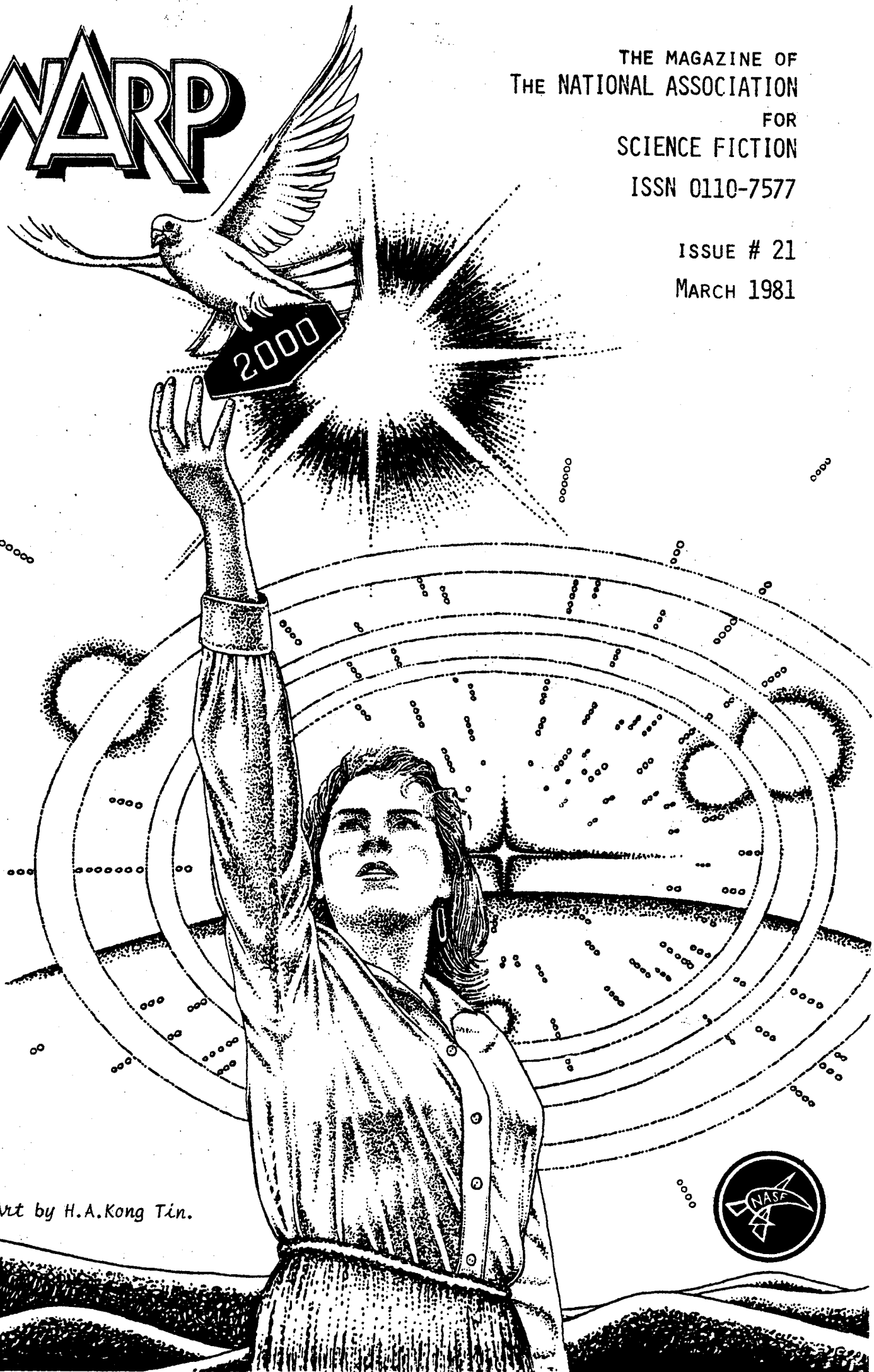


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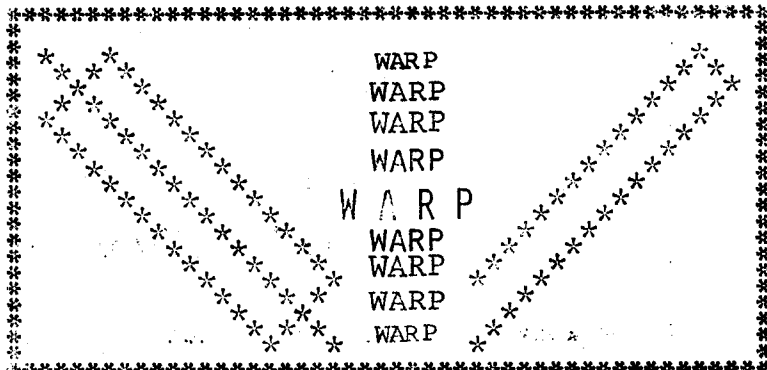
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 Tom Cardy, pp.11, 12;. David White, p.20..

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And Other Useful Addresses...

AOTEARAPA, NZ's apa, 137 Richardson St, Dunedin.
 NORCON '81, PO Box 5651, Wellesley St, Auckland.
 Alternative Factor STREK, PO Box 4188, Wanganui.
 STANZA STREK, 108 Arthur St, Onehunga, Auckland,.
 or 226 Sutherland Rd, Wellington 3 (Wn.Chapter).
 Upper Hutt SF Soc, 43 McLeod Ave, Upper Hutt.
 AUSTRALIASICON 1, PO Box 11205, Wellington.
 DUNEDIN IN '82 Bid, 137 Richardson St, Dunedin.
 NOUMENON magazine, 40 Korora Rd, Oneroa,
 Waiheke Island, Hauraki Gulf.
 S3FS, PO Box 11708, Manners St, Wellington.

by Greg Hills.

Ahem, blush, "The next WARP will be out on time". Well...only two and one half weeks late! The reason this time is that Post Office Training School (which I had pushed from my mind) came up and absorbed me for two weeks. As production of a late WARP is not going to cost me anything but a little mental agony, whereas failure to pass Training School's tests would cost me my Post Office job, WARP slipped behind again. But that's finished with now, and so we're not so late as last time (only half as late in fact...)---next time we'll be back in stride!

MATERIAL. Well, the coffers have resumed their normal state---eg, I need more material if I'm going to complete the next WARP. This is normal, and I expect a better-than-normal response. YOU HEAR, OUT THERE! WE NEED MATERIAL AGAIN!

And, furthermore, the lack of artwork in this issue represents a paucity of small artwork suitable for use (hint). Despite material from Terry Collister (it's not that I don't use it, Terry---just that I can't decide what to use in time...but I do use some of your stuff...don't I?) there is precious little interior artwork left to select from. Covers we have (for now) since the Art Contest, but no smaller stuff. Stuff in the $\frac{1}{4}$ -- $\frac{1}{2}$ -page range is most eagerly sought. The very small is not so eagerly sought because present format does not suit it.

We apologise for the faded Editorial last time---the machine faded out in the middle, and an under-done electrostencil will not print well (as I discovered!).

It's National AGM time again---the 3rd Sunday in April, at the WEA rooms on the Terrace, in Wellington. Your chance to choose the direction of the club in the next 12 months. And we are aware it is set in Easter Weekend. Just come if you can, OK?

Most of Yggdrasil this time is swallowed by the final tabulation of the NASF POLL and the Orbiter Questioner. Which brings up a note: WOULD ANYONE WILLING TO TAKE OVER THE OPERATION OF THE NASF ORBITER PLEASE CONTACT US!!! It's a healthy proposition, as the report shows; and it requires only a couple of hours a month from you. If you live in Wellington and have time and inclination to help NASF, this is one way. Ye Editor has started it, but, frankly, I have too much on my plate to keep it running the way it should. (NB: You will be handling people's money if you take this on---only people over 18 years apply, please. Thank you).

The editor has been spending his own money for WARP again---\$40.00 has gone west to purchase two new typefaces (this one and the ORATOR face used for headings---to save on expensive Letraset). I hope you appreciate the improved appearance. (This page is an experiment).

EDITOR RESIGNS! Well, not yet, but I shall almost certainly be stepping down at the 1982 AGM due to press of other commitments---Australasicon being one of them, ahead of a couple of others (private for now) by only a small margin. I also feel a desire to spend more time and effort on TANJENT than is presently possible. Despite Tom Cardy's opinion, TANJENT remains my prime fanzine. At the moment it is marking time, while I use it to practise various techniques of production.

Anyone willing to take over WARP (maybe) with the May, 1982 issue is invited to get in touch with me. You should be a Wellington resident (Even the Hutt), but no experience is needed. I can give you a crash course on hints. Possibly let you edit one trial issue.

With this WARP comes a TANSTAFF and (maybe) some NorCon flyers. You know what to do with them! (NB: the paper is impregnated with a special chemical which ignites upon contact with faecal substance. It is not to be used that way!)

Finally, I thank Kathy Lougher, who dropped us a note from her new US roost. It would have been printed, but it vanished---all bar the photographs sent with it. If it reappears, it will see print nextish, as it contains Items of Interest...

-----Greg Hills.

