down what appeared to be the main street. Treymane led them to a large, two-story wood and stone building. Over the front door hung a faded sign that one could just barely make out. It read, "Rooms for Rent".

The hobbit left the party standing outside, as he approached the large veranda. Climbing the wide wooden steps, he rapped on the front door. Moments later, a very short and fat woman opened the door. Treymane said something to her and she stepped aside, beckoning the rest to enter.

"You must be tired and hungry after such a long journey," she said as the group stepped up onto the gallery. "I'll have food prepared while you wash up."

She turned and entered the house with the party right behind her. She showed them to their rooms and indicated where the bath section was. One part was for the ladies and the other for the men, separated only by a large white sheet. Everyone helped with the hot water as they bathed. Shannon was the first to step into a large metal basin, which served as a bathtub. She hadn't felt this good for a long time. "Come to think of it," she thought, "I haven't taken a bath like this since I arrived on this world." Just then Bathilda entered with two more buckets of hot water.

"These are for your friend," she said. "Just don't take too long or the food that's waiting for you downstairs will get cold."

Shannon, realizing that Roma also wanted to take a bath, reluctantly stepped out of the tub and dried herself, just as her friend entered. The relaxed look on the elf girl's face showed

Roma how good that bath was going to feel.

Once dressed, Shannon left her friend and rejoined some of the others who had finished washing up. It seemed that the dwarfs didn't make too great an effort, for they had missed many spots.

"Don't want to wear my skin too thin," whispered the old dwarf as he saw the elf girl wrinkle her nose at him. "One might begin to freeze, with winter coming on."

She just smiled and shook her head in disbelief.

Soon they were all sitting at a long table and waiting for the meal to be served. Their wait wasn't long, for their hostess pushed a small serving cart into the dining room, filled with plates of roast deer and hot steaming vegetables. A large bowl was filled with boiled potatoes, while another smaller one held the rich brown gravy. On her second trip, she brought in several pitchers of wine and ale. No one spoke, as they ate heartily. Only when the dessert came, did a conversation arise, though there was more chewing going on than people talking.

When everyone was finished, their hostess replenished the pitchers, while the party sat around and talked. Finally Bathilda herself sat down at the table with a flagon of sweet wine and joined in the conversation.

"A good meal, woman," Duncan managed to get out between gulps of cool refreshing ale. "Haven't had a supper like that in ages."

"I'm glad you liked it," she replied with a grin. "Why, I could make plenty of different meals for you, if you like."

The old dwarf swallowed hard and turned his attention to another conversation pretending not to hear what she had said. Blick began asking the woman some questions.

"Have there been any signs of orcs in this area?" he asked.

"I haven't seen any myself," she answered, "but two nights ago, a patrol of dwarfs stayed over for the night. They spoke of increased orc activity near here. They left the very next morning."

"Where were they heading?" Blick asked.

"I think they said Haggleville," Bathilda answered.

The room fell silent as Blick and the woman spoke. No one wanted to hear about orcs.

"Well I think that settles it," Blick said, as he stood up from the table. "We leave first thing in the morning. I might suggest that we all get a good night's sleep, so we can wake up refreshed for tomorrow's journey."

Everyone agreed and they left the room for their sleeping chambers. Only Duncan remained as he waited for Bathilda to bring him another pitcher of ale, which he carried to his room.

Shannon fell asleep the moment her head hit the pillow. Roma, who shared the same room, also didn't take a long time to fall asleep. Kirin and the hobbit shared another room and were busily planning the next day's trip, but as exhausted as they were, they decided to leave the planning for the next morning. Only the two dwarfs stayed up till just past the middle of the night, talking and emptying the pitcher that Duncan had brought. When the ale was gone, the two fell asleep where they were sitting and snored through the night.

Somewhere in the distance, Shannon heard the crow of a rooster. Streaks of morning light entered their room as she opened her eyes, for there were no shades on the windows, just sheer curtains. Soon the smell of frying eggs and pork filled the hallway and crept under the door. Roma's eyes fluttered open, as the aroma passed under her nose.

"Is it morning already?" she asked.

"Yes, and too soon I might add," Shannon answered. "I think I could sleep a whole week in that bed. I slept so soundly that I didn't even dream," she added as she stretched towards the ceiling trying to get her body to wake up.

"We'd better hurry before those two dwarfs eat everything," Roma said. "Did you see what they packed away at the table last night? They ate enough for a whole week."

The two laughed as they dressed and hurried downstairs to the dining room. To their surprise, they were the first to arrive. Soon, Kirin and Treymane arrived. They also looked like they were still asleep. Finally the two dwarfs appeared and sat down just as Bathilda brought in the breakfast. Everyone got a plate full of fried pork and eggs. Their hostess had put some extra meat on Duncan's plate. He also had a pot of tea for himself. The hobbit woman took a special liking to him and made sure he wanted for nothing. When his cup was empty she refilled it, while the others had to fill their own.

When the meal was over, everyone went back to their rooms to collect their belongings except the old dwarf. He stayed and had another plate of food, which their hostess had made up just for him.

"You know," Bathilda began, "you could stay on with me here. I need someone with your stature around here to help out. What do you say?"

"You certainly know the way to a man's heart, woman," he answered, "but we are on a dangerous mission and I am needed elsewhere for the moment. When I am finished and return, I might reconsider it."

Rubbing his full belly, he stood and politely left the room. Joining his friend Blick, the two packed their backpacks and waited for their friends downstairs in the great hall. Before leaving, Bathilda entered the hall, pushing that familiar food cart.

"I've packed some food for your journey," she said as she

handed each one a parcel. Duncan's package seemed a little larger and heavier than the rest, Blick noticed. They all smiled, as they said their goodbyes and dropped a few extra silver coins into the hobbit woman's palm, to show their gratitude. They then left the house and followed Treymane, as he left the main road and headed for the river.

Before long they stood in front of two high stone towers, which flanked a wooden bridge.

"Before you ask," the hobbit began, "these towers were built by soldiers from Rogalandt for the protection of the villagers. They were to hide out in them in case of an attack, but now they are filled with grain and food for the coming winter. The people here have no other use for them but for storage."

After Treymane's explanation, the group pressed on across the bridge and over to the other bank. For the next couple of days, they marched overland towards Haggleville.

On the evening of the second day, the party was approaching the Birchwood Forest, when Kirin spotted something lying just on top of one of the many hills. He, Duncan and Blick went off to investigate what was out there, leaving the hobbit and the two girls waiting on the road. As they neared the site, it became obvious to them what had happened here. Scattered over a small area were the bodies of the dwarf patrol, which had stayed at Bathilda's house. Here and there they found bits and pieces of orc weaponry lying about. Returning quickly, the three explained what they had seen to the hobbit and the girls.

"It seems that we are not as safe as we think," announced Kirin. "That was a patrol of some twenty skilled soldiers that were killed back there. It looked as if their camp was overrun during the night, taking them by complete surprise."

"Then we shall be on our guard tonight," stated Roma. "There will be no fire to attract these beasts. We will rest for a while and then continue through the night until we reach Haggleville."

Everyone agreed that this was the wisest decision and they continued until they reached the forest. There they rested and ate the last of the food supplied to them by their gracious hostess from Maryton. After a brief rest, they continued deeper into the woods.

No one knew exactly what time of the night it was when the faint lights of Haggleville flickered through the trees. All they knew was that they were fairly safe and that a soft and comfortable bed wasn't too far away.

Suddenly a shout arose from in front of them freezing the party in their steps. Someone had ordered them to stop. Who were they? They didn't sound like friendly hobbits inviting them into their homes. These were rough and crusty voices that were shouting at them.

"Do not advance any further!" was the order.

The party waited for the next order, but it never came. Instead, the men in front of them began to move in closer. The trampling of leather boots on the leaf-covered ground told them that they were now surrounded. Drawing their weapons, the party formed a circle with their backs to the centre. Here they were prepared to make their last stand. Then their attackers lit some torches and advanced.

"They're not orcs," someone shouted. "They are dwarfs and elves."

"Lower your weapons," another ordered. "Lower them and

you will not be harmed.”

The group lowered them and the torches closed in.

“They’re Rogalanders,” Blick announced as he recognized the colourful uniforms of the tall warriors. “We are in no danger here,” he assured the rest of his party.

He and Kirin approached the commander of the patrol and told him about the twenty dead dwarf soldiers lying just outside the forest. The captain of the patrol assured them that the road between here and the village was safe and that he would escort them there, so he could bring back more of his men to search the forest and drive off any orcs camped nearby.

Thanking the soldiers, the party, led by the hobbit, marched ahead of the patrol. As they approached the village the forest gave way to grassy hills and knolls. In the light of a full moon, Haggleville now lay in full view, down in a little dell, between two larger coastal hills. Shannon could see that there was still some activity in the heart of the town. The inns were still open and Duncan wasted no time in entering the first establishment, as they reached the heart of the village, to quench his thirst. The rest followed behind him, leaving the soldiers out in the street to wait for their reinforcements. .

Hungry from their forced march, the party ordered a small meal for that was all that was left from the kitchen.

“I guess this will have to suffice,” growled the old dwarf upon hearing that there was no more food for the night. The cooking fires had been left to die out and the cook had gone home, but the innkeeper brought them what was left.

After leaving the little inn, Treymane led them to another larger one. Here they rented rooms and went to sleep.

The next morning after breakfast, the hobbit led the party down to the wharf, a far cry from the one in Maryton. These docks were only large enough to moor small fishing crafts and canoes. Treymane explained that Haggleville, although a busy hub for traders who came in caravans to sell off their goods, did not have a deep enough harbor to accommodate deep-water sailing ships. He told them that the larger ships docked at a place called Shoe Island. There the goods were loaded onto smaller vessels and brought here.

