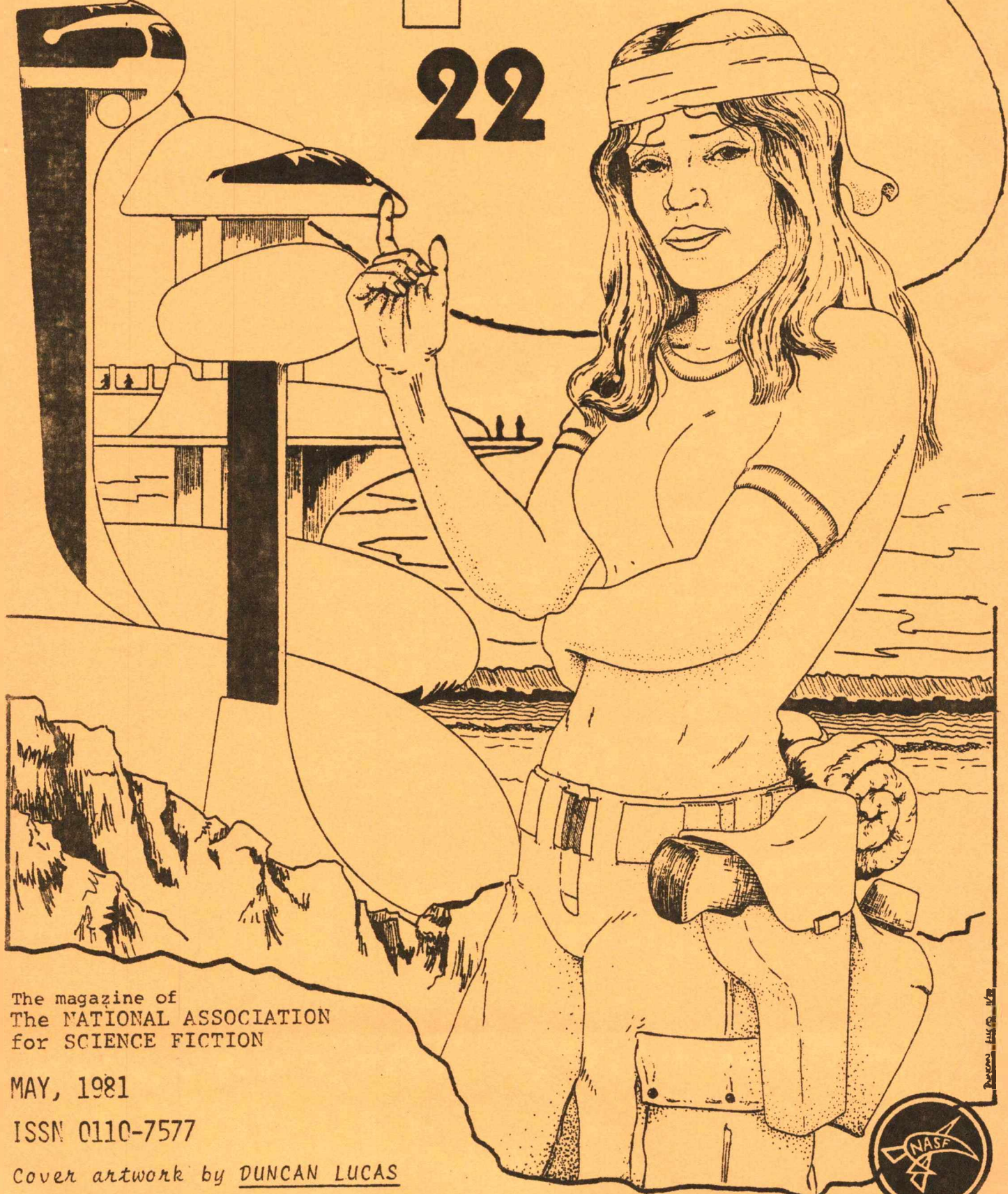


# Warp

## 22



The magazine of  
The NATIONAL ASSOCIATION  
for SCIENCE FICTION

MAY, 1981

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Masthead by  
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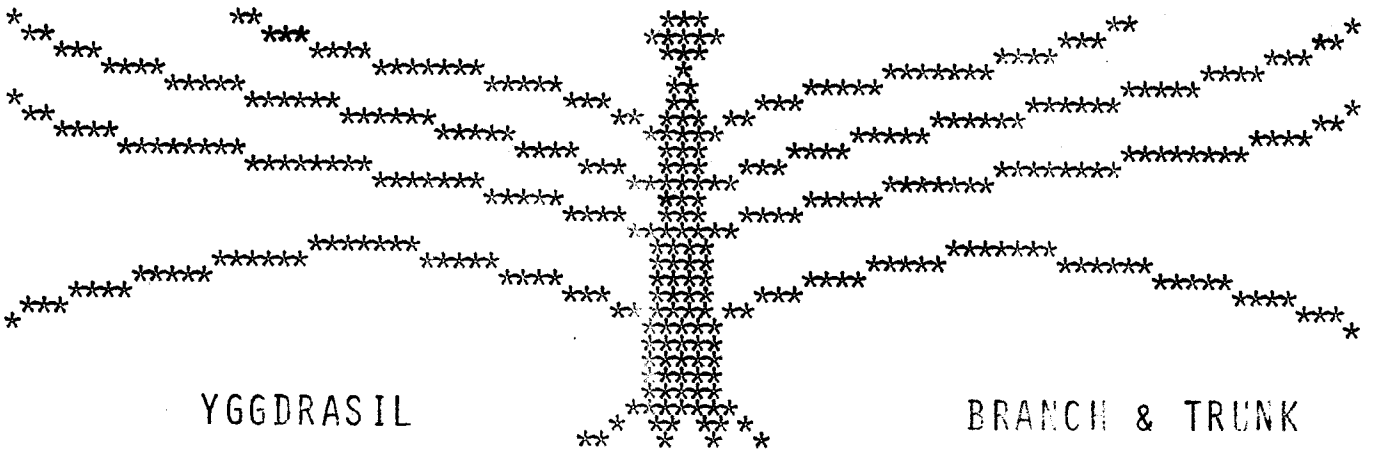
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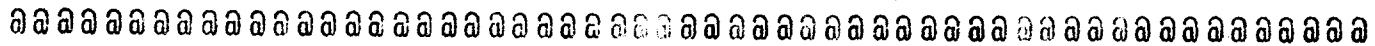




YGGDRASIL

BRANCH & TRUNK

NEWS



NASF NATIONAL NEWS:

REPORT ON THE 1981 NATIONAL AGM, HELD SUNDAY 19th APRIL, 1981.

Attended by 16 members; apologies from Frank Macskasy jr & Greg Hills.

DUES RISE! Proposed by Gary Perkins, seconded by Gregor Cameron; passed 16--0.

ADULT RATE RISES FROM \$7.00 TO \$8.00 P.A.  
STUDENT RATE RISES FROM \$5.00 TO \$6.00 P.A.

These are the national Dues; Wellington Branch Dues also altered---see Wellington rpt.

OFFICERS & COMMITTEE: As Gregor Cameron declared himself willing to stand for the post of Secretary, Gary Perkins declined renomination. The results are as follows:

UNANIMOUS

- PRESIDENT - Linnette Horne
- SECRETARY - Gregor Cameron
- TREASURER - George Floratos.
- COMMITTEE - - - - Greg Hills, Martin Lee, Gary Perkins, Alan Robson, Mark Turner, David White.

OTHER BUSINESS:

THAT FRANK MACSKASY BE MADE A SAINT: PASSED 12--4...

THAT OLES BERNDYK, SOVIET SF AUTHOR, IMPRISONED FOR HIS WRITINGS & EXPRESSED OPINIONS, BE ADOPTED BY NASF AS AN HONOURARY MEMBER OF THE ASSN: AND THAT THE ASSN TAKE PART IN CAMPAIGNS TO SECURE HIS RELEASE; and AT THE DISCRETION OF THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE. PASSED 16--0.

THAT THE COMMITTEE BE DIRECTED TO INFORM THE USSR EMBASSEY ABOUT THIS MOTION. PASSED (no record of actual voting tally). UNANIMOUS.

REPORT ON ACCOUNTS: Year ended 31mar81.	INCOME: Subscriptions: - - - \$548.70
	Back issues: - - - - - \$26.80
EXPENDITURE: Printing Costs: - - - \$305.79	Subsidy (2 WARPs): - - - \$41.54
Postage:- - - - - \$96.52	Bank Interest: - - - - - \$3.32
PO Box Rental:- - - - - \$13.00	TOTAL: - - - - - <u>\$620.36</u>
(o'payment)--Refunds to (2) members: \$0.00	
Magazine Registration:- \$10.00	BALANCE @ 1980 AGM: \$22.49 DEBIT
Purchase paper WARP:- - \$41.40	SUBTRACT INCOME: <u>\$620.36</u>
Purchase Ink for WARP:- \$8.40	SUBTRACT EXPENDITURE: <u>\$507.31</u>
Envelopes:- - - - - \$23.70	
Stamp Duty on Chqbook:- \$0.50	BALANCE AS AS 31MAR81: <u>\$90.56</u>
TOTAL:- - - - - <u>-\$507.31</u>	



((RINGWORLD ENGINEERS CONTINUED)): Niven leaves so many ends tangled or unclear that only another sequel, or several shorter stories, can fill them out.

