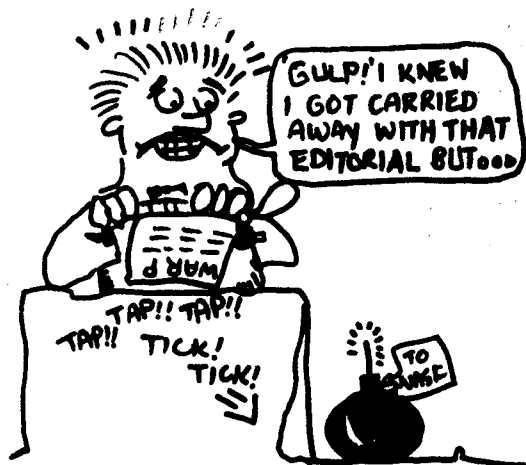


WARP 13 NOVEMBER 1979

The Magazine of the National
Association for Science
Fiction

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WARP 13



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Editorial Staff: Bruce Ferguson, Robyn Ferguson, Gary Perkins.

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EDITORIAL

Well, here it is again. Another issue of WARP. Not as large as the previous issue, but look how late that one was. This one is a bit nearer to schedule.

You might notice one other significant change from earlier issues. Not only a different type face, but several of them. This is being typed up on a borrowed IBM electric typer of questionable vintage (you all know it is rude to ask). Very usefull, being able to change golf balls in mid-page. The layout slips and slides a little here and there, but I expect it will be an improvement on earlier disasters.

There is less artwork in this issue as I was able to fill the pages a lot closer. Thanks must go to the artists who contributed to this issue, and a special thanks to Duncan for his cover.

Kaptain Rangī is missing again; the excuse this time is that he's recovering from the Con. Aren't we all?

Wellcon was an amazing experience for all those who attended. All the various fanzines at this stage are talking about the forthcoming plethora of Con Reports but none have yet printed any. On page 11 you will find the first of the downpour. Just love Tom Cardy's illio for that page. And he drew it before he met Duncan at the Con.

I hope everyone is planning ahead for Wellcon8; the next event in the history of NZ fandom. Or should that be spelt fandom? I am half the organising team for Wellcon B and Bruce Clement is the other. Our plans for the extravaganza came to light during a party at the Con. WARP will be first on the press with any news on the Con. I hope you all can come.

The level of contributions is improving even more. I am delighted with the contents of this issue and look forward to receiving your comments on it. Greg makes some provocative comments in his LoC and I hope it gets some comment.

This is being typed up on the 11th of November. The Christmas season is almost upon us. This is the last issue before Christmas, although the next will appear shortly afterwards. Please send some contributions in early for WARP 14 so I can start preparation early. I am going away for the Christmas break and hope to get the non-topical pages ready before then (reviews/fiction, etc.). My supplies of material are getting lower but I hope to get some more material shortly. Sending out an issue always seems to get a response from members.

I would like to thank all those who helped to make this issue what it is. WARP is nothing without it's contributors.

Discovered the real behaviour of our Postal service upon the posting of the last issue of WARP. It was posted on a Monday in Wellington. By Wednesday I had my first LoC (from Robert Fowles). Yet, on the following Monday when I visited Christchurch, the issues had not

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The closing date for WARP 14 is December 20, 1979. YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT!!!

NASF Central, see Wellington
Auckland, c/o Duncan Lucas, 12 Beattys Road, Pukekohe.
Christchurch, c/o Judith Yeatman, 63 Stanbury Rd, Christchurch
Dunedin, c/o Tom Cardy, 137 Richardson St, Dunedin
SFFC, c/o Gregg Hills, P O Box 770, Wanganui.
Wellington, P.O. Box 6655 Te Aro, Wellington.

Art Credits.

Duncan Lucas	Cover, 8
Terry Collister	4,7
Harvey Kong Tin	12,7
Tom Cardy	3,6,11

yet arrived. "They were on their way" was all I could say.. I expect the same will happen with this mailing, but the whole thing is a lot earlier so you won't all be waiting so long.

Greg Hills has been busy lately: removing his name from nomination forms for the Official editor of Aotearapa; he is also offering a duplicating service for NASF members - although why anyone but Greg would like to duplicate NASF members, I don't know.

The first mailing of Aotearapa has appeared and although a little lightweight, it is very worthwhile. Minac is 6 pages per 3 (bimonthly) mailings. Greg is co-ordinating things at the moment and WARP will continue to keep you posted on the editorial election: nominees are Tom Cardy, me, Euan Ritchie, Paul Leck, Duncan Lucas, and Nigel Rowe. Expect the write-in nominee of blank to win!

Bruce Ferguson

B.F.



YGGDRASIL

WELLINGTON BRANCH NEWS

There was no October meeting as this was the weekend of the Con. The November meeting will be the first three parts of Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy (sadly beaten to a Hugo by SUPERMAN at this year's Worldcon).

The December meeting will be the concluding parts and will include festivities. Members a plate please. Both meetings start at 6.00 p.m. (8 Nov and 16 Dec.)

OTHER BRANCHES

Members returning to their branches from Wellcon must have taken back such glowing reports that they have been stunned into silence.

As at the 10th of November, no other branch news has been recieved. WARP 12 did state that contributions were to be in by 20th October. I hope that WARP is not always going to be as late as the last issue; this one is heading in the right direction. So send stuff in by the deadline or risk omission.

Be warned, the space has been allocated to branches so I am free to say what I like under the various branch headings. For Example.....

CHRISTCHURCH SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY

This club has recently been formed by our Christchurch members. Margaret Boyd is president and Judith Yeatman is secretary. They have regular meetings on Saturday afternoons (every four weeks) and future activities include trying to make a film. Meeting on the 10th of November will be about wargaming.

Judith was disappointed about the shortened coverage given to Christchurch activities in the last issue. This was because the Christchurch contribution arrived late and was only able to be included by omitting the International section and the Hugo Winners List.

'Is any kind of spending fan interested in Nightlight, a fanzine I do myself?' Glenn Coster asks; contact him at 56 Dunster St, Christchurch.

CONFED

The Science Fiction Fan Confederation is the creation of Greg Hills and his Massey University mates in 1978. It has become more widespread since then. Amongst the services offered is the Bombed Budgie Press, but see Greg's LoC for more details on that. Can't think of much more to say on ConFed, but a couple of members who attended the Con are worth mentioning.

A recent survey placed Greg Hills as #1 fan in the North Island. It was a South Island Survey so the fact that Greg came second to Tom Cardy in the national poll is questionable.

Also met David Bimler, tv star, pontif and gentleman (he brings his own flask to parties). The tea drinking rumours have yet to be proven; at least, that wasn't what he was drinking in our presence.

