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THE MAGAZINE OF  
THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR SCIENCE FICTION

1980



ISSUE  
**19**

# WARP



# WARP

The Magazine of  
the National Association for Science Fiction

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# editorial

## greg hills



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**FROM GREAT SADIM'S THRONE**  
**AN EDITORIAL OF SORTS.**  
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There is something I want to know. Why, oh why, do so many fan-writers spoil their fiction's flow by choking it up with great, indigestible chunks of lecture?

In this WARP I print two items of amateur sf. And in both cases I was forced---after wrestling with my conscience (I don't enjoy hacking about with other people's words)---to delete large portions which were devoted simply and exclusively to filling in background that was unnecessary to the reading or comprehension of the story. For Frank's effort this 'censorship' was simple---a "Prologuectomy", the radical excision of several hundred words of useless, boring fat. Debi was slightly more subtle, and to cure her tumour I had to whittle it from healthy 'tissue' that surrounded it (The scar is noticeable---test your critical skills by telling me where I did it, folks!)

These stories came from last year's story contest, and I suspect in both cases most of the NZ references were inserted simply in order to make the story fit the limits placed on the contest. Both incorporated this gear well, however...apart from the tumours mentioned.

Can it be that I am wrong, and that fans like to read lectures that stop action and plot for hundreds of words? Or is it simply a pitfall of amateur fiction that slips through because the writers don't reread their work with critical eye after having writ?

But enough of that. Please remember **THE DEADLINE FOR THIS YEAR'S STORY CONTEST IS ALMOST ON US---it will be past by WARP 20's arrival---YOU HAVE ONLY A COUPLE OF WEEKS LEFT TO GET YOUR ENTRIES IN.** Entry is free, and there are prizes. We still have only a few entries by comparison to last year, though no doubt last year's deadline-trend will hold true!

To refresh your memories (the full details were printed on the last page of WARP 17): Subject and all are OPEN this year, with two options for those who prefer to write about a subject given: NZ in 2100, OR write a 'predictive' story about the future---writing it from the viewpoint of someone living in the year 2000!

There is also an art contest. We have only received a couple of entries so far; the deadline is therefore herewith moved back to 1 December, same as the fiction.

Prizes: 1st prize, worth \$10--15; 2 2nd prizes, each worth \$5--7 or a year's membership in NASF. Come on, the competition can't be that stiff!

And still on the subject of next issue, I have an announcement---which will be repeated in more detail in the National News column.

All things change.

Even NASF.

WARP 19 may be the last one of NASF's zines to drop solitary into your letterbox. NO! WARP is not dying, but NASF is in the family way.

From WARP 20 (and for at least WARP 20) NASF will have a second, quarterly magazine.

WARP will continue as at present as regards schedule and, possibly, length. But two things will change:

(a) Photoreduction will be a thing of the past. For a time. There will be no need to squeeze as much material into these pages as we do now, and there will be a shortage of material (temporarily) until supply climbs. I think the improved legibility will be welcome.

(b) The makeup of the zine will change. It will become more news and letters-oriented; and the articles and reviews it prints will be mainly the relevant and

the dated (ie, dated now not 20 years ago) ones. The other reviews, articles, and the fiction, will go to the second magazine.

The second zine is a venture. For it to continue we will need two things: (i) the interest and comments of the membership (send these to WARP for now); (ii) the money to support it (you control that); (iii) the material to fill it. Tom is willing to bring in material from outside NASF---let him. But don't force him to by sitting on your hands and expecting the pages to fill themselves. They won't.

Actually, WARP 18 was the last solo issue. This sees it accompanied by a copy for each NASF member, of TANJENT 11 & the Post-WellCon B Booklet---**OUT AT LAST FOLKS!** I hope to get TANJENT back on a regular footing, and NASF members will have a preferred place on the mailing-list. I don't need to ask for material for TANJENT---I get more than I can print at the moment, except for letters (which are always welcome). Contributions accepted, but WARP and its sibling need them more!

To kill controversy aborning, I am paying the extra postage TANJENT would otherwise cost NASF. TANJENT is my zine, NOT an official NASF zine.

THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK opens nationwide in December---the 5th, according to our newshounds. Our Dunedin Branch recently saw a preview, and two members sent in reviews which appear in this. Will TESS boost NASF the way SW did? Your editor does not know. I'm not a media-fan, and frowned on some of the excesses during the STAR WARS period, but we were better off for the boom's existence than we would be otherwise. Let's hope it happens again. Besides, I did like STAR WARS and I suspect I'll like THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK, too.

I recently, in company with El Presidente Linnette Horne, El Secretary Gary Perkins, and El Treasurer George ("call me Scrooge") Floratos, saw SATURN THREE. My considered advice in the aftermath of seeing it: DON'T! It's not worth the admission. Mad ~~WAAAAA~~ Captain kills colleague, travels to moon of Saturn, build Frankensteinian robot (the "Demigod" series...) which he 'educates' by direct mental contact---thereby transmitting to it both his lust and his mental instability. The stage is set, and after a certain amount of flopping and wriggling the baddie Gets His, the Good Major is a Martyr, and the Country Girl, er, pretty female staff-member (Farrah Faucet---I mean, Fawcett---Majors) gets to go to ~~the~~ ~~the~~ Earth for the first time. Wow. Special effects are generally poor and/or stolen from STAR WARS and 2001. The plot stinks, characterisation nil, and acting ability (?) is a misnomer---more like inability! Ugh!

And since I still have scapel in hand, I'll reply to any and all comments about what I should oughta be printing in WARP. NASF Constitution, Section 4 (f):

"The national committee will appoint the editor of the Association's magazine. The editor will exercise control consistent with the aims of the Association in terms of material printed with the only strictures to be in terms of cost, frequency as decided by the national committee, and the requirement that the editor makes space available for Branch news"

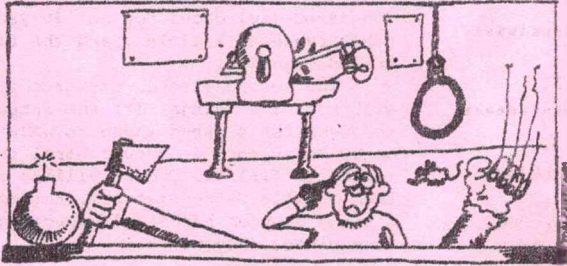
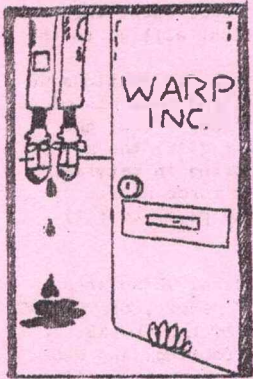
The quote is self-explanatory. The Committee recently confirmed (after hearing letters from Judith Yeatman & Margaret Boyd) that my handling of WARP is well within the limits delineated and that at any rate the Committee is not empowered to censor WARP. Especially under pressure of blackmail.

Let that be the end of it.

-----THE EDITOR.

# YGGDRASIL

MEANWHILE BACK AT NASF HEADQUARTERS--



NATIONAL  
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NASF  
\*\*\*\*  
NEWS :  
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**MEMBERSHIP CARDS!** These are being mailed out with this WARP to all members currently renewed beyond **DECEMBER 1980**. As those of you not presently renewed do so, you will be supplied your cards.

The cards have your name, your membership number, and the date of expiry on them. The date of expiry is the month and year your membership next falls due. **YOUR LAST WARP IS THE ONE FOLLOWING THIS DATE**. But please renew when invited, as this saves confusion and uncertainty and permits NASF to function more effectively.

Membership Numbers? Yes. We supply bookshops offering NASF members discounts with lists of names and numbers of members (with expiry dates). To obtain the discount when buying or ordering, you must show the card or state the number with your name.

**NEW MEMBERS ETC!** The following list of in and out flow for NASF is according to the national files to 26/10/80:

**NEW MEMBERS, RENEWALS, & REINSTATEMENTS:**

Name	Expiry	Area
Dick Adrian	14sep81	Lower Hutt
Maureen Ahern	17sep81	Christchurch
Tom/Robert Cardy	9oct81	Dunedin
Colleen de la Cour	5sep81	Wellington
Rosemary Mansfield	20sep81	Wellington
A R Pelvin	9oct81	Dunedin
Mavis Robertshaw	9oct81	Dunedin
Gary Thomas	14sep81	Palmerston N.
Rex Thompson	22sep81	Dunedin
Vince Whelan	1oct81	Dunedin
J Stephen Worthington	14sep81	Lower Hutt
Judith Yeatman	27sep81	Christchurch

**RENEWALS DUE WITH THIS WARP:**

Name	Expiry	Area
Chris Blowes	21oct80	Raumati
Kevin Bourne	22oct80	Wainuiomata
Jill Gilmore	9oct80	Dunedin
Albert D Jackson	22oct80	Wellington
Michael J Lee	1oct80	Dunedin
Ian Munro	22oct80	Wellington
Jon F H Peloung	11oct80	Christchurch
Brian Piper	23oct80	Wellington
Frank Pool	22oct80	Wellington
Mark A Turner	20oct80	Wellington

From the above lists: all are renewals/reinstatements in one list, except for Stephen Worthington who is our new member for this time... Those in the other list are reminded that their memberships fall due with this WARP; you are invited to renew...

I had hoped to include a list of people dropped for nonrenewal this time, but this proved impossible. There will be such a list next time, made up from nonrenewing members listed in the "Renewals" list this. **IF YOU ARE DUE FOR RENEWAL THIS IS YOUR LAST WARP UNTIL YOU DO RENEW!**

I'm harping on the renewals matter somewhat I know, but we really do need more members. Do YOU know someone who may wish to join? One sample WARP or NASF mailing can be sent to them.

**SECOND NASF MAGAZINE!** Following my suggestion in the last WARP I received the following from Dunedin Secretary Tom Cardy:

"I am going to offer something. Over the past months I've been turning an idea over in my head with regards to **WORLDS BEYOND**. I now plan to make issue 12 a short 'clear-up' issue and the last. I plan to move right onto mimeo and have a more fannish, less predictable fanzine. Then I read in WARP 18 of your suggestions for another NASF magazine. Okay, I'll begin a new quarterly zine and take all the excess articles & pieces of fiction which you have for WARP. I'll incorporate this into said fanzine. It will be a NASF zine out I'll have lightweight interjections such as fanzine reviews, jokes, and the occasional conreport. I can rely

on continual material from outside NASF by distributing copies to fen on my old WB mailing-list. I will pay for ALL printing costs and related sundries and all NASF will pay for is mailing costs to NASF members. The rest, of course, will be mailed to folks I regularly trade with. It will only be costing NASF postage four times a year. The other advantage is that I could get other Dunedin NASF members behind me to help."

The second zine has been kicked around in the NASF Committee meetings up here, and agreed-on in principle---no objections being raised to paying for a sample issue. One modification: since agreed-on by Tom: is that it will be mailed out with WARP, as this will work out a trifle cheaper for two magazines: and it may not be only two zines for long! (More on that later).

**WANTED...**

Issue #1 is now soliciting material, but will probably be heavy on reprints of the type of material Tom is after. Tom will take all the longer and slower-dating articles and fiction, plus less time-relevant reviews.

Issue #1 will be posted out with the **JANUARY WARP**. From then, if it meets with approval, it will appear four times a year enclosed with four of WARP's six issues. This will mean the 'quarterly' schedule will be ragged, but it shouldn't meet with real problems.

WARP will remain NASF's true Official Organ and will carry time-valued news and reviews and reports and all letters not specifically commenting on issues of the second zine.

**NASF LENDING LIBRARY!** At the October meeting the National Secretary reported that the Bookfanzine and Tape Lending Libraries have broken even at last! It is hoped that we will shortly be acquiring more tapes for the tape library, while the book-library has topped 400 volumes (*when I bring my own collection to Wellington this will jump dramatically by at least 200! I have almost 1500 volumes in my personal collection and this is just getting too unmanageable...*). He also promised this issue will receive a fresh portion of the list of books. **PHOTOCOPIES OF THE ENTIRE LIST ARE AVAILABLE FOR THOSE WHO DON'T HAVE A COMPLETE COLLECTION OF WARP.** Or for not too much more you can probably buy the back issues and really profit!

**NEW MEMBERS!** Starting with this WARP we will be listing all new members, renewals, and reinstatements for the previous two months. **ADDRESSES** will NOT be printed unless the member raises no objections. But name and city/town will be printed (not number---that is the member's own business, not that of the whole membership). Also listed will be expiry date...

**TANJENT!** Enclosed with this WARP all NASF members (only) will find a copy of **TANJENT 11/the Post-WellCon B Booklet**, which have finally hit print.

### AUCKLAND BRANCH NEWS from NIGEL ROWE.

Contrary to popular belief, Auckland NASF is NOT dead. Our first meeting for some time now will be held on November 9th at the WEA Rooms, Princess Street, Auck. at 2:00pm. At this meeting I will attempt to restructure the Branch by temporarily merging it with the Martian Way Fan Assn. This has been decided (by both club committees) as being the best solution to get both clubs back on their feet.

Our 1980 AGM will hopefully be held in early December and it is at this time that we will officially elect a new Branch President. I am at present only the acting Pres. We will also decide whether or not to publish a club newsletter.