An example: the mystery of the Protectors dying off is not sufficiently resolved---they were surely smart enough to see that without their help, disaster was inevitable for the Ringworld; they would be foolish to assume that their breeders or any of the other intelligent and semi-intelligent life would learn how to resolve a crisis.

More, the whole idea of the Ringworld being a Pak creation is implausible: I never did like the introduction of the Pak into the Known Space tales, and their newly enlarged place in the scheme of things is therefore doubly irritant. Why build such a fragile thing as a Ringworld? Why situate it so close to other sites of Pak activity? Why so few worlds represented in the oceans of the Ringworld (assuming the counter-ocean has about eleven, like the ocean near which all the action in both novels takes place)? And why



so many from a compact area of space averaging about 200 light-years away? Were there no planets deserving of such treatment closer at hand within that radius?

And by the way, the Outsiders have passed near the Ringworld. Strange that they apparently did not make contact with the Pak (or vice-versa); the hyperdrive shunt would have found a ready market in the Pak, who would immediately have grasped its strategic value..Pak with the shunt are a terrifying thought!

There is still at least on Pak on the loose even after Teela Brown is taken out of the picture. Hmmm, begs for sequels...as no doubt it is intended to do.

Take the solution---firing the sun's plasma against part of the Ringworld to push the structure back into proper position. It has already been demonstrated---metoer punctures, remember?---that the Ringworld foundation metal (called *scrith* in RE) has very real limits to its resistance. It could be argued that this is simply tensile strength, no contribution of heat energy, but I find it difficult to stomach such a concept unless *scrith* is a superconductor...and no, it is not. Anyway, the area struck by plasma is going to get very hot. Perhaps weakened by the heat. And the force required to force 10 Jovian masses around fast enough to save it slamming the sun is, in itself, not inconsiderable. To make it still worse, the thrust must come in bursts. Unless they want to scorch the whole ring from start to start, they cannot use the plasma continuously. They must therefor turn it on when the impact-point approaches periastron, and off when it recedes again. This would set up immense fluxes in the structure, mechanical stress (which the metal is vulnerable to, remember). Would heat-blasted *scrith* hold up under such tensions? Especially as the same point is struck, not once, but repeatedly?

Well, Niven's the writer; but I'd steer clear of Ringworlds being manouvered about...

The Spill Mountains would not stop erosion. The rock cover follows the contours of the metal underneath, nyet? To keep eminences covered would require a spillway on every signifigant hilltop. An irrigation system I shudder to contemplate...

Enough; I could go on and on... It's a great adventure yarn, Larry, but...how about

finishing what you began over ten years ago? RINGWORLD ENGINEERS is reduced, by the above points and others, to the status of middle-man in a trilogy. It needs a final volume to complete it.

Larry Niven must die. Slowly and painfully. For following the easy path long blazed by Farmer, Anthony, McCaffrey, and ilk. But only after the Ringworld is circled!

-----Greg Hills.

RINGWORLD ENGINEERS, by Larry Niven; Del Rey pb, mar81; US\$2.50 (\$3.90 in NZ); 351pp.



MERRY CHRISTMAS, MS MINERVA!

by Edmund Cooper

reviewed by David Cropp.

It takes tolerance to read a novel through to the bitter end which is based on ideas utterly opposed to one's own. When the expression of those ideas lacks even some coherence or logic, then I suppose the tolerance assumes almost heroic (or stupid) proportions.

Such were my feelings after I'd dragged myself through Edmund Cooper's MERRY CHRISTMAS, MS MINERVA!. I had to finish the bloody thing, if only to prove to myself that the whole thing was as bad as I'd already discovered by page twenty. The ideas expressed by the book are, I suppose, popular enough. Cooper depicts a world (or, more accurately, a Britain) in the not-too-distant future (he hints at about 2030 AD on page eighteen, then specifies 2019 at the very end), where the predominant political and social forces are Trade Unions. As a result, and for reasons nowhere made obvious, a state of near-nihilism prevails throughout the country. All significant political power is wielded within and between large union groups, who are constantly fighting (quite literally) for greater and greater control. The result is that very few basic services are performed; the cities have declined into a state of sordid decay; and men and women live lives of quite appalling misery and danger. Outside the bounds of whatever ordinary society actually manages to exist, large groups of young people provide interest and involvement to their otherwise pointless lives by riding around the countryside on "japbikes" and terrorising whomever they can catch. Cooper calls these gangs "Easyriders", a quaintly old-fashioned term which is quite revealing.

The story-line is quite irritatingly simple---to the point of there being no story at all, just a series of incidents, explanations, and descriptions. Part One, *Prelude*, takes up two thirds of the fairly short book to describe the Christmas Eve activities of Maggie Minerva, the widow of a recently-assassinated Union boss. It is her pleasure that day to undertake the hazardous journey from one of the better suburbs of London to Harrod's store to do her Christmas shopping. She travels in an armoured car, equipped with a laser-gun, no less, which is quite a help when, along the way, she rescues a young girl from being beaten and raped by union bullies. The last third, ingeniously titled *Horror*, describes events later on Christmas Eve at Ms Minerva's home.

Ms Minerva herself is represented as being something of a power within the Union by virtue of being the widow of the late boss. But nowhere is any indication given of her actually exercising any power, or when reference is made to when her husband was alive, having exercised any power at that time. The greatest danger to her in her widowhood is one Alec Scranton, the 2nd-in-command of the Union, who presumably has good reason to want to eliminate Ms Minerva. He is described as "a Cassius type, but loyal apparently". However, Cooper can't resist what he imagines to be a woman's dimension to the view we are presented of Alec Scranton's character. Ms Minerva personally dislikes him: "(she) always had the impression that he was mentally undressing her whenever they met." So of course he is entirely evil in her, and Cooper's, eyes, with no single redeeming feature whatever. This, of course, is in contrast to Ms Minerva's late husband, who was a repository of all the virtues that it is possible for a man to have---he was humane, liberal, forbearing, considerate, and concerned for

the greater welfare of humankind, not just his own union members (all this is actually stated in the book). How in hell, one is inclined to wonder, did he manage to become the boss of such a selfish, tough, and ruthless as the Union?

Other internal inconsistencies abound. The Britain described by Cooper is declining rapidly into economic stagnation---yet is still rich enough to maintain an apparently generous social security system. Or at least the system is generous enough for the liberal and concerned Union boss to say at one point, "If some of our people have to draw social security until their skills are re-routed, it won't be too high a price to pay ..." As well, the Easyriders, who disdain any form of employment, must somehow be able to pay for their ubiquitous "japbikes"---presumably also out of some form of generous Social Security. Ms Minerva's own Christmas Eve trip is described as stupidly dangerous---by herself. "Few people---few important people shopped personally any more...for important people it was safer that way. You couldn't be hijacked, murdered, ravished, robbed, emasculated..." Yet Harrods, the store Ms Minerva favours for her visit, maintains a troop of young sub-managers just to escort people around the premises, and invariably treats them to lunch. It all seems awfully expensive for such a few shoppers.

But much worse is Cooper's distortion of recent (1970's) history so that he can depict Unions as such inherently evil and corrupt organisations. "Perhaps, reflected Ms Minerva, it all went back to St Joe. The twentieth century miner's leader who had become a folk hero. The first Union boss to break a British government.

"Perhaps that was the day democracy died."

I presume that Cooper is referring here to Joe Gormley and the British miner's strike of 1974. The facts of that situation can be checked by anyone who cares to spend the time. After failing to resolve the strike to their own satisfaction, the Conservative government of Mr Edward Heath resigned and put itself up for re-election, presumably in the hope that (a) it would win out of sympathy (and dislike of the miners by people suffering from electricity and heating cuts) and (b) it would thereby be in a stronger bargaining position against the miners. They were peremptorily dismissed by the electorate and the incoming Labour government was forced to settle with the miners on their own terms. Constitutionally the Conservativea could have stayed in office for another year, and they were voted out of office--- not forced in any sense---in a gamble that failed. And even if they'd won, they would still have had somehow to deal with the strike itself---the election was simply a diversionary negotiating ploy.

So much for the ideas in the novel---I've the tedious detail of recent British history here simply to show just how far Mr Cooper is prepared to compromise his own integrity in his dislike of Unions. No doubt he's entitled to his opinion, but I do wish he'd get his facts right before he foists them onto the rest of the world.