They continued their visit around the quaint little village until the hobbit stopped in front of a heavy wooden door. The house was small and made the door look out of place. It would have looked better on some chateau or tower entrance. Here it looked like it was holding up the house. Treymane walked up to the door and pounded on it with his fist. At first no one answered, but on the third rap the door creaked open. The little man whispered something to the occupant of the house and then turned to beckon his friends to enter. Inside it looked completely different. Beautiful wall hangings decorated the walls; carpets were laid tastefully around the great front room. The great chairs were meticulously placed in front of the fireplace. It didn’t look at all like the outside did.

Treymane introduced his friend. “This is Biddle,” he said as his friends stepped forth and shook Biddle’s hand. After the introductions were over, Biddle and the rest sat down in front of the fireplace and began to chat. At first the conversation was about the group’s travels, but as the afternoon grew nearer the conversation changed. Shannon asked their host if he had a boat.

“Do I have a boat, you ask?” beamed the hobbit. “Not only do I have a boat, but I have the finest fishing sloop in all of the

Shire.”

“How far out to sea have you been?” asked Kirin.

“Well past the barrier islands,” answered the fisherman.

Then Duncan cut in. “We need someone like you, to take us over to the Dragon’s Mouth.”

The words hushed the fisherman as if he had seen a ghost. He couldn’t speak for a moment.

“Are you sure you want to go there?” he finally asked in a slow whispered tone. “I hear that there is where the orcs are. You don’t want to go there. I’ll take you fishing up and down the....”

“We have to go there,” interrupted the old dwarf. “If you won’t take us, then tell us who will and we will stop wasting your time.”

“No one will go there,” the fisherman said in a soft voice. “Everyone’s afraid. Even the larger vessels have changed their routes and give the island a wide berth. I don’t think you’ll find anyone brave enough to take you there.”

“Then lend us your boat and we will take ourselves there.” Blick said.

Biddle eyed them carefully and tried to reason with them to stay put where they were and not venture to the island. But after some arguing back and forth, he realized that they could not be persuaded to stay here and that they would go to the island, with or without him. So he finally agreed, “If we go, we leave the day after tomorrow. That way we’ll arrive at the island on the night when there is no moon in the sky. The darkness should cover us from being spotted and rammed by one of their large ships.”

“How will you navigate in such darkness?” Roma asked.

“I have sailed these waters all my life,” he answered, “and I’ve been out to the island many times before the orcs arrived. I know these waters better than I know what’s in my right pocket.” He stopped talking only to light his pipe as the others made themselves more comfortable in the large armchairs. “I remember one particular trip, where I arrived during the night. The sea was so rough I had to put into shore. I didn’t want to chance sailing around to the leeward side, because that would have taken me closer to the rocky shoals. So I beached my craft and waited out the storm. I tell you; even then, it was creepy to be there by myself. I was glad when the wind finally died down the next morning and I could get out of there. I swore that I would never go back and now you’re asking me to break my own promise.”

Everyone sat in absolute stillness. No one wanted to break the silence. It was Treymane who at last spoke up.

“You could drop us off and leave,” he said. “We will find our way back somehow.”

The fisherman puffed on his pipe while he thought. He knew the dangers involved and he also knew that he would take them there. What he was wrestling with was the thought of leaving them there without any means of escape. Finally he spoke up.

“What’s in it for me?” he asked. “I mean if I’m not fishing, I’m not earning. So what’s in it for me?”

“We will rent your services,” Duncan stated. “Just name your price.”

The older hobbit rubbed his chin and thought. Then a smile appeared on his face as he said. “A new boat when this is over.”

After a moment’s silence, the party agreed to his terms. When this was over, Biddle would get himself a new boat.

Satisfied with the deal he made, Biddle went over to a small cupboard and came back with a bottle of fine brandy and enough

glasses for everyone.

“We will drink a toast to the journey ahead,” he said with a big smile on his face. If the group were successful, he would get his new boat. Then a dark thought came over him. Maybe he didn’t make such a good deal after all. What if no one came back to the boat? What if they all got killed? Who would buy him his new boat? He didn’t like these thoughts at all. He wanted to back out of the deal, but Biddle’s word was good. Once given, he never retracted it. Not even if it was certain he would lose.

Towards evening, Biddle bid the group good-bye and watched them go back up the road towards the inn where they were staying.

“Can he be trusted?” Shannon asked.

“If he can’t be trusted, then no one in the entire Shire can be,” answered the hobbit. “When Biddle gives his word, one can be sure that he will keep it.”

By the time the conversation about the fisherman ended, they were back at the inn. The smell of roast and hot soup filled the air. The realization that they hadn’t eaten since the morning set in. The fisherman with his stories had taken up all of the morning and afternoon. Upon entering the large public room, Blick recognized one of the soldiers who had accompanied them the night they arrived at the village. He went over and spoke briefly with him. When he returned to the party’s table, he brought with him the good news.

“They found the orcs,” Blick began, “and they killed most of them. Some escaped into the forest to the north of here, but I don’t think we’ll be seeing the likes of them for a while.”

After their supper, Duncan ordered more ale and wine. Since they had a whole night and day to spare, it made no sense to waste their time and energy by running around. One could relax right here and enjoy some of the finest ales this country had to offer. But as the evening dragged on, one by one they made their way upstairs to their rooms and turned in for the night, leaving the old dwarf by himself to enjoy a few more cool drinks.

The morning sun was already high in the sky, when Shannon made her way downstairs for the morning meal. To her surprise, only Kirin and Treymane sat at the table sipping on cups of tea.

“I see the sun has forced another out of bed,” said a smiling hobbit. “We will wait for the others before going down to the harbor.”

“Why not let them sleep?” asked Shannon. “We can go exploring by ourselves.”

“I don’t know what the two upstairs would say if we went out alone,” answered the hobbit. “There could be anybody out there working for the wrong people and, you know, a few pieces of gold could go a long way around here.”

“Then, my good man,” said Kirin, as he gave the hobbit a friendly slap on the shoulder, “you have the honour of going upstairs and waking the rest of them.”

Frowning at the two, the little man left the table and went to fetch the others.

It was almost noon by the time the party headed down towards the docks. Many of the smaller boats were still moored because of the stormy weather farther out at sea.

“I hope the storm has blown itself out by the time we leave tomorrow,” a familiar voice came at them from one of the small vessels.

“We’re not going in that, are we?” Duncan asked in a

terrified voice.

“How else will we get there without being seen?” answered Biddle, as he realized the dwarfs hate water. “She is a very stable ship,” Biddle patted the deck with his hand as he reassured the two. “I have been in many storms and always made it back home safely.”

Biddle then invited everyone on board. Only the dwarfs refused. They both said they would wait until it was time to go and only then would they step on the deck of the little craft.

“Are you sure you wouldn’t like to come on board and spend the night?” the hobbit teased.

Duncan and his younger friend pretended not to have heard and were deep in conversation amongst themselves.

Smiling, Biddle went below to where the others were waiting. From underneath one of the tiny counters, he poured himself a flagon of ale and went topside again.

“It’s a shame to let such good ale get warm,” he continued to tease the older dwarf. “It doesn’t taste the same when it is warm,” and he took a long and hearty swallow.

The juices in Duncan’s mouth began to flow as he watched the hobbit enjoy his beer. Blick could see that the old dwarf was fighting with himself.

“Well, maybe we should go and see if everything is alright down below,” Duncan said, still wrestling with the idea of stepping off solid ground and onto a floating piece of wood. “Besides, what harm can it do to go and check.”

Blick almost laughed out loud as he saw his friend, squirming there on the dock, trying to talk himself into going aboard and having a drink. The younger dwarf swore that if Duncan boarded the ship, he would too.

Finally, the sight of Biddle enjoying his ale overwhelmed the old dwarf and he cautiously stepped onto the gangplank. Seeing that it was sturdy enough to hold him, Duncan advanced up the narrow plank and onto the deck of Biddle’s ship. Blick followed right behind him.

“Now I am here,” Duncan said, trying to speak with a steady voice, “so show me where one can partake in a flagon or two of what you’re drinking.”

Happy that the two dwarfs were aboard, Biddle led them below to where the rest were waiting. After filling everyone’s glass, Biddle sat down on one of the benches and spoke.

“Now that we are all here,” he began, “we can plan for the trip tomorrow. If the weather holds out and the winds are fair, we will leave on the morning tide. So that no one will know of our plans and track us on the high seas, you will come aboard tonight after everyone has gone to bed. This way, no one will see you board the ship and in the morning, I’ll leave the harbor as if I were going fishing. I will have enough supplies on board for the trip there and back. Just bring whatever you need for the journey and leave everything else behind. I will have someone pick up your things and store them for you.”

“Can we trust your friend?” asked a suspicious old dwarf.

“I think so,” answered the fisherman, with a smile, “for he is my son. He will say that you are staying at our house and I sent him around to collect your belongings.” Biddle looked at Duncan and could see that he still wasn’t sure of the idea. “Don’t worry,” Biddle added, “This is not the first time I’ve had my son go to the inn and collect my visitors’ things.”

The others agreed that the hobbit’s idea was a sound one.

They would return later that evening when the villagers were asleep.

Thanking Biddle for his hospitality, the party left the boat and headed back towards the village, but not before Duncan gave the hobbit an order to make sure he had plenty of ale stashed on board for the trip.

Upon returning to the inn the group ate and then met in Kirin's room. It was the middle room with the dwarfs' room on one side and the girls' on the other. This way they could not be overheard, other than from the door, but it was checked often for anyone trying to listen in. It was agreed by all that they would leave the inn in pairs and meet at another inn, closer to the wharf. There, they would have their evening meal and a few tankards of drink, until it closed. Then they would proceed to the docks and Biddle's boat.

The evening passed quickly and after the inn closed its doors for the night, the group proceeded, in twos, down the hill towards the docks. It was a warm and quiet night. The only sounds were coming from some rather large bullfrogs performing a hypnotizing opera. They walked along in silence, when suddenly an old woman's voice confronted them.

