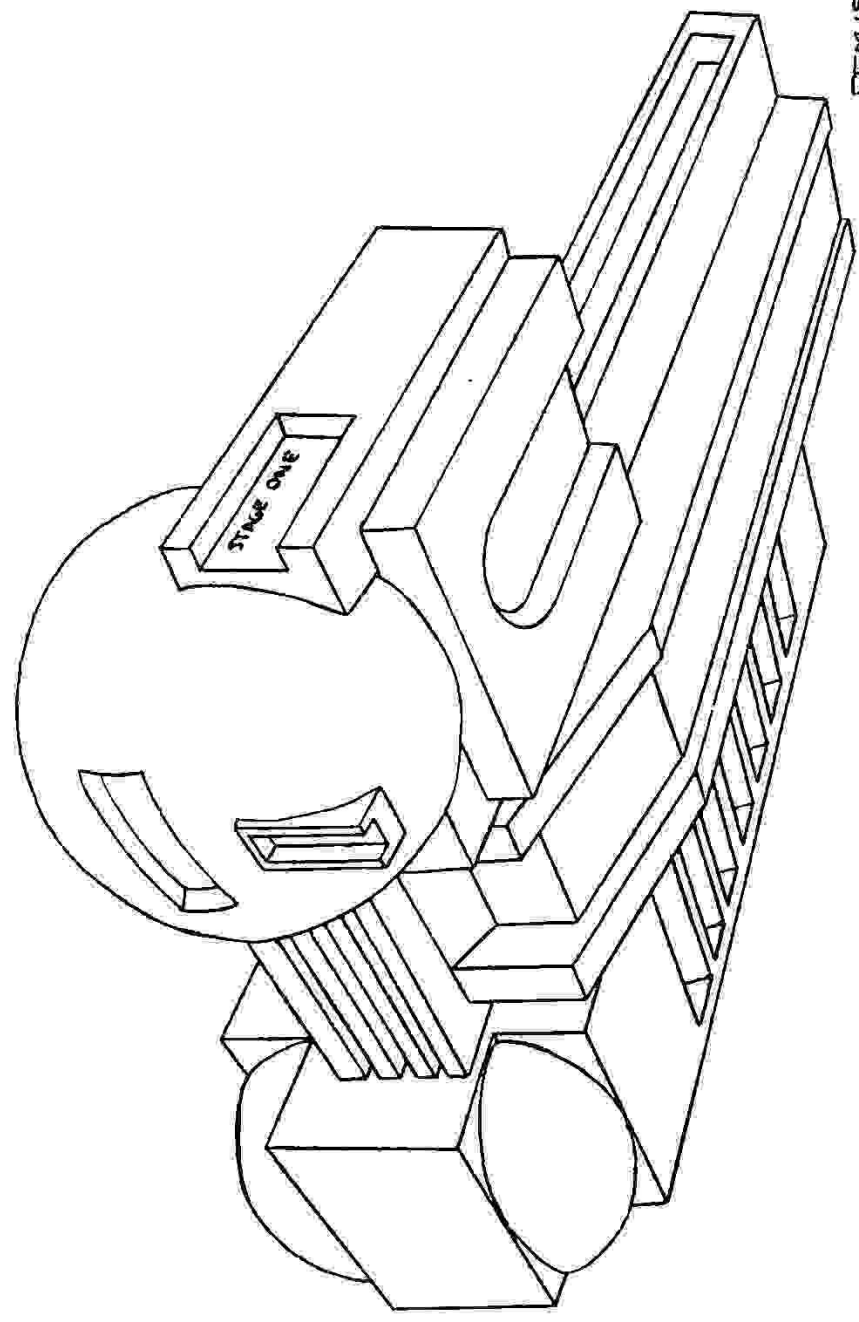


STAFF STAGE ONE



EDM 151

UBC - SPFEN

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That We Can Produce Just As Professional A Fanzine

As The Feb. 1970 Galaxy

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This Fanzine Is Dedicated To

Cisadra Lokanta Mecburi Nansoma Paritaf Saradik

Without Whom This Publication Would Not Have Been Possible

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STAGE ONE is the magazine of SFFEN but the next magazine will probably have a different name. The purpose of this fanzine is to print the literary works of the members of SFFEN and whoever else happens to be around when contributions are extracted. If, in reading this, you discover something which you don't consider to be SF. don't call us.

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a game of strategy		

THE HOLE

by The Bomber.

The hole held mud, water, and a man. The water and mud slid to the bottom. The man fought against them and the law of gravity.

The water sliding over the mud left few footholds, and those it did leave were uncertain. Halfway up the hole a small, lone root clung precariously to the slippery way. From the water to the root seemed a mile; a thousand more from the root to the sliding edge.

An hour later the root was in the man's hand, and now he wondered how to reach the top.

The problem salved itself. The raft broke. The man lay in the brown water, watching the mud slide, slide slowly to the bottom.

Now there was no root. There was only mud, water, and a man.

By the same author: Two poems.

Music

A kitten
purring...soft breeze
blowing...a trickling brook...
a child laughing with joy
until eternity

Sleepy Noontime

At eleven
you can feel it coming...
not too strong...but it's
there...at twelve eyelids droop
in visions

I write my epitaph on the stars
 and I wonder why devil and doctor
 Preacher and bum
 "Shape Up" "Take Ten"
 "No matter what shape your stomach's in"
 Smoke Excedrin it cleans like a white tornado
 Insanity perversion sex sadism
 Fun and games isn't it?
 Maybe ...
 Kitty Kat middle-slider
 Pineapple promoter
 "What's it all about, Alfie?"
 Diaries and Dairies
 Daises and Daisies
 Flying to Hell and back, stopping to fuel up
 at the neighborhood mortuary
 Fudge brickle heavywight ruled
 No margin drafting ... it all adds down
 Insanity is necessary in an insane world
 It's called normalcy
 While Poets, Writers, Theologians, Morticians,
 Soldiers (Hell, no! I won't go!)
 Tricky Dicky Masters soiled doves and
 Brittle pious hawks all go wrong together now
 In an upside out Dippity Do excretion
 Called Earth

Where did I go wrong?
 I was a good Father
 I gave them sin like they wanted,
 Now they forsake me and say I'm
 Dead and living in Argentine

To Hell with them I don't care

by ted mcpherson

They came so long ago . . . to investigate and know
For They were the Ultimate in thought.
Now they decided on this planet . . . to stock it up and plan it
For They had the perfect being in mind
So They settled back and waited, until the floods abated,
For the Perfect Being to come forth from its shell.