However, it is as well a distasteful book. The attempted rape, mentioned earlier, is described in some detail, but that's just an appetiser for a full-scale rape scene lovingly described in detail over seven pages and two chapters near the end of the book. Mr Cooper appears to have enjoyed writing it, I certainly didn't enjoy reading it. If death and destruction are your thing, there's plenty of that, too---and all described in the same loving, almost lascivious style. Perhaps the best is where the police murder about a hundred Easyriders, in a description that takes almost thirteenth pages of sickening detail to get through---oh, and yes, there's plenty of rape along with the killing too.

The pity of it is that Edmund Cooper is a writer whose work I have enjoyed in the past. He's peedestrian, but competent, and can sometimes tell a



rattling good yarn. MERRY CHRISTMAS, MS MINERVA! isn't. Instead it's a mindless bit of mindless, distorted propaganfa, held together with soft pornography.

I don't recommend it.

-----David Cropp.

Robert Hale Books, London, 1978. ((presumably a hardback edition)).



AND NOW, BY POPULAR REQUEST--- Being short reviews by Trevor Gudsell.

The following short reviews are designed to aid the paying reader. The books have been culled from my recent reading, and should all be available at the moment, or in stock overseas if sold out in New Zealand. The Huyser Bookshop (PO Box 299, Wellington) would be most likely to stock them. If not, any shop which features American editions of paperbacks will probably either have them or be willing to order them.

ARMADA, by Michael Jahn.

US\$2.25 A ship ten miles long enters the solar system and advances remorselessly on Earth, finally taking up orbit. It is met by space-shuttles flown from a space station, and the ensuing battle rapidly assumes dire levels. I think this must have been written with possible film use in mind: for that is approximately the level at which it is written. The shuttles, according to Jahn's somewhat confused descriptions, fly rather like aircraft, as do their opponents. The final resolution can be seen coming from a long way earlier in the book. Rates a polite shudder.

THE BLACK FLAME, by Lynn Abbey.

US\$2.50 The sequel to DAUGHTER OF THE BRIGHT MOON. Bored in her newfound security at the castle of Chatelgard, she sets forth to seek for the legendary Well of Knowledge, which holds the Black Flame of the title (the substance of the Black Flame provides a connection between book and sequel much as did the Ring between THE HOBBIT and LotR). For those who read DAUGHTER, I need only say that this book is worthy of the predecessor. For people who have not previously read Lynn Abbey's work, I recommend that you try it.

THE BOOK OF DREAMS, by Jack Vance.

US\$2.25 The final Kirth Gersen/DEMON PRINCES novel. Considering other recent "final books" by other authors, this one shines even brighter for having actually brought the series to a conclusion. There is little excuse for a projected series running one or several books longer than promised, or breaking off incomplete. This one does not commit this sin. I dare say no more, for fear of destroying the surprise concealed within...

THE BREAKING OF NORTHWALL, by Paul O Williams. In a post-Holocaust setting, scattered US\$2.25 tribes of semicivilised and semibarbaric people are spread across the former territory of the USA. One Jestak of the Pelbar, a traveller of no small achievements, sets about attempting the unification of most of the tribes into a single people. The tale is brisk and tersely told. The characters either shine too good or simmer too dark for realism, but Jestak and a couple of others can be sympathised with by the reader. Impressive and interesting.

A DIFFERENT LIGHT, by Elizabeth A Lynn. One Jimson suffers from a rare form of US\$2.25 cancer. In his time, it can be successfully treated and held at bay. Unless he travels off his home planet via hyperspace---and action which will set the cancer free and kill him within the year. He chooses to travel. The book has its weaknesses, but I liked it well enough.

DOWNBELOW STATION, by C J Cherryh.

US\$2.15 A change for pace for Cherryh after her FADED SUN trilogy; and it's a change for the better, in my opinion. In a near-area of the galaxy, in the future, mankind is split into the space Union, insular Earth, and the semi-independents squeezed between them. In flashing takes, Cherryh attemptst to show the events surrounding the end of this period. She does it well. This book is one I highly recommend.

DUST OF FAR SUNS, by Jack Vance.

US\$1.75 Four short stories by this writer whose normal habit is to write novels today. But the dates of original appearance---1955---1962---reveal that these yarns date back to the early days of Vance's modern writing, before he virtually gave up short stories. They are: "Dust of Far Suns", a tale of a training cruise aboard a sunjammer; "Dodkin's Job", the story of how to rise in a stratified society...by instead falling; "Ullward's Retreat", or, size is in the mind of the beholder; and "The Gift of Gab", far the weakest story, in which semaphore comes into its own... This book is distinctively Vance in nature, and the better three stories are deceptive. A good read.

EARTHMAN'S BURDEN, by Poul Anderson and Gordon R Dickson.

US\$1.75 The stories of the teddy-bear-like aliens known as the Hokas, collected into book form. The Hokas are consummate character-actors, taking on the attributes of fictional characters from books imported from Earth. Cute, and the humour is a little 'off'. They couldn't get it right.

A HERITAGE OF STARS, by Clifford D Simak.

US\$1.75 In a nontechnological 'aftermath' Earth of over a millenium hence, an educated man sets out from the University that is his home in search of "the Place of Going to the Stars". What he finds is something different from what he expected. Not a memorable book, it is fairly typical of Simak's more recent work. However, that also means that it is an excellently told novel, with Simak's unique style.

THE PATCHWORK GIRL, by Larry Niven.

US\$2.50 A novel of Gil the Arm. Mystery murders and attempted murders, love, suspense, and a girl frozen in a "holding tank" waiting for dismemberment and worse, or revival and clearing of the charges against her...set on a moon which is uniquely Niven's own version of the future. This is the mass-market version of what first appeared as a trade paperback. Additionally, the future of the holding tanks themselves hinges on the outcome of the trial. Exciting, first-rate work.

THE SABLE MOON, by Nancy Springer.

US\$2.50 Continuing the saga beginning with THE WHITE HART and continued by THE SILVER SUN, this book follows the story of Isle and its inhabitants, as Prince Trevyn (son of King Alan who, with his twin brother King Hal, featured in THE SILVER SUN) combats an attempt to conquer Isle. The good characters are a little too good, but nonetheless the book makes satisfactory reading for a light, idle hour.

SPLIT INFINITY, by Piers Anthony.

US\$2.50 Anthony begins another series. In this tale of parallel worlds, Stile of the world Proton is precipitated into the alternate world of Phaze. In trouble in Proton, he soon finds himself in trouble in Phaze, for it seems he is the alter-ego of one of the insular "Adepts" who hold power in Phaze; and his double has been killed... Typical of Anthonys recent, lightweight writing; entertaining but (except for the inevitable Anthony characteristic by which 'loose ends' are not) simple in essence.

WIZARD, by John Varley.

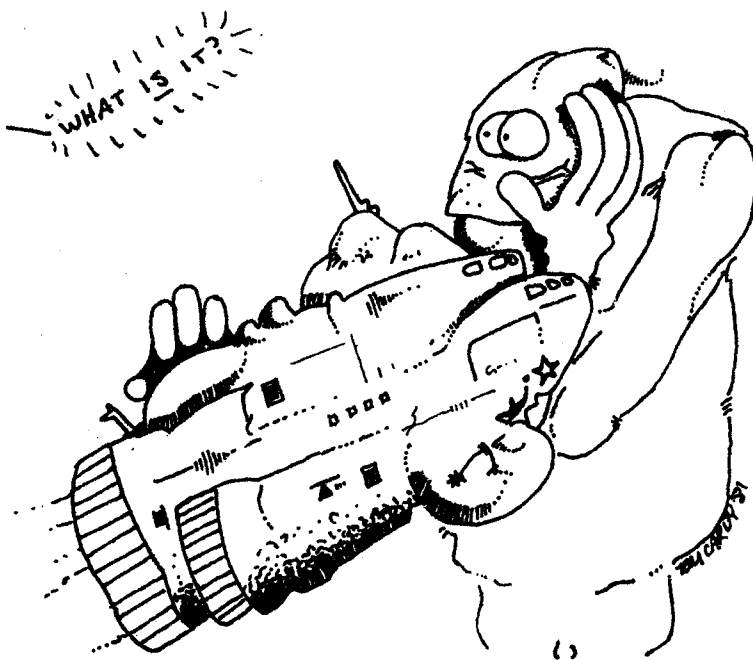
US\$2.50 A sequel to the writer's highly successful novel "TITAN", with the world-organism Gaea which orbits as a moon of Saturn. Gaea is attempting to ingratiate herself to Earth; and one of her methods is to hold cathartic "Qeests" within herself for selected people. So simply does the tale begin, but rapidly it becomes plain that this book is no mere time-marker. Unfortunately, while TITAN left the situation clear and complete in itself (there was no need to write WIZRD), after WIZARD we find that a third book is required to complete the lines of development left in abeyance. The book is good, but be warned: you may put it down with a feeling of unfulfilment.