"Nice evening for a stroll," she said, and almost made

Duncan jump three feet into the air. After his heart slowed and returned to its proper place, he nodded politely and continued after his friends.

"That'll teach you to slow down," Blicke quietly scolded the other dwarf. "Why you nearly scared that poor woman half to death," he added with a grin on his face.

They continued until they reached Biddle's little boat. This time without hesitation, everyone scampered aboard and went below where the other hobbit was waiting. The portals were closed and heavy curtains drawn over them, to keep the light and any sound inside and away from prying eyes. A single candle showed them that Biddle had placed some sleeping mats on the floor, because there weren't enough beds for everyone.

"I will stay on deck and keep watch," Biddle said as he climbed the steep stairs and closed the hatch behind him. He pulled the gangplank onboard and lay down in the stern of the boat near the steering rudder. Looking around and seeing that all was safe, he pulled his cloak around him. After a short time, he closed his eyes.

Down below, the gentle sway of the moored boat lulled everyone to sleep. Even Duncan was snoring as if he were cutting down a forest. ❀



*Stayed tuned for the concluding episode of
"The Last Mage: The Dragon's Mouth
in the next issue of WARP!*



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Part IV: Smallpox and other Acts of God

Warning: Religious and/or political content may offend some readers.

This is the fourth and final instalment in the series that started two years ago.

First, an addendum to the first part of this series, on the benefits of modern dentistry. Scotland's greatest poet Robert Burns died in 1796, at the age of 37. English moralists of the 19th century claimed that Burns died from drinking. However, it is now accepted that he died of endocarditis, a bacterial infection of the heart that developed from the botched extraction of a tooth: that is, from perfectly normal 18th century dentistry.

Now to the main story: The last major smallpox epidemic in North America hit Montreal in 1885. About 3,000 people (1% of Montreal's population) died. Professor Michael Bliss of the University of Toronto wrote an excellent book on the subject, *Plague*, which was the source for Montreal-related information in this article.

Inoculation against smallpox with material from another smallpox patient was known in the 16th century. This was dangerous, but many considered a 2% death rate to be better odds than the minimum 20% death rate from smallpox itself. During the 18th century, about 400,000 were killed annually by smallpox in Europe alone.



In the 1790s, an English physician, Edward Jenner, noticed that dairymaids frequently acquired cowpox from the animals in their care, and would never have smallpox. In English theatrical tradition, dairymaids were popular as actresses, since they were free from the terrible scars that could afflict survivors of smallpox. We now know that the

cowpox and smallpox viruses are related, and that the mild cowpox generates antibodies against the deadly smallpox. Jenner inoculated patients with material from cowpox sores, and discovered that his patients were then immune to smallpox.

Jenner's discovery (and fame) spread quickly. In 1805, Jenner appealed to the Emperor Napoleon for the release of several English prisoners of war. Napoleon is said to have replied, "We can refuse nothing to Jenner".

When smallpox hit Montreal in 1885, vaccination hit a wall. The city even then was divided into Two Solitudes. English (and

mostly Protestant) Montreal believed in vaccination. The Catholic Church which controlled French Montreal was ambivalent. The Bishop of Montreal refused to close the Churches – saying that God would be angry – and refused to issue a Pastoral Letter telling people to be vaccinated. More than that, he insisted that people keep going to Church, providing an ideal ground to transmit the virus.

The Church did, however, organize a Holy Procession – led by the casket of the recently-deceased Bishop Bourget – asking the Almighty to intercede against the epidemic.

Although English and French Montreal in those days were about equal in numbers, 90% of the deaths occurred among French-Canadian Catholics. On November 16, 1885, Louis Riel was hanged in Regina. Quebec nationalists today remember Louis Riel, not the 20 children who died of smallpox on that day in Montreal – a small fraction of the absolutely preventable death toll.



Secular nationalists of the day claimed that the reason for the preponderance of deaths among French-Canadians was due to the fact that they were conquered, oppressed, humiliated, and so on – explanations familiar to 21st century readers. In reality, the smallpox virus is a very democratic fellow, and throughout history has killed royalty, aristocrats, merchants, and downtrodden peasants with full equality.

The fact is this: In 1885 Montreal, a very large-scale experiment was held, in which science – in the form of vaccination – won, and faith lost.

What about our times? During the 1960s, I went to a summer camp north of Montreal. When the lake which my camp shared with the local town showed elevated levels of bacteria, the town held a service asking for Divine aid to protect the lake from pollution. Even at the age of 14 my first thought was, "Check your septic tanks".



An old joke on the theme of "The Lord helps those who help themselves"

An old timer was in danger of being flooded out of his house. As the water crept up the driveway, the National Guard sent a humvee. The old boy sent it away, saying "the Lord will protect me". Next, he had to retreat to the upper floor. The National Guard sent a boat, which the old boy sent away, saying "the Lord will protect me". Soon, the water was at the rooftop, and the National Guard sent a helicopter. The old boy sent the chopper away, with the statement "I have faith in the Lord". A few hours later, the water swept the house away. As the old boy disappeared downstream, he called out, "Lord! I had faith in you!" And a voice from above said, "I sent you a humvee. I sent you a boat. I sent you a helicopter. What more did you want?"

Stargate Enterprise

Josée Bellemare

O'Neill had the paperwork in front of him and at the bottom of the page, the president's signature. After years of waiting, the SGC was going to have a starship Enterprise.

Request to be assigned to the Enterprise would start pouring in soon. You couldn't keep news like this secret for very long.

Jack already had the captain picked out. There were many qualified candidates to choose from but as soon as he saw one particular name, Jack couldn't help himself: the name was just too perfect.

It was only the beginning. The temptation would be too great, choosing crewmembers to match the show but O'Neill would be the first with the captain of the Enterprise: Colonel Jeremy Thomas Kramer.

Jack chuckled "Let the fun begin."

The next day Colonel Kramer was let in to General O'Neill's office. Jack pointed to a chair.

"Sit down Colonel. I have your new assignment and I wanted to tell you myself. You'll be in command of our new 304.

This one will have all the Asguard bells and whistles and a little something extra. Here look for yourself."

O'Neill handed over a folder and Kramer started looking is over.

"I see what you mean sir. All the Asguard technology has been added to the design. It'll be a fine ship but what's the something extra you mentioned?"

"Look on page two, at the name of the ship."

Kramer flipped to page two.

"Oh my god! Is this for real?"

"Signed by the president himself just two days ago."

"I'm honored sir."

"Good. Most of the crew has been assigned already but there are a few positions yet to be filled. My secretary has a stack of files for you to look at over the weekend and I want your recommendations on Monday."

"I won't let you down sir."

"One thing, colonel, don't tell anyone the name of the ship just yet. Word will leak out soon enough, no need to add to the chaos to come."

"I understand."

As he was leaving the building Colonel Kramer was spinning the news around in his head: he was going to command the Enterprise.

When he got back to his hotel Colonel Kramer put the file boxes on the desk, made himself comfortable and started to read, in detail, the folder on the Enterprise.

The general had been right: it really did have all the bells and whistles. For the first Starship Enterprise nothing less would do.

Kramer next looked at the different positions yet to be filled.

Inside the folder was an envelope with his name on it from General O'Neill.

Colonel, I know that when you try to choose your crew you will be tempted to be influenced by the show. Don't worry about it: as long as they can do the job, go for it. I did. Before you begin doubting yourself remember, you wouldn't have the job if you weren't qualified but you have to admit, you were named for the job.

Good luck,

General O'Neill

Just then his stomach rumbled.

"If I'm going to go through all those files I might as well do it on a full stomach."

He put his uniform jacket back on and went down to the hotel restaurant. There were several other officers seated already. The hotel was popular with military personnel in town on business. After a good meal Colonel Kramer went back to his room, changed out of his uniform and got down to work.

After several hours, of looking at personnel files he was ready for a break when he saw it, the perfect candidate for chief engineer. His qualifications were first rate with a recommendation from Colonel Carter herself but what made it perfect was the man's background and name.

Mother Scottish, father of Scottish ancestry, Malcolm Scott MacGyver Stuart's file moved to the approved pile. He had found his Scotty.

His spirits boosted by his first discovery, Colonel Kramer spent the rest of the weekend going through the files. Every so often he would put a file aside as approved.

It was late Sunday night when he closed the final folder. He had filled all the necessary positions but still had room for a few more at a later date. He even found a few people that matched the show.

After leaving a wake-up call at the front desk, he decided to watch a little T.V. before turning in. While flipping through the channels he found a Star Trek marathon on some local sci-fi channel.

Colonel Kramer just laughed and thought the universe was smiling down on him.

Colonel Kramer showed up in General O'Neill's office bright and early Monday morning.

"Colonel, good to see you. I trust you had a busy weekend."

"Yes sir. I have here the personnel files of the crew members I picked, the rest of the files are with your secretary. If you want, I can go over them with you."

"Why don't we do that in your office?"

"My office sir?"

"On board the Enterprise."

"I'd love to sir."

"Alright then. I know we don't have a Scotty but... O'Neill to Enterprise, two to beam up."

The two officers found themselves on the bridge. Colonel Kramer had served on a 303 in the past but this time it was different. This was the Enterprise and he was in command. He slowly walked to the command chair.

"Try it out, see how it feels."

Kramer sat in the chair and let it all sink in.

"You know, a guy could get used to this."

"I hate to interrupt the moment but there is more to see."

"Right behind you sir."

They walked along several corridors until they came to a door with a plaque that said "Captain's office."

"It's your office, you go in first."

"Thank you sir."

Colonel Kramer set behind the desk and put the files down.

"Your quarters are across the hall. The office is rather bland so feel free to personalize the room but keep in mind that in combat situations, the ship can get shaken a bit so don't bring anything that breaks easily."

"I'll keep that in mind sir, thank you. As for the crewmembers I selected, here are their files. I admit there are a few of them that were inspired by the show, starting with this one."