DUNEDIN BRANCH

The first two visitors to Wellcon from Dunedin were Harvey Kong Tin and Tom Cardy, respectively, president and secretary of the branch. Harvey made a significant contribution to the art show and Tom delighted all with his inane interviews:

"And a few words from Greg Hills....."
(Silence)

"And that folks, was Greg Hills"

We are looking forward to the publication of the next Worlds Beyond to see how much of the dialogue/monologue was salvagable.

Tom was last seen in the corner of the Australian contingent's room, furiously scribbling while the rest of us partied. His cassette recorder will never be the same again.

PIIKEKOHE/AUCKLAND

Duncan assures me that this is the correct order of importance. Everyone at the Con knew Duncan (even without his beanie) - not only learnt that he was in room 605, but was invited to parties there: STAR TREK on tv, and parties until late at night.

We also met a lot of other people from Auckland: David Harvey from Millenium; Graham Ferner of the Martian Way Fan Club and Brian Thurogood (of course).

INTERNATIONAL

Australia in '83: Worldcon Bid.

Those of you who were at the con were probably persuaded by the Australian contingent to support the A in '83 Worldcon bid.

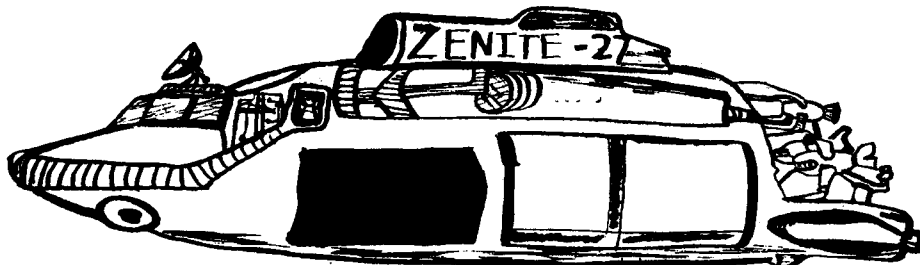
If you weren't then shame on you!

Greg Hills is now the NZ representative for both A in '83 and Denvention, the Worldcon to be held in Denver in 1981. All members of Denvention (supporting and attending) are entitled to vote on the site for the 1983 Worldcon (Australia of course). The Australians are trying to muster voting support for their bid. The other strong bids are from Washington and Sweden. So you can see, they need large numbers of supporters to balance the numbers of fan supporting other sites. Remember it is a Worldcon just across the Tasman.

Support is needed for A in '83 in order to carry out all the pre-selection activities. Latest info I have is:

Supporting Denvention	\$7.50
Supporting A in '83	\$3.00

greg will have more current information.



We would like to thank the Management of the San Francisco Bath House for Helping to print this issue of WARP

Dear Bruce,

I would like to retaliate to any criticism of my story Dropoff. (By the way, I'm J.H.) To Craig (in Warp 11), thanks, and we should get together sometime and practice Interstellar Distortion in some public place.

Greg Hills: well, what more do I need to say? And as for Rex Thompson, read it again. "Urkon prouced the CORRECT sum ander his left arm"; and the judge obviously was having problems house training his new Alsatian. Still on the subject of stories: I got lost somewhere in the description of a Robin, but from what I could figure out, it sounds quite interesting. My pen always has ink in it!

Not to leave out the stories at the end of the Jolly Green Giant (where did that paper come from). I loved Bullseye, but seriously, congratulations Judith. I liked the style, but somehow got the feeling that it was a clip out from some unfinished novel. Star Gate was interesting, a little different from the day to day grind that tends to show it's face a little too much.

Well, that's it. I'll be waiting for the feedback.

Long live the great Xnethplicphronorb.

Robert Fowles
34 Mahoe St.
Lower Hutt

##Here's one that is short and to the point##

Dear sir,

Thank you for Warp 12 which you sent in response to my inquirv. I found it very interesting, although there were several things about it that I disliked: (1) the printing was very bad; (2) the words were too small; and (3) the reviews mostly gave away the points of the books and films they covered.

Ivan Ame
Te Apu Member

##thanks for your reviews and I hope people will give their opinions of your work.##

Dear Mr Bruce, the editor,

Hi dere fi sci fen and buddv boys (and girls - I'm not sexist am I?). OOOOOHHHHH Greggy, not very nice comments on my story Arrival. Which AC Clarke story was it that I copied? He is one of my favorite writers and I didn't realise that I was ripping off someone's story.

Yes, putting the addresses unda letas is a good idea. Now we can get these rotten LoCers eh...heh heh heh...

Yes, I liked the stories and No. 1 was worth winning. Story 2...well Craig Simmons, wierd. Story 3...Great, I thought this one was the best of the three and I hope the writer puts pen to paper more often.

Wellcon 2 next year I hope ##too right - see elsewhere in Warp##. I hope everyone had a good time (drat, darn, wish I coulda gone damn it).

Yes the truth is out. I've made a zine of my own. Minizine it is called. No. 2 should be out soon.

Me and that other TC have formed the TC APPRECIATION SOCIETY. He is the South Island president and I'm the North. The official newsletter is called Top Cat. Currently have two members.## Sounds like an exclusive club##

Dave Bimler eh heh big TV star ahh...yes your exploits with superbugie have finally caught up with you. Could be a NZSFTV record - first NASFian on University Challenge ##Wrong Terry. The current NASF president appeared on the first UC program broadcast in NZ over 3 years ago. I was in the Waikato Uni team##

Did you folks see Wonder Woman a while back with the episode about a sf convention - laser crystals, black avenger, etc.? Some of the footage was taken at the real Galactacon in Los Angeles. I think that more film should have been used. (Information courtesv of Starloc #21)

Specufic is dead. I agree with Greg. If it is alive then where is it hiding? Admit it man it's dead and buried for many a year now.

Bruce Boy I may be crackers but please keep Eric von Daniken and Lobsanc Ramma out of Warp. Illuminati maybe, but Ramma - uuucghh.

The reviews and articles are coming along fine. Five compared with last months measly few. See vahs all again soon now.

Terry Collister
108 Morris Spence Ave.
Napier

Dear Bruce,

Recieved Warp 12 Today... introducing my LoC. Very hard to work out what the cover is but anybody can see that some NASF/WARP boss ##actually Gary Perkins## spilt some ink on the real cover before printing. Come on - admit it. I felt the 'new' Warp had a different impact on me, a kind of relaxed reading.

I read in Noumenon 31 Thurogood's comments about NASF and WARP. I disagree with some of his opinions, but is it true that your organisation ignores or downgrades fanzines or other organisations? ##No. Several members have come to NASF's defence and I think Brian has even changed his tune a little - see later N's. I just want to build on the friendship from Wellcon and declare the subject closed as far as Warp is concerned##

So Paul rekons that he can force my typewriter up my nose ... by the way, does anyone know how you can remove this typewriter from my nose?

Glenn Coster
56 Dunster St.
Christchurch

Dear Ed,

Second LoC after attending the Auckland NASF meeting on 9.9.79 and missing the October one (sob). Great to meet the Auckland NASFers who were previously enigmatic names on paper. Sorry, but the severest critic of Duncan, Greg, etc. slept through it, but he did get three biscuits out of so he can't complain.

WARP 12 Annual: Love the cover for openers. Green vet. How springlike and brightening. I luv it. Need I say more?

Congrats winners of the contests. Judith Yeatman's was very good and Craig's was good too. The Maori thing evidently very close to his mystical heart. I believe, perhaps rather old fashionedly, that it is important for the gentle reader to be able to identify with the characters or situation in some way. Thought it would be difficult to identify with aquamarine beings with arrow headed tails. It isn't.

I am in favor of book reviews. Dont quite agree with Judith on this though her point is valid. One does get involved with a book or story, but that doesn't make objectivity impossible.

I'm glad to be seeing plenty of articles and reviews. Incidentally Judith, someone has written a book on Logan's Run. I read it in 1969 about 7 or 8 years before the TV series was made. It is loads better than the tv series which is a superficial bastardisation. However the series is nominally based on it as is the film. The film is a lot better.

BRAIN WAVE: Some statistically minded NASFan ought to do a breakdown of NASF membership by age, sex, marital status if any, geographical area, interest, etc.

Deborah Kean, 7 First Ave., Kingsland, Auckland

Dear Bruce,

What manner of thing am this? It calls itself a WARP ANNUAL, yet inside it appears to be composed of the usual type rot which constitutes the normal (if there be such thing) WARP..oh I see. A green cover yet! URK. Art theron is surprisingly good, yet the steel brush lettering is not a prime example of the style.

Opens magazine. Stares in disbelief. Flicke hurriedly thru the rest of zine...Ah, curiosity is satisfied. Sixteen pages of type going down at the corners and extre ends of lines. Sixteen pages of mutilated art and fiction. THIS IS A RETURN TO THE WARP OF YESTERDAY - only the standards of the content (not high mind, but certainly better than those of yore) saves it from the fertiliser heap, wherin lie my collection of back issues. (at last the truth revealed)

Moves to letter col, to see what terrible fate has befell his lovely LoC. Naturally I ignore all passing comments on my supposed perzine - the confusion arose because of the APA and some small joke with Tom Cardy. What? WHAT? WHAT??! Craig Simmons dares to suggest that I go for cheap jokes. I am miffed, I chafe, I fume, I rage, I peeve. My heckles rise, my gorge also as does my blood. I indulge in cheap jokes ##there Craig he admits it##

M Fallon/E Ritchie pleads for a poem that rhymes. My Ghod, how passe! If you want that sort of things go read some limericks. Poetry does not have to rhyme. Depending on form. And style. And the Poet's skill. Or laziness. See, it's not in the Art itself, it's in the talking you do afterwards to explain it.

Yawn. More Marvel Type heroes. I don't doubt that there could be that many muscles in the thigh - my copy of Gray's has been taken by a well meaning aunt who thought it disgusting that bodies should cavort with no skan on. But isn't it a bit, you know,...um.Why do it again. Marvel have played the superbly thewed hero thing to DEATH.

FICTION: Five luvverly pages of fiction! I shall say no more. My stony silence shall be adequate indication of my total disinterest.....LIAR!

AND YET FURTHER DEPRESSING BRANCH NEWS - at the last meeting (Oct 7) we were able to have some films shown by John Northcott- a contact made through Nigel Rowe. We are eternally thankfull. The films shown were DARK STAR and SILENT RUNNING. David Harvey from Millenium came along. Funny thing is he believes me and the things I say - how about that.

Keep up the WARP work. It can only get better.

Duncan Lucas
(Egotistical Nitwit-YEAH!)
Pukekohe Branch

Dear editor,

The story contest: I thought the Takeover was very good and original. Second Pilgrimage should have been a second Zelazny (swapping Indian myths for Maori ones). I couldn't work out where the science came into it but it was well written.

Sex and sf don't mix. Even the well disguised stuff as in Bullseye. Except for the last 16 lines and the stormtrooper, the rest was Junk Fiction.

A number of good reviews were included and the flashy green cover really made the issue. The artwork has definitely improved from my first issue (four issues ago).

Nathan Dahlberg
75 McGregor St.
Palmerston North

Dear sir/madam/thing/zorgon,

WELLLL - you said you wanted more feedback from your members so I'm here with a LoC.

Now to contradict what I'm going to say next. I luv' the idea of a coloured cover and the illio fitted it well. Contradiction: I'm going to compare 'you and other zines' to Playboy and Penthouse. Let me explain - in Playboy all letters comment on articles from previous issues. Meanwhile Penthouse letters are all relevant and up to date. Just as WARP is to sf in NZ. I mean, look at the letters of

Warp 12 . They discuss things, bring up ideas (e.g.half way through book reviews,criticisms, articles - the list goes on).

Here's a topic for discussion . You all know how a light bulb goes extremely bright before blowing or exploding. Well, isn't Man's science and technology getting extremely bright this century? Can we expect a blow up soon?

Philip Ivamy
46 Montreal Road
Nelson

Dear Ed,

Just recieved Warp 12 today. Liked the cover but am puzzled why you called it an annual. It wasn't much longer than previous issues.

Am a bit ashamed about my last LoC. Did I really sound that arrogant or did you edit my missive in an embarrassing manner? ##No - that's what you said## One of the problems of being a Gemini is that you never know what your other half is letting you in for.

It is late in the evening and I am writing this by candlelight (note CoA). A few days ago I moved and I awoke this morning to find the power cut off. That explains the candles. A moth killing itself! Plunging into the flame fizzling and crackling. This isn't much of a LoC. Don't blame me, blame the candles. They change one's conciousness don't you know?

By the Ghods, I liked J.H.'s story Bullseye. Who is the author? Such talent should not hide behind an alias ##see Robert Fowles' letter##. Reminds me of some of the wierd wonderful trips Tim Leary lays on his readers. J.M. reveal thyself, if only to prove there is one other fool around who gets off on speculative fiction. Loved the Freudian erotica in Bullseye

WHAT RELATIONSHIP DOES FANDOM'S MEDIA (ZINES,CONS, LETTAS) HAVE TO THE UNDERGROUND PRESS? Is fandom a section of the counter culture or can it be considered as a distinct and independant entity? Underground Press never really got off the ground in NZ. However fandom has taken off with avengance. What is the difference? Is it because one is political and the other is apolitical. Fens (as a whole) neatly sidestep any type of social responsibility by living in a world of fantasy. Though we can say we are concerned about the future, we avoid any practical involvement. Fandom attracts the 'future rejector', those unable to cope with society (morally and spiritually) but without the resources to constructively rebel against it like the counter-culture did. We are gutless liberals. If the youth of the sixties can be characterised by anger, then we of the seventies can be characterised by apathy. Fen can see the illls around them but they do nothing about it.

Yours in paranoid bitterness

Craig Simmons
Flat a, 75 Mardon Road
Hamilton



Dear Bruce,

DUPLICATING

SERVICE for NASF members.

I have recently acquired a Gestetner 230 mimeograph duplicator in excellent running order, and once I get it properly set up (i.e. get in stocks of paper, stencils, corflu, etc.) I will be able to run off magazines, circulars, etc. for NASF and NASFen and others. I will be buying stencils, ink and paper in bulk and so will get savings over normal prices. I do not yet know what magnitude these savings will reach, BUT, I believe that I will be able to offer simple printing in the 50¢ - \$1 per 100 copies range per sheet of paper. I.E. Whether you use one or both sides (cos the bulk of the cost will be in the paper; ink is quite minor). If you want your stencils typed as well, there will likely be a surcharge of 50¢ for each stencil typed (damn things cost 32¢ bought individually in the shops; the balance is my typing fee).

These rates are so low because I will be doing it (except for my typing fee) as near to cost without going below it. This is a non profit service, in comparison to the rates of commercial printers (who admittedly would do a better job - waddaya spect from me eh?). This would help the student faneds a lot.

(Greg Hills continued.....)

Still referring to the duplicating; the typing of the stencils would be done using my Selectric (ribbon disengaged). It cuts excellent, clear stencils. So much for the rumour that Selectrics cut poor stencils! Mine doesn't.

WARP 12: well, you outdid everything this! A Helen Steere cover - excellent taste on your part ## actually Gary Perkins selected the cover and arranged the printing separate to the rest of WARP##. I just wished you'd selected some other colour than that horrible, bilious GREEN. It reminds me of a particularly asinine rejection slip I got from ISAAC ASIMOV'S once...

Fiction: No comment to speak of. Yes, one. You misspelt a word consistently in Craig's story. The correct spelling is Aotearoa ##At Wellcon I checked this with Craig and it appears that Greg is wrong. His spelling is right, but Craig didn't use that word. Craig spelt a different word correctly##. I will say that Roger's vehement anti-scientist story doesn't even make sense as fiction, let alone as any sort of lesson. As one of my correspondents put it: "I'm trying to form a paranoid society, but someone is trying to stop me". There is a conspiracy opposing the flying saucerers (adherent branch rather than hypothetical et branch), all right. It's known as the scientific method, and is responsible for all the knowledge that gave Roger the nice UFO magazines to read, from which he gets his ideas. It also disproved phlogiston, the geocentric theory, and any number of fringe ideas..

Well Bruce, you have certainly not declined over WARP 11's high water mark. I will ignore the monstrous fiction (I'd rather you printed them a couple at a time rather than in a chunk! i.e. over several issues).

And I had the only letter on page 10 (3rd page of Communications); a whole page to myself! Harvey's art didn't count, and you, natch, were the editor and also didn't count!...You didn't think that the editor scrawling notes could stop me saying it could you?

Reviews: Fie on Margaret Boyd - she let the ending of COMA slip out! She should have trailed off where Genevieve is being carried off to be cut up, and she let the people read whatever ending they like into it. Now I know COMA will have a happy ending & so don't need to see it. If Margaret had merely left the ending dangle, especially with a leader that misleads by implication, the mystery would have been preserved and the film would still pack a punch.

double Fie on Terry Collister, tho' there can't be many (surely?) who have not yet read THE CHRYSALIDS.

Look. A review is not a plot synopsis. If you spend more than half of a review on plot description (and spilling the endings) in sf, that review that review should be scrapped or re-written. Describe enough plot so that people get an idea of the sort of story it is, but where the plot is at all important (in some cases i.e. Jack Vance, who has only one plot - revelation of plot doesn't matter) it is best not to tell how it all comes out, or the book will disappoint when read.

Spend most of your review chatting about style, points of order, backgrounds, the editor, other books, etc. not plot.

Notice is hereby served that I will come down hard on the next ~~plot/synopsis~~ book review (or film review) that I see in WARP that gives away the ending where that ending is an important point. Where plot is unimportant compared to other things, fine! Otherwise.... ##I hope all future reviews are written with a close eye on the letterbox. One of Greg's Xixihillithith's may be in it!##

Greg Hills
P.O. Box 770
Wanganui

##Thanks for your letter. I would just like mention to readers that Greg's letter came fully annotated - DNO's, 'print if you like, but...' and the highlights were coloured yellow! (Don't anybody else try it!!!) Greg also made the comment 'Oh well, you will print exactly what you like' - I did.##

Also Heard From: Peter Graham
Judith Yeatman
Scott Wilson
Kathy Lougher
Brian Strong
Frank Macskasy

POEM: EULOGY TO THE SCIENCE FICTION WRITER

BY FRANK MACSKASY JNR

Assemble sfans and other, mortal men of Earth,
For this day we rise,
and,
With a powerful shout of mighty lungs
and with,
A thunderous clap of our calloused, laboured, hands
We give gratitude to those who mastermind our dreams
and,
Plan the possible pathways of posterity.

Come, all you who tread softly and wide-eyed towards
tomorrow,
Have no fear
Appreciate accordingly the chiefs who contemplate
all your conceivable centuries,
and,
Those, who with a merry laugh and twinkle in their
starry eyes,
Mould the infinite creations of the cosmos' as
they see fit.
Tempering time,
Structuring space.
They stride, supremely confident thru all the
wonderous Creations.

Be they Gods?
No.
But; mortal as we are.

Be they the Supreme Man?
No.
But; mortal as we are.

Be they the Omniscient Philosopher?
No.
But; mortal, only mortal as we are.

For they put word to paper,
and,
With each placing of the Pen
A new, virgin Universe is born,
or,
An aged, and weary Universe consigned to oblivion.
They, my brothers, are the Science Fiction writers.

And their gifts are for us.



POEM: SPRING/LIFE BY ATILLA MACSKASY

The soil/planet lies in readiness,
Waiting for the sun to rise/develop,
And shed its love/life and warmth.