-----Trevor Gudsell....



WHAT USE IS THIS WASTED LINE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PAGE?

----A Faned's Soliliquey.



"Where do you get your ideas from?" is probably the most-asked question that I get about my miniatures.

"From ideas within ideas and shapes within shapes," is my cryptic reply.

The reply is true, however. If I can see an idea within a shape such as a piece of aluminium moulding, then I work upon that first idea until I come up with something that is practical in terms of appeal, ease of construction, and practicality; ie, it must fit in my studio. Even if the studio is almost two hundred feet square.

Firstly, let's look at a now-famous design in the form of the basic hull shape of the STAR WARS Stardestroyer. This design is in reality a "shallow

V" design used by high-speed racing boats. When it is inverted and laid on top of each other then you get the basic hull-shape of the Stardestroyer. Undoubtedly one of the most perfect miniatures that I have ever seen in terms of construction. Anyway, it can be argued that the STAR WARS designs aren't really original.

Nowdays, it seems, anything goes. And as far as I am concerned, this is great. Gone are the days of the smooth-skinned hulls of the 'fifties', thank God. Anything goes. I like that kind of design freedom, although I never use any plans whatsoever. Sketches and photographs, maybe, but never plans. There isn't enough flexibility with plans. I work on a basic sketch that I think up at work and during the rest of the day rework and redraw the basic idea until I get something that looks like the original idea. Nine times out of ten it doesn't because of different ideas I get. It's great having a flexible mind in this case (mine is like 'silly putty').

If you are scratch-building a miniature of considerable size, make sure you have an end-use for it. What are you going to do with it when you have finished? This is the major holdup with an eight-foot miniature based on the Stardestroyer I am going to build. I don't have enough room to construct it, let alone display it. Space is a major consideration. Although I could build onto the studio. (I have just taken time off this article to do the aforementioned idea. Now I can get started on the Stardestroyer).

If you wander around stores that sell cheap things, like Woolworths, you can sometimes come up with interesting shapes and ideas. Toy-shops and hardware stores also could bring light onto a stalled project, or even new ideas may form. If you are a devoted modeller, then these ideas will always be foremost in your mind as you wander about. I recently built a small space-station out of two Superglue containers and a few odds & ends. If you intend building a series of miniatures, then SCALE is an important consideration for a conformity of size. All my ships are constructed on a scale of 1mm = 1 metre on a real space-ship. That means if a miniature is 1 metre long, then in real life it is about one kilometre in length. Consideration should also be given to internal lighting layouts and their subsequent cooling systems if you are going to use hot lights such as halogen quartz lamps. These lights get really hot.

That is about all for this article; the next one will be on scratch building: ideas and materials.

-----Lindsay Thompson.

An article written by Debbie Killop.

At the end of 1979, a piece by me on this same subject appeared in WARP. I'm here, now, to bring it up to date.

This year I have read nine books by woman that deserve mention. Four are by C J Cherryh, four by Tanith Lee, the last by Phyllis Ann Karr. (Special thanks to *Millennium* member Ellen Laan for introducing me to all of these).

I had never heard of Phyllis Ann Karr before I read *FROSTFLOWER AND THORN*. But there is no doubt that I will be looking out for her in the future. The protagonists of Ms. Karr's book live in the Tanglelands, in a society of superstition and feudal custom. Farmer-priests rule this world, enforcing their power by the threat of Hell-bog and their armies of woman warriors. Hated by the Farmer-priests, are the sorcerons---male and female, believers in one God; healers, with power over time and weather.

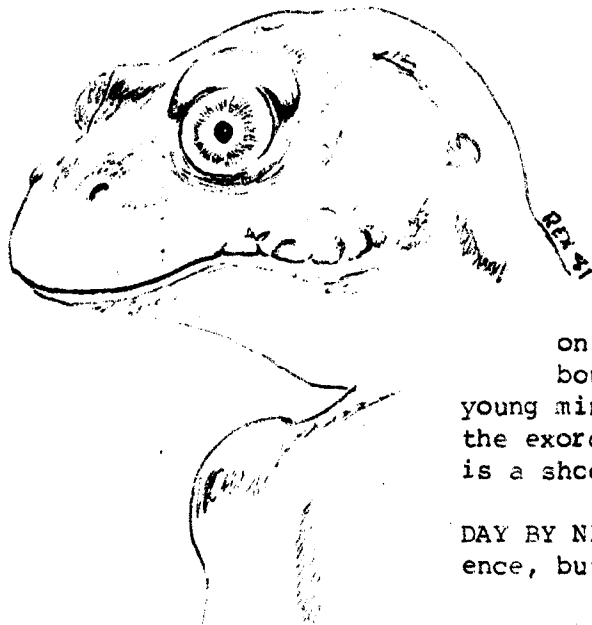
Thorn, who has dropped the Rose from her name, is a hard-fighting, loose-living Warrior Frostflower is a sorceress who has left her retreat to explore, in order to learn out-of-the-body travel. Thorn is pregnant and Frostflower offers aid---not an abortion, but the bringing of the child to term in the space of a winter's afternoon. Her payment is the baby---sorcerors must be virginal or they lose their powers. The two women part, not understanding one another. Frostflower suffers torture and 'execution' ---rape and the loss of her powers, as she cannot account for her possession of baby.

In the final climactic scene, she and Thorn stand against their enemy, the Farmer-priest Maldron, and discover that Frostflower's powers are intact.

It is a powerful book, its greatest strength being the gradual understanding the women gain of each other.

My favourite Tanith Lee book would have to be *DRINKING SAPPHIRE WINE*. Or maybe *KILL THE DEAD*...it is difficult to say, because everything Ms Lee attempts, she succ with. She is an Englander with an unique vision and tremendous versatility.

*DRINKING SAPPHIRE WINE* is superficially light-hearted, but in reality tremendously deep. Her characters live in four automatic cities, robot-governed, surrounded by uninhabitable desert. Humans have nothing to do but pursue pleasure, swap bodies, marry, and 'have love'. The young are 'Jang', with Jang language, culture, and dress. What may have begun as a youth movement has been fossilised into a prescribed period of life. The unnamed heroine goes through a dozen marriages and as many bodies before being sentenced to exile in the desert. In making the desert bloom she provides the first meaning life has had, for herself and others.



*KILL THE DEAD* is as haunting as Lee's stories *Redder than Blood* and *Wolfland*---haunting is the right word! The book concerns an exorcist, Parl Dro, fanatic and powerful. When he 'kills' the ghost of a young woman, sending her away from Earth, the woman's sister, Ciddey, commits suicide in order to gain a ghostly revenge on Dro. Ghosts need a link in order to stay Earth-bound. Ciddey's link is bound up with the feckless young minstrel Myal Lemyal. The minstrel, the woman, and the exorcist begin a strange journey---and the ending is a shcker! In no way am I going to spoil it for you.

*DAY BY NIGHT* has elements of *SAPPHIRE WINE* in its ambience, but *COMPANIONS OF THE ROAD* (two novellas) is more

...CONTINUED ON PAGE 26...



and would make the North independent of the whims of the South Government. The North Government had to apologise for their comments, but the work on the Solar Fields makes good visual material.

April:

The establishment of the chain of Ventilo-Power stations around the old capital, Wellington, was the major story for the month. The Historical Society also erected a working model of the original "windmill" ventilo's that has proved to be a popular tourist attraction. I don't know how you feel about covering crime in the program, but "OLDIES" CULTS LIKENED TO GANGS OF THE 80'S was a big headline from the Director of Public Justice. Let me know about this one. There was also a strong push for the retention and restoration of some of the capital's old buildings on the grounds that they had played an important role in Taumaranui's past history. Personally I can't see much value in an old railway station, but it caused a lot of reaction and may be worth a few in the ratings if we revive it.

May:

NEXT YEAR'S FISHERIES PRODUCTION WILL BE SHORT BY 150,750 TONNES almost caused riots in the Asian Bloc when they thought that we would be cutting their food supplies, so that will have to be included. The biggest scandal this month (and for the year) was the discovery of an official in Pet Control who was not only unlicensed to keep a pet, but when his dog crapped on the walkway, refused to clean it up. He got a year's imprisonment and five years community cleaning services for his trouble.