"Malcolm Scott MacGyver Stuart, what do you know, you actually have your very own Scotty."

"As you can see, he is highly qualified for the job. Colonel Carter herself gave him a glowing recommendation."

"That's good enough for me. Who's next?"

"Lieutenant Nathan Harris, communications specialist. African-American, speaks twenty or so earth languages plus goa'uld and ancient. He studied with Dr Jackson for several months."

"Fine, next."

"Doctor Lenore Michaels, surgeon, with several years experience in field hospitals and doctor Christopher Church, fresh out of residency."

"I've actually met Dr Michaels when she was assigned to the alpha site. Good choice. Next."

"Dr Amanda Doyle. She's got so many science degrees she can give Dr McKay a run for his money. And get this, she comes from Vulcan Alberta."

"This is unbelievable. I expected one or two names but you somehow managed to find counterparts for almost every character on the show. What about Sulu and Chekov?"

"I haven't found anyone yet but there's still time. For Chekov, I thought we'd let the Russians send us someone. They'll be screaming for it once the name of the ship leaks out, so might as well throw them a bone."

"Good thinking. I'll make the necessary calls. What about Sulu?"

"Let's wait and see. The Chinese may want to send someone as well. If not, then someone will turn up."

I have to tell you general, I don't know what's going to happen once we're out there but so far, everything's been working out great. It's like the universe is on our side."

"Let's hope it stays that way. Now why don't we explore this new ship of yours."

They spent about an hour touring the ship and meeting the crew before beaming back down to General O'Neill's office.

"I'll get the paperwork started on the new recruits and put in a call to Moscow. You get your gear in order and report for duty at Peterson by the end of the week."

"I'll be ready sir."

Colonel Kramer saluted and left the office. O'Neill then sat at his desk and asked his secretary to get a General Rostov on the line. A few minutes later his phone rings.

"General Rostov on line one sir."

"Thank you" O'Neill puts his phone on speaker.

"General Rostov, I have an offer you're going to love."

"I believe I know what it's about O'Neill. Did you really think you could keep something like this a secret for long?"

"You know already."

"A starship Enterprise? News of this new ship traveled at warp speed."

"Well we want a Russian officer on the bridge. How soon can you find someone for the job?"

"I already have applications. I suspect that some young officers will be calling on every connection they can for this. A bridge officer on the Enterprise... The fantasy of a lifetime, myself included. If only I were 30 years younger... Between generals, any chance of seeing it, up close?"

"I'll see what I can do. Call me when you've picked someone."

"I believe I can have a name for you by the end of the week. Dasvidania, O'Neill."

General Rostov hung up the phone and sighed, looking at a pile of folders at least two feet high on his desk.



The adventures of the Stargate Enterprise continues in WARP 75



There are several awards to be won in the world of SF, but three are of particular interest to our members: the Auroras, the Hugos, and the Constellations because they are voted on by fans, and I hope you are among those who took the time to cast a ballot.

*The Auroras were awarded at Keycon which hosted Convention earlier this spring. Winners are in **bold**.*

2010 PRIX AURORA AWARDS

Best Novel in English:

- * **Wake by Robert J. Sawyer, Penguin Canada**
- * the Amulet of Amon-ra by Leslie Carmichael, CBAY Books
- * Druids by Barbara Galler-Smith and Josh Langston, Edge Science Fiction and Fantasy
- * Steel Whispers by Hayden Trenholm, Bundoran Press
- * Terra Insegura by Edward Willett, DAW Books

Meilleur Roman En Français

- * **Suprématie. Laurent McAllister, (Bragelonne)**
- * Le protocole Reston. Mathieu Fortin, (Coups de tête)
- * La Quête de Chaaas (L'axe de Koudriss). Michèle Laframboise, Médiaspaul
- * Un tour en Arkadie. Francine Pelletier, Alire
- * Filles de lune 3. Le talisman de Maxandre. Élisabeth Tremblay, (De Mortagne)

Best Short-form Work in English:

- * **Pawns Dreaming of Roses by Eileen Bell, Women of the Apocalypse. Absolute Xpress**
- * Here There Be Monsters by Brad Carson, Ages of Wonder, (DAW) (story)
- * Little Deaths by Ivan Dorin, Tesseract Thirteen
- * Radio Nowhere by Douglas Smith, Campus Chills
- * the World More Full of Weeping by Robert J. Wiersema, ChiZine Publications

Meilleure Nouvelle En Français:

- * **Ors blancs Alain Bergeron, (Solaris 171)**
- * De l'amour dans l'air Claude Bolduc, (Solaris 172)
- * La vie des douze Jésus Luc Dagenais, (Solaris 172)
- * Billet de faveur Michèle Laframboise, (Galaxies 41)
- * Grains de silice Mario Tessier, (Solaris 170)
- * La mort aux dés Élisabeth Vonarburg, (Solaris 171)

Best Work in English (Other):

- * **Women of the Apocalypse** (the Apocalyptic Four) Editor, Absolute Xpress
- * Ages of Wonder Julie E. Czerneda, & Rob St. Martin, Editors, DAW Books
- * Neo-opsis Magazine, Karl Johanson, Editor
- * On Spec Magazine, Diane Walton, Managing Editor, The Copper Pig Writers' Society
- * Distant Early Warnings: Canada's Best Science Fiction Robert J. Sawyer, Editor, Robert J. Sawyer books



Meilleur Ouvrage En Français (Autre)

- * **Revue. Joel Champetier, éditeur, Solaris**
- * Critiques. Jérôme-Olivier Allard, (Solaris 169-172)
- * Le jardin du general, Manga. Michele Laframboise, Fichtre, Montréal
- * Rien à voir avec la fantasy. Thibaud Sallé, (Solaris 169)
- * Chronique Les Carnets du Futurible. Mario Tessier, (Solaris 169-171)

Artistic Achievement :

- * **Dan O'Driscoll, Cover of Steel Whispers, Bundoran Press**
- * Kari-Ann Anderson, for cover of "Nina Kimberly the Merciless", Dragon Moon Press
- * Jim Beveridge, "Xenobiology 101: Field Trip" Neo-opsis #16
- * Lar de Souza for Looking for Group online Comic
- * Tarol Hunt, "Goblins". Webcomic

Fan Accomplishment (Fanzine):

- * **Richard Graeme Cameron, WCFSAZine**
- * Jeff Boman, The Original Universe
- * Dale Speirs, Opuntia
- * Guillaume Voisine, éd. Brins d'Éternité
- * Felicity Walker, BCSFAzine

Fan Accomplishment (Organization) :

- * **David Hayman for organization Filk Hall of Fame**
- * Renée Benett for "In Spaces Between" at Con-Version 25
- * Robbie Bourget and René Walling, Chairs of "Anticipation", the 67th WorldCon
- * Roy Miles, work on USS Hudson Bay Executive
- * Kirstin Morrell, Programming for Con-Version 25

Fan Accomplishment (Other):

- * **Ray Badgerow, Astronomy Lecture at USS Hudson Bay**
- * Ivan Dorin, "Gods Anonymous" (Con-Version 25 radio play)
- * Judith Hayman and Peggi Warner-Lalonde organization, Filk track @ Anticipation
- * Tom Jeffers and Sue Posteraro, Filk Concert, Anticipation
- * Lloyd Penney, Fanwriting



THE CONSTELLATION AWARDS

*Voting has closed, winners will be announced at
Polaris, July 17th.*

Best Male Performance in a 2009 Science Fiction

Television Episode

- *David Tennant, Doctor Who, The Waters Of Mars
- *Gareth David-Lloyd, Torchwood, Children Of Earth: Day 4
- *Jensen Ackles, Supernatural. The End
- *John Noble, Fringe, Grey Matters
- *Misha Collins, Supernatural, The Rapture
- *Robin Dunne, Sanctuary, Pavor Noturnus
- *Ron Livingston, Defying Gravity, Kiss

Best Female Performance in a 2009 Science Fiction

Television Episode

- *Agam Darshi, Sanctuary, Penance
- *Alona Tal, Supernatural, Abandon All Hope
- *Amanda Tapping, Sanctuary, Veritas
- *Erin Karpluk, Being Erica, Yes We Can
- *Laura Harris, Defying Gravity, Kiss
- *Lena Headey, Terminator: The Sarah Connor Chronicles, Some Must Watch While Some Must Sleep
- *Michelle Ryan, Doctor Who, Planet Of The Dead

Best Science Fiction Television Series of 2009

- *Being Erica
- *Defying Gravity
- *Doctor Who
- *FlashForward
- *Sanctuary
- *Stargate Universe
- *Supernatural

Best Male Performance in a 2009 Science Fiction Film, TV Movie, or Mini-Series

- *Chris Pine, Star Trek
- *Jackie Earle Haley, Watchmen
- *Karl Urban, Star Trek
- *Sam Rockwel, Moon
- *Sharlto Copley, District 9

Best Female Performance in a 2009 Science Fiction Film, TV Movie, or Mini-Series

- *Aurora Buchanan, Doctor Who: Victimsight

THE HUGO AWARDS

Aussiecon 4, the 68th World Science Fiction Convention, has announced the ballot for the 2010 Hugo Awards.