From the mire it came and steadily grew
And through the millenium it drew
Itself erect.

To move like Them . . .
To resemble Them . . .
. . . but not like Them
They waited . . .

They watched with interest this form of coarse Construction:
Primitive and hairy; born with the ability to carry
Consciousness of past endeavors, pain and glory.

And They knew that They would have to wait
For the Being to bring himself the knowledge
That would enable him to become as Themselves.

Through the centuries he schooled himself for
A goal which he thought was a perfect one.
And They nodded in approval for this was
The only and
The most logical quest
Anyone could undertake
For They had taken that same path
Eons ago.

And They sighed with satisfaction as
They waited for the Being to attain the goal, for
He most certainly would and then he would be as
Themselves.

Time has passed and the Being has grown;
His shadow falls over greater areas now.
But in the Golden Love of the sun
He appears of many colours,
And this circumstance does give his mind a troubled view.

And he cannot understand
- as most certainly They do -
That all his colours are merely shades of one common hue.

They look closer now to see where he went astray
And They wonder at him and They listen to him,
And They cannot understand how the Being or
His evolutionary journey can expect to
Achieve the goal when he looks without seeing . . .
And listens without hearing . . . and above all this . . .
They cannot comprehend why He sees and hears and yet
Does not know.

But They are content to wait, for They
Know that this being will
Achieve his said goal and never
Tarry
In the process.

. They are still waiting

by ted mepherson

Heinlein is a Harsh Master

by Edward Beauregard

(Note: The opinions expressed in this essay are those of the author only and quite possibly no one else in the world.)

I assume any one reading this has read both 'Moon Is A Harsh Mistress' and 'Heinlein in Dimension'. Otherwise this article may seem somewhat disjointed. His other novels are also recommended; especially the more recent ones.

Heinlein's political leanings are usually a good topic to argue about whenever fans get together. Panahin virtually dismisses 'Starship Troopers' as the book version of a recruiting film. Instead, I think it expresses one of many possible "favourable futures" that Heinlein writes about. Please observe that in that society the 'average citizen' has everything that we so piously claim to consider important: health, security, the good life, etc. I feel it presents a valuable alternative to what is a predominantly an overly idealistic approach being pushed today.

Many of Panahin's comments are irrelevant: his objection to Rico's father being posted to the same ship is surely just carping. Stories are founded on coincidences, and in a small force like the Mobile Infantry such an occurrence is certainly probable. But the worst mistake Panahin makes is to simply dismiss the book.

Some people feel it is impossible to reconcile the opinions expressed in both 'Starship Troopers' and 'Stranger In A Strange Land'. Others say Heinlein didn't really mean that one of the two (either) should be considered as being an expression of his feelings (ref. P. Schyler Miller in Mar. 60 Analog).

I feel that the books are not irreconcilable; that they both could be in agreement with a single basic philosophy.

Science fiction deals with the 'what-if' aspect. Given the different situations, different methods will produce optimum solutions. This is the reason for the great difference in the two books. Given a 'religion' (which is actually itself a very strict discipline - a point often overlooked) which can produce the powers Heinlein postulates, then his story becomes quite consistent with his apparent philosophy.

Pointing to the non-violence of the religion of Valentine M. Smith is meaningless - given the powers they have, the rest of mankind is truly 'as extinct as the dinosaur' as Heinlein points out. Violence would be superfluous.

Where violence - or more accurately, force, - is needed for survival, it is used.

Most important is the underlying belief that success is based on discipline - self-discipline. In order to remain in the Mobile Infantry (remember how easy it was to get out?) or to master Valentine Michael Smith's religion, self-discipline is the prime requisite.

Heinlein Is A Harsh Master (contd.)

All very well, you say, but anyone can produce theories. What about some support for them?

I suppose the easiest way to bludgeon you into agreement is to quote copiously from everything Heinlein has ever written. But since I don't have the space to do so, I'll depend on a few selected passages from his more recent books.

In Double Star we find: "Pacifism is a shifty doctrine under which a man accepts the benefits of the social group without being willing to pay - and claims a halo for his dishonesty."

In Starship Troopers: "War is not violence and killing, pure and simple; war is controlled violence, for a purpose. The purpose of war is to support your government's decisions by force. The purpose is never to kill the enemy just to be killing him ..."

In Stranger in a Strange Land: "If all you say is true... then competition, far from being eliminated, is rougher than ever. If one tenth of one percent of the population is capable of getting the news, then all you have to do is show them - and in a matter of some generations the stupid ones will die out and those with your discipline will inherit the earth."

And from the same book, this generally correct statement: "But goodness alone is never enough. A hard, cold wisdom is required for goodness to accomplish good. Goodness without wisdom always accomplishes evil."

And the political system of the Twenty Universes in Glory Road merits special mention. Where, in previous books, the society postulated was entirely on earth, a fairly rigorous political system was proposed. As the size of the society postulated grows larger, the system to govern it becomes less restrictive. Thus, for the Twenty Universes we have: "This non-system holds together by having no togetherness, no uniformity, never seeking perfection, no utopias - just answers good enough to get by, with lots of looseness and room for many ways and attitudes."

This does not prevent the Empresses, however, from holding virtually life and death control (as shown when Star tells of one empress solving a dispute by having a diplomat from one of the quarrelling parties executed.) Here, as always in Heinlein's stories, force is applied where needed.

Heinlein Is A Harsh Master (concl'd.)