June:

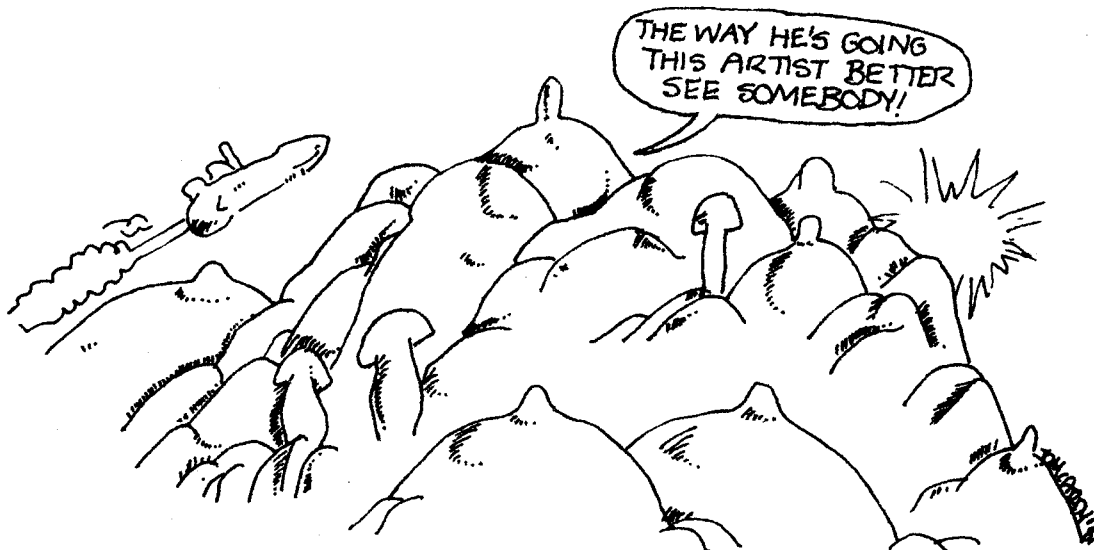
Calls for increased exports of clarified butter to Indasia by their government resulted in a big push for grass farming and the establishment of several more milk conversion factories. Taranaki was designated as a forestry area, which meant that nearly all the North Island is now covered with pine forests, except for the 50 hectare native forest museum that the Historical Society maintains.

July:

I though something on the cultural side should be included so the story CULTURE MINISTER DECLARES NATIONAL CRAZE FOR SCIENCE FICTION UNHEALTHY has been included. This caused an immediate reaction from National Association for Science Fiction's President, Citizen Gregory Te Maunga IV. He said that the society could hardly be blamed if the population had decided to clog up the connets playing space-games.

August:

Only one story to be considered, the earthquake that flattened Opotiki when White Island volcano blew up. As the major dormitory town for the coutry's main horticultural production area, this caused harvesting problems for a while. Several



of the sub-terra apartment blocks collapsed, but seeing rescue attempts would have been pointless, they sealed them over and erected new ones on the site. According to the stats 36,743 people were below ground when the quake struck; however, total fatalities only amounted to 53,000-odd.

### September:

A sporting note. ALL BLACKS GO OUT ON STRIKE caused a ripple of excitement when they held out for higher match fees and better turf on the telestadium. Their action also confused the Stock Exchange for a few days. Coupled with this was the Southern African States refusal to accept any white players for the tour against the Afroboks. It seems that this has some historical associations worth following up.

### October:

Several items for this month. There were the debates over adding Polynese to English and Kiwinese and including it with the national languages; private satellite channels were to be allotted due to the demand; and an additional thousand hectares of hydroponic farms were established to support the MegAuckland area.

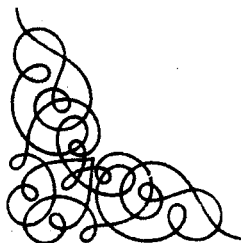
### November:

This month's announcement that a religious Xmas service is to be screened as part of the "Traditional Observances" series has drawn an extremely vocal reaction from the President of the Retailers Association. In brief, he and his members object to religion being dragged into what is basically a commercial observance. They feel that historical customs will confuse the psych profiles that have been prepared for this year's season.

### December:

As the program will be screened next month, the only thing that we need to include is the annual Xmas Message from the President of the Amalgamated Unions.

Those are my suggestions for this year's program. I may be in Brisbane for a while tomorrow, so I'll call into your office unless something happens so that I can't go. I'll confirm it about midday for you.



Suzuki Johno-Marie Jones,  
Head of News.

-----Brian Strong.



## Into The Ring



written by Tim Jones

They rode into town just after sunup, Pop leading the way on the big chestnut mare and Hank following proudly behind on his new palamino. A few cars passed them on the way in, and Hank had an awkward moment when the palamino got jittery at the prospect of passing under the humming monrail track, but they cantered into Main Street right on time..Hank yelled "Howdy" to a couple of his schoolmates and had the pleasure of seeing their envy as he rode by, tall in the saddle and fourteen at last. They turned into Mersey Street, "The Home of Country" as the banner proclaimed---where cars were banned and the only biomass fuel in use was the sweet Southland grass inside the horses bellies---and tied up to the hitching-rail outside one of Country Music HQ's

smaller offshoots. Hank felt the clapboard building could have done with swing doors, but his momentary disappointment was soon forgotten as he followed Pop to the reception desk.

The secretary seated behind the desk ceased tapping away at her word processor as they approached and turned to them with a smile. "You wouldn't be lookin' for Mr. Gerken, now, would you?" she asked, rolling her *t*'s in real country style.

"Too right we would, Missie," Pop replied. "M'young boy Hank here's just got through to the age o'fourteen, and he's set on becoming a proper country singer, so he's got me to bring him in for his audition. They told me old Jake Gersen was still the man to see for that."

"Right you are, Mr. Piercy. Hold on a tick---I guess he's expecting you." She disappeared down the passage for a minute, then returned, saying "Go right on down there--- that's the story. Good luck there, Hank, y'hear?"

As they entered the office, Bill Gerken rose with a smile on his face to greet Frank Piercy, then leaned back in his chair. "Well, well, you're a big boy now, eh, Hank? Fouteen years old and it doesn't seem a minute since you were barely big enough to get on a pony---seem to remember seein' you fall off a few, too! Don't worry there, boy, say you ridin' up the street just then and you looked a mighty fine sight on that there horse, mighty fine. Ah, well, better get down to business. You want to sing some country, eh? Now don't be shy, boy, ain't never heard of a singer who can't even open his mouth!"

Hank gulped and managed to conquer his nerves. "Yes sir, Mr. Gerken. I want to sing just like on all those old records and like they do at the Opry, sir. I've practised lots at home, sir."

"Well, Hank, that's good. It won't be easy, you know---you'll have a lot of work to do if you're accepted here. Won't make you a millionaire either, boy---you'll make a lot more money in Auckland or Sydney singing all the hits or all this synthesiser stuff they've got back into than you'll ever do here at the Grand New Opry. Your voice may be ready now you're fourteen, but are you sure you are?"

"Oh, yes, indeed sir. I just want to sing really good coutry, sir---always have done."

"You're sure keen, Hank, and that's what I like to see. Can't sit here jawing all day, though---we've got work to do! Let's just see if all the others are ready yet." He pressed a button on his intercom---"Y'all ready in there?"---and got the reply he wanted. "Well, now, Mr. Piercy, if you'll just wait out in the foyer there---lots of good reading but mind you don't chat to Mary-Lou too much and put her off her work!--- we'll take young Hank to the studio and put him through his paces. Shouldn't take too long---I'm sure he's going to do just fine."

Hank felt his father's firm hand on his shoulder, a parental handshake, a whispered "Good luck, son," then he followed Jake Gerken through corridors and down stairs until he guessed they must be beneath the Opry itself. Gerken pushed through a double set of doors, Hank following close, and they were in the audition studio. At the viewing windows high on the opposite wall, he could see the judges---some familiar faces and some new there, and wasn't that Jenny Winter? Yes, Jenny Winter, the belle of the Opry, here to listen to him! For a moment, he felt unable to sing in front of her, but then the light in the studio came up and he saw the portraits around the walls. All the greats were there, the faces he'd seen so many times in old videos and older books--- Loretta Lynn, the coalminer's daughter was there, Suzanne Prentice, Eddie Low, his own namesakes Hank Williams and Hank Snow, Waylon and Willie, on and on they went. He felt them smiling down at him, urging him to succeed, and he was ready to begin.

He glanced round behind him, saw the hand ready and waiting, and walked up to the mike. "Okay, boy, any time you like," said Jake Gerken, and Hank gave the signal for



the first of his songs. The band moved into it at a nice easy pace, just like he'd sung to off the old tape. Here goes, he thought, as they finished the third bar, and... "There's something 'bout / A Wrightson's store / Something...kinda nice..." and he was away, a little vibrato there, that real warmth of feeling, on through the song like it was John Hore himself walking round that shop, the spoken parts just so and then back into the song. Through it now, and straight into a newer song, "That Old Gold Guitar". There was quite a story about this one, Hank knew, about the old Gold Guitar Awards and why they ended, a story prompted by the song's narrator finding an old Gold Guitar in his attic. He thought it a lovely song, sad and yet kind of proud at the same time. The pedal steel player got the mood just right in his solo, then Hank came back in with the last verse: "Now I have lived for many years / And seen us come so far / But still I'll sit and strum awhile / On that old Gold Guitar." He repeated the last two lines, drawing them out to the last plaintive syllable, then looked up---ans they were smiling! They liked it---even Jenny Winter!