FINAL TABULATION OF THE 1980
NASF NATIONAL POLL:

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

Barring possible temporary loss, we received a total of 28 responses to the NASF Poll. This is not a large response (30% of the membership), but it is encouraging for a first-time... So yes, there will be another questionnaire next year (for 1981's opinions---polls being for the year ended, since opinions are formed by past events).

One thing I will do next time is eliminate questions requiring involved answers. They take too long to tabulate, and involve too

NEWS -- NASF AND VARIOUS...

much effort for the rewards. Tick-the-box is much easier.

1. NAME: Margaret Lambert, Frank Macshasy jr, Greg Hills, J N Coppins, Tim Jones, Lindsay Thompson, Robert Fowles, Duncan Lucas, Brian Strong, Elizabeth Gardner, Bruce Ferguson, David Cropp, Roy Philburn, Bruce Symondson, Gillian Calvert, Huon Chandler, Keith R Smith, Mark Turner, Michael O'Reilly, Corina Grennell, Vince Whelan, Debi Killop, David White, Martin Lee, Harvey A Kong Tin, Terry Collister, Cathi Symons, Hamish (Gregor) Cameron.
2. ADDRESS: Wellington, 10; Auckland, 5; Dunedin, 3; Christchurch, 3; Other, 7.
3. MEMBERSHIP NUMBERS: 16 quoted numbers, 12 did not.
4. BIRTH DATE: Youngest, 14; oldest, 41; average, 24. All ages calculated as at 1/81. 10--19: 7; 20--29: 13; 30--39, 3; 40 & over: 2. 3 did not note birth dates. Most ages fell between 15 and 25. (Only 7 did not---and one was 14, another 26). The average age is about right for NASF (actually low); the distribution is also now accurate enough (not all NASF members mark their date of birth on Memb.Form).
5. TIME IN NASF: Low score 1 day (!!!); high, 4 years 6 months; average, 2.3 years. Under 1: 4; 1--2: 6; 2--3: 8; 3--4: 5; over 4: 5. As at 1/81 (standardised).
6. RATE NASF: Excellent: 5; Good: 16; So-so: 4; Poor: 1; no score: 2
7. SUGGESTIONS?: Better involvement from other fen in running club; Less apathy from committee-members; Little to gain from more professional basis but wider membership would be help; Go professional; Yes; Wellington migrates to Palmerston North; Continue to provide services to Nat'l members, eg WARP, Orbiter, Casette/Book Library; 2nd zine with stories, poems; and in either zine an art-page with best repro assn could afford; More socialising; A Writers Group; Closer Association with Spaceflight Assn; More contributions from people who normally can't be bothered (the silent majority?); Alternative activities (Orbiter is good start); Put a rocket under Auckland Branch; More publicity about NASF activities; More film/dinner outings; Regularly invite anyone to put on anyt thing; Quicker WARP printing; More members but guess there's not much can be done about that; More films (sensible less money to pay. More friendly people; More get-togethers. Some epople answered with comments directed more at WARP than NASF---please don't confuse the two! NASF is the organisation, WARP the organisation's organ. The question was about NASF. (Points made re: WARP have been noted and you'll hear from ~~the/Friday/~~ us).
8. NASF'S GOOD POINTS?: (WARP) G.Hills joke cartoons; Contact between sf fen; Editorial policy (WARP); generally amicable tone of club & cons; The editor; trying to read the zine, and the violence of bch meetings; no; Regular meetings and good zine; WARP has improved; (WARP) think has been improved and agree wiht ed's ideas on editing though tact is very useful here. Don't like comments

interspersed thru letters but overall is good; (WARP) keeps people outside main centres in touch; Association with Planetarium; "at least 'you' exist"; WARP!; Zines..Bloody good; Its existence; sf games; seminars; zine, the communication; Togetherness. More confusion of WARP/NASF---I have noted this in places by putting (WARP) in brackets by that comment relating to WARP.

9. NASF'S POOR POINTS?: Not really; method of implementing decisions without due regard to other 94 membebrs!; past petty squabbles; ~~WELL/THAT/WHY/WHY/WHY/WHY/WHY~~ ~~IN/THIS/XXXXX/SPACE~~; Yes; Needs larger membership & more positive Branch response; Should publicise nationally more---eg an ad. in THE LISTENER---how about competition to design the ad?; No; Cost!; Branches. They do stuff all,here ((Auckland)) anyway; Too much fossicking over Constitutions!; Erratic noise level---you know who I mean; (WARP) Art editor needed (or have editor educated in art editing)..Too mahy attempts at humour in zine; No!
10. WOULD YOU ATTEND A NASF-RUN CON?: YES: 21; NO: 1; MAYBE/DON'T KNOW: 6. Additional datum: Entusiasm varied proportionally to distance---all 10 Wellington respondees marked 'yes'; the sole 'no' was from Dunedin and related to possible interference between NASF and National sf Cons. A negligible concern, as either they would be (for that year) 1 & the same, or well seperated.
11. BRANCH SATISFACTION: Satisfaction, with awareness of need/room for improvement; plus willingness to actively help with improvement if need be.
12. APPROVE OF NON-ZINE ELEMENTS OF NASF: YES: 26; NO/?/INDIFFERENT: 2.
13. FAVOURITE WRITERS: Asimov, 12; McCaffrey, 9; Clarke, 9; Anderson, 7; Heinlein, 7; Niven, 6; Norton, Tolkien, LeGuin, Harrison, Zelazny, 4 each; E F Russell, Simak, Ellison, Farmer, Herbert, 3 each; Marion Zimmer Bradley, Hogan, Chalker, Laumer, Silverberg, Vinge, MacIntyre, Bester, van Vogt, Russ, Vance, 2 each. All others---1 or none. List on request.
14. BOOKS/FILMS: James White's HOSPITAL SERIES (the Sector General stories?); all TREK; THE HOBBIT; LotR; FLIGHT OF THE HORSE; DUNE; HELLSTROM'S HIVE; SWARS; TESB; 2001 AD; ST:TMP; FORBIDDEN PLANET; 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY; SHIPWRECKED; THE 22ND CENTURY; THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS; STARSHIP TROOPERS; A TRACE OF MEMORY; A PLAGUE OF DEMONS; THE EXPENDABLES (series); DARK PIPER; THE BEAST MASTER; WASP; THREE TO CONQUOR; WITH A STRANGE DEVICE; ALL JUDGEMENT FLED; TROUBLE WITH LICHEN; THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS; THE WARLORD IN SPIITE OF HIMSELF; THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS; A TIME OF CHANGES; DOWNWARDS TO THE EARTH; THE CITY AND THE STARS; WILL, WILD PLANET; the DRAGONFLYER series; DREAMSNAKE; SNOW QUEEN; DRAGONSINGER (specifically); RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA; ELRIC novels (series); the NARNIA series; OUT OF THE SILENT PLANET et seq; FOUNDATION series; LOED OF LIGHT; RINGWORLD; THE FLYING SORCERORS; LITTLE FUZZY; PLANET OF THE APES; THE GODS THEMSELVES; MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE; HOTHOUSE; GATEWAY; A CLOCKWORK ORANGE; TIME AFTER TIME; AMBER books; THE DEEP; CATSEYE; EARTHSEA trilogy; EARTH BLOOD; SILENT RUNNING; TITAN; JEM; 7 FACES OF DR.LAO; THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL; superman ii; ILLUMINATUS!; DORSAI!(the series? or the book?); LOGAN'S RUN; ZARDOZ. The Sector General colections by James White, Tolkien's books, DUNE by Herbert, STAR WARS/TESB, ST:TMP, 2001, THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTREBS by Heinlein, STARSHIP TROOPERS, ditto, THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS, the DRAGONRIDERS series, DREAMSNAKE, FOUNDATION series, all got 2 or more nominations---the rest got one each.
15. PROZINES READ REGULARLY: ISAAC ASIMOV'S SF MAGAZINE: 8; STARLOG: 6; ANALOG: 4; FANTASY & SE: 3; OMNI: 3; FUTURE: 2; HEAVY METAL: 2; 2000 AD, AMAZING, EPIC, FUTURE LIFE, 1 each.
16. OPINIONS ON: UFOs---negative, but opwn minded; ASTROLOGY: rubbish; SCIENCE: yes; ESP: May be something, don't know; OCCULT: rubbish; ETC: smartasses. (All comments paraphrased from general consensus except last, which is editorial in nature...)
- 17: FINAL COMMENTS: Mainly to the effect that they liked the Poll. Thanks.

As should be obvious, the additional responses arriving since the Preliminary Report in WARP 20 had considerable effect on the final shape of the response. I felt that the Poll should be extensively noted---I listed almost every comment and suggestion that was made, except where it was made by several different people (the extra mentions were generally left out, with exceptions such as "yes" and "no"). But now...

