



WARP 21

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On the Cover

“AT LAST, SIR TERRY, WE MUST WALK TOGETHER.”
Terry took Death's arm and followed him through the doors
and on to the black desert under the endless night.
The end.

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page



<http://www.monsffa.ca>



Facebook
group

MonSFFA CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Except where noted, all MonSFFA meetings are held
Sundays at 1:00 P.M. to 5:00 P.M.
Espresso Hotel, St-François Room, 1005 Guy Street,
corner René Lévesque.

Programming is subject to change
Check our website for latest developments.

MAY 31

Book Sale & Auction, starts at noon ✿ Those Early Futures
Tribute to Glen Larson

JUNE 14

Field Trip to Jurassic World

JULY 19

MonSFFA BBQ Parc Angrignon
(July 26 – Rain Date)

AUGUST 23

Craft Workshops

SEPTEMBER 20

Logan's Run, viewing at noon, followed by discussion of its
merits ✿ Astronomy: Various types of telescopes and
binoculars on display and their relative merits described ✿
Astronomy in the city: Yes, there is a lot to see, even in
Montreal's light-polluted skies.

OCTOBER 18

The Perry Rodan Universe ✿ Sports, Games,
competitions in SF ✿ Tribute to Garu Gyax

NOVEMBER 22

Ridiculous Starship designs ✿ Thunderbirds are Go! 50 years
of the Thunderbirds ✿ Urban Legends

DECEMBER 5

Christmas Dinner, details TBD

Really Fine Print: WARP is published quarterly by the Montreal Science Fiction and Fantasy Association (MonSFFA), a nonprofit 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 sometimes unavoidable; our apologies to the copyright holders, no serious infringement is intended. This is an amateur production, and your tolerance is appreciated by your fans.

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Dear MonSFFen:

Thank you all for Warp 90. It's been a rough time for fans most months as we lose many familiar names, but lately, the loss of Leonard Nimoy and Sir Terry Pratchett have made things especially rough.

*Indeed, I am still reeling from the passing of Terry Pratchett. It saddens me to know there will be no more tales from the Discworld. I've been re-reading a few of my favourites. **Soul Music** and **Going Postal** top the list.*

My past letter...I've been at MSR almost seven months, so employment is still good. We were at Frostcon, and our next convention is Ad Astra, so look for us in the dealers' room. The first Toronto International Book Fair last year was great fun, but unfortunately, the first one will also be the last one. The fair only got half the attendance needed to make it happen again.

That's too bad, it seemed a good idea. Any thoughts on why it failed? Lack of publicity or lack of interest?

A great article and tribute to Berny. Hope he sees this! There are times when you have to make some difficult decisions about what to keep or get rid of in your life, and I think Berny had to make that difficult decision. I also hope he will return; hope he just needed a break.

I made sure Berny saw the tribute – he wrote back something to the effect that he felt honoured, but really, it was unnecessary as he wasn't dead yet! He seems to be doing well, out of the

limelight, but not out of touch. You might have heard that he is designing the new Aurora trophy.

I hope you've had reason to go to Hamilton, Ontario to visit the Canadian Warplane Heritage Museum Joe mentions in the article. It's right by Hamilton's Munro International Airport. A great place, well financed, and even a place where you could have a lunch for many, or even a wedding reception. Vera, the Lanc mentioned, is probably somewhere on the tarmac.

I had a looksee at their website: <http://www.warplane.com/> The current exhibit is: Fly Boys and War Brides. A different take on the war brides theme as this one is about Canadian women leaving Canada. Hamilton is quite a drive from here, however.

The Comiccon article...conventions are dying out, true. I go to conventions to enjoy a science fiction milieu, and to see and interact with my friends. But, there are also for-profit organizations who stage big shows fans couldn't possibly put on, outside of the annual Worldcon. Pro-run cons are the future of fandom? Probably true, and that's a shame.

True, and there should be room for both kinds of convention, but the big pro cons are crowding out the fan-run events which is unfortunate as these cons have much to offer also, especially as regards programming.

I admit that I did not participate in the Aurora Awards last year, as I was unhappy with them. I saw that the Aurora for Best Fanzine was not given out, and my inactivity might have caused the Best Fanzine problem, so I have definitely nominated this year; I want to see things happen for the better. I hope everyone will be participating this year.

I was also worried about there not being enough nominations for the fanzine category, but fans like Graeme Cameron really

worked hard on getting zines more exposure.

I think I may finally be done. My best to the club and new executive, and see you with the next issue.

Yours,

Lloyd Penney

Concerning the ongoing debate on whether or not we should continue printing WARP, the Fernster wrote:

Cathy,

I have read both concerns from Mark and Keith, and I tend to agree with their arguments in general. However, I did enjoy the last few copies of Warp on my iPad and can see how others might prefer an electronic version. The only thing that I hate is entering the password to open the files....somehow we did not have that problem with the last two issues of Warp...was this an intentional gift or was it just an omission of the password protection?

Intentional – You aren't the only one who hates passwords. I keep forgetting them, and have to look them up all the time. Also, some of our readers have told me they set the URL aside meaning to get back to it, and then can't find the password.

This is an experiment, if we find readers are letting their memberships lapse because they can get WARP "for free", then we will have to start limiting access again. Part of the compromise is that I only notify our own members when a new issue is available on line. Hopefully, people who stumble upon our website and like our zines, will join us. WARP is great, (says the editor with a grin) but the heart of the club is the group of fans that meets regularly in our lair at the Espresso Hotel.

As I see it if the copies are strictly sent to the current members than why bother with the password protection? As it stands any member can photocopy, print out, or give away their printed copy of Warp to anyone they want. In a sense, Warp and Impulse are advertising benefits to the club in general. It's a way to let people know that the club is present in their community and might attract more people to show up.

Yup, that's the plan!

(Ok, I admit having had a problem with showing up this last year....mainly due to personal and family issues!)

Hope to see you all soon..

Fernando Novo
Sent from my iPad



Blast from the Past: WARP November 1988



The cover of our second issue of WARP featured art by member **Denis Beauvais**. Called *The Conflict*, it is well worth taking a minute to [download the image from our website](#).

President, **Luc Fallon**, speaks of how light pollution is robbing us of our views of the heavens and the allure of the stars. Membership is increasing rapidly, 40 renewals and new memberships at the most recent meeting, making MonSFFA the second largest

fan club in Canada. (I wonder what the largest one was.) There are several cartoons in this edition by Luc Fallon that can still make me laugh even nearly 3 decades later.

Trudi Mason, on assignment in L.A. for CJAD, interviewed Jonathan Frakes, and part of that interview is published here with permission from the radio station.

Keith Braithwaite reviewed Pinecone1, a brand new convention in Ottawa. Guests of Honour were Barry Longyear, Will Shetterly, Emma Bull, and Bob Eggleton. The conchair, Joe Cassey, reported attendance was over 300. Paul (Willy) Valcour failed in the finals of the Willy sound-alike contest which was ultimately won by Lloyd Penny. (There is a suggestion that Lloyd's shirt might have stunned the jury.)



John Yaskowich and **Arthur R. Cjaski** wrote book reports, one of them on *Daughter of the Empire* by [Janny Wurts](#) and co-author Raymond E. Feist. Yaskowich "highly recommended" this book, and indeed Janny Wurts has since made quite a name for herself not only as a novelist, but also an artist. **Mike Masella** reviewed *Might and Magic*, *The Secret of the*

Inner Sanctum in his gaming column.

"MonSFFArting Around" went in some detail about the club's participation in the Montreal Hobby Show which proved a huge recruiting success.

Keith Braithwaite wrote an article entitled *The Night Mars Invaded America*, the story of Orson Welles and the panic created by his radio show.

Excerpts from Mario Giguère's little – very little! – and very funny zine appear with permission from the artist who produced the translation for Pinecone.

"Earth Shattering Trumours" advises us that Robin is about to bite the bullet, and **Capucine Plourde** presents a round up of upcoming conventions.

–CPL

StarFleet Treachery

Barbara Silverman

The story so far: Captain Janeway is ordered to stop the impending coalition against Starfleet and the Federation. She ambushed the Maquis, and Chakotay was captured, but the rest of his crew escaped. A conversation with Chakotay left Janeway puzzled as to his motives, and the ease with which he was captured.

Then Janeway was assigned to exploring the Gamma quadrant for three months. It appears there may be an alliance between the Cardassians and the Dominion, and if so, the Federation needs to know if it's an alliance of mutual protection, or aggression. Chakotay may hold some answers, so Admiral Janeway was bringing him to Starfleet HQ for a meeting but Chakotay was beamed out of the shuttle craft. The admiral assigns his daughter to search the badlands for the Maquis leader, and she in turn requests the assistance of Tom Paris, who is released from prison for this mission.

Immediately on entering the Badlands, Voyager is detected and scanned by Chakotay's ship. Negotiations are interrupted when both ships are hit by a massive displacement wave, seriously damaging both ships. Heroic efforts bring the engines back on line, but then crew members start vanishing. Janeway orders an emergency lockdown, but it is too late. The crews of both ships are transported to what appears to be a cornfield, but is in fact an immense space station. Declaring a truce in the face of a greater enemy, the two captains consider their options, but then Janeway is transported to a laboratory.