For his final song, he couldn't resist Waylon Jennings's number "Are You Sure Hank Done It This Way?" He couldn't quite match Jennings's husky drawl, but he didn't really mind ---he enjoyed singing it, and he knew he was in. As soon as he'd asked the question for the last time and the music had stopped, Bill Gerken came up and shook his hand. "Just have to look at the faces of those there Judges, boy, to know you're going to be one of us from now on. You've got a real fine voice there, and you use it real well. That performance deserves a celebration, but before we all get carried away I want to tell you a few things. Some o'them you'll have heard at school, like as not, but it goes something like this: Long time ago, our town of Gore and hereabout used to have lots of country fans and some real good singers, and we got ourselves a bit of a name for it. Specially when they introduced those Gold Guitar awards---nice to see you pick a song about those---Gore became known as the "Country Music Capital of New Zealand", and mighty proud the town was of it too. Well, then, all of a sudden things started to look mighty bad in lots of the world, and all the people in our corner of it---that's the South Pacific---woke up one morning to find the rest of the world had near enough blown itself off the map. It was pretty hard down here for a while, and nobody bothered about music much, but when things got better some people started to wonder what we were going to do about country music---cos Nashville wasn't Nashville anymore, just a pile of ashes and rubble that glowed in the dark. Gonna let you into a little secret here, Hank---between you and me, Nashville music had gotten a wee bit too tame by then, bit too much money floatin' round the place---but it and the old Opry were still the centre of the country music world..Well, these people figured, if Nashville was gone, country needed a new home, and what better place than Gore? That's when the plans for this Opry were laid, and when we started collecting old videos & records together here, and looking for singers to carry on where the old ones left off and take the music to the people, & making sure Gore kept & built on that country flavout, that's how we've gotten where we are today, Hank, that's your heritage & mine & I want you to remember that and hold it dear. Gonna call your father in now & tell him the good news, but first there's a little custom we've got when we find a new singer. Come on, let's everybody join hands in a circle, now."

The judges, the band, & Hank formed a circle, then Bill Gerken began to sing that oldest of songs, "Will the Circle be Unbroken?" As their voices rose into the song, Hank could almost hear it soaring out of the studio, above the town, over the peaks of the Hokonui's shining brightly in the morning sun linking the boy living out his dream, the parents waiting, the farmer at plough & the sailor at sea, reaching out to all thos driving the hand of death back from the empty lands, linking them all together into the ring of life. Tomorrow, the 25th of March 2100AD, it would be back to school, with two nights a week devoted to working around the Opry and learning its ways, learning how to play & how better to sing.

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END

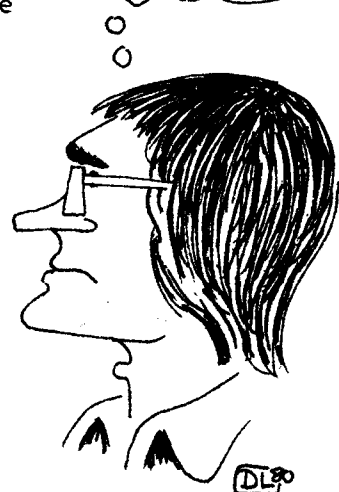
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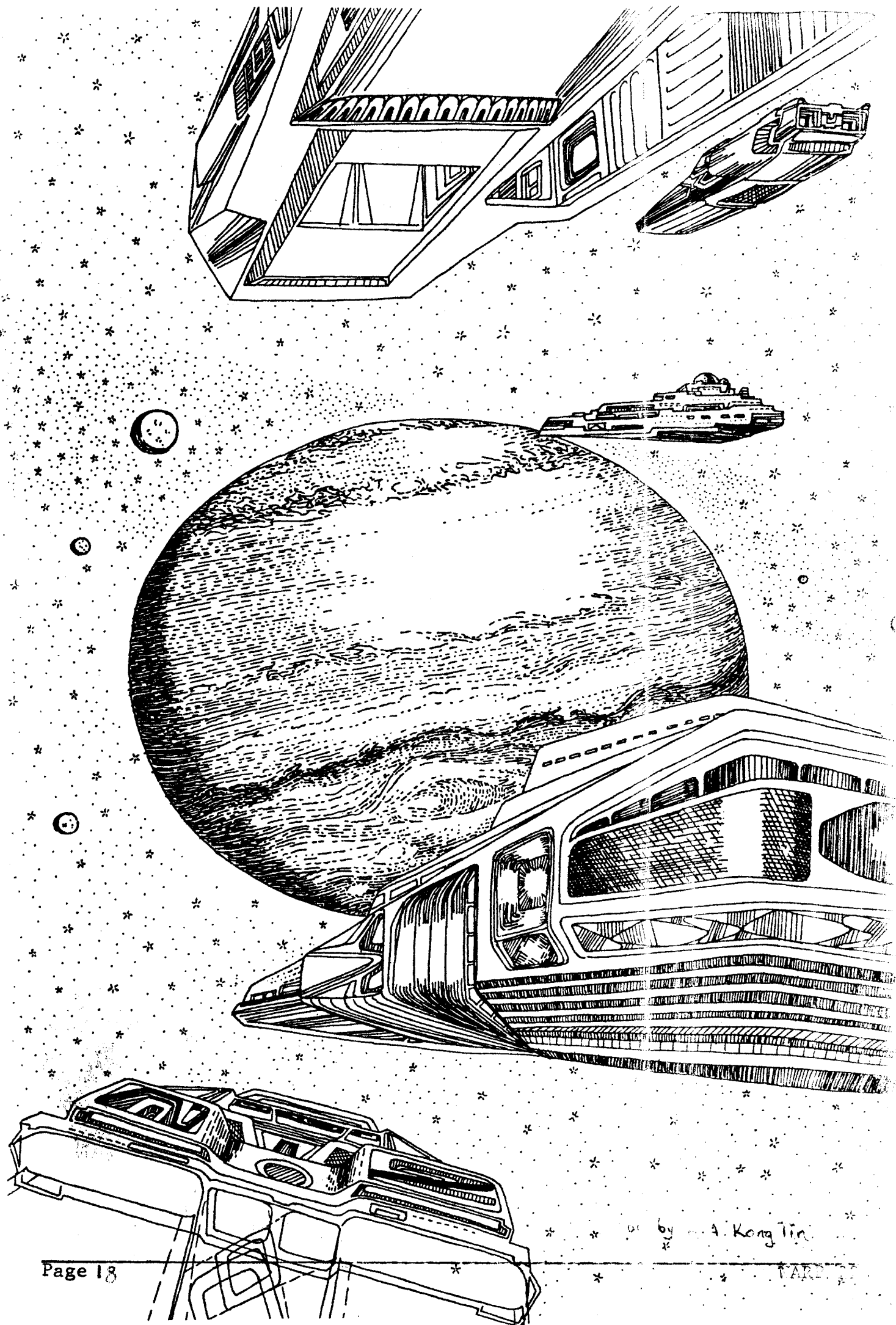
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-----Tim Jones.



AUSTRALIA? AUSTRALIA?  
WHERE THE DEVILS  
AUSTRALIA?  
IS IT NEAR NEW  
ZEALAND?





by A. Kong Tin



contributions for publication is unreal. You may have held onto some material so long that you have forgotten that you possess them ((sic)), so long that the contributors may have forgotten they sent them. You should return material (I don't mind receiving material back, if it does need improvement---I'll redo it; if not, I'll send it somewhere else) that you consider unsuitable, and state the honest reasons. Maybe one of these days some of the members will become professional writers or artists---and we would have had the honour of seeing the potential develop.

NASF does have a lot of members who appear to give no feedback---how many members are there? ((as of this WARP, a certified 100+)) Letters are always welcome, so get writing! I always would like to see stories featured in WARP; it shows some encouragement to amateur writers, instead of critics upon critics upon reviews.

I have made friends through WARP and will be eternally grateful because of this. I do like to see WARP taking on more of a semi-professional look, i.e. towards neater layout & cutting out more of the crap---like Ghoad & too much of the informal comments.

Judgement: 2110 AD was a well-deserved win by Maureen Ahern, well set out & cleverly written; I hope we'll see more from this potential writer. Good to see *The Problems & Paradoxes of Time-Travel* by Debi Killop---I'd like to see more of this sort of article, but they are beastly ones to have correct references & information listed within. I really did love seeing SUPERMAN II; shame on Greg for writing a terrible review---but that's his opinion. I am biased, because the SFX were great, but the serious, straight approach to the films has been the strength within them..The romance & tenderness between Superman & Lois Lane came through, a sense of comedy & the ever-present awesome powers. I liked the character Ursa---someone who could knock you off your feet (both ways). The film wasn't for the cerebral-minded, & you did point out some weak points concerning Superman regaining his powers, but it is a film enjoyable to see the first time round. Roll on SUPERMAN III!