FINAL TABULATION OF THE NASF ORBITER QUESTIONNAIRE:

~~~~~

#### INTERESTED IN PROFESSIONAL SF MAGAZINES:

|                                |                                             |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------------------|
| OMNI: 7;                       | FANTASY & SF: 7;                            |
| ISAAC ASIMOV'S SF MAGAZINE: 6; | ANALOG: 6;                                  |
| AMAZING: 4;                    | STARLOG: 4;                                 |
| FUTURE: 3;                     | Heavy Metal, Epic, Cinefex, Cinefantastique |
|                                | ---one each.                                |

The OMNI, FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION, ISAAC ASIMOV'S SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE, and the ANALOG Orbiters all have sufficient interest---if everyone pays up---for launching. So far even OMNI hasn't received enough money... People wanting these four zines, pl please send in the \$\$\$ now (see accompanying Orbiter sheet for rates).

#### INTERESTED IN SEMI-PROFESSIONAL SF MAGAZINES:

|                            |              |
|----------------------------|--------------|
| SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW: 9; | LOCUS: 8;    |
| BSFA: 5;                   | STARSHIP: 4; |
| FILE 770: 3;               | NFFF: 1.     |

The LOCUS, SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW, and the BSFA Orbiters are launched. STARSHIP's subscription rate is currently \$8.60/4 issues; this translates to \$2.50 each for four people---if you four are still interested in STARSHIP, send in your \$2.50. Okay?

**IMPORTANT:** The threshold-for-launching of prozines is 6 interested people; for the semi-prozines, 5 interested people. Many zines have more than this minimum---and therefore there will be a first-come, first-on system operating. The first six or five people sending in their money will get on; runners-up will be 'held' until the waiting list on that zine again reaches six people.

If you want a zine but did not tick/mark it on your sheet, you can still send money for - of the above. But you will go on the waiting-list unless or until all those who did mark it are satisfied.

Daedline for receipt of these subscriptions is 1 June 1981. You can pay at NORCON, but no later; earlier is preferred (the earlier all 6 pay, the earlier the money can be sent out). (And the earlier you pay, the less likely you will go on Waitlist!)

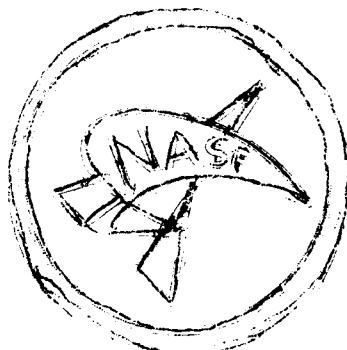
#### INTERESTED IN MONTHLY NASF RECEIPTS:

Yes, 8; No, 4; ??, 1; No Score, 4.

If you want to see monthly mailings of any and all zines arriving at NASF, it will cost you \$4.00 per year (12 mailings). Bimonthly (should everyone so choose) it will be \$2.00. Pay \$4.00, but indicate if you prefer bimonthly. If a majority do, then that's the way it will be run, and \$2.00 will be returned to you.

There is no waiting-list for these mailings; they will commence from June, 1981 to anyone who has paid. This period is to allow a 'voting pool' on frequency to be established to decide on monthly or bimonthly. Please pay as early as convenient.