Anne McCaffrey was here just recently and gave a very good talk to a group of about 40 fans. It was a very relaxed atmosphere and was enjoyed (I think) by everyone.

P.S. You mention in WARP 18 that membership cards will be mailed out soon (*with this issue*). Does this mean you have an up-to-date membership list? (*Yes*) If so I would appreciate a list of current Auckland members with joining and expiry dates.

*[[The membership roster has been purged of the worst of the kinds that were creeping in (and they were many!) and should be kept clean henceforth. It is hoped to list the names & cities of new members in WARP henceforth, and to supply the officials of each Branch with periodic roll-revisions for their Branch.]]*

### DUNEDIN BRANCH NEWS from TOM CARDY.

Our last meeting was held on September 7 & sadly we didn't get anywhere. Attendance is dropping off mainly to no concrete program and a tendency for meetings to quickly transform themselves into boring committee meetings. From now on we'll be keeping most of the 'stuffed shirt' to separate gatherings. Our membership now stands at 17, with half having to renew their dues in the upcoming month! I shudder to think what will eventuate but I think most will renew.

Our proposed advertising drive has been cancelled ---and wisely so. It's been decided that we must have more to offer at meetings or we'll put any prospective members off for eternity.

*[[FROM A LATER REPORT]]: Meeting of Sept80:*

On reflection I must admit this was the best meeting so far this year. We had a good attendance of 21, albeit some were prospective members. The main attraction was an array of short 8mm films: an old SUPERMAN cartoon from the 40's, THE WASP WOMEN, BATTLE IN OUTER SPACE, DESTINATION MOON, ONE MILLION YEARS B.C., and STAR WARS. One amazingly enough kept everyone's attention. Also a questionnaire was distributed to all attendees---asking such questions as interest in films, writing, art, etc; favourite authors; attending conventions. From here we hope to be able to group people who have similar interests. Eventually we hope this will bring about writing workshops, film making, etc.

The lending service, fanzine library are progressing and our finances have improved dramatically (*Tom noted that the balance reported in a previous WARP was found,*

*on audit, to be far too high due to mathematical error by previous Treasurers; the correct sum---then---was only about \$45! Makes one wonder when they last looked over their bank account?!!*). Next up we hope to show full length feature films to attract more members---this meeting was advertised by word of mouth only! So as morale gets a much-deserved boost. Over half kindly accepted John Schulties invitation to listen to a taped interview of Larry Niven. Though it became obvious on arrival that most of us were more interested in John's collection of Aussie beer and his books than a petty thing like Niven... We are finally making headway on what we talked about during the past months. If we keep it up, Dunedin Branch's future looks optimistic.

### WELLINGTON BRANCH NEWS

September's meeting saw Dave White lead a talk on Galactic Empires & their possible shapes. No firm conclusions were reached, but it was enjoyed by all present. Several new faces were in evidence, two of them gained in intensive recruiting at the McCaffrey meeting. The Branch is in good health, as this meeting showed.

October's meeting came, rather poorly attended---we barely made 20 all told---and the feature was Fritz Leiber interviewed on tape. Branch funds have climbed past the \$160 mark, and to use some of these the Branch is subsidising a special event for next month: a double feature at the Wellington Planetarium, INFINITE CONFLICT plus parts of the Planetarium features.

Note that: the NOVEMBER WELLINGTON NASF MEETING will be at 6:00pm on the 16th of November at the WELLINGTON PLANETARIUM. Contact the Secretary on 720218 evenings if you have any queries.

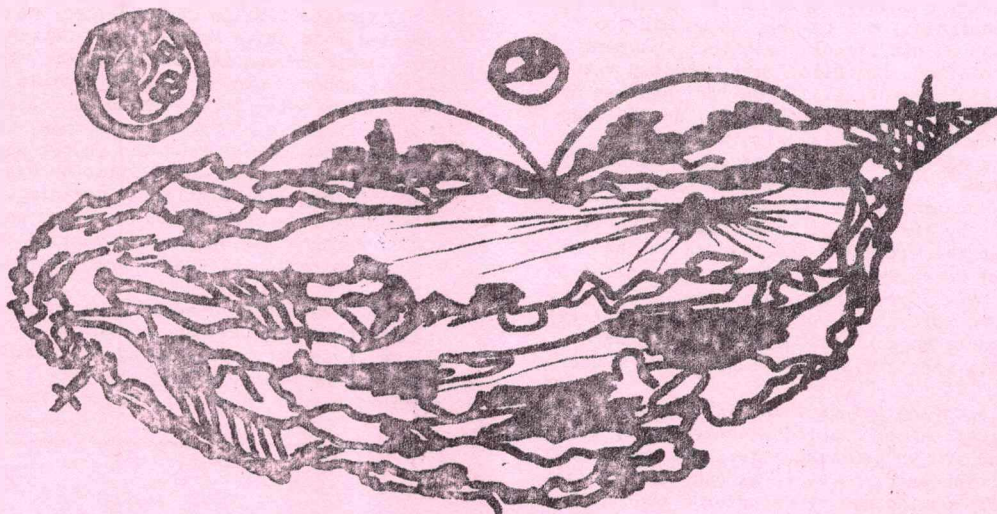
# NORCON:

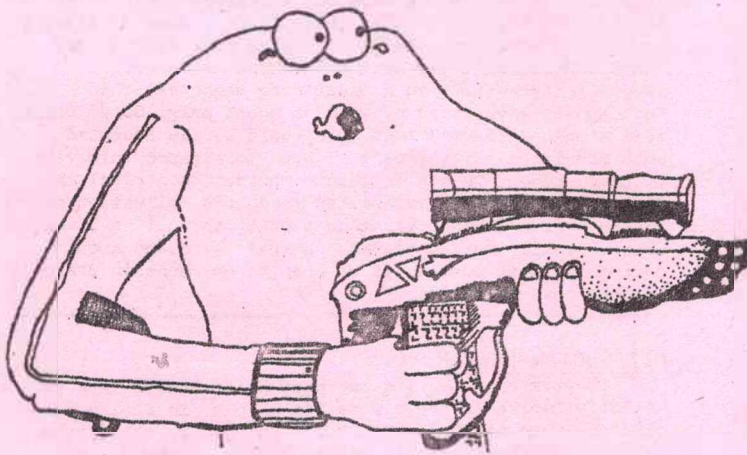
The organisers seem to have their awkward child well in hand so far, and have managed to put out a newsletter---see potted details therefrom on the back page of the Post-WellCon B Booklet insert in TANJENT 11. Briefly: the address is PO Box 5651, Welleley St, Auckland, NEW ZEALAND.

This is N2's NATIONAL sf convention for 1981; you can't afford to miss it!!

BULK TRAVEL. Anyone interested in the booking of a bulk fare for Wellington fans wishing to travel to the con should write to PO BOX 6655, Wellington, IMMEDIATELY. Ways are being explored to get us the cheapest possible air fares. But NorCon is coming up over Queen's Birthday Weekend (end May) 1981; time is short for proper study. We need an idea of minimum likely size.

For now, an expression of interest does not commit you to anything; please write. The more the merrier ---and the cheaper.





# REAR VIEWS

## and articles

### THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK: TWO ADVANCE REVIEWS!

#### THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK

*reviewed by REX THOMPSON.*

Darryl Wilson kindly invited Dunedin NASFans to see the premier showing of *THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK*, held on September 16th. After concocting a plan of evasion (from school) I made my way to the theatre.

After listening in on various conversations (on my right Michael Lee & Harvey Kong Tin were discussing *SATURN THREE*. On my left, Tom Cardy and Neil Armstrong were talking about *THE BLACK HOLE*) the film finally got underway. The opening sequence rang chords of familiarity ---"A long time ago..."

In typical *STAR WARS* fashion, *TESB* was action-packed and fast-moving. *EMPIRE*, however, relies less on space-battles and close encounters with storm-troopers. *TESB* is involved with Darth Vader's obsession for capturing Luke Skywalker due to Luke's ever-increasing control over "The Force". He is becoming a threat to the Empire and so must be persuaded into an alliance with Darth (who puts forward a very persuasive argument).

The settings are general in *EMPIRE*: the opening scene is on an ice-planet called Hoth, on which the Rebel Alliance is based. On the steaming bog-planet of Dagobah, Luke receives more Jedi training, a most interesting part of the story. The conclusion of the film takes place in a cloud-city, where the most crucial aspect of the film takes place. The confrontation between good and evil, the point where light-sabers are again crossed, where Luke Skywalker and Darth Vader must meet in battle.

Characterisation in *TESB* is vastly improved over *STAR WARS*. A much more vivid impression of love, hate, fear, jealousy, concern...is put across to the viewer. This leads more to the film revolving around the characters rather than the action.

Three new characters are introduced into the fore. These are Boba Fett, a bounty-hunter hired to track down Luke; an eerie character, but one who knows his job, leading to success on his latest assignment, payment being in the form of one Han Solo. Fett promptly takes his leave, with his prize literally on ice. Another of the newly introduced is one known as Yoda, an 800-year-old "Quasimodo" type creature, a being who is truly in harmony with "the Force". Once an instructor of Obi-wan, he now has the task of training Luke. The third character of prime concern is the long-time friend of Han Solo who goes by the name of Lando Calrissian (the original owner of the *Millennium Falcon*). He is the Governor of Cloud City, who after his initial actions lends a hand to Leia, Chewy, C3PO, R2D2, and Skywalker. (X/XXX Alas, Han Solo is to suffer some unknown fate).

Special effects were of the usual high standard (most of the time) with a myriad of explosions, space-craft, etc, etc.

One of the annoying things about *TESB* is the almost total lack of blood. After blasted stormtroopers, torture and even hand-and-arm amputations, there was not a drop to be seen. Don't despair, however, as Luke sports some bruises and lovely oozing red stuff after a bout with a yeti.

*THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK* deserves its title as the sequel of *STAR WARS*, as that is exactly what it is, the

continuation of the story, not a revamped version of the original. *TESB* still has the old magic of *STAR WARS*, but the radically different format will probably not appeal as much to the more juvenile viewers.

*THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK* isn't perfect, but it makes a refreshing change to some of the rubbish churned out recently under the guise of sf.

Those who need their waning faith in sf films re-kindled, I suggest you see *EMPIRE* once (at least).

---Rex Thompson.

#### THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK

*reviewed by MacGregor Cameron.*

Episode five: the Plot thickens. The Death Star is destroyed. Darth Vader, Dark Lord of the Sith, is out to revenge its demise on the Rebel Alliance and most particularly Luke Skywalker, Han Solo, and Princess Leia Organa (not forgetting their faithful sidekicks Chewbacca, C-3PO, and R2-D2). Thousands of Deep Space Probes are, a long time ago, searching a galaxy far, far away, for the heroes---and you can join them when this movie opens some time in December.

The preview was held on Tuesday 16th September at 10:30am at Amalgamated's Octagon Theatre. Members of the National Association for Science Fiction were privileged to attend---our thanks to the theatre management.

This movie may well be worth more than a passing glance when you pass. George Lucas has obviously learnt a lot from the relative failures in the box-office of such films as *BATTLESTAR GALACTICA*, *STAR TREK -- THE MOTION PICTURE*, and *THE BLACK HOLE*. He has substituted some of the impact and action of the original film for some plot and intrigue---a very welcome change from the mainstream American product. May suit an older audience better than the first one did.

However, do not fall under the misconception that the special effects are in any way diminished. I was very impressed by the models, but the Mattes left a lot to be desired. When watching from a pilot's viewpoint, on felt that one was sitting in the back seat of a car without shock-absorbers. Some of the other effects were recognisable---like techniques from *THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD* and, horrors, *THE BLACK HOLE*.

Characterisation was excellent and everything I expected from stars Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, David Prowse and Alec Guinness. Worthy of mention are the Robots, played by Paul Daniels and Kenny Baker, the Imperial Star Cruiser Commander's example in dying from an inexplicable Force, and Yoda, who was Frank Oz, late of the Muppets. Yoda the puppet was perhaps the most amazing thing in the whole film. He was wise and wonderful, and sometimes distinctly menacing. Also he appeared in a guise of a creature like Gollum out of *LORD OF THE RINGS*. Perhaps the only disappointing thing about him was the imitation of Fozzie Bear's voice that often came out...

One suggestion I would make for extended understanding of the movie is that you invest in the book. All in all, a movie worthwhile going to, whether just for a rest from work or exams, or for the honest-to-goodness shy hideaway hard-core sf fan. May the Force be with you.

---MacGregor Cameron.

FANDOM IS A FANNISH WHAT?????

# A LOOK AT THE WORK OF JAMES P HOGAN

by GREG HILLS.

Hogan is a writer whose work I have not been reading for long. Indeed, my introduction to his worlds came in December, 1979 when I was visiting Bruce & Robyn Ferguson. I came across INHERIT THE STARS (ITS) on his shelves. Being a fast reader, I read it then & there. And though rather disturbed by the outrageous way he flung some of his precepts and 'facts' around in the book, I greatly enjoyed it.

Hogan belongs to the 'old school' of sf writing, where science & the plot are the major elements in the tale. Another rising star who belongs to this school is Charles (SIGHT OF PROTEUS/WEB BETWEEN THE WORLDS/PROTEUS) Sheffield. Perhaps it's a movement? Anyway, these tales place him very clearly in a class with Niven, Anthony...and Asimov, Clarke & co (when they were a bit younger). Hogan has risen fast (5 books in 4 years) and sells very well here in NZ. So let's take a look at what he has produced to date...