My time has been very restricted of late; I'm supporting the "Alternative Factor", who has been putting out a monthly zine from July 1980 (7 issues) and now are changing it to bimonthly---with newsletters in between. It has improved considerably and for a membership of under 30 members has been very productive, say compared to WARP. Unfortunately there are two STAR TREK organisations in New Zealand, and if it weren't for this, NOME would have seen further diversification in creativity.

END

((Yes, considering its membership, NASF should be able to give its magazine more material than is actually the case. But it is a matter of percentages and relative ages. Both STREK clubs are young, and, dare I say it, struggling. Neither has yet reached the second great crisis of any club, that which arises when the enthusiasm of the founders wanes and new blood must take over for the club to survive. NASF has passed this. Furthermore, if you examine the early days of NASF, you will find that the young club---with only 24 members---put out several newsletters rivalling all but the very latest WARPs in size. That's enthusiasm, and you only have it once (on a whole-club basis). Alas, you can't force people to contribute; you can only urge them to, and present a magazine which (Hopefully) encourages them to contribute while at the same time demonstrating just exactly what kind of material is desired.

The two STREK clubs don't really conflict...or at least, don't have to. If they merged, with TAF handling the magazine end, and STANZA the local end, you'd end with a stronger structure, no conflicting loyalties...and a STAR TREK organisation that would somewhat resemble NASF's own structure, with a magazine and Branches. I'd like to see this, but don't expect to: people can appreciate the sense, but emotionally they will cling to sovereignty with almost ludicrous strength.))

#####

A NOTE TO ASIMOV: A science fiction writer of fame  
Wrote limericks as well, to his shame  
For the sex in each verse ((for this, blame  
Is quite shocking, or worse David Cropp))  
Makes common old humping seem tame!

Debi Killop  
3/2 Maungawhau Road  
Newmarket  
AUCKLAND.

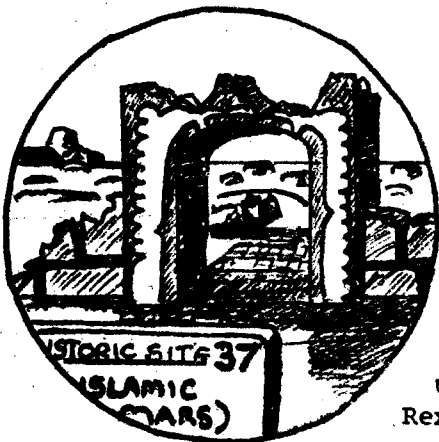
(13may81): ((WARP 21)) Harvey Kong Tin's cover is sheer delight, well worthy of its winning place. The accompanying bits and pieces, this time STANZA and TANSTAFF, are, well, interesting. TANSTAFF reflects the perilous nature of mediasf, firming my resolve to beware of movies. I can think of a handful I have enjoyed---TIME AFTER TIME, SOYLENT GREEN, ROLLERBALL, 2001, STAR TREK: TMP ---5, 5, 4, 3, 4 stars respectively. Purely subjectively, too.

I see the controversy over Frank rages. I stick by my guns, he is charming. Committed, too ((to?))---no double-entendre intended.

Good to see a final Questionnaire result ..I cannot understand what happened to the first one sent---the Post Awful must have lost it. Here in the ex-capital, all that is known of NASF, virtually, is WARP---hence the WARP-related answers, I guess. I am not entirely skeptical about esp but as regards UFOs, I like to think that any extra-terrestrial visitation would be both more definite and more interesting than the claimed visits we hear of. Cranks like Adamski, and frauds like von Daniken, put me off the phenomenon.

Oh, to be in England; my ex, the more recent one, was a Space Invaders fanatic and I caught the bug. Ricc Buttle's piece makes it clear what fun I am missing.

Nota bene---I have given up the P.O.Box, for financial reasons. \$30.00 seems one heckuva lot to pay. My address is as above---that's my residence, folks.



Vince Whelan  
39 King Street  
Mosgiel  
OTAGO (is moving  
to Australia in June)

Alex Heatley, whatever you are, I agree with Debi Killop; Frank Macskasy jr is a charming and a hell of a nice guy. At WellCon B on the Monday afternoon, when the management

kicked everyone out. Rex Thompson, MacGregor Cameron, and myself were left to fend for ourselves. Frank was the only person (who knew about it) who took any interest in us. He arranged for free saunas, directed us to a suitable place to purchase food, took the 3 of us to the film METEOR, and then on to Greg's flat where Rex and I were staying the night.

As for Frank's letters, I find them interesting and usually making a valid point.

Why weren't the Branch reports in WARP 21? ((I ran out of space and time; rather than let the schedule lapse any further behind, I published before I perished. Later, WARP 21½ carried the Branch reports (though your letter was written before that appeared, so your question is justified)...OK?))

Has NASF ever enquired into a Grant from the Sport and Recreation Fund? Rex Thompson made enquireis locally and was informed that because we are part of a national organisation, the application has to be made from the Central Branch for a nationally based loan. A chance for some money, perhaps?

What's the idea of the page numbering in WARP 21, 1--14; 1--4; 19--21? ((the Story-Contest results and the winning story were a seperate part of the issue. the second "1--4" is the "missing" pp 15--18. OK? It was an experiment that failed))

A suggestion: that the Wellington meetings be shifted closer to the national Con date so that out-of-town members travelling to the Con can attend a Wellington Branch meeting. ((Interesting, and it might be worth kicking about; but would it be worth trying to implement? Wn NASF meets have had the 3rd Sunday date for years...))

Trevor Gudsell  
member  
PALMERSTON NORTH.

(3May81): Having just now renewed, I was a bit startled when the first thing which my newly extended membership brought me was WARP 21½. Can we afford additional magazines such as this?

((Yes. I paid for WARP 21½ myself, using my own funds; NASF paid only for the envelopes (cheap) and may yet pay for the postage, at least to Wellington members (because Gary slipped in the Branch meetings schedule and the Wellington Branch financial account, which would otherwise have been posted separately at twice the postage rate (20¢ each rather than WARP 21½'s registered magazine rate of 10¢ each). So to date, WARP 21½ has cost NASF just about \$2.00 even...))

Appreciated the early notation of the new Dues rates and the rest of the AGM report. One thing that does concern me about it, however, is the rather laconic mention of a pledge of NASF support to Oles Berndyk. Should the club be getting involved in this sort of situation? If we do, what guarantees have we that at the next AGM someone may not propose we support HART, or SPUC, or science fiction readers imprisoned among the Chilean prisoners for political reasons? We are, at base, a science fiction club. It may be argued that we therefore have an obligation to support any cause or person who can prove a connection to sf, but this argument will not stand up to close scrutiny. We have no such obligation. A person, regardless of their interests or professions, who is imprisoned politically, may be an object to pity and attempt to aid; but to lobby on behalf of that aid should be up to individuals or to organisations specifically designed to lobby towards this end. A specific case may be more appealing than most, but it sets a precedent for future actions which may not be intended by the well-meaning parties originally pleading their case. A flat refusal to involve itself at all would deny all such possibilities. Furthermore, this does not remove passive support in the form of publicising (within the club) the case in question and urging (on an individual level) members, if they are concerned, to group together on behalf of the afflicted party. Such action does not involve the club officially, leaving it freer in the event of later repercussions.

((Interesting. I was not at the AGM and so did not have the opportunity to speak either for or against the proposal...however, I do have verbal reports and the President's notes. But what do WARP readers think of the case? For such support? Against? In either case, why?))

I shall not be at NORCON; my work will keep me around Palmerston North. I will be interested to see what people make of it.

Can you use short reviews? I can supply them, on an irregular basis. I enclose a sample lot of about twenty reviews, which you have my permission to use. ((Most of them may be found on pages 9 & 10 of this WARP. Yes, we can use them. Some people say they prefer them to longer, more detailed reviews. I left out your reviews of some books because they have already been reviewed in WARP's past or because they are now no longer available, in NZ or overseas, at least temporarily.))

#####

Lindsay Thompson  
10 Farquhars Road  
CHRISTCHURCH 5.

Somebody out there seems to be suffering from an inferiority complex. Not only does he run everybody else down, he also runs himself down; poor bugger. Mayhap a trip to NORCON will see Terrance Collister come right..Maybe. Isolation from

other fans is a fatal condition for some.

Enough!!!! I write what I like and if you don't like what I write, then you sure as hell don't have to read it. Self indulgent? Never! The only things I self-indulge in are food and sex. The former, always; the latter... (no comments, please). Ye Ghods! I wish people would insult me to my face and not thru thewpages of WARP. Anyways, plase find another modelling article ((#5---upcoming)) along with my subs for the year.

Anybody stay up and see 'Columbia' blast off and land? Being a person who is "plane crazy", I marvelled at the sight as it glided back to Earth. The Yanks should be really proud of themselves at atthat achievement. I must confess a certain apprehension as it re-entered in that the heat-resistant tiles may have come off, but happily they

didn't and it floated like a brick. I work two hundred feet below the flight-path of Chch Airport, and nothing I have seen comes close to the sight of 'Columbia' on its final approach, and I've seen some glorious sights, I tell you. I took some pics off the TV as it was landing and I'm anxious to see how they came out.