~~~~~



PLASTIC NASF LOGO BADGES STILL AVAILABLE! SIZE AS AT LEFT
(ETCHED ONTO STENCIL FROM ACTUAL BADGE). WHITE LINES ON BLACK
BACKGROUND LIKE LOGO ON FRONT COVER.
\$2.00 EACH FROM NASF, P.O. Box 6655, TE ARO, WELLINGTON ...

~~~~~



If you look in magazines such as Military Modelling and the like, you should find a firm that fits your requirements. American fantasy zines are well worth a look if you can spare the time. Happy hunting, folks.

As always, I'm very interested in hearing from anybody interested in modelling, so drop me a line at: 10 Farquhars Road, Redwood, CHRISTCHURCH 5.

-----Lindsay Thompson.

---

## A LETTER FROM RICC BUTTLE NOTES ON BRITISH SLOT MACHINES

*written by Richard Buttle..*

After finally having settled down back into the dull routines of everyday life after 6 months of life in England, I am able to send a report of some of my findings there.

As expected, the micro-chip rules! Those little pieces of silicon are providing a dream-come-true for sf fans; their presence is already being felt in industry and everyday articles, but it is in the arcade slot-machines that my attention centred. SPACE INVADERS! Who in the world has not tried to conquer these little green buggies at one time or another? For 20¢ one becomes the sole defender of the planet, with only speed and skill to help you---great, I say! But in England, they offer much, much more.

Take LUNAR LANDER, for example. A TV screen coupled with a thrust-control & L+ & R+ buttons, plus four 'standard' buttons; beginner, cadet, intermediate, and expert. For 20p (40¢) the screen shows a jagged lunar landscape with three or four flat 'landing areas', and a falling space-capsule ((which looks like a silhouetted LEM)). By increasing the thrust-control one attempts to slow the craft down while using L+ or R+ thrust to direct the ship to a landing site. As your ship slows down & (if you are lucky) is near a landing site, the picture is enlarged to give a more accurate view. Landing the craft is very difficult indeed; often I have collided with the mountains, given a bumpy landing, or, quote, "lost life-support systems".

ASTEROIDS (this has been out awhile and may have reached NZ): for your 20p you are given three ships (one at a time) in the middle of a blank screen. Suddenly, several large asteroids drift across the screen, coming from several directions. As the game proceeds the asteroids get smaller and faster, the idea being to stay alive by shooting the asteroids as they come at you. The ship has L+ or R+ rotation, forward or hyper-space movements, and an unlimited zap-gun fire-control. The difficulty lies in the fact that the asteroids converge on you from all directions & even when one is 'blasted' it doesn't completely disappear, but fragments, the pieces often destroying your craft. Points are awarded, as in all of these games.

SPACE PIRATES (for 1 or 2 players): One space-craft each, 10 fuel-capsules in the centre of the screen. For 20p three pirate ships appear, attempting to steal your fuel-capsules by towing them away. You, of course, must attempt to blast the pirates to kingdom-come. Not so easy. They are as slippery as eels, dodging and turning, and while you chase one, guns ablaze, another one pinches a fuel-capsule. After shooting down a few, their following numbers seem to 'catch on' and start shooting back! Your number of ships is unlimited, but your fuel-capsules are not.

TAIL GUNNER: This time you are the tail-gunner of a space-ship attempting to shoot attacking baddies which swoop and dive with amazing agility. They are attempting to get by you, obviously trying to get to the front of the ship. As well as a joy-stick for the 'sight-aimer' and fire-button, you have a limited force-field which prevents the enemy from passing, but this soon fails. You lose when nine ships have passed.

These are just a few of the many different types of games available, including one where you sit in a control-cockpit and go hunting alien ships amidst twinkling stars, several imitations of SPACE INVADERS, and the intrepid Galacticans (perhaps more popular in the UK than SPACE INVADERS!).



Because of the uses of the micro-chip, sf fans in the UK are finding that instead of man's frustrated attempts to go out to space, space has come to them: that they can fight aliens or challenge the universe with no more loss than an empty pocket.

I am sure many of these games will soon be available in NZ but we may have to wait a while for them. I have not even touched upon home computer-games available over there, and won't, except to say they are magnificent if you can pay the price for one. ((Keith Smith covered them in WARP 19 anyway---at least those available in NZ)).

-----Ricc Buttle.

---

## UNFINISHED TALES

by ~~C/S/R~~ J.R.R.Tolkien

Reviewed by David Harvey.

One may be forgiven for feeling wary towards yet another posthumous publication of the writings of J.R.R.Tolkien. Certainly, many literary executors would not think of releasing for publication anything other than the work that is in a virtually finished state at the time of the author's death. To release anything else might do little credit to a deceased author, not to say his literary executors and editors. J.R.R.Tolkien was a most exacting writer who would not consider a piece completed until it had been subjected to an intense critical analysis from the author himself, and extensive rewriting. THE LORD OF THE RINGS was fifteen years in the writing before final submission for publication, and even in 1954, when the first volume was published, Tolkien was still at work on the lengthy appendices which follow the narrative in the final volume of the trilogy.

UNFINISHED TALES is a collection of writings by J.R.R.Tolkien, taken from extant manuscripts and notes commencing as far back as the early 1920's and ending towards the end of his life. Whereas THE SILMARILLION, also posthumously published, and also edited by Tolkien's son Christopher, was produced as a completed and cohesive entity rather than in the form of an historical study of divergent texts linked with commentary, UNFINISHED TALES presents the reader with a number of stories from the Three Ages of Tolkien's Middle Earth, none of which are entirely new or without reference to any of Tolkien's other work.

To put UNFINISHED TALES into context in the work of J.R.R.Tolkien, it is important to note that although THE HOBBIT and LORD OF THE RINGS have been his most popular works, and in future the works for which he will be the most remembered, the creation of Middle Earth, the history, the chronology, the languages, the people in detail, had its origins far back as 1917 and certainly, after the publication and success of THE HOBBIT, Tolkien was far more concerned with having THE SILMARILLION published, hoping to use LotR to effect this end, for he considered THE SILMARILLION by far the more important work.

In 1916, Tolkien was encouraged to create an entire mythology which had its beginning in his fascination in the creation of languages and the provision of a history and mythology within which the languages could develop. His first story, The Fall of Gondolin, was written in 1917 and was one of the stories in THE BOOK OF LOST TALES, which was the original source for THE SILMARILLION. Indeed, Christopher Tolkien says of LOST TALES that it is "a very substantial work, of the utmost interest to one concerned with the origins of Middle Earth, but requiring to be presented in a lengthy and complex study if at all."

The Fall of Gondolin, which in a form is included in THE SILMARILLION, involves the presence of one Tuor son of Huor. The arrival of Tuor in Gondolin is of considerable significance in the history of Middle Earth and the first story of UNFINISHED TALES deals with this event. Although the presence of Tuor in Gondolin had been contemplated in 1917, his arrival was not actually written until about 1951, at a time when there was considerable indecision surrounding the publication of LotR.

After hospitalisation for Trench Fever in 1917, Tolkien wrote the Tale of the Children

of Hurin, which became Narn i Hin Hurin, and was carried near to completion. The tale deals with the history of Turin Turambar, a character of tragedy, and although the story carries with it ingredients from Beowulf and Sigurd in the form of Glaurung the Dragon, and from the Finnish Kalevala and the Arthurian cycle with the problem of unwitting incest, the tale has elements of tragedy which make it almost Euripidean in concept and one cannot gainsay that the tale has obvious links with the themes inherent with the Greek tale of the House of Atrius.

By 1923, THE BOOK OF LOST TALES was completed in scope but it was not finished to Tolkien's satisfaction and required constant revision, which was to become a hallmark of all his essays into writing and which delayed publication, for example, of his translation of SIR GAWAIN AND THE GREEN KNIGHT until after his death, and which has resulted in the wealth of unpublished material that he has left behind.

In 1930, Tolkien commenced work on THE HOBBIT. This was abandoned, recommenced at the recommendation of the publishers Allen & Unwin, finished in 1936 & published in 1937.

It is perhaps significant to note that the wealth of material that would comprise THE SILMARILLION was increasing with revisions and re-castings. At the time, its existence was little-known, even to the Inklings of whom C.S. Lewis was a member. However, it was read in parts to Tolkien's son (and now Editor) Christopher, who of Tolkien's four children was the most enamoured of Middle Earth.

In 1937 a cry went up for a successor to THE HOBBIT. Tolkien sent some of the SILMARILLION manuscripts to Allen & Unwin but it was held that these did not fill the bill. In December 1937, work commenced on Chapter 1 of LotR. From a simple sequel to THE HOBBIT, it moved to the full-blown heroic romance of the Third Age, and the destruction of Sauron and the evil Ring of Power which was found in THE HOBBIT. It was, as Tolkien said, a tale that grew in the telling. Yet much of the foundation for LotR was already in existence, in LOST TALES, THE SILMARILLION, & Tolkien's other writings.

Publication of LotR was delayed as Tolkien endeavoured to negotiate an arrangement whereby THE SILMARILLION would be published together with it, changing publishers in an effort to attain this end, but returning to Allen & Unwin when publication of a truncated LotR by Collins appeared likely.

After the initial success of LotR, Tolkien endeavoured to put THE SILMARILLION into publishable form. However, the popularity of LotR and the demands of readers, together with, one would venture to suggest, a desire to more fully round off a world of imagination, resulted in further writings of the Third Age, including the description of Numenor, the tale of Aldarion and Erendis, the History of Galadriel and Celeborn (Galadriel was not in the original concept of THE SILMARILLION), the disaster of the Gladden Fields, the Tale of Cirion Eorl, the Quest of Erebor (linking THE HOBBIT and LotR), the Hunt for the Ring, and the Battles of the Fords of Isen, together with notes on the Druadan, the Istari (of whom Gandalf and Saruman were members), and the Palantiri. Work on THE SILMARILLION progressed slowly because of the sheer volume of manuscripts that had been collected and because Tolkien's view of tales was not always consistent and many of the pieces required extensive revision.