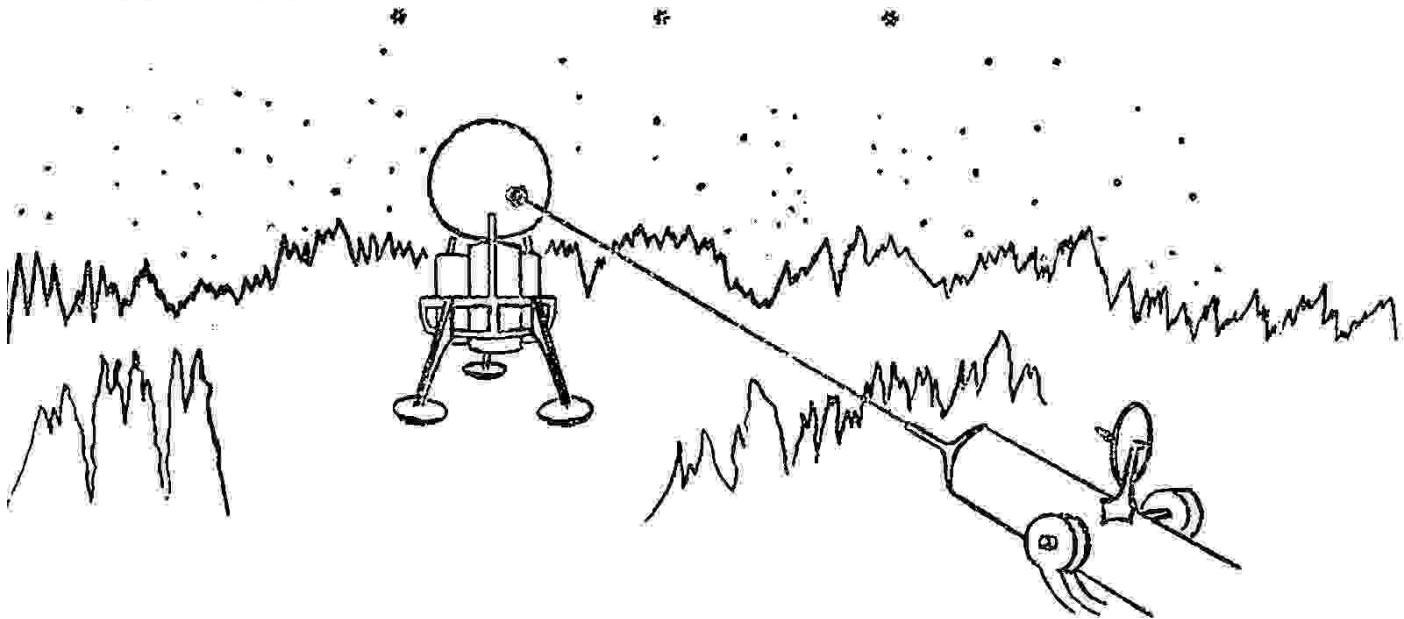
Politics in Farnham's Freehold is largely relegated to a secondary aspect. We are more concerned with Hugh Farnham's personal struggles than with the death of civilization (which is only touched on fleetingly) and the rise of a neo-feudal society.

The smaller scale Heinlein is working on gives us views of an elaborate and ossified society which does not have the major problems of diversity to trouble it.

Moon Is A Harsh Mistress, Heinlein's latest (and hopefully, not his last) novel, we see the political genesis of a revolutionary society. The main point he makes in this book is how a noble revolution, fought for good cause, can still be ruined by the legions of 'yammerheads' who are forever amending and revising and adding thousands of restrictive rules designed to protect other people from themselves.

Also in The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress note that the Lunies used a minimum of force in such a way that it would back up their position without, if possible, causing loss of life on earth. Only when there is an actual attack on their homes do they respond viciously and massacre the F.N. troops.

I could continue, but I feel these few examples sufficient to back my contention that all of Heinlein's novels (at least within the last fifteen years) are the result of one political philosophy, and that he has not contradicted himself, or proposed opposite types of societies. Within the framework of 'what-if', all his stories are consistent.



This short is written by the editor.

Future, Limited

The President of the United States was ecstatic as he watched the ancient D-8 cat clear three slums and a low rent housing developement off of what was once known as the White House lawn.

The Secretary of state entered. "The high intensity radar studies are complete, Mr. President."

"Thankyou," the President said, and offered the Secretary of state a petri dish. "Won't you have a rat ovary?"

The Secretary of State controlled a strong compulsion to vomit. "No - no - urp - not while I'm on duty," he said, looking up at the towering figure of the First Citizen, while dabbing frantically at his pallid lips with his handkerchief. The Secretary steeled himself and thought he had best get it over with.

"The radar studies reveal that Russia's is two pine needles shorter than ours."

"Tremendous! Utterly tremendous!" exclaimed the President, taking a bloody object out of the dish and munching it thoughtfully. The Secretary of State gagged and fled. He almost made it to the door.

The President looked sadly at the rug, and turned back to the window to witness the workers pegging the perimeter of the 2000 foot clear plastic dome to the ground recently cleared of the tarpaper shacks of the low rent housing project. The President was an imaginative man, and because of his great height (he is one of the ten tallest man in North America) he had based his campaign on the platform that it took a tall man to carry out lofty ideals. The President was four foot three inches tall. His latest brain child was the Christmas tree race. He was having the largest evergreen in the world (by two pine needle lengths) set up on the white house lawn.

As the inhabitants of the housing district picked

their way through the rubble, fresh air was being pumped into the dome and the dome swelled like a misused diaphragm.

Gleefully the president dressed for out doors and picked up his sceptre of office (it made a good anti-personnel weapon) and scampered out to the dome, stopping for a moment to chalk "UP WITH ESTROGEN" on an exposed stanchion.

The President went into the pressure lock and automatic showers scrubbed his outdoor suit. The President shed the plastic suit and air purifying gas-helmet and set foot into the largest body of clean air in the world.

The President bowed to his audience, composed of two steroid cameras, three urchins pressing their noses to the dome wall, and a mangy dog urinating on the lock door.

Now the honor was the President's alone. His was the duty to place the star at the top of the largest Christmas tree in the world.

With a wave of his hand, the first citizen declined the offer of an impressively sized cherry picker, and placing his hand on the mighty trunk, the President stretched to his very tippy toes and placed the star on the topmost branches of the largest evergreen in the world.

Robert Bells

Paul Green has contributed a linear poem and a prose poem.

Paul has published in New Worlds and numerous other publications.

He is presently on an M. A. fellowship in the Creative Writing Dept. at U. B. C., and is working as an announcer with the CBC Radio.

DIRECTIONS TO THE DEAD END

1. Be prudent:

This planet has a beginning,
a middle and an end.
At the dead end, dismount,
Walk through the burying ground; touch
the mound
at the base.
Look up at the tower, the grid,
the silvery, hairy antennae,
Watch the panel on the plinth,
the dials, the frozen meters, the icicle spiders
reach solid state.
The absolute is zero.
Perfect machines contain no moving parts.

2. Do not panic, do not be pagan. Be prudent. Avoid convulsions. Hear these instructions. You must not forget you are approaching the dead end. There will be no more signals. Follow our signs. The handrails are provided for your own protection. Remain on the path. Avoid spoors. Do not be disturbed by our guides. They are there to help you, across the final metres of the midnight zone. Abstain from beans. Do not remove your masks. The guides will intone your name when the time comes. Do not remove your gloves. They will be specially treated for the final handshake. Do not expose yourselves. Do not accept any immodest songs, books, or pictures that might be offered to you at the wayside. Protect your nervous system. At the dead end, on the ledge

of the dead end,

STAND BACK

The slim end of the shining edge is hardened,
serrated, live.

3. I arrived at the dead end several days ago
after many evolutions
after ritual purifications
after stamping out my birthmark
after slicing out my tumours
after exorcising my spasms
after smoking out my nest of serpents
after hammering my shadow
after burning down my statues
after cutting up my writing
after breaking my assemblies
after erasing my warped tapes
after distilling my bodily fluids
after savaging my dogs
after draining off my cesspit and smashing the sump
after smashing my crutch and cane
after scouring my fleshpots
after strafing my floodlit bed
after testing my gold guardians
(chuckling in sulphuric acid)
after tickling my clown to death
after strangling my private puppet
after stuffing my corpses with fuel-soaked rags
after digging my own cave
after flooding my charred ark
after the purgative flood
after human sacrifice

I came to the dead end
3000 light years from the Vatican
where all the parallels converge.

4. Infinity is dotted with rotating corpses...
their domed helmets sparkle, their tangled life-lines

unroll from concave bellies
and particles of an enormous query
jerk through their barbed electric fibres

The transmitter floats a few feet way
from the rim of the dead end.
It is spherical, compact, and far too small.

Paul Green
1969

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES

The music of the spheres emanates in all directions
from this small electronic music box, which has been
specially constructed for the purpose.

It consists of a polished steel cabinet, approximately
one cubit in height, two cubits in depth, three in length.
Inside this modulus a random tone generator is concealed.
A row of toggles, keys and switches is mounted on the
side panel, enabling the operator to impose patterns of
rhythm, pitch and tone-colour on the wild and arbitrary
flux of sonic energy, which is capable of indefinite
variation. It is apt to function at extremes of volume,
and frequently tends towards microtonality.

As there is no calibrated scale of values on the
control panel, and as the controls themselves move at
the slightest touch, it is imperative that operators must
co-ordinate their nervous systems with great dexterity.

Let me demonstrate: by pressing these white bakelite
keys - one learns the correct sequence by arduous practice

on the simulator - I can establish a simple diatonic theme in slow common time. My favourite theme is the Dies Irae. I shall use a fairly heavy vibrato.

Listen closely; already after only four bars, the theme is starting to change. A thick slurred bass-line is added, there's a faint reverb on each whole-note. This time the drone is very high pitched. This fugue will take some while to decay. You can at least try to save it from chaos.

Do not disturb yet. That red switch in the centre is only for emergency use. But some operators are still left permanently deaf.

The machine generates its own power, of course. It was not designed to be switched off. Some operators are not affected by deafness. Their fingertips sense the changing vibrancy of the polished metal, the soles of their feet press against the quivering floor. Try to avoid distortion.

If the noise finds the right frequency, it can cause internal bleeding. Beware too, of carnivorous bats. Outside the wire windows of this work-room, the ultrasonics can make themselves felt. Per saecula saeculorum,

Its brief spasms of silence are totally unpredictable.

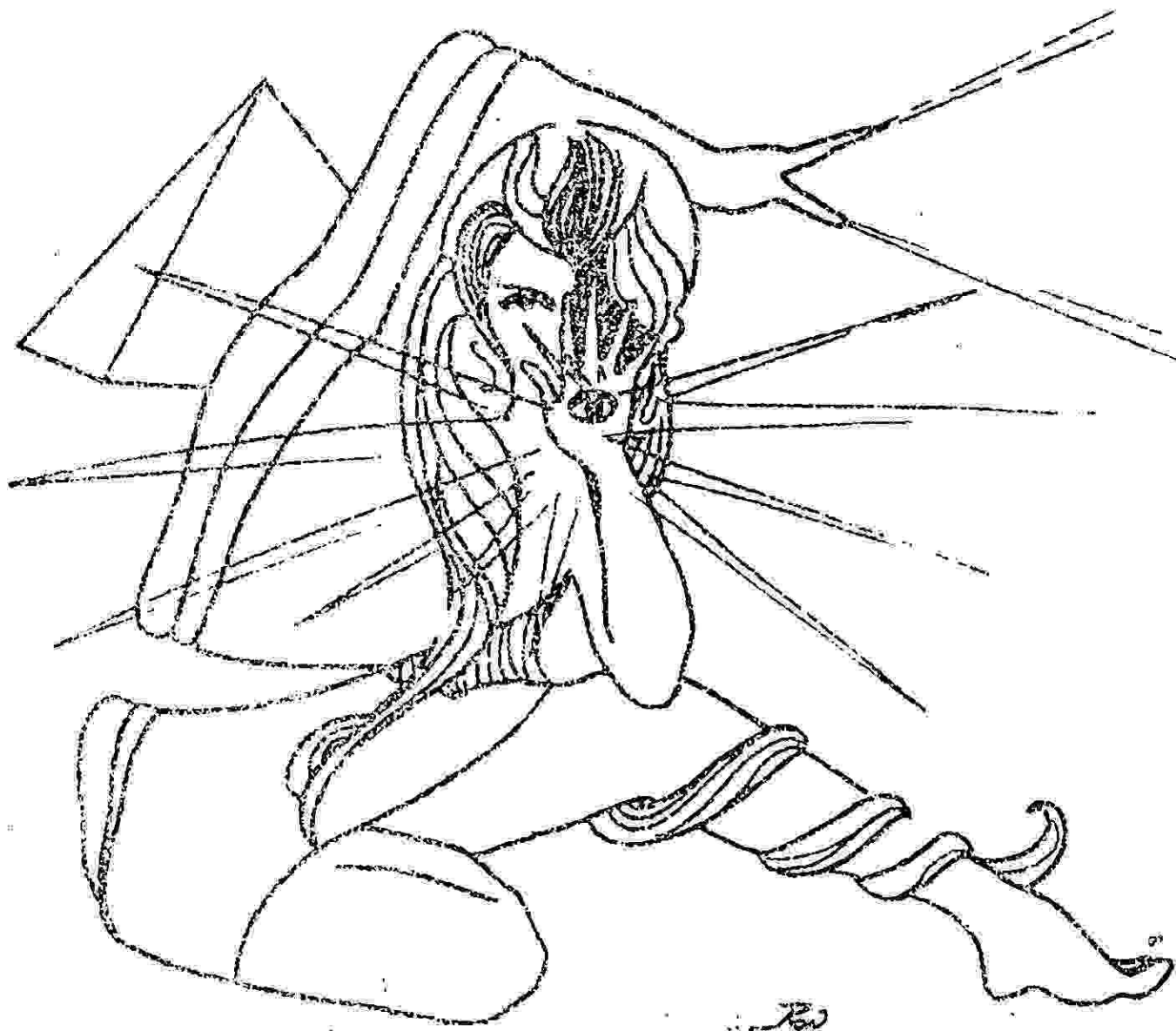
If you can still hear me, listen closely. For the pre-echo of the last burst of noise... There is still a possible resolution.

Now, listen: (as the last huge chord breaks; as the star collides with a dim green planet in the milky stellar smog; as the yin clangs inside the clapped-out yang;)- listen to your slowing syncopated heart-beat.

Whenever the monotonous thud stops, stop and listen to the music of the spheres.

The music of the spheres emanates in all directions from this small electronic music box, which has been specially constructed for the purpose. Its brief spasms of silence are totally unpredictable.

Paul Green
1970



Mike Bailey is the club historian and general knowledge source on practically any field of Sf.

ONE BRIGHT DAY IN THE MORNING

by Mike Bailey

Long ago, many ages before the empire of Enlil, the barrier was cracked, and a great missile came thundering down from the sky. Out of it came three men and a woman...to all appearances human. They immediately formed a square with locked hands and appeared to be studying the jungle terrain about them. Then, releasing one another, two of the men returned to their craft and brought out a large covered object that they handled with ridiculous ease for all its apparent mass. The man who had remained outside on the hillock dropped something onto the ground and quickly a hole appeared into which the covered object was placed.

With dusk approaching, and the remainder of their work completed, the four who acted, not as four, but as quarters of their whole, ~~but as quarters of their whole,~~ turned their attentions to the space-craft and with the clap of colliding air, it vanished. The four, not having said a word to each other, faced one another in a square; then turned and walked in opposite directions into the rich, verdant, darkening undergrowth. Wherever they walked, the jungle was silent.

. . .

Graimon, sword in hand, sat crouched on a limb of a giant fir tree, waiting for the entourage of the fat wizard, Haemon, to pass. The barbarian's plan was to leap down onto the wizard, when he passed and rob him of his jewelry. Breathing in deeply the scent of the forest to relax himself, Graimon began listening for noises of the approaching group. He had watched the wanderings of the entourage nightly for several days and had noticed

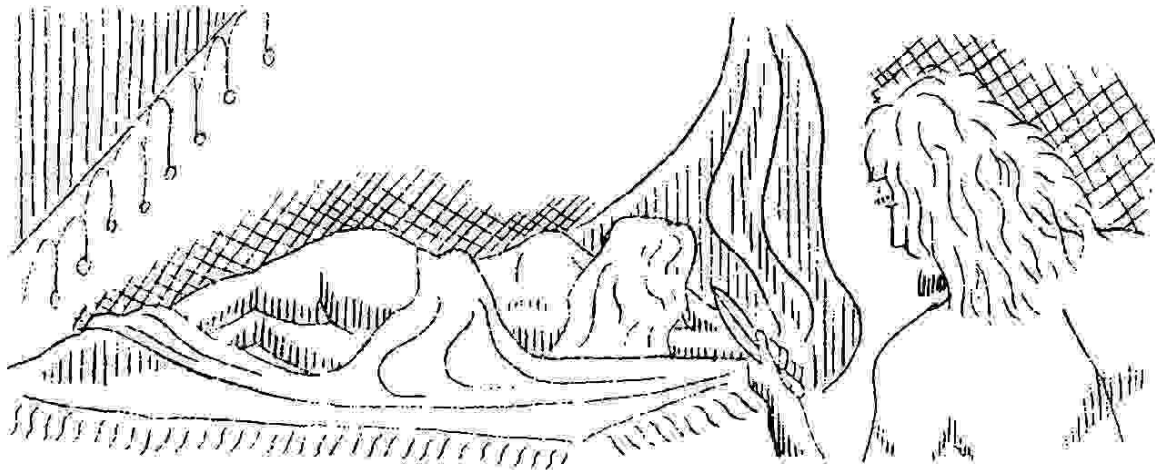
that after visiting the beautiful Praiskilla, the Fat One always came this way when he returned to his tent. But this night was going to be different, for Graimon waited; and being in his youth, he was anxious to try his sword. Voices were filtering through the forest now and Graimon had cause to mutter curses, for this night they were coming through perhaps ten paces to the far side and a sudden leap would only serve to give warning.

"Faster, you louts," cried Haemon in a high voice for a man, but then he was a wizard and not a man. Suddenly, there was an animal scream and bursting through the undergrowth came a giant of a man with sword slashing. The litter bearers ran like rats, leaving their master tumbling in the dirt. Only four of the entourage were armed and one fell before he knew what was happening..

"Ai! You pigs, save me!" screamed the terrified Haemon.

"Nothing will save you from the sword of Graimon," cried the youthful thief as he snatched a jeweled pendant and some rings from the twitching wizard. The armed members of the entourage were hanging back in fear of the slashing sword of the giant. Clouting the wizard over the head with his sword hilt, the barbarian rambled into the darkness with his loot. From the fearful expressions on the faces of the members of the entourage, Graimon knew he need not expect any pursuit.

On impulse, he turned and headed back toward the village from which the entourage had come. Groping through the darkness was an ability that Graimon was learning rapidly; he went cat-quick and with the confidence of a weasel....and often he was as foolhardy as one. Now the forest thinned, and he could see the flickering of torches ahead. Sheathing his sword and burying his loot, the barbarian made his way toward the tent of the wizard's mistress, Praeskillla. Overhead the sky was moonless, but Graimon sensed no advantage in this for he knew that it was ears, and not eyes, that he had to deceive. Even so, he kept to the shadows as much as possible, and when he reached the rear of Praeskillla's tent, the



youthful thief pulled out his knife and slit an opening big enough to crawl through.

After standing in the darkness of the tent for a minute to allow his eyes to adjust, Graimon spotted the beautiful woman lying asleep on luxurious fabrics brought from the East. Grunting with pleasure, the barbarian stepped forward and fell on the helpless woman, mercilously ravaging her.

He awakened in the forest to the singing of birds, but no....there was something more. Rolling to his feet, Graimon listened intently and heard the baying of dogs in the distance. He quickly gathered together his possessions and started to head further into the forest at a trot. He had no horse, for they were very scarce this far north. Because he had no doubt of his ability to outdistance his pursuers, Graimon did not run in headlong flight, but picked his course carefully, heading south.

In the large tent on the summit of a hill that was a mile from the nameless village, Haemon was putting on a show for his followers who were gathered outside. One side of the tent was open and Haemon's followers were standing here to watch the wizard perform his incantations.

Dropping some fire-powder onto the ground, he intoned, "O Dark and Powerful One, He who controls the North Wind and charts the paths of the stars; I call on You to avenge the evil-doings of the barbarian, Graimon, against your supplicants. The foreigner has stolen jewels, and also he has assaulted our most beautiful women."

Then the wizard muttered some words in a mysterious language and was about to bring forth a reply by rubbing the fire-powder with his foot, when suddenly the interior of the tent went pitch black. Outside Haemon heard some women scream, but his own fear occupied his mind. In the darkness he felt a presence and the hairs on the nape of his neck rose in fear.

"Kneel! Supplicants of the Dark One, who is sometimes known as Thral; for I have come in answer to your pleas," came a deep, reverberating voice. Haemon fell onto the floor, muttering prayers to himself in fear. Outside the tent, the gathering crowd became suddenly silent, and many prostrated themselves.

"I have erected a barrier which will hold our words within....you may speak candidly," the voice went on, with much less showmanship. Now Haemon had courage enough to open his eyes, but saw only a flickering shadow in the darkness.

"I choose not to be seen," said the voice known as Thral, answering his unspoken thoughts.

Now Haemon had recovered sufficiently to speak, "If I had but dreamed that the mighty Thral would even hear my feeble incantations, I would have been prepared to show much less surprise at your coming, Master," said the wizard fearfully, now even daring to raise his head from the ground.

"I understand your feelings perfectly," replied the Shadow-being.

"However, my purpose in forming here is not to answer your incantations, but to re-affirm your servility and present you with a tool of Thral," continued the Dark One,

The terrified wizard said nothing, but hope glimmered in his eyes. Out of the darkness came a great red jewel, which seemed to have unending depth and a life of its own, as it turned in the darkness.

"This jewel, called a Glem, has the power of Thral and will grant many favours to your incantations, Wizard," announced the Shadow-being.

"One thing, Master;...the barbarian, Graimon, has

committed great crimes on your followers, and I would be truly grateful if the Dark One would personally avenge the tribe," said Haemon carefully, fearful of changing the subject.

The Shadow-creature ignored the wizard's hint and went on...

"From this day on, when the first ice of winter covers the nearest body of water, three women and a man will be chosen from the tribe as a sacrifice for my continued favours. I will come for them when you call through the jewel.

"Remember, the powers of the Dark One are far-seeing and all-encompassing," threatened the Shadow-creature.

Suddenly Haemon could no longer see, then he lost his hearing, and quickly he lost control over his other senses. Because he could no longer feel himself breathing, the wizard thought someone was choking him, and threw himself back onto his cushions in fear.

When he regained his senses, with no knowledge of the elapsed time, Haemon heard vague mutterings outside and was happy to find light entering the tent. The Dark One was gone, but an acrid odour still pervaded the air.

On the morning of the seventh day since he had committed his last robbery, Graimon awoke far to the south of his pursuers, who had probably long since given up the chase and returned to report their failure to the wizard, Haemon. The barbarian had decided he had fled far enough, for if he fled much farther, he would have to learn a new language and this did not appeal to him. The forest was a wonderful sight in the morning, especially if the observer had no aches or worries and the young thief soaked up the splendour with zest.

Noon found Graimon searching for some sign of a nearby village or town, such as smoke or a trail. He was far enough away from his crime to exchange the jewelry for coin. Merchants did not like handling stolen possessions of wizards; even of harmless ones like Haemon.

Suddenly an internal alarm went off in Graimon and

he was suddenly wary, but of what he did not know. Then he realized that the forest was silent and a sudden calm pervaded. The barbarian stopped, held his breath to listen; and hearing nothing, he looked around in vain. Then he looked up.

The rock was hurtling straight for his head. Muttering curses, first in fear, then in anger, Graimon leapt aside, looking for his assailant. He did not have to search very keenly, for a huge shadow came skimming over the clearing that he had occupied a second before.

Graimon had heard that great black birds were often the bearers of evil tidings from the true Wizards, and now he attached much credulity to these bits of hearsay. The barbarian grabbed a stone and hurled it at the black bird, but the feathered demon easily dodged it. Noticing the beady eyes flare and the neck feathers swell, Graimon decided to leave well enough alone and departed, careful to keep under cover.

Someone was following him and the barbarian knew it. However, being confident of his abilities in the forest, Graimon felt more curiosity than fear. He decided that if he could gain a distance far enough ahead of the follower so that he was lost to the other's sight for a moment, then he could lie in wait and catch the other off guard.

The footpads were much more cautious now, as if the follower sensed that something was amiss. The youth could make out the dark form as it approached the tree in which he was concealed. With dusk descending, vision was becoming a useless art.

Dropping with the silence of a stone, the barbarian carefully kned his follower in the neck, knocking him to the ground. Graimon rolled to his feet and gently touched the point of his sword to the other's throat.

"Wait, friend!" came a young voice out of the darkness at his feet. "Do you think I was following you with evil intent? I was lost and hoped you would lead me to some town."



"Then why didn't you come openly and ask me directions?" asked the barbarian.

"You didn't give me a chance, stranger. Let me rise and we can share my food and drink over a fire," approached the follower.

Graimon let him up and noticed that he was about his own age and had a similar build, but obviously lacked some of the animal instincts that were present in the barbarian.

"How are you called?" asked Graimon.

"My name is Lamrack....and yours?"

"I am called Graimon, son of Gorlack," the barbarian replied, exchanging formalities. Accepting one another, they set about making

camp for the night.

Later, over the camp fire, Lamrack told of how he was aspiring to enter the Guild of Thieves and was journeying to the trading town of Porg where one of the masters of the guild lived. Realizing their common interests, Graimon decided to travel with Lamrack to Porg. There he was sure to rid himself of his loot.

Porg was a town where traders of the East met with those of the West. With such a flowing of goods, it was a haven of thieves and murderers. It was rough and Graimon liked this, for the raw physical side of life appealed to him rather than the mental.

On the first night of their arrival in Porg, Lamrack spoke to Graimon about the legendary Crypt of Tolrad, the First Wizard. They were sitting in one of the many taverns of the town and trying hard not to gag on the various odors permeating the air.

"I have a proposition to make, Graimon," said Lamrack. "The Guild Master Rumar told me I would have to prove my prowess as a thief and gave me a task to attempt."

"What is it?" asked Graimon.

"Have you heard of the Crypt of Tolrad? Well, that is my task....I must loot it."

"But the legend..."

"I know the legend, Graimon, but my course is set. Will you help me?"

"All right, but I don't think my sword will ward off the flame-sickness, although it may aid us against the sorcery," agreed Graimon.

"Let's drink to it then, comrade!" said Lamrack. They touched tankards and drained them in one draught.

After a pause Lamrack added, "Tomorrow I'll go to Rumar and tell him I accept the test: and after he tells me where the crypt is, we will meet here to make our final plans.

"I must go now, Graimon," he said rising, "and I wouldn't worry about sorcery, because in my land it is nothing more than something to scare children with."

Graimon said nothing, for often his friend seemed to have wisdom far beyond his years and had more than once caused the barbarian to pause in thought at some remark.

On the third day of their trek to the east of Porg, the two travelers came to the crest of a hillock, and what they saw convinced them that they had reached their destination. In the little valley before them was progressive desolation, climaxed in the center by a patch of sand where nothing grew. Graimon immediately sensed the silence, and looking up, he noticed that birds avoided flying over the valley.

"This valley is evil," said the barbarian. "It must be the one that master Rumar spoke of, but I feel a forboding draft on my bones, like we have walked into some trap."

"If you are afraid, Graimon, you can wait here for me," taunted Lamrack.

Graimon hesitated, thinking of the black bird and feeling some misgivings at the present situation, but his honor was at stake and he could not back out.

"There," Graimon pointed to the other side of the valley, "That must be the entrance that Master Rumar spoke of." On the far side there was the darkness of an opening. In answer to Lamrack's taunt, the barbarian started down into the valley toward the entrance. He was fearful of crossing the valley, especially the dead part, but except for the silence, nothing was unusual.

Just before they reached the entrance of the Crypt, Lamrack slipped on a rock and his pouch dropped at Graimon's feet, revealing a glimmering red jewel.

"That is a fine jewel that you have, Lamrack," said Graimon, "I have not seen one like it before."

"It was a gift from my teacher for being an excellent pupil," replied Lamrack with a strange gleam in his eyes. The barbarian returned the gem and came to stand in the entrance with his companion, but now feeling more apprehensive.

Looking in from the entrance, Graimon saw nothing but depths of blackness, and from it came the stench of dead animals. From his pack Lamrack brought out a torch and two sparking rocks. Now with some light, they proceeded into the darkness. The floor of the passageway sloped and was surprisingly smooth. As they descended, the silence, the echoes, the odor, and the ever pressing darkness combined to give forth an eerie effect. Graimon had unsheathed his sword and was prepared to strike at anything that moved. Suddenly, before them the passageway divided; one to the left and one to the right.

"You take the one to the left, Graimon," said Lamrack, "Do you want to take the torch with you? I have only one."

"No, I need no light," said the barbarian, perhaps a little too proudly. As he started down his passage, Graimon thought he heard someone laughing. Gripping his sword, he went forward with a resolution to find and take the treasures that this crypt held. The barbarian's animal-like senses were keyed up and any sound or movement would start a killing machine with a sword. With his weapon out in front of him touching the ground, and his free hand feeling the wall on his left, Graimon moved slowly forward.

It was the smell that gave him the first warning. An acrid odor assailed his nostrils and he realized there must be an opening where it came from. Then his sword was no longer touching the ground but instead was hanging in mid-air. Graimon stopped and felt the edge of the abyss below him. He kicked a rock over the edge and at the count of seven it struck...not water or ground, but something soft.

Then with his sword, he felt along the sides of the passage and found that on one side of the pit there was a ledge about one cubit wide. Grimly, Graimon set out across the pit on the ledge, hoping that it extended to the other side, if there was one. After he had taken a few steps along the ledge, he heard the movement of a

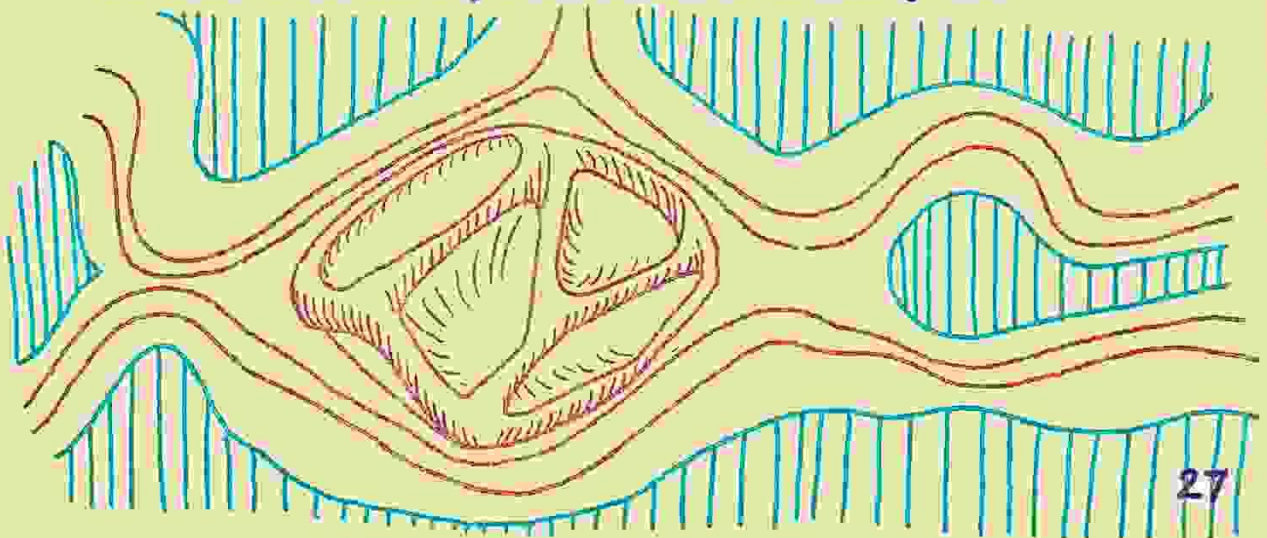
large body in the pit.