As to these moaners about the quality of WARP, all I can say is I care what it is like as long as I can read it. Any of you seen the poor bugger hunched over his typewriter? Greg does a great job as far as I'm concerned. Pity you see giving the ink pot to somebody else.

Concerning my last article, a mistake. The M.P.C. "Y-Wing" should read "Darth Vader T.I.E. Fighter". MPC don't make a "Y-Wing, more's the pity. May I recommend the FEBRUARY issue of MILITARY MODELLING to anyone interested in starting modelling, as the issue has a beginner's guide that looks rather good.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

George Laskowski  
47 Valley Way  
Bloomfield Hills  
MI 48013, USA. (4may81)

Last year I sent out a number of letters requesting artwork, articles, remembrances, and adulations of and about Clifford Simak. This year, 1981, he is celebrating his 50th anniversary as a science fiction and fantasy writer. Cliff is also being honoured as the co-Guest of Honour at the Worldcon, a fitting honour for his 50th year, and I would like to honour (along with all of you) by putting together a special issue of my fanzine, LAN'S LANTERN, for and about Clifford Simak. This was the reason for the letter last year, and the reason for the letter before you.

Some have already responded. I have received several pieces of art, several articles, many remembrances and personal notes. Thank you very much. Some have made promises that they will do something; for them this is a reminder. Others did not respond; I hope that this will nudge them in the right direction. Some other responded negatively (either not knowing Cliff well enough, or never having come into contact with the man, could not do him justice); maybe circumstances have changed, and they may wish to contribute something after all. And still others of you who are reading this may not have heard of the project before; thus I am asking for any contribution you may wish to make.

This special issue of LAN'S LANTERN will be out for this year's Worldcon, DENVENTION.. Since time is approaching rapidly for all of us to prepare for it this year, I, too, will need those contributions soon so I can put everything together and get it printed. My deadline is the end of June (although I can probably still accept things in July, but that would be cutting it close). If you wish to be a part of this project honouring Clifford Simak, please contribute by the deadline date.

*((I got this message with Lan's note at the bottom acknowledging receipt of my piece. I don't know if any WARP readers are interested, but I thought the message (which has appeared in WARP last year) deserved a second airing.))*

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

WE ALSO HEARD FROM...

Alex Heatley; Keith Smith;  
Joyce Scrivner; R B W Allen;  
Jan Howard Finder; and others  
with short notes, renewals, verbal  
comments, and such similar esoterica. Also Rex Thompson,  
Tom Cardy, Nigel Rowe, and Orbiter people.



# 1981 NATIONAL NASF AGM REPORT

continued from Page 4.

## Notes to Financial Report:

1. Income from subs is up 64% over last year.
2. Production costs decreased by 20% over last year's figures.
3. Postage costs increased 64% over last year.

Discussion became general and passed to other matters.



## WELLINGTON BRANCH NEWS:

### REPORT ON THE 1981 WELLINGTON BRANCH AGM HELD SUNDAY 19th APRIL, 1981.

DUES HAVE RISEN: Proposed Roland Sapsford, seconded Alex Heatley. PASSED 13--3  
THAT STUDENT CHARGE BE ABOLISHED. FLAT RATE TO BE \$4.00 per annum.  
DOOR CHARGE BE ABOLISHED EXCEPT FOR SPECIAL EVENTS.

No door charge means you no longer pay anything to attend a normal meeting (though films and such may still be charged for). You no longer have an excuse to stay away!

OFFICERS -- See National report. National Committee continues to double as Wellington Committee.

OTHER STUFF: Gary Perkins proposed adult & student charges be raised by \$1.00 p.a.  
FAILED 5--8.

Money: Synopsis of accounts: INCOME: \$103.00 subscriptions; \$51.50 door charges;  
\$2.30 bank interest.  
BALANCE @ 1980 AGM: \$111.31 | EXPENDITURE: \$13.00 Box rental; \$22.00 film hirage;  
INCOME: \$156.80 | \$0.50 stamp duty cheque book; \$42.00 WEA Hire  
EXPENDITURE: \$221.78 | \$50.00 Gesttefax share; Balance sundries.  
BALANCE AT 31/3/81: \$46.33 (Full account in handout to WN member with WARP 21½).



## CHRISTCHURCH BRANCH REPORT:

### MEETING OF 2nd MAY 1981

(report by Lindsay Thompson)

LOCATION: Judith Yeatman's house; time: 1:30--9:00.

Just our usual meeting wherein we sat around and talked sf until the late evening. Thanks to Judith for putting up with us for that long. I bought along the pics I had taken of the shuttle and also some of STAR TREK which came out rather well. At the meeting Judith announced that she had resigned from NASF, which didn't come as much of a surprise as we had known of her dissatisfaction with NASF in general. She is remaining a member of the Chch SF Society (the name we always meet under) so we won't be losing her altogether.

As I mentioned, we stayed until about 9:00 talking about the way and why's we use sf in our lives. We all decided that the people we come in contact with tend to consider us "crazy" while we pitied them because they were usually your typical "bbozing + betting + rugby-going" avergae New Zealand mundane. To put it in condensed form. Some said they used it for escapism, some as a social comment; and some said it was a means of judging the future. The biggest debate came, not from sf, but from trying to explain why & how most races that the Europeans came across couldn't cope with today's Western culture. It was, I hasten to add, not a racist argument but more of an anthropological one. It is hard these days to have a debate like that without somebody jumping down your throat shouting: "Racist". Anyway, we managed.



-----Lindsay Thompson (Christchurch Sec'y).



like KILL THE DEAD, the mystic side of Tanith Lee. COMPANIONS OF THE ROAD contains two unforgettable protagonists---Havor of Taon, in the Chalice, and Oiaive in The Ring, the Jewel, the Bone,

Do, too, read WOLFLAND, in the October '80 ish of FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION.

C J Cherryh (Caroline, I believe) is entirely different as a writer. She is no mystic, and her woman protagonists tend to be very hard, ruthless characters. But they are so with good reason. SERPENTS REACH features an extremely unlikeable heroine, but is a compulsive read.

GATE OF IVREL, THE FIRES OF AZEROTH, and THE WELL OF SHIVAN are, of course, the Morgaine trilogy. Cherryh has created a very believable relationship, in these books, between the driven Morgaine and the feudally-raised Vanye nhi Chya. To Vanye, loyalty and honour are all. To Morgaine, her mission is everything. By the customs of his time, Vanye becomes 'ilin', bound to serve any Lord who will use his service. He is outlaw, hunted and helpless, when he encounters Morgaine, who becomes his 'liyo'. Duty to her is then everything. To betray her would be to the peril of his soul. Morgaine makes it clear that in her quest to close the Time Gates, she will sacrifice anything and anyone, even Vanye himself. When she frees him at the end of the first book, GATE OF IVREL, he follows her, unable to see a life for himself without her. As they suffer and toil together, the relationship grows into one of enormous complexity.

Such are the woman sf writers of today. I have left out many more I could have mentioned---enough to fill an ish of WARP! Joan D Vinge, Vonda McIntyre, Josephine Saxton, Joanna Russ, and C L (Catherine) Moore, to name five. Each is highly recommended reading.

-----Debbie Killop.

*((By the way, your humble editor apologises for uncorrected typos in this and the foregoing page. Wine, sleeplessness, and general overwork don't make good bedfellows. I'll be glad when this month is over with...))*

---: FINAL NOTES :---

Apologies to George Floratos (whose coverage of THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK must, alas, await the next WARP now---it be first in line, George!) and John W Lee, both of whose items must be put off. This zine has to end somewhere, and I am into "injury time"---if I don't get WARP out this time, somebody is likely to do me an injury!

Found on a Bus-stop seat: "I DON'T WANT MUCH. I JUST WANT MORE". How true.

Next issue will be a relatively short post-NORCON & post-Australian trip issue. On this basis, expect it early (not late) for once. HOWEVERR, WARP 24 is special. Really special. It marks WARP's fourth anniversary of publication---and all four years are as a regular bimonthly zine (usually a fortnight late...)

I NEED MATERIAL FOR IT. ART, ARTICLES, REVIEWS, LETTERS. The whole mess. If enough people come through, this could be the best single issue of WARP's career. I have several pleasant surprises in stock for it, too.

Due to various late-arising but very effective slowdown factors (such as being given wrong-size paper and having to exchange it) this WARP is even later than the editorial thinks---by another week..So NORCON is upon us. If you are reading this at NORCON, or in the aftermath, and you are not a member of NASF, why not join?

With which thought, I end the issue. Overleaf was to have a Library page, but fate conspired and there is not one after all. Fin.

-----Greg Hills.