Best Novel (699 Ballots)

- * Boneshaker, Cherie Priest (Tor)
- * The City & The City, China Miéville (Del Rey; Macmillan UK)
- * Julian Comstock: A Story of 22nd-Century America, Robert Charles Wilson (Tor)
- * Palimpsest, Catherynne M. Valente (Bantam Spectra)

- *Dakota Fanning, Push
- *Emma Watson, Harry Potter And The Half-Blood Prince
- *Zoe Saldana, Avatar
- *Zoe Saldana, Star Trek

Best Science Fiction Film, TV Movie, or Mini-Series of 2009

- *Avatar
- *District 9
- *Moon
- *Star Trek
- *Watchmen

Best Technical Accomplishment in a 2009 Science Fiction Film or Television Production

- *9, Animation, (Starz Animation)
- *Avatar, Visual Effects, (Weta Digital)
- *Defying Gravity, Visual Effects, (Stargate Studios)
- *District 9, Creature Design, (Image Engine)
- *Watchmen, Costume Design (Michael Wilkinson)

Best Overall 2009 Science Fiction Film or Television Script

- *Being Erica, Leo, (Jana Sinyor)
- *Defying Gravity, Kiss, (James Parriott)
- *District 9, (Neill Blomkamp & Terri Tatchell)
- *FlashForward, No More Good Days, (David S. Goyer & Brannon Braga)
- *Stargate Universe, Time, (Robert C. Cooper)
- *Torchwood, Children Of Earth: Day 1, (Russell T. Davies)

Outstanding Canadian Contribution to Science Fiction Film or Television in 2009

- *Amanda Tapping, Producer & Actress on Canadian series "Sanctuary"
- *Being Erica, Canadian Production
- *Bruce Greenwood, Canadian Actor, "Star Trek"
- *Damian Kindler, Producer & Writer on Canadian series "Sanctuary"
- *Defying Gravity, Canadian Co-Production
- *Robert J. Sawyer, Canadian Creative Consultant on the series "FlashForward"

- * Wake, Robert J. Sawyer (Ace; Penguin; Gollancz; Analog)
- * The Windup Girl, Paolo Bacigalupi (Night Shade)

Best Novella (375 Ballots)

- * Act One, Nancy Kress (Asimov's 3/09)
- * The God Engines, John Scalzi (Subterranean)
- * "Palimpsest", Charles Stross (Wireless; Ace, Orbit)
- * Shambling Towards Hiroshima, James Morrow (Tachyon)
- * Vishnu at the Cat Circus, Ian McDonald (Cyberabad Days; Pyr, Gollancz)
- * The Women of Nell Gwynne's, Kage Baker (Subterranean)



Best Novelette (402 Ballots)

- * "Eros, Philia, Agape", Rachel Swirsky (Tor.com 3/09)
- * The Island", Peter Watts (The New Space Opera 2; Eos)
- * It Takes Two, Nicola Griffith (Eclipse Three; Night Shade Books)
- * One of Our Bastards is Missing, Paul Cornell (The Solaris Book of New Science Fiction: Volume Three; Solaris)
- * Overtime, Charles Stross (Tor.com 12/09)
- *Sinner, Baker, Fabulist, Priest; Red Mask, Black Mask, Gentleman, Beast, Eugie Foster (Interzone 2/09)

Best Short Story (432 Ballots)

- *The Bride of Frankenstein, Mike Resnick (Asimov's 12/09)
- * "Bridesicle", Will McIntosh (Asimov's 1/09)
- *The Moment, Lawrence M. Schoen (Footprints; Hadley Rille Books)
- * Non-Zero Probabilities, N.K. Jemisin (Clarke'sworld 9/09)
- * Spar, Kij Johnson (Clarke'sworld 10/09)

Best Related Book (259 Ballots)

- * Canary Fever: Reviews, John Clute (Becon)
- * Hope-In-The-Mist: The Extraordinary Career and Mysterious Life of Hope Mirrlees, Michael Swanwick (Temporary Culture)
- * The Inter-Galactic Playground: A Critical Study of Children's and Teens' Science Fiction, Farah Mendlesohn (McFarland)
- * On Joanna Russ, Farah Mendlesohn (ed.) (Wesleyan)
- *The Secret Feminist Cabal: A Cultural History of SF Feminisms, Helen Merrick (Aqueduct)
- * This is Me, Jack Vance! (Or, More Properly, This is "I"), Jack Vance (Subterranean)

Best Graphic Story (221 Ballots)

- * Batman: Whatever Happened to the Caped Crusader? Written by Neil Gaiman; Pencilled by Andy Kubert; Inked by Scott Williams (DC Comics)
- * Captain Britain And MII3. Volume 3: Vampire State Written by Paul Cornell; Pencilled by Leonard Kirk with Mike Collins, Adrian Alphona and Ardian Syaf (Marvel Comics)
- * Fables Vol 12: The Dark Ages Written by Bill Willingham; Pencilled by Mark Buckingham; Art by Peter Gross & Andrew Pepoy, Michael Allred, David Hahn; Colour by Lee Loughridge & Laura Allred; Letters by Todd Klein (Vertigo Comics)
- * Girl Genius, Volume 9: Agatha Heterodyne and the Heirs of the Storm Written by Kaja and Phil Foglio; Art by Phil Foglio; Colours by Cheyenne Wright (Airship Entertainment)
- * Schlock Mercenary: The Longshoreman of the Apocalypse Written and Illustrated by Howard Tayler

Best Dramatic Presentation, Long Form (541 Ballots)

- * Avatar: Screenplay and Directed by James Cameron (Twentieth Century Fox)
- * District 9: Screenplay by Neill Blomkamp & Terri Tatchell;

Directed by Neill Blomkamp (TriStar Pictures)

- * Moon: Screenplay by Nathan Parker; Story by Duncan Jones; Directed by Duncan Jones (Liberty Films)
- * Star Trek: Screenplay by Robert Orci & Alex Kurtzman; Directed by J.J. Abrams (Paramount)
- * Up: Screenplay by Bob Peterson & Pete Docter; Story by Bob Peterson, Pete Docter, & Thomas McCarthy; Directed by Bob Peterson & Pete Docter (Disney/Pixar)

Best Dramatic Presentation, Short Form (282 Ballots)

- * Doctor Who: "The Next Doctor" Written by Russell T Davies; Directed by Andy Goddard (BBC Wales)
- * Doctor Who: "Planet of the Dead" Written by Russell T Davies & Gareth Roberts; Directed by James Strong
- * Doctor Who: "The Waters of Mars" Written by Russell T Davies & Phil Ford; Directed by Graeme Harper
- * Dollhouse: "Epitaph 1" Story by Joss Whedon; Written by Maurissa Tancharoen & Jed Whedon; Directed by David Solomon (Mutant Enemy)
- * FlashForward: "No More Good Days" Written by Brannon Braga & David S. Goyer; Directed by David S. Goyer; based on the novel by Robert J. Sawyer (ABC)

Best Editor, Long Form (289 Ballots)

- * Lou Anders
- * Ginjer Buchanan
- * Liz Gorinsky
- * Patrick Nielsen Hayden
- * Juliet Ulman

Best Editor, Short Form (419 Ballots)

- * Ellen Datlow
- * Stanley Schmidt
- * Jonathan Strahan
- * Gordon Van Gelder
- * Sheila Williams

Best Professional Artist (327 Ballots)

- * Bob Eggleton
- * Stephan Martiniere
- * John Picacio
- * Daniel Dos Santos
- * Shaun Tan

Best Semiprozine (377 Ballots)

- * Ansible edited by David Langford
- * Clarke'sworld edited by Neil Clarke, Sean Wallace, & Cheryl Morgan
- * Interzone edited by Andy Cox
- * Locus edited by Charles N. Brown, Kirsten Gong-Wong, & Liza Groen Trombi
- * Weird Tales edited by Ann VanderMeer & Stephen H. Segal



Best Fan Writer (319 Ballots)

- * Claire Brialey
- * Christopher J Garcia
- * James Nicoll
- * Lloyd Penney
- * Frederik Pohl

Best Fanzine (298 Ballots)

- * Argentus, edited by Steven H Silver
- * Banana Wings, edited by Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer
- * Challenger, edited by Guy H. Lillian III
- * Drink Tank, edited by Christopher J Garcia, with guest editor James Bacon
- * File 770, edited by Mike Glyer
- * StarShipSofa, edited by Tony C. Smith

Best Fan Artist (199 Ballots)

- * Brad W. Foster
- * Dave Howell
- * Sue Mason
- * Steve Stiles
- * Taral Wayne

The John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer

(356 Ballots) *(Second year of eligibility) Not a Hugo, but traditionally associated with it.)

- * Saladin Ahmed
- * Gail Carriger
- * Felix Gilman *
- * Seanan McGuire
- * Lezli Robyn *



OBITUARY: FRANK FRAZETTA

Keith Braithwaite

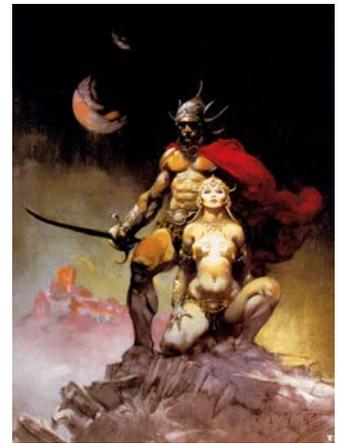
Frank Frazetta was the first of many science fiction and fantasy artists whose work I took notice of and have admired over my decades of ardent interest in the wondrous and vibrant images of SF/F, and of the artists who create them. Frazetta passed away at the age of 82 on May 10. He leaves a legacy that continues to influence science fiction and fantasy illustrators to this day.

The Brooklyn-born Frank Frazetta—he eventually dropped the second “z” from the spelling of his surname—was recognized as a gifted child by his grade school teachers and entered the Brooklyn Academy of Fine Arts at age eight. His early career found Frazetta drawing children’s comic books and later, newspaper strips, including stints as a ghost illustrator on Dan Berry’s Flash Gordon and Andy Capp’s *L’il Abner*. Having provided a couple of vampire-themed covers for Warren’s large-format comic books, Frazetta was the obvious choice to render the publisher’s first *Vampirella* cover in 1969. Frazetta also worked, briefly, for a number of gentlemen’s magazines, notably *Playboy*. Heavy metal rock groups such as Molly Hatchet and Nazareth have employed Frazetta’s canvases on their album covers. He designed movie posters for Hollywood, drew for Mad magazine, and collaborated with animator Ralph Bakshi on 1982’s feature-length cartoon *Fire and Ice*.