Inexplicably returned to their ships, both captains confer and realize they are each missing a crew member and the bodies of those killed by the displacement wave have disappeared. Cavit is increasing belligerent toward Maquis, to the point of becoming a liability to Janeway.

CHAPTER 26

Raising her head, Kathryn Janeway turned to her security chief. "Tuvok! Bring four compression phaser rifles. Meet us in the transporter room."

Before walking to the turbolift, he acknowledged the captain's order with a slight, almost indiscernible nod. "Yes Captain."

Turning back to Chakotay, again she saw the amused look on the face of the Maquis leader as he watched Tuvok entering the lift.

Feeling the gaze of the Starfleet captain, Chakotay shook his head. "Nothing. I just noticed Tuvok responds to your orders as competently as he did mine."

Janeway felt the same confusion she had experienced during the first meeting with the Maquis commander. Staring in frustration the captain was again bewildered by Chakotay's lack of animosity. Having never before encountered such an attitude should she just accept it, be worried, or amused?

Looking from his commander to Captain Janeway, the other Maquis managed to refrain from laughing at both Chakotay's remark and the look on the Starfleet captain's face. Obviously, Janeway wasn't quite sure how to deal with the Maquis leader's attitude.

Wondering if she would ever understand Chakotay, the captain quickly returned to the task at hand. "We're going back. Unless you have another suggestion?"

Chakotay was pleased with her decision. "No Captain, I fully agree. That would have been my choice. We need answers, and there appears to be only one way to obtain them – by going back. We need to find the perpetrators behind this. My scanners are highly advanced, however, I doubt, even if operational, they would be able to penetrate the Array, leaving us only one course of action."

Janeway was extremely satisfied with Chakotay's reply. As on the Array, once again, she found his reasoning to be excellent. "Then we are in agreement. We have a double agenda....retrieve

our missing crew members and find a way home."

Turning in Cavit's direction, Janeway could tell from his face that he disapproved. Disapproved not of her returning to the Array, but of Chakotay. She could feel his resentment. Bitterness that could, and was, interfering with his judgment. A problem she certainly did not need.

Putting on her best 'captain's face', Janeway hid the disappointment she felt with her first officer. "Cavit, continue with the repairs. Give weapons and the warp-core top priority."

"Yes Captain. Captain, I suggest taking a larger security detail with you. We have no idea what will happen over there." Unable to hide the quick glance he threw at Chakotay, Cavit's true meaning was obvious.

Purposefully misunderstanding, Janeway shook her head. "I don't think a show of force will achieve anything. I'm hoping to make peaceful contact with whoever or whatever is in charge. Convince this alien or aliens to return our missing crew members and to send us back home. Diplomacy is always best—at least at first."

Curious as to what Chakotay would say, she turned back to the Maquis leader. "What do you think?"

Again Chakotay felt satisfaction at Janeway's actions. Perhaps they would be able to work together. "You're right about taking one step at a time. We were released unharmed, or so it appears. Long-term effects are possible, however, I doubt that is the case. It is also feasible we are being watched, our reactions monitored, as you and I were discussing back on the Array. Again, I don't think so, though I'm not ruling this out. Not just yet! Until we have proof against Tuvok's theory, I'm inclined to concur with him."

Out of the corner of his eye, Chakotay watched Cavit. It was obvious that the first officer was angry, but this time he remained silent. Chakotay hoped that Janeway's silent rebuke had been sufficient. He did not want to clash with Cavit, perhaps the officer would realize this was one captain who would not tolerate any nonsense. Or allow personal dislikes to interfere with her duty and obligations regarding her crew.



Still smarting from the captain's rebuff, Cavit knew better than to disobey or ignore her wishes. Janeway had made her position clear, leaving the first officer with only one course of action. He would bid his time, wait until Chakotay made a slip, then take full advantage of the Maquis leader's error.

Following Janeway's lead, Chakotay purposefully misunderstood Cavit's suggestion. "In any case, I doubt going over there with a large armed detail would do any good. Just the opposite. We want answers, and help returning to the Alpha Quadrant, not a fight. They have superior technology, we might start something we cannot finish. Attempting to reason is our best option, especially until we understand what we're up against. Hopefully, force will not have to be used."

Using her training and experience in judging people, Janeway closely watched Chakotay as he was speaking. Just as his regard for the Starfleet captain was increasing, so too was her opinion of the Maquis leader. She was beginning to regret that it was Cavit serving as her first officer instead of this man. A man who had just offered very sound advice. Cavit was placing her in a very difficult position, forcing her to accept the help and support of an outlaw, instead of a Starfleet officer. His attitude was definitely adding to her problems, not assisting in finding solutions.

Janeway looked sideways at Chakotay. "Well....if we are lab rats, let's give them a good performance."

Chakotay grinned. "I'm ready."

Until now Paris had been standing silently nearby. Quietly thinking. He knew what the captain's opinion was concerning Tom Paris, he also knew everybody else shared her belief. Everybody else, that is, except Harry Kim.

As Janeway, along with the two Maquis, started in the direction of the turbo lift, he finally gained the courage to speak up. "Captain, I would like to go with you. Harry Kim is my friend, B'Elanna and I worked together."

Stopping, Janeway turned around. Tom's request had come as a surprise. For a moment she scrutinized the young man standing before her.

A young man whose thoughts were centered on one morning not too long ago, the morning just before they had entered the Badlands, the breakfast during which Fitzgerald and Cavit, feeling



it was their duty to protect Kim, took him aside and revealed the truth about his new friend Tom Paris.

The officer's attempt to end the growing friendship had failed. When he and Tom were once again alone, Harry Kim had simply looked Paris in the eye. "On DS9 you came to my rescue, saved me from a great deal of embarrassment. Nobody told you to do so. And nobody chooses my friends for me. I make my own choices."

Now waiting for his captain's decision, the eyes of Tom Paris never wavered from Janeway's face. Would he be allowed to aid in the rescue of his new friend, his only friend? Or would he be pushed aside, once more paying for a mistake that lay in the past?

Janeway positioned herself squarely in front of Tom Paris, the ex-con waiting for her judgement. A young man, who until now, she had held in very low regard. However, since arriving in the Delta Quadrant, she could not fault his actions.

Her eyes centered on those of Thomas Eugene Paris. "Mr. Paris, before we arrived in this situation, you had done nothing to justify joining the away team."

Paris felt his hope fading.

A moment that felt like an eternity passed before she continued.

"However, your actions since are a different matter. The speed in which you took over the conn, then volunteering to lend a hand in sickbay. Both times without waiting to be told to do so, actions taken under extremely difficult, unnerving circumstances."

Her words came as a surprise. Paris never realized that with everything happening, she had paid attention to what he was doing, noticing his small attempt to be helpful.

The somber, sincere face convinced her the time was right. This young man was growing up very fast, the boy was becoming a man. "Very well, Mr. Paris, grab a tricorder and a phaser, you're part of the team."

She walked over to where Chakotay had been waiting. The Maquis leader had been watching the interchange with interest, there was more to this Starfleet captain than he had realized. Much more!

Janeway stepped into the lift. "All right, shall we proceed? Let's find our missing members of the crew, and let's get ourselves home!"



MonSFFA member, **Barbara Silverman**, will launch her new book, **The Sands of Time**, at the Atwater Library May 23rd, from 2Pm to 4PM.

The Sands Of Time is a series of short stories dealing with: (1) Unusual and little known wildlife of today. (2) Prehistoric and ancient cultures mostly, but not only, animal and sky mythology. (3) History behind astronomy (4) The truth behind some the names, places, etc appearing in si-fi shows.

Through the book the reader will share the lives of people from long ago. See how the natural world such as animals and the sky affected them, and how they learned to cope with the world around them through stories, which now becomes their mythology. The reader will look at the skies through the eyes of ancient man and learn about various modern-day astronomers who helped to shape our knowledge of the stars and planets. And they will swim with, fly with, and amble along with some very unusual animal species.

Remembering Terry Pratchett

Danny Sichel

“I’ve been talking today to people who are going to *die*! Do you know what that feels like!”

“Uh, yes. I do. *Everyone* I talk to is going to die. Everyone *you* talk to is going to die. Everyone dies, Mr Vimes.”

– Sam Vimes and Qu the History Monk, **Night Watch**, Terry Pratchett (2002)

We all knew it was coming. And not just in the syllogistic sense of “all humans are mortal, all writers are human, therefore all writers are mortal”, no: when, in December 2007, Terry Pratchett announced that he had been diagnosed with early-onset Alzheimer’s Disease (a diagnosis subsequently refined to “posterior cortical atrophy”), we realized that the end of his career was in sight. We could no longer pretend to ourselves that he, and his fabulous magical Discworld novels, would last forever.

“We can do without magic for a few years, can’t we?”

“With respect,” said Ponder, without respect, “we cannot. The seas will run dry. The sun will burn out and crash. The elephants and the turtle may cease to exist altogether.”

“That’ll happen in just two years?”

“Oh, no. That’ll happen within the first two minutes. Magic isn’t just coloured lights and balls. Magic holds the world together.”

