

September 1980



PLEASE TAKE IT, I DON'T WANT IT, IT IS
HELLS PET, I CANNOT KEEP IT, PLEASE,
DONT LEAVE ME WITH, I PLEAD
WITH YOU DONT LEAVE ME WITH IT.



WARP

18

MAGAZINE OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR SCIENCE FICTION.



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THE MAGAZINE OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR SCIENCE FICTION

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DEADLINE FOR WARP 19 IS
1ST NOVEMBER, 1980. Really!

PO Box 6655,
Te Aro,
Wellington,
New Zealand.

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Art this issue is from: Euan Ritchie (Cover, 4, 9) N.B. ... As this page is being
 Chris Morrin (Cover logo, 2) completed before the full
 Tom Cardy (2, 3, 15) issue is complete, some art
 Rex Thompson (5, 8) may be added or moved about
 Harvey Kong Tin (6, 7, 16) in the final version.
 Terry Collister (9) This list is only an indicator
 David White (10). of the art I probably have
 used herein.

All Letraset work done by Greg Hills.

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Persons interested in re-forming the Auckland Branch should write to
Nigel Rowe, 24 Beulah Avenue, Auckland 10.

The Upper Hutt SF Society may shortly affiliate: address c/-
David M Lee-Smith, 43 McLeod Ave, Upper Hutt.

NorCon, the 3rd National SF Convention, is not a NASF branch but the address is...
NorCon '81, PO Box 5651, Wellesley St, Auckland.

Likewise AOTEARAPA, NZ's Amateur Press Association is not NASF, but is c/-
Tom Cardy, 137 Richardson Street, Dunedin.

EDITORIAL

...A Few Words From The Editor...

You'll all notice a few differences about this WARP---it's all-Gestetnered, for one. It's more highly structured, for two. And it's got as many pages as the last issue, for three.

Points one and three derive from money matters. No, I am not going to moan in this editorial the way I did in WARP 17's. This issue, because of its nature, no longer weighs on my pocket---NASF can and is paying for it completely.

The decision to go duplicated for the next few issues was made by the Central Committee at the July meeting. After debate and discussion on costs (see YGGDRASIL) a vote was made and passed this resolution. The duplicated WARP is so much cheaper than the offset ones that we can (a) abandon most of the photoreduction (the reduced pages of this issue are less so than those of previous issues, but next time they will be even less reduced) and (b) maintain a high page-count; all cheaper than a steeply reduced offset issue.

Duplication does not look as pretty as offset, and art suffers accordingly. I have taken care with inking and printing, using dark-coloured paper (since I found it cost no more than would white), under-inking the Gestetner, and using quick-drying ink. Problems with smearing and off-setting from printed sheet to sheet have been held to a minimum but (alas) I have not been able to completely eradicate them. The pretty blue paper helps a lot, and as long as WARP remains duplicated it will not again be all-white paper.

NASF's membership, which plummeted below 100 for a while immediately after the raise in Dues, is now on its way back up again. In the last two months we have been hovering just over the 100 mark, and rising a little away from it more recently.

The Treasury is again over the \$100 mark nationally, even after costs of WARP 18 are subtracted---a healthy sign, considering it fell below zero not so many months back.

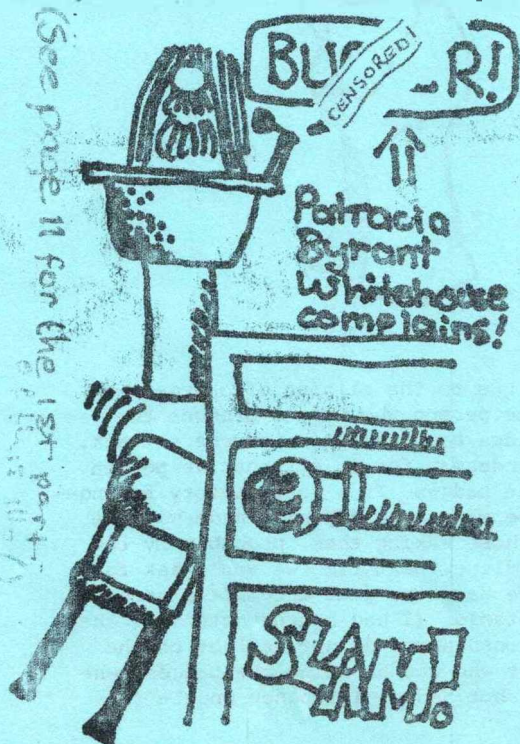
We have lost the San Francisco Bathhouse's subsidy. Recently the SF was sold by the Macskasy family, and the new management saw no profit in it (the old management subsidised us because NASF was founded by a member of the family who retained his interest in the club). Without the subsidy offset is now a quick way into bankruptcy for the club. Oh, we can still have offset covers and such, by the way, and the odd offset page. (*hint, hint*)

Enough of that. Point two above results from my own feelings and the statements of the letter-writers, to the effect that they would have preferred WARP 17 to be more tightly sectioned. While only the reviews section ("OUT OF THE HOLE") is flagged as such, you will see a segregation of books from films reviewed; and the fiction & poetry is likewise separated from the reviews section; and the booklist is separated from both; and the lettercol separated from all; and...but why go on? Few of you are interested in the mechanics of magazine layout anyway. From now on, just note anything you specifically like or dislike. I won't be telling you what experiments I am trying in future issues...

Here is the usual plea for any good material you may be hoarding for a rainy day. Book-reviews especially sought, but also articles on sfnal topics/people/ideas/news. I won't even say no to fiction (no need to repeat the warnings I have voiced other times, other places on the little matter of quality, however...)

With a cheaper WARP, and unless/until we return to offset, there have been suggestions that WARP be stepped up to monthly production---or that a second NASF zine be started, to run alternately/alongside WARP. I'm in favour of this---provided we get the MATERIAL and that somebody else edit the other zine. I want to resume the "regular" publication of my own general-contents zine, TANJENT. Editing one NASF zine per month would be too much, and although the idea of TANJENT as a NASF zine is tempting I do not intend to do that. "Quasi-NASF" (produced/paid for by me with NASF paying postage to NASF members), maybe...and at most. So...anyone want to pick up the tab? You don't even need to live in Wellington! We only need one central zine! -----Greg Hills.

===== INTERLINERATION? NO! THIS IS AN UNDERLINEATION! =====



NASF



YGGDRASIL

NATIONAL REPORT.

About 140 copies of WARP 17 were mailed out, more or less as follows: Wellington, 46;

Dunedin, 25;
Auckland, 15;
Christchurch, 15;
Miscellaneous, 20;
non-NASF copies, 20+.

Figures are from the editor's memory only, please note---I do not guarantee the figures.

Not all people receiving WARP 17 were paid up members. The actual paid-up membership of the Association was about 100---or a little more.

At the July meeting of NASF the matter of WARP costs was discussed, and it was agreed that with the advent of cheap electrostencils from Duncan Lucas and until these stencils become no longer available or cheap, WARP would go duplicated. If a really cheap printer is again found (the one who was to have done WARP 18, AM INTERNATIONAL, no longer does offset printing) Or if NASF's finances become more secure (balance nationally at the August meet was \$140. This, however, was before any WARP 18 costs were claimed-for) the magazine will again go offset.

Costs were shown as follows:

Offset WARP: Production:	
\$0.70	paper: 50 sheets @ \$7.00/500.
\$5.85	Ribbon.
\$0.10	Staples.
\$28.00	Plates (10).
\$61 + \$2.00	Printing (200).
\$17.00 (some copies o/seas)	Postage (140).
\$112.65 + \$2.00.	

The above is for photoreduced offset to 1/2 size and no duplicated pages---ie a 10-page WARP.

Duplicated WARP: Paper: 20 sheets @	
\$0.30	\$7.00/500.
\$2.90	Ribbon.
\$0.10	Staples.
\$20.00	20 electrostencils.
\$21.80	Paper (2000 sheets).
\$3.00	Ink (1/2 tube @ \$6.00).
\$17.00 (some copies o/seas)	Postage (140).
\$64.30 (with margin for error).	

The above is for a totally electrostencilled issue containing the material equivalent of the 1/2 size reduced offset version, ie no reduction. Figures are estimates only, but they are not far off actual costs and the relative costs are about exactly right. The difference in ribbon cost (it may seem since we're using the same amount of material we'd use the same amount of ribbon) comes because electrostencils are less sensitive to minor faults than offset plates. Hence I can use a non-correcting ribbon and white-out errors rather than requiring a correctable & lifting out errors---it makes no difference in quality now.

While the above figures are for hypothetical cases only, They are pretty close to what this issue would have cost offset and greater than what it has actually cost. Because only about 11 pages are electrostencilled, plus an additional electrostencil for art to paste in on the other pages. 12 @ \$1.00 plus 7 @ \$0.52 = \$15.64 (rather than \$20). Ribbon cost was about the same because I elected to use correctable ribbon regardless (it is so much more convenient in corrections!)

Oh, yes---printrun for the Gostethered issue was 175, not 200. paper for 200 would have come to an additional ream (\$5.45). Reducing the offset issue to 175 copies would have saved only \$2.50.

Other national notes: we are no longer talking about all the nice things we could offer NASF members if...---we are doing them! Negotiations are underway for discounts on books (Huyser Books have stated no resistance to a 5% discount for NASFans on every book bought; before finalising the deal we are angling after a 10% discount, preferably with no strings but with a minimum-order requirement if need be.) from certain booksellers, for one---report next WARP.

* A NASF room at NorCon is also under enquiry ---a place to rest, chat and think.

* There is a cost-price duplication service for NASFans (~~the/thes/those/these/this/these~~): \$5.45 or fraction thereof per ream of paper used, plus ink at \$6.00 or fraction thereof per tube (the charge for ink is doubled, actually, to allow for wear & tear on the machine plus waste sheets of duplicating paper to make sure the impressions are coming out properly)

* The Story/Art Contest is still underway and the first contributions are arriving. Remember, the deadline is 1st December for the Stories, 15th November for the Art! Time's wasting...

* The Lending Library is more than just a list in each WARP to fill a spare page! See later in this issue for the present details on how to use this service.

* And books are not the only thing available from the lending-library; don't forget the fanzine library---again, see elsewhere for details.

* Membership cards: Next issue will bring all members renewed beyond the end of 1980 their own membership card and number (No "I am not a number, I am a free fan!" jokes, please). The cards are decorative, but the number will be useful in proving you are a NASFan when you want to use the services---such as book discounts.