But Frazetta will most be remembered for the body of work he produced as an illustrator of SF/F book covers, epitomized by his *Tarzan* and *Conan* pieces. His boldly feral brushwork captured and even enhanced the tenor of those Edgar Rice Burroughs and Robert E. Howard adventures. Frazetta’s cover paintings for these pulp classics and similar fare

reprinted in the mid-1960s and early-’70s quickly gave visual definition to the heroic fantasy subset. It has been said that books sold solely on the strength of his covers. He was honoured with both a Hugo and World Fantasy Award for his work.

I was in high school in the 1970s when I first came across Frazetta’s ubiquitous brawny barbarian and the savage’s curvaceous, practically naked female companion. I was immediately struck by the bodacious maiden, of course, but more so by the raw palette, dramatic use of light, and vigour of the artist’s brushstrokes. Whether captured in kinetic action or static pose, Frazetta managed to imbue his figures with an antediluvian majesty, a menace, a ferocity befitting the subject matter. It is no wonder, then, that his muscular, primitive male warrior, often wielding an imposing bloodstained axe or sword, along with the so-called “Frazetta female,” whose tiny, doll-like face seems inconsonant atop her well-rounded, amply-endowed, big-bottomed physique, have become lasting icons of the fantasy genre.



FIFTY YEARS AGO
Reviewed by the Fernster

The Time Machine

Release Date: August 17, 1960)
Director: George Pal (Sinbad, *When Worlds Collide*, *Destination Moon*, *The War of the Worlds*)
Screenplay: David Duncan – based on the novel by H.G.Wells
Staring: Rod Taylor, Yvette Mimieux, Alan Young, Sebastien Cabot, Tom Helmore
Awards: Won – Oscar 1961 – For Best Effects/Special Effects (Gene Warren, Tim Baar)



Plot: H.G. Wells, an English gentleman / scientist (Rod Taylor) builds a time machine and travels to the future where man has evolved into two different races. The Merlocks who are the irradiated survivors of an atomic war and live underground feeding off the Eloi. The Eloi are a gentle race who survives on the surface. Our hero rescues Weena (Yvette Mimieux) an attractive female Eloi from the Merlocks. He returns back to his time (year 1900) in time to have supper with his friends and tells

them of his time travel adventure.

Most don't believe him and in the end he leaves back to the future taking three books with him. Three books to restart a civilization.

Personal Note: This is a strange notion – that the underground race is the irradiated survivors of the atomic war while the surface dwellers seem unaffected by the atomic radiation. You figure the opposite would be more likely.



I really liked this movie and the time machine (created by Bill Ferrari) is an amazing looking machine – sled like with a rotating wheel behind the time traveller's seat. A control panel with dials is set in front of the seat.

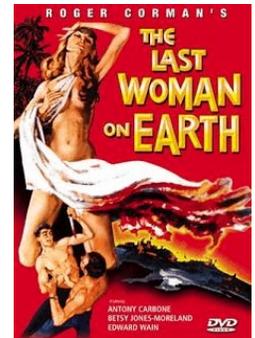
This is a classic Sci-Fi movie which must be seen at least once in your life.

Recent remakes of the movie:

- 1978 TV Movie with John Beck and Priscilla Barnes
- 2002 *The Time Machine* – with Guy Pearce, Sienna Guillory, Jeremy Irons, Samantha Mumba and with Alan Young (from the original 1960 movie)

Last Woman on Earth

Released: September 1960
Director: Roger Corman (*The Little Shop of Horrors*, *The Wasp Woman*, *Piranha*, *Android*)
Writer: Robert Towne (Screenplay)
Staring: Robert Towne, Anthony Carbone, Betsy Jones-Moreland



Plot: Eve Gern (Betsy Jones-Moreland) and her new husband, Harold Gern (Anthony Carbone) and their friend, Martin Joyce (Robert Towne) are skin-diving in Puerto Rico. When they surface they find that they



can't breathe the air anymore. Using the remainder of the oxygen in their diving tanks they make it to shore where everyone and every animal are now dead. Moving in the jungle, their air supply becomes exhausted but they find that the plants provide them with enough oxygen to

survive. As far as they know they are the last living beings on the island, maybe even the world. Conflict between the two males over the single woman erupts into violence and Harold finally kills Martin during a fight. Eve and Harold remain as the last humans left on the world.

Personal Note: Not the most interesting movie around but there are some really nice underwater scenes well worth watching. The rest of the movie however, is forgettable. For hard core Roger Corman fans!

The Lost World

Released: July 13th 1960
Director: Irwin Allen (*The Swarm*, *The Poseidon Adventure*, *City Beneath the Sea*, *Land of Giants*, *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea*, *The Time Tunnel*, *Lost in Space*)
Writer: Irwin Allen and Charles Bennett, based on novel by Arthur Conan Doyle.
Staring: Michael Rennie, Jill St.John, Claude Rains, Fernando Lama, Richard Haydn, David Hedison



Plot: Professor Challenger (Claude Rains) leads an expedition to the heart of the Amazonian jungle plateau to prove that dinosaurs are still alive and living there.

Personal Note: Filmed in Cinemascope and features lizards with “glued” fins and horns filmed in ultra-close shots to resemble giant dinosaurs. Very campy but fun to watch none the less. A must for Sci-Fi fans!



The Amazing Transparent Man



Released: July 1960
 Director: Edgar G. Ulmer
 (*The Naked Dawn, Daughter of Dr. Jekyll, The man from Planet X, Beyond the Time Barrier*)
 Writer: Jack Lewis (Original Screenplay)

Staring: Marguerite Chapman, Douglas Kennedy, James Griffith, Ivan Triesault, Edward Erwin, and Cormel Daniel.

Plot: An insane scientist invents an invisibility formula which he plans to use to create an invisible army of zombies to sell to the highest bidder.



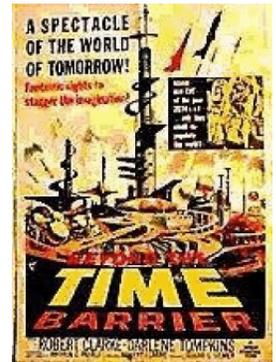
Personal Note: This movie was filmed back to back with *Beyond the Time Barrier* and is said to have been shot in 5 days

Beyond the Time Barrier

Released: July 1960
 Director: *Edgar G. Ulmer* (*The Naked Dawn, Daughter of Dr. Jekyll, The man from Planet X, The Amazing Transparent Man*)

Writer: Arthur C. Pierce (Story)
 Staring: Robert Clarke, Darlene Tompkins

Plot: While testing a new rocket plane Major William Allison (Robert Clarke) somehow breaks through a time barrier and ends up in the future, a future where mutants now rule the world while a band of human survivors hide underground.



The Leech Woman

Released: May 1960
 Director: Edward Dein
 Writers: David Duncan (writer) Story by Ben Pivar
 Staring: Phillip Terry, Colleen Gray

Plot: Dr. Paul Talbot, an endocrinologist takes his aging alcoholic wife on a safari in Africa to search for the potion of youth. Dr. Paul’s plan backfires when his wife June discovers he wanted to use her as a test subject.



Other Movies from 50 years ago:

- Atomic War Bride
- Mistress of the World
- The Ship of Monsters



Summer Movies The Fernster Looks Ahead

Robin Hood



Release Date: May 14, 2010
 Genre: Action
 Director: Ridley Scott
 Writer: Ethan Reiff, Cyrus Voris
 Company: Universal Pictures
 Starring: Russell Crowe, Sienna Miller, Mark Strong, William Hurt

Plot Summary: A love triangle forms between the legendary do-gooder Robin Hood, his Maid Marion and the archer’s arch nemesis, the Sheriff of Nottingham

Prince of Persia: The Sands of Time



Release Date: May 28, 2010
 Genre: Action/Adventure
 Director: Mike Newell
 Writer: Jordan Mechner, Carlo Bernard
 Company: Walt Disney Pictures
 Starring: Genna Arterton, Jake Gyllenhaal, Ben Kingsley, Alfred Molina, Toby Kebbell

Plot Summary: A young adventurous prince uncovers a dangerous artifact in a remote mountain kingdom and with the help of an enemy princess, must stop a despot from unleashing a sandstorm that could destroy all mankind.

The A-Team

Release Date: June 11, 2010
 Genre: Action/Adventure
 Director: Joe Carnahan
 Writer: Joe Carnahan, Brian Bloom, Skip Woods, Michael Brandt, Derek Haas
 Company: 20th Century Fox
 Starring: Liam Meeson, Bradley Cooper, Sharlto Copley, Jessical Biel,



Plot Summary: four Vietnam vets convicted of armed robbery escape from military prison and became do-gooder mercenaries.

Toy Story 3



Release Date: June 18, 2010
 Genre: Animation
 Director: Lee Unkrich
 Writer: Michael Arndt
 Company: Walt Disney Pictures
 Starring; Tom Hanks, Tim Allen, Michael Keaton, Joan Cusack, John Ratzenberger

Plot Summary: Woody and Buzz had accepted that their owner Andy would grow up someday, but what happens when that day arrives? Andy is preparing to depart for college, leaving his loyal toys troubled about their uncertain future.

The Twilight Saga: Eclipse

Release Date: June 30, 2010
 Genre: Horror
 Director: David Slade
 Writer: Stephenie Mayer, Melissa Rosenberg
 Company: ????
 Starring: Kristen Stewart, Robert Pattinson, Taylor Lautner, Billy Burke, Ashley Greene



Plot Summary: As Seattle is ravaged by a string of mysterious killings and a malicious vampire continues her quest for revenge, Bella once again finds herself surrounded by danger. In the midst

of it all, she is forced to choose between her love for Edward and her friendship with Jacob -- knowing that her decision has the potential to ignite the ageless struggle between vampire and werewolf. With her graduation quickly approaching, Bella has one more decision to make: life or death. But which is which?