I have listed the books below a trifle differently to the actual order of reaching print. THE GENESIS MACHINE (GM) actually appeared before THE GENTLE GIANTS OF GANYMEDE (GGG). But ITS & GGG form a complementary pair, sequel & prequel.

## The Work of James P Hogan...

INHERIT THE STARS;	1977; 216pp;
THE GENTLE GIANTS OF GANYMEDE;	1978; 246pp;
THE GENESIS MACHINE;	1978; 299pp;
THE TWO FACES OF TOMORROW;	1979; 391pp;
THRICE UPON A TIME;	1980; 310pp.

INHERIT THE STARS is his first, shortest and, I think, best book to date. Hogan starts with the simple proposition that a 50,000-year-old corpse (quickly dubbed "Charlie") is found on the moon. This is the kick-start to complication and revelation piled upon revelation & complication, in sort-of logical fashion. Some things puzzle me (such as the transferral of Luna from Minerva to Earth without tearing it apart with tidal stress---without even a really major upheaval), but they are minor and the book steamrollers over the rough parts with the force of an inert planet (often literally).

This is not to say that the book is mild reading. It had me shouting "NO!" and "You can't DO that!" every other page (Bruce bear witness!) But he could do it, and generally did.

In THE GENTLE GIANTS OF GANYMEDE, we meet the Minervans whose memory permeates ITS. A shipload of Minervans finds its way back to the Solar System 50,000 years after they left---their brakes wouldn't work and they couldn't slow down till then.

Unfortunately, as delineated in ITS, their home world has broken up and technological Man has arisen to usurp the System. The Minervans find themselves homeless and not exactly welcome in a strange Solar System.

The book lacks the frustrating-exciting touch that could have made it better than ITS, but that still leaves it very good. I found the solution a bit too convenient; almost as if Hogan despaired of bringing the book to a decent finish in any other way than by packing the



interlopers back off in the other direction. Why does someone not do a story where the aliens do stay---and where the events subsequent can thereby be chronicled? Still, the ending is explained rationally and logically, and while the book was open in my hand I found the concept easy to accept.

THE GENESIS MACHINE moves in quite a different universe to ITS/GGG. Hogan postulates a multidimensional continuum that, when the ramifications are examined, allows FTL communication, travel, and observation. His main character is hounded by bureaucratic villains until finally he obtains a rather effective revenge on all his tormentors by giving them the world peace they were forever telling him they wanted...

The book is cohesive and well-written, but depends rather heavily on the stock sf character---the super-competent Scientist. As such, the outcome is never really in doubt---only the precise terms of the victory. One point feminists would undoubtedly love to hang Hogan for is the part the various female characters play, or fail to play: all subordinate to the eventful males!

THE TWO FACES OF TOMORROW is a fascinating story---the chronicling of a trial of a sentient computer intended to eventually take over the co-ordination of the Solar System's too-complex operation. Obviously such a device is a rather dangerous thing to test in real life, so Hogan has it built into a large space-station (the ultimate in test-tubes!), where a "worst case" situation is deliberately provoked to examine the consequences.

And so the book goes. The computer is provoked as planned, and---as feared---exceeds the anticipated limits of its programming. Most of the book is taken up with this escalating conflict between the computer that is trying to defend itself, and the humans that are trying to destroy it (or vice-versa...) Fascinatingly told, and if characterisation falls behind, this can be forgiven. 391 pages is rather long by sf standards, but there is little fat except at the beginning. To add acceptable character development would have been nice, but would have driven pagecount even higher...

THRICE UPON A TIME is the latest Hogan effort to appear in NZ. It is also his first attempt to deal rationally with time-travel. A young man in Scotland is visiting his eccentric scientist-grandfather. The plot thickens when they start receiving, via a sophisticated computer link-up with directional equipment, messages from the future. Normal sf development so far. Normally the writer notes all this, then spends the rest of the book showing where and how that message came to be sent.

Not Hogan.

He ignores this tempting but well-beaten trail, instead making the fact that some messages come from futures that cannot have been the central idea. In one case, the future tells them that "we just broke a vase". Warned, the characters look around, just in time to avoid knocking over a vase behind them. So the vase is not broken. So who sent the message?

Most writers would now start telling us all about alternate worlds, forking at decision-points.

Not Hogan.

He destroys the whole rambling structure of assumptions that has been built up by generations of sf writers. His assumption is simple: there is no such thing as a paradox. A future that sends back a message that allows the past to change events, ever so slightly, from the course it saw them follow---is wiped out. No longer exists. The message itself, provided it is not annihilated by a message sent even further into the past, remains. It was received, and acted on, therefore it may seem it should not have been sent. But it was---the future that sent it just no longer exists.

Consider the vase case: in Future A (F(a)) a vase is knocked over & breaks. F(a) warns Present B (P(b) that F(a) just broke a vase. P(b) saves the vase and by the time we reach the point where F(a) was, F(a) has been replaced by F(b). F(a) is gone but the message remains because it was received.

Now if in F(b) someone decides now to tell Present B - 1 (B minus one minute) (P(b-1) to move the vase, then by the time we reach the present again we are in P(c). Whether the original message from F(a) is still received is a moot point. If not, it may seem that F(a) might as well never have existed. But if it hadn't, P(c) would never have existed! No paradox, but man---what a headache!

The above is not mere space-filling. I have tried to explain what goes on in the book. Hogan explains carefully the holes in the logic that is so often used

to show that  $F(a)$ , sending back its message, no longer exists, never existed, therefore cannot have sent a message, therefore no message was received in  $P(b)$ , therefore  $F(a)$  exists because the vase breaks, therefore sending back...

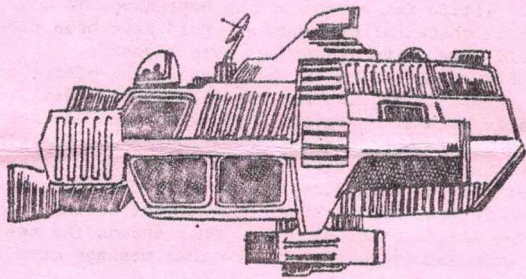
Excuse me. Hogan explains why this logic does not necessarily hold (because of the assumptions underlying the otherwise sound structure). It's like trying to apply Euclidean geometry in a non-E universe. In a Euclidean universe, a triangle's three sides cannot meet each other at  $90^\circ$  angles. But many non-E universes allow ---even demand---this!

It is therefore impossible, by conventional rules of time-travel writing, to disprove Hogan's postulates; outrageous as it may sound to followers of Gerrold, Heinlein, and co.

Which puts me neatly in position to sum up Hogan's work simply: outrageous...and mind-bending...and extremely good. It does not set out to give us great social messages in the tradition of the 60's, yet each book does carry a message, a warning, and a promise of a bright future...without forcing it down the reader's throat. Something that cannot be said of many other 'novels'.

Writing is clear, with a minimum of gobbledygook and buzzwords. Characterisation is minimal, and he tends to use stereotypes; but the books do not suffer greatly for this failing. Pace is swift & sure, plot strong and generally tight. If this is the upcoming generation of sf writer, I can only cheer! We need them today, for despair never solved any problem the way rational application of the mind does. (Oh, yes, all these are in the Del Rey paperback editions @ reasonable prices).

-----Greg Hills.



## MICROCOMPUTERS

by KEITH SMITH.

A computer, as most people envisage one, is a tool for processing information. This tool consists of three main parts: a processor, two types of memory, and devices for displaying and accepting data. It can only process the information fed into it and it does so according to the instructions previously given to it. The machine will always do exactly as you tell it so if you tell it to display the value of  $2+2$  a trillion times, it will do it (*unless you give up & tell it to stop first!--Ed.*). It's anyone's bet how far a human would go the same task before complaining. As any programmer would tell you, mistakes in specifying the instructions can lead to disaster at worst, embarrassment at best. The set of instructions given a computer is called a program and errors in programs are called "bugs". It's less damage to ego to say "There are bugs in my program" than to say "There are mistakes in my program". Removing bugs is called "debugging" and it can be a long and tedious task especially if the programmer has made an incorrect assumption about the way the logic should be. The reason a computer seems "smart" to some people is that it is able to do a lot of basic tasks very quickly and accurately.

Let's look at the three main parts one at a time:

(1) The processor. This is the "meaty" bit which does all the work. It basically moves information around inside itself and makes appropriate changes to it as instructed. It also retrieves and sends out data to or from the memory. Different microcomputers have different processors in them depending on the manufacturer.

(2) The I/O devices (short for Input/Output), also known as peripherals. They let you, the user, put infor-

mation (data) into the microcomputer and get it out in an easily understood form. Depending on the system, almost anything electronic can be used as a peripheral. On nearly all micro's the basic peripherals are: a keyboard for entering data and programs, a video screen for displaying results, and a cassette-recorder for permanently storing programs for later use. As the user's needs (and budget) expand, other devices such as printers and disc drives are installed.

(3) Memory. Not all the information available to the microprocessor is used at one time so it's got to be stored somewhere---this is done in memory. The two main types of memory are RAM (random Access Memory) which can be written into as well as read from, and ROM (Read Only Memory) which cannot be written into. ROM contains information necessary to the initial starting of the computer system and contains programs such as mathematical functions which are used by the processor. This saves the user the task of programming those functions.

There are many types of micro-computer available in this country and more and more people are buying them for personal use. At the moment I know the owners of three TRS-80's, a Commodore PET, and a Sord. All these systems are basically alike in function but not in capabilities. For instance the TRS-80 and the Sord use a Z-80 processor chip whereas the PET and the APPLE (another common brand) use a 6502 chip. This means that the instruction set (the available instructions for the chip) for one group of machines using the same chip is different to the instruction set of another group. This can mean that a particular path of logic could be programmed more easily on one chip than on another, if at all, as a chip may have some instructions that another chip does not. However this only matters if the user is programming in the machine's own language. Other differences include colour capabilities (the APPLE and some SORD models do while the TRS-80 only uses block graphics), and the character sets which can be used (the SORD has Japanese characters available while the Pet has characters such as hearts, clubs, diamonds, and spades available).

Nearly all microcomputers use the BASIC language. The exceptions are the home-kits or the "do-it-yourself" types which use the machine's own language, known as machine code. However BASIC is usually added on later by the hobbyist.

BASIC stands for Beginners All-purpose Simple Instructional Code and is very easy to learn. There are several excellent books on the subject so I do not intend to spend too much time on it here. Suffice it to say that it allows the user to program in his/her own terms rather than at the machine level. BASIC allows complex mathematical equations, string manipulation, looping, and conditional branching in programs which are easy to understand by the user and anyone else.

However, like any other language BASIC has several dialects and each different type of microprocessor has its own dialect. This needs to be watched for when converting programs from one type of machine to the next. For example an arithmetic statement is preceded by the key-word LET. Many dialects allow the LET to be omitted. Also, because of the different capabilities of the different machines such as colour graphics, extra commands can be found in some dialects which are not in others. However, once one dialect is mastered the rest are very easy to pick up.

There are several other languages available for micro-computers which can be bought at a later stage. The main one is Assembly Language, which allows the user to program in the machine's own language and hence be able to do things that may not be possible in BASIC. The only difference between this and machine language is that the user is able to use mnemonic codes for the instructions. Other available languages are PASCAL, FORTRAN, and COBOL. FORTRAN and PASCAL are usually used for scientific and numerical work while COBOL is used for business applications.

Once a user has a micro-computer the next question is usually what can be done with it. The answer is: almost anything. Apart from the physical limitations of the machine such as memory size, the only real limit is the user's imagination. The user can either do his/her own programming or purchase commercially-written programs. These exist in large numbers and range from commercial packages to games.

Most people with their own microcomputers are, naturally, interested in games. These range from simple games such as nought & crosses, to extremely complex games such as chess. They are many and varied and every user would be able to find some that would be of interest. In the field of sf games, the most common one by far would



be STAR TREK. Nearly every programmer has tried to write a version and there are as many versions around as there are computers. I know I have. STAR TREK is a game where you command the USS Enterprise and your mission is to seek out & destroy X number of Klingons in a given time. As I mentioned there are several variations such as the hazards of black holes and space-warps, fighting Romulans as well as Klingons, etc etc. One version even had tribbles.

Then there is STAR TRADERS, which puts you in command of a fleet of trading vessels and your objective is to make a higher profit than your opponents (this is basically a game for more than one person, with each person taking turns on the keyboard) by the optimum carrying of cargo and the optimum routing. Hazards include: bad navigation, piracy, and natural hazards.

However, in recent years a new type of game has come onto the market. They are known as "Adventures", and a member of that class would be something like DUNGEONS AND DRAGONS (has that game been programmed yet? (Yes---in the US)). These games allow the player to be the "Hero" in a series of situations. There are many types of Adventures possible but all are built around a data-base on a diskette (some versions even have their own Operating System so the Adventure can have much more variety since it is entirely self-contained). The player has an objective such as collecting as much treasure as possible and taking it to a certain place. However that can be difficult as obstacles and other forces such as pirates or goblins are conniving against you. Each Adventure has a series of rooms which have several exits to other rooms. Also in order to complete the task, the player has to solve problems like how to wake a dragon or the best way of opening a door. Sometimes there are several solutions but some may not be to the player's advantage, such as appeasing a hungry bear by feeding it one of the treasures, a jar of golden honey.