Consequently, when Christopher Tolkien finally made THE SILMARILLION available for publication, it was a collection of linked tales but not all the tales were either complete or entire within the creative process of the original author. Some of the tales of THE SILMARILLION existed in various forms, for Tolkien delighted in retelling a tale on different scales and in different styles. The Tale of Hurin in THE SILMARILLION is a short version of Narn i Hin Hurin in UNFINISHED TALES, although THE SILMARILLION version was in a more complete and cohesive form.

UNFINISHED TALES must be viewed, then, as firstly an insight into the workings of the creative process undertaken by Tolkien, and secondly as a collection of writings in different stages of development, giving us insights into the author's intent within the framework of his extant completed creation.

Certainly UNFINISHED TALES demands of the reader a knowledge of LotR & THE SILMARILLION.

Furthermore, considerable patience is required for the book is heavily annotated and contains in some appendices various alternative treatments of the one theme. Consequently, only a very generalised picture can be seen of Tolkien's true and final intent.

Yet perhaps within this collection of writings we gain insight into Tolkien the myth maker. Tolkien believed that by myth making, by becoming a sub-creator and inventing stories could man ascribe to the state of perfection that he knew before the Fall. Myths steer towards the true harbour and it is important to realise that Tolkien was not writing fairy stories within the commonly-understood meaning of the term. He was acting as sub-creator within the terms of reference described by himself in *On Fairy Stories*, the Andrew Lang lecture delivered in 1939. Tolkien saw a sub-creator as one who makes a secondary world (the primary world being everyday). Within the secondary world, everything is true and accords with the laws of that world. Once disbelief arises, the art has failed. Tolkien eschewed the oft-quoted "willing suspension of disbelief" which, he suggested, was condescending games of make-believe. The successful sub-creator, by his art, must create a believable secondary world, the metes and bounds of which are accepted without question. It is the sub-creator's art which determines whether this succeeds or fails.

In UNFINISHED TALES, we see how that art develops, for although the inconsistencies are there, the reader may put them aside and be swept along by the brilliance of Tolkien's creations.

Again, within the limits of his definition of a fairy-story, Tolkien succeeds. It is the mark of a good fairy story that however wild the events of amazing the adventures when the "turn" comes, it can give the reader a catch of the breath, a beat or lifting of the heart, a swelling of the throat, a closeness to tears---therein lies the art.

Even in UNFINISHED TALES, where the tales are incomplete and even fragmentary, these moments or turns come: as Isildur flounders among the blood and reeds of Anduin, as Gandalf blows smoke-rings at Saruman and taunts him, as Cirion and Eorl swear great oaths together, as Turin battles the malevolent Glaurung (the author of his dreadful doom), as Tuor passes through the last gate into the hidden realm of Gondolin.

So it is that Tolkien's art has not faded and for those who delight not only in the tale but in the telling and would read how Tolkien developed his world, UNFINISHED TALES is recommended. For one starting out on Tolkien, it should be avoided until a reading of other middle-earth works has been undertaken. One can be grateful that a diligent and faithful son and editor in Christopher Tolkien is responsible for preserving the integrity of the work he has elected to publish.

---Dave Harvey.



HERE IS A PUNCH-LINE OVER-LEAF FOR THOSE WHO DARE TO TURN THE PAGE AND BRAVE IT!

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## REVIEWS...

### NATHAN BRAZIL RETURNS TO THE WELL OF SOULS

Books written by Jack L Chalker  
reviewed by Bruce Ferguson.

Volumes 4 & 5 of the Wellworld saga:  
4: THE RETURN OF NATHAN BRAZIL  
5: TWILIGHT AT THE WELL OF SOULS.

The Well of Souls is a giant organic computer that fills the core of the planet known as the Wellworld. The planet is divided into two halves, has no permanent satellites, and has a surface divided into hexagonal regions, each ruled by a dominant race: human, minotaur, faery, centaur, and others even stranger.

The Well of Souls is also responsible for stabilising the prime equation of our existence. In the second volume, Dr. Gilgram Zinder found the means to alter local parts of that equation. With his sentient computer Obie and various humans, they arrived at the Well World and caused the War of the Well which fills volumes 2 & 3.

THE RETURN OF NATHAN BRAZIL begins with the reptilian Marquoz and his human companion Gypsy, policing a frontier planet. They discover a threat from an alien virus which threatens to destroy the civilised worlds---human and otherwise. To counter this threat, the planet-breaking 'weapons locker' is opened and, in the conflict, all avenues of research are opened.

Zinder's work is rediscovered, and is used to destroy the threat. But at the same time, it opens a 'hole' in the continuum that threatens to destroy the universe. Obie, still moving his planetoid around the cosmos, discovers the problem with the Well of Souls and begins the search to find the only being able to fix it---Nathan Brazil. Obie is assisted in his search by Mavra Chang (his companion for his travels), Gypsy, Marquoz, and a race of religious fanatics who think Nathan is God---because he told them he was!

Nathan is the only surviving Markovian ((OH, IS HE? PROVE IT!))---the race that built and ran the Well of Souls. Some think he actually created the Markovians! He is the only person who can enter the Well of Souls and change the basic program in the comp.

Volume 4 describes the creation of the hole, the search for Nathan, and the problems to persuade him that the Well does need fixing. The Well has to be turned off, and if that is done, then everything outside the Wellworld will cease to exist ((LEAVING THE ORIGINAL UNIVERSE AS INHABITED BY THE DEAD MARKOVIANS))!!!! The plan is to get many people to the Wellworld so that the universe can be repopulated.

Naturally the locals on the Wellworld are not rapt in the idea---for a start, there is the overcrowding. Then there are the little empires under local control that do not want to be disturbed---one of which is under the control of one of Nathan's immortal cronies: Setge Ortega. So there is conflict in all directions. Volume 4 ends with the masses arriving at the Wellworld, and with Nathan Brazil killed upon arrival.



Gypsy becomes more of a mystery character as the books develop. Obie soon learns his identity, but does not reveal it to the reader. Gypsy travels from scene to scene without conventional transport and seems immune to the rules of the book. He changes his appearance to help the various characters along the path to the Well of Souls. The revelation at the end about his actions is one of the highlights of the book, and a puzzle for the reader to solve before the end.

((WE APOLOGISE FOR THE ILLO AT LEFT...))

TWILIGHT AT THE WELL OF SOULS is set almost entirely on the Wellworld. Nathan, his associates and duplicates, are trying to get to the equatorial avenue to operate the Well computer. The various factions are hampered by an expanding population of new arrivals on Brazil's side. A giant game of strategy unfolds.

I won't reveal the ending, except to say that it was a pleasant surprise. My only disappointment was the method used to get Ortega on stage for the finale. Thoroughly worthwhile climax and conclusion. I wonder if he plans further novels yet?

I recommend this author, this series, and these two books. I would put it on a par with Riverworld, Cluster, and the Amber series for dealing with a complex subject in a profound yet satisfying way. Chalker certainly isn't the Frigate character in RIVERWORLD saying "I wish I'd thought of something like this," because he already has. A brilliant concept, but do read the series in order. On a world where transformation is the norm, so much can happen to a character between books.

-----Bruce Ferguson.

The Well-world books, in sequence for reading:

- 1 -- MIDNIGHT AT THE WELL OF SOULS
  - 2/3 -- EXILES AT THE WELL OF SOULS  
QUEST FOR THE WELL OF SOULS
  - 4/5 -- THE RETURN OF NATHAN BRAZIL  
TWILIGHT AT THE WELL OF SOULS
- 

#### THE PROBLEMS AND PARADOXES OF TIME-TRAVEL

written by Debi Killop.

C.S. Lewis once said "It is perfectly possible to travel from 1932 to 1933---but it takes a year." It was his opinion that time-travel was not feasible. Yet time-travel is one of the standard theses of sf, along with the catastrophe story, star flight, mutations, and gadgetry. The list goes on and on.

H.G. Wells' THE TIME MACHINE is probably the best-known fiction on the subject (which has also been tackled by Harry Harrison, Damon Knight, and Robert Saxon, to name some). The recent film TIME AFTER TIME, a successful commercial release, combined H.G. Wells with Jack the Ripper and time-travel in a gripping story.

Yet time-travel is not yet practically possible, and is a theoretical/philosophical headache. If you were born in 1940 and in 1980 travelled back to 1958 to view your 18-year-old self, could you co-exist with her? If you went back to 1914 and murdered your grandmother, what would result? Would you never have existed, and snuff out? Or would you? Could you, at 40, 'murder' your 18-year-old self in 1958? Or would you have wiped out the older, murdering self?

Harry Harrison wrote a chilling story in which a group of time-travellers on a pre-historic dinosaur hunt changed the result of an election in their present. One stepped off the magnetically-supported track, killing a butterfly---and in their own time, a dictator was elected. Why? Because one less butterfly was there for an insectivore to eat. One less insectivore, and the effect multiplied along the food-chain. Less carnivores, and so weiter. A change in population in the 21st century.

Damon Knight's BEYOND THE BARRIER is an excellent novel, with a nice tricky ending. It takes little or no account of paradoxes, skating neatly over them like a June bug.

Robert Saxon's FUTURE FOR SALE is poorly-written but exciting. It mentions paradoxes, and gets around them, by having travellers to their own past merge with their younger selves, eliminating self-murder and the problem of co-existence.

TIME AFTER TIME had the past as immutable. Wells and Amy travel back to attempt to prevent a murder. Delayed by a flat tire, they fail. Returning to the 'present', they fail to prevent another murder. What has happened, cannot be changed. ((which has raised many an argument in the deterministic/free will debating arenas!))

There are several theories about time. The dimensional theory---that it is an adjunct to the width/breadth/height dimensions we daily experience; or time is a stream flowing past us, and time-travel is a matter of going up or down stream; or time is a circle, a loop of almost infinite circumference. Time-travel is a matter of bisecting the circle, cutting through to another point. Split-time argues that the present is the result of innumerable past choices. In *TIME AND THE CONWAYS*, J.B. Priestley has his characters go back to a point before a critical choice was made. Because there are many pasts, many futures, change is possible, immutability disposed of.