– Mr Slant and Ponder Stibbons, **The Last Hero**, Terry Pratchett (2001)

Terence David John Pratchett, known to the world as “Terry”, was born in Beaconsfield (not *that* Beaconsfield) in 1948. He spent his childhood reading, and reading, and reading. And eventually, in the mid-1960s, he began to write. He wrote several short stories, and began working as a journalist. In 1971, his first novel, **The Carpet People**, was published. (If you manage to find a copy, it’s apparently not very good. In 1992, he rewrote it; it’s now credited to “Terry Pratchett age 23 and Terry Pratchett age 44”.)

He wrote some other novels in the late 70s and early 80s, **Strata** and **Dark Side of the Sun**. Then, in 1983, he wrote **The Colour of Magic**, the first Discworld novel – which he described as an attempt to do for classical fantasy what “Blazing Saddles” did for Westerns – and his life began to change. [My personal opinion is that Pratchett’s publishers were interested in parodies of SF/fantasy because of the then-current success of Douglas Adams’ **Hitchhiker’s Guide to the Galaxy** series, but there’s no way to prove that.]

The Colour of Magic was successful enough that his publishers bought the sequel, **The Light Fantastic**. And then **Equal Rites**, and **Mort**, and on and on. I discovered him in... probably 1989, when I borrowed his novel **Sourcery** (1988) from the daughter of a family friend in Quebec City. And to be honest, I’m not 100% sure if I ever gave it back. Pratchett addressed the common tropes of fantasy fiction in ways that no one had ever considered before, treating the characters not just as props but as people, inhabiting not just a backdrop, but a world.

“They may be called the Palace Guard, the City Guard or the Patrol. Whatever the name, their purpose in any work of heroic fantasy is identical; it is, round about Chapter Three (or ten minutes into the film) to rush into the room, attack the hero one at a time, and be slaughtered. No one ever asks them if they wanted to. This book is dedicated to those fine men.”

– introduction to **Guards! Guards!**, Terry Pratchett (1989)

They were incredible books. They were funny and fantastical, yes, but more than that... they were deep. They were full of ideas and ethical questions, and Pratchett addressed them in ways that were actually entertaining.

How fast did a forest’s heart beat? Once a year, maybe. Yes, that sounded about right. Out there the forest was waiting for the brighter sun and longer days that would pump a million gallons of sap several hundred feet into the sky in one great systolic thump too big and loud to be heard.

And it was at about this point that Granny bit her lip.

She’d just thought the word ‘systolic’, and it certainly wasn’t in her vocabulary.

Somebody was inside her head with her.

Had she just thought all those thoughts, or had they been thought through her?

– **Wyrd Sisters**, Terry Pratchett (1991)

As the '90s went by, he continued exploring the Discworld in ever more innovative ways, and the reading public loved it. At one point, his books were the most stolen from bookstores in the UK. 10% of all book sales in the UK were SF/fantasy, and 10% of all SF/fantasy sales in the UK were Terry Pratchett. He received the Order of the British Empire. Discworld stage plays were produced, and computer games, and a great many spinoff books – with not just his approval, but his participation. People began to write scholarly works *about* his books, analyzing their symbolism and the meaning.

And then came what he called 'the Embuggerance'.

The rising temperature hit his thoughts like a flamethrower caressing a snowflake. Towers of intellect collapsed as the fire roared through his brain.

Men at Arms, Terry Pratchett (1993)

Even after announcing his Alzheimer's diagnosis in 2007, Pratchett continued his craft to the best of his ability. He donated large sums of money to Alzheimer's research, and tested various experimental devices that were intended to alleviate his symptoms. And, since he was losing the ability to actually *write*, he switched to dictating his text, and having an assistant transcribe it. He produced five more Discworld novels this way: **Unseen Academicals**, **Snuff**, **I Shall Wear Midnight**, **Raising Steam**... and the as-yet-unpublished **The Shepherd's Crown**. He also wrote **Nation**, and **Dodger** (and is also credited as 'co-author' on Stephen Baxter's **Long Earth** series, but that's because it's based on a short story Pratchett wrote in the '80s).

He spoke on the need to keep trying, and the importance of enjoying one's life, but also on the merits of assisted dying for people who, like himself, were at risk of being swallowed by dementia.

He was knighted by the queen for services to literature, and he forged his own sword out of meteorite iron.

He enjoyed the hell out of life while he could.

"Where am I?"

INSIDE THE MIRROR.

"Am I dead?"

THE ANSWER TO THAT, said Death, IS SOMEWHERE BETWEEN NO AND YES.

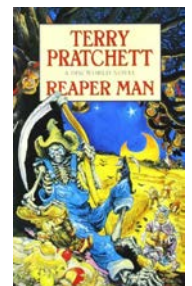
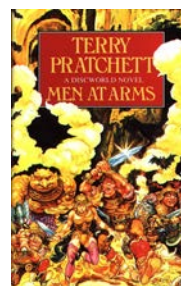
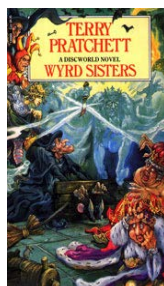
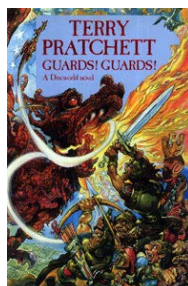
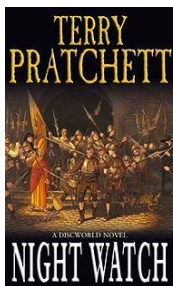
– **Witches Abroad**, Terry Pratchett (1991)

On March 12, 2015, it all came to an end. Alzheimer's is one of the cruelest fates, because the self dies before the body. The body of Sir Terence David John Pratchett, knight, known as "Terry", died, and tens of millions worldwide mourned him. He is survived by his wife Lyn, by his daughter Rhianna, by Havelock Vetinari and Esme Weatherwax and Mustrum Ridcully and Carrot Ironfoundersson and Tiffany Aching and Gytha Ogg and Sam Vimes and Lady Sybil Ramkin and Moist von Lipwig and Susan Sto Helit and Magrat Garlick and Leonard of Quirm and Angua von Uberwald and Dorfl the Golem and Gaspode and Foul Ole Ron and Reg Shoe and Nobby Nobbs and Fred Colon and Mightily Oats and, ultimately... by the anthropomorphic personification of Death.

WHAT CAN THE HARVEST HOPE FOR, IF NOT FOR THE CARE OF THE REAPER MAN?

– Death, aka 'Bill Door', **Reaper Man**, Terry Pratchett (1991)

Thank you, Terry. For the books, for the ideas, and for the fun times.



Sunday Sci-Fi Cinema Matinée

Keith Braithwaite

As a young lad in the mid-1960s, I remember racing home after school on many an occasion to sit down in front of our family's old black-and-white TV and watch the monster movies and science fiction flicks the local television station used to air just prior to the supertime news hour. Family Theatre, if memory serves, was the moniker the station's programmers gave to this late-afternoon screening of vintage Westerns, war movies, creature features, and sci-fi adventures, and the show afforded me my earliest exposure to classic science fiction cinema.

I've been a sci-fi fan since childhood, eagerly devouring superhero comic books in those youthful days of endless summers, and second-hand paperbacks, too, their tattered covers festooned with sleek silver spaceships, bizarre colourful aliens, and grotesque giant mutants. With the space race in full swing during the '60s, the dreams of science fiction seemed nearer to realization than ever they had been, and I remember following the televised progress of the Apollo moon missions with the same zeal as I reserved for favourite prime-time genre TV series like *Lost in Space* and *Star Trek*. The future held such promise in those days and I just couldn't get enough of this sci-fi stuff. So I was thrilled to discover Family Theatre one rainy day, and with it a miscellany of astounding and exciting movies that, while largely products of the previous decade and made before I was born, were all new to me.

Often reflecting the anxieties of those early, uncertain years of the atomic age, I interpreted these films, at the time, simply as science fiction thrillers, to be enjoyed on that basic level. In later years, of course, I was able to appreciate in the better examples deeper meaning, and relish them all over again from a fresh perspective, and with a renewed approbation.

It was in that spirit that I proposed spotlighting, at the outset of MonSFFA's regular meetings, some of the superlative, influential, and most celebrated of these movies for my fellow sci-fi enthusiasts, many of the younger of whom I discovered were unfamiliar with the masterworks that defined science fiction cinema. My plan was to invite folk to arrive about an hour early for the regular club meetings, at which point I would tender a choice of several films and bid the group select one for brief review, scholarly analysis, query, and discussion. My initial proposal was enhanced by suggestions of including not only the genre's top-drawer examples, but memorable, worthy efforts—what I'll call minor classics—as well, along with the occasional excruciatingly bad film, the kind of low-budget schlock so deficient in story quality or cinematic value as to be laughably inept.

My proposition was accepted and put into effect at the club's March gathering, drawing a healthy number of early-birds to the meeting. Reproduced here (with a little augmentation) as a complementary guide, if you will, to the Golden Age of sci-fi cinema are the brief write-ups I provided on each of the films listed for that first installment of what I dubbed Sunday Sci-Fi Cinema Matinée. The film chosen for review at this inaugural edition of our Matinée was *It Came from Outer Space*; I've added to its entry below a summary of the critiques of MonSFFA.

It Came from Outer Space (Universal-International, 1953; B&W): Richard Carlson, Barbara Rush, Charles Drake, Russell Johnson; Jack Arnold, director; Ray Bradbury, story



A prime example of a sci-fi flick that rises above its B-movie pedigree, this movie is expertly directed by Jack Arnold, a seasoned science fiction filmmaker of the day. The story is by star science fiction writer Ray Bradbury, who based the tale on one of his own short stories. While Harry Essex penned the film's shooting script, it was Bradbury who first offered two outlines and was pleased to hear that "the studio picked the right concept", prompting him to commit to the project and develop the treatment on which Essex

based the screenplay. The "right concept" that Bradbury favoured portrayed the aliens as having no malicious intent towards humanity, an unusual point of view, in those days, for a movie about space aliens coming to Earth.

While stargazing, author and amateur astronomer John Putnam and his girlfriend chance to witness the crash of a fiery meteor, which comes down near an old mine on the edge of town. First on the scene to investigate, Putnam scrambles down into the large impact crater to discover that the object is not a meteorite, but in fact, some kind of weird spaceship. A sudden landslide buries the mysterious craft before anyone else can see it and Putnam's story is found to be outlandish and unbelievable by the local Sheriff and newspaperman. Even his girlfriend has her doubts. The next day, a pair of linesmen working out on the highway tell Putnam that there's something odd going on with the phone lines. Shortly thereafter, Putnam and his girlfriend come across the pair's wrecked truck by the side of the road and find one of the men to be behaving peculiarly while the other lays nearby, seemingly dead! And so begins the series of unsettling incidents that lead to a most unexpected conclusion.

Director Arnold built his narrative carefully and craftily to instill in audiences palpable unease and dread. He was particularly adept at structuring scenes in such a way as to wring utter spine-tingling terror out of something as ordinary as picking up a hitchhiker on the highway. The opening shot of a flaming meteor coming straight at the camera is one of many designed to take advantage of the 3-D process in which this movie was filmed. Another interesting visual gimmick employed was the distorted "bubble view", representing the scene as observed through the alien's eye. Arnold offered only sparingly shots of the human-impersonating aliens in their true form—grotesque, single-eyed blobs—relying instead on the aforementioned "bubble view", and the horrified reactions of the actors, to signal the off-screen presence of the otherworldly monstrosities.

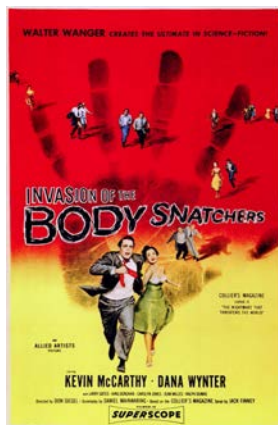
Summary of Critiques:

Most folk quite enjoyed the film, citing the quality of the story as its strong point, with only a few disapproving remarks directed at perceived cheesy acting and dialogue in some scenes. Sequences meant to capitalize on the 3-D effect were, to a few, a tad contrived, but offset by the general quality of the directing throughout, which was found to effectively induce apprehension and build suspense, as advertised. Many noted that the film held their interest and was perfectly entertaining without need of elaborate special effects, the sign of a solid story.

Mentioned most in positive terms was the script's unusual portrayal of the alien visitors not as malevolent monsters, despite their hideous natural appearance, but as intelligent, non-violent beings possessed of no evil designs on the people of the small town in which the story is set. This was seen as a refreshing departure from the usual cliché of fiendish aliens molesting Earth too common in 1950s sci-fi pictures, and even in modern alien-visitation movies.

The films on this occasion set aside, perhaps for a future episode of Sunday Sci-Fi Cinema Matinée, are as follows:

Invasion of the Body Snatchers (Allied Artists, 1956; B&W): Kevin McCarthy, Dana Wynter, Larry Gates, King Donovan, Carolyn Jones; Don Siegel, director



Based on Jack Finney's novel *The Body Snatchers* (1954) and considered an influential and resonant classic of sci-fi cinema, the suspenseful tale involves an alien invasion discovered to be surreptitiously taking place in a small California town.

When frightened townsfolk report loved ones to be acting strangely, Dr. Miles Bennell, his girlfriend Becky, and friends Jack and Teddy find themselves in the middle of an uncanny plot to replace human beings with unfeeling, emotionless “pod people”, duplicates devoid of humanity. Embossed with a film noir quality, the story gradually, deliciously unspools until the terrifying implications drive Bennell and company to attempt an escape from town in order to warn outside authorities of the peril.

The film is often cited as a shrewd commentary on the loss of personal liberty portended by Soviet-style communism and totalitarianism, or on the other hand, of the dangers inherent in the McCarthyist paranoia of that time. McCarthy (star Kevin, not the infamous senator) has stated that no such political allegory was intended, as did author Finney of his book. The idea was to fashion a thriller, plain and simple. Director Siegel did allow that such comparisons might be made, but stated that he was not trying to place emphasis on any one viewpoint or another, only that he was exploring the idea of individuality versus conformity, the latter seductively offering an abdication from the burden of responsibility required by the former.

Concerned that movie audiences might find the film's original, unreservedly bleak ending too disconsolate, the studio insisted that Siegel, despite his reluctance, bookend the movie with the prologue and epilogue present in the final cut, in which Bennell tells his chilling tale and the sceptical authorities are finally convinced of its veracity and the threat posed. Just before the film fades to black, law enforcement is mobilized so that we can all go home from the theatre safe in the knowledge that the pod people have been found out, and that their sinister plan will now surely be halted.

The Thing from Another World (RKO Radio Pictures, 1951; B&W): Kenneth Tobey, Margaret Sheridan, Robert Cornthwaite, Douglas Spencer, James Arness; Christian Nyby, director (said by some to have been directed, in fact, by producer Howard Hawks)



Loosely based on John W. Campbell, Jr.'s novella “Who Goes There?” (1938) and considered a classic, this first-rate fusion of sci-fi and horror, with its striking title sequence, was the highest-earning genre picture of 1951.

Air Force personnel and a group of scientists based at a remote Arctic research station discover a crashed flying saucer embedded in the ice and excavate the hulking, frozen body of what they surmise to be the deceased occupant of the craft. They transport the unearthly brute to their outpost just as a major storm moves in, cutting off radio communications and air travel in or out, thus prompting a disquieting feeling of isolation. When the creature is inadvertently thawed, it proves to be alive, and escapes into the blizzard raging outside, only to be set upon and wounded by startled sled dogs before it runs off into the howling night. Apparently subsisting on blood, the alien soon returns to menace the outpost. Lead scientist Dr. Carrington believes it to be an intelligent being and in his desire to learn more about the alien, he incautiously jeopardizes the safety of the others in order to preserve his specimen. Air Force captain Hendry, meanwhile, has judged the creature a dire threat to them all and with his airmen, readies for a final confrontation.

Compelling characters speaking snappy dialogue amidst overlapping patter lends an air of realism to proceedings. Pacing is taut, and a mysterious, deadly monster kept largely in the shadows adroitly heightens tension and successfully delivers the scares. There is to be noted in the movie a subtext reflecting post-atom bomb distrust of science, and of scientists, who ought not to be risking too much in the name of science. The trusty armed forces servicemen are the real heroes, here!

Night of the Lepus (MGM, 1972; Colour): Stuart Whitman, Janet Leigh, Rory Calhoun, DeForest Kelley, Paul Fix; William F. Claxton, director

This unintentionally comical flick is one of the clunkers we promised to offer every so often. Based on Australian author



Russell Braddon's book *The Year of the Angry Rabbit* (1964), but with the action moved from Down Under to Arizona, this shoddy piece of cinema is one of those movies that's so bad, it's good (for a chuckle, at least). Left out of the film entirely was the source material's satirical humour and central plot, involving a virus-based superweapon and world domination. Screenwriters instead drew exclusively upon the rabbits that figure in the development of the

novel's superweapon, boiling their script down to a tale of giant, mutated, bloodthirsty killer bunnies terrorizing the countryside!

Their first and only stab at science fiction, both the producer and director came to the project from the Western genre, and cast chiefly actors from that genre with whom they were familiar. Eschewing the aesthetics of sci-fi and horror films, Claxton's sluggish directing failed to deliver any genuine thrills or frights. Of course, the laughable premise didn't help matters any! Or the hackneyed dialogue. Or the clichéd performances, sub-standard special effects, poor editing, nor the corny "action" music. But the key obstacle to achieving with this film even a modicum of success was that cuddly rabbits are just not scary!

The studio's marketing department probably knew this and, fearing that no one would take seriously a sci-fi/horror movie featuring as its monsters cute, fluffy cottontails, made a few changes. Before its release, the film's title, originally *Rabbits*, was changed to *Night of the Lepus*, purposely employing the Latin word for hare so as not to tip off the average movie-goer as to species. Further, the film's promotional tagline pointedly avoided any mention of rabbits and the publicity poster's rendering of the featured creatures was quite deliberately of an indeterminate type of animal.

It! The Terror from Beyond Space (United Artists, 1958; B&W): Marshall Thompson, Shawn Smith, Kim Spalding, Paul Langton, Ann Doran, Robert Bice, Ray "Crash" Corrigan; Edward

L. Cahn, director; Jerome Bixby, screenplay

A hostile alien life form stows away aboard a rocketship returning to Earth from Mars and begins picking off crew members, one after another, forcing the remaining crew to retreat upwards, deck by deck, to escape the near-indestructible and relentless creature.

Shot in a brief two weeks, this low-budget, independent production is a superior man-in-a-monster-suit B-movie, which 20 years later served as the inspiration for *Alien* (1979). The riveting story was penned by Jerome Bixby, a short story writer known primarily for his science fiction yarns, one of which, "It's a Good Life", was memorably adapted by Rod Serling for Serling's *Twilight Zone* television series. Bixby wrote for TV, as well, penning four episodes of the original *Star Trek*, among them "Mirror, Mirror" and "Day of the Dove". He also came up with and co-wrote the story that became the sci-fi movie *Fantastic Voyage* (1966).

Benefiting from Bixby's terrific tale and well-drawn characters, director Cahn makes the most of the film's limited budget and delivers a skilfully executed picture that rises above its B-movie classification. The depiction of the crew women, here, is notable in that they are realistically portrayed as able, contributing members of the team. They were not simply monster fodder, included only as frightened, screaming damsels-in-distress who must be rescued from grisly menace by the male heroes, as was the template of so many a 1950s sci-fi monster movie.

The "It" creature suit was designed and fabricated by Paul Blaisdell, known for creating numerous sci-fi and horror B-movie monsters quickly and cheaply in the 1950s.



Upcoming Events & Conventions

Lloyd Penny, Dom Durocher, Lynda Pelley

Abridged, a more complete list can be found on our website: <http://www.monsffa.ca>

May 22-24 - What The Fur 2015: Time-Travellin' Furries, Holiday Inn Point-Claire, Montreal. Guest: Cat-Monk Shiro www.whatthefur.ca

May (29) 30-31 Wonderfest Hobby Expo Louisville, KY <http://www.wonderfest.com/>

June 6 Brickfete- Montreal - June 6 & 7, 2015 - Centre Pierre-Charbonneau, Montréal, <http://montreal.brickfete.com>

July 10-12 - RyuKon 2015, Buffalo Niagara Convention Centre, Buffalo, NY. Anime/steampunk/gaming convention www.ryu-kon.com/ryu-kon-2015.html

July 22-25 IPMS National Convention Columbus, OH <http://www.ipmsusa2015.com>

July 24-26 - ConBravo! 2015, Hamilton Convention Centre & Sheraton Hamilton Hotel <http://conbravo.com>

August 19-23 - Sasquan/73rd World Science Fiction Convention, Spokane Convention Center, Spokane, WA. Guests: David Gerrold, Leslie Turek, Tom Smith, Vonda McIntyre, Brad Foster. www.sasquan.org

September 26 CapCon 2015 Nepean Sportsplex Nepean (Ottawa), Ont <http://www.ipmsottawa.com/capcon>



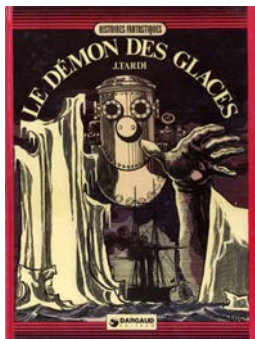
Reviews of a Few Steampunk Graphic Novels Sylvain St-Pierre

I freely admit it: I love Steampunk, and have done so for quite a while. I find something quite appealing in technology based on steam and shiny brass, with electrical machines that throw sparks from their convoluted coils and antigravity engines bristling with vacuum tubes.

It's fun to read those old novels from the end of the 19th Century and the beginning of the 20th, but great enjoyment can also be obtained from modern graphic adaptations inspired by those days.

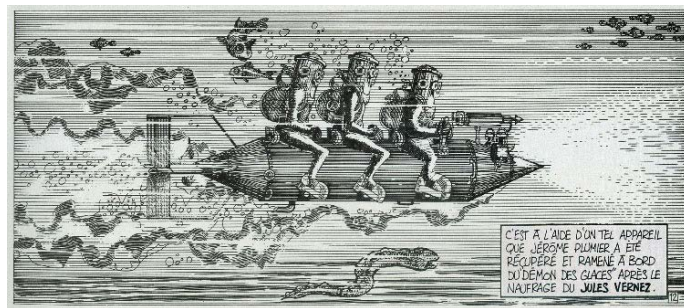
Here are a few of my favourites. They are all in French, and some of them may never be translated, but that should not deter you from enjoying them.

1-Le démon des glaces by J.Tardi, 1974



Cover

An early example of the genre, before it became really popular. Purposely done to resemble the style of the Rioux engravings that graced early Jules Verne novels, it also imitates the tone of many “scientific” stories of that same period. The plot relies heavily on popular clichés about mad scientists and the wonders of electricity, to the point of almost being satire. Quite entertaining if you are familiar with the source material.



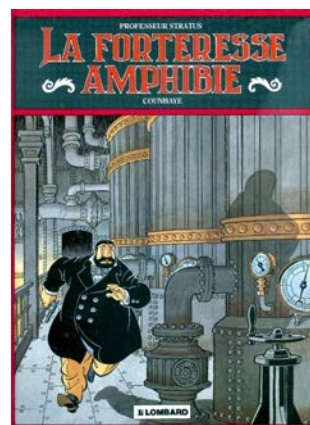
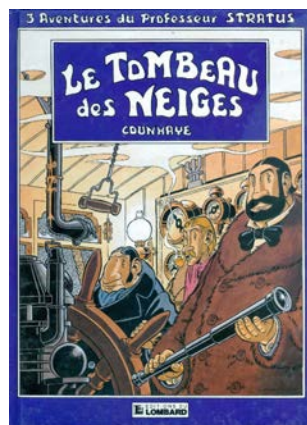
A mounted torpedo



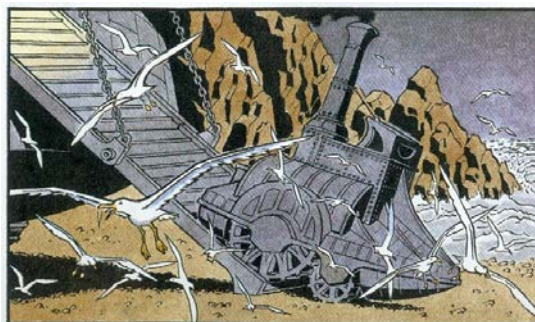
The latest in flying machines

2-Les aventures du professeur Stratus by Counhaye, 1990-1993.

Two albums; the first being a collection of three short stories (one of them heavily inspired by the first Indiana Jones movie), the second being an entire graphic novel. Done in a very distinctive style, this is excellent Steampunk, with impressive inventions that still manage to remain plausible. The various vehicles, while impractical, could probably be actually produced and would likely work.

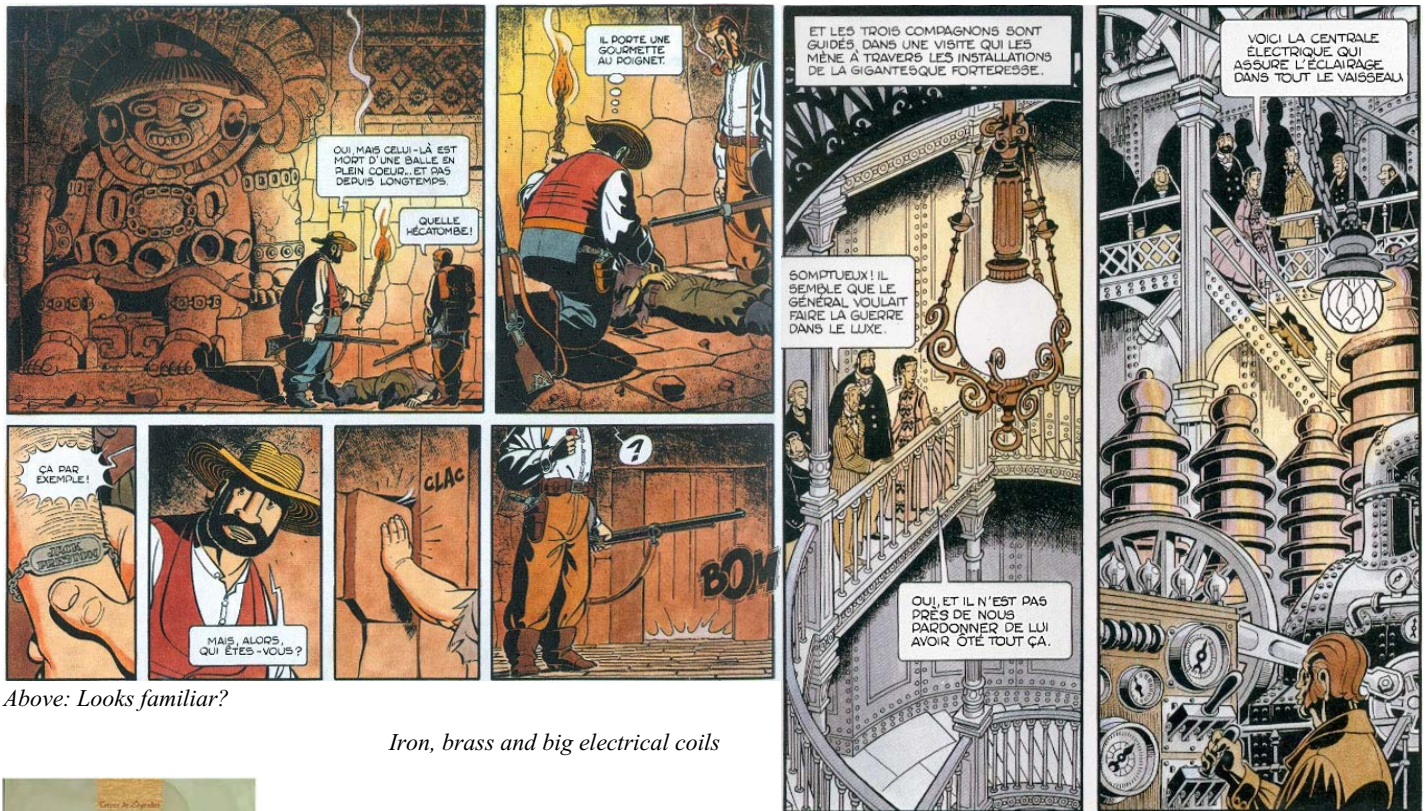


The heroes' airship



How many miles on a bucket of coal?





Above: Looks familiar?

Iron, brass and big electrical coils



3-Le Fond du Monde by Corbeyran & Falque, 1997-2001.

I have read only the first five albums of this series so far, and the others appear to be difficult to find. Adventures in a rather strange world where the social order is even weirder than the bizarre tech. The first three albums constitute an entire story involving a conflict between the inhabitants of a two-level city, while the

following ones start in a gigantic department store whose power rivals that of a country, only to move to a ship greater than many cities. Quite fascinating, in its own strange way.



Left: In the Upper City, whole buildings are used for public transit!
Above: Every window has a view...

4-Le voyage extraordinaire by Filippi & Camboni, 2012-2014.



A typically lavish illustration

The first story in this series is broken down into three albums, all of them of great visual beauty. In an alternate timeline, it is the late 1920's and the First World War is raging, with a mechanical technology far in advance to what we are accustomed to. Architecture, as well, has made astonishing progresses and at least some cities are quite interesting places to live in. A pleasure to browse through, even if you cannot read a single word of French.



The alternate version of New York

5-Nicodemus Red: Les Dragons d'Hillaude by Crisse & Maba, 2013.



Set in an alternate world where steam reigns supreme and electricity is considered an amusing novelty. The



nominal broad-shouldered adventurer-scientist hero, Nicodemus Red, is actually not seen

A mysterious machine



all that much in this first installment. The plot involves a race to bring back a dragon from a perpetually frozen land, the contestants ranging all the way from the noble to the most despicable, and the first album end with the protagonists poised at the edge of an interesting cliff-hanger.

The beginning of the Great Race

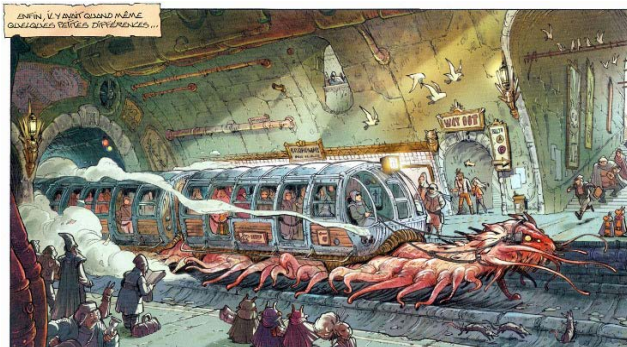


6-Ekhö, monde miroir by Arleston & Barbucci, 2013-2014.

Two albums so far, and we can only wish for more. A young woman and her next seat neighbour are taken to an alternate world while on a flight from Paris to New York. They finish the trip on back of carrier dragon, and find that this world also has a New York and a Paris, but technology does not work here and the subway runs on giant centipedes. Many of the inhabitants are non-human, including the little furry Preshauns, who appear to secretly manipulate everything. Very nice art, and quite amusing, but the jokes may be hard to get if you are not familiar with French culture.



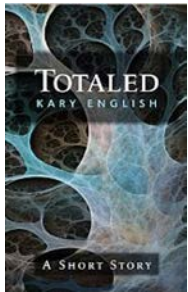
Left: New York, yes, but with a difference Above: The Ekhö Paris Eiffel Tower, made of wood and stone Below: The Ekhö New York subway, probably very ecological



Totalled, a short story on Hugo Shortlist
Danny Sichel

You may recall that last year's Hugo ballot was affected by "Sad Puppies 2", a campaign which involved bulk nominations for works which the SP organizers felt were being excluded by fandom at large because of the authors' political inclinations (or... something, it's complicated and there's a lot of inconsistencies in their explanations). This year they've tried a more intense version: by having all their participants nominate not just the same story, but the same *groups* of stories (as chosen by the Sad Puppies 3 organizer, and also the Rabid Puppies organizer – it gets REALLY complicated), they totally swept a few categories, and got at least one entry in all the others. Some people have said that, because of the potential for slates to totally ruin the Hugos, they will rank all the slate nominees below 'no award', regardless of those nominees' individual quality. Although I rather agree with this idea, I felt bad about doing this to stories sight unseen. So here are my reviews.

"Totalled", by Kary English
(Galaxy's Edge magazine, July 2014)



Premise: Maggie is a brain scientist, until a car accident and an implausible healthcare system reduce her to a brain in a science jar, being experimented on in her own brain science facility. Will she be able to lead her scientist friends to success in an important brain science research project before the science jar's science is unable to support her brain any longer and she dies?

Here's what I posted on Kary English's site:

"Excellent wordcraft (particularly Maggie's decline – and I can understand how that would have been painful to write!). Wonderfully visceral imagery. Some very interesting scientific concepts. An implausibly dystopian backstory. Several festering huge plot holes, so much so that my initial quibble grew into a lengthy multi-paragraph rant (which I'll save for my local fanzine because I don't want to bloat up your comments section).

You've got a lot of potential, Kary. If you're able to maintain this level of quality in your execution while putting a bit more thought into your premise's consequences and implications, and perhaps doing a bit more work on shaping your secondary characters, I won't be surprised to see you on the ballot in future years even without a slate."

If you haven't read "Totalled" yet, well, it's available free online. As for that lengthy multi-paragraph rant about the festering huge plot holes... MONSFFA people, and anyone else who happens to be reading WARP, this is for you. **Warning: a lot of the complaints I make here assume that you've already read the story.**

A central point of the premise is that Maggie fell afoul of

literal and explicit Government Death Panels. English's 'about the story' page talks about how her sister narrowly survived an accident in which her car was totally wrecked. "The totaled car got me thinking. What if a person could be totaled? What if medical expenses could be reckoned against earning potential, the way repair costs are weighed against the value of car? It's a dystopian question about trying to determine the value of a human life in dollars and cents."

That right there is enough to throw me out of the story. But okay, arguing Government Death Panels.

Then Maggie says that her education and patents and pre-existing insurance were supposed to make her exempt from this. "I was supposed to be safe," she says. Then why *wasn't* she? The divorce may have taken a piece out of her total assets, okay, but it was "lifetime earnings plus a multiplier for patents"! Why would the 'review board' chop off the revenue stream? Her research was already showing itself to be useful and profitable, to the extent that Dr. Leavitt went to these extreme measures to communicate with her -- extreme measures that wouldn't have been necessary IF THE REVIEW BOARD HADN'T HAD HER TOTALLED – so why would the board decide she wasn't worth it?

Why is Dr. Leavitt so cartoonishly evil? Why doesn't anyone call his bluff re: the Connectomics project? It's *got* to be a bluff, because he's revealed that he knew it was Maggie's brain, and that he expected Randy to learn to communicate with her, because otherwise the project is doomed – and if he sends her brain to be sectioned and plastinated then he'll be destroying the project that he himself is putting so much effort into! I can accept that he didn't *initially* think she was essential, that's why he gave her notes to three other research groups, but then he discovered that nobody else could accomplish this, so he brought her disembodied brain in and just waited for Randy to figure out that this was Maggie's brain and that he was supposed to communicate with it? It took two days for Randy to figure that out, and ANA (the brain research centre) should know that her expected lifespan in the SuMP tank is measured in weeks. Think what else they could have accomplished with an extra two days of Maggie!

Which reminds me - would ANA really have kept her brain in storage and unplatinated, or un-experimented-upon, for however long it took Leavitt to pass her notes to three other research groups and wait for them to fail? Day 1: car accident, review board immediately decides that she's worthless despite her insurance and financial situation, immediately withdraws all medical care and orders her broken down for parts, immediately notifies ANA that "we've disassembled one of your researchers; here's her disembodied yet still functional brain in a SuMP tank, because this is cheaper than providing medical care to an injured person". This all happens in the morning.

That afternoon, Leavitt takes all of Maggie's research notes and passes them to three separate research groups (let's assume this was concurrent rather than consecutive). Day 2: the three research groups march into Leavitt's office and say, in unison, "we can't read Maggie's handwriting, sir! You'll have to get the

information directly from her brain, which is fortunately still alive!” So then Leavitt passes Maggie’s fortunately-still-alive brain to Randy, who doesn’t seem to be at all upset or grieving over the mere-days-before death of his research partner and friend.

If Leavitt is so insistent on being referred to as “Doctor”, and is such a “troglodyte prick”, why haven’t any of the PhDs shoved this back in his face by insisting that he call **them** “Doctor”? Why is he able to get away with calling Randy “Mr. Moreno”? And why would Randy have any trouble spelling “parahippocampal gyrus”? He’s a professional! Yes, he’s the tech guy, but he’s the tech guy working on brain/tech interfaces! He should be intimately familiar with the names of brain parts!

And then there’s the HIPAA thing. We’re expected to believe that a setting with literal Death Panels which assess a patient’s total expected monetary value, would still have HIPAA? But okay, arguendo HIPAA still exists – we’re expected to believe that Maggie would meekly float there in her SuMP tank and allow Leavitt to suppress her identity, the fact that she’s still alive and conscious? Leavitt wants Randy to *communicate* with Maggie. That means he knows she’s still conscious, too. Why hasn’t Maggie tried to formally waive the HIPAA anonymity?

A lawyer would *love* this – what does “legally dead” mean if the person is still able to argue with you? Why hasn’t Randy tried to get a lawyer? If he’s a meek and spineless techno-serf who doesn’t dare go outside the parameters of his assignment, why does he risk “taking” Maggie to her sons’ elementary school? I’ll accept that they just happened to be there for an assembly during which both her sons received commendations, but why would the school allow Randy and Jeannine to sit in on the assembly? “We’re coworkers of the boys’ late mother, and we’ve decided that we’re interested in observing this one singular aspect of their lives, without letting them know that we’re here?” If Jeannine approached the school beforehand, I’d at least expect the school to double-check this preposterous statement with Maggie’s employers, and thus for Dr Leavitt to find out.

And that press release. Randy and Jeannine are willing to sabotage not just their jobs, but their entire careers (because Dr Leavitt is NOT portrayed as forgiving and non-vindictive) by making sure that Maggie’s name is in the press release... okay, I’ll accept that. But they don’t say anything *else*? They don’t try to blow the lid off by including the world-shaking detail that “the discovery has already allowed Dr Margaret Hauri, in the form of her disembodied brain, to continue contributing to society for six months after her apparent death”?

The ‘binary existence’ detail bothers me somewhat also -- nobody ever thought of Twenty Questions? Not many people know Morse Code these days, but it’d be perfectly plausible for Maggie to know the three/THREE/three pattern of an SOS - *kittens kittens kittens SEWAGE SEWAGE SEWAGE kittens kittens kittens*. Couldn’t she use that to let Randy know that she’s lonely on weekends? And if those weekends are so soul-destroyingly lonely for Maggie, why hasn’t she asked for someone to stay with her? The whole point of keeping her brain alive in a tank is so that she will willingly cooperate, contributing to the best of her ability. This gives her a bargaining chip. “Dr Leavitt, we’re making excellent progress with Maggie, but she wants to have someone to stay with her on weekends. She says she gets so lonely that she can’t think.” As Vernor Vinge said, “Technical people don’t make good slaves. Without their wholehearted cooperation, things fall apart.”

This is a sad, touching, beautifully-written story which ultimately DOES NOT MAKE SENSE. It is not Hugo material. I cannot support this. I rank it 0, below ‘No Award’, and leave it off my ballot.



Sunday Matinee Cinema Trivia Quiz– Designed by Keith Braithwaite to drive us nuts (or maybe to appeal to St-Google)

- A.** Star Trek star DeForest Kelley appears in *Night of the Lepus*. Which of his Trek co-stars appeared in the 1978 remake of *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*?
- B.** The *Thing from Another World* is based on John W. Campbell, Jr.’s 1938 novella “Who Goes There?”; under what pseudonym was Campbell’s story published?
- C.** What was the original title of *It! The Terror from Beyond Space*?
- D.** Two designs for the aliens were submitted by Universal’s make-up department on *It Came From Outer Space*; in which later Universal sci-fi movie was the rejected design used?
- E.** In *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, the fleeing Miles and Becky hide from their alien pursuers in a cave, this scene filmed in the Bronson Caves situated in Griffith Park, Los Angeles, a location that has often been used by film and television companies shooting, in particular, Westerns and science fiction projects. It is probably best known on screen as the entrance/exit to what famous cave?

ANSWERS:

A, Leonard Nimoy; B, Don A. Stuart; C, It! The Vampire from Beyond Space; D, This Island Earth (1955), as the Metulunan Mutant; E, The Batcave, Batman television series, 1966-’68

The Avengers: Age of Ultron



Well... last night's showing of the new Avengers film was awesome – as expected. I was pleased to hear that we were the first people in Canada to watch the film (if you discredit the pirated copies flowing through the internet in the past week)

First off... April 28th episode of Agents of Shield did indeed lead up to the movie (and I am sure May 5th episode will continue on from the movie)

The 3D lent itself to the special effects in a way where most other films tend to falter ... it was prevalent throughout the film! Not only did I notice my granddaughter, Isis ducking out of the way of flying debris, but the simple shots of the characters interacting verbally with each other had a sense of serious depth to it. I felt like I was right there with them (maybe it had to do with my sitting only three rows up from the screen... LOL!). What pleased me most unexpectedly was when (during the action scenes) the legs of my jeans vibrated so much so it tickled!

The movie introduced a backstory to Hawkeye's character.

That was a nice touch. It also added the proverbial strained romance of which most (if not all) super heroes seem to endure.

The action was prevalent throughout the film, but just when you were getting used to the 'POW', 'ZAP' and 'BANG', they interject humor. I could feel my adrenalin spiking, then I would laugh out its' release. What a roller coaster ride of excitement!

Marvel is known for throwing a bonus scene at the very end of the credits. Well this time they changed it up a wee bit by showing some of the credits at the beginning, then throwing in a bonus clip, then serious credits, then... nothing! So... you only have to wait until the end of the first 'important' credits (where they show a statue of the avengers), watch the very valuable tidbit of a scene, then leave. This is good to know when you are sitting there waiting... with a full theatre size drink in your bladder and need to pee like a racehorse!

Final words about the movie? A MUST SEE!

Editor's note: Linzi won a ticket for the advanced screening of The Avengers. Thank you, Berny & Rosie.

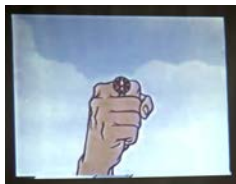


MonSFFandom: February to April

Keith Braithwaite & Cathy Palmer-Lister

FEBRUARY

The February meeting had members coming in from the cold, and others sick with a cold, and some left out in the cold because trains were not running. So we were fewer in number, about a dozen or so, I think, but we had a good time.



Sylvain St-Pierre brought some pre-meeting entertainment in the form of romantic tv comics that also led into his presentation on Hanna-Barbera's Alex Toth, who created such Saturday morning-TV fare as *Space Ghost*,

Shazzan, and *Birdman* and the *Galaxy Trio* for Hanna-Barbera in the 1960s and '70s. Sylvain showed numerous stills and video clips of Toth's visually economical yet charming creations as he spoke of and offered details on the various SF/F-flavoured shows that the older club members present recalled with nostalgic fondness.. As usual, the presentation was very slick, using really cool special effects.



Danny Sichel followed with a sprightly and thorough examination of Genies and other wish-granting entities, highlighting the unwanted consequences resultant from poorly worded wishes, and the clever strategies by which protagonists circumvented the usual maximum-three-wishes limitation.

The raffle prizes were really good thanks to donations from members, Sylvain in particular. Snacks

included Valentine chocolates, candy hearts, and red-iced cupcakes.

Seven of us went for supper at the Cage au Sports, and indulged in more calories.

A really sweet meeting!



MARCH

Loooong meeting, since we started at 11:00 AM to avoid the parade and possible manif problems around Guy Metro..

Due to work being done in St-François, the hotel graciously offered us the use of Grand Salon, connected to Saguenay and Richelieu for our snacks displays, books, etc. The Salon is a wonderful space in which to show movies!



The meeting was well attended, with three members sporting crazy hats, and a few others wearing St Patrick's Day Parade paraphernalia.

Sylvain St-Pierre's presentation "Trailer Trash" was met with much laughter. Keith followed this up at noon with the first of the SF Cinema Matinee mornings. The members present for this event carefully read the hand outs, watched the trailers, and voted for the movie they wished to see: *It Came From Outer Space*, a 1953 thriller based on a Ray Bradbury story. A movie ahead of its time it turned out, as the aliens, though grotesque in appearance, harboured no ill intent toward Earth's inhabitants.



René Walling was up next with a great presentation on anime for the SF/F Fan. He showed trailers from television series and

movies for anime in various genre categories that would appeal to SF & Fantasy fans. We were also provided with printed handouts listing his recommendations. This list appears on our website: http://www.monsffa.ca/?page_id=832

Raffle tickets & snacks were sold during the break, netting the club 41\$. This income is important to us, so thank you all who contributed to the cause.

After the break, we debated the future of the printed WARP.

Options from one extreme to the other: no printed WARP to printed WARPs for all members. Members agreed we needed printed WARPs available for those who wanted them, but cost is a major issue. For WARP 90, Cathy printed copies on her own printer, in colour, for an estimated cost of 5\$ an issue. Keith will print WARP 91 in b&w, with some colour, so we will have a chance to see how that possibility works out. A few members suggested they would be willing to pay a little more for a colour issue. It was pointed out that since the club was founded, membership fees have been raised only once, from 20\$ to 25\$, yet our costs have risen a lot more, especially for the meeting space. Another option could be offering the colour copies to platinum members.

The debate lasted much longer than expected, proof of our members' attachment to WARP. Final decision will be taken after the WARP 91 experiment. In the meantime, we value your input into this important discussion, so please do contact us with your thoughts and ideas: executive@monsffa.ca

Cathy, in her role as web master, showed a screen capture of our website, pointing out the members only page, and the subscribe button. By clicking the subscribe button, those interested can have updates sent directly to their mailboxes. We also saw how Terry Pratchett's name is being shown in our website's "clacks overhead".

Changes in our meeting schedule for April and May, programming for next few months, and the problem of the July BBQ without a BBQ completed the roundup of club news.

Got Books? Danny had several very interesting books, René presented a more recent unusual title, Cathy spoke about Terry Pratchett, with emphasis on her favourite Discworld novel: *Going Postal*, and François brought "Frankenstein", a classic we all know about, but few of us have read. René suggested we do this more often, maybe with short readings, but fitting Got Books into a regular meeting along with the SF Cinema Matinée, may prove too much in too little time. Cathy has long wanted a reading group, but this also requires more time than we have.

Supper was at the Indian Restaurant since La Cage was stuffed full of soccer fans. The food was good, the atmosphere conducive to conversation, so our day came to a very pleasant ending with coffee and dessert.

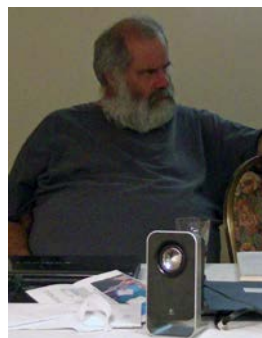


APRIL



Early birds arriving around 11 O'clock were entertained by a series of clips compiled by Sylvain St-Pierre: *ATTACK OF THE SPONSORS FROM MARS*. These often hilarious TV adverts were mostly new to us.

The SF Cinema Matinée, hosted by **Keith Braithwaite**, featured *BUGS*. Five movie titles were on offer, the winner was *THEM!*. The



audience was impressed especially by the strong dialogue and reasonably sound science. It holds up well.

Paleo Art: Painting the Prehistoric Past, again presented by **Keith Braithwaite**, proved very interesting especially as he showed the evolution of our interpretation of the fossils.

April showers bring May flowers and bugs, too, so this was the theme for the meeting. During the break, two

entries were submitted, the most elaborate being Sylvain's incredible umbrella decorated with pictures from movie trailers that featured bugs. **Mark Burakoff** had no trouble bringing in his umbrella – it would have sheltered a beetle, maybe...



Danny Sichel gave a brief presentation on [The SCP Foundation](#) and also advised us of a sale of used books. The sale is Saturday, second of May, to Sunday 10th of May, from 13h to 19, at l'Aréna Etienne-Desmarreau, 3430, rue de Bellechasse.

Bring lots of bags – apparently the entire floor of the arena is packed with books discarded from several Montreal libraries. Almost 11 thousand books and magazines in fact, and every day books are added to replace those sold. This is an annual event, so [bookmark the website](#) for next year.

Swimming with Cyber Sharks – Tips on Protecting Your Computer From Attack: **Steven Janssen** gave an interesting presentation on protecting our computers. The main lesson learned was to create strong P4\$\$Word\$. Common phishing tactics and frauds were also discussed.

Supper was at La Cage, where we were bombarded by noise as the restaurant was packed to the rafters with hockey fans. Ah, well, at least we got seats, and service was reasonably quick in spite of the crowd.

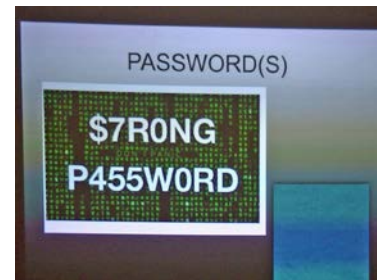


10 Steps to Protecting Your Computer Quick tips from Steven

- 1) Make sure you have a firewall
- 2) Keep your software up-to-date
- 3) Use Anti-Virus software
- 4) Use Anti-Malware software
- 5) Use Strong P4\$\$word\$
- 6) Don't use the same password everywhere
- 7) Be cautious with personal and banking information
- 8) Enable privacy setting with social media site
- 9) Regularly backup important files to external device

10) Don't put on the internet what you wouldn't put on your fridge...

[Click for the top 25 most common passwords of 2014](http://splashdata.com/press/worst-passwords-of-2014.htm)
<http://splashdata.com/press/worst-passwords-of-2014.htm>

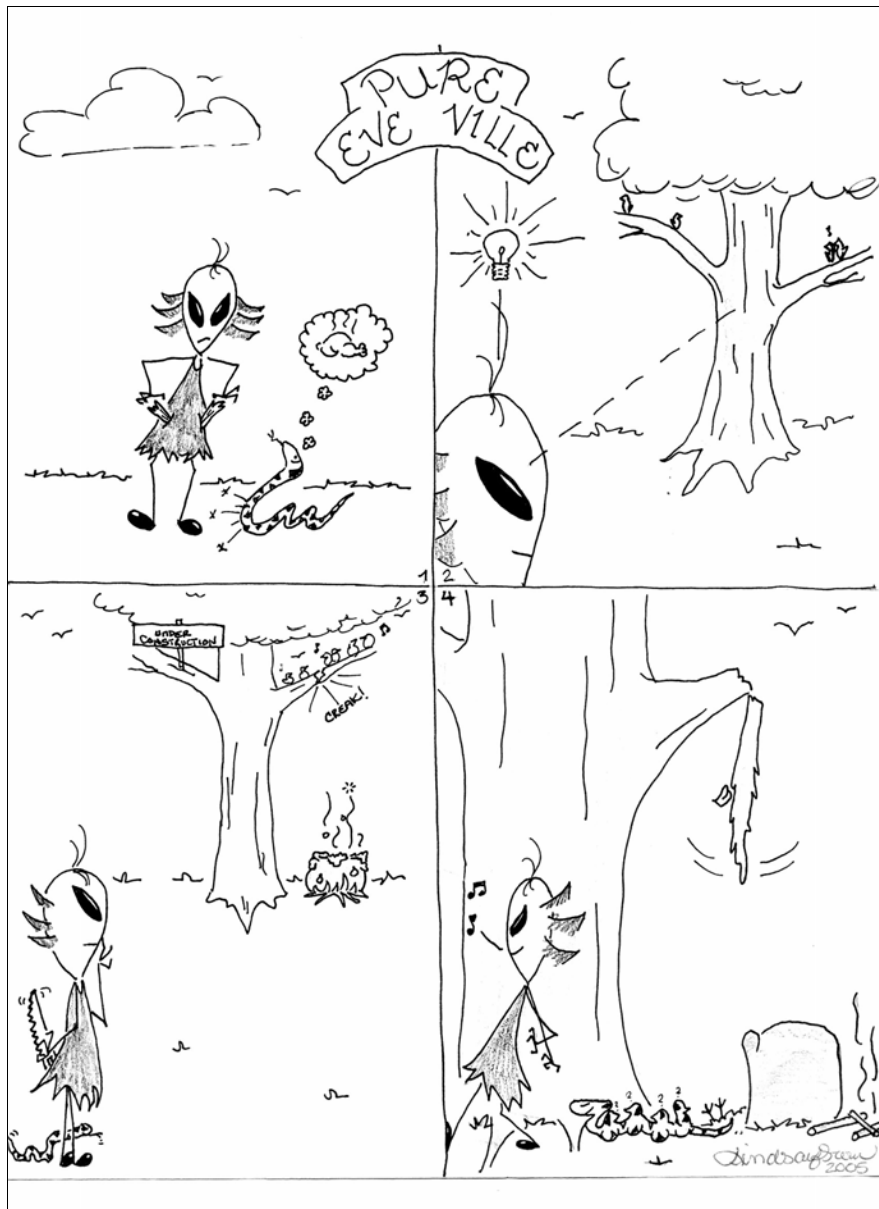


Pointless if you've got it under the post-it note!



Models on display in April
Dom Durocher





Sightings!



Dragon Bridge rendering, Da Nang, Vietnam

Dragon Bridge in Da Nang, Viet Nam: Yup – it breathes fire on weekends, see <http://www.cnn.com/2014/07/06/travel/dragon-bridge-da-nang/> for more images. Thank you, Alan Bowbrick.



International Space Station astronauts dressed as Jedi pose with light sabers in their mission poster for NASA. “Proud, I am” says Yoda.

Thank you, Marquise.