Because of the large size of many Adventures it is still possible to have not gone everywhere even after weeks of playing. I have known cases of players playing continuously for hours as it's so easy to get engrossed in the Adventure.

Another class of sf games are the battle-simulation strategy games such as STARSHIP TROOPERS or LORD OF THE RINGS. As far as I know none of this class have been programmed yet. Anyone want to try? Or does someone know of some programs for this class. I'd be interested.

For someone intending to buy a microcomputer, the initial costs, depending on the system and the devices attached to it, can range from \$700 to \$6000. However once you've bought one and know how to use it, you are guaranteed quite a lot of fun and enjoyment. Also you can have your computer pay for itself by writing programs and selling them.

Happy Computing.

-----Keith Smith.

## AN EVENING WITH...

ANNE McCAFFREY

by FRANK MACSKASY.

Anne McCaffrey is a charming and very witty lady who we were lucky to meet on the 14th of September in Wellington. Her visit had been arranged by Brian (NOUMENON) Thurogood and Mervyn (WELLCON) Barrett. Her presence drew about 50 people to the Wellington Cultural Centre for that evening.

Anne McCaffrey is an Irish/American author who has written such books as THE SHIP WHO SANG (my personal favourite), RESTOREE, DECISION AT DOONA, THE MARK OF MERLIN, RING OF FEAR, and, of course, her DRAGONFLIGHT series.

The evening started off straight away with Anne's humour and witty comments coming to the fore, with some observations relating to the varying English dialects. While some dialects in England were impossible to understand, she did not find the "New Zild" language too difficult to decipher ((A couple of my US contacts have described the NZ accent as "Scottish"!)).

Anne made the point of differentiating between science fiction hard-core, soft-core, and fantasy. She

insisted that her books were "soft-core"---dealing mostly with people rather than the hard technology of, say, Larry Niven. She also insisted that her writings were "science fiction", and not "sci-fi" as one person had asked her.

According to Anne, her interest in sf began with such characters as "Mowgli", John Carter of Mars, and others. Reading John Campbell's ASTOUNDING magazines also helped her to decide on a career of writing sf instead of just reading it. Attending Harvard University would no doubt have aided her career immensely.

She related to the audience how she inserted a sex scene into one of her stories, then submitted the story to John Campbell for publication. Anne fully expected the scene to be cut---but was pleasantly surprised when Campbell ignored that "touchy" part of the story and instead commented on some other area. Anne was quite happy at getting away with that and decided to try it with another story! As she said:

"I hate it when the man and woman go off into the sunset." She thought it an unrealistic point of view of human relationships. So she decided to write of such things her way. No one's complained yet, it seems...

Anne described the "Milford Mafia" to us. This was a gathering of eminent sf writers who met in the small Pennsylvania town of Milford---which also happened to be frequented by the higher echelons of the US Mafia.

One of the writers suggested that in light of the town's regular visitors, they name themselves the "Milford Mafia". That was done and they now go by that name. As opposed to the "other" Mafia, the Milford Mafia was a workshop where the writers could thrash out various sf-related topics and improve the general tone of sf. Anne said that it did achieve its aim; sf has improved considerably in quality as well as quantity.

Something which should delight Trekkies: Anne declared to the people listening that STAR TREK had broadened the base of sf. I agree. She explained that it drew those who had at first been interested primarily in STAR TREK into the other realms of sf fandom. The same with STAR WARS, which they "did right", according to Anne.

In fact STAR WARS was not the only important thing in sf fandom which happened at that period of time. Anne finally got her phone connected---after waiting for 18 months! Both occurrences, she said, were very important events!

One humorous anecdote which particularly grabbed the audience was Anne's trip on an airplane. She noticed that the person sitting next to her (a stranger to her) was reading one of her books, TO RIDE PEGASUS. Anne leaned over and asked if he really enjoys reading that sort of book. The guy replied yes, and said that he liked all of that particular author's books (Meaning Anne's).

With a straight face, she then said to him: well, I hope so; the book's author is sitting right next to you!

The stranger turned out to be David Snyder of the Sydney Opera House.

Anne answered a few questions from the floor such as her DRAGONFLIGHT series, sf fandom in general, movie & TV sf, how much involvement from personal life she places into her writing, and whether her sons act as critics to her writing to any degree. She mentioned that those aged 9 to 19 gave the most feedback to her stories, and that this age-group was about the most active in discussing the characters and backgrounds she used.

One thing in particular which she evidently felt strongly about was war. She dislikes it immensely and will have none of it in her stories. Also concerning her stories, she told the audience that the film-rights to many of them had already been sold to movie-makers. Although it would be very expensive to do some of her novels---they could appear any time as movies.

At about this time, after some lengthy discussion, Mervyn Barrett gave the "word" and the evening ended with a tea-break. Anne was kept for another 30 to 45 minutes signing her books for fans, and continuing some discussion with a smaller group of people.

Throughout the whole evening Anne McCaffrey managed to entertain and amuse everyone with her anecdotes and experiences as an sf author. As I mentioned at the beginning of this article, she is a very charming lady---one who you would not guess is a world-famous writer. If she ever returns to NZ I fully recommend everyone meet her and get a chance to listen to her. Anne is one of the real gems in sf today.

-----Frank Macskasy jr.

DON'T YOU FIND THESE LINOS BORING?

## FROM THE HORSES MOUTH...

by DAVID CROPP.

I would think that it is very hard to be a sf fan and not want to try your hand at writing the stuff yourself. I know of very few fans who haven't, at least once or twice, had a go at knocking out a story. I know of four people, no less, even among the tiny circle of NZ fandom, who have tried submitting stories professionally. Sadly, only one looks like having any immediate success.

I'm afraid that I share the itch. I read books on writing by the score. I try to work out how authors achieve their effects, and I try to think up ways to do the same thing (but better). Above all, whenever I have the opportunity I sit at the feet of a writer and listen to him or her talk about writing.

I had the opportunity to do just that last March at UNICON VI in Melbourne, when Joe Haldeman and three Australian professional writers sat in on a panel entitled "So You Want To Be A Writer?" Significantly, it was the best-attended panel at the convention. I took notes and wrote a longhand version immediately after the panel, so what I have here is fairly accurate. It was designed originally to pass around in a round-robin on writing, but I haven't seen that since I got back from Australia (where the hell is it, Greg?). (About ten feet from where this is being typed; "cringe") Some other people have seen these notes, especially at WellCon B, but they haven't really had a wide distribution and I thought publication in WARP might be of interest generally.

So here, for all you panting would-be writers:

\*\*\*\*\*  
Notes From "SO YOU WANT TO BE A WRITER", panel held at UNICON VI, Victoria Hotel, Melbourne, AUSTRALIA. 7/4/1980.  
\*\*\*\*\*

This was a session of (mostly) question-and-answer, with Joe Haldeman (an established full-time American writer), George Turner (established full-time Australian writer), John Alderson (established writer), and one other (I've forgotten his name) who has had a couple of stories published and now has high hopes for a couple of novels.

All stressed how extremely difficult it was to make a living out of fiction writing. Not impossible, certainly (after all, Joe spends six months of the year travelling on what he earns by writing in the first six months), but very difficult for a newcomer to break into. John Alderson summed it up by saying that there are three ways to make money out of writing: "advertising copy, writing factual science, or do a von Daniken and invent your own thing."

The advice proffered by the panel really boiled down to two aspects: specifically on writing (how to find out what you're going to put on paper), and on getting published (how to get some nice person to actually pay you for what you've laboriously put on paper).

On writing all members of the panel suggested that people should make every effort to learn techniques. George Turner said that "as a general rule you should only do what you like if you're at the very top". (Part of this was on a discussion on amendments and redrafting at the publisher's insistence. However the point was also stressed that there are craft elements in writing and they have to be learned). Other ways to learn technique was to read some recognized classics just to see how they did things---in other words, read them carefully. Several also suggested keeping a journal, as a way of analysing what you read---what your reactions to it were, whether you thought it worked, etc. Joe Haldeman recommended John Steinbeck's "Journal of a novel", which is a not-men-at-to-be-for-publication musings made while he was writing EAST OF EDEN. He suggested reading the two books together.

George Turner had quite a bit to say about writers workshops (I'd been talking to him on the subject the night before, so perhaps it was in the forefront of his mind). He said that they had several functions (what's said here is a direct quote from the panel, he also said substantially the same things to me privately): 1, to sort out those who want to be involved in sf from those who want to be writers; 2, it doesn't teach you to write (you have to learn that, and nobody can teach you), but it does teach you criticism, most importantly self-criti-

cism. (So presumably you won't make the same silly mistakes again); 3, it attempts to cut down the long period of lonely improvement. He said most participants in workshops with which he'd been involved showed marked improvements in their writing even over the short period of the workshop (this had been said to me earlier by Bruce Gillespie, sometime writer and participant in the 1975 workshop with Ursula LeGuin). People learn to criticise themselves before they start on learning mechanical techniques of presentation and balance, etc.

There was some disagreement over amateur writing. George Turner seemed to think it useful (and therefore important) as it gave the writers a chance to put their work in front of a sometimes highly critical audience. The other writer (the one whose name I've forgotten) disagreed completely. He said that he loved writing for fanzines, etc, but nowadays he just didn't have the time---getting reaction from somebody capable of paying for his work was what mattered. He also didn't think that the readership of fanzines were particularly critical.

There were other bits & pieces on this subject, not worth a paragraph to themselves. All the panel reiterated that submitting to a professional editor is important (he's the one with the chequebook and therefore has to justify his judgement). Someone (can't remember who) said that it helps a story considerably if the author doesn't use generalities---ie, don't say "a tree", say "a gum tree". He didn't actually give a reason for this, but I would imagine that he meant that it gives background and credibility to your story.

One getting published (and presumably getting paid for same) Joe Haldeman told a story about how he'd got his first story published---he'd submitted it, had it returned with the comment that it needed certain specified changes. There was no promise of publication (or even, as he told it, any hint that there would be even with the changes). Haldeman duly rewrote the story and sent it back with a covering letter explaining he'd made the changes "requested". In the meantime the editor had been sacked and a new one appointed. Haldeman thought that the new editor simply treated his story as a commitment left over from the previous one, and had to honour it. Haldeman suggested that this showed a perfect way to break in as an author---write a covering letter to go with a story about the "changes" you've made, then sit back and wait for someone to get sacked. Then send in your story. With luck it will be treated the same way.

Perhaps. This emphasises, as John Alderson put it, "it's pure bullshit to believe that stories sell themselves and that it's got nothing to do with the personal qualities of the author". Joe Haldeman added to this by saying that the best way to get published is to bombard editors with manuscripts---then go and see them six weeks later to ask personally about them. (No doubt that is one great advantage of attending conventions). To demonstrate just how difficult it can be for a beginner, Haldeman said that THE FOREVER WAR, his first novel, was rejected by nineteen publishers in a row. The twentieth has since sold over 100,000 copies.

Something was said about agents. Quite simply, to sell on the American market, especially from Australia or New Zealand, you need an agent. There is, however, a small catch: to get a reputable agent you would have to have sold at least one story---and even better, two or three---before a reputable agent will consider you. It's a bit of a dilemma, but some people obviously overcome it. Joe Haldeman did mention that until you are very well-established, it is quite possible to become a particular agent's sacrificial lamb---neglecting your interests in favour of someone else who is more profitable, or even going against your interests.

There is one very good way to tell a bad agent---he advertises. Good ones can be looked up in THE LITERARY MARKETPLACE (the British equivalent is the ARTISTS & WRITER'S HANDBOOK), or through the SF Writers of America, if you know a member or are able to join (membership is open to non-Americans).

I think Joe Haldeman summed up the whole session---the writing side as well as the business side---by saying that the most useful piece of equipment a would-be writer can possibly acquire is a working, sympathetic spouse.

-----David Cropp.

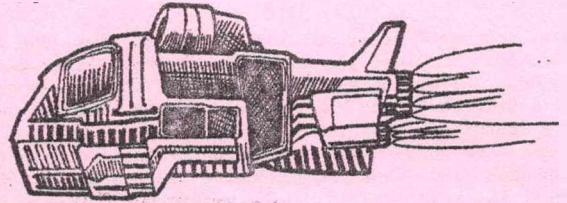
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HAVE YOU SEEN YOUR RENEWAL NOTICE  
RECENTLY?

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# fiction

## And Poetry



### DEMETER'S PALACE

written by Debi Kean.

The heli swooped low over the WDR Building, rotors fast and loud. Susanne could see the faces in the windows of the Admin. Offices and felt a momentary thrill of fear as the heli gained height and sped away out across the city.

The walkways were crowded below the craft, a colourful sight: women in their long, brightly-coloured robes and men in tight trousers and tunics. Susanne's trained eye easily spotted the WDR and MDR among them, the gleam of pencil-thin weapons concealed in clothing folds. A few looked up as the heli passed over---a flight vehicle was a sign of power and wealth.

Susanne looked down as Steph pulled at her sleeve and pointed over to the west of the city, where a glow lit up the late afternoon---the glow of the pleasure places. Susanne nodded, and the heli veered west.