Ouspensky's theory concerns eternally recurring time---not as a circle, but a spiral, so that change and time-travel become possible.

Yet with all these theories, however time-travel is accomplished, the paradoxes remain. If you own an object in 1967 and lose it, can you, in 1980, return to 1967, pluck it out of before you lost it, and return with it to 1980?

If you do, then you haven't lost it. From 1967 to 1980, that object has no existence. For 13 years, it doesn't exist. Or does it? If so, where is it for those 13 years?

The urge to return to the past and change it, or to see the far future, seems universal. One of the definitions of sentience includes the ability to be time-binding; to sense time. This is an exclusively human gift, as far as is known.

But while we live in time, we are made for timelessness.

-----Debi Killop.

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## THOUSANDSTAR

Book by Piers Anthony

reviewed by Bruce Ferguson.

Piers Anthony's *CLUSTER* series must be ranked among the major sf series. If you include the associated *TAROT* books, then you have a concept and vision that is impressive and amazing. Greg covered the major novels in the series in an earlier review (*WARP 14*). Now it is my turn to return the favour, with the appearance of the latest book in the series.

The first(?) three novels in the series tell of the two wars of energy and the threat of the space amoeba. The books progress from a galactic scale to one encompassing the entire cosmos. With rumours of a fourth (and now an impending fifth!) novel, it was difficult to see where the series would develop.

He has cheated! This is a sidestream novel set between the second war of energy and the arrival of the space amoeba. I suspect that, like *Farmer with the Riverworld*, he has found after the main story-line is completed, there are still peripheral tales to be told. The fifth book may be set anywhere!

*THOUSANDSTAR* is a peripheral galaxy with a recently-discovered Ancient site. All the spheres in the cluster have transferred representatives to local hosts and entered in a contest to win the prizes of the site. The contest begins with word-games (at which Anthony excels), follows with a spaceship race to the planet, and concludes with a race across the planet to the site itself.

The human heroine is the female clone in a local royal family, masquerading as a male. Her clone-brother is selected for the contest but is unable to go. She replaces him. The alien is a local rebel who can remember his childhood! A crime among his species, and he is desperate to save his life. He only uses the sense of taste/smell and interesting communication problems arise due to sex and sense difference.

As expected, we get lots of alien sex, biology, and psychology. On the whole it works. Anthony seeks out bizarre ideas and makes them plausible. He even justifies a species with only smell/taste developing a space-drive. And he provides an analogy of the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19)

SPECIAL SECTION  
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As noted in WARP 20, the Story/Art Contest has been judged, and the winning story is printed following (the runners-up may be printed in the next couple of WARPs). For the record, the winners were:

STORY CONTEST---WINNING STORY: "Judgement 2110 AD", by Maureen Ahern.

2ND PLACEGETTERS: "Into The Ring", by Tim Jones;  
"2100: A Tourist Odyssey",  
by David Cropp.

ART CONTEST---WINNING ARTIST: Harvey A. Kong Tin (for cover art).

Harvey's cover is printed as page 1 of this WARP. The second section of the Art Contest (several related illustrations) received only a single entry and thus was dropped.

There were 16 entries to the story-contest this year, 5 up on 1979. Four covers were submitted. Thank you to everyone who participated (maybe you'll win next year...who knows...?)

AND WORSE TO COME,,,The response was gratifying, so we're doing it all over again---next year. And to make it better, the contest is being thrown open to any and everyone---but for one point. There will be an entry-fee to non-NASF members (NASF members enter free, naturally). We hope this will lead to a really effective story-contest, and one that will encourage writing among sf readers in NZ generally. Details elsewhere in this WARP or in WARP 22.



# Judgement: 2110 A.D.

by Maureen Ahern.

**T**hera eased the aching knot of tension at the back of her neck. Despite the coolness of the judiciary chambers, the air was getting heated with the angry debates and interjections. Judge Aissi had vigorously defended her treatment of the Mals, only to be met by shrill calls and shouts of "mal-lover" and "reactionary". The debate had been going on for hours and despite the numerous calls for a vote, it looked like it would continue for some time yet. The last major debate on the Mal question, seven years ago, had lasted for 17 solid hours. And then there had been no major decision made. The North had suggested amendments to the law and the South did what it had always done---it ignored the North. Thera wasn't sure where she stood. As a junior judge of a minor province in the South she had no real contact with the big questions affecting the state. About Mals in particular she was undecided, certainly they were lazy and stupid, but you might as well blame pigs for wallowing in the mud as blame Mals for following their own natures. Occasionally they became violent, generally after one of their "stags", but that was only due to the liquor that they extracted from the Hopsath plant. It was Thera's opinion that their rudimentary knowledge of agriculture was about their only saving grace. But as for exterminating them completely, no, she couldn't agree to that.

The hubbub in the chamber had subsided a little and the general-secretary, seeing her chance, declared an adjournment until 2 o'clock in the afternoon---lunch was proposed. Judge Indira crossed the room to suggest that Thera have lunch with her party. But Thera smiled back and told her that she was going outside. She knew that if she joined Indira's group, the lunch-hour would be spent arguing the same questions all over again. Even though the benches were comfortable, Thera wanted to go outside to stretch her legs and get some sunshine. As she waited for the chamber to clear of people, she wondered whether her petition to have a child had been granted. She knew that it had been processed 2 months ago and this time she was even more anxious about its acceptance. At 32 and having been rejected twice, she was long overdue for her Child-right.

Since only 5 petitions were allowed between the ages of 25 and 35 it was unlikely that a 4th attempt would be successful. Perhaps she had left it too late, or maybe she had seemed too anxious. The council didn't like people who were too anxious---it showed them as being potentially unstable, not suitable for bringing up a child. This worried Thera most of all, for the previous rejections had never been fully explained. Usually there was some specious reason given, generally that there was a suspicion of a genetic flaw.

By now the chamber had cleared and it had returned to its normal quiet atmosphere, undisturbed by the torrid debates and the subtleties of the law. Thera moved from her seat towards the left wing-exit, unclipping her robes. She hung them on the racks provided, took the identification disk that the machine offered, and went down the corridor towards the street-door.

Outside, the sunshine beamed brightly down, diffusing itself through the clear dome. As Thera walked down the steps of the Justice Department and onto the square, she was immediately engulfed in the crowds of lunchtime shoppers and strollers. As the University had closed for its mid-term break, there were small groups of students clustered around the mime-dancers or lolling on the grass verges surrounding the walkways. Up above could be heard the hum of the sky-tracer machines which, with their coloured smokes behind them, produced an intricate pattern as they delicately weaved in and out.

(continues...)



As the crowds thinned out and headed towards the arcades, Thera went to sit near the crystal water-fountains. The water descending onto the crystal produced a delicate tinkling sound, soothing to the nerves. She needed to relax and think. Leaning back against the seat to take full advantage of the shade of the trees, she looked thoughtfully at the moving crowds. Family groups were together taking advantage of the sun and occasionally a prelate could be seen moving unhurriedly along, with a few of her acolytes hurrying after her. Everywhere there was peace and serenity. Nothing jarred on the senses, for, of course, Mals were not permitted in the inner city; they resided only in the farming areas. Thera wondered how many of those around her had produced a Mal child. When a mechoid came up asking if she wanted anything to drink or eat, she impatiently sent it away, for the thought of Mals had begun to disturb her. She desperately wanted a child, but she did not want a mal-formed one, although she knew that each generation produced its percentage of Mal births. These genetic mistakes always brought heartbreak and bitterness to the mothers involved. She surveyed the scene broodingly now, not sure how many happy faces concealed despair.

Thera, jumping suddenly as a hand touched her shoulder, turned quickly around and saw Dr. Aldara. "You gave me a fright, Doctor. I was in a world of my own."

"Not a very pleasant world, Thera," replied the Doctor.

"No, I'm afraid it wasn't. I was wondering how many of those down there have had a..." she stopped. It was a difficult subject to talk about outside of the clinical Justice Chamber. Sometimes a too-emotional subject. She looked hesitatingly at the Doctor, but the Doctor was smiling reassuringly.

"Yes, I know. It's a condition that is always with us, I'm afraid. It's a random chance that a child could be born Mal, and there's very little we can do about it."

Thera replied brusquely, "It seems to me that the medical profession could have found some cure by now."

"But Thera, it's an ethical question, really. How far can you tamper with the beginnings of life? I understand the law is in the same position. You are debating at this session, aren't you, whether under the law a Mal has any rights?"



"Something like that, Doctor. The more extremist Judges deny that the Mal has a right to life at all. But most accept the fact that once a Mal has been born, the most that can be done is to prevent it from interfering with society. Of course, you know what happens after birth?"

"Yes," the Doctor replied, "Those large units in the country, especially designed for Mals."

"That sounded bitter, Doctor. Almost as if you wished there was another way. I can assure you that they are very well-treated. They have plenty of food, good clothing, they're in no distress of any kind."

"No distress, no," Aldara said musingly, "But there's very little stimulation, either."

"Why should Mals need stimulation? They can barely do the work they're assigned now."

"I have worked with Mals for over 30 years and in that time I have seen a difference in the generations. It's always been my opinion that, given a chance, a Mal could exceed our expectations."

Thera snorted derisively. She remembered that a few years ago Dr. Aldara had been in great disfavour with the high council. Her theory that at one time Mals had been the dominant species on the planet had been universally ridiculed. 'Comparisons are odious', people said; you only had to look at society today to be assured of the fact that Fems had always controlled the world. Of course, Dr. Aldara had raised some interesting questions and at the time Thera had taken some slight academic interest in the subject. For example, why was there so little pictorial history of the time before the domed cities were built, and why had matters been allowed to get to the stage where the cities had had to be built at all? And, of course, the one question that had the council worried most of all. Why, after centuries of only occasional still-born Mal births, was there---over the last few decades---a rise in the number of live births recorded? And not only that, but many more Mals were surviving beyond infancy.

Annoyed with herself for getting lost in thought, Thera brought herself back to what Doctor Aldara was saying.

"I was hoping to get your support," Dr. Aldara finished up.

"I'm sorry, Doctor, what were you saying?" Thera apologised.

"I said, my dear, that I was hoping that in future some Fems who have had a Mal child, instead of giving it up to the authorities to be cared for, might actually care for it at home as they would any normal child."

Thera was irritated now. "Are you actually suggesting that, having gone through the ghastly ordeal of giving birth to a Mal child, a Fem should be expected to care for it at home? If nature plays such a cruel trick on a mother, it is up to the authorities to lessen the consequences as much as possible."

"Nature," pounced Aldara, "is composed of two life principles; surely it is possible that at some time in the distant past there was a Fem/Mal civilisation here on Earth."

"Fem/Mal!" exploded Thera, "That is preposterous, everyone knows that Mals must be looked after. They are incapable of taking a responsible part in society." Angry now that she had been conned into Aldara's prime lecture topic, Thera got up and stalked angrily towards the Justice Chambers. By the time she reached the steps she was sufficiently cool to be amused at the one-track mind that Aldara possessed.

By-passing the lobby, she reached the Records Room, where she requested a copy of the agenda papers. A video-token was handed to her and she ran immediately to the nearest video booth to insert the token. Her child-right was confirmed, she was to report to the genetic clinic two weeks from the date of the message for impregnation. Thera felt like shouting out loud---she was going to be a mother. All the nagging doubts that Aldara had raised with her talk of a Fem/Mal world just disappeared. The world was wonderfully ordinary again, and now she was a part of it.

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----- Maureen Ahern, Christchurch, NZ.

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COMMUNICATIONS



((A SMALL COMMUNICATIONS COLUMN THIS TIME---WHAT HAPPENED? DID WARP 20 LEAVE YOU ALL SPEECHLESS? HAS A SPACE-WARP SWALLOWED 90% OF OUR MEMBERS? WHAT CAN THIS MEAN? DOES ANYONE CARE WHAT IT MEANS?

I SHALL EXPECT TO SEE NASF'S PO BOX CRAMMED WITH LETTERS AND MATERIAL WELL IN ADVANCE OF WARP 22...))

George Floratos,  
113 Diankell St,  
Wellington 2.

I read your review of SUPERMAN II in WARP 20. I quite agree with your view (what?! Agree with Hills?! ) of the film. As you say, "a piece of tripe." But what's this in your last sentence: "...I would also rank it above ALIEN."

WHAT?! Has the editor flipped? Have the Black Riders stolen his (1/2) wits? Frankly, I find that statement incredible.

To me, ALIEN is one of the finest of the recently-produced sf films. I don't hesitate to call it brilliant. And to rank that load of rubbish SUPERMAN II above it, seems to me appalling!

Perhaps you were just looking for an involved (even convoluted) story? The plot, admittedly, is simplicity itself, but I urge you to watch the film again, and this time look beyond the plot. ((I DID))

Look at the characterisation, beautifully brought by dialogue and by subtleties such as a gesture, a glance. Look at the effectiveness of the sets. A spaceship that might be a living organism, with huge, ribbed sides. Marvellous bio-mechanical structure. And the overpowering technology abundant everywhere, reinforcing an oppressive, doom-filled atmosphere.

Look at the quality directing displayed throughout the whole film. With such shots as Brett approaching a cavernous hanger where there MIGHT be danger. But it's us approaching the hanger, through the camera's eye.

And the film's opening sequence, with the camera panning through the Nostromo's corridors: empty silence---and there is a sense of danger that cannot be seen. I also refer you to my review of ALIEN in WARP 16.

But of course, Dear Ed, before you can look at these things--- Black Riders! Return ye his (1/2) wits!

((I seem to have unleashed the furies---Greek fire, mayhap? ))



Terry Collister,  
108 Morris Spence Ave,  
Napier.

Please find enclosed some pics (that you probably won't use) and a loc which you probably won't use but...

A few groans to start with, followed by some moans, then a huge gripe. What's up with WARP 19 1/2 (or whatever)? I didn't receive (1) an orbiter/NASF poll (but I've sent mine in anyway); (2) never got a Business Reply Envelope---with 19 or 20; (3) never got a Dunedin in '82 flyer. (But dare I say it---I might not vote for Dunedin anyway).

Liked FISSION CHIPS---maybe I should be saying this to the FISSIONVCHIPS editor. ((Yes---you should be!))

At least the WARP info is nice and concise---a good read. You've stopped most of your griping (although I didn't mind---makes me feel better off when you have more

money troubles than me) ((I still have money troubles---but now they are more of the "how shall I spend" than "what can I spend" variety...))

Yuk---that drekky cartoon on page 11: I wondered where that got to (I thought it was lost). I did that in 1978, by the way. At least it was on the right page, with that self indulgent artyicle by Lindsay Thompson..

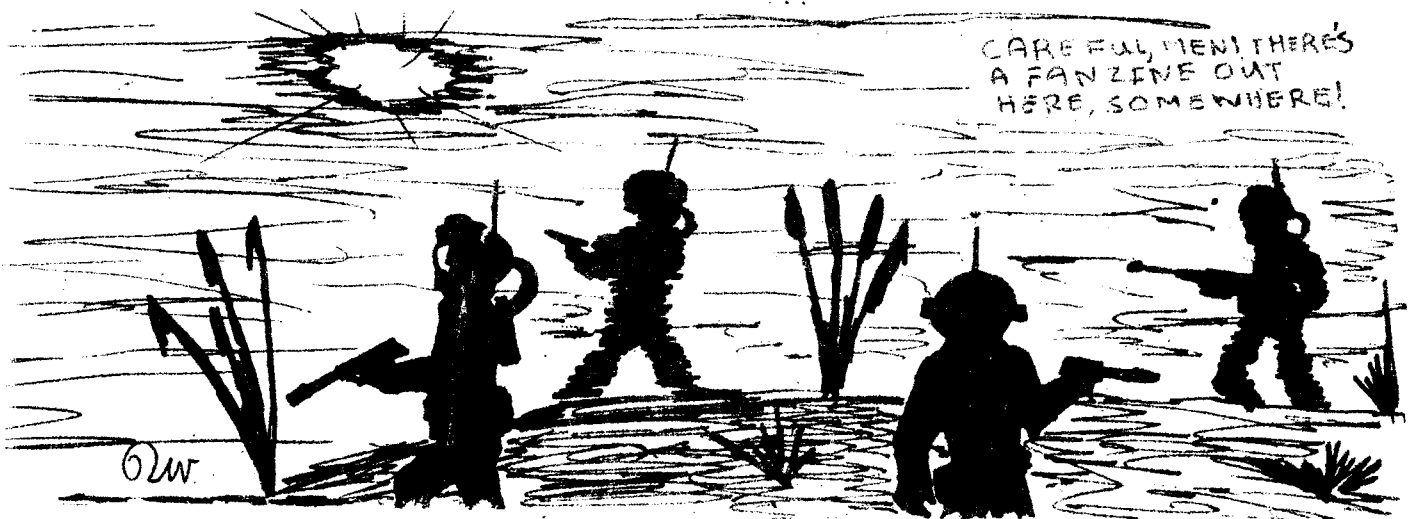
Alex Heatley is going to run into a great deal of trouble soon---he and his letters are becoming obnoxious. That one about Pope John and GRCOTGA was a bit on the nose (GRCOTGA is becoming a fannish cult in NZ---like Vegemite in Oz).

But what's this I see---yet another letter by Heatley, this time running down another fannish institution---Frank Macskasy! Running FMjnr in such a derogatory manner is a bit on the nose. I don't find Frank's letters boring---but we already know that you have a vendetta against Frank: ie threats to sue him over the Film Festival idea (petty). Let's join the "stamp out Alex Heatley campaign"---don't let immature neofans ruin WARP---let the boring old farts stay!

((A vendetta against Frank? I knew they didn't like each other, and, indeed, argue at the drop of a Constitution; and it appears that way back when the S3FS was first floated by Heatley et al, Frank revealed he had had similar plans for some time ---information that lead to a heated argument. But swing??? Er...let's let it die, with the note that Frank did give to S3FS such material as he had gathered towards his own ends. Hardly the move of someone prepared to resort to lawyers. I suspect you got some garbled information.

On WARP 19½---you should have received a copy (so far almost everyone who has claimed not to have received same has, upon checking, unearthed a copy in the end, from wherever they buried it); if you didn't, the PO lost it.)

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Debi Killop,  
PO Box 4406,  
Auckland.

I am glad to see the true spirit of fannish persistence. Despite the technical bugger-factor, WARP appears. Remarkable.

I spent Saturday trying to explain fandom to a naturopath. Believe me, it's a challenge. Trying to explain fandom to any mundane is. It's like trying to explain my other passion---wonen's body-building---to a non-initiate.

I am impressed by the sheer amount of paper that dropped into my PO Box in an envelope nonchalantly marked NASF..Alas, WARP was a strain on the yees, hence ~~for the~~ the brain. The editorial was a modest shrinking-violet with a tendency to fade into the background. ((This I confess. I undersat the stencil, much to my irritation---I must have wasted a gallon of ink trying to print that clearly! But...the rest of the issue should have been easy to read: no photoreduction, all clear and crisp...))

By the way, my change to Killop is being firmly resisted by everyone but my bank. Not least my family. I am resigned to this resistance. As I told my brother, call me whatever you wish, so long as it isn't Aldebaranian mud-hog. Brenda Starr, Marilyn Monroe, Auntie Mary, Kean, Killop, or Mickey Duck. What the hell? I never liked any of my names anyway...

Gee, I wish I lived in Wellington. Sorry, everybeing, but I still don't got confidence in Auckland Branch.

Not that I had any intention of suffering through SUPERMAN I or II, I am glad to have Greg's review as justification not to. Commercialism and other things put me off EMPIRE. Result, I haven't seen a film in months, let alone an sf one. Am I really missing anything?

Doubt it.

I mildly resent Terry Jewes (shades of Wodehouse) comments about the Dragonbooks. Although I was also mildly disappointed by THE WHITE DRAGON. Also amazed that McCaffrey introduced such things as S-E-X and even O-R-G-A-S-M! In sf, really! I am exploring the possibilities of murder in sf. War, too. Catharsis probably. For the first time in my life I'm tempted to...((censored on request))...When I reread this tomorrow I'll wonder what the hell I was thinking of...

Personally, I would not consider Frank Macskasy a boring old fart. Boring, perhaps, but never an old fart. Perhaps not even boring! So there's my opinion, Alex Heatley, whoever you are. Frank Macskasy is charming. Most of the time.

Enuff, or, as my friend wandering Hans would say---genug, mehr als genug. I gotta leave my selves a chance of seeing this (or the decent bits, anyway) pubbed. Memo to selves: don't hit the bheer before doing a loc, no matter what the provocation...

---@---@---@---

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

Here's something to think about. There is another inhabited planet in the Pernese system! One of Pern's near neighbours shines with a greenish light. If this is the green of chlophyll, what protecting it from Thread? (It can't be the green caused by a methane/ammonia atmosphere as found on Uranus or Neptune as to be green the temperature must be below the boiling-point of ammonia. Uranus shines with a magnitude of 6, just visible to the naked eye; therefore Pern's green neighbour, to be bright, must be quite closer to Pern than Earth is to Uranus). Could this mean there's another colony on that planet? Maybe dragon eggs have been transpotted there with the colonists? Transporting would have to be done by egg otherwise the dragon could just go back to its home planet by going between to its breeding-ground. More likely there's an indigenous lifeform on that planet which thrives on Thread like the Pernese grubs. Another planet shines blue. Oceans?