The Last Airbender



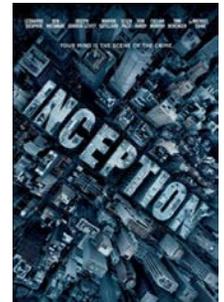
Release Date: July 2, 2010
 Genre: N/A
 Director: M. Night Shyamalan
 Writer: M. Night Shyamalan
 Company: Paramount Pictures

Starring: Ben Cooke, Jackson Rathbone, Cliff Curtis, Dev Patel

Plot Summary: Air, Water, Earth, Fire. Four nations tied by destiny when the Fire Nation launches a brutal war against the others. A century has passed with no hope in sight to change the path of this destruction. Caught between combat and courage, Aang (Noah Ringer) discovers he is the lone Avatar with the power to manipulate all four elements. Aang teams with Katara (Nicola Peltz), a Waterbender, and her brother, Sokka (Jackson Rathbone), to restore balance to their war-torn world.

Inception

Release Date: July 16, 2010
 Genre: Sci-Fi Thriller
 Director: Christopher Nolan
 Writer: Christopher Nolan
 Company: Warner Bros.
 Starring: Leonardo DiCaprio, Ken Watanabe, Joseph Gorson-Levitt, Ellen Page, Tom Hardy



Plot Summary: Described as a contemporary sci-fi actioner set within the architecture of the mind from "Dark Knight" director Christopher Nolan. Nolan wrote the original screenplay and hopes to shoot the sci-fi action film in the summer for a release during summer 2010.



Reviews by Sylvain St-Pierre

Robot Chicken Star Wars II



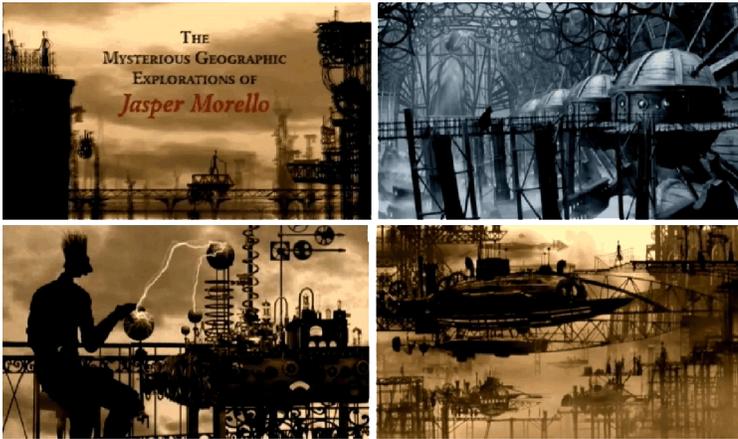
You may remember from a couple of issues ago, in Warp number 71, a review of the *Robot Chicken Star Wars Special*. Well, there is now a sequel to it: *Episode II*. Like the first volume, this is a compilation of high quality stop-motion sketches spoofing the various Star Wars movies. All the scenes are instantly

recognizable, and the brand of humour is of the kind that very much appeals to me. For instance, do you recall that part of the Cantina sequence where Obi-wan-Kenobi slices off the arm of an alien? This DVD includes a sketch where we see how that character's day started and how he managed afterwards. A real riot! The various segments flow quite smoothly, and my only disappointment was to see the ending credit roll so soon.

Doctor Who: The Infinite Quest

Given the age and immense popularity of the Doctor Who series, it might seem surprising that it took so long to see a story in animated form. But the BBC has always been somewhat strapped for cash and it costs a lot to make a quality product in that particular media. For make no mistake, *The infinite Quest* is indeed superb. The convoluted plot is pure classical Who and the graphics are extremely well done, allowing for an overall mood difficult to achieve with live action. The voice of the Doctor is provided by David Tennant himself, and Freema Agyeman does the same for the animated Martha.

There are plenty of juicy extras on that DVD, including interviews and behind-the-scene peeks. I certainly hope that there will be more such offerings in the not-too-far future!



The Mysterious Geographic Explorations of Jasper Morello

YouTube is not my favourite way to watch genre movies and series, because out of necessity the quality of the picture tends to be poor and the longer works are often chopped into smaller snippets. It is however a great way to find obscure material and excellent for reviewing prospective purchases to see if they are worth paying good money. And, once in a while, you do come across nice little fleeting gems.

The Mysterious Geographic Explorations of Jasper Morello is one such. Done entirely in shadow play, this 26 minutes 2005 Oscar-nominated feature is a work of art. Set in a dark steampunk universe rife with iron dirigibles and strange electromechanical devices, it is a beautiful – if a bit spine-chilling – tale of exploration and monsters, with a mad scientist thrown in for good measure.

I recommend buying the DVD if there is one and can be found but, in case you can't, as of this writing it could still be viewed on the Web at:
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vORsKyopHyM&feature=related>.

Genre Movies Compilations:

Tales from the Future & Nightmare Worlds

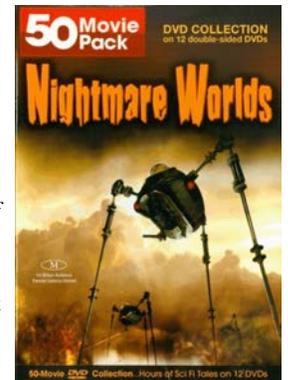
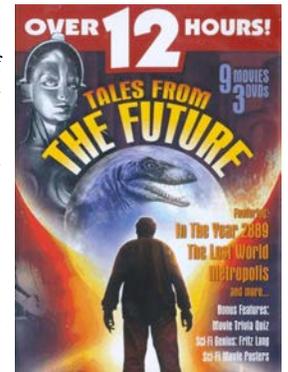
One can dig interesting items, browsing in the “Sundries” bin of a video store. Among my most recent finds, I count two large

and affordable collections of old genre movies. *Tales From the Future* has nine movies on three DVDs, ranging from great classics to sublime examples of corniness. There is a good mix of types and ages, the

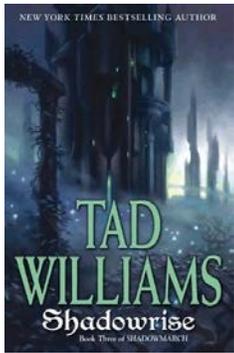
oldest being the still very enjoyable 1925 version of *The Lost World*; with some very obscure productions – like *Slipstream* (with Mark Hamill!) – that are nevertheless quite watchable. All of them have been re-mastered and the picture quality is quite good. Over twelve hours worth of entertainment for about as many dollars.

Nightmare Worlds is an impressive fifty movie pack, compressed on twelve double-sided DVDs. Many of those are truly weird and I had never even heard of some before buying this collection. I suspect that a few must have stayed on the screen for only very short periods; and it's likely that the reason this collection costs only about twenty dollars is because the distribution rights were dirt cheap or even public domain. But it's hard to resist titles like *Evil Brain from Outer Space*, *Prisoners of the World*, *No re-mastering here*, and the picture quality of a couple of those I have watched so far is rather bad, but if you want to see how comically awful some Sci-Fi movies can be, then this collection is definitely the thing.

The only problem with this kind of collections is that they appear difficult to find in stores. In both cases there was only one set available in the bin, so you have to be quick and grab them while they are there.



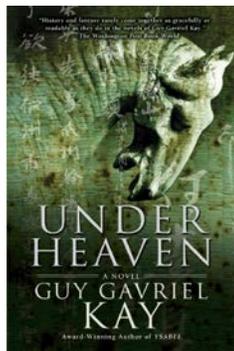
Cathy's Picks



Shadowrise, by Tad Williams
DAW, 2010

The third volume of the Shadowmarch series, *Shadowrise* finds our heroes and villains on the move – and the roads are taking them to many strange and frightening places, yet all the signs seem to point to one place: the castle of Shadowmarch itself. But Shadowmarch is in the hands of traitors. The rightful rulers – the twins, Barrick and Briony – are trapped, one in the Shadowlands, the other in an enemy court. Their father, the king of Shadowmarch is a captive, victim of political machinations, but his captors are themselves under attack. The mad emperor of Xis is not quite insane, we learn there is method to his madness. He might know what lies in the warrens below the castle of Shadowmarch, and he is moving north. The Qar, mysterious immortals of the Shadowlands, are in dire straits: the queen is dying, and the desperate Qar have fractured into two camps, one of which is parked just outside the gates of Shadowmarch. Ordinary folk, like the runaway slave Qinnitan, are caught up in the maelstrom, and have no idea why.

In this volume, some of the “whys” are answered, at least partially, but we are left hanging on the brink. Tad Williams has promised the next volume, *Shadowheart*, will be on the shelves in a matter of months, maybe in time for his appearance at Con*Cept? I'm looking forward to it!



Under Heaven, by Guy Gavriel Kay
Viking Canada, 2010

When Shen Tai's father passed away, Tai decided to honour his memory by burying the bones of soldiers who died fighting on the shores of Kuala Nor. By day, he digs the trenches, at night the ghosts howl their anger and desperation, but now and then a voice falls silent and Tai knows it belonged to one he has buried. There are so many, forty thousand fell in one battle alone, there is no way he can give peace to them all, but in nearly two years he has done what he could for the fallen of both empires. He has unexpected help: soldiers from the forts on either side of the border have been keeping him supplied with necessities, carefully timing their visits to avoid each other, and both making very sure they are out of the valley before nightfall. Then one fateful day he has two visitors, one expected, one not, both bringing with them news that will throw Tai back into the real world of political scheming and treachery.

The first is a contingent from the Tagur fort, (the other side), under the command of Bytsan sri Nespo. Along with supplies, he brings news: to honour Tai's vigil, the White Jade princess is giving him two hundred and fifty Sardian horses. Unbelievable. One Sardinian horse is a reward for exceptional service, four or five will make you a target of extreme envy, this gift to Tai is without

precedence. Gift? A good intention, well meant, but he could be torn apart for even one of those horses. Bytsan has come to respect Tai, and he has put in motion some strategies that might keep Tai alive at least long enough to claim the horses.