As they passed over the harbour, Susanne slid open the window a bare notch and dropped something from the craft. The glint of silver stayed in her mind as the raser fell in a spiral, vanishing into the sea. There was no going back now, and no self-defence other than luck and, perhaps, providence. Steph had discarded her weapon days back, in a less dramatic fashion.

They arrived in the red light district at 1700 hours and landed the heli on the roof of the pleasure area's only bank. As they alighted, Steph programmed the heli and it lifted off, flying on auto back to its home in the WDR hangars. The two women took the lift down from the bank roof and descended to the pavement---no walkways here. The flowing red satin dresses felt distinctly strange to women used more to synthetics, and the light maroon WDR uniforms. They walked quickly along the street, jostled by men and other women, some of them workers anxious not to be taken for ladies of pleasure. By contrast, Susanne and Stephanie actively hoped to be taken as such. It was a very good disguise. Their destination was a brothel known as Demeter's Palace, and it was at the end of a street that had once been a Mecca of big business---one former building-society still stood, transformed into a 'shooting gallery' for legal addicts.

Demeter's Palace proclaimed itself with neon lights of all colours and blaring drug-rock music. A heavily-muscled bouncer stood at the door, exotically dressed as an eunuch from a long-ago harem. Steph gave her sister's hand a quick squeeze as they approached. A man at the side of the building leered at Susanne, and she felt her skin crawl.

"What do you want?" the bouncer demanded. He was half out of it, stoned on something unidentifiable.

"We wish to see Demeter," Susanne said with a boldness she didn't feel.

"Demeter sees no-one," the man replied.

"She'll see us."

"Go away, you two sluts," An older woman in a bright, transparent robe lurched through the door. "This is my territory."

"Ya, git away, Semla," the bouncer told the other woman. "You'd be on the pension, if they still had such a thing."

Susanne, emboldened by his insults to the older prostitute, slipped the bouncer a coin and a plug of tobacco. He took it without appearing to.

"Semla, show these ladies to Demeter's room." His use of the word ladies was heavily ironic. Susanne felt anger rise within her, and the old urge to discharge it violently. It was with difficulty that she reined herself that this was what it was all about. An end to violence in their lives.

Semla, with a very bad grace, showed the two girls to Demeter's room. It was lush, the decor wine red and gold, equipped with dispenser for hallucinogenic agents, music machines, and a robo-serv. Obeying Semla's instructions, they sat, and it was a matter of minutes

only before Demeter entered.

She was old, very old, rumour said: over 150. She had been one of the first beneficiaries of the amazing discoveries in gerontology and she had the face and figure of a woman of 45. Her dress was all-concealing---almost nunlike---and a coif hid the red hair she was famous for.

"Susanne and Stephanie," she said as she entered. "Wine?"

"We don't use it," Susanne replied stiffly.

"Ah, you are indeed privileged. In this sewer, one is likely to get typhoid from drinking the water. This is the place where the misfits go---so who cares if we all die off?"

"I see," Susanne said, a little shamed. "You were told of us."

"I was. That two more were ming. Sooner or later, BusGov will begin to notice and close off the escape route you used. I believe Lynda is in immediate danger of arrest. Perhaps you would take tea, if you must abhor wine?"

"Tea would be fine, thank you."

"My, you are polite," the old woman cackled. "I wish my girls were all so respectful. Even those who have had my help to escape WDR soon forget their moral obligation. Don't look so alarmed---I know you ladies have other plans and will not be entering my service. Which of you wishes to marry?"

"It is me," Steph said. "He is a lieutenant in MDR."

"He has escaped?"

"So I've heard. He managed to get to the South Island---to Dunedin."

"Where he awaits you. Good luck girlie. I hope you can both overcome your conditioning and be happy."

"You have access to a port-gate?" Steph asked.

"Indeed. It costs me every penny you girls pay to keep it open to you. I hope you appreciate it."

"Those 500 crollars represented 6 months pay. Of course we appreciate it. But why do you help us?"

Demeter laughed.

"We must each do what we can. This is my contribution. As with all societies, great wealth exists with great poverty. Since big business interests took control of government in 2018, this is even more true. Widows and other solo parents either turned to my trade to support their children, killed them off, kept them in semi-starvation and ignorance, attached themselves to a powerful patron, or gave them up to MDR and WDR, which educated them and turned them into good little automata. Like you two. Joining the two regiments is the only way for the poor to gain an education. The poor will not rise up in case they wind up fighting their own families. I know that you, Stephanie, are the daughter of one of my girls."

Stephanie's face was unreadable. She knew most of this, but its confirmation hurt.

"And me?" Susanne asked.

"Lynda tells me that you are the eldest child of a poor family who tried to educate you yourselves. They intended sending you to a school, expensive though that would be, but then your siblings arrived, very many, very quickly. Because you showed amazing potential they reluctantly gave you to WDR."

Susanne looked at her friend. Her eyes were sad.

"At least you had a real family," Steph retorted.

"Would you like to meet your mother?" Demeter said, almost maliciously.

Stephanie shuddered. "I don't know. We must go. Allan expects us. He has a job lined up for Susanne too!"

"Don't condemn your mother, Stephanie," Demeter cautioned. "In 2104 she had no choice. A year earlier... maybe. She was only as old as both of you are now, 20."

Demeter whistled and the robo-serv, an ancient wheezing monster, cleared away the teacups.

"I had it built to respond to a whistle," Demeter's voice held real humour for the first time. "It tickled my fancy!" She stood. "You must bathe and take your places with the other girls. I shall tell Egon not to steer any 'tricks' your way. If the Pols come, try to look seductive. If Lynda has done as well as she usually

does, you won't be missed for at least a week. She is a descendent of mine, you know. The daughter of my great grandson Chico. She was educated to do what she does, and infiltrated into WDR when she was 13. She has been very useful to us for 13 years. Her husband and son were in MDR. Her husband was sent to Australia and hasn't been seen since. She can't inquire because she can't reveal the relationship...ah, yet more of my descendants in the Regiments. Forgive me...I ramble on...I am old. So very old. You can't imagine. I am the last of those who had the geriatric treatment. My mind wanders..."

The near-senile vagueness was frightening in a woman who looked so young.

The night in Demeter's Palace was spent in a state of high anxiety for all concerned. Lynda was suspected, and the two girls could have been missed earlier than planned. But eventually the morning dawned and the port-gate was opened. As it glowed with the fantastic energies required for matter-transference, the two girls paused, nervous.

"This is the first day of 2125" Demeter told them. "Take heart." She kissed each girl on the cheek and, clutching the small bags each had been able to take, they stepped through the gate. The blue glow turned to red... energy surged & crackled around them, and to Demeter's sight they vanished.

They stepped out into the morning sun of the Octagon, there to be greeted by Allan and to assume new identities fabricated by him. Back in her Palace, old Demeter wept a little.

-----Debi Kean.

#### SOCIETY

by J.K. (NAPIER).

*I have forgotten how to think or feel or touch.  
Individuality is shaped, molded, gives birth to...*

----- Conformity  
----- Unquestioning

*With eyes I do not see  
With ears I do not hear  
Mechanical beings / programmed / without feedback  
Inhuman, blank, thoughtless faces stare  
The frivolities and gaieties of youth forgotten.*

*To live is to exist, but to exist is not to live.  
To be myself is to be the same.*

----- Similar  
----- Identical  
----- Categorized.

*I am not alive, no longer a person.*

----- A tool  
----- A weapon  
----- A mere statistical nothing.

*I am empty, desolation consoles me  
Breathing confusion  
Repetition is the key to my thoughts.  
Unknowingly I reach out,  
Grasp freedom.*

*Sensing the hurt,  
The painful isolation  
I draw back.*

*If we survive we must accept  
And be imprisoned by the system.  
Where are the virtues of youth?*

*The Rebellion  
The Spirit of Opinion.*

*Why must we forget those buried dreams  
The childish ambitions hidden away for a rainy day  
Secret loves that meant so much  
The honest naivetes of the young  
All left behind!  
They withered, like a candle, and died  
In procrastinations, hypocrisies and falsehood.*

*Is this society?  
Where to know too much is to know nothing?  
They call it a modern heaven,  
I call it HELL!!*

-----J.K., Napier.

## SUPERIOR FORCES

written by Frank Macskasy Jr.

### Part 1

I first became aware of something strange happening around us on the third day of our camping trip into the West Coast forest. The twenty teenagers who made up my class from Hokitika City College were sitting around the camp-fire roasting sausages while listening to Erica Cardy playing her guitar. Watene Lucas sang "My Skies are bright" with a perfect voice, and this furthered the soporific effect which the warm night induced. Watene finished his song and Erica began strumming an old Negro freedom melody. Everyone was soon clapping along.

However, this lively music failed to stem the sleepiness which was creeping over all of us, and we entered our tents---there to collapse thankfully into a restful sleep.

I was awakened some time later by Watene, who was agitated and gesticulated wildly as he tried to explain his problem to me outside the tent.

"Mr Beckley...was going for a leak...felt very hot...no, I'm okay...the ship landed there in the clearing...it's real, no I'm not drunk...it was silvery and shaped like a paper dart. But shit, it didn't make a damned sound! Over there in the clearing by the small creek...no I'm not having you on, Mr Beckley...please come look."

I took Watene's hurried description of his experience in and made quickly back into my tent to grab my pistol. At that moment I speculated that a band of rogue soldiers from some northern country had landed in a helicopter or balloon-ship. I felt my adrenaline starting to flow as stories of these marauding scavengers came to mind, and I rushed back to Watene who was now standing silently, shaking although it was well over 28 degrees.

"Watene, wake everyone up and tell them to go softly and silently into the forest. Tell them to hide according to how you've been taught in basic training. I'll go and have a look. Come on, lad, hurry up!"

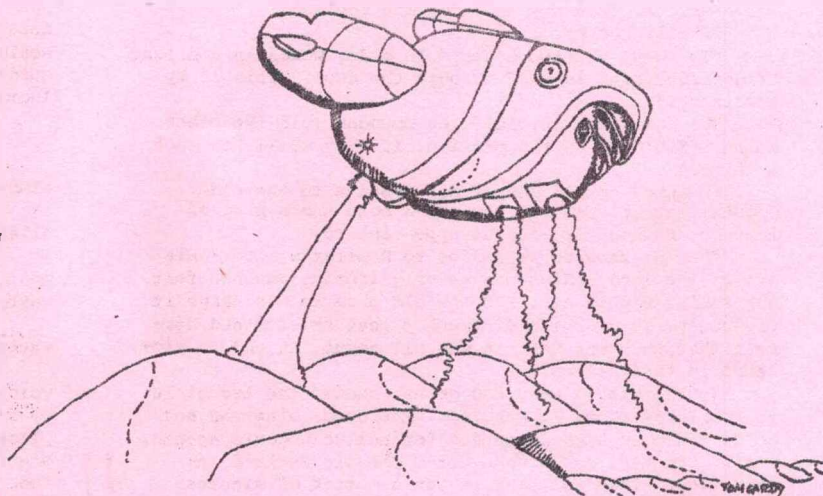
I really did not know what I could accomplish by myself and armed only with a small pistol. Perhaps I could divert the attention of the strangers until Watene, Erica, and everybody else could put plenty of distance between themselves and this area. It was also important that someone warn the authorities. I realised how much damage and suffering the pirates from the North could create; it was damn important that the local militia be informed.

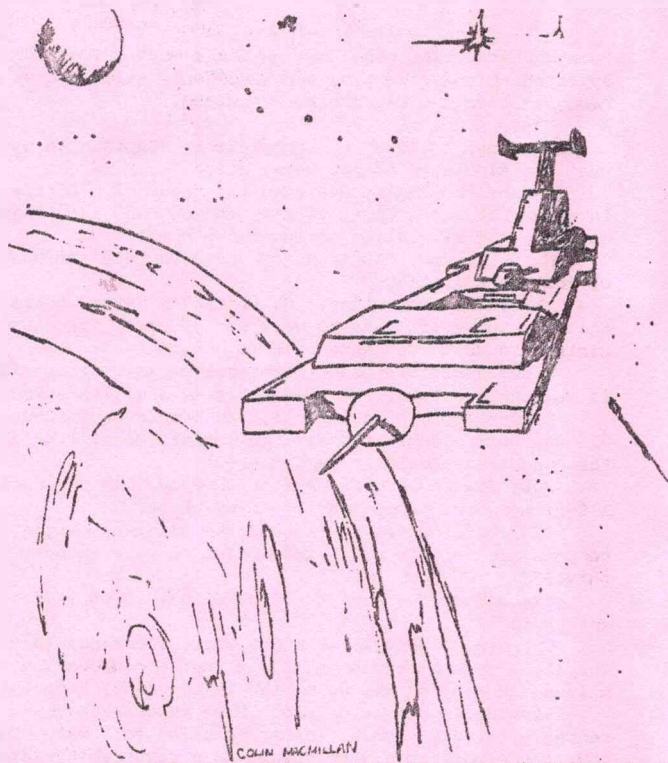
I almost blundered into the clearing before realising how close the vessel had actually come to our camping site. Images of the huge metal thing crushing us while we slept in our tents flashed into my mind and were pushed aside as I surveyed the scene. It was indeed dart-shaped and of a greyish silver colour. The texture, however, was pitted and rough like free-form concrete. Figures moved outside, and around the vessel, and I concentrated on them.