((Unlikely, I suspect, in both cases. What colour is Earth from space? Right! bright bluish white! Not green, not blue (tho bluish)! Keith, not even a jungle-world would shine green across millions of kilometres. It might shine blue---depending on exactly what shade of blue is in question. But it is probable that Pern is the only life-bearing planet (other than the Red Satr) in its system; the "sphere of habitability" around Rukbat probably would not contain another planet where chance had led to an oxy/nitrogen atmosphere with carbon-fixing and such.))

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### THOUSANDSTAR REVIEW, CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14...

paper/rock/scissors game.

As the race proceeds, you expect the hero to win. But with each hurdle defined, you remember that the author has been known to kill off his lead character halfway through a book. Be prepared..It is a series of academic exercises where the hero/ine try to solve a problem before the reader can guess the answer.

By itself, it is an interesting novel, and worth reading once you have adapted to the two characters with the same name, and the alternate time-tracks. As part of the CLUSTER/TAROT series, it is of peripheral interest but does look at some of the other spheres in the Cluster. Not as impressive as the main novels in the series.

In conclusion, I have a question to those who have read all seven books: What is the correct order to read the series? I read them in order of writing; they could be read in strict chronological order; the three main CLUSTER novels end with a lead-in to the next and then back to the earlier tale of Paul of Tarot. I'm not sure. I do recommend re-reading them.

-----Bruce Ferguson.

THOUSANDSTAR, by Piers Anthony; Avon Books June, 1980; 294pp; US\$2.25.

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THE NASF BOOK-LENDING LIBRARY (LIST CONTINUED FROM WARP 19...)

- 257 -- THE NEW ADAM, by Stanley G Weinbaum. Edmund Hall, a man with genetically superior mental powers, is born into a world of normal human beings and must face their jealousy and fear.
- 258 --- NO DIRECTION HOME, by Norman Spinrad. A collection of eleven stories by Spinrad.
- 259 -- NEW WRITINGS IN SF 26, A collection which includes stories from John Keith, Christopher Priest, Brian W Aldiss, Cherry Wilder, David S Garnett, Laurence James, Ramsey Campbell, Ian Watson, Ritchie Smith, and Thomas Penman.
- 260 -- THE UNPLEASANT PROFESSION OF JONATHAN HOAG, by Robert A Heinlein. Plus five other stories to make up this collection.
- 261 -- SPACE CADET, by Robert A Heinlein. Prospective members of the Interplanetary Space Patrol are trained and tested in this adventure story.
- 262 -- THE PLANET OF THE BLIND, by Paul Corey. What would happen to an intelligent, sighted inhabitant of Earth marooned on a planet of unsighted people? Read this story and find out.
- 263 -- SOLARIS, by Stanislaw Lem. Can an entire ocean on a planet be sentient? This is the premise of this story, where a space-station full of scientists is attempting to discover a method of communicating with this creature.
- 264 -- THE EYES OF HEISENBERG, by Frank Herbert. A horrifying glimpse into a future where genetic engineering has become the basis for an immortal tyranny.
- 265 -- THE SQUARE ROOT OF MAN, by William Tenn. Contains nine of this author's early stories.
- 266 --- THE ENGLISH ASSASSIN, by Michael Moorcock. Jerry Cornelius, Michael Moorcock's madcap time-hopping and slipping rubber-hero pops up again in this offering.
- 267 -- THE CONTINUOUS KATHERINE MORTENHOE, by D G Compton. Katherin Mortenhoe is dying, in a world where victims of incurable diseases are the object of avid, unfeeling curiosity. Tormented, she runs, pursued by her fear and by the TV cameras.
- 268 -- SYZYGY, by Michael G Coney. The planet Arcadia is newly colonised, with a few sleepy settlements. Then, without warning, a wave of motiveless violence strikes.
- 269 -- NEWS FOR HEAVEN, by Jeffrey Dell. Discipline in Heaven has broken down due to a bad smell originating from Earth; so Marco Polo and his secretary, Rusticano, descend to Earth to find out what is wrong.
- 270 -- PROTECTOR, by Larry Niven. Phssthpok the Pak's job is to protect the Pak breeders and their ships, which just happen to be entering the Solar System...
- 271 -- KRONK, by Edmund Cooper. Would you believe a story about a contagious venereal disease which inhibits violence and aggression in human? Read all about it.
- 272 -- PILGRIMAGE TO EARTH, by Robert Sheckley. This collection contains fifteen stories by Robert Sheckley.
- 273 -- THE WORLD THAT NEVER WAS, by Carl Zeigfreid. Atomic war played tunes with chromosomes, and genes danced like dervishes, creating godlike beings and half-human demons whose natures lead to conflict.
- 274 -- FANTASTIC VOYAGE, adapted by Isaac Asimov from the movie. The fantastic voyage of four men and one woman as they journey into the living body of a man to perform micro-surgery.
- 275 -- THE SPELL SWORD, by Marion Zimmer Bradley. Andrew Carr, space-traveler, crash-lands on the world of Darkover, leaving himself alone among the magical people of that ancient world..
- 276 -- DOCTOR WHO AND THE CRUSADERS, by David Wjitraker. Adapted from the TV series.
- 277 -- DOCTOR WHO AND THE ZARBI, by Bill Strutton.
- 278 -- DOCTOR WHO AND THE ARK IN SPACE, by Ian Marter.

Rental of books from the library---40¢/ one (includes postage);
60¢/ two (includes postage).

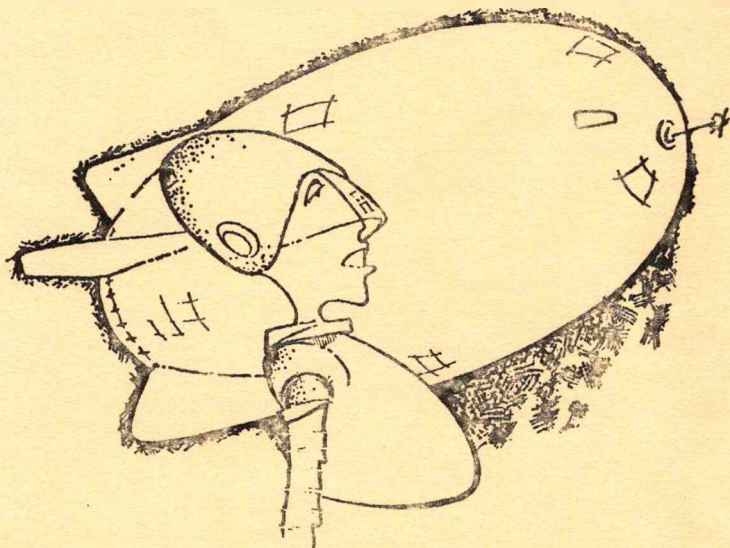
TAPE/CASSETTE LIBRARY: \$2.50 rental per cassette/tape (includes postage).

It is hoped that a list can be compiled---titles, authors, and numbers only (no commentary)---of all books listed to date, for posting with WARP 22. This should satisfy those people who are complaining they don't have back-issues and so can't find out what books are available...

NORCON 81

P.O. Box 5651,
Wellesley Street,
Auckland,
NEW ZEALAND.

NEW ZEALAND'S THIRD NATIONAL
SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION... May 29 - June 1, 1981



NEWSLETTER NUMBER TWO, MARCH 1981.

Folks,

The Time approacheth! In two months, more or less, NORCON will be happening. So, if you haven't already, enrol now!

And speaking of which... Hotels and accomodation. Because some folk have expressed reservations about their reservations, we will arrange alternative accomodation, ie., a cheaper hotel not one or two minutes walk from the Town House Hotel. The upshot is that we will, on request only (we are not psychic), change your hotel booking. The Town House is nice, but expensive -- sharing is definitely advised. The Station Hotel is not so nice, but is certainly cheaper. But, do let us know.

The timetable is fairly full, but we did suffer an unfortunate with our films. We can't show BARBARELLA as the print has been destroyed. ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS...well, we don't quite know what happened to that, but we ain't got it no more. Nor THE FINAL PROGRAMME. Embarassed mumble. BUT! We do have SLAUGHTERHOUSE FIVE and SOYLENT GREEN. And ZARDOZ, FUTUREWORLD and WIZARDS.

We plan to run a number of workshops on Sunday afternoon. With regard to the writer's workshop, would those who plan on taking part care to submit their stories (typed -- or neatly hand written -- on A4 paper, one side only, maximum length 7500 words...) NOW, or, at least, some time before 25th of April. This will enable us to prepare and print a booklet of these same stories, for distribution to con members. Similarly, film makers are invited, nay, encouraged to bring along prints of their past and present masterpieces. We'd like, if possible, to show these on Sunday evening, in conjunction with the masquerade (about which more, in a paragraph or three).

Gamers will be well catered for. Andrew Stewart has been cajoled into taking charge of the gaming activities. Short duration, or 'competition' role playing games will be organised for Sunday afternoon, as well as the more usual games of DUNE, MAGIC REALM and what have you. If you have something special -- Bring Yer Own Game!

For the security conscious and the paranoid, and those few folk who might be displaying various things in various places at various times (like artwork for the Art show, wares in the Huckster's room, posters and club propaganda in wherever...), please note that all the rooms we are using are fully lockable. And locked they will be when not in use, believe us.

The Masquerade will be held on Sunday evening. A meal, of the buffet/smorgasbord type, will be available at the modest cost of \$3-00 per person (which, you'll have to admit, is a bit of a bargain in this day and age. It could, of course, be less than three bucks...). If you plan to take part in the costume parade, you should be preparing now. A prize is in the offing...

We are also organising a display of micro-computers, some of which will be privately owned while others may be loaned to us by one of the local computer companies. You are invited to tickle the fancies of these wonders but not to wreck them...

We shall be running a shuttle service, using the Auckland University Student's Association van, which will be running between the Maidment Theatre and the hotels on request (and for groups of passengers...). It will also be available for excursions into the great and mighty Queen Street, where munchies may be purchased, along with other things.

Oh. Australian sf author Captain A Bertram Chandler will be attending as Guest of Honour. Bruce Burn, a sf fan from the fifties, will also be attending, as Fan Guest of Honour. We'll find something for them to do.

Tables are available in the Huckster's room, for a modest charge. Write and ask.

The convention booklet is in preparation, and a number of clubs and businesses have been approached about advertising. However, should individuals wish to take out an advertisement, please contact the committee and mark the envelope 'Con Booklet'. Bidders for future conventions should note that they may advertise free, on certain pages set aside for 'that sort of thing'.

Finally, how to get there. Consult a decent street map of Auckland. Coming off the Southern Motorway at the Symonds Street turn off, you should turn right into Symonds Street and proceed down the whacking great hill until the Town House Hotel heaves into view. This building is on the right as you head down the hill, just past the Waterloo Quadrant/Alten Avenue traffic lights. It's virtually opposite Parliament Street. The Station Hotel is just down the road a ways, marked by a sign saying 'New Station Hotel'. The reception desk is down on Beach Road, which may be reached by descending a flight of stairs easily visible from Symonds Street. Okay? Nothing to it...

The Maidment Theatre may be reached by heading back up the hill. Look for a little one way street called Alfred. Alfred Street. It's lined by mighty oaks and should be fairly easily distinguished. Head up this street and, as you near the other end of the street, you should sight a large concrete building, marked with runes reading 'Kenneth Maidment Theatre'. This is it. Go inside. Oh, and please bring your receipt.

That's it. We'll see you all on the 29th at 7.00 pm or thereabouts. Bye....

P.S. MAYBE THERE'LL BE A BAR ...