The other visitor is Yan, Tai's best friend, a happy drunken poet, come all the way from the capital of Kitai with news so important he has risked life and limb to get to Kuala Nor. Tai never hears his news, for Yan has unwittingly come with a Kanlin assassin. Tai survives the attack, but Yan doesn't, and Tai buries him with the last of the soldiers he lays to rest that day. Who would send an assassin to kill Tai? Too soon to have had anything to do with the horses, this is treachery from very close to home.

Under Heaven is quite possibly the best novel I have EVER read. The characters are so vivid, the setting so vast, I was completely enthralled. As usual, Guy Gavriel Kay has based his novel on real events and people of our own history, this time that of the T'ang Dynasty of China. Yes, even the Heavenly Horses! I read about them only quite recently in the May issue of National Geographic. Even after I reached the end of *Under Heaven*, there was yet more to learn of horses, men, poetry, and empires.



Wake, by Robert J. Sawyer
Viking Canada, 2009
Watch, also by Robert J. Sawyer
VikingCanada, 2010

The first two volumes of the WWW trilogy (the third will be *Wonder*) deal with the awakening of the World Wide Web as a conscious being. Caitlin Decter is first to make contact with Webmind, and this is due to her own particular circumstances and her special relationship with the Internet. Caitlin is blind from birth, but with the help and support of unusual parents she is a confident and mathematically gifted high school student in Waterloo. A Japanese scientist contacts her, asking her to be a test subject for a ground breaking new surgery which might give her sight. The surgery has a totally unexpected side effect – Caitlin can “see” the web, all the nodes and connections! And the web is looking back at her, but as yet the nascent intelligence is an empty vessel. Caitlin fills the void, connecting Webmind first to literacy sites, and then to Cycorp, CNN, Amazon.com, until the Webmind becomes something much more than humanly possible. It's not long before WATCH, the secret American organization which monitors the 'net for security risks starts noticing anomalies, and CSIS comes knocking. Weaving in and out of the main plotline are two others. One involves China's desperate attempt to keep a shocking secret from the world, the other even stranger story line is about an ape who can communicate with sign language. Not the first chimp to do so, but this one goes on to paint a picture of one of its caretakers. Something rather unusual is going on here. ❁



Wild Hunt
Josée Bellemare

On Saturday April 24th, several of us went to the wrap up party for the independent film, *The Wild Hunt*. It was as if a rift had opened and time and space were coming through.

It was a 21st century movie theater but you could see a small Viking camp with a couple of tents and equipment lying about. In the crowd it was the same: you had people in modern clothing side by side with Vikings, fairies, people dressed in various fantasy costumes and a few that mixed it all up for a look all their own. We were treated to fighting demonstrations

and a fairy belly dancing. Not to forget free food and drink! There was even a contest for those that came in costume with the audience as the judges.

The movie itself was pretty good. The production values were remarkable for an independent film. I thought the ending was kinda sad but the evening was a lot of fun.

Watch the trailer:

<http://www.wildhuntfilm.com/trailer.html>

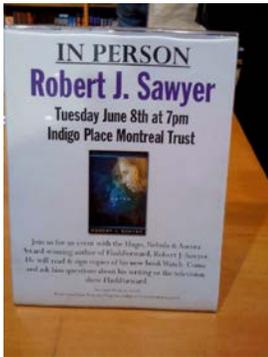
MonSFen meet the cast of the Wild Hunt

Photos courtesy of Josée Bellemare and Wayne Glover



Robert J. Sawyer at Indigo, June 8 Cathy Palmer-Lister

Photos courtesy of Bernard Reischl & Charles Mohapel



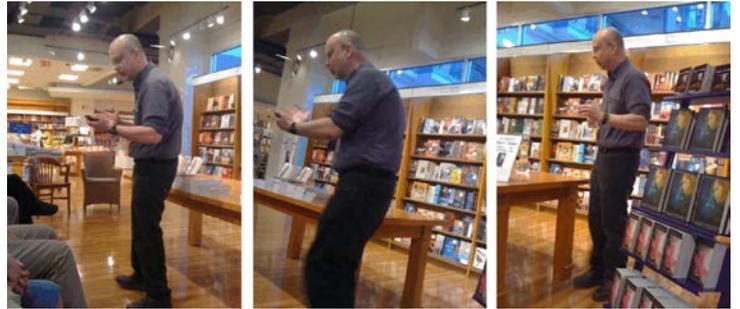
Things got off to a shaky start as the Indigo staff hadn't realized that Robert was going to be reading, so no chairs had been set up for the many admirers who had shown up to meet the author of *Wake and Watch*, the first two volumes of the WWW trilogy. (See review on page 25). But chairs quickly appeared, and Robert began by pointing out and commenting on several of his titles that the store had on display.

After giving us some background to the WWW books, he read from a chapter that also happened to be one of my favourite moments in *Watch*, when Webmind tries multi-tasking. Appropriately, Rob wasn't actually reading from a book, but from some sort of hand-held gizmo.



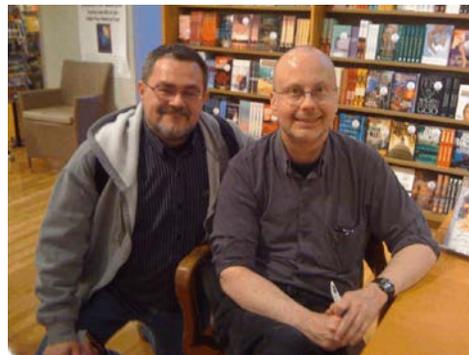
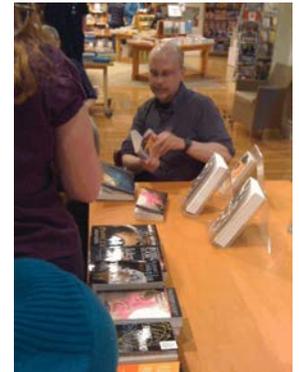
"It was overwhelming! Data about the Middle Ages and Middle Kingdom and the middle class. Information about spaceships and friendships and townships. Facts and figures related to bimetalism and bisexuality and bifocals. Articles on metaphysics and metafiction and metabolism.

All of it coming at me at once...."



He answered questions from the floor which at first were mainly about *Flash Forward*, the recently cancelled television show inspired by Robert's book of the same name. It was interesting to learn the reasons for the changes to the story made to accommodate television and the guidelines set for the show by the men in suits. (No spaceships, or any of that futuristic stuff, please!) None the less, Robert proclaimed himself extremely happy with the show, and like us, disappointed by its cancellation. However, he conceded, the numbers weren't there.

Questions were asked about his writing environment, (airplanes, often!), possible sequels to *Flash forward* (No, he's moving on, but the show's writing team just might consider it), would he ever consider writing in partnership with others (absolutely not – he values his friendships too much!). Robert was an articulate and animated speaker, who interacted easily with his audience. After his presentation, he proceeded to signing books for his readers.



Rob meets an Emperor.
I'm sure he was impressed.



The Face behind the Mask # 9

By Fernster



A B C D E F G H I J



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

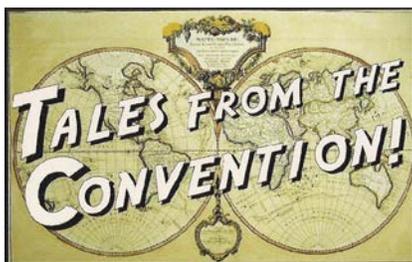
More alien women to dream about! Guess who's behind the mask?

Answers on page 13

- | | | | | | |
|------------|-------------------|--------------------|-------|--------------------|-------|
| A – Lux | F – Korinas | 1 – Susan Oliver | _____ | 6 – Virginia Hey | _____ |
| B – Vina | G – Zhaan | 2 – Jeri Ryan | _____ | 7 – Sonya Salomaa | _____ |
| C – Tarah | H – Marta | 3 – Tammy McIntosh | _____ | 8 – Tracy Scoggins | _____ |
| D – Jool | I – Seven of Nine | 4 – Tricia O'Neal | _____ | 9 – Suzie Plakson | _____ |
| E – Gilora | J – Varla | 5 – Skye Wansey | _____ | 10 – Yvonne Craig | _____ |

Snakes at a Con

by Lloyd Penney



Some years ago, Yvonne and I were asked to be Fan Guests of Honour at Contradiction 15 in Niagara Falls, New York. Huzzah! Egoboo in our time!

We basked in the glow of our impending GoHship, but eventually realized that after they asked us, they didn't keep in touch. We tried to reach them several times, and found out that while they had advertised us on their convention flyers, they actually couldn't afford to give us anything as guests, not even a room. Their meagre budget allowed for free memberships, and nothing more.

Did we still want to go? Well, our names are on the flyer, we'd go anyway, even if we weren't guests... sure, let's go, but let's make reservations, and see if we can get some roommates.

Off we went to the convention, and we met up with our roommates, and we found out that those roommates had made a deal with a Buffalo fan who had with him a large suitcase. He opened the case, and out came two very large, albino pythons. The local fan didn't want to take the case of snakes home because it was too cold outside. We looked at one another and thought, how do we know we're at a con? So, the snakes stayed.

Yvonne knows a thing or two about snakes, and what they like, so while we weren't using the suite bathroom, the snakes were having a great time, crawling up to the shower bar and dropping into a bathtub full of warm water.

The local fan and his suitcase snakes actually helped us make the cost of the room reasonable while we were guesting at the convention, with nothing to do. Not only could they not afford us, they also failed to give us any programming. Oh, well... Still, I'd advise against sharing a room with snakes, no matter how fannish it appears to be...if you have to use the bathroom after snakes have used it, it smells really, really bad. ❀