Something in the back of my mind was nagging me.

Oh, Lord! I staggered back, cutting my hand on the serrated edges of a mutated flax-bush. The six figures moving around the base of the ship were not human! As I watched, their skin gleamed a greenish blue and their

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COLIN MACMILLAN

head resembled that of some monstrous cross between man and lizard. They were erect-walking, bipedal, two-armed, intelligent, reptilian beings.

They moved around their vessel, sometimes disappearing inside and re-emerging carrying dark shapes which I could not identify in the half-light of the pale moon. I noticed one place a "wrist" to his helmeted head and stand very still. This bothered me, for I felt very uneasy standing so close to these creatures, separated by only a few clumps of mutated flax, bracken fern and Konini. My unease was confirmed as I saw the creature look in my direction and begin to draw what was obviously a weapon.

My mouth was dry and my tongue rasped against my lips as I turned and tried to bolt away. I had not taken two paces when I felt my skin tingle and I collapsed into a numbed heap, cramp wracking my limbs and neck. I was totally paralysed and could only stare helplessly as two shapes moved through the undergrowth and stood---one on each side---staring down at me. Their hissing, unintelligible language filled the air for a moment and then one of them picked me up and effortlessly tossed my unresisting body over its shoulder.

### Part 2

The effects of my paralysis lasted for millions of seconds---each one taking a full hour to pass. I was unceremoniously dumped into a well-lit closet, with one wall

missing. Light shimmered occasionally where retaining bars should have been, so I kept well away from that part of my small prison. Slowly, I began to move and shift my arms and legs, though it must have taken a full hour until I felt confident enough to stand.

I fell over.

It was like learning to walk all over again. I slowly got to my feet, but this time was saved the ignominious fate of falling over. Two lizard-men (I had no better name for them, short of something with lots of four-letter-words in it) appeared by the entrance of my cell, fiddled with something on the wall which I could not see, and came in. I was half-escorted, half-dragged along red-orange-lit corridors, past doors with dot-like hieroglyphics embossed on them. Up a silent elevator and down further corridors.

Finally a door slid aside with a high-pitched whine and I was placed onto a metal chair. They moved back to the door and took up positions on either side of it, their scaly hands only centimetres from their disc-like weapons. My guards.

The room that I found myself in had smooth walls, of a dark brown colour. The lighting was still the red-orange I had noticed before, and this added to the fevered atmosphere within the vessel. They obviously preferred their environments on the warm side, I mused.

There were two other seats in the room---both more comfortable-looking than the one I had been placed in. Looking at the guards, I did not venture to change the situation. I sat where I was. Along one wall was a free-standing dais with instrumentation on its slanting top which I did not recognise. Opposite, and also free-standing, was a metre-square vertical white panel. It stood on one leg and seemed perfectly balanced.

I sat for a few moments, with the instrument console on my right, the panel on my left, a blank brown wall behind me, and my guards in position in front of me. The door whined open and three other creatures stalked in---on leading, the other two following. Hah! Thought I, these may be alien beings from another world, but when it comes to displaying protocol they were quite human.

One lizard-man stationed himself near the dais while the other two sat down in their reserved chairs. The guards, apart from bowing their heads when the engourage had entered, stood stock-still. Like statues, or snakes basking in the sun...

I heard a hum from the dais and caught a glance of the lizard-man standing over the machine and moving slim, agile fingers over the face of it. The similarity of his action to that of a typist was very close. It turned and uttered something to the seated creatures.

The lizard-man who had led the group into the room spoke briefly while sitting still in his seat. No moving of hands or gesticulating with his arms whatsoever. I speculated that the waving of limbs while one was speaking was probably only a human characteristic.

Then the voice came. Loud and clear and precise, and in English and definitely not uttered by any human.

"Identify yourself, alien."

Who, me? Seeing as they made no move to respond to the disembodied demand, I replied, "Ah, I'm Attila

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Beckley, a citizen of New Zealand, and I live in Hokitika City. But where...what is this ship and who the hell are you and where do you come from and what d'you want--"

I was cut short with a wave of a scaly fist from the lizard who stood at the dais. He didn't have to speak to me; I shut up.

The lizard which had spoke before said more in his hissing tongue and then was still. The colourless voice followed, and I began to click on to what was happening.

"What is your position in the society of this planet, and explain your presence in this area."

"I'm a teacher in Hokitika City and I have a class of around twenty pupils. I train them for the military, and I was on holiday so I came to this place to rest. I like it here. It is, or rather was, a very peaceful place."

A whistle sounded from the dais. The two lizards turned to face the standing creature operating the machine and spoke. Several hisses and grunts were exchanged before they turned back to me. More hisses, this time directed to me. I waited for the translation.

"You lie, alien! Repeat the piece of your message which was erroneous to us, but this time truthfully. I warn you, if you attempt to deceive us a second time I shall direct the guards to rip both your legs off you. Continue."

Oh, bloody sister! A lie-detector as well as a translator! I'd have to keep this straight or they'd tear me to shreds.

"I have a class of twenty pupils and I'm a mathematics teacher."

More hissing, throaty warbles and a couple of deep grunts. Laughter?

"Alien! What is the military capability of your planet?"

I'd have to phrase this one carefully. "Well, I'm not really sure, but from what I've seen on the Screen, the Southern Hemisphere has quite a good capability."

Further lizard language. "What of the North? What has happened there?"

"They destroyed themselves. The People Republics of Eurasia invaded Europe, North America, and our part of the world in 1985. When they were finally beaten back they employed nuclear and other energy weapons in '94. The result is what now exists--a Northern Hemisphere which has been poisoned by radiation and diseases."

A pause in the questioning. I fidgetted as the seated lizards conferred for several minutes, and then one hissed at the dais operator. A question was then directed at me and translated. "Alien, can you identify this for us. We detected this transmission several (untranslated word) and traced it to your planet."

They turned me towards the white panel and the

room darkened. The panel lit up and a moving image appeared. Minutes went by and I suddenly stiffened as I recognised what I was seeing. I smiled.

"Yes, I do."

Hissing, followed by translation: "Explain to us what the simulated images were, alien."

"Ahhh, the images depicted the scene of a battle in space. It was a great victory for us, and many enjoyed watching the simulation in their own homes."

More hissing, "Is it an accurate representation of your capabilities?"

"Yes, the best which," Oh Lord, I'd better phrase this carefully if I was to walk out of here, "our technicians in Hollywood were able to create."

"Your described place-of-origin of this simulation is meaningless to us. We presume it is a military base?"

I made rapid calculations, and prayed as I answered. "It was destroyed in the War. But others exist like it throughout the Southern Hemisphere."

More lizard language but no whistle from the dais. I felt my heart thump heavily in my chest.

"You have others similar to the place-of-origin responsible for the simulated images of your space-battle?"

"Yes. Many. We have three here in this part of the world."

Oh Lord. I thought it might work. Thank god that they hadn't bothered to ask one thing. C'mon Beckley, unless you want to end up on the lizard menu, keep this up.

Hissing. A warble or two. Some impossible-to-recreate throaty sounds. The translation followed. "Do your space-battles always result in a favourable victory?"

"Yes."

The lizards spoke together for several minutes and then rose from their seats. They looked down at me and I stared nervously back at them. I hoped that they could not read my facial expressions just as I could not interpret theirs. If they had any expressions to begin with. Their faces looked, to me, as immobile as a dolphin's. Their hissing filled the air again briefly, but this time with the lizard from the dais machine joining in. A real family affair, I thought.

The senior of the group turned towards a guard and addressed him briefly. The guard lifted his weapon, aimed it at me, and again I collapsed to the ground, disabled. However, this time I was lifted up gently and carefully removed from the ship. The two lizard-men left me behind the bushes where they had first zapped me and then disappeared.

I did not see the ship leave, but the noise of its departure was unmistakable as in a spasm of weariness, I lost consciousness...

### Part 3

I regained consciousness in the sterile whiteness of some hospital. Doctors and nurses fussed around me as a supreme effort was made to comfort me as much as possible. I didn't object; why? They could not know that the zap-gun belonging to the lizard-men was evidently used only for temporary paralysis of its victim and that I would soon be on my feet again.

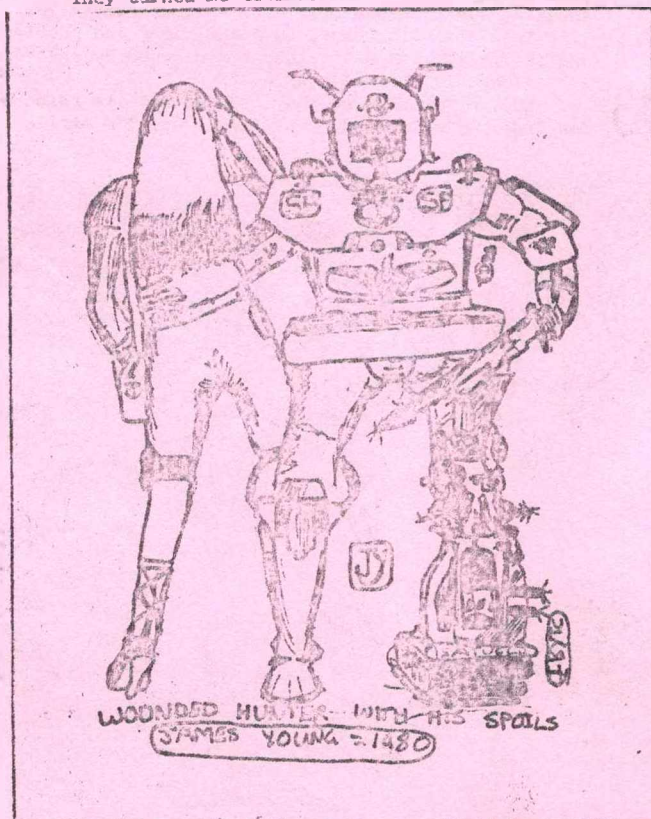
When they noticed my awakening, the Matron hurriedly scurried away and returned a half-minute later with four high-ranking Regular Army and Regional Militia officials. Under the 2nd Emergency Act, I was immediately drafted into both services then & there and they proceeded to question me for the next two hours solid.

Evidently the teenagers from my class had made their way to the nearest town in record time, where Watene had informed the authorities of what had happened. The first Interceptor jets had flown over the area just as the alien ship had lifted off. Attempts to destroy it failed as the lizard's craft sped off into space. My questioning was coming to an end.

"What we would like to know was what you saw when they questioned you? They seemed mighty interested in something we have unfortunately beamed into space."

"Well," I answered, "They were very interested in our military strength. Probably to invade Earth, I suppose. They acted hostile towards me, so I can't imagine that they would have had other intentions towards the rest of us. Anyway, the thing that they showed me was an old movie picture, or parts of it, anyway. I recognised it as something out of the classic "STAR WARS" and they, thinking that it was real, became very concerned with our supposedly powerful deep-space war ships. I don't think that they've ever heard of science fiction."

-----Frank Macskazy jr,



# COMMUNICATIONS

((Here we go again. But first a word from the sponsor... Thank you to everyone who wrote using the suggested addressing from last issue. It really is working!

There are a few new faces in this column. This is Ghood. You also started to write in earlier. Again, Ghood. Keep it up!))

Margaret Boyd  
1 / 107 Bealey Ave  
Christchurch 1.

Please find enclosed one \$7 money order (which I have parted with with much reluctance) to renew my subscription to NASF, WARP and all for another year. Why reluctant? Because I nearly wasn't going to give you another chance; but unless I write and tell you about it, you would no doubt be in ignorance of all that I think is being done badly in this magazine, which is making me so dissatisfied.

Unlike most letters I send you, there is not a contribution tucked in with this one. I admit to a certain sadness over your lack of honesty about the printed matter you have available for the magazine. The last time you said there was nothing in, you were currently sitting on three of my pieces of work. OK, they may have been too long or too similar or too something else to other work you had in print at that time, but if what you meant was "there is nothing in that I want to print", why didn't you say so. And please stop that touch of false humility about "only printing my own work because there is nothing elser" We all know editors do get to print some (or a lot) of their own work, it goes with the job. The only one you're fooling is yourself, if you think your work is more suitable than mine to print to fill up a space then print it don't apologise for it. Incidentally if my latest bunch of contributions is really that bad feel free to send them back. I'm sure I can get them printed elsewhere.

Also the reason why we don't send in any notes about what we're doing in our Christchurch meetings is that in previous times, they haven't been printed in the magazine. So if you're not really interested enough to print them, we're really not bothered about wasting a stamp to tell you.

And please please can you keep the Editors comments out of the body of a work that has been lucky enough to see publication. I find bits 'stuck in' an enormous distraction. If the Editor thinks he must comment about something what is wrong with an asterisk and a number, or somesuch, with comments at the end of the letter, article, review, whatever? It makes for much smoother reading that way.

In conclusion, despite all I did like WARP 17, but please please can we have at least two staples per magazine, one is just plain silly especially where you put it.

Also, I am getting unbelievably bored with pictures of near-naked women on the covers. No matter how artistic and necessary they may be to that particular cover. Could one of the artists please do a SF picture (I can't draw) that includes a mostly-undressed man, for the cover? Just for a change. Fair's fair!

Look forward to the next issue with interest. The wrapper you sent WARP 17 in is fine for a method of sending, but then so are envelopes.

((What more can I add? Just this: when I say "I have nothing to print", I mean it. The statement may not stand alone, it may require the qualifications added in the text from which it is so often quoted, but it is fact. I have plenty of material on hand: almost all fiction of quality ranging from mediocre to crap. I do not want to print fiction, nor (in my opinion) do most readers want a solid diet of it in WARP. I want reviews, articles, letters and news. I print fiction because I get it, and it is there, and because a little fiction can spice the issue up. Besides, the writers are members of NASF. But that does not invite a fictionzine. // I print my own stuff because it is timely and topical, or good. I don't like printing it because I have less material on hand than I need to satisfy people who want stuff by me. I'd rather use good material by other people in WARP, releasing my own stuff for elsewhere. // I want and I print Branch News, regardless of what some other (unspecified) editors may have felt/done on this matter. // How are these comments? // I use what I can get. For WARP 17, Duncan's cover was easily the best in stock. So... I have nothing against printing the covers you specified. They're in hard supply, however... // This letter (Margaret's) was received before WARP 18 went out but after completion.))

Rosemary Mansfield  
34 McDonald Cres  
Wellington 1.

Having just received a notice about renewing subs I suddenly remembered that I have been a member of NASF for just on one year and I haven't as much as written a letter to WARP!

In the last year I've received about six copies of WARP and I must say the quality has increased approx. 200% in that time (congrats, ed). My only complaint with the last issue is the fading down one side---but you've already apologised for that. I have to prefer envelopes to wrappers---I also have problems with leaky letter boxes. As for that perennial wrangle over staples: my job involves large amounts of stapling bits of paper together and I know the hassles---do whatever suits you best, Greg.

My congratulations for your organisation of WELLCON B---it's a weekend that (try as I might) I just can't forget. My only regret is that I forgot who took the photo of us playing ches---I'd really like a print of it. I feel sorry for the lazy bums who didn't get your speech (? discussion? free-for-all wrangle?) on the Saturday morning ---I loved every minute.

Loved the coloured paper---could I put in a plug for lilac next time? Ros.

((How about violent puce? Thought not. I don't know who took the photo---of all the pics that have reached me so far, it is not one. Thanks for the kind words re: WARP; I am just finishing off the improvement started by Bruce F.))

#####

Robin Whitson  
member,  
Palmerston North.

For years I've been getting "Galaxy" mag thru Gordon & Gotch in Wellington. In the last year I've had two issues. I have heard rumour that "Galaxy" has ceased publication. Could you give me the facts.

((After some research, yes. GALAXY has been acquired by a new publisher (the same one, it seems, as puts/used to put out GALILEO.) There has been/is a delay before the next issue will appear; whether the delay will be short, long or permanent my informants saith not.

I printed this question to point up the fact that where possible WARP will answer specific queries put to it by NASF members. I did not print Robin's name because altho there was no specific confidentiality placed on it, I suspect you prefer it not be given out---nyet?

But really, people who do not want their addresses printed in WARP can and should ask so specifically in their letters. The confidentiality will be respected. If I am not asked not to, I will usually print addresses))

#####

Frank Macskasy jr  
PO Box 7345  
Wellington South.

Thanks for WARP 18 (received by being flung across the room in my general direction ((Had to keep you away somehow...))

Interesting colour, that light blue. Actually the same shade as I'm painting my house. Any connection? ((Insert your comment here: ((No.)))).

I disagree with Duncan when he says that my article on the Haldeman visit to Auckland was misleading. I wrote what I remembered and knew of the visit. That the AUSFS had any part to play in the matter I knew not. No one told me. However, now that I do know, I would like to thank them for a very enjoyable evening. Another thing; concerning my handling Joe THE SLEEPER WAKES to sign. As I said at the beginning of my article, I went to Auckland for a non-sf reason (as Debi Kean). Political stuff. I only found out about Joe's presence in Godzone when you told me. And as THE SLEEPER WAKES was the only reading material I'd brought with me...

((Besides which, although they would obviously like us to think so, the AUSFS was not the power behind the visit of the Haldemans. See also the report in AEONS, which almost made it sound like AUSFS members were the total attendance.

I was one of the (two) people who met Anne McCaffrey at the airport here in Wellington. Goshwow!---but it didn't make me one of the organisers of the visit. I was not. The McCaffrey visit was paid for by Corgi paperbacks, her accomodation and such but WellCon '79 (ie Mervyn Barrett and Brian Thurogood: mainly Mervyn). I was a passenger. Of course, AUSFS is organising NORCON '81. See notes elsewhere in WARP. (By the way, most of the attendees at the McCaffrey do were NASFans...! Does this?))



Lana Fahey,  
PO Box 173  
Turangi.

In July I attended a meeting put on by Cathy Symons, 108 Arthur Street, Onehunga, Auckland. She and Chris Berriman and another girl had plans to start a ST club. I found out about it and made a trip up to Auckland. I thought that seeing as how our club (*The Alternative Factor*) was already underway they might join up with us.

However, they turned that down and it seems we are going our separate ways. We still have only 20 members, but I have had several enquiries so I hope they join. I have had (and still am) a lot of help from the STAR TREK WELCOMMITTEE in USA & Australia. They keep me up to date on most ST-related happenings. And now with Gene & Majel Roddenberry as honorary members they will supply us with information.

Thanks most kindly for giving us a little space in WARP for bits and pieces of TAF. As a member of NASF I will also be doing some artwork on sf. I have a great love of sf. My favourite authors are Jack Vance (love his Star King--Demon Princes books), Ray Bradbury, and a host of others.

You mention that Anne McCaffrey passed through. Excuse my ignorance but is that the Anne McCaffrey of Pern fame? If so, lucky you. That is one lady I would someday like to meet.

#####

Vera Lonergan  
PO Box 148  
Earlwood 2206  
AUSTRALIA.

SWANCON went very well, one of the best-organised cons I've ever attended, with some very good panel talks which impressed Elizabeth Gardner. Should be several panels at NORCON, for which I haven't yet heard a definite date. Anne McCaffrey was a very interesting lady,

though not as good value as Joe Haldeman. She was smart and left the con whenever she started to feel tired, and didn't sit up till all hours at room parties. Very opinionated lady, with a strong character, and an excellent speaker. Hope you enjoy meeting her and daughter Gigi. (*Everybody did! But "not as good value as Joe Haldeman"??? I have no idea--rather an author met than one heard about second-hand... NORCON is to be held Queen's Birthday Weekend again, from the dates I've seen.*)

Did you hear that Bert Chandler is to be the GoH at the CHICAGO Worldcon in 1982? Would you believe that I was the first fan in the world to know about that? I rang Bert the morning he received the invitation, to ask him whether he was willing to be GoH at NORCON, and he said that was the second invitation to be a GoH he had received that day. He wouldn't tell me where the other invite was from, and as only the Worldcon bidders keep their prospective GoHs secret, I immediately jumped to the conclusion that it was Detroit, as everyone in Aus seems to have voted for that bid. So I raved on about Detroit until he burst out with "You should all have voted for Cigaco". That let the cat out of the bag.

#####

Alex Heatley  
43 Melbourne Road  
Island Bay, Wellington 2.

I would like to say that as this is my first letter to WARP I expect to see it printed in WARP 19... I notice Frank Macskasy jr has had his letters (well, that's what he calls them) printed in the last three mags. The only thing worse than reading Frank's letters is listening to him; he speaks far too long, often, and flat. Considering each lettercol had a WAHF why can't Frank be passed over in favour of someone else? In short (sorry) give Frank a miss!

When the editorial interjections extend even to the ads placed in WARP things have gone too far (*So next time pay for the space you fill!*). YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED.

I have only (unfortunately) received WARPs edited by Mr. G.R.Hills (whom, he tells us, has lived with his name for 22 years; one wonders how he does it? Hmm, perhaps with stilts?). Nevertheless they have been of high quality and are to be commended. Even WARP 18 was of high quality considering the material and manner in which it was published.

As for a CONventional letter sent by Tersa and Susanna I already have your addresses so don't think I can't find you. (*Raises the question--why should you want to?*)

#####

Graham Ferner  
2/16 Hollyhock Place.  
Browns Bay  
AUCKLAND 10..

What's this I hear about a Tolkien Society? If it gets off the ground you can count me in, but how about some details?

What was the Wellington meeting with Anne McCaffrey like? I missed her when she was in Auckland but I was fortunate enough to meet her in *Galaxy Bookshop* while I was in Sydney. She was at a double book-signing with A. Bertram Chandler. I haven't read any of Chandlers books but I bought a copy of *THE WAY BACK* anyway so I could get it signed.

((Tolkien Soc details? There aren't any to speak of---yet. Plans to date make it a loose grouping of Tolkienians, with the aim of furthering interest in and knowledge of Tolkien's---and other fantasy---works. "other fantasy" because it seems that in the majority of cases so far, people strongly interested in Tolkien are/have become also strongly interested in the fantasy field in general. NZ does not yet have a fantasy-oriented club (altho NASF spreads---or sags---to fit, sort of). A newsletter is on the boards if the club gets launched. I received almost enough response just from the passing mention in *WARP 18* to make it worth starting. Once started we can decide the details---Constitution, structure, aims, and form of newsletter. I will not necessarily be President, editor, or any such, please note. I'm starting it, but I want it to stand on its own)) ((See Frank's McCaffrey Report on the other question...))  
#####

Bruce Ferguson  
5 Helena Road  
HAMILTON.

I take note at the footnote to my letter in ((*WARP 18*)) that you invite my comment about the latest issue.

The electrostencils worked well, certainly better than some of my murky offsets ((Specifically *WARPs 11 & 12*? After that your 'murky' offset began to show why I prefer an offset *WARP*...)) although there is this tendency for the print at the edge of the page to fade away into oblivion. Excuse accepted.

It sounds like you are having my old problem about no branch news ((Only from Christchurch, now; the others are starting to come through with it)).

The review of Heinlein's latest is most welcome. He may be loved or hated, but he can't be ignored. I am looking forward to reading it. Contrary to what may appear, I do not like all his books---I read one I don't like (*FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD*). ((Agreed!)) I dislike computer-stories written by people who know nothing about them except the usual clichés. Very few writers who do this know anything about computers; but some exceptional computer-oriented sf is Brunner's *SHOCKWAVE RIDER* and Hogan's *TWO FACES OF TOMORROW*. Asimov's *Multivac* and *General Robotics* is noe past history and should be read only by archaeologists (In fact a number of computer firms have used names from the Good Doctor's books---there are Asimov fans in all sorts of places)..((I draw notice to *TWO FACES OF TOMORROW* herein; also note Keith Smith's timely bit on computers. Sf fans may/may not be interested in, but they should know something about, computers.))

Remember when you stayed at our place and we wondered just where Piers Anthony could go with the fourth book in the Cluster series. Am currently reading *THOUSANDSTAR* and think he cheated. I am over half-way through and find it enjoyable once I have dealt with the three time-tracks (in consecutive paragraphs) and two characters with the same name. I now wonder where the rumoured fifth book is going to take place. If I don't see a review of *THOUSANDSTAR* in the next issue I shall send one in. ((Please do: I was going to review it, but time got short, and... Besides, Certain People think I print Too Much of My Stuff in this zine already...))  
#####

Rex Thompson  
154 Corstophine Road  
DUNEDIN.

I agree with the change in repro; with the loss of the SF Bathhouse subsidy and your own understandable reluctance to part out with your own dollars, *WARP* has no choice but to become a more modest zine. Don't

despair, however, apart from that damn fading on the left-hand side *WARP* is still perfectly readable. Two more things: I don't agree with the pretty blue(?) paper, and if you have "continued on page &" please number all pages. ((It wasn't so much reluctance to part with \$, but lack of \$ to part with. Other points noted)).

In regard to the quasi-NASF zine ((oops)) I understand Tom Cardy has informed you of his willingness to partake in such a venture (drat, beaten again!) now that IT, known once as WORLDS BEYOND, has been terminated ((a shame)).

Now for the prime reason for my writings, to give an update on the NASF badge controversy. Due to price increases etc, Badges I have made now will be 1/2 the size of the originals. I have since found an engraver who will do these for \$1.50 if I have at least 10 done. (the previous engraver wanted \$1.80 for 20, \$2.00 for less than 20). Sooo, for those wanting badges, they are \$1.70 each with postage.

((And he enclosed a sample---quite nice. NatSec Gary Perkins managed to get a batch of good full-size ones done here in Wellington (by Whitcoulls): these are the ones we are distributing at the moment to people who ordered them. I believe he is charging \$2.00, which includes postage---so Rex, your smaller ones are cheaper by a small margin.

((At least I hope this has taught us not to go off half-cocked on any project. NASF has this history of stumbling on the rocks in ill-surveyed territory...))

#####

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* Found on the inner doors of a public urinal... \*  
\* "I'm trying to be a paranoid \*  
\* but someone is trying to stop me!" \*  
\*\*\*\*\*

Elizabeth Gardner  
56 Weston Avenue  
PALMERSTON NORTH.

Having recently returned from Australia I have been asked to spread the word about amalgamation of the Australian Science Fiction Society with our NZ Convention organisation (WellCon?). The ASFS is the co-ordinating society behind all the Australian (National) Conventions (Constitution attached).