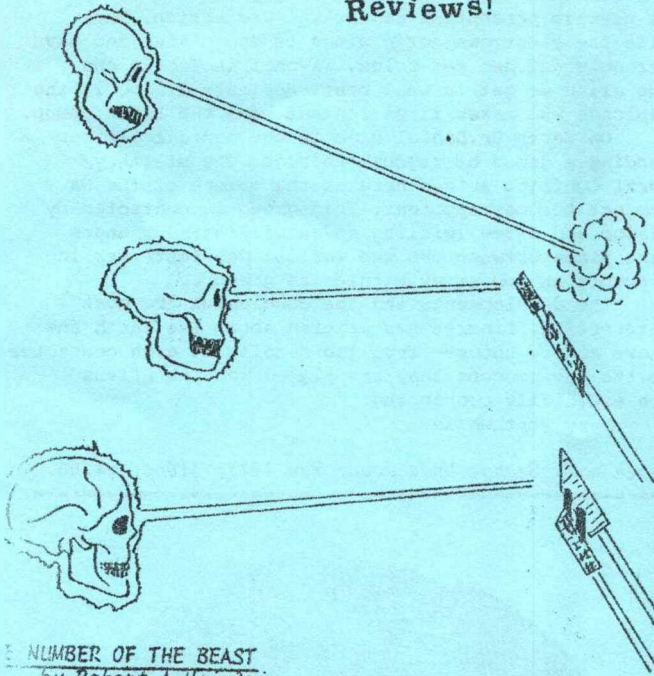


* Badges. Due to the raising of charges in Dunedin by the person who was to produce the badges, the idea has received a severe setback. A search is underway for an alternative person to produce the badges. If a satisfactory arrangement cannot be made, the deposits made will be returned to those making them, probably by the next WARP deadline. Next time we won't ask for money until we have the fiat accompli clutched in sweaty tentacle. (I had better note that the charges mentioned above do not reflect on the Dunedin member who was handling the badges---he did his best, but had no influence on the firm in question).

(Yggdrasil will continue on page 12).

OUT OF THE HOLE...

Reviews!



THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST
by Robert A. Heinlein.

reviewed by Greg Hills.

Always and forever, I thank Lynne Holdom for sending me this book.

BEAST is Heinlein's latest book, and it has aroused more than its fair share of interest in the sfnal press. At its publication rights were sold at auction for a record-breaking sum. Then various people read it and gave differing opinions of its worth---mainly on the low side. And finally, it may just be Heinlein's last major novel.

Certainly, in this book he has attempted to tie his works together in some sort of rationalised framework. This is done---by implication, no exceptions.

It is a long book: those 511 pages are larger than the common paperback page, and the print is not large to read. The book took me 10 hours to read; that's the sum of all the snatched periods I spent on it between 4:50pm on Monday 25th and 7:00pm on Tuesday 26th. 10 hours is a long time for me to take over a book (I polish off the average sf novel in 1 1/2--3 hours).

So the book is obviously engrossing. This does not mean it is good. In fact, viewed as a novel, ie a literary work with beginning, middle and ending and an overall sense of development, it is lousy. The beginning is 5 pages of love-story until the book's action begins with the last sentence on Page 16. From there there is almost no interrupted middle until the last third of the book. The last third of the book shelves the plotlines started in the first two-thirds, instead reading an accidentally inserted cross-section out of TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE. Only in the final chapter does the main line of development from the earlier section get hauled back---and given a totally unsatisfactory solution. The result is that the book is really two distinct books, with almost nil interpenetration, and one has no end and the other has no beginning. This latter also suffers from a multitude of 'endings'.

While it may be argued---with some justice---that the book is devoted to character-development, there is precious little of it to be had. Viewpoint leaps between characters from chapter to chapter without illuminating the characters significantly. Each character is held up in turn for the reader in turn, yet undergoes no real development: rather a forced sort of chameleonism. The characters, for all their antics, insights, virtues, and flaws, are all catspaws to Heinlein. They do nothing that does not suit Heinlein; and it is not the

obedience of a disciplined writer's creations but the failure of the writer to make the characters live.

The Good Guys'n'Gals are all uniformly good-looking, healthy, and smart---Heinleinian Competent Men. The Bad Guys (no Gals) are uniformly unhealthy, ugly, and dumb---or worse, alien. The Good Guys have a few token points of tarnish; the Bad Guys have no good points at all, at least by Heinlein's opinion. I can't mention examples of all the Good Guys to support this (I'd be giving a *Dramatis Personae* of most of the book's characters!), but the Bad Guys include the Beast, Professor N.O.Brain, Major-General Moresby... All not very nice.

I don't quite like the Good Guys attitude towards the neutrals---the rank 'n' file of the human race. The tolerable subhumans, I guess. At every opportunity the Good Guys walk over them (over their dead bodies if the Good Guys think it necessary) without a qualm of conscience. Oh, I can live with that. But I cannot equate their stated Niceness with their demonstrated callousness towards intelligent beings unable to defend themselves.

The plethora of characters, particularly of characters who take a turn at telling the story, is also bad. It dilutes the story and makes it hard to identify with the action unless one is carefully watching who is telling each chapter and makes allowances for the differences---that-are-not-real-differences (namely in how much the character knows of previous events rather than a genuine difference in the way of viewing the universe).

But of course, the book does have redeeming features. It completes a last few threads out of those left dangling by TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE (I always wondered why Heinlein did not do what he does here to revive Slipstick Libby; and what happened to Maureen Smith). It finally brings to a real conclusion the millennia-long saga of Lazarus Long. (Confirms my interpretation of TEFL's ending, too).

And while Heinlein loses the chain of their tale in the last third of the book, the segment of novel in which the four main characters are wandering the Universe---all 10,314,424,798,490,535,546,171,949,056 (taking Heinlein's word for the number) of it---shows flashes of the old Heinlein. 666 universes is a broad canvas on which to paint, even if most of them are blocked off.

I also like the pun in the last chapter, where the Beast's number comes up...

666

So what is the book about? Well, a scientist-genius invents a 'time machine'---actually a transdimensional transporter. In his 6-dimensional realm this person accumulates, by chance and the machinations of an enigmatic 'group' of 'aliens', three fitting characters: a wife, his daughter, and her husband. All genius-level, all good looking, all self-professed Nice Ones, all wealthy and successful, all multiple holders of Doctorates (at least one in maths in each case). For never-very-well-explained reasons the 'aliens' catch wind of the transporter and attempt to suppress the invention. Fortunately it is (a) small enough to fit into a car---under computer-control---and (b) requires exactly zero power to run (reason never satisfactorily stated).

The group flee their version of Earth ahead of the glare of a nuclear warhead exploded by the 'aliens', or so we are told.

The rest of the novel is the telling of their tales until a great "Convention" at the end---a Convention at which all Heinlein's creations are, presumably, present. Not to mention every creation/writer not belonging to Heinlein. Including Heinlein himself, though only by name. The Convention is fun, but structurally null and totally self-indulgent.

And I still haven't identified the Beast, to speak of: significance, that is. I think it symbolises Finagle's constant and the principle of evil. At any rate, the lecture is unmistakable---life would be one long party (not to mention crushingly dull) without it. And we will never be without it.

I suspect that with NUMBER OF THE BEAST, Heinlein's vein of skill and ideas has unmistakably played out. His

666 the number of the Beast 999

by Robert A. Heinlein

5

... few books have been increasingly indulgent, long-
inded, and turgid. THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST is all of this,
bed. Unless Heinlein makes a dramatic rebound towards
ctually completing a novel rather than darting off in
ifty different directions then pretending an ending; unless
cuts the excess ~~wordage~~ wordage from the action and
bas and other good elements remaining; I doubt he will
ver again write a book worth the name---or worth reading.
AST is worth it, but barely. Get it from a library. Don't
ay good money for it.

WACETT TRADE PAPERBOUND EDITION, Aug 80; 511pp; US\$6.95.
Cover by Richard Powers(?); interior by Richard Powers.

MORE WOMEN OF WONDER

edited by Pamela Sargent.

reviewed by Debi Kean.

... sequel to WOMEN OF WONDER, which I haven't yet read,
MORE WOMEN OF WONDER is a delight for fans, feminists,
and those who are both. From Sargent's introduction,
to the final story (by Ursula K LeGuin) there isn't
a dud anywhere in the book.

Dates of first publications date from Catherine
Moore's "Jirel Meets Magic" (1935) to LeGuin's "The
Day Before the Revolution" (1974). It is hard to
choose a favourite, but I chose a tie between Leigh
Edgerton's "Lake of the Gone Forever", Joanna Russ's
"Second Inquisition", and Joan D Vinge's "Tin Soldier".
(Recommended---by me and by Ellen Laan of Millenium).

Womens sf tends to be more humanistic and to
concentrate on the 'soft' sciences, though not ex-
clusively. Kate Wilhelm and Catherine Moore have done
brunning hard science stories. See Moore's "No Woman
Born", a story that still haunts me 11 years after I
first read it.

All of the stories in MORE WOMEN OF WONDER con-
tain more-or-less explicit feminism (WARNING!) The
most explicitly feminist is Joanna Russ in "Second
Inquisition", reminiscent in style though not plot,
to SEXUAL MAN. Russ' style I personally find delight-
ful. As is Josephine Saxton in "Power of Time".

The cover art is excellent though uncredited.

Guin Books; 1976; 268pp; \$3.30.

THE WALLS OF THE WORLD

by James Tiptree jr

reviewed by Bruce Ferguson.

James Tiptree jr has won Hugo and Nebula Awards for
short stories. These are now collected into sev-
eral volumes---all very worthwhile and thought-pro-
voking.

James Tiptree jr "writes like a man" according
to Robert Silverberg in the preface to one of Tiptree's
collections. ((WARM WORLDS AND OTHERWISE)).
She does, however, acknowledge that Tiptree is a
pseudonym. James Tiptree jr is really Alice Racoon
London, and she writes better than Silverberg. Her
characters are real---human, alien, and otherwise.
And she's got ideas.

UP THE WALLS OF THE WORLD is Tiptree's first novel
and it displays all the features that make her stories
worthwhile. The novel begins on three planes: a psi
research station on Earth; the highly psychic world
of Tyrenni; and the Destroyer, and alien parasite
inhabiting worlds.

The Destroyer has become lost from its group.
In its travels it devours a few worlds and approaches
Tyrenni.

This planet is inhabited by squid-like beings
who float in the atmosphere. They produce such arts
as psychic perception and astral projection. They
ride the electromagnetic winds of the planet and have
strongly defined sex roles. Tivonel is female and
the alien we get to know best. Her mate Giadoc is the
explorer who makes first contact with the Earth group.

On Earth Dr. Daniel Dann is the medical officer
tending a group of psychic weirdos. The military/
moral conflict arises here as the nature of the Navy
project becomes apparent. This group is contacted by
Giadoc and a few (willing and unwilling) exchanges
take place between the two worlds. The Destroyer in-
tercepts as som stray within its grasp...

The developments and the conclusion are most
interesting. Tiptree has written about the Earth she
knows and it shows---from the details of each character
to the environment they are placed in. The aliens
are especially convincing.

Very worthwhile.

Cover art: George Underwood; Pan 1978; 310pp; \$4.95.



CLOSE TO CRITICAL

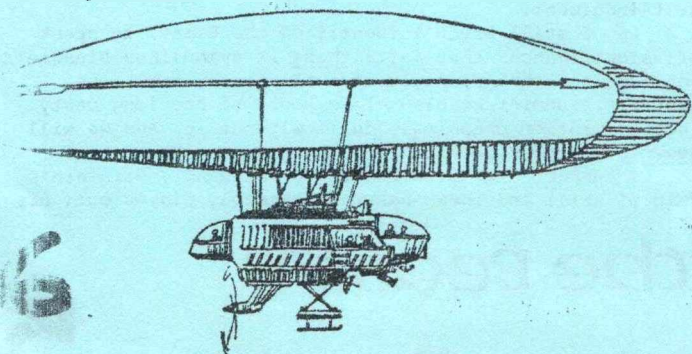
by Hal Clement.

reviewed by Debi Kean.

I discovered, ten pages into CLOSE TO CRITICAL, that
I'd read it in High School nine years ago. But it is
a book that well repays reading again.

It is in some ways similar to MISSION OF GRAVITY,
which I read at New Year---aliens on a planet with
conditions all but impossible for humans to endure,
acting as human agents. But the differences are there,
too, and many. Each book is optimistic, the alien/
human relationship is good, the humans are benevolent
(much more so than they'd likely be in reality), and
teach the aliens in a tutorial manner. Yet the humans
learn too.

CLOSE TO CRITICAL is set on Tenebra, a planet
circling Altair. The planet has little or no light,
three to four times Earth's gravity, and a 370-degree
temperature. A robot has been on Tenebra for 16 years
at the opening of the story: teaching kidnapped
Tenebran children in the hope of using them to learn
the geophysics of the planet. The situation is stable.
Then two diplomats, the Earthman Councillor Rich, and
the Drommian Aminadabarles, arrive for a tour of the
project. Raeker, the main man behind the robot, finds
himself having to use his native 'children' in a res-
cue attempt when Easy Rich, the 12-year-old daughter
of the Earthman, and Aminadorneldo, the son of Amina-
dabarlee, are trapped on Tenebra in a bathyscaphe
that plunges to the planet's surface. The rescue is
complicated by the tribe Raeker's Tenebrans were
taken from as eggs, led by Swift, an egotistical and
engaging character.



Like MISSION OF GRAVITY, all ends well. Hard science is presented readably, mixed with interaction that makes CLOSE TO CRITICAL a hard book to put down.

Dallantine Books; 1964; reprint \$2.25.

SPACE ON MY HANDS

by Fredric Brown.

reviewed by Bruce Ferguson.

Fredric Brown is one of those writers who frequently produces a story that is really memorable. Those stories with the crazy ideas and endings, that are remembered among the classics. This volume is a collection of some of his tales and they are great!

In his introduction he invites his readers to meet the stories: the mouse who missed the moon, the ostrich in the polka-dot necktie, the spaceship in the sandwich, and the chicken who couldn't talk. These are the sort of characters that Brown reveals with.

The first story, "Something Green", is a new idea on the 'last on a planet' castaway theme. McGarry and a friendly native he calls Dorothy are searching for a wrecked spaceship. On the dust-red planet McGarry dreams of the green of Earth. Then rescue arrives and shatters his reality.

"Crisis, 1999" tells of criminals who are beating the lie-detector, and the detective in his inconspicuous bright red suit who solves the puzzle.

"Pi in the Sky" deals with another crisis---the stars in the sky start moving---rapidly! Navigation and astronomy are thrown amok but all is resolved in the end, with a lovely twist that shouldn't be revealed.

Fred wrote the short sf story "The last man on earth sat alone in a room. There was a knock on the door..." In "Knock", he tells what happens afterwards.

"All Good BEMs Come to the Aid of the Party": I am a little unhappy about this one. I dislike stories about writers who write about writing. The characters in this one are hilarious and save the tale.

"Daymare" is a longer mystery story along the lines of P. Dick. Multiple realities conflict until the hero finds the answer. The whole thing is built around an interesting scenario.

What would you expect about a story called "Opening Sirius"? Nothing serious? Good. You wouldn't be disappointed. A troop of space-age gypsies have had a successful run on the two inhabited planets around Sirius. On their way home they find an old planet on a crazy Circus-planet. Picturesque insanity. Mitkey is the Sar Mouse. Most of the dialogue is told in this crazy German that no-one else would be able to get away with. A German scientist puts Mitkey in an experimental rocket and aims it at the moon. He misses...

The final story is the most serious. "Come and Go Mad". Another sf mystery, it develops the mystery of the lead character and then moves onto a more sinister mystery in the asylum. Ominous, and with a non-standard ending.

On the whole, this collection is highly recommended. No more Fred Brown stories will appear (he died in 1972), but those around will be remembered for a long time.

Spartan, 1980; 239pp; \$2.90.

TIME AFTER TIME

film by Nicholas Meyer.

reviewed by Debi Kean.

The creative genius behind TIME AFTER TIME is Nicholas Meyer, who wrote "The 7% Solution", which had a meeting between the real Sigmund Freud and the fictional Sherlock Holmes. I saw TIME AFTER TIME on 4th July with a non-fan who is gaining an interest in sf---he surprised himself by liking it.

It is, a very good film. The inherently un-

likely plot combines Jack the Ripper (David Warner) with H.G.Wells (Malcolm McDowell) and San Francisco in November, 1979. Following a murder, the Ripper (one John Leslie Stevenson) arrives late for dinner with Wells and half a dozen friends. It is a farewell, Wells explains, for he is leaving---not London---but 1883. He shows the assembled and disbelieving company his Time Machine and explains its principles. A discussion follows, the cynical Ripper claiming that the future will not be the Utopia Wells expects. The arrival of the police and the discovery that Stevenson is the Ripper precipitates his flight. Wells follows.

There is some fine comedy in the culture-shock Wells sustains in 1979 San Francisco. A hair-raising cab ride, Hare Krishnans, escalators, an electric toothbrush, and an affair with a liberated lady are all met with initial confusion and dawning comprehension. All three principals do a very fine acting job---McDowell and Warner especially so. There are some brilliant moments. A murder leaves Stevenson/the Ripper unstained but for a single drop of blood on his cheek that looks just like a tear. Amy's horror when she finds the 'future' newspaper announcing her murder. Wells's pleading with disbelieving police for her rescue. The horror of cops arriving to find her blood-spattered apartment. The police chief's futile apology.

It becomes very easy to care deeply about the fate of Wells and Amy; very involved. The time-travel paradoxes are handled well and subtly. Wells's dawning realisation of what we suspected---the immutability of the known future---is well handled.

The seamless blend of reality (Wells really did marry an Amy Catherine Robbins) is well done.

The sf elements are subordinated to sociological and thriller ones. But as serious and well done sf, TIME AFTER TIME is a gem.

Starring Mary Steenburgen; McDowell; Warner.

RELEVANT FOOTNOTES DEPARTMENT:

While on the topic of sf writers and their intimate friends, a recent and enjoyable book-of-the-film which had H.G.Wells in California as a time-traveller chasing Jack the Ripper, ended with a US girl going back with him to eventually become his wife. Fine, unless you know about the existence of Amber Reeves, Olette Keun, and especially Rebecca West, by whom he had a son, Anthony Panther West. He also met the real Catherine Amy Robbins---known as "Jane" to him and others---while still married, not later, and was married to her when Rebecca West knew him so closely later in his life.

-----Peter Graham.

((From fragments sent to WARP by Peter, of a fanzine that never reached birth: TUAUI))



WARREN

The Computer Burped

by Maureen Ahern.

Section IV is a bureaucratic paradise. From the Bureau of Birth Records to the Register of Zoological Identities, every aspect of Centaron life has its own government department. Since each department is a separate and exclusive entity, it is unable to communicate with any other government department except through the intermediary of the Central Institute of Extended Contacts which is, of course, located---not on Centaron IV---but on Centaron III.

And now for my problem, which is that I don't exist. This has not always been the case. Once I did exist, but it was for such a short time that it is possible no memory exists anywhere in any computer-records. You see, the central computer burped. When I was born, literally, my parents registered me at the Institute of Births where I was born, figuratively, as a nine-digit-bar-reference letter unit. Unfortunately for me, a death of a 74-year-old male was recorded soon after at the Institute of Deaths. When the death-entry was sent to the Central Institute for forwarding on to the Records Bureau, the birth entry that was extracted was mine and not his original entry. As I have discovered, we both had similar digit numbers and the same bar-reference letter. You might think that it was an unusual mistake and one that could easily be rectified, but you would be wrong. All my entries under educational, social, and domestic were credited to my number in the deceased section, even though they were credited after the date of my death. It is obvious to me now that computers really don't think, and nor do they have one spark of curiosity in them; but then, bureaucratic officials never have a questioning mind.

Now of course, I didn't find this out all at once, nor did my parents ever find out, because they applied for everything for me under their own names. It was only when

criminal charges for registering a false birth, that I was never going to be born again. The central computer would never admit to simply making a mistake since its whole programming was dependent on the accurate assimilation of data. The computers could not work on the idea that they might be making a mistake. And so I was very depressed. I couldn't work because I had no educational qualifications and no official was going to pay someone who didn't register on his files.

And then I had an idea. If I was dead, then the man who originally died was still alive. And so he was, or rather I was as I merely assumed his identity. I could get married. There is a difference of 73 years in our ages, but as my wife and I are similar in our ideas, the marriage should work and be a happy one. The pension I receive from my/his previous occupation keeps us very well off and last year I received an engraved plaque from the President of the Federated Worlds on my 100th birthday. He hopes I have many more birthdays, and I can see no reason why not. But the one thing that really bothers me is that no-one questions who I am. It is becoming so difficult nowadays to tell the androids from the humans.

-----Maureen Ahern

OASIS

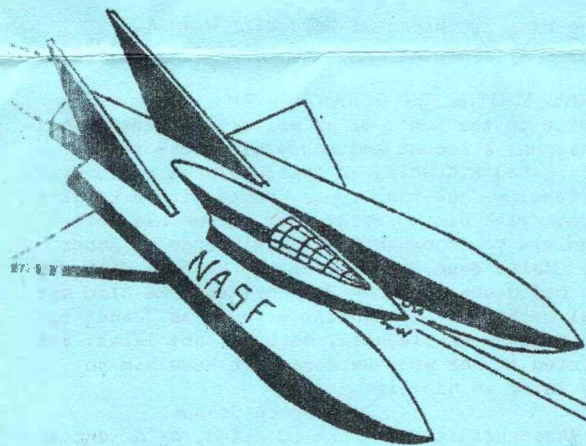
written by Tim Jones.

He stumbled up the sandridge, collapsing at the top
His eyes saw before them only sand.
Heat stroked his heart with fire and his blood
stopped in its course
His first and final voyage had found its bitter end.

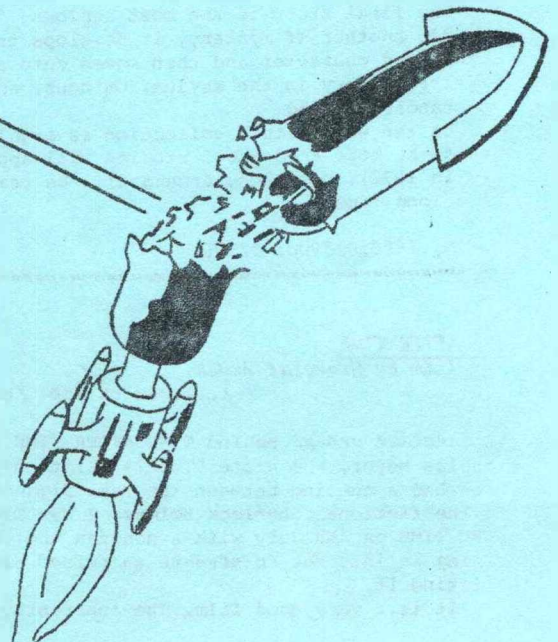
Behind his trail of footfalls lay the ruin of his ship
Too far it fell from orbit, too deep the hot air ripped
He'd stumbled from the wreckage still alive but unaware
Eyes blinded by two suns lights, lungs straining for thin air

Around the black, still figure spreads the timeless desert
sand
A perfect waste as sterile as serene
Save where the man's death-parted mouth, between two
shriveled lips
Trickles life's thin poison into the dry, dead earth.

-----Tim Jones.



Applied for a marriage permit under my own name that I found out that I was deceased. I tried questioning the marriage clerk but it kept referring me to the death-and-records section of the office. Finally, I was forced to go to the Civic Information Official who referred me to the Legal Department, which assisted me in finding a legal expert who secured a legal computer to answer the questions regarding legal status. However, as I didn't exist it had no reference for me and so I couldn't ask any questions. Eventually my legal adviser got permission to ask all the questions. I found out that my identity was irretrievably lost. Neither reincarnation nor resurrection have any effect on status. And I couldn't re-register my birth as both my parents were dead. Nor could I pass myself off as the legitimate son of my only surviving aunt, who was then 74 years old. Not because of the age of the supposed mother but because a doctor would have to certify that she was pregnant and that would be false. As false testimony by a doctor was fraud and a criminal offense, no doctor would open himself open to those charges. Well, it was quite difficult after the legal computer finished listing the



One Night On Organth

A STUDY OF TWO CHARACTERS

by Robert Fowles.

Sergeant was a heavy man; his bulk towered over the others gathering by the laser-fence. He had the sort of solid body that would leave a large dent in a Tri-trac tank, or crush a jeep if his parachute failed.

Ahead of him hummed the invisible death of the laser-fence and behind him lay the black, forbidding wastes of the Green Sea of Organth. Sub-aquatic troop carriers lurked morosely in the darkness of midnight. The Sergeant sank slowly in the putrid mud and reeds as he waited for his squad to form for the attack.

A shadow darker than the already-murky blackness appeared beside him and whispered in a faintly feminine voice reeking of education:

"Serg. We're ready to go...um...Wilkinson was backing up over the edge of the boat before, and... I'm afraid the weight of his radiopac took him straight to the bottom. So I'm afraid we have no contact with him anymore."

"Blasted fool!" snorted the Sergeant, slightly louder than he should have. "Get your ass over to the fence and get this fence turned off!" He wasn't the greatest admirer of the Corporal, and would have accidentally knocked him out of the landing-boat if it weren't for the fact that he was the only Battlecruiser pilot they had.

The Corporal moved away and made a large Glop noise as he fell over a grass-clump and landed flat on his face in the reeking mud. He wriggled away hurriedly as the Sergeant's steel-tipped boot swished his way.

Climbing stickily to his feet he headed for the fence, who was bristling with every anti-combatant, electronic gizmo you could imagine, and half a dozen more you couldn't.

"Right. Get on with it," whispered the Corporal as he tried to ignore the stench of the mud that trickled down his face. He wiped the sleeve of his anti-radiation jacket across his lips, but just managed to get his wrist-stud caught up his right nostril, which sent tears to his eyes.

The Tech crept away, extracting interesting items from his many varied pockets. In seconds the soft hum of the lasers faded and the Squad moved forward through the squelching mud for a hundred metres until they reached the base of a suspiciously clear concrete bank. The Corp plopped up. He was a thin man, a head shorter than the Sergeant and with feet like flippers, always finding something to fall over. Above him sloped the concrete bank, topped with a ghostly light seen now through a gusting haze of mist.

"The mist is coming down," he muttered to the alert bulk of the Sergeant, then ducked as a clenched fist whoshed back.

"I can see that!" hissed the hulk, his ears almost glowing with annoyance. "What's in the bank?"

"The detectors are checking now, Serg." He winced as the butt of the larger man's energy-rifle jabbed into the soft of his stomach.

"Well, come back when you know!" snapped the reply as two muscular fingers wrenched the trigger-guard off the weapon.

Slopping noises marked the Corporal's retreat as he searched for the Tech. This was a pretty hard thing to do in the pitch black of Organth night.

"It's clear," croaked the Tech in the Corp's ear, leaving him a minor coronary as he hadn't noticed the other man. "I think it must just be a supporting wall or something like that."

"O.K. then, let's go." The word spread quickly to the Sergeant, who was presently pulling the legs of the Tech. Again the Squad surged ahead, climbing the concrete on all fours to appear on the extremities of a huge expanse of singed grass plateau. An eerie glow emanated from the distant Battlecruiser, squatting happily in the centre of the vast field. In the light of the observant spotlights crawled the itchy grey figures of a troop of Organth soldiers, clad in the gleaming battle-armour which made their four arms



remind one of a fork after a picnic with Uri Geller. They glinted chromely in the shafts of light as they paced back and forth, with their three legs bumbling across the heat-blasted earth, looking through pentagonal eyes for the unexpected.

The Sergeant ground his teeth together with a sound like fingernails on a blackboard and considered the tableau before him. His gun-hand moved unconsciously closer to his holster and almost grabbed the butt of his blaster as the Corporal tapped him on the shoulder.

"Serg," whispered the smaller man, then rolled aside as an elbow slashed through the air where his nose had been. "The men are ready to move into position when you give the word."

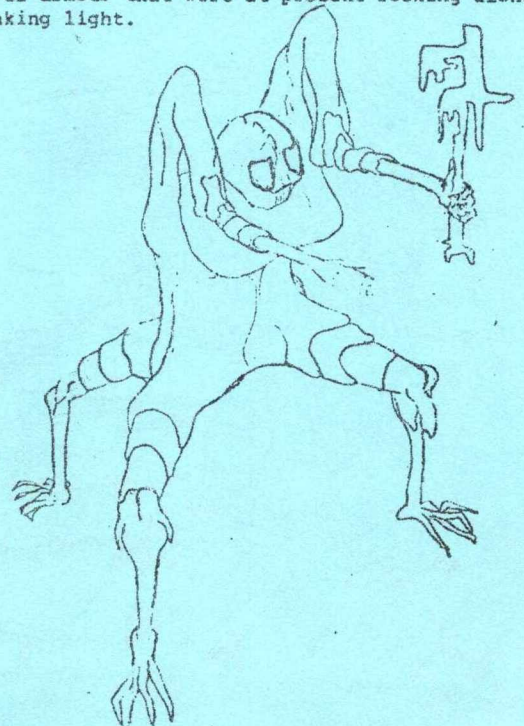
"I'll give you the blasted word alright! Go on, naff off and get the automatic mortar set up!" His finger jabbed into the Corporal's ribs, leaving a nasty bruise and a cracked bone.

"It's all...all done... (moan)...Serg."

"Well, let's move out, then!" rasped the gorilla.

The Corp wheezed the command about and men began scuttling off in different directions into the darkness.

Thudding softly across the artificial island, the Sergeant headed for the far right of the Battlecruiser, where he could have a closer view of the imminent action. He vainly searched the shadows for the slinking forms of his men, the whites of his eyes glinting dully in the reflection of the spotlights as he looked backwards and forwards across the field. An evil grin spread across his face as he thought of what he could do with one of those gleaming chrome suits of armour that were at present rocking along in the raking light.



In the far darkness the Tech worked hurriedly under the watchful eye of Corp, who was actually looking 10 cm's to the Tech's left and couldn't see anything in the darkness anyway. He soon had a small device no smaller than the Sergeant's fist, or a No.6 chicken if you wish, with two switches and four flashing un-lights that didn't glow with random intensity. One click and all electrical apparatus stopped: except, of course, for the little box itself.

The walking forks stopped, wobbling in their tracks as the motorised armour whined to a stop and the spotlights blinked off. The Corp swivelled around, accidentally cracking the Tech across the jaw, and pointed across the darkened area toward the Battlecruiser—or where he thought it was.

His feet thumped heavily in the crackling dry grass and he made good distance before he was felled by a great whistling thud.

"Watch your blasted footwork, you greenhorned mongoose!" spat out the Serg as he lowered his hand from the somewhat squashed face of the shorter man. "This is war, not an athletics meeting!"

Corp gave a wheeze as he sagged to the ground holding his bent nose. Invisible figures thundered past in silence, rushing to immobilise the grotesque trench guards who were cursing violently in sonar at being stopped so easily and unpreparedly. In a short while a light blinked on in the near distance and men started swarming about like moths, attempting to enter the small hatch all at once and generally just causing matters. Serg breathed a heavy oath and, tugging the moaning man to his feet, hustled over to the hatch to bring some order to the mayhem.

Corp staggered into the hatch after a bewildered infantryman and set the airlock cycle into motion, then tottered through the familiar passageways filled with frozen warriors and nervous marines. He found the anti-gravity chute he was after and was hoisted upward for two hundred m's until he reached the control-room, where he found the Serg waiting, impatiently stabbing at buttons on an unlit consol.

"That's the self-destruct unit," hissed the Corp as he moved to the pilot's couch and adjusted the controls for his physique. "If that was turned on, we'd be dead by now."

"Shaddup!" belched the ogre, hurling his energy-

rifle across the room, where it embedded itself in a bank of video monitors. "Just git this heap on the road!"

Corp eased his aching body onto the couch and slid his head into the receptacle where cold metal contacts snapped onto his scalp. Suddenly the cabin came alive with lights and noises; a crackling hiss sprouted from behind Serg's ear as the P.A. came on, then stopped as a ham-sized fist made spaghetti of the speaker. Throughout the ship the Corp's voice echoed, though his lips were as still as his inanimate body.

"All personnel secure for launching, minus forty seconds. We will hit a maximum of two point three G's on this one, so hold onto your heads!"

Serg spat a rude remark across the room as he sank into the restraining belts of his couch.

"Thirty seconds and counting," Corp was in his element now and the grumbling Serg knew it.

"Twenty seconds!"

The crew hurriedly strapped themselves to cushions all around the Battlecruiser as the seconds dribbled away like Serg's insults.

"Minus two...minus one...we're off!"

The massive bulk of metal and plastic groaned as Corp fed instructions through the computer to the anti-grav-propulsors below him. In the dark waters men monitored the successful takeover.

Space came quickly and with it, normal G's. Serg leaped to his feet, tearing two straps away from his couch as he did so, and stalked over to the still form of the Corp. His thick, muscular arm edged down towards the quiet body and nudged the shoulder.

"Come on, get out of there!" He pushed harder. "Stick the blasted thing on automatic and get your ass on deck!"

Corp groaned and slid out of the receptacle towards the hulk.

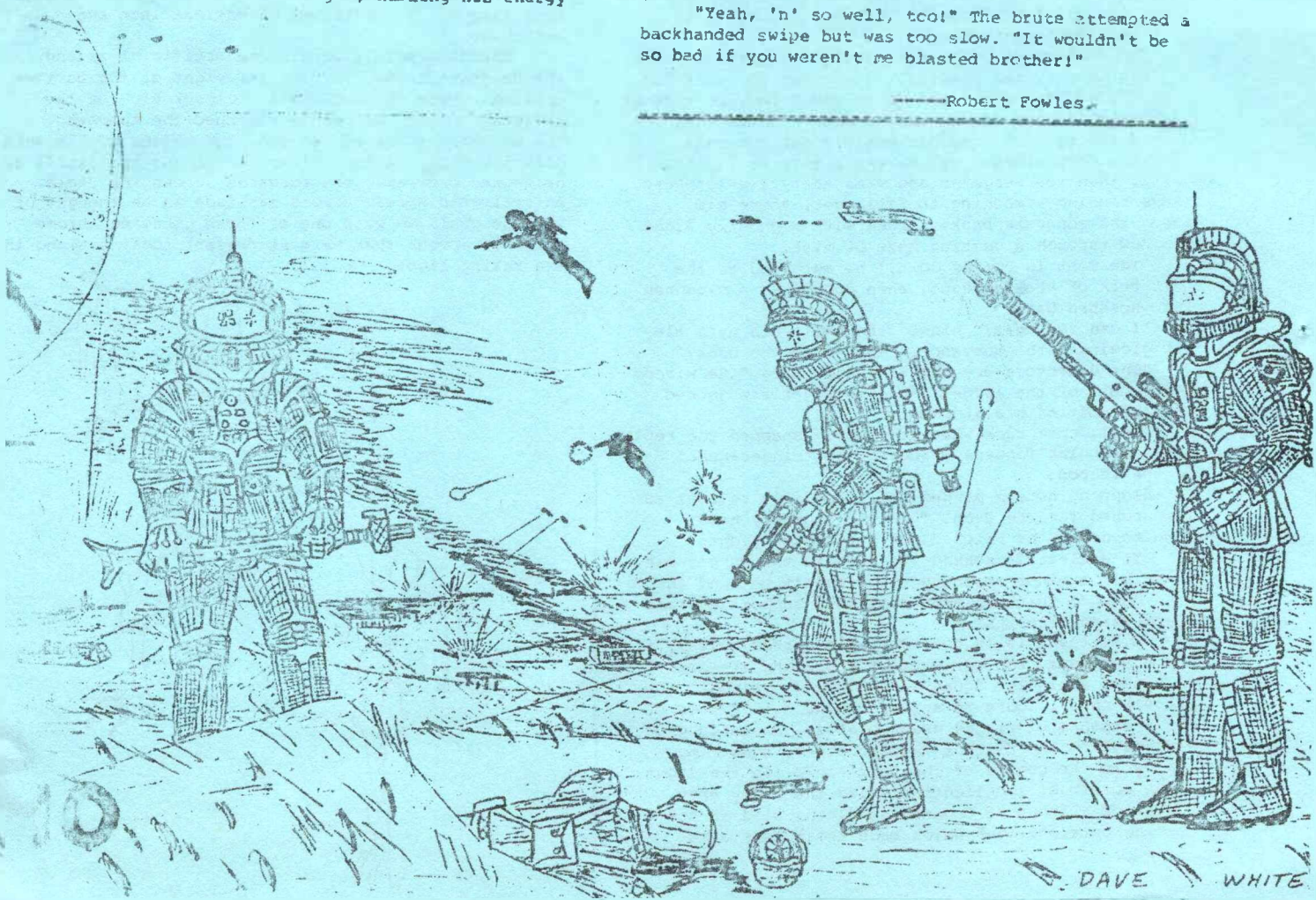
"Why do you always have to pick on me?" His small features peered upwards as he spoke.

"Shut up and get on your feet," grunted the reply as Serg reached for Corp's lapels. "Why do you always talk?"

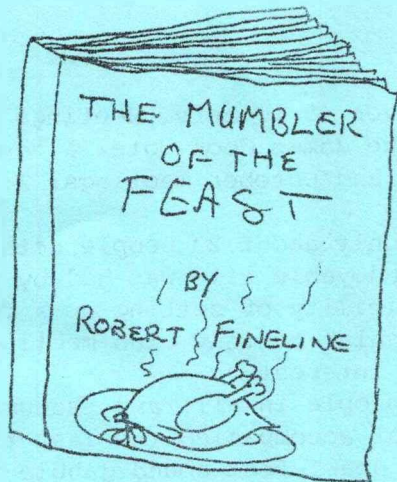
"Why??!" the younger man breaathed as he jolted up into the air and onto his feet. "I'm only doing my job!"

"Yeah, 'n' so well, too!" The brute attempted a backhanded swipe but was too slow. "It wouldn't be so bad if you weren't me blasted brother!"

-----Robert Fowles-----



DAVE WHITE



(As a new service to NASFans, WARP will henceforth carry lists of new sf books---paper and hardback, where possible---being imported into NZ.

The listing will not favour any publisher (beyond the obvious point that we can only print the lists we actually receive), distributor or retailer; this is a service to the readers, not the booksellers. However, we will indicate with a short code where the particular title came from---"H" for Huyser Books, "GEG" for Gordon & Gotch, etc---to aid the reader in actually getting hold of the books they want.

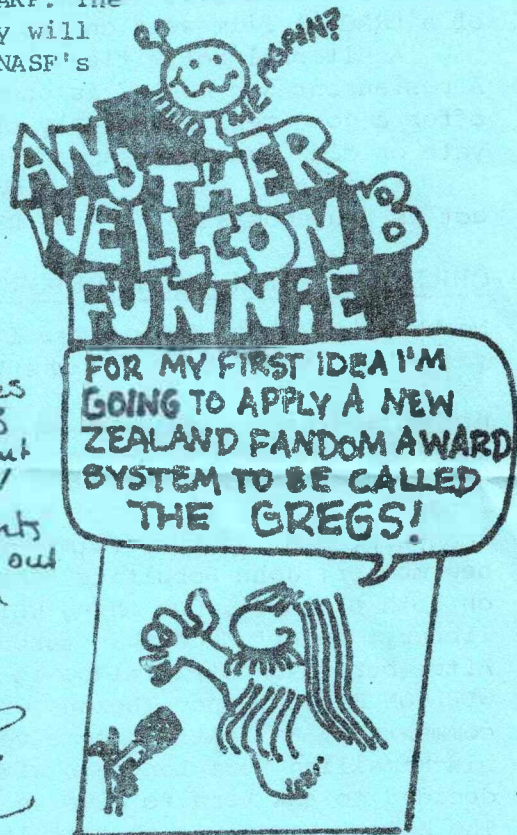
The list this is all from Huyser's. Titles cover volumes ordered from publishers July/August catalogues.)

- LIPEKEEPER, Mike McQuay, Avon pb, US price \$2.25
- THE WEB, Joan Cox, Avon pb, US price \$2.50
- WIK IS THE SUN, Philip Jose Farmer, Del Rey pb, \$2.25
- WHEEL DRIVER, Lee Correy, Del Rey pb, \$1.95
- WYMAN BLACK #97/
- WARGO UNKNOWN, Kenneth Robeson, Bantam pb, \$1.95
- THE ROAD OF AZRAEL, Robert E Howard, Bantam, \$2.25
- WOMAN THE REBEL, Poul Anderson, Bantam pb, \$2.25
- THE LIGHT BEARER, Sam Nicholson, Berkley pb, \$1.95
- WADEN VANITY, Rachel Pollack, Berkley pb, \$1.95
- WOMAN A DAY, Philip Jose Farmer, Berkley pb, \$2.25
- PLANET CALLED TREASON, O.S.Card, Dell pb, \$2.50
- SPACE MAIL, ed. Isaac Asimov, Fawcett pb, \$2.50
- ((N.B. THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST by Heinlein is also in the July Catalogue from Fawcett, at US\$6.95. Huyser has not ordered it, so if you want it you'll have to ask for it))
- THE SPINNER, Doris Pserchia, DAW pb, \$1.95
- STAR'S BEST HORROR 8, K.Wagner, DAW pb, \$1.95
- STAR HUNTERS, Jo Clayton, DAW pb, \$1.75.
- WIZARD IN BEDLAM, C.Staheff, DAW pb, \$1.95
- ACCIDENT, MY ENEMY, Gordon Dickson, DAW pb, \$1.75
- WIMBRAND, John Morressy, Playboy pb, \$2.25
- WEB OF ANGELS, John Ford, Pocket pb, \$2.25
- NEW DIMENSIONS 11, Robert Silverberg ed, Pocket pb, \$2.50
- MECHASM, John Sladek, Pocket pb, \$1.95
- THE WEAPON SHOPS OF ISHER, A.E.van Vogt, Pocket pb, \$1.95
- PERNOCOULES, D.G.Compton, Pocket pb, \$1.95
- RAMBU, Robert Asprin, ACE pb, \$1.95 ((Aug list ((N.B. LOST DORSAI by Dickson begins)) is also in the Aug catalogue from Ace, at US\$4.95. Huyser has not ordered it))
- 100 Great SF STORIES, Isaac Asimov ed, Avon pb, \$2.50
- BEST SF OF THE YEAR 9, Terry Carr ed, Del Rey pb, \$2.25
- WONDMARKS, Roger Zelazny, Del Rey pb, \$2.25
- WASSILEE, Susan Coon, Avon pb, \$2.25))
- WANCERS OF ARUN, Elizabeth Lynn, Berkley pb, \$1.95
- THE WRITINGS IN SF 2, V.Schochet, Berkley pb, \$1.95
- WATTLESTAR GALACTICA 4, Glen Larson, Berkley pb, \$1.95
- BEST SF OF YEAR 8, G.Dozois ed, Dell pb, \$2.25
- WICK, Steven Spielberg, Dell pb, \$2.50
- BREAD COMPANION, Andre Norton, Fawcett pb, \$1.95
- SERPENT'S REACH, C.J.Cherryh, DAW pb, \$2.25

AN INVITATION.

To distributors and sellers of new sf titles: WARP will list, free of charge, any listing of new sf titles that you are bringing in/out of NZ, provided we receive the list not more than one month before the copy date of the next issue. THIS IS NOT AN ADVERTISING NOR SALES-PITCH SECTION. The information WARP needs is: Title, author, publisher and whether paper or hard back, and the cover price (the price actually printed on the book by the pubber).

If you want a title reviewed in WARP, send 1 copy to NASF's Wellington address endorsed 'review copy'. The book will be read and a review printed in a subsequent issue of WARP. The review copy will revert to NASF's Library.



This → cartoon concludes on page 3 ... sorry 'bout the split! The contents page ran out of room for it...
Gragh
Ly

- BEAST OF ANTARES, Alan B Akers, DAW pb, \$1.95
- HUNTER OF WORLDS, C.J.Cherryh, DAW pb, \$2.25
- HAIL HIBBLER, Ron Goulart, DAW pb, \$1.75
- LEVIATHAN'S DEEP, Jayge Carr, Playboy pb, \$2.25
- THE SILVER SUN, Nancy Springer, Pocket pb, \$2.50
- COMMUNIPATH WORLDS, Suzette H Elgin, Pocket pb, \$2.50
- THE BUTTERFLY KID, C.Anderson, Pocket pb, \$1.95
- BEST OF DAMON KNIGHT, D.Knight, Pocket pb, \$2.50
- ASSIGNMENT IN ETERNITY, R.A.Heinlein, NAL pb, \$1.95
- JACK OF SHADOWS, Roger Zelazny, NAL pb, \$1.75

((The above listing was garnered from a complete booklist supplied by Huyser; I may have missed one or two titles here and there---in fact, I'm positive I have. Next time the listing will be from Huyser's own order selection & so will be complete. As will the listing of any other shop/distributor received. All WARP requires is the information as noted above: TITLE, Author, Publisher and paperback (pb) or Hard-cover (hc), and \$price, cover-price not NZ retail price, please note. Retail prices vary; but readers can guess the mark-ups of their usual haunts by comparing cover-price with shop-price. Hence the cover-price will be more useful than the list-supplier's retail price in NZ. Clear??))

WELLINGTON BRANCH REPORT

The Branch continues in excellent health, with over 45 members. Meetings are still held in the WEA Rooms on the Terrace (opposite the James Cook Hotel & the IBM Building) on the 3rd Sunday of every month. September and October meetings: 2:00 pm; and from November to March inclusive: 6:00pm.

The July meeting was poorly attended, with only about 23 people bothering to turn up. Schedule called for wargaming, and an enjoyable time was had by all players. Suggestions have been floated regarding the possibility of setting up a regular wargaming meeting, to be held in addition to the regular monthly club meetings. Whether this suggestion goes any further is dependent on interest.

The August meeting was attended by over 30 people in all, and featured a rerun of SILENT RUNNING on account of the disasters that accompanied the last time it was shown at a NASF meeting. This time all was well, apart from sound gabble towards the end of the film (cause unknown). An extra spool that came with the film was also started, but stopped due to unanimous protest when it was found to be a documentary on trainee nurses... (We ran the spool at all only because once previously the shorts of a DRACULA film were on the 'gift' spool...)

Additional activities presently in planning include a Christmas 'do' somewhere. A restaurant was mooted as one possible venue, but unless one can be found that can offer a good meal and plenty of seats for under \$15 a head we may end up with private or club catering and a rented room. More news later...

A visiting American fan was at the July meeting, and was promptly dubbed-in to act as Dungeonmaster for the D&D game. Duncan Lucas was also at the July meeting.

CHRISTCHURCH BRANCH REPORT

* → see page 18.

No news; my fault this time. I phoned Judith Yeatman for a précis, but---true to form---I have lost it for the time being.

DUNEDIN BRANCH REPORT (from Tom Cardy, Dunedin Secretary)

Meeting was held Monday July 7th in the WEA rooms in Manse Street. First up was a lengthy official meeting discussing various issues. It seems very likely that we will soon hire a sf feature film---what we don't know---and later several sf wargames. A new member, John Schulties (who seems to have connections with everything) is working on both of these. One thing which is turning out for the better is our book-lending library: Robert Cardy has taken charge of a detailed list and is still collecting. After bursts of officialdom it was a fun-filled half-hour showing photographs from WELLCON B with Vince Whelan, Greg Cameron, Rex Thompson, and myself giving a running commentary. We featured some very funny photos including one which we considered black-mailing Vera Lonergan with. We decided against this though and instead have decided to ask Vera to give us a lift back to Sydney next time she visits Godzone. The other reason was that at least for the moment, Dunedin is rolling in money---all \$140.00 dollars-worth as Treasurer Alan Thompson has reported. So we're making progress.

Some though of you may be aware of at least ten members down here who are no longer showing interest. We're trying to woo them back due to the restructuring of the club. Next meeting Sunday 2:30 August 3.

((Meeting of 3 August)) This was our first meeting held on a Sunday afternoon. Though prior indications were for a good attendance it only attracted nine. Most of the time was dominated with important issues such as advertising, book-lists, tapes, etc. What annoys me and several others is the fact a newsletter was sent to all members---including those well overdue (ie ex-members)---without much response. So officially Dunedin Branch has plummeted to fifteen members. Hopefully we'll be able to get renewals and more new interested. Our new "Advertising Mission" begins with our next meeting---7th September.

((Dunedin meetings are held on the 1st Sunday of each month at the WEA rooms, Churchill Building, Manse Street, Dunedin. Tom refers to them as "cheap, but not nasty"... I would hate to think apathy is forcing Dunedin along the same road as Auckland: not so long ago, Dunedin's membership rivalled Wellington's. Why the decline? The new Dues certainly account for part of it, but...Wellington has not been hit noticeably hard by the raise. And nor need Dunedin, if members will only take an interest in their local affairs. End ~~the~~ sermon.))

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COMMUNICATIONS

(The letters *this* are the usual selection of miscellaneous fragments that popped into WARP's capacious PO Box. But first, let me explain how NASF's mail works. There are two keys to the PO Box: held by the Secretary and the Editor, who are the individuals most concerned with postal communications.

Mail addressed simply to "NASF" is opened by whoever gets there first, and any material appropriate to that person is abstracted (the rest, if any, being left to the other person). Mail addressed to "Greg Hills" or "The Editor" or "WARP" or such unmistakable intent is left unopened by Gary. Mail addressed to "The Secretary" or "Gary Perkins" etc is left unopened, by me. Mail addressed to other people is taken away by whoever expects to see that person soonest. Or passed on by mail. Or held until the next Wellington Meeting.

It simplifies the jobs of Gary and myself if mail is addressed appropriately to what it contains. If there is something for both of us, address it to "NASF". If for one only, address it to whoever is concerned. PLEASE!)

Judith Yeatman,
63 Stanbury Avenue,
Christchurch 2.

In issue No.17 you say "I have emptied the stocks of reviews and articles!" Well, contributions from some members (not me) must have been sucked into a black hole!

What has happened to the pages of sf-related quotations I sent to WARP over a year ago to fill in odd gaps? So far, not one of them has been used. Several would have fitted in the blank on page 3 of issue 17. (Maybe so. What did happen to those pages, we wonders, yess, we wonders. They weren't among the stocks of material I inherited from previous editors.)

In issue 17, you also say "Your editor has compiled a beginning list (of specialist sf bookshops in NZ)...so how about a bit more data, which can be listed---complete---in a future WARP???" Well, over a year ago (there must have been another black hole) I sent NASF details of the DIC-Beaths bookshop in Christchurch. At that time it had the biggest sf selection in the South Island. I suggested that NASF inquire to the owner as to the possibility of club discounts and mail-orders. When I inquired recently, no action had been taken by NASF.

At the present time (July 1980) the owner of the DIC-Beaths bookshop also owns three other bookshops in Christchurch and between them they must now have the biggest sf selection in New Zealand! Although these shops also stock general literature, they specialise in all aspects of sf, fantasy, strange phenomena, etc. The shops respectively are: DIC-Beaths Bookshop (in the basement), Cnr Colombo and Cashel Streets, Christchurch. Stocks mainly new books and new magazines but some second-hand books and accepts trade-ins. Shop 15, Cashfields Arcade, Cashel Street, Christchurch. All new books and magazines. 72 Bookshop, The Mall, Brighton, Christchurch. I've never been to this shop but it's supposedly very much like the others. The one address to write to for any of these shops is: Shop 21, Cashfields Arcade, Cashel Street, Christchurch.

Scorpio Bookshop, PO Box 2376, Christchurch, while not sf specialist, certainly has a much bigger selection than The Bookshop (mentioned in issue 17) and is just as willing to order. It is an alternative bookshop and therefore stocks all aspects. Scorpio receives the latest "Star Trek" books weeks before any other bookshop in Christchurch (although in limited numbers, but you only have to order more copies) and also has the soft-cover version of THE SCIENCE FICTION ENCYCLOPEDIA, edited by Peter Nichol&s, which cost just over \$16 compared with \$52 for the hard-cover version! They will take orders for this encyclopedia.

Lists of magazine costs in every issue, as well as the Editor's interruptions in all contributions (although stories seem, temporarily at least, immune) do not encourage people to contribute to WARP.

(Perhaps not. But the costs were hitting me heavily and preyed on my mind rather more even than my comments showed! I am now more financially sound, as is NASF, and will accordingly keep future comments...er...to ~~current~~ current matters...)

Keith Smith,
42 R.D. Waitara,
Waitara Road,
Taranaki.

I've got the latest WARP in front of me and found the contents interesting, ie the birth of NASF. What I'd be interested in is why the name WARP was selected. Sounds like there was quite an argument about it. ((There was. Initially there were two inconclusive committee meetings on the subject; then a further 6-hour marathon which finally came to a vote. Frank Macskasy wanted it to be VISIONS; Helen Morpeth (President at that time) wanted WARP. The vote tied, the President used her casting vote, and the title became WARP. Discontent among the rest of the membership soon led to an inconclusive referendum (I do not admit WARP was fairly chosen by it, for one!) that barely favoured the status quo. So WARP has stayed WARP ever since. I'm open to a new referendum anytime someone can suggest one that will almost certainly reach a final definition on the subject, pro or con WARP.))

I was also especially interested in Bruce Ferguson's review of ADVENTURE---and DUNGEON---I've played two different versions of ADVENTURE (both on TRS 80's) and it certainly takes a while to figure out. I've also played DUNGEON (It must be, though I think it's called something else on Stephen Worthington's TRS 80). Anyway, that was the game I was exploring while the Con Business Meeting was going on ((shame on you)). At Massey Lloyd Thomas holed himself up in his office with a TRS 80 for three days working out ADVENTURE.

Curiosity will be the death of me sometime. What's the relationship between sf fandom and Vegemite? Also what started the Gnome business you apparently have been labelled with? Maybe someone should write a book---"The History of SF Fandom in NZ". There certainly seems to be enough material. ((Nigel Rowe has started the research for such a project with his lists of fanzines published, plus clubs, etc. Either he or someone else (preferably someone with a wide general knowledge of NZ fandom in both the 50's and today) will probably do a book eventually. For fan print.

Vegemite relates to sf fandom via Western Australian fans, who were giving out V-lid badges and such silliness while promoting their bid for the 19th Aussie NatCon. As for the Gnome business, I know how it started (tattletale Cardy!) but will cut the whole business short here...))

Guess what---someone's forming a New Zealand STrek club (visions of Hills feeling unwell). ~~1/1/81 signed up!~~ If you know of any interested members, then tell them to contact Mrs Lana Fahey at 6 Ohuanga Road, Turangi. That is, if they haven't heard from her already. Looks like NZ ST fandom is finally getting organised. Maybe we'll have our own Con. ((The mind boggles. Huyser Bookshop has a letter from Linda on the wall: trying to set up an early-warning-system for new STrek arrivals. Something I have been meaning to do with WARP/NASF--SF for a while.))

I suppose you've heard of the new radio series starting on "The Tonight Show" on Tuesday and Wednesday nights (check your LISTENER for times). It sounds like it could be quite interesting: be interesting to hear your (and others) comments.

#####

Philip Ivamy,
46 Montreal Road,
Nelson.

Many thanx for the reminder notice of my sub due. Please find enclosed \$.

Also PFE 5 related pics for Section 3 of your contest. They may not be drawn very well but at least they're all related. If only I could draw like Harvey or Duncan!

It's good to see an all-story zine is being done by Frank, I for one will be a subber. It's also good to see conreports and interviews (sort of: the Joe Haldeman thingy).

#####

George "Lan" Laskowski,
47 Valley Way,
Bloomfield Hills,
MI 48013, USA.

Back in 1978 I conceived the idea of putting out a special issue of my fanzine 'LAN'S LANTERN' devoted to Jack Williamson, because of his 50th anniversary as a writer of sf. Thrilled by the results, I checked various sources and discovered another of our senior writers who will soon be celebrating

his 50th anniversary in the field.

Clifford Simak's first story appeared in December, 1931. In 1981 he will have been writing for 50 years. As I did with Jack Williamson I would also like to put together a special issue of LAN'S LANTERN in Clifford's honour. Cliff is flattered by the project and I already have some fans & authors who have promised me material.

This letter is a request for articles, essays, personal musings, artwork, and so forth, from you. This is not merely limited to those who are receiving this letter. If you know friends who would be interested in contributing an article on Clifford Simak's work, an essay, art, or some personal story, please pass my address along to that person. Those of you who know & love Clifford, I hope, would like to do something to make his Golden Anniversary something special.

The target date of publication is the Summer ((read WINTER in NZ!)) of 1981, which gives all of use a year to do something special for Cliff. I would like contributions by the end of June 1981---sooner if possible. If someone would like to do something, but would like a topic or direction into possible areas of Cliff's work, do not hesitate to contact me. I have been reading as much by him as I can get my hands on. ((Thanks for the invite; yes, you may certainly have a revised version of the TIGHT-BEAM article I did & which you asked after. This strikes me as a worthwhile project; and if this letter's printing strikes other NZers likewise...))

Frank Macskasy jr,
PO Box 7345,
Wellington South.

Just a few comments about WARP 17: (a) Good cover. (b) Still hate the stapling at the top left corner. (c) Nice smattering of contents inside. (d) Envelopes next time, please. (e) I find your continued interjections (which have now spread from letters into articles!) somewhat annoying now. I'm not saying that you shouldn't add a note or three about items in WARP, but I feel that to be courteous to the contributing writer it should be done at the end. A good example is the little note you appended to my news about THEMEZINE on Page 3. Perfectly acceptable and desirable. Not so in Peter Graham's article. Your comments...verge on being insulting. ((Blushes and hides face...resolves to do better Next Time)). (f) Good layout with artwork, lettering, etc. WARP seems to be in capable paws, and thriving. ((Capable of what?))

Duncan Lucas,
12 Beattys Road,
Pukekohe.

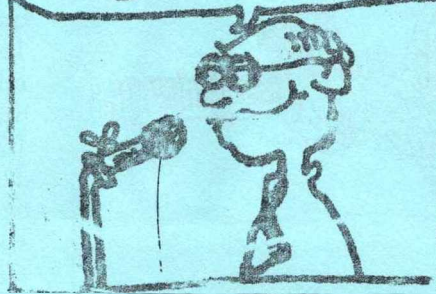
WARP 17 slipped quietly through the letterbox yesterday, accompanied by a nice fat mailing from BASF ((Sorry, BSFA)). Naturally, being first and foremost a patriotic NZer and long-time NASFan, I read the BSFA parcel first. (When you get Jim Barker to do cartoons for WARP, then maybe I'll adjust my schedule!)

I suppose it's time I reared my ugly head in the rag again, having ignored the thing for the past few issues. Comments on those past issues will have to be from memory, I fear---I made the mistake of 'lending' the 'jewels' of my fanzine collection to the President of the Auckland University SF Society...I am still awaiting their return! ('Jewels'? You are surprised I included WARPs among these? Shame..

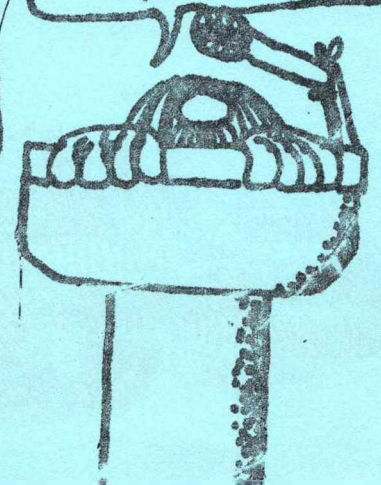
Apparently the Auckland Branch are still deluding themselves. Nigel Rowe is acting President, Margaret Lambert Secretary, the postal address is Nigel's home address, they may have up to six members, but I couldn't give a stuff. Let me explain. The Auckland Branch was at one stage very healthy. Meetings were well attended, but little was achieved, during the early days of Sally Greaves' reign.

STILL
MORE
WELLCON B
FUNNIES!

NOW THAT BRUCE HAS
LEFT TO HAMILTON I'LL
PRESENT THE NEW
WELLCON B ORGANISER
GREG HILLS!



ER... COULD
SOMEONE PLEASE
ADJUST THIS
MICROPHONE?



Then attendences dropped. I stepped in, full of naive enthusiasm, and probably did more haem than good. Things had degenerated to the stage where the standardsresponse to pleas for attendance at meetings were greeted with yawns and statements like "Why should we go to the meetings? We never do anything." To which the reply was "How can we do anything if you never turn up at the meetings?" A vicious circle, then. And I still don't care, although I wish any others, foolish enough to try again, lots of luck. ((They'll need it. It would be nice to have a proper Branch in Auckland again, but I doubt it will ever come about except by a determined effort of will by more than just the present few interested. Now Auckland is no longer officially recognised as a branch area, our membership is rebounding numerically there. To the point of the Branch reforming? Who knows.

But NASF has a lesson to take from Auckland. NO club can last long, no matter how successful it may lock in numbers and resources, unless it uses those resources. Wellington Branch presently comprises in excess of 45 individuals; the August meet raked in over 30 of these as attendees. We are riding high. And looking for ways to channel and encourage this enthusiasm. See the Branch notes. But it will take the interest and participation of every Wellington member to keep this high and to implement the projects presently planning/starting. Wellington, even Wellington, could go the way of Auckland. Make no mistake! But only if people get complacent.))

The HEADS'N'TALES bookshop has but recently folded. I understand they had severe financial difficulties. Perhaps it's comforting to know that Auckland NASF is not alone? What this means is that Auckland is without an sf bookshop. Others are rumoured to exist, but like the Yeti, sightings are unconfirmed). Other 'normal' bookshops do stock sf, but thee lack the quaint old-world charm of H&T---where else could you spebd two hours on a lecture-free afternoon chatting to the shop's staff, leafing thru the stock, meeting other readers, ogling the passing femmes (which, it seems, is all Nigel ever did) and so forth. ((You might try Huyser's here in Wellington. To the sound of rococco Latin American music, yet. Huyser is NZ's longest-running current bookshop---he has been around in the sf shop business for over 12 years. Why does that shop go on and on when others fold??? It's beyond me.))

The Civic Bookshop also has a large stock of recent releases in sf, but you have to search and disregard the 'nudist' magazines in their plain plastic wrappers. And the closure of the Civic is imminent, too.

Franks exposure of the Haldeman visit be a little misleading. In one or two places he neglects to mention the presence of the majority of AUSFS. He also neglects to mention the incident where he handed Mr.H a copy of H.G.Wells' THE SLEEPER WAKES to autograph...For the full report of the visit (and the AUSFS involvement, if I may use suzh a term, therein), I suggest you consult the first issue of AEONS, the AUSFS fanzine, the appearance of which is imminent. ((We're waiting...))

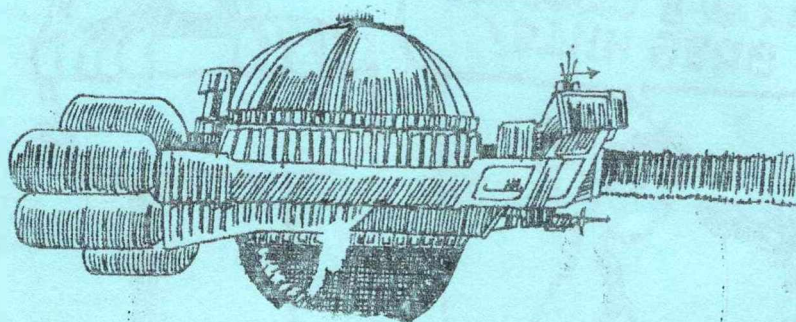
Envelopes versus wrappers. For folk with leaky mailboxes (ie me), envelopes are obviously preferred---for those with PO Boxes, I don't suppose it matters. Wrappers are certainly a cost-saving but, thanks to the ministrations of the PO, the mag almost certainly arrives in a tatty condition. If it saves money, use wrappers.

Finally, the letter column. I'm lukewarm about the format. In TIGHTBEAM it works, perhaps because of the sheer volume of the letters printed. It looks silly if you're having only three of four pages of letters. Don't know why, it just does.

#####

Bruce Ferguson, So WARP keeps
5 Helena Road, to its regular
Hamilton. schedule and
issue 17

arrives. I admire your comments on WARP being NZ's most regular zine, but many will admit that some of those issues would have been better not sent. ((You may be right; a fact I did not deny or ignore. But good or bad, regularity counts for something in an amateur zine. That was my contention)).



Your editorial chatter just isn't I'm afraid, Greg. If you want to moan about costs, fine, but don't go into details in the editorial. If you want to discuss the details then put them seperately. Another word of advice---try and present the information in a table. Accountants used that principle to create the balance-sheet and company loss statements. Scientists use graphs and pie charts. Both or either make more sense than paragraphs. ((Maybe, notwithstanding they also take up more room. But where else should I put editorial gripes about costs?))

A nice range of reviews: occult/con, novels, computer-fantasy games, movie, and personality. Good value. When Robert Fowles first told me about the 'Dartboard' series I was enthusiastic. Delighted to see the second story appear and looking forward to seeing more.

Still don't like the lettercol format. Go ahead, do what you like (you will anyway).

Anyway, general impressions of WARP 17: on the whole good layout (except lettercol), good print, type, and art quality. The different print methods don't detract, and no doubt add financial benefits. Keep the good work up. ((Thanks. I'll try. What do you think of the print quality of this issue?))

#####

Robert Fowles,
34 Mahoe Street,
Waterloo,
Lower Hutt.

May I say how disgusted I was with the last issue. Yes, indeed it was a dreadful thing to behold ((hold thy libellious tongue, vermin!)) even if it did contain a story of my own doing.

The first thing that came to my attention was the fact that the issue was not in the familiar brown envelope, and after being well-handled by the PO and posted into my box during a rainstorm, it was hard to identify the sodden object, let alone read the information about a story comp.

Secondly, there is the matter of illustrations. They seem to appear twice! Some of them in past issues and some of them twice in this issue. I'm afraid that it put me off. ((For a man with "Doubles" vision, you talk too much & repetitiously...)) ((I use what art I have; and in my opinion some art bears reprinting. But what art, pray, was repeated from previous WARPs?))

And now the big issue...my story. Where did you get it? I do not recall sending one in...although perhaps it may have leaked from G.Perkins. I did not really want that one printed just yet...but...it came out well so I'll let this one go. ((Kind of you. But the story was in my contributions folder, and was not marked "do not print until..." and it fitted the issue and I didn't actually dislike it. Soo...and I have done the same this time. See you at the next meeting with/gdn/wh/hard...))

#####

David Bimler,
Flat 8, Old Fire Stn,
Cuba Street,
Palmerston North.

Pope returns, beaming and with films on his mind. Tom Cardy has from me a longish commentary on WESTWORLD, emphasising its moral aspects and denying that it were ever sf. Tom has no choice but to print this, considering its fine writing, etcetera, so you will in time see it. ((This is why he printed a review of it by Tom Austin in WORLDS BEYOND 9/10, I take it?))

Something which has passed through Palmerstoned recent-like---as part of a fillum festival---was THE CARS THAT ATE PARIS. Tell me, have you seen this? ((No.)) Was hilarious. As well as satirising our society's attitude to cars and tolerance of their minor defects (killing people and filling the atmosphere with the fume of tetra-ethyllead)it took off other films in fine style. Example: "High-noon" style shot, showing a street from above as the hero walks slowly down it to meet his enemies at the end. Only the hero is a parking-warden, his mission to ask the youth of the town to shift their cars.

Again: the hero has overcome his phobia against driving (produced when he drove into an elderly pedestrian, scuttling same, previous to the film). "I can drive!" The joy on his face is not detracted by the fact that he is demonstrating his new-gained skill by battering a car repeatedly against another one, the assertive owner of which is now dripping slowly but persistently out under the door.

We also have the town doctor: experiment-minded, a patient strapped to the table, taking an electric drill from a cupboard. The drill is blue, with a dainty little red

... true to form, I found Lana Fahey's letter again. The STAR TREK club is called THE ALTERNATIVE FACTOR, which is also the title of their monthly newsletter. Anyone wanting further details should write Lana with SASE. "There's no waiting months as with overseas clubs."

I'd be delighted to see the Newsletter---As long as I am editor, WARP will be trading with any NZ club (sf/f/STREK/etc) that produces a magazine or newsletter.

#####

ANNE MCCAFFREY VISISS NZ... Depending on how soon I get the originals/stencils of the main part of this WARP back, there will be a report with this issue or next about the McCaffrey visit arranged by Mervyn Barrett and Brian Thurogood. If Duncan is prompt, next issue; if slow, this issue. In case this gets out in time, and in case you didn't get the little flyer Mervyn is sending out, Anne McCaffrey's timetable calls for her to be in Wellington on Sunday 14th September (when there will be a function in the Cultural Centre, 11 Sturdee Street @ 8:00 pm) and Monday 15th, before leaving the country again. She will be in Auckland on the 13th and/or 12th.

#####

Contemplating the consequence ...

Address: confidential.
Date: somewhen within the confines of space & time!

Dear Mr Ed,

((May the horse be with you!)) (Sorry, it's becoming a hobbit to make parathetic jokes (?) like these!))

But seriously, though, congratulations on Wellcon B, which we thought was a great success. When you consider how many non-conformists were congregating in such a small (but convenient(?)) hotel, it constantly amazes us that 2 people as conservative as we are didn't feel conspicuous and self-conscious!

We do have some gossip (in connection with Wellcon) of considerable interest to a great number of people, but we must confess that we value our lives and will not risk them to make certain persons uncomfortable. Confound it!!! ((uncomfortable?))

In conclusion, we would like to convey our deepest sympathies concerning the conditions of the jokes (?) (You're lucky you got the condensed version). Confused???

So are we!!!
-----Teresa Zajkowski & Susanna Whiteman.
((This confirms the laconic reports that have been coned into the PO Box. Count the CONs in the above blurt time, folks!))

#####

Things that Never Were Department...

Well, actually, some of them were and some weren't were. Some of the things that were are... a conreport from Keith Smith---reverts to the Post-Con Book (when I can get it---and TANJENT 11---out); the odd minor contribution; plus news that has become outdated and/or lost since I received it. Things that weren't include a couple of good, long articles; more reviews than I could use; a Kustom Kover (see the last two issues---esp. #16---for what I want!); more news; more letters; ~~a/tech/embroidment~~ ~~sf/f/NAZF/Theddddy~~... that sort of thing. So as usual I begs, I asks, for ~~dlhs~~ any signal material you think may prove acceptable. Long, short and middle-length. ANYTHING relating to sf/f fandom. Give me enough and you'll probably eventually get a second NASF magazine: and both will be ~~better/than~~ as good as WARP is...

#####

FINAL PRODUCTION NOTES...

Well, the electrostencilled pages came back on Monday 8sep; which leaves me with most of the printing still to do. The issue will therefore be a little later than desired (4 days late, in fact). And I'm not pleased with the stencils---the images were set so far over on them that the very leftmost edge just could not be satisfactorily inked (hence the fade-out) on most. I have taken steps to ensure future stencils will not be so affected. The extreme setting also meant that I went to ludicrous lengths to get the image placed where I wanted it on the paper. And just to complete my exasperation, I dripped conflu over the edges of the pics I was sticking into the centre pages of the lettercol. It's been one of those days! But I have learnt from the experience. And THE NEXT ISSUE SHALL BE BETTER!