At the moment it looks a mess,
But soon now a green carpet
of life will emerge and grow.

A small spring winds slowly
down the hillside,
To collect and form an
everexpanding pool of life.

A stray ray of light,
Escapes from the edge of the world,
And slowly, yet accelerating all the time,
It nears the placid pool.

Light collides with life/soil,
And spring/life begins yet again.

8

FICTION: THE FISHERMAN BY BRIAN STRONG

Sensing a good fishing spot Lophius settled himself down on the layers of dead shells; tuatuas, cockles, green lipped mussels, limpets that had lost their grip on life, de-whiskered sea urchins; an open cemetery of split personalities. Beside him grew a patch of actinia, the red flowers barely discernible in the dim light that turned a stand of ramosa into so many skeletal fingers silhouetted against the sky.

Lophius shared his own company. Nature had not been kind to him. His head was wider than it was tall, a protruding lower jaw stuck out like the tray of a dump truck, his eyes resembled twin poached eggs at bursting point and a mottled skin gave him a slightly scaly look. He was, however, unmatched as a catcher of fish.

He sat, the lure at the end of his rod moving gently to and fro. Time passed as he stared into the darkness, his lure beckoning to indistinct shapes that flickered through the edge of the light, glanced and moved on. Diatoms flashed their coded messages in the light as they flew overhead, crossing the universe towards unknown destinations.

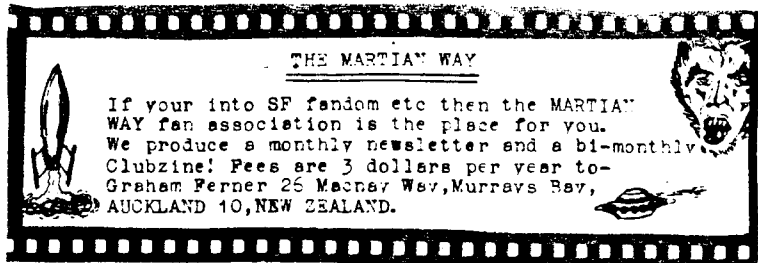
A long shape slid out of the darkness. The lure shivered to a standstill and hung motionless. Lophius froze. Barracouda, six feet of distilled trouble. One move and it would change from an inquisitive fish into an uncontrolled ball of fury, ripping and tearing with its long canine teeth. The huge fish swam slowly towards the lifeless lure, nudged it, sniffed around it and then drew back. Lophius watched the mean eyes as they slowly travelled down the rod to where he sat trying to merge into the landscape. Unhurriedly the fish swam towards him and hovered, watching for any movement. Immobile, scarcely breathing, Lophius stared back through unblinking eyes. He knew that the fish would soon tire. Time passed, the movements became less predatory, the searching more haphazard. Finally the barracouta paused, a powerful flick of its tail and it was gone leaving a trail of bubbles reaching far into the darkness.

Emotionless, Lophius watched the fish dart away. To him it was just another incident in a days fishing. He shifted a little to make himself comfortable again, sand hoppers panicked, the lure moved gently to and fro, he stared out into the darkness.

Another movement. A small conger eel wriggled out into the light, its eyes fixed on the lure. Lophius worked the lure, carefully sweeping it from side to side as he drew the young eel closer and closer towards him. A smile twitched across his lips as the unsuspecting victim came nearer. The smile widened and became a grin. The grin widened. His lower jaw stuck out even more as the top half of his face folded back like the gaping jaws of a bear trap. Further and further back exposing two rows of long spiked teeth. Closer and closer came the eel, swimming a little faster now as it chased the retreating lure into the dark hole that had opened in its path. Suddenly the lure flicked away and the hole slammed together. Lophius rocked slightly as the eel twisted and turned inside his mouth, fighting for its life as his throat clamped around it. The end of its tail flapped from his mouth like an obscene tongue. Lophius bit downwards, slowly driving his needle sharp teeth into the writhing flesh, teeth that curved inwards ensuring no escape. Deeper and deeper sank the teeth until they sliced through the backbone. A convulsive heave and the eel went limp. The teeth withdrew. Lophius swallowed, satisfied as he felt the yard of quivering nourishment slither sensuously down his gullet and into his stomach.

Lophius sat, the lure moved gently to and fro. Time passed. He waited.

extract fromThe Diaries of Inner Space

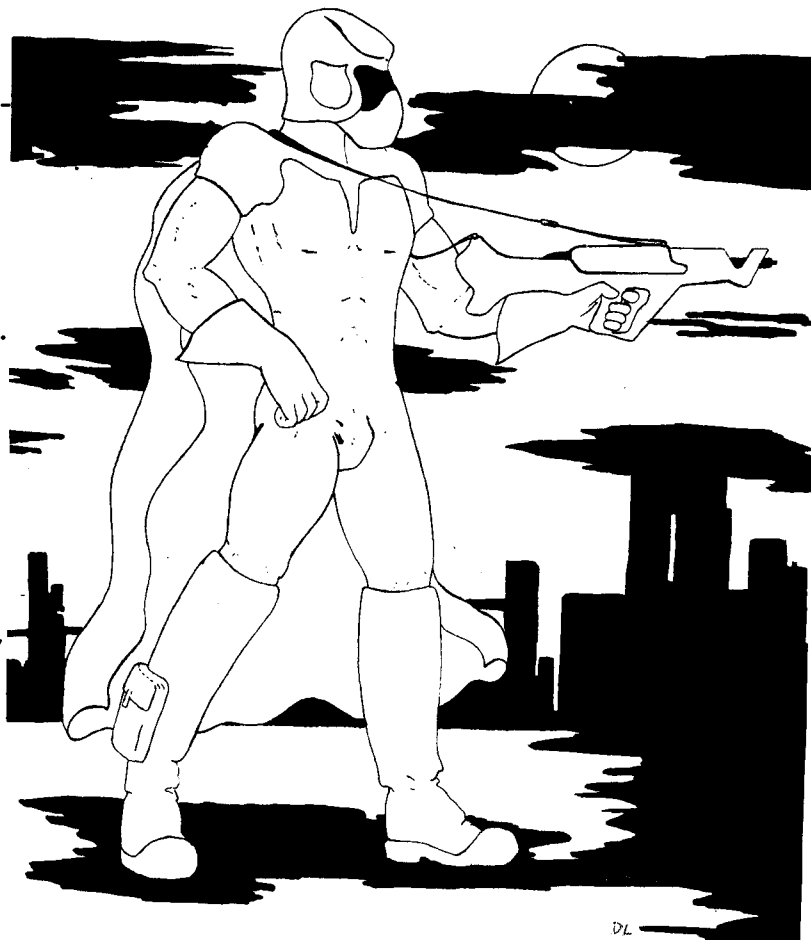


POEM: I LOVE PHYSICS BY PETER GRAHAM

Like negative mass my love is perverse
--- a push is a pull, a tug is a shove,
love and she hates you, hate her and it's love
and so, I assure you, my foe in reverse,
disturbing but charming, is rarely a curse.
Running away from my termagant dove,
I lure her onward. So, skin to my glove,
she partners me pertly for better or worse.

Behind me she pushes, ahead I attract,
making us into a travelling act
but here is the strangest, most curious thing
before her dear mass could enter our pact
she left her old cosmos for dizzy contact
by way of a star like a wedding ring.

I'm certain that if Dr. Robert L. Forward can
write about far-out physics (Analog August 1975, pp. 157
- 159) the least I can do is to put his data on
negative mass physics into a sonnet. As I have. PG





BOOK REVIEW: TIGER, TIGER BY ALFRED BESTER

(ALSO KNOWN AS THE STARS MY DESTINATION)

Reviewed by Nathan Dahlberg

Gully Foyle: a man living in the 24th Century. A century in which the golden age has been achieved. But is also an age of extremes and freaks. Gully Foyle: a man wierder than his own time. The greatest liar, lecher and murderer in all history. His name means walking death. He becomes the most fantastic person alive. Gully Foyle: the Stars his Destination.

This is Alfred Bester's fascinating future. It's strange and very muddled but at the same time easy to understand. The action is constant and based around a superman (almost Van Vogtian). The superman is evil, but has his reasons.

This is the first of Alfred Bester's works I've read. I recommend this book to any reader of sf.

BOOK REVIEW: THE SHIP WHO SANG BY ANNE McCAFFREY

(Ballantine Books -1976;
Cover Art by the Brothers Hildebrandt)

Reviewed by Ivan Ame

This book consists of six short stories about Helva, crippled human child sealed in a metal cannister and connected into the sensors and controls of a spaceship body. In short, about Helva, the starship.

Five of the stories, including the title story appeared in magazines from 1961 to 1969; the sixth and last appears to have been written specifically for this collection (it is not in any way a novel) of Helva's stories.

The title story leads off the collection. It begins sadly, with Helva's childhood as she learns to be a shell person and is trained in all the skills she will need in order to control the ship that is to become her body. It rises and falls from sadness to joy, through adversity and tragedy. It is an excellent touching tale, well rounded with characterisation more than adequate, yet restrained from totally taking over. McCaffery's style is unobtrusive: when reading, you don't see the words; you see what the words are describing.

The next story, The ship Who Mourned takes up from where the last one left off, tracing the course of Helva's grief over the loss of her Partner (as she is the brain to the ship, her partner - male- is titled brawn and forms the mobile half of the team when the ship is planeted). Throughout this story, she has no brawn per se; instead she alternates with the girl Theoda and the Doctor Onro. It is the lesson learnt from these two that illustrates to Helva her grief is not unique. The events transpiring as her mobile partners fight the runaway plague that is killing the population of a colony world are underlined by alternate underplaying of the tragedy, and heavy leaning on it. It is very effective. At the end of the story, Helva's grief is not abated, but she has been shown how to live with it.

The Ship Who Killed starts a new line of development. She is assigned a woman brawn temporarily, Kira. Her mission is to transport a cargo of very young human foetuses from one planet to another whose population has been sterilised by a freak solar flare. Kira is an interesting character - vibrant, alert, yet on her wrists are the scars where she once tried to kill herself. The interaction between both aids both, and particularly Helva.

Dramatic Mission is the longest story in the book and is mainly concerned with the first opera performed on a heavy planet with a methane-ammonia atmosphere... using native bodies. Brawnless, Helva is assigned to carry and help the company...

The Ship Who Dissembled pairs Helva with a thouroughly dull, unlikable brawn. In the course of

the story they trace down the reason why several ships have recently inextricably vanished. And Helva finds what it is like to be a mere shell again, deprived of her ship body. She doesn't like it.

The Partnered Ship closes the collection: in it, Helva gains a new ship's drive, peace of mind... and a new permanent brawn, at last, to replace Jennan who died in The Ship Who Sang.

This collection is excellent reading, to be recommended to almost anyone. It traces Helva from childhood to full maturity, with the joys and sorrows and experiences that accompany this progression. Helva becomes a living personality, and the reader can follow the course of her life sympathetically, feeling with her as the tales unwind. This collection holds together better than most novels! There is some extraneous matter left over in each story from the strung out magazine appearances, but this is minor and easily taken in stride.

BOOK REVIEW: THE MAN WHO AWOKE BY LAURENCE MANNING

(Ballantine Books)

Reviewed by Kathy Lougher

We would all like to live forever, science fiction writers and readers and writers perhaps more than most. And that is why we write or read - to speculate about our future, because we are not God and won't be about to see the outcome.

One man who decided he would like to be around to discover the future for himself was Norman Winters, the main character in Laurence Manning's story THE MAN WHO AWOKE.

Winter's idea, to put it simply, was to seal himself in a lead casket, drink a special drug and sleep, hopefully for 5000 years. He awakes as planned in the year 5000 AD when humanity is struggling after the great Age of Waste. Winters is put on trial for his life as one of the hated wasters of his time and he barely escapes back to his tomb, waking thereafter to various adventures 5000 years apart.

This is a thoroughly readable adventure story, well written and suspenseful. It loses nothing by having been written in 1933. A story like wine, that grows better with age and I thoroughly recommend it.

FILM REVIEW: BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25TH CENTURY

Reviewed by Terry Collister

Whew. With this film the title gives most of the plot away. Ugg, was this a vile film. I only went to see it because it was double billing with another sf film Battlestar Galactia.

Anyhow Buck was on first. The credits and opening sequence were good, but the film soon deteriorates. The Draconian flagship sequence was ripped straight off from Star Wars, and then it turns into BSG in the 25th century.

Even so, it was better than BSG - more realistic space scenes (at least there were no flames coming out of the engines) but the film's major flaw was the stupid robot Twikii. All the way through the film this dumb robot is muttering "you know this violates my warranty", "gee Buck, you're my kind of guy", "Taxicab, Taxicab". Aaaaarggggh.

The film would have done quite well without that stupid robot and Dr. Theo. Anyhow you can easily spot that they are a ripoff from R2D2 and C3P10. Some Hollywood filmmakers think you have to have a robot to make a series successful (Logans Run, Space Academy, etc. All in all, go and see these films for the simple reason they are sf, and any sf is better than Rocky 2 or Corvette Summer.

FILM REVIEW: CLOCKWORK ORANGE

Directed by Stanley Kubrick
R 20 Cert.
Reviewed by Craig Simmons

From the man who gave us such classics as Dr. Strangelove and 2001 comes another movie that time has proven to be as famous as his others. Stanley Kubrick does a marvelous job in translating THE CLOCKWORK ORANGE from the page to the screen.

Remembering the fuss it caused when first released, and bearing in mind it's R20 rating, I went to the screening expecting to be shocked. However, I found Clockwork Orange comparatively mild both in contents and implications and can recall far more disturbing movies that have only a GA certificate, e.g. Equus.

The violence that was depicted was beautifully choreographed and set to the music of Beethoven. It was essential to the plot and contained none of the exploitation commonly seen on TV cop shows.

The film has strong underlying currents of primitive sexuality with the machismo complex running throughout. The sex had no frills attached. It was affectionately referred to as 'in and out' and most often took the form of gang rapes. As I said, it is primitive....

The sets were splendid and I would love to get my hands on some of the stuff. These included a giant phallus (used as a murder weapon), erotic posters life sized naked dolls; etc..

Clockwork Orange is set in the near future where the social problems of today are projected and enlarged. It is the narrative of a teenage boy, Alex, who is the head of a gang of four hoods. They go around at night in outrageous dress raping, fighting and generally causing trouble. In a way they may have been a premonition of some of the more extreme punk rockers today.

Alex eventually gets caught by the police and sentenced to 40 years imprisonment on a murder rap. After 2 years of the sentence he gets the chance to be a guinea pig in an experiment that conditions psychopaths, or the criminal element of society, into being physically sick in the presence of sex, violence, and in Alex's case, Beethoven's Ninth!

The experiment being a success, he is released and free to return to his earlier life.

The film chronicles Alex's maladjustment to his old environment and has some delightful scenes where his victims take revenge on him while he is powerless to respond. To tell you any more would reveal the whole plot but I can say it has a nice twist in the end. This you have to see to appreciate.

Stanley Kubrick handles the subject with skill and never neglects the humour of the situation. Malcolm McDowell, cast as Alex does a brilliant job of bringing the character to life as a being the audience can sympathise with. Overall the story sticks together well and makes no great demands on the viewers' credulity as Dr. Strangelove did. I strongly recommend Clockwork Orange to anyone remotely interested in fantasy, sex and violence. If you haven't already seen it, make sure you do next time it is at the local cinema.

BOOK REVIEW : DRAGONSONG AND DRAGON SINGER

BY ANNE McCAFFREY

Corgi Paperbacks; 1978, 176 & 252 pp.
Reviewed by Ivan Ame

These two books form part of an interconnected tale that, really, can be considered a single book in two parts.

They belong in the series begun by DRAGONFLIGHT and DRAGONQUEST; at the present the series is two interlocked trilogies: DRAGONFLIGHT/DRAGONQUEST/THE WHITE DRAGON form the 'main line', while DRAGONSONG/DRAGON SINGER/DRAGONDRUMS form the chronicles of Menolly, child musician of Half-Circle Sea-Hold on the peninsula of Nerat of the northern continent of the world Pern.

Pern orbits a G-type star, and has in some forgotten past been colonised from Earth. Now its inhabitants live in a sort of semi-medieval fashion, under a feudal system that yet has memories of the previous high-technology colony that they began as.

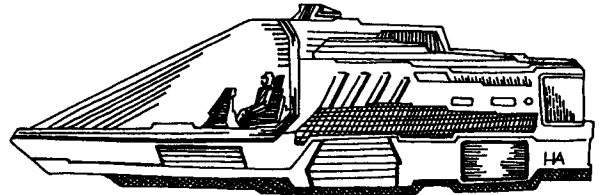
Pern's solar system has a rogue planet in it, following an extremely elliptical orbit which is locked in with the revolution of Pern around the star, Rukbat. Every 200 Pernese years the two planets swing close, and life from the rogue attempts to cross space to Pern under the contesting tugs of gravity. It enters Pern's atmosphere as a compact spore, which unravels as it falls to become the ravaging Thread. Many years before, Pern's southern continent was desolated by Thread, demonstrating its destructive capabilities.

Many forms of self-defense were devised by the Pernese; the most spectacular being the mammoth dragons that give this series its name.

It is against this background, with the rogue falling near, that Menolly's tale is set. Neither Song nor Singer are really concerned with the major affairs of Pern's peril. Rather they concentrate on the minutiae of Pernese life; with Menolly's problems as she roller coasters along, wishing to become a minstrel yet barred from it traditionally because she is a woman. This Hold-life forms the basis for the first section of the Song. Then, unable to take any more, Menolly runs away and the main line of the tale begins.

In this, she passes through trial and test, impresses a bunch of fire-lizards (fire-lizards are the creatures from which the dragons were bred, and like dragons and geese, newly hatched fire-lizards 'impress' on a particular person or thing), reaches the Harpercraft Hall (centre of Pern's musical culture)

The books are excellently written and very readable. They afford a second perspective on events in FLIGHT and QUEST, and fill out details of details of daily life on Pern. The writing is consciously interesting (unlike THE SHIP WHO SANG where it just is). Very highly recommended, especially if you like McCaffrey's love of detail.



FILM REVIEW: KINGDOM OF THE SPIDERS

Reviewed by Margaret Boyd

This is yet another example of the animal world vs. the human world because of revenge/famine/changed environment. Not only has it been done before with snakes, dogs, sharks, frogs, whales, killer bees and birds, but it has been done better.

It is a disappointment seeing William Shatner involved with this, as I've come to expect much better things from him. Not even the presence of assorted lovelies, including wife Marcy, added much to this film. In fact, having seen WS in this, I see why he was so eager to sign up to do Star Trek: The Movie.

##Well, that's the end of the review section for this issue. There is very little left in the archives for future issues, so please, send some in or I will be forced to write some myself (an act of desperation for any editor - if they are so good, why no print them elsewhere). The standard certainly has improved lately and I am looking forward to seeing what Greg's letter provokes. Note: he didn't send in any this time##

After Wellcon we sat back expectantly waiting for the rave (or otherwise) reviews to pour in. And waited, and waited, and

Now here we are on the final day of typing up WARP 13, and the nearest I have seen to a con report was Duncan Lucas' comment in Aotearapa One: "I could do an analysis of Wellcon -- I suspect that there'll be a surfeit of such."

And there he ended!

(Actually, I tell a lie. There is one contribution that appears a little further on.)

Well anyway, to cut a long story short, Bruce has allocated this page to Wellcon, and filled it must be!

And it would be a pity to let the most important event on the NZ sf scene fade out with hardly a mention.

Firstly, as one only recently introduced to sf I attended with trepidation. I can barely remember which plot belongs to what title and author, so I thought I would surely have little to discuss with the majority of people there. Right?

TOTALLY WRONG!

From registration on Friday night to farwelling our visitors Monday afternoon I found the con a totally exhausting but thoroughly enjoyable affair.

Fandom lives in all ages, shapes and sizes. In conversation with someone present, we attempted to define the 'average' fan, but had to conclude that such an animal just does not exist. The tremendous range of sf media and themes is paralleled by the variety of fan.

And now to the con programme. Very well organised and run, but I felt, as did many attendees, that the programme was too full. However, this aspect of scheduling is something which can only be decided by trial and error. Mervyn and Brian did a remarkable job in gathering all their items in a relatively short time, and they covered a very wide range of topics indeed - everything from H.G.Wells to Reincarnation and Riverboats - but more time to get to know people would have been nice.

After all, people, more than anything else, were the con, and it was fascinating to discover the personalities behind all those LOC's, articles, stories and reviews appearing in the proliferation of fanzines.

I have not intended this to be a comprehensive review, but rather an overview of some of my impressions, and look forward to seeing how other zines treat the event.

-Robyn Ferguson

RUMOURS DEPT: SOME SLIGHTLY WARPED GOSSIP FROM THE CON.

Why was Duncan Lucas found asleep early one morning cradling the telephone receiver?
A hotline to the Ghreat Mhouse perhaps?

And after one late night party someone, who shall remain nameless, (but he was one of the co-organisers for Wellcon B) suggested a trip to the top of Mt Victoria to watch the sun rise. In the midst of a rainstorm! And who were the 6 people who went to the top of Mt Victoria to watch the sun rise? Gregggy isn't saying either.

Speaking of Ghregg, why was this noted fanzine ed fast asleep at the unghodly hour of ten p.m. Saturday. His room-mate retired at the far more respectable hour of three a.m., only to awake in the midst of a collating party at seven a.m. Cruel and evil punishment indeed!

Also, shed a tear for poor Tom Cardy, who was reduced to scribbling frantically in a corner when his taped interviews became too garbled to understand.

-THE WATCHER

WELLCON B (1980)

Don't forget there are all ready less than 7 months until Wellcon B.

The venue will again be the St George Hotel, the time - Queens Birthday Weekend 1980.

We plan a varied programme of talks, films, 'special interest' groups, as well as lots of time for getting to know others. If there is sufficient interest there will also be a dinner and fancy dress. If interested, please indicate this when you enrol. The dinner would of course be extra (but not too extravagant) and this would be payable at registration.

At this stage attending memberships are \$15 per person, supporting memberships \$7. This will be reviewed as a more accurate picture of the costs emerges, and there will almost definitely be a fee rise in the last few months before the con, so enrol early.

If sufficient numbers are proposing to fly to Wellington they may be able to take advantage of Air New Zealand's 'Come Together' fare discounts. (Currently 10%) Another reason for enrolling early so we can arrange this with the airline.

Anyone not sure if they are able to attend at this stage can enrol as a supporting member now and pay the remaining \$8 later if they wish to attend.

All correspondance should be addressed to 13 Burnside St, Lower Hutt, and all cheques etc made payable to Wellcon B.

We would like to hear from anyone who has ideas on what they would like included, e.g. special interest topics such as writers workshops, displays, and the people to help run them, possible presentations, items,.....

We would also like to hear from anyone interested in becoming a local co-ordinator, taking care of propaganda, liasing with local clubs.

See you there,

Bruce and Bruce.



NASF BOOK LENDING LIBRARY (Continued from Issue eleven)

PLEASE NOTE - The borrowing charge is now 30 cents per book.

194. ACROSS TIME by David Grinnell
Time traveling UFO's jerk the hero of this story one million years into the future.
195. THE CASTLE KEEPS by Andrew J. Offutt
A world poluted by industry and overpopulation has died leaving chaos with food shortages and roving bands of thugs.
196. OMHA ABIDES by C.C. MacApp
The alien Gaddyl rule Earth and men like Murno are hunted to death. Only one hope remains the slogan "Omha Abides"
Who - or what - is "Omha"?
197. MODERAN by David R. Bunch's
Moderan is a world where computer directed wars are the pastime the purpose in being, the religion, and the sport. When human feelings enter such a world confusion and consternation are the result.
198. SPACE CADET by Robert A. Heinlein.
The year is 2075. New cadets are being sworn in at the Solar Patrol Academy at Terra Base, Colorado.
199. STAR TREK TEN adapted by James Blish.
Contains six Star Trek stories.
200. SWORDS OF MARS by Edgar Rice Burroughs.
Book number eight in John Carter's adventures on Mars.
201. ALIEN SEED by E.C. Tubb.
Book Number Seven in the Space 1999 adventure series.
202. THE SANDS OF MARS by Arthur C. Clarke.
On Mars a dedicated group of pioneers struggle to Terraform the planet for human habitation.
203. THE KING OF EOLIM by Raymond F. Jones.
Forester Bradwell is one of the elite in a time and society where stupidity and ignorance have been conquered by genetic engineering, but his son is a retard who does not fit in so Bradwell searches for a planet where his son will be happy.
204. RETURN TO THE PLANET OF THE APES BOOK TWO.
Contains escape from Terror Lagoon by William Arrow. Based on characters from Planet of the Apes TV show.
205. THE CHESSMEN OF MARS by Edgar Rice Burroughs.
Book number five in John Carter's adventures on Mars.
206. ROBOTS HAVE NO TAILS by Henry Kuttner.
Gallegher was a genius at creating new types of Robots. The trouble was, Gallegher's genius worked only when he was drunk so his creation tended to sing bawdy songs and admire their own innards.
207. TO CONTROL THE STARS by Robert Hoskins.
Shan and LUVICI, about to become human sacrifices at a barbarian Shrine recognize that the Shrine is a Stargate and take the plunge into an unknown safety.
208. THE NIGHT OF PUUDLY by Clifford D. Simak.
The Puudly was a dangerous thing. It killed humans because of the compelling conviction that no Puudly would be safe until Earth was wiped clean of humans.
209. AUTHENTIC SCIENCE FICTION MONTHLY No.61
Contains short stories by E.C.TUBB - KENNETH BULMER - ALAN BURNS - PHILIP E. HIGH - ALFRED HIND - RICHARD P. ENNIS -
210. THE LONG ARM OF GIL HAMILTON by Larry Niven
Gil Hamilton psychic operative for the global police had many enemies including organleggers, murderous dealers in illicit transplants.

(list con'd next issue...)