By joining the two organisations we gain a ready-made framework for the controlling of cons (which works effectively for the Australians). Also experience and ideas can exchange more freely between the two countries.

Whether to have one united Con in NZ every fourth year and National Conventions for the other three years is just one of the many points that need discussing. Therefore I would like any and every thought, view or bias to be heard; to me if not the zine. It's up to you to say what you want for your future.

((No room to print the ASFS Constitution you sent this time---next time, maybe, with a few beginning comments from others. My own personal opinion is that the ASFS Constitution is worthless, particularly for NZ. It mentions "authority and responsibility" within itself, but while it has plenty of the former it has none of the latter. It is quite simply a device which tells each NatCon committee "Things must be done thus and so and any profits you may make---though none of the losses---must be given to the ASFS". I'll supply copies to anyone asking so they can make up their own minds. However, if a joint Australasian SFS framework could be drawn up and agreed-on: one specifically including NZ & other South Pacific nations, and one which does actually give it a few responsibilities (or removes its power to demand anything)...))

#####

Terry Jeeves  
230 Bannerdale Road  
Sheffield S11 9FE  
ENGLAND.

Many thanks for WARP 18. Re: that horrible pun inside by somebody or other..."May the horse be with you". Just before the war there was a (ghastly) breakfast cereal on the market called...wait for it...'FORCE'. It has long since vanished...lacking force...but can you imagine what it would have done to the sales of that stuff had it been around nowadays? Might even be worth putting an up-dated version of Blog on the market and calling it FORCE. ((You can force the blog to water, but you cannot make it cereal))

Liked the fiction, without firing off any rockets or giving mad cheers of delight (fan fiction is usually so BORING). Note that Frank Macskasy jr hates stapling at the top left hand corner...why doesn't he learn to read upside down, then simply turn his magazine over and read it that way...with staples snugly positioned at the bottom right hand corner...or half-way and have 'em top right or bottom left. Egad, the mind boggles at the ways in which one can read a fanzine.

Also enjoyed the lettercol...usually the best part of a zine, and no slouch in WARP. Keep up the good work...and of course, AUSTRALIA IN 83. If we can rob a bank or win DUFF or something else equally exotic we'd love to be with you...

#####

Trevor Gudsell  
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX  
Palmerston North.

I note by WARP 18, which is the first I have really read for a while, that you have changed your printing methods. The new Gestetnered version is legible, barely, but the fade-out down the left side was definitely not

something to be repeated in future issues.

You'll note I have again deleted my address. I have changed addresses again, and so I plan to follow the apparent trend in New Zealand today and rent a Post Office Box. I will advise NASF of the number when I have it.

I see nothing wrong with including your own material when it is timely and well written ((Neither do I ---which is why I do it)). I do object to reading an effort which has been printed solely because someone thinks a club magazine should print everything sent to it. That would turn the editor into a mere collator, one who gathers and orders material, then prints it like that---complete and unabridged. An editor must edit or he/she is failing in his/her job! My first issue of WARP was #12, which I understand marked the first real stage in an ongoing metamorphosis from just this sort of situation ((If you're saying Frank was a collator only, I disagree. But he did have different ideas about how to produce the magazine)). Having read WARP 18 I recovered and read WARPS 15 to 17 in order to compare them. I think WARP 18, despite poor reproduction and rather patchy appearance, contained better material than many earlier issues. It definitely was not the best ever, but it at least tried to give a wider view of the science fictional arena than would have been the case had it confined itself to printing anything and everything received. That certainly would not have been in the club's interests. I'd not want to associate myself with that sort of literary miscenegation (or 'abortion' to say the equivalent in modern colloquial). I want to read the best that the members can create, not just what they create.

I'm afraid this has not made much sense. I shall have to return to writing out a first draft of future missives. This one was done in haste.

#####

David Harvey  
PO Box 21113  
Henderson  
AUCKLAND 8.

Thank you for the September issue of WARP. I was very interested to receive it and read it through. Congratulations. I am looking forward to a further production of TANGENT ((Look in the envelope this time round!))

I remember well at the first Con when we played The War of the Ring game that you queried whether or not Gothmog was a Nazgul. Your view was that he was only described as Lieutenant of the Tower of Minas Morgul which, of course, is correct. Notwithstanding that I am meant to know these things ((this follows from a deleted paragraph in which Dave mentioned he was studying for Mastermind)), I have been unable to determine anything which leads me to a positive conclusion that Gothmog was a Nazgul apart from the fact that Foster suggests that he may have been. I hardly think that, since the Nazgul occupied Minas Ithil, as it then was, in 2002 TA and made it their strong point until Sauron returned to the Dark Tower that the Lieutenant of Minas Morgul could be anything but a Nazgul. We know, of course, that the original Gothmog was a Balrog and all I can say is that I just hope that the question is not asked in the final. ((It seems it wasn't; congratulations on what I hear was a well-deserved win (I managed, with my usual timing, to miss seeing it)X Remind me not to argue LotR with you at NorCon... But still, it seems to me that it is not stated either that Gothmog was always the Lieutenant. Was the Mouth of Sauron a Nazgul? He was not. Yet surely a Nazgul would have been the more logical choice for Herald? Nazgul were not needed to fill every high post in Mordor, and non-Nazgul can always be replaced when they die by new servants from the present generation...))

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\* Does anyone care that Michel Verne produced and directed 4 films based on his \*  
\* father's novels? \*  
\* -----Peter Graham. \*  
\*\*\*\*\*

NASF LENDING LIBRARY (List Continued from WARP 17...)

- 241.. THE MARACOT DEEP, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. The crew of a bathyscaphe find themselves guest-prisoners in the city of Atlantis, four miles beneath the surface of the ocean.
- 242.. THE GREEKS BRING GIFTS, by Murray Leinster. The Greeks offered---free of charge ---automatic machinery to do every conceivable job on Earth. So how did they profit?
- 243.. THE GIRLS FROM PLANET FIVE, by Richard Wilson. It is 1983 and the government is the first female President is elected the girls from Planet Five stage an invasion to add to this tongue-in-cheek story.
- 244.. LET THE FIPE FALL, by Kate Wilhelm. The alien starship landed in a cornfield. Its crew died rapidly, leaving only one survivor: a baby. An alien legacy that might become---what?
- 245.. BEGAN'S PLANET by Robert Silverberg. Tells the story behind the world's fair of 1992 A.D. ((I thought it would be the tale of the 1980 American Presidential elections?))
- 246.. PLANETARY AGENT X, by Mack Reynolds. Traces the efforts of a newly-appointed Special Agent to track down an insane homicidal maniacal intergalactic terrorist.
- 247.. THE GOD KILLERS, by John Dexter (an Aussie sf writer). Once a world of superior science, Merryland had become decadent and superstitious, worshipping Satan and Hades. However some adventurous off-worlders still risked contact to search the planet for valuable remnants of this science.
- 248.. ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF SF -- BOOK TWO, ed. Damon Knight. Contains stories by GERALD KERSH, OM KORNBLUTH, ALGIS BUDRYS, AMBROSE BIERCE, NORMAN SPINRAD, SONYA DORIAN, RALPH WILLIAMS, ANTHONY BOUCHER, ARTHUR C CLARKE, JG BALLARD.
- 249.. NEGATIVE MENUS, by R.L.Fanthorpe. The Q97 space-liner bound for Alpha Centauri vanishes. The agents sent to investigate also disappear into a nightmare plot created by an apparently invincible alien enemy.
- 250.. SANTANA MORNING, by Mike Polan. A collection of sixteen short stories by Mike Dolan.
- 251.. WEDDIE IN A TIMESTACK, by Robert Silverberg. A collection of ten short stories by this well-known author.
- 252.. MOONBEAST, by A.E.van Vogt. Caught in the vortex of a weird time-machine, blue-skinned men, cowboys, Neanderthals, etc form the strange society into which the latest victim is thrust.
- 253.. FOUNDATION AND EMPIRE, by Isaac Asimov. This is the second volume in Asimov's future-history trilogy of the rise and fall of galactic empires.
- 254.. A JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH, by Jules Verne. The classic tale of Professor von Hardwigg's expedition that retraces the footsteps of Arne Saknussemm to the centre of the Earth.
- 255.. THE WORLD MENDERS, by Lloyd Bibble jr.. Cedd Farrari had doubts about the non-interference in alien societies rule, so he initiated a revolt on Branoff IV to free the primitives from their "masters". Is he right or wrong? Or is he both right and wrong?
- 256.. BACKDROP OF STARS, ed. Harry Harrison. Includes stories by BRIAN W ALDISS, POUL ANDERSON, ISAAC ASIMOV, JG BALLARD, JAMES BLISH, DAMON KNIGHT, THEODORE STURGEON, L SPRAGUE DECAMP, PHILIP JOSE FARMER, FRANK HERBERT, FRITZ LEIDER, KATHERINE MCLEAN, FREDERIK POHL, MACK REYNOLDS.

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PLEASE NOTE: New Rental Rates are in effect due to increased postage etc:

- |                        |                |
|------------------------|----------------|
| (a) Cassettes          | \$2.50 rental. |
| (b) One paperback book | 40¢ rental.    |
| (b) Two paperbacks     | 60¢ rental.    |

The NASF Book-lending library is finally in the black with a whole \$1.57 to spend! The cassette library will be in the black by a similar amount as soon as Dunedin and Wellington Branches pay for the last cassettes they borrowed.

-----Gary Perkins, National Secretary.

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FINAL NOTES DEPARTMENT (with miscellaneous wild & wonderful ramblings)

WARP: As this is typed, WARP 19 is completed except for pp21 & 22. The offsetting was bad on many copies (the pink paper, pretty as it is, shows offsetting off very well---which is not what I want!). I also apologise those whose copies of ppl3 & 14 are somewhat 'faded': guess who left buying another tube of ink so late that the shop closed before he got there? (I'll have to borrow a tube to finish off the WCB Booklet and SOUTHERN FANZINE REVIEW) On the other hand, I am well and truly gripped by 'bigger is better': 22 pages make this the biggest WARP ever (holds more words, too).

Don't ask what happened to the WARP masthead on Page 2 and I won't have to lie about how clumsily I pasted the scrap of electrostencil in...

NEWS: Cary Perkins has been industriously fossicking again, and has supplied the following bits and pieces:

Vince Whelan rang him 3/11 to say Dunedin NASF is to screen the movies SILENT RUNNING and DALEK INVASION at their 12 November meeting.

Dunedin Branch subscriptions now \$6.00 adult, \$5.00 student. Meeting fee dropped. ((So it's not really a raise for an active member: only for inactive members...)) Dunedin Treasury holding up despite heavy cost of movie rentals.

Nigel Rowe rang him too. Latest meeting held 9th November @ Auckland WEA as joint NASF/MARTIAN WAY FAN ASSOCIATION meet. Still holding on and looking forward to Norcon with hopes of improved membership.

AUCKLAND AGM IS TO BE HELD 7th DECEMBER 1980. Auckland members please note. Nigel Rowe is acting Pres till then; please write with suggestions to him.

Due to lack of use Auckland plan to sell their Branch library and discontinue the service.

From Christchurch he has, as quoted here: "The Christchurch Science Fiction Society's current subscription is \$8.00 per year; is still struggling with a membership drive for itself and NASF with three enquiries pending at the moment. Unfortunately CSFS and NASF relationship is a bit strained at the moment due to a minor total war between CSFS officers and WARPs editor. Personally I hope the parties involved are willing to forgive and forget." So saith the ~~Sxxx~~ National Secretary.

He has Wellington news as follows: Quick synopsis of NASF meetings since May:

13 May program was cassette tape of Haklan Ellison: loving reminiscences of the dying gasp of the pulp era.

15 June Programmed movie INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS (original version).

20 July: Programme: Wargames.

17 August Program SILENT RUNNING movie ((Groans from the Editor at the memory))

21 September Programme was Dave White chairing a discussion on the viability of interstellar empires, given different parameters. Thanks Dave.

19 October Program was cassette tape of Fritz Leiber, the author and his works.

16 November is to be held at the Wellington Planetarium. Program SF GUIDE TO THE GALAXY and INFINITE CONFLICT, both to be presented by Dave White. ((Normal NASF meeting charge only---no extra expense for attendees!))

6 December Possible special group outing to see THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK.

Not to forget anything, he has National notes too: FINALLY WE GOT THEM NASF PLASTIC LOGO BADGES, YAY! SO ALL THOSE WHO MADE ADVANCE ORDERS SHOULD HAVE RECEIVED THEM BY THE TIME THIS MAGAZINE ISSUE IS PUBLISHED. For those still to order, they are \$2.00 each (includes postage anywhere in New Zealand).

At the 18oct80 meeting, NASF Committee agreed in principle to assisting other organisations with their magazine printing + distribution.

((And finally...)) National Secretariys apologies to everyone who is awaiting replies to letters from me.

-----Gary Perkins.

KILLING OFF THE FINAL STENCIL: This is a jam-packed WARP to end an era with, and no mistake. If you want to keep getting this sort of intensive information, you have to keep the magazine(s) supplied with more than enough. Income is barely matching outgo at the moment. And think: Not long ago, we had trouble filling a WARP half this size (and with no photoreduction!). Don't tell me we can't manage to up present statistics!

-----The Editor, 7/11/1980. FIN.