Trying to hurry across the ledge, the barbarian almost fell, but luck was with him and his ears rather than his sword told him that he had safely reached the other side. No longer could he hear the vast pit below him. But the activity in the pit continued and Graimon realized his return would not be easy. Now the passageway appeared larger and even more unnatural, and that barbarian decided that he must be in the right one and Lamrack must have taken the decoy.

A whispering began to tingle the barbarian's ears and suddenly far ahead a howling started. Then a fierce blast of air struck him and he reeled against the wall for support, realizing that if he had a torch, it would now have been blown out.

Then far ahead he saw a glimmering on the wall of the cave where it curved out of a direct line of sight. With the aid of the light, the barbarian moved ahead quickly for a minute. After a few seconds it dimmed and vanished. Now surrounded by the darkness once more, Graimon fell back to using his other senses and noticed a stinging in his nose caused by a peculiar acrid odor. Becoming more familiar with his surroundings, the barbarian was proceeding with less fear and more curiosity. He was moving quickly and silently.

About every ten steps Graimon stopped, held his breath, and listened intently for a few seconds. After several twists and turns in the passageway, he stopped and heard a low moaning which seemed to be coming from



just around the next turn. Knowing that no normal being could hear his approach, he was startled when words were addressed to him from out of the darkness.

"O stranger from the North, I fear that you have fallen into a trap conceived by your enemies", the voice was weak and rasping.

"Who speaks?" asked Graimon as softly as he could, lest he give away his position.

Then a greenish glowing took form in the darkness and Graimon saw the shape of a man imprisoned by chains appear, shimmering unnaturally.

"Stranger, I sense your strength and courage, but they are of no use here in the Crypt of Tolrad.

"I was imprisoned here by the Dark One after I conspired against a Wizard and caused his death. The years have been long, but at least the agony fades with time," the shimmering form continued.

"But how can you be alive after all these years and with no food or drink?" asked Graimon, his suspicions abbing slightly.

"What makes you think I live, barbarian, for what you see here is my soul imprisoned by the sorcery of the Dark One. Farther down the passage you will stumble over my bones, just in front of the entrance to the crypt itself.

"But listen, new evil has entered these passages today and lies in wait, poised to strike. If you help me to take these chains from my soul, I will help you to escape the trap which is closing over you. If you promise to bring me the key from the circlet around the neck of Tolrad, then I will tell how to destroy a Wizard. And I will be free from this eternal agony."

"All right, Nameless One," said Graimon, "I will bring you the circlet of Tolrad in return for your aid against whatever threatens me this day."

"It is agreed then, barbarian," rasped the glowing form. "Now to escape from here safely, you must destroy the carrier of the Glem, which is a bright red jewel and acts as a focusing point for the Dark One's power.

I have a plan which will do this and with ridiculous ease.

"This is what you must do: after entering the crypt itself, you must use your brawn and your cunning to get to the body of Tolrad and then you must find the leather pouch around his waist" . . .

Proceeding down the passageway, Graimon now had a suspicion as to whom the chained soul was referring to when he told of the new evil that had entered the Crypt of Tolrad. Now many of the oddities of the character of Lamrack were explainable, and also the odd way he appeared after the attack of the giant bird. Suddenly, he almost stumbled over some sticks in the darkness, and realized that these must be the remains of the body of the murderer of Tolrad. With the darkness pressing around him, he felt the wall for any sign of an entrance. As he was groping, his hand scraped against a brick that was protruding from the wall which he realized must be the tumbler to open the entrance. First he pulled it, then twisted, and finally, pushed it.

There was a grating sound, then Graimon felt a draft on his legs, showing the wall to be rising. Feeling the entrance with his sword to ensure that there were no traps, the barbarian quickly entered and apprehensively backed against the wall on his right, sword in hand.

Here the air was untainted. Suddenly, unless his eyes were deceiving him, the walls were starting to glow, and breaking into his awe came the sound of almost hysterical laughing. Graimon looked to the left and saw dimly the figure of a fat man standing on a platform. He seemed to be holding something that glimmered red against his body, giving an eerie effect.

Suddenly, recognition blazed in his brain. This was Haemon, the false wizard from the North. Lamrack must in fact have been Haemon in disguise, and the

jewel that had fallen in the dirt at the entrance must have been the Glem that the Shadow-form spoke of. Then remembering the plan of the Nameless One, he moved forward cautiously. Now he could see much better.

"Let me hear you beg, barbarian," said Haemon. "You know who I am and why I am here, but before I kill you...and it will be slow....I want to hear you beg.

"Perhaps," he added, "if you beg well enough, your death will be less unpleasant."

"Why should I beg. Fat One?...or should I call you Lamrack?" said Graimon. "Both begging and not begging will bring me death." As he was speaking the barbarian was moving cautiously towards the casket that held the body of Tolrad.

"Barbarian, you do not seem as fearful of sorcery as you were before. Perhaps you do not believe that I have true powers. Would a demonstration convince you?"

Graimon felt pricklings run up and down his back. He hoped that the Wizard would not choose him for the demonstration.

Suddenly, a small dog appeared at Haemon's feet. By its actions it was obviously a puppy. It backed in fear from the fat Wizard, then turned, immediately forgot the evil presence, and came prancing towards Graimon. The Fat One grasped his jewel and the young dog froze in the middle of a step, full of innocence and trust. Then Haemