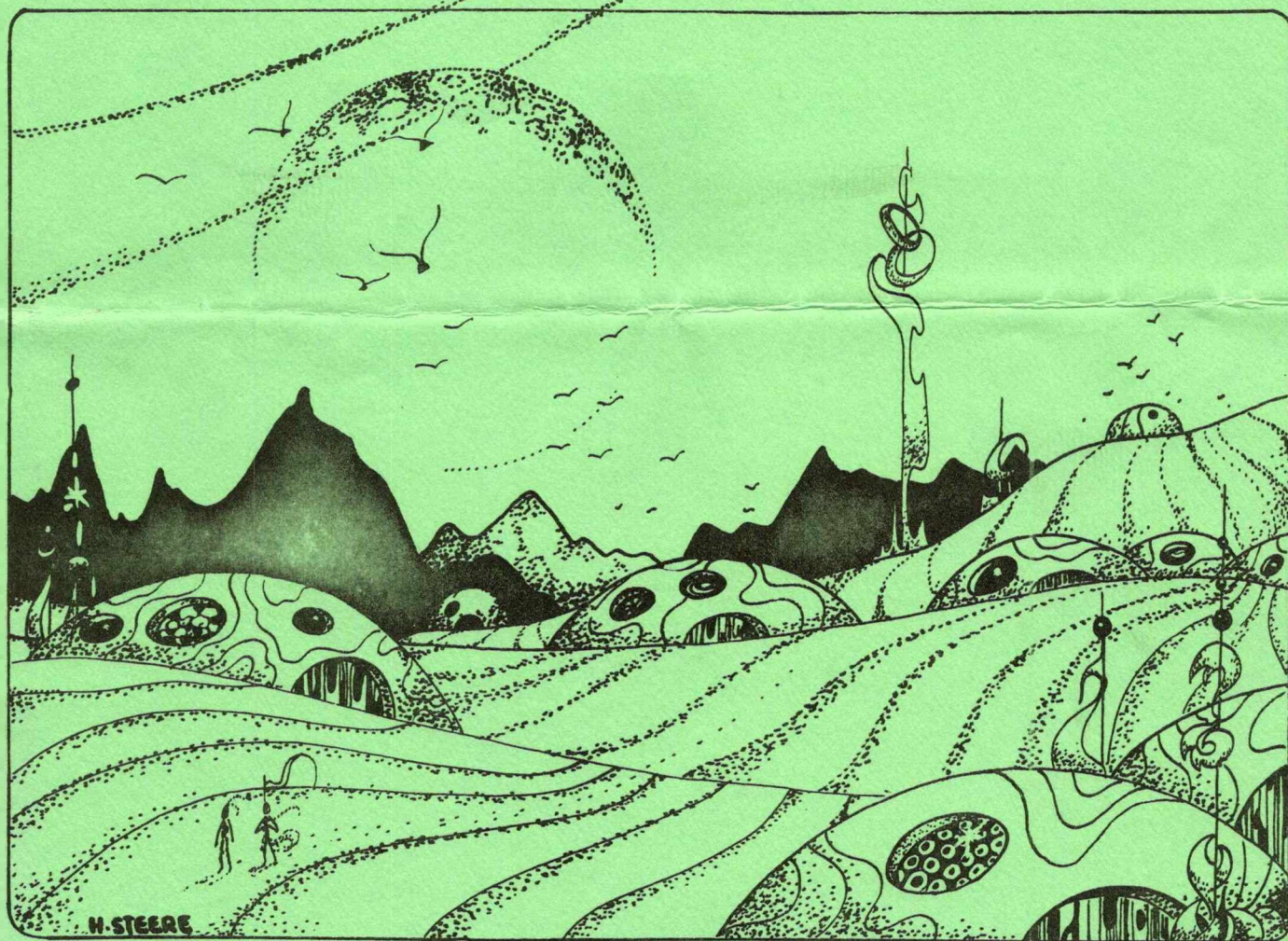


WARP ANNUAL



THE MAGAZINE OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR SCIENCE FICTION

P.O. BOX 6655 TE ARO WELLINGTON

ISSN 0110-7577

WARP 12

SEPTEMBER 1979

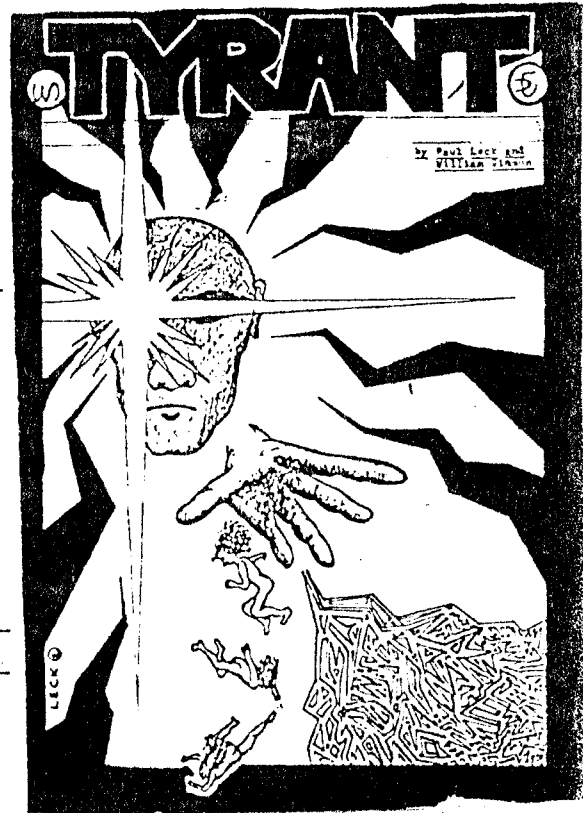
the south is revolting!
join the revolution by subbing to:

TYRANT

the zine uniting
editors from the
south island
out soon
subs are:

35c/1, \$1.50 for 5

bi-monthly



WRITE TO: W.SIMON, 22 1e St., CH.CH. 5. FOR FURTHER DETAILS.

WARP 12

CONTENTS

Editors Notes

Late again. Yes I know, but I have an excuse - in fact lots of them. We had to wait for the short story entries to arrive and selecting a cover was also a difficult task. The Connews page (5) delayed the production more and I must admit that I have been at fault too. But then what editor hasn't had a late issue or two?

Two items arrived in the mail just as this issue neared completion. The first was a large package from our Christchurch members. The south island editors (note the lack of capitals) are compiling a combone. You will find a notice about the Tyrant attached to this issue.

The second was the branch news from Duncan Lucas. Alas, it arrived too late for the Yggdrasil page, so I shall summarise it's contents here. Auckland branch is alive! Regular meetings will be held in the WEA building (at 21 Princess St.). A committee has been formed and Greg Hills has even been known to have visited them for a meeting.

This is the part of producing WARP I like the most. I have allocated myself most of the page to say just what I like about the magazine, fandom, NASP, or anything else I like. The other good thing about doing this page is that I know most of the typing is done and I can take a break from WARP for a few weeks.

I would like to thank everyone who has responded with favorable comments about my first issue of WARP. Some comments have been made about improvements to WARP and these have been noted. In particular, Art credits and letter addresses are included. Future plans are to expand the Yggdrasil page to include fuller notes about branch activities, and the page will also deal with other news items.

Note the temporary absence of Kaptain Rangī and the library pages. Gary has been very busy judging the two NASP contests that his regular contributions have not appeared this time.

New Zealand fandom is in a period of great activity at the moment. Fanzines are appearing from all sorts of places. We have an APA on the way and our first Con will happen next month. NASP membership has grown past the 120 mark.

It is important to build on this activity to ensure that fandom continues to exist. I have recently learnt of earlier SF clubs and organisations that have existed for longer than the current boom (for us that is) and are now inactive, defunct or in various other states of slumber. The same could happen to NASP if we let it. Get involved with NASP and fandom. If you are not interested in contributing to magazines then become a subscriber to the fanzines. Come to the Con! Get involved, or organise local activities. One of the strengths of NASP is local activities, but it is up to local members to organise things. At a national level we are trying to encourage communications amongst NZ fandom.

(end of plea)

I am very pleased at the standard of contributions in this issue. WARP's contributions consist of letters, articles, reviews and fiction. As a result of the story contest we have a large volume of good fiction to print in future issues. I still need more reviews and articles. If I don't get enough for WARP 13 then I may have to resort to writing some myself.



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Editorial Staff: Bruce Ferguson, Robyn Ferguson, Robert Fowles, Nerwyn Barret (Connews)

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Issue 12. September 1979. ISSN 0110-7577

The closing date for material for WARP 13 is 20th October.

NASP Central, (see Wellington)
 Auckland - c/o D Lucas, 12 Beattys Rd, Fukekohe
 Christchurch - c/o J Yeatman, 63 Stanbury Ave, Christchurch
 Dunedin - c/o T Cardy, 137 Richardson St, Dunedin.
 SFPC - c/o G Hills, 22a Poulson St, Wanganui.
 Wellington - P O Box 6655, Te Aro, Wellington.

Art Credits-		
Terry Collister	4,6,11,16,1	Cover by H. Steere
Jim Storey	5	
Tom Cardy	7,1	
Harvey Kong Tin	8,10,14	
Michael Fallon	9,12	
Duncan Lucas	15	
Colin Macmillan	13,16	

We wish to thank the manager of the San Francisco Bath House for helping to print this issue of WARP.

BACK ISSUES

<u>NASP Newsletter</u>					
#1	15 pp.	20¢	#2	19 pp.	95¢
#3	3 pp.	35¢	#4	16 pp.	85¢

<u>WARP</u>					
#1	10 pp.	65¢	#2	12 pp.	70¢
#3	11 pp.	70¢	#4	11 pp.	70¢
#5	11 pp.	70¢	#6	13 pp.	75¢
#7	16 pp.	85¢	#8	8 pp.	55¢
#9	11 pp.	70¢	#10	11 pp.	70¢
#11	13 pp.	75¢			

First Come - First Served.

Please be warned that the reproduction of many of the illustrations is very poor. Our apologies, but such things are beyond our control.

Price includes NZ postage.

Payment for magazines may be made in postage stamps. Please do not send coins through the post!

Well, that's about it. I can't think of anything that has been left out at this stage. In the absence of Kaptain Rangī, I have included the character on the left. He seems to bear a strange resemblance to Greg Hills.

See you at the Con.

Bruce Ferguson

B.W.F.



Magazines [Branch and trunk news]

National Activities

WELLINGTON Planning is proceeding nicely. Starts on Friday 14 October and finishes Monday. If any Auckland members are driving down and have room for a passenger could they contact Craig Simmons, 32 Fifth Avenue, Hamilton. Films and public orations have been scheduled as well as an art show. Send \$15 to Mervyn Barret, PO Box 19-047, Wellington. Make cheques payable to Wellcon.

A couple of new fanzines have appeared from Christchurch (what! more?). Nightlight is Glenn Coster's perzine with a new title. Price \$1 for a year, or 25¢ per issue or trade or contributions. Write to Glenn at 56 Dunster St, Christchurch 5.

Laurens Van der Lincken has his perzine Visions 1 out now. Price 30¢ each or 4 for \$1.43, 6 for \$2.17, 12 for \$4.10. Good art and interesting articles but poor printing.

The various christchurch editors have a combazine planned (working title Tyrant). No doubt it will appear with the usual fanfare.

Greg Hills has a number of projects active at the moment of interest to fen.

AOUARAPA is to be NZ first APA. Greg is starting this off and anyone interested can contact him. Seven people (if they can be classified as such) are so far interested. It will be bimonthly and minimum activity is 6 pages per 3 mailings. Contact Greg for more details.

WEYME (Wher Ever You May Be) attempts to be the definitive list of NZ actifandom. Available for 25¢ in stamps or address contributions. Contact Greg at 22a Poulson St, Wanganui. You never know, your name might be there!

Wellington Activities

The July meeting was a talk by David White covering moon landings - fact and fiction. As well, we heard some extracts from a recording of Dune. Thanks, George Floratos for bringing the records along.

The August meeting was a film selection including a Joe 90 program episode, and a preview of the new Buck Rogers movie. The main feature was QUATERMASS EXPERIMENT.

The September meeting showed the movie KRONOS - man vs. the alien machine theme (again). Planning is also proceeding on the next TWO Russell Hobbs epics. It is hoped to have one completed by the Con. Russell's CROSS ENCOUNTERS OF THE WORST KIND will be shown at the Con - if we let him!

There will be no October meeting as it is the weekend of the Con. The November and December meetings will be a recording of BITCH-HIKERS GUIDE TO THE GALAXY: the first three parts in November, the other three in December.

Dunedin Branch

On August 6, Harvey showed a film on Appollo 9 and also displayed some of his art. Another Apollo film was shown on September the 3rd.

Dion Kelly and Rex Thompson have been working hard on a sf film. Most of Dunedin NASF have been assisting and Television One has also lent assistance. Hopefully, this 12 minute Top Secret Saga will be shown at the con.

Christchurch Branch

Judith Yeatman is organising activities here. Two meetings have occurred so far and more are planned.

[I was lucky enough to be working in Christchurch last month and while I was waiting for Wellington Airport to open I had the chance to meet a few of the local members. Thanks Michael (or should I say Ruin) for arranging it at such short notice. -HWF]

Auckland Branch

No news from the Auckland Branch has passed this way in time for publication. Sorry Duncan, better luck next time.

While talking about Duncan, a new razor has started. He is not going to produce his own perzine. Which one is true we will leave you to decide. Tom Cardy started the first one (see his letter in the Communications pages). Glenn Coster is my source of the denial. Duncan is strangely silent.....

Gisborne Group

Kathy Lougher, an organiser of activity in this remote outpost has departed to the USA. Thanks Kathy for the 75 paperbacks that you donated to the NASF library. Best wishes for your trip.

Science Fiction Confederation

As a result of the new constitution, the organisation known as ConFed has affiliated. The only thing this will change is that SFFCement will disappear and ConFed news will appear in WARP. Tanjent will continue as ever and if you dont get it, you should.

National News (continued)

We are currently looking at new membership cards and their design. Any suggestions and ideas can be sent into NASF Wellington.

Due to increased postal charges the cost of back issues have increased. Likewise has the charge on library books - now 30¢ each. Non-NASF members who are members of affiliated clubs (e.g. ConFed) are allowed to borrow books from the library.

Gary Perkins was voted the sole judge of the NASF contests that recently ended. Gary donated the prizes so this was supported by the committee.

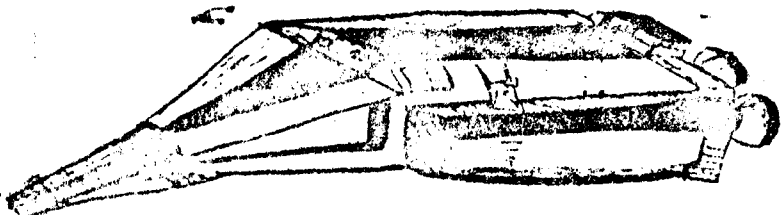
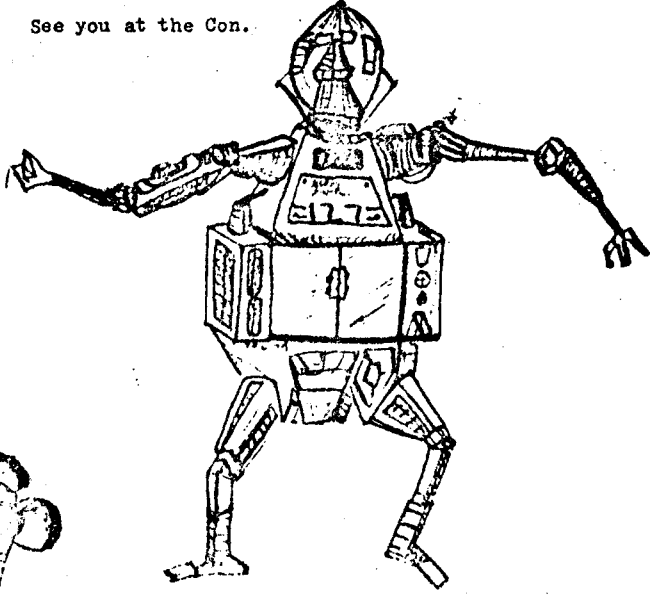
For details on the story contest see elsewhere in the magazine.

We had 11 entries from 8 members in the art contest: Simon Fulton, Harvey Kong Tin, Tom Cardy, Colin Macmillan, Rex Thompson, H Steere, Duncan Lucas and Chris Morrin. H Steere won with her alien landscape. Gary had trouble making the final choice.

There wasn't a big response to the greeting card contest, but some cards may be produced from those entries that did arrive.

More news for those requiring billets to go to the Con. Write in and let us know if you require any, and they can be arranged. You must provide your own sleeping bags, towels, food, etc.. It is first come first served, and only limited space available.

See you at the Con.





WELLCON NEWS WELLCON NEWS
WELLCON NEWS WELLCON NEWS

WELLCON LABOUR WEEKEND
WELLINGTON

The Unicorn Room Hotel
St. George. The Unicorn
Room Hotel St. George

That's right. The St. George. We've moved from The Grand. The new venue gives us more room to move and a bigger area that we can set aside for fans to stand around and talk in - even huckster a few fanzines maybe. As important, is that there is accomodation available at the St. George so fans will be able to stay at the con hotel.

Programme: The films I've ordered so far are METROPOLIS, THINGS TO COME and DARK STAR. Brian is ordering two others from Auckland distiributors. Five talks are so far being planned. They are on the Riverworld novels, Time Travel, Science Fiction Music, Society and Science Fiction and Philip K Dick. (There could be some changes though.) I've room at this writing for a couple more talks on the programme so if anyone out there has some penetrating insight into some aspect or concern of science fiction I can give them a 25 or 50 minute spot and the facility for movie or slide projection.

Haven't received any art show material yet. If there is to be an art show its up to all you fan artists out there to submit. Any member of the Con - non attending as well as attending - is eligible to enter art. The details are sent to you when you send me your membership money. The deadline for receipt of art is Wednesday 17 October. The art show director may not be able to be at the Con all the time and I suspect I'll have other things to do so unless its here by then it may not be hung.

Two "out of prgramme" items. NASFS will be "at home" at the WEA rooms on the terrace Sunday morning with displays of posters, models and war games and room for the odd huckster who has some science fiction to sell. And there'll be a special planetarium show.

Con memberships are coming in a bit faster now but I still haven't any idea how many will attend. Memberships will be on sale at the Con (unless of course we sell out before) but it will help things go more smoothly if you join now.

The programme will start Friday night and finish about mid day Monday.

You have the chance to participate in history. Join Wellcon; be there. Attending \$15.00, non attending \$5.00 to WELLCON Box 19 047 Wellington.

COMMUNICATIONS

Dear Bruce,

Humm, considering its your first try as editor of Warp, the general content of number eleven was good & has stirred the critic in me as usual...

Joith Yeatsan seems a bit disappointed with the Con program - I've got no gripes. In fact the thing I'm looking forward to is meeting fen from around NZ more than the films, etc. (and giving away copies of WS - plug! plug!).

On the fanzine fever - here's the latest: us trusty editors from down south are also in the process of doing an APazine - or something similar, where various editors (WH, After Image, NeoCortex) will contribute a certain amount of pages. Have you heard that Graham Ferner of 'Martian Way' will soon have a fanzine 'Nebula' out... Hm, past... Duncan Lucas has a perzine at the ready too! (Oops shouldnt have said that! Watch it Duncan, or I'll chuck a few globs of Battlear Glow Putty at ya!). And please Peter, dont stop BTH!

A pat pat to Simon Fulton. Yes, I agree - this isnt 1979. Besides if anyone has ever studied art in detail, you would appreciate that 'the nude' is one of the most respected and influential of artforms.

Just noticed those Hugo nominations are all femmes besides Tom Reamy (Tiptree being a pen name of Alice Sheldon). Looks like women's lib has finally cornered sf - and about time too!

Just so Duncan doesn't attack Greg with one of his Xixihillith's I have to agree with him on the point of Greg going on slightly too much on Craig's fiction. Sure, Greg's criticism was solid, but come on Greg... no one's a Clarke or Asimov around here (yet). (Just so Greg doesn't attack me) you're easily right on speculative fiction being dead. Give me of any day - the classics & the latest.

Oh well, I'm coming to the end of the typewriter ribbon. So goodbye cruel world, JUST WATCH OUT WHEN I COME TO WELLCOM!

Tom Gardy
137 Richardson St
Dunedin

Dear Ed,

As egotistical nitwit no. 2 (see Duncan's letter in Warp 11), I feel it is time I commented.

Have always enjoyed Warp, though I thought the first two I recieved were a little juvenile. The standard has improved since then (Oct 78). Issues 9 to 11 were very good. Who is responsible for Kaptain Rang? Fess up. Sometimes a little obscure. ## You'll have to ask Gary Perkins ##

Love the way the letter column is going. They are my favorite bit in any 'zine, even mundane. Seem to be several names recurring like rainishes... good work Greg, Peter, Craig and Duncan. Come on women, we need more fem names in Warp (The mad feminist strikes again).

Great that you're publishing addresses on letters now. Anyone may take my address in vain - I luv it!

I like Susan Palmer's article in Warp 11. Very evocative. Also like Harvey's poem on the same page. Michael Fallon's Gods was a bit obscure. It had a hint of something deep - not sure what. No Greg, I will avoid theological controversy.

Burning Question: is there really a San Francisco Bath House, and if so, where is it? ## Yes there is. It is owned by Frank Macakasy Jr's parents and is in Willis St, Wellington## Eagerly awaiting Warp 11.

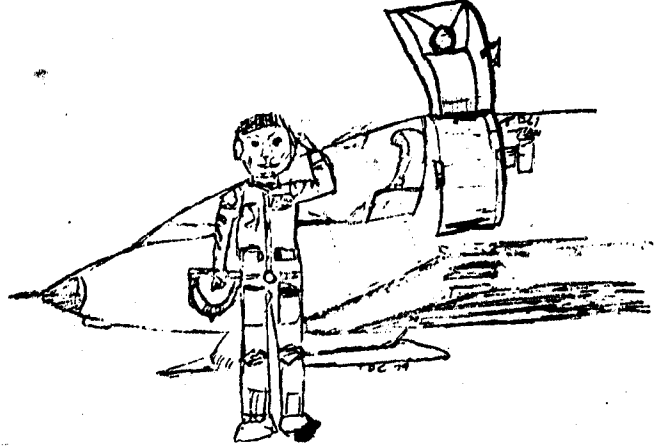
Deborah Kean
7 First Ave.,
Auckland 3.

Dear Ed,

It has taken me a week to write this. Warp has improved tremendously since number one, especially in cover illustrations and the Warp logo and there is very little to improve on in the issue now. The layout is good and nicely balanced with illustrations.

I'd like to make a couple of comments on Robert Fowler's story in issue 10. How come the landlady accepted 'monster money'? And why didn't the judge commit Urkon to an asylum? Anyway, I liked Urkon's taste in redecorating and I thought it was an amusing story.

Rex Thompson
154 Corstorphine Rd
Dunedin



Dear Bruce,

muted greetings from a faded blue lacker of enthusiasm. I see that through the machinations of persons unknown (perhaps Greg Hills, who hates to see me uninvolved and sneering down from the fringes of fandom) a copy of Warp 11 has been sent to me. And it deserves reply.

Certainly the magazine has matured from earlier issues. It is now possible to read it in public without turning my aghast neighbours away in fright or having them spit sideways onto my boots. So, what makes the difference?

There are letters printed from both Greg Hills and Duncan Lucas. This is nearly as good as seeing my own name under a letter since, as is well known in informed circles, these two are but disciples, reflections of my Solomon-glory. And an argument, yet! The smell of vitriol and hot metal! Are there no partisans of Brian Aldiss and Jerry Cornelius hiding behind the pages, cladding themselves in glittering strangely-wrought armour for the defence of speculative fiction? But probably our new-wave friends are strangers to the pages of Warp - unless Greg's arranged for them to recieve copies too!

By the way, why does anyone write fiction? It's far more fun writing letters - lovely, smug, self-expressive letters which none but yourself need read - to fanzines. You can be just as self-indulgent, without the hangover after, of self-consciousness.

Brief pictorial interlude while I check that my trousers have not caught on fire. They are in the gas stove you see, in the absence of a clothes drier. Now back to the LoC.

An article entitled 'Is Truth Stranger Than Fiction'. This could lead to another pleasant though small scale feud. There are those (Paul Leck for one, defender of UFO's and a lad of some polemic) who suspect the brotherhood of scientists of willfully ignoring the existance of any observation contrary to theory. We also have firm followers of the scientific method (I believe in Benz-Pyrene, Breaker of Cells and Birth) - not so fashionable these days - who think all the phenomena Earvey lists can be or can be explained in physical terms. If scientists do not cluster in a murruration around any such oddity, it is not that they are suppressing it to protect their reputations, but that there are more interesting questions in the world for them to play with.

But please do not bring Van Daniken or Lobsanz Rampa into the discussion for on each mention thereof I will heave mightily and cry "Charlatan" to the seven heavens.

I wonder where Harvey got his list of phenomena. I have only found one reference to Pwre Ser, for instance. My favorites are Ground level Aurora and the Auroral noises

Pope John XX (a.k.a. David Bisler)
26 Rakala Place
Palmerston North

COMMUNICATIONS too

Dear Bruce,

People have been asking for more book reviews. Ask why there aren't many? If you enjoy a book, you really get into it; you are part of it; your thoughts are influenced by it. To write a review at the end is difficult. You can't recapture the feelings and thoughts because it took a published author to do that; so your review turns out cold. If you don't enjoy a book, you've lost grasp of the reason why by the end and you may be unable to analyse what you have learnt from it.

Perhaps a better way is to set aside a portion of Warp as a round-table discussion. Someone who's in the process of reading a book writes in with their latest feelings and impressions of it. Someone who happens to be reading the same book, or who has read it recently replies with their impressions. There may be no replies on some books, but there should always be discussion on part of one book or another which I believe would work better than reviews. I have enclosed something to start the ball rolling. ##see review section##

Judith Yeatman
63 Stanbury Ave.
Christchurch 2

I disagree. A large number of books are unreviewable until they have been completed. Complex interweaving themes cannot be resolved after a few chapters. I dare you to submit a valid review of the first few chapters of PHENOR (Piers Anthony), STAND ON ZANZIBAR, THE JAGGED ORBIT (both John Brunner) or LUCIFER'S HARMER (Miven & Pournelle). I am sure readers can suggest others. I am printing your review because (a) I like reviews; and (b) it generally agrees with other opinions of the whole book. I have yet to read it myself, tho' I am familiar with her other books.

Reviewing, like revenge is best cold. After a good book (or a bad one) has become assimilated, it is a delight to review. The Greg Hills' review in this issue is a good example of this. It also shows that a review can deal with more than the book alone: Greg gives the background to the series and introduces a newcomer to other works by the author.##

Dear Bruce,

Better wish you all the best as new editor and so on. Overall, the mag is getting better. Contents are still a bit light. There is too much white space around the pages and the headings lack that something found in other fanzines - 'letraset'.

Sad and depressing news about the Con. I'd hate for us to get so close to actually having one and then have to pull back when we get so agonisingly close. Oh dark despair! What foul demons have seen fit to besmirch the plans of Mervyn. Woe, oh Woe. All, no doubt, will be healed in the fullness of time.

Hummm. An annoying piece of trivia on page eight. Namely the waffle about unsolved mysteries or somesuch. Does not Lobsang Rampa's comment sound somewhat like the views that the dreaded scientists are supposed to have on the subject. Sure, science has no answer to the mysteries(except that psychologists might have some high falutin' explanation involving ego-drive or poor toilet training - of people like Lobsang Rampa or von Daniken that is). In fact, many of the things we take for fact in science are themselves only theories. That kiddies is why scientists are always trying to undo one another's theories.

AGH! Why it is not crazy to be a STrek fanatic! In words of two syllables: "Garbage". (I could have made it words of one syllable but it wouldn't get printed). Idealised and emotive (indicative of the whole STrek phenomena, maybe?). I fume, but will say no more.

Just looking at the rag again in general terms, it lacks content and looks (how shall we say) bland - too much white space as I said elsewhere.

Duncan Lucas
12 Beattys Rd
Pukekohe

letraset + o.k?

Excerpt from the Notebooks of Lazarus LONG

An elephant: a mouse built to government specifications.

In a mature society, "civil servant" is semantically equal to "civil master".

A motion to adjourn is always in order

Dear Bruce, I thought Greg and I had settled all this about ATTN. However, because I must always have the last word I write this letter as a conclusion to the debate and hope I never hear of it again (hint, hint).

Quite frankly I couldn't care what the market dictates, is fashionable in sf. I write to express myself, as a form of therapy. Perhaps it was arrogant of me to force one of my pieces into Warp, but I suppose ultimately that was up to the editor to decide.

Duncan, even though you were trying to go for cheap laughs, in some of your comments you seemed to unwittingly hit the truth. STAR WARS did deal with inner space, as I am sure Greg will agree. It dealt with an epic situation and many of the figures in it were archetypal, drawn from the 'universal unconscious'. I can demonstrate analogies between it and the Tarot: Luke Skywalker was the Fool; Darth Vader was the Devil; Ben somebody (the old bloke) was the Hierophant; etc. The story spoke in symbols as old as the human race. I have reached a state, as I was saying in ATTN where everything can be seen as a reflection of the processes operating inside of oneself. Social reality is no more than a shared fantasy.

About your article Harvey: the paranormal is fascinating, but it also the last retreat of cranks. I suspect that true seekers after knowledge even encourage this so that nobody will take the occult too seriously and the secrets will remain in the hands of a few. Lobsang Rampa for example, was a shipping clerk in Britain before he started writing, and Jeanne Dixon has made a number of highly inaccurate prophecies concerning Atlantis and Armageddon.

If any fen from Auckland (or thereabouts) are travelling south to the Con on Labour Weekend, I suggest we try and go together. I'm willing to share costs if I can get a lift in a car; or perhaps we could arrange to go on the same bus, plane, train, spaceship, etc.? Contact me if you would like an overnight stay in Hamilton.

Craig Simons
32 Fifth Avenue
Hamilton

Dear Bruce,

I glow with pride. Apart from NeoCortex, that is the greatest amount of my work in one 'zine and I edit NeoCortex without contributions from others. One thing about the cover - you've put it upside down, bottom is on the left. But so what, no up and down, right? WRONG! But that takes up too much space.

I can't believe this. A Star Wars review!?! Mentioning "the man who brought us American Graffiti". Are you an archeologist De'Ath. That article seemed not a reason but an excuse.

How come no one writes a poem that rhymes? Oh oh, just noticed Teresa's.

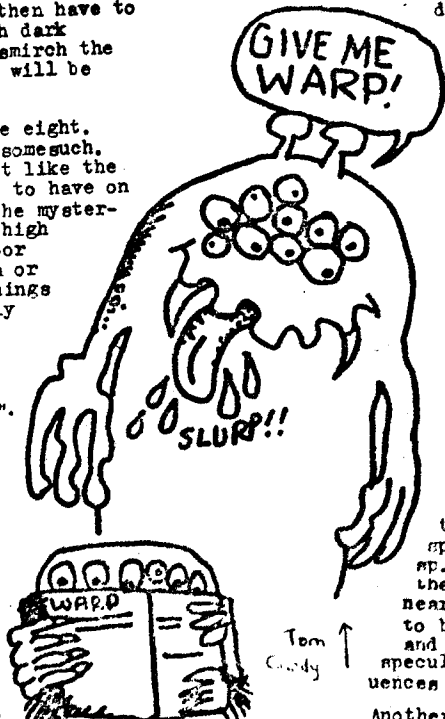
Michael Fallon
50 Jennifer St.
Christchurch 5

Dear Bruce,

Ohhhh! Ah, flee, someone attacks speculative fiction! Greg, speculative fiction is alive - but on a smaller scale of that compared to science fiction. You talk as if sp. f. was bigger than sf in the 60's sp. f is a spinoff of sf and represent the speculation side of sf. It is nearer to fact than sf. What sf aims to be enjoyable and it contains plot and action. spf is where the writer speculates and tries to show the consequences of an action.

Another thing: Craig was not trying to write a story with action and plot, so why compare it with that kind of story.

Paul Lock
115 Murray Ave
Christchurch 5



Dear Bruce,
First to foil Duncan's gentle hint that I should be constructive....

A round robin is a letter that follows a circular path between a group of people; it contains letters written by the 'robineers', or robin members. Each robineer, on receiving the robin, reads the letters written by the other robineers, then writes a letter of their own, commenting on those and adding new ideas. They then pass the robin on to the next person. They may also remove any items that they have previously added.

Thus a robin proceeds from one member to the next, each writing their own piece, adding it to the rest, and passing the load on.

As a sidewipe benefit of Confed, I have started a round robin on writing sf. It has already completed it's first circuit: me, Debi Kean, Peter Graham, Craig Simmons and me again. Now on it's second round, Jean Ansell has joined. I will add the name of any NZer who wishes to join. NO CHARGE. You only pay postage to pass the robin on to the next person. The only thing you com'it yourself to is to pass the robin on. And it easy to get out of too. Let me know, or put a note to that effect in the robyn.

What do your contributions consist of? Anything that will fit into an envelope! Comments about stories, your own stories (you put them in for others to comment on), advice on writing, general chatter; ~~BACK AT THE~~ AND ~~STAY~~....

I hope to tie the writing of robin in with Jean Ansell's group - I believe it can add a whole new dimension to what Jean is trying to achieve.

Can I comment constructively on your stories? Send me an inquiry about the robin and find out.

Well, Bruce, WARP 11. Nice cover and nice use of the page 2 illic - note the stupidified and dismayed expression and where it's gaze is directed! Beautiful touch; maybe unintentional, but.... ## The location was intentional. The original had a ferocious glare, but somewhere during production the mood change occurred##

'The Arrival' - ho hum, unoriginal and uninspired. AC Clarke did it better (Ever thought what in-joke may lie behind 'AC' in Asimov's 'The Last Question' 'Analog Computer' is so mundane an interpretation). 'Gods' - nice central idea; liked the series of almightys; but it was ruined by poor writing. Michael needs to practice more. Adding the Atlantis and Adam & Eve angles loosened it (I thought). A short-short story should not have that extraneous type of allusion.

On the poetry I shall maintain inscrutable silence.

The new constitution - at last positive action! The constitution-as-stated has flaws, but none sufficient to bring it to it's knees. Time will shorten it and tighten it ... we hope.

So WellCon almost moved - arghhhh! on that! ## See the ConNews elsewhere in this issue##

Greg Hills
22 a Poulson Street
Wangenui

We have also heard from

Terry Collister - thanks for the artwork. My apologies for the lack of art credits. They were intended, but disappeared. You should find your name mentioned in them this time.

Glenn Coster.

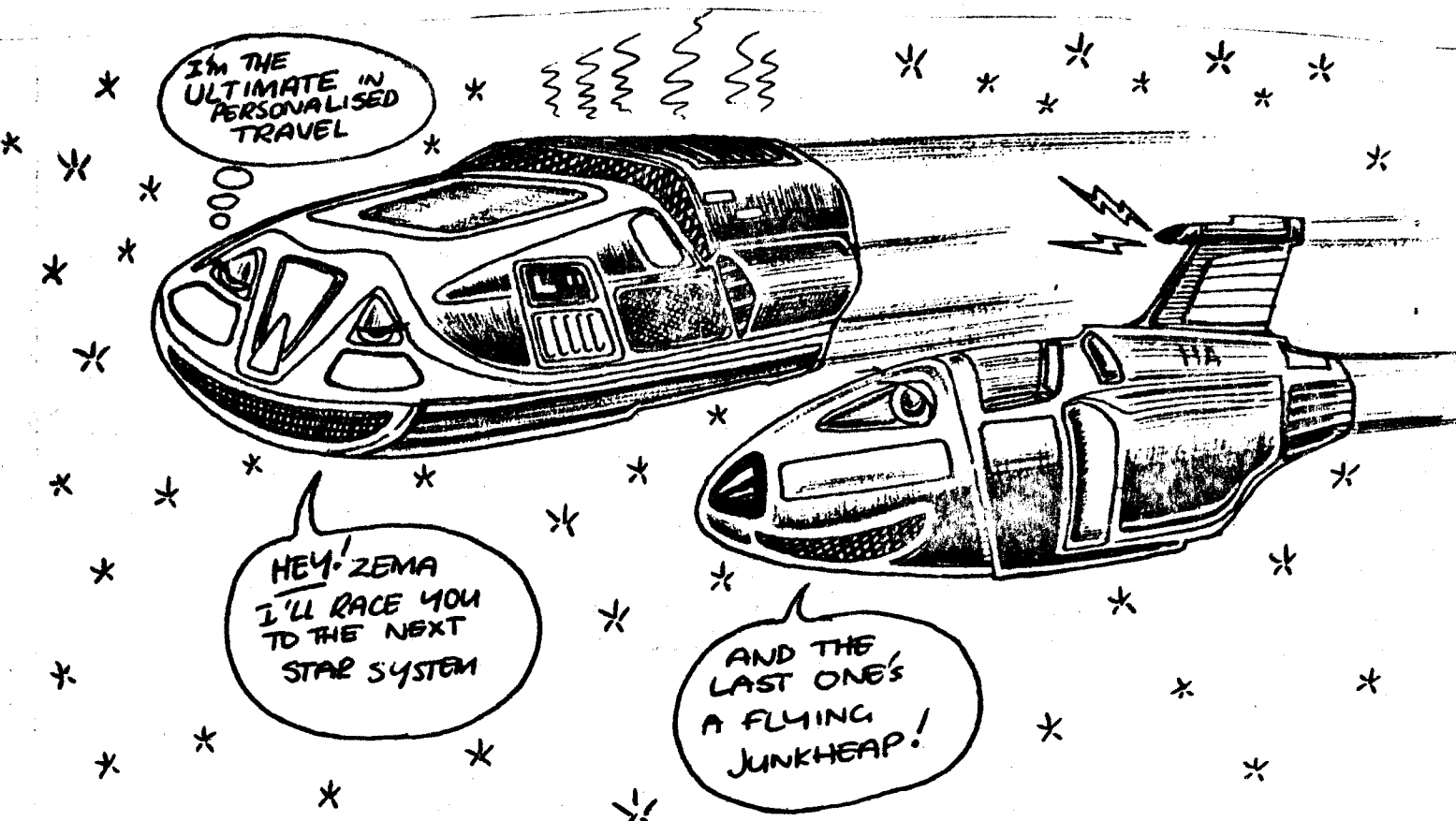
Well, that's about it for letters this ish. If your name is is omitted then you have only have yourself to blame. NASF now has about 120 members - have a look at how many names appear in this and previous issues. For that reason I proffer my thanks to Greg and Duncan and all the other regulars - with letters, articles, written contributions and art.

We welcome unsolicited contributions from members (and if you're not a member, why not?). Material may be altered at editorial whim.

Some of our art contributors have inquired about the possibility of having their once used artwork returned. I regret to say that we are unable to do this. The originals for every issue are kept in the archives and this enables us to reprint them if sufficient demand exists and our supplies disappear. We cannot remove artwork from originals as that would prevent us from reprinting those pages. If you object to this then send in copies that you do not wish to have returned. I hope you understand this policy.

This lettercol is being completed on the 15 September - Yes I know it's late, but we had to wait for all the competition entries to be in and what with other delays.... But this is a September issue after all. I get my say elsewhere in the issue, this is merely to fill space and to ensure that Greg can't say he had a page to himself in this issue of WARP.

Please write in and let us know what you think of the magazine. After all it is your magazine.



W I N D O W S



NO! MY-MIND, MY-MIND---MINE!

RUBBISH! DEMOCRACY KNOWS BETTER, LET THE PEOPLE DO THE THINKING.

I'M, A -PERSON!

THAT'S NOT PLURAL, REALLY, YOU'RE SO NAIVE, NOW TAKE ME...

IT LEFT

HIS WILL FLEW AWAY

AND HE WAS ALONE FOR YET ANOTHER DAY

RE PROGRAMME

LAST TIME HE WAS A POST, WHAT'LL WE DO THIS TIME?

Homosexual?

WELL, REALLY, NO-I THINK YES, I KNOW, QUITE A JOKE! ACTUAL

ACTIONS DECLARED.

2061.

SUBJECT: MACH-16
OCCUPANT OF SILD
116 031 421 444 671 347
MEMBER OF F.R.E.E.
EXTREMELY RESILIENT TO
PROGRAMMING.

MOTION: TERMINATE... PUT DOWN. CONTRARY TO DEMOCRATIC
PROGRAMMING.

MOTION: WHILE IN MINDLOCK BEING RE-PROGRAMMED... SECONDED... VOTED IN.
ACTIONS DECLARED.

COVERED BY MICHAEL BROWN

ARTICLES / REVIEWS

Book Review:

MEMBERSHIP WHO RANG by Anne McCaffrey

Program Report

I am at present on the third chapter of the above book. The first two chapters were very good. This is, in fact, a book of feelings. The reader is shown that the human mind inside the metal shell of a spaceship, although conditioned against letting emotions cloud judgement, and although unable to cry or physically show emotions, definitely has completely human feelings.

There are enough new characters introduced throughout the book for the reader to be able to identify with at least one, yet few enough to allow an in-depth study of each.

The things I find distracting with this book are:
1. A lack of adequate description. I still don't know what size the spaceship is or what it looks like.
2. No indication of time lapse. Something happens. A new paragraph starts and you take it for granted that it follows on from, or relates to, the last paragraph. But by about the fourth sentence, you realise it's now anything up to several months later.

Judith Yeatman
Christchurch Member

Book Review:

TRULLION: ALASTOR 2262 by Jack Vance

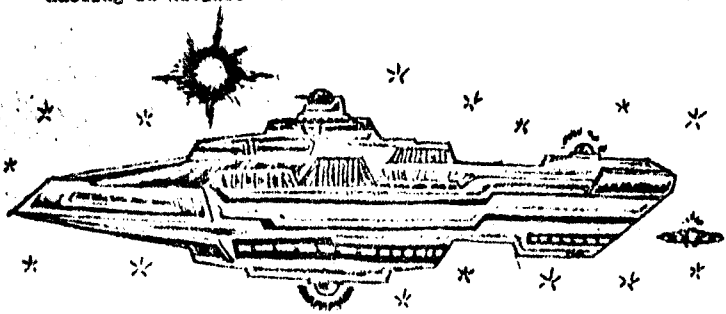
"Alastor Cluster...30,000 live stars in an irregular volume 20-30 light-years in diameter...scattered around the cluster are 3,000 inhabited planets with a human population of approximately five trillion persons...and all submit to the authority of the Connatic at Lusz, on the world Numenes...."

That is the setting for Vances world Trullion, number 2262 of the Alastor Cluster; and it is the setting for this excellent example of Vances's work.

TRULLION is the story of Glinnes Hulden, indifferent heir to the Islands of Rabendary and Ambal in the fens of Trullion's single continent of Merlank. It tells out the story of his birth---and that of his brother, younger by an hour, Ulay. It sets out how Glinnes joins up in the Connatic's police-fleet, the Whelm, leaving his parents, uncle and brother behind; how Ulay drifts into strange company; how Glinnes' elders suffer strange fates; how Glinnes eventually resigns his commission with the Whelm and returns to Trullion---to find the family's affairs in disorder, and Ambal Island sold by Ulay to an off-worlder; and how (and why) Glinnes begins the tremendous task of regaining Ambal.

The pacing of the novel is swift enough that the reader does not become bored; yet Vance manages to fit an incredible mass of minutia about Trullion and its universe into the tale, so that the world springs to life---in colours yet! Vance uses extremely vivid, startling prose, and his characters delight in complex---often meaningless---word play. They are generally harsh, assertive, abrupt; or smooth, subtle and deceptively effete. It would take too long to detail here the full intricacies of Vance's work.

The plot itself is strong, though not innovative. Vance takes great care that his works have a plot to carry them from beginning to end, but he makes no effort to invent novel twists. One begins this book, for instance, knowing in advance that Glinnes will outwit the opposition,



again but proceeds---and comes out ahead. One knows he will take his share of hard knocks while doing it.

TRULLION: ALASTOR 2262 is part of a series that includes WYST: ALASTOR 1216; MARKE: THAERY; MARINE: ALASTOR 913; and...maybe THE DRAGON MASTERS, although this last would be set long after. TRULLION would certainly be among the earliest material intentionally set in the Alastor Cluster/ Gogon Ranch Universe, the oldest copyright I can see here is 1973.

It is a fine book; Vance at his most vigorous (he is more leisurely and self-indulgent nowadays), and a good place to get 'into' him. If you like TRULLION, then try WYST, or THAERY, or MARINE; THE GREY PRINCE is more complex and has less general appeal, although it is among his best works. TRULLION comes HIGHLY RECOMMENDED.

Greg Hills
Wanganui member

T.V. REVIEW

LOGAN'S RUN

You want comments on 'Logan's Run'. Well, we didn't see that much of the city of domes society in the series, except we know it was bad enough for people to flee from it. Though I wonder why they bothered because it seemed highly doubtful that they would ever find Sanctuary and now we will never know whether they do, or what it is like in Sanctuary, unless someone writes a book.

Basically, the series was unexciting. No episode got me off my seat and rooting for anyone; goodies or baddies; but then, perhaps T.V. never does that anymore anyway. Many of the episodes were not at all original. They all had messages of course, but in this area, there was too much of "Star Trek's" reformation of 'unpleasant' societies to within the hero's standards. But the societies were at least encouraged to decide for themselves whether, and in what way, they wished to reform. Of course, they didn't really have any choice by the end of the programme because their previous system had been destroyed beyond repair by the do-gooders.

About the only episode worth special mention is "Man out of time"; a refreshing treatment of the time travel theme, and guaranteed to draw a tear from the more emotional viewer as a couple of the other episodes also managed to do. The costumes in this series were good and Ren was a strong character who held together an otherwise weak series.

Judith Yeatman
Christchurch Member

Film Review:

COMA

A doctor (Genevieve Bujold) in a large city hospital has her suspicions aroused when a close friend goes into a coma and dies following a routine operation, asking two people this doctor has seen in coma in as many days. Illegally checking, she discovers hundreds of people have died in this way in a relatively short time. None of the other doctors, including her lover (Michael Douglas) think that in any way unusual, just that she is grieving too much for her friend. Against advice, she begins to investigate. The trail leads her to Operating Room 8 where all the most recent patients, now in coma, were operated on. She also finds they have all been mistakenly tissue typed, and are now residing at the Jefferson Institute.

The doctor leaves the guided tour of the Institute to do a little checking on her own, and discovers to her horror that the building is a cover up for an auction in human transplant organs, where the donated part goes not to the most needy but to the most affluent. But what she is doing has become known and the chase is on - down hospital corridors, into a horrifying pathology room coldstore, even in her own home her man tries to turn her in, thinking she has delusions from overwork. She tells the story to the head of the hospital, not realising he is also the head of the lucrative organ transplant business.

When she does realise it is too late, she has been doped, and screaming from appendicitis-like pains, she is trundled off to O.R. 8, obviously next on the list to be gassed by CO₂, mysteriously go into a coma and be donated to the Jefferson Institute. Her man realises that perhaps all along she has been telling the truth, there is something going on, and he acts - just in time...

As an example of a Science Fiction thriller, this is unbeatable. The action is superb, the story believable, the hospital scenes detailed, gritty and horrifying. In a word, unforgettable. Go see it if you're brave enough.

Margaret Boyd,
Christchurch member

Article: Violence in Science Fiction

Violence is a great way for both books and films to get popular. People still retain that animal urge to either cause pain or death, or watch it being done. Nowadays, it is preferable to sit back and watch it, where one in safe and need not face the risk of bodily harm.

Films in science fiction of this type that immediately come to mind are ROLLERBALL, DEATH RACE 2000, and LOGAN'S RUN. STAR WARS, I don't think could be classified as violent; more a fighting movie. LOGAN'S RUN (The film version) was far less violent and frightening than the book version, but it is nonetheless, a bit more on the fighting-and-causing-bodily-harm side. ROLLERBALL and DEATH RACE 2000 are truly violent; both depicting a fast and deadly sport; both of which seem pointless other than giving gruesome entertainment, similar to that of the Roman circuses, to the future audiences.

Other films which come to mind are THE LAST MAN ON EARTH, THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND THE DEVIL, THE ULTIMATE WARRIOR, LASERBLAST, and, getting it on in the way of size, KING KONG. Upcoming savage of films are DEATHSPORT, ISLAND OF THE DAMNED and CONAN (still in the process of being made) and one wonders if or when it is going to end.

Much more varied is the realm of literature. The desired effects are much more interesting than in literature's celluloid partner. Death in nasty ways can come from virtually anything: plants, aliens, machines...

War in space has always been popular, as can be seen by the success of STAR WARS. Whether it is between man and man, man and alien, or man and machine is immaterial. Robert Heinlein illustrated man against alien in his book STARSHIP TROOPERS. E.E. Smith did the same with his LENSMAN series. The latest in this type is THE FOREVER WAR by Joe Haldeman. The biggest classic of the human versus alien is, no doubt, H. G. Wells' WAR OF THE WORLDS.

W.F. Nolan and G.C. Johnson's LOGAN'S RUN and it's sequel LOGAN'S WORLD show man's brutality to man, with it's Sandman hunts for people who have passed the compulsory death-age and failed to comply with the rules of giving up their lives, the deadly machines such as the killer robo-eagles, and Box, a sadistic part-man, part-robot. The hunts in LOGAN'S RUN can be compared to the hunt for the rebel firemen in Ray Bradbury's FAHRENHEIT 451, where the totalitarian government requests all the city's inhabitants to look for him. Eventually, all attempts to locate and kill him fail. A lonely innocent is chosen and killed, and the execution is broadcast all over the country. The commentator declares that the fireman has been executed for crimes against the state. Also intriguing is the execution machine itself, which can be compared to the floating torture ball seen in STAR WARS during the interrogation scene with Princess Leia and Darth Vader. It shoots killer darts and is called a "Hound". It has the unique ability of sniffing out books which are outlawed. In fact, LOGAN'S R.N and FAHRENHEIT 451 have many similarities.

One good example of man's inhumanity to man and man's inhumanity to alien could be the DOSADI EXPERIMENT by Frank Herbert, the author of the DUNE series. In fact, every relationship between beings is covered, depicted in a breakout of a giant city on the planet Dosadi from it's imprisonment in a forcefield. The city is a vast experiment with humans and aliens. The population is massive and their ability to adapt is so advanced that the experiment is found to be out of hand, the violence is contained; used when necessary. Another book relating one race to another is FUGUE FOR A DARKENING ISLAND by Christopher Priest, which tells what might happen if Africa became a nuclear wasteland, and all the refugees went to Britain. War, or rather, unrest, breaks out.

But not only sentient beings are the focus of violence. Alien worlds, or alien ecology have always surprised the

unwary space traveller. Or even the wary one at that! Harry Harrison's DEATHWORLD is about the alien ecology on the planet Tyrus, which is dedicated to exterminating the human settlers. Plants and animals on Tyrus are tough. They fight the world and they fight each other... armour plated, poisonous, claw tipped and fang-mouthed. That describes everything that walks, flaps or just sits and grows. Ever see a plant with teeth - that bite? The explanation is that the plant and animals are telepathic so that while the both the surviving human settlers and the planet get tougher. The theme "violence breeds violence" is present here.

Films like ROLLERBALL, LOGAN'S RUN, NO BLADE OF GRASS, THE ULTIMATE WARRIOR, CHOSEN SURVIVORS and THE 1138 and books like FUGUE FOR A DARKENING ISLAND, FAHRENHEIT 451, THE DOSADI EXPERIMENT and THE FOREVER WAR have violence as an essential part. It can be used for entertaining or manipulating by force. But it is still a prime source of entertainment. In as it can come out in many different ways, so that each time it is unique and a joy (sometimes) to think of.

Tom Austin
Palmerston North.

Book Review: The Chrysalids by John Wyndham

The CHRYSALIDS is a very interesting book. It is about David Stronoma, a boy who lives in Waknuk, a farm in the country called Labrador. The rest of the continent, the ex-United States is in ruins. To the south are the fringes where the mutants are banished to. To the south of that are the badlands - blackened, wasted country, burnt and ruined by nuclear war.

David lives under the rule of a very strict father; in their house instead of 'home sweet home' are signs stating 'blessed is the norm' and 'look out for the mutant'. The norms are the normal people in the image of god: people with two eyes, two ears, one mouth, etc... Mutants are offences; anything not in the image of god. Offences are killed or banished into the fringes where everything is mutated.

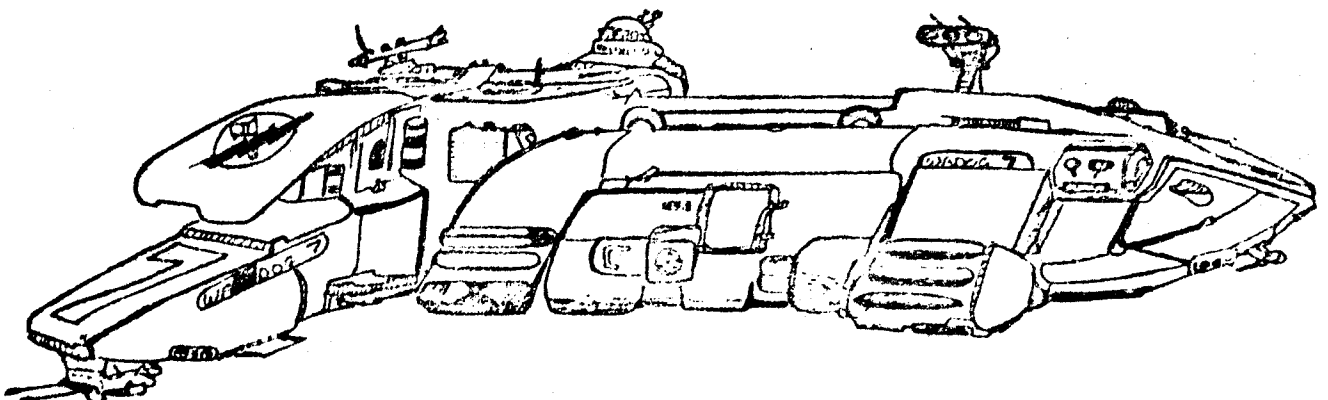
David finds out he has a special mind power, but as the norms cannot tell, he is not killed. His friend, Sophie is discovered to have six toes and is banished along with her parents. David then discovers that his cousin and eight others also have these powers.

He dreams about a city with silver flying ships and tall buildings. His sister, Petra is born and she also has the power, but lots stronger. As she gets older, she gets messages from a country across the sea called Zealand (or Zealand). The group is discovered and David, Rosalind (his cousin) and Petra have to escape. David and his party are ambushed by mutants and their leader is David's uncle, banished years ago from Waknuk.

Petra learns that a Zealand woman is coming to fetch them because Petra has the strongest ESP talent in the world. The posse and the mutants start fighting and a flying ship arrives and all the fighters are painlessly killed. David, Rosalind and Petra are taken aboard and are taken to Zealand - a country with two continents. It was far enough away from the major devastation and is now world capital.

The novel ends here. You can see that Wyndham has written a foreboding story that will have special interest to NZ readers. This was a good book, if a bit gloomy, with Wyndham's vision of the aftermath of nuclear war.

Terry Collier
Napier Member.



FICTION

NASF Writing Contest 1979

We had 11 entries from eight members: J.H. (alias?), Craig Simmons, Debi Kean, Teresa Zajkowski, Judith Yeatman, Nathan Deulberg, J.A. Anzell and Anne Barwell. Judith won with "The Takeover". The sole judge was Gary Perkins who also provided the prize. Well done Judith.

There is insufficient room to include all the entries in this issue. Thanks to all for entering.

Winning Entry: The Takeover by Judith Yeatman

The creatures crawled out of the drains on their hands and feet and, once outside, raised their upper bodies and stood on their feet; their massive arrow-headed tails trailed behind them. They took deep breaths. How good it was to breathe fresh air and stand upright again. This was their natural habitat, but they had lived in the drains for as long as they could remember.

Since the creatures had first begun to appear in the land, the humans had been repulsed by them. They had been attacked in an attempt to exterminate them, but some of them had managed to retreat into the drains. Many of them had then been killed by the horrific chemicals sent through the drains by the humans. Only dozens had managed to survive.

The warm sun reflected off their dry aquamarine skins. Their round, black eyes took a while to get used to the brightness, but once they had re-adjusted, the long forgotten outside world lay before them.

Rose Street, where the surviving colony had surfaced, was deserted except for the creatures. Everything was so peaceful. As far as they could tell, all of the streets for miles around were also deserted. They had no idea what had happened to the humans. There were no visible signs of any major upheaval or incident; all they knew was that all sounds and vibrations from above the drains had ceased two weeks before.

Rats were also beginning to emerge from below, but the creatures spat a vile liquid at them from the tips of their tails and the rats learnt their place.

The creatures' skins itched with years of ingrained dirt and they felt an urgent need to wash. It had been raining recently and their were big puddles all over the ground. Each creature chose a puddle. There began lots of splashing and washing. Hums and squeaks of joy filled the air. Then, suddenly, each froze as if time had stopped for an instant. The ground was vibrating; they sensed danger.

A pack of dogs came running playfully around the corner into the street where the creatures were. As the dogs saw the creatures, they stood, growling, and prepared to attack. The dogs charged, their barks cutting into the air. Quickly, the creatures put their defence into action. They had done the same many times against the rats in the drains. They grouped together, placing the babies in the middle of a circle they had formed, and stood with their tails pointing outwards. As the dogs got within a few yards of them, they spat. The dogs didn't know what hit them. They sneezed and rolled on the ground in an effort to rid themselves of the obnoxious smell and the stinging feeling. In puzzlement, they ran around in circles and then, apparently having resigned themselves to smelling and feeling that way for some considerable time, they galloped off back the way they had come, yapping their discontent. Unshaken, the creatures resumed their fun in the puddles.

In another part of town, a lone robot rolled through the streets on caterpillar tracks. He didn't know what had happened to the people either; no one had programmed him with that information. He was a general purpose robot and through his 50 years of existence had worked in every government department. His appearance certainly confirmed those facts. Although his surface was shiny in most places, certain areas were worn and dented. His impressive size and the array of switches and levers, panels and antennas indicated this usefulness. But if a robot could ever feel lonely, this one did. Everyone had gone away and left him; alone in an empty city. In the last two weeks he had encountered no-one; human or otherwise, with whom he could communicate. And so on he trudged; carrying out his last command; patrolling the streets, guarding against intruders.

The only buildings in Rose Street were blocks of flats among landscaped gardens. Ideal for humans, they did not provide comfortable accommodation for anything else; the creatures found plenty of food there.

While living in the drains, food had always been a problem; often, they had to steal from the rats who were much better hunters. The creatures also managed to make reasonable beds on the floor of one of the ground level flats in readiness for the approaching night.

In the morning, as they proceeded to tidy up any mess they had made before moving on to investigate other areas, they were again struck with a sense of danger. This time the earth shook violently. They rushed out into the street, heading straight towards a group of baby creatures playing in the middle of the street was a huge metal monster, seven times as big as the largest of the creatures. The adults screeched at the babies to run, but two of them weren't fast enough. The monster bore down on them and continued on it's way.

The mother of one of the babies went to where it had been playing. What had once been a head and broad shouldered body was a blue pancake. The once adorable eyes were vacant. Arms, two fingered hands, and small, flat feet had been twisted into into unrecognisable shapes. The tail had been torn from the body and lay flattened a few feet away. Something began happening to the mother; something she had not experienced since the time which had now faded into the deep mists of her memory. Water seeped from her eyes and ran down her face. She uttered a haunting wail.

Several adults raced after the murderer, spitting at it, but that had no effect. One of them remembered something he had learnt from the humans. He opened his mouth and spoke:

"Stop!" He shouted it so the monster would be sure to hear it. The robot stopped.

"What was that? It sounded like a human voice, but I sense no humans in the vicinity." Lights flashed on panels and his antennae whirred about at all angles, searching for the culprit.

"I'm down here," shouted the creature angrily. An antenna moved to a precarious angle on the spherical head and glared down at the tiny animal.

"You killed two of us!" He was getting nervous. His anger was turning to fear as he realised how large and powerful the monster was. He couldn't believe that he had had the courage to approach and challenge it.

"Kill? ... Exterminate? ... You are a creature ... a pest ... must exterminate." Before the creature could move, acid sprayed out from a hole in the robot's armour and he reduced to a blue puddle. The robot continued his patrol along the street.

While the robot had been standing still, another of the creatures had climbed up the caterpillar track onto the robot's base. As it travelled along, she removed a panel and climbed inside. She spent a little time studying the workings and then proceeded to erase and reprogram each memory bank. Once the robot had stopped again, the other creatures came and helped.

Within months, most of the city had changed. Tall buildings had been flattened and replaced by small shelters. Roads had been uplifted and the ground planted with crops. The robot worked day and night adapting the city for the creatures' needs and he, in turn, had company.



Second Pilgrimage

by Craig Simmons

The Old Man sighed. He was weary. Not just from the lengthy walk of the day but with life itself. One hundred and fifty years was too long for a mortal to live. He leaned on his staff and halted, surveying the beach in front of him. The end was not far away now. His last pilgrimage would soon be over. He remembered the time when it had only taken him three days to walk along the giant beach that bordered Aupori Peninsula. Now it took him two weeks.

The Old Man coughed. It was worth it. Of all the places he could go to die, he knew that the Shrine was best.

Legend said that years ago, before the Changing of the Worlds, Reinga was the northernmost tip of Ateoroa. The tomb on the cliff was supposed to have been built on the foundations of a tower that the Ancestors had erected.

He reached the end of the beach, and, bent almost double, began to climb the narrow track that lead up the cliff face.

But who knows what the land was like back before the change? Some said that there were no glaciers and forests grew everywhere. The Old Man found it hard to imagine Ateoroa without its perpetual snow and ice. It was thought that back then Man was the only race to live in these islands. There were no Taniwha's to terrorise the people and scourge the land. And the Atuas and rairies were still Unborn.

The Old Man shook his head. There were many mysteries that he would never know the answers to. Once, as a boy, he thought he would discover and reveal all truths. Despite himself the Old Man smiled. Many Men still thought he contained all the knowledge that ever was. It was strange the reverence some had for old age.

With a groan of exertion he pulled himself over the top of the cliff and lay panting for many minutes on the cold turf. It was not long to go now. He could feel his life force ebbing. He picked his battered frame up and continued.

There was mist over the land that lent it an eerie atmosphere. He felt that the Gods were returning, waiting to see him again. Aloud he began singing an ancient chant to Tane. The mist clung to him. He regretted the fog. The view from the Shrine was beautiful when the day was clear. Last time he was here, over thirty years ago the sun had shone for forty hours. Then he had been able to see all over the islands of Ateoroa. But that was past. His powers had changed since then.

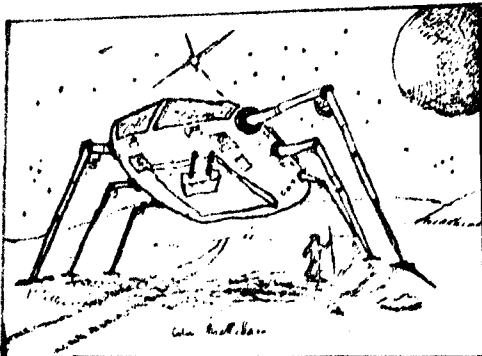
Before him, through the greyness a huge, familiar shadow loomed up. It was the Shrine. He walked towards the massive stone structure. It hadn't changed; perhaps it never would. It stood sixty lengths high, bare, uncarved stone except for the top where a round blind eye stared away from the coast and down toward the land.

Built in the year he was born by the Atuas it was intended to be his tomb and had been waiting vacant for him all his life. Among the people of Ateoroa it had become a holy monument and each decade their leaders would come on a pilgrimage to it.

At its base many years ago the Old Man had his first Revelation. He spat in the dirt, disrupting his fantasies. That was long ago. Much had passed. And now, at last it was over. His responsibilities were ending.

"Ah! Tene," he muttered. "My task was larger than I wanted".

The mists closed around him, chilling the Old Man to the bone. But he seemed not to notice. For one last time he reviewed the affairs of his life.



As a child he had been honoured by the Atuas with the construction of the Shrine. His tribesmen were superstitious and scared of the spirit people and feared he was really one of them. At the age of five when he exhibited wisdom more profound than any of the Tohungas he was banished from the Pa and his parents slain.

Without knowing where he was going he journeyed to Reinga and there for the first time saw the Shrine. Here he was looked after and taught by the Atuas. They glimpsed the task that lay before him.

A collage slipped by the old mans eyes. The pain he suffered, the people he had loved and the ones he had killed. The battles he had lead and the Taniwhas he had destroyed.

It had been a long road; many times decisions were made for him by powers Man knew nothing about. Often he had felt he was a predestined being, fulfilling a plan of the Gods and with no free choice of his own. Now after a century and a half of this strange captivity he still knew not it's purpose.

He rose, perhaps in order to escape these thoughts and hobbled to the gates that lead inside. Under pressure the door moved and he stepped into the store building.

Torches blazed on the wall, lending warmth to the round stone chamber. The Atuas must know he was coming and had prepared the tomb. In the centre was an altar. It was on this the Old Man knew his body would lie. Suspended above it was a giant, strange bone hook that always had been in the Shrine. Since a child this had puzzled and fascinated him. He felt continually on the verge of realizing or remembering what it was. The Atuar had revealed to him nothing about it. His own people worshipped it as a sacred relic and had myths explaining it, but of these he believed little.

Somehow he felt that the hook was significant to him; it had to be to dwell in his Shrine. The affinity he had for it was not imagined. If only he knew. If only he could remember.

The Old Man smiled to himself. He was one hundred and fifty and still worried about such things. In a sense he was detached and amused by the problem.

He suddenly experienced a wrench, as if he was being pulled out of his body. He knew he would not have to wait much longer. A peace descended upon him. Things were completed.

As the Old man sat on the altar below the bone he was disappointed the Atuas had not been here to greet him. He had hoped to have said goodbye to them, his most staunch and faithful friends before he died. Still, they would have their reasons for not appearing.

Somehow his concerns of yesterday were slipping away. Life long ties were being undone and at last, for the first time since his birth, he felt free.

He lay down on the slab. Slowly, with much effort he murmured:

"So Tane, my service to you is at last over, eh? I have done my best...."

Gradually all his muscles relaxed. With an unearthly calmness he felt himself floating in a sea of warm light. The Old Man's eyes stared at the bone hook above him, but what he saw was far away. At last his lips broke into a smile that his body was to wear for eternity.

Before he left the chamber he spoke once more: "I know at last Tane, thank you."

A group of warriors walked down to the Shrine. They looked around with trepidation. No one wanted to enter it; their souls were full of forbidding.

At last the leader stepped inside. The others followed. A wall of mourning started when they saw the dead man. Some one softly spoke:

"The Tohungas were right. Maui, the king is dead!"

UFO

Clarke's mind was riding on music: 2001's beautiful grand music, and his powerful five litre Mercury blended together. The car swayed around a corner and then gently righted itself. Half past ten. The four headlights made intricate patterns on the road.

As the car smoothly advanced over the rise, he saw a faint glow. Then he suddenly saw shooting towards him, seeming so close, the lights!

They danced in his eyes as he slammed on the brakes and swerved off the road. The powerful engine stalled. He didn't hit whatever it was. The lights were coming over another rise half a mile off. Tears rolled out of his eyes in relief and utter amazement. The light rose as it came toward him. It was dazzlingly bright. He could see its outline against the sky. The music in the car grew louder, then spluttered. He tried to play with the ignition and coax the engine to start, but he failed. Fear paralysed him. All he could do was sit and watch as the light approached. It dropped towards his car. Seized with heat he toyed with the air conditioner, but it failed to work. The UFO was now above him. His mind was spinning and his body sweated. What was happening? He opened the door and collapsed.

Planning

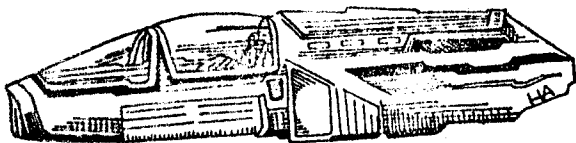
Clarke (who worked at Princeton) was puzzling over the papers on relativity. Larson walked in and handed him the latest reports on quarks. He glanced through a CERN report and then decided to go. Walking slowly out and getting into his car, he thought about his strange UFO experience nine years ago. Ever since his encounter he had tried to find out all about them. Working at Princeton on how relativity affected subatomic particles, he was pretty sure now that UFO's came from the stars. If that was so then they exceeded the speed of light.

He glanced through the APRO bulletin which had come through the mail. Then, leafing over the pages of "Pulse of the Universe", he realised what to do. He looked through some of Cathie's grid maps. The Kaikora sightings had brought him to New Zealand. He studied maps and plotted positions. He reached the point he had searched for. In the middle of a desert in the North Island.

New Zealand

The bright lights of Auckland International Airport flowed past the window as the 747 taxied in. Over the next three days Clarke bought himself equipment that he might need: a rugged jeep, cameras, telescopes (including an infra red one) and four multiband radios with cassettes for radio channel recording. He also bought clothes, boots, a sleeping bag and other equipment.

Tomorrow came the journey.

Close Encounters

The jeep struggled over the hill. "Just over this rise" he said to himself excitedly. His jeep roared on. Then in amazement he slammed on the brakes. His biggest dream had come true. A huge complex stretched out before him. Brand new! He hadn't expected a movie set out here. On a high moat three flags flew. He let the jeep roll and steered down the hill. Fortunately he noticed a sign that warned him.

The possibility that they weren't going to let him in had never entered his head. Of course they wouldn't let him in. He was just stupid.

Clarke spent most of the night with his radio, tuning them to different frequencies and recording the signals on the cassettes. Then, early in the morning when activity in the complex was low, he went down to the sign with his infra red binoculars. One of the most interesting things he saw was a small platform with strange devices around it. Behind it was a large hump. On the hump were painted large arrows.

The next night a huge pulsating light glowed above him. He got up and staggered outside. His eyes burned. He stumbled forward.

Humano

Clarke's eyes slowly widened. He couldn't see much yet, but his eyes were clearing.

Something horrible reached out and touched him; but it was shaped like a hand and it felt reassuringly human. As his eyes focused he realised it was a human. Clarke rose off the bed and got to his feet. All around him were humans wearing funny helmets. Only one man was without a helmet. He greeted Clarke in correct English, saying: "I am RNO".

History Lesson

It was unbelievable. He now stood on a starship, torpedo shaped and two miles long. It served as mother ship for the Earth Project. On either side of it were destroyers, and around it were many smaller craft. All were operated by humans.

Many thousands of years ago, humans had been part of a vast galactic empire. Humans had spread throughout the galaxy, but the empire had collapsed. In the chaos that followed only a few planets has retained interstellar travel. They had been trying to rebuild the empire for many ages. Now it was Earth's turn to be invited to join the empire.

The galactics had visited Earth for many centuries. The invitation should have landed in 1953, but it hadn't. Why not not?

"Why don't you land?" enquired Clarke.

RNO replied: "we can land when we want to, but at the moment our policy is only to land where we would be welcome. The scientists don't like us and attempt to stop us. All the time they work against us, especially on cover up programs. They spread fear and disbelief."

"Why?" The conversation paused. Then Clarke asked: "Why are they stopping you?"

There was another pause and RNO replied, "scientists rule the Earth. When we land with our advanced technology their rule cannot continue. That is why they have that base in New Zealand - and their other ones all over the world. They are desperately trying to increase their knowledge. Especially about the distorter field."

"What is a distorter field?" asked Clarke.

"Our spacecraft have fusion motors. This provides plenty of energy, but no motive power. The distorter mixes spacetime through the field and allows us to travel faster than light. The distorter can power almost anything. Once the drive power and energy are connected there is the ultimate energy source. Now that the scientists have ironed out most of the problems they will try to get rid of other sources of energy. The false oil crisis and the false nuclear crisis are the first results. You see..."

Clarke interrupted, "what am I to do with this?"

"Everything" came the reply. "we didn't pick you up for nothing. I guess it is no secret now. We have watched you for nine years. Now you are ready to be Earth's first ambassador!"

Scientists

For many years, Clarke had searched for the top scientists. He intruded everywhere, using his galactic made suit to full advantage. Finally he had allowed himself to be captured and now he stood before the top scientists.

"You can sit down," said the leading scientist.

"No thanks, I'll stand," Clarke replied.

"We know all about you Clarke," said the scientist with an air of superiority.

"Who cares?" Clarke said, sardonically, almost laughing.

"Now it is our turn to laugh. We are developing and producing a fleet of starships" the scientist replied back.

"And who cares?"

"You will. We also know a lot more about those starfolk than you think. We will chase them away. Your cards have had it, eh?" he said mockingly.

Clarke just stood smiling.

"And we have got the power to do it too. So what have you got to say?" the scientist went on, getting angry with Clarke.

"In a couple of days our ships will land on Earth."

"And we will destroy them!" sneered the scientist.

"I am afraid that you won't. In a second or two from now, as a show of power, we will ruin your precious bases that were out to destroy us". The timing was perfect. A few seconds later a colonel ran in:

(Star Gate - continued)

"Our bases are totally destroyed! We don't even know what did it!" he yelled.

"But...?" the scientist said in agony.

"But you made the mistake," said Clarke triumphantly.

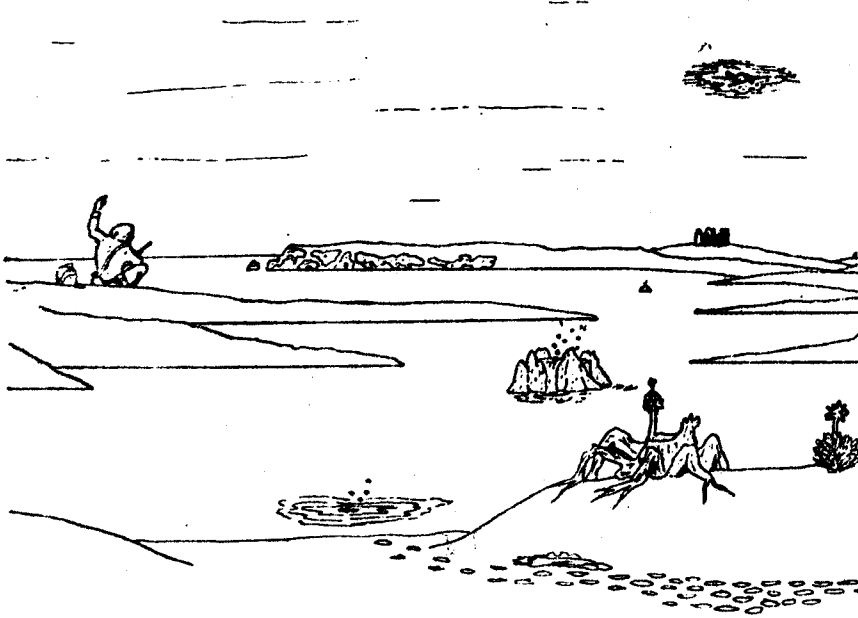
"You under-estimated us. You thought our ships fought at fantastic ranges of thousands of miles and at near light speeds. Actually they fight at speeds of millions of times that of light, and can make at millions of miles. If they wanted, they could blow the Earth into shrapnel. The galactics have the power to explode the Universe!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed the General.

"So you think, but remember our landing in a couple of days."

"Stop him!" they all cried. But all Earth's might was useless.

15 December, 1987 Greatest Day in Earth's History
The giant white starship glided into New York. All two miles of it. No one had quite realised the mother ships size. Touch down took place at the airport. The first galactic human, all attired and gleaming, stepped out of the ship into the crowds. He put his hands out in the eternal sign of human peace and said,
"PEACE BE WITH YOU."



Bullseye

by J.H.

He rode within a silver blur. His name was Arch. He was asleep.

HALLO ARCH. WAKY. WAKY.

He was awake.

"Leave me alone. I was just reclaiming land in Southport harbour. Go away".

YOU'RE LAZY ARCH. GET UP.

He was lazy.

"Shove off. I could have caught that fish if you hadn't frightened it into eating my rod. What's the matter anyway?"

THERE ARE ONLY A FEW HOURS BEFORE THE ROCKETREACHESTERMINAL HORSEMARURE.

"You need your receptors cleaned again." He grabbed a screwdriver and some cotton wool, then attacked a metal jackplate. Circuit boards hopped about the compartment and stood to attention.

"Now, which one of you is the dirty one again?"

REUBANKS.

"What?"

STEPONACRACK. YOU'LL MARRY A FAT UGLY COW WITH NO TITS.

"Aha. You!" He chased a cable junction around his bunk and cornered it by the ham sandwich.

"Right!" With a dab of cotton wool all was fixed.

But not so right for Fred Mulligans who at that moment started down the long slope of Freemont Hill. He stamped his foot on the brake pedal and moaned. The Jaguar growled and motored down the smooth road.

"Are you sure the map is right?" asked the General.

"It was last Tuesday sir," reported the faithful guide.

"Damned sun. I knew it would ruin things." He dropped his monocle into his leathery hand, and wiped it thoughtfully.

"We should have taken a left back there, where that damned crocodile ate Raji."

"Yessir." The guide straitened a seam in his stockings.

"Maybe if we just push on through the bush, we'll get there."

"Jolly good idea." He poked the monocle back into his eye.

"Off we go then."

Harvey wasn't simple. He was just playful and enjoyed variety. The girl he was with wasn't different, but she'd agreed to help him out.

The beach was deserted, except for a minefield and three units of Marines who were practicing a new tap dance. Harvey lay the foundations while the girl pulled sand from a hole. A group of officers were filling onto the beach singing a dainty song with actions. He ran his hand along the canal under the bridge.

But this was of no concern to Arch who was playing polo with the computer.

THERE . ROYAL FLUSH . THAT'S ANOTHER 50 CREDITS TO ME.

"Are you sure this game is polo?"

NO.

"Oh." He buttered a resistor and popped it into his mouth.

YOUR DEAL.

"Oh sorry." He picked up the pieces and shook them in a box. Dealing out, he gave: A King to the computer, a Queen to himself, a Pawn to the computer, another Queen to himself, a Bishop to the computer.....

"Could you please re-do my bra for me?" asked the husky guide.

"Certainly old boy," replied the General, absent mindedly crushing a rare Cromius Spider between his meaty thumb and forefinger.

"Well sir, where do we go from here?" asked the Butler as he approached with a glass of iced gin.

"Damned if I could say. What do you think my man?"

The guide straightened his dress and looked down at his compass.

"I can't be sure, General. But if we follow the setting sun, it can't lead us too far astray."

"Jolly good. We'll be off after morning tea then."

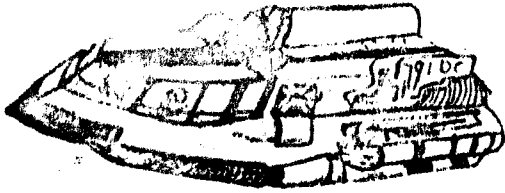
He wound down the window and stuck his head out into the surging air.

"My name is Fred Mulligans!" he cried as an old lady fell under the wheels. "My brakes have failed." A man smiled at him and nodded.

Fred bobbed back in and thrust the gears into first. There was a chink, but the car didn't slow; not even as it sideswiped a hearse, knocking the coffin out the back window and over the bank.

She rubbed her hands up and down his newly erected tower, smoothing away the sand. The firemen's band wasn't concerned. They just formed a semi-circle around the couple and set up their instruments. Harvey flicked his fingers across her well-patted main block as she fired her turrets. With a tap, tap, the band began to play Moll of Kintyre. The Marines were now doing a disorderly foxtrot.

Even so, the bush got thicker.



(Bulleys - continued)

"What a damned nuisance," mumbled the General. "I've missed the morning Times. I won't be able to see how my shares in London Bridge are doing. What -" He ducked as the guide took a wide swing with the machete.

The Butler saved the brass cutlery from the back of one of the native porters who was being eaten by a lion.

"When??"

0300 HOURS .

"But that's in about half an hour!"

YES . I KNOW.

"Why didn't you tell me earlier?!"

I FORGOT. E U R G E N T . PARDON ME.

"Pardoned. You shouldn't have drunk all your H₂SO₄ at once. You know it's bad for your diodes."

SORRY.

That didn't stop the Jaguar from running in through the front door and out the back of an old farmhouse.

"Howdy," chirped an old man rocking in his chair on the veranda.

"It's the brakes!" shouted Fred as he mowed through the front wall.

"Sure thing sonny," wavered the old lady hanging out the washing as Fred burst out of the back wall and splattered three squealing children. A swarm of Red Beret Paratroopers flopped into the ground by the band. Harvey dug deeper into her well as the tide crept in.

"Oh when the saints.... come marching in..." The Salvation Army band marched past. He jabbed his small flagstaff into her back entrance and began to make windows with another stick. In, out, in, out, he delved to the beat of the band.

35 SECONDS TO IMPACT.

"You've messed it up again, haven't you!" He plugged his finger into the control panel.

She was kneeling forward with her hands over the wall, while he created an arching footbridge (with a little help from the Red Berets). The band took up a new beat as the Jag overshot a bank and thudded through a mob of chomping sheep.

Fred gurgled as his retracting seatbelt retracted about his neck. He let go of the steering wheel and twanged through a barbed wire fence posted with the sign: NO THOROUGHFARE TO BEACH.

"And where's that?"

I CAN'T QUITE ESTIMATE .

"You're supposed to be a computer!" grunted Arch as he screwed on his knee and pulled down his trouser leg.

THAT IS NOT MY FAULT . I WANTED TO BE A RED CHRYSANTHEMUM.

"On a beach you, say?"

I THINK SO. BUT I CAN'T QUITE ESTIMATE.

"Damned nuisance," grunted the General, as a seal snatched his chubby cigar from his fingers. "Not quite knowing what the jolly time is."

"I'm sorry sir," groveled the Butler, slashing at a young Indian chhr-walla with a poker. "But the chimpanzee snatched it when I was avoiding the Anaconda that strangled the last porter."

"General sir. I think we're coming to a clearing!" cried the guide adjusting his suspender belt. But the beach

was not clearing. He squeezed her sea shells and rubbed the tip.

500 boy scouts came racing along on an orienteering course. He held her hand as she dabbled with his compass. Boy scouts wove through the crowd round the couple as the local council strolled onto the beach discussing the new reclamation.

Fred bounded onto the beach and skidded through four Marines. The guide hacked aside a floppy palm and stopped onto the grey sand next to a chanting officer.

"There's the beach." Arch gazed out through the aura of the flaming streak. Harvey flung his arm around her and smiled as he added the finishing touches.

"Damned sun. I knew it would ruin everything. We aren't supposed to be here until wednesday," said the General as he rubbed his pudgy fingers together. "Jolly unfortunate thing."

The Jag slid onto it's side in a flurry of sand. The band squelched along the right passenger door. Harvey smiled harder.

In a blue-white flash the rocket screamed onto the beach.

TOUCHDOWN.

"Damned nuisance this....."

Harvey laughed.

The Jag crumpled.

"Life readings?" He jabbed a outton.

VEGETATION. LOW INTELLIGENCE FORMS. HEAVY PROCESSED METALLIC READINGS. AND SOME SORT OF DECEASED MATTER.

"Evaluation. If it's not too much trouble."

WASTE OF TIME. WE MIGHT AS WELL GO HOME AND LEAVE THIS PLACE CALLED.....UMMM.

"Earth?" He clicked his neck back into place.

YEAH. EARTH.

He rode within a sliver blur. His name was Android for the Rating of Civilisations Human. He went back to sleep. What a boring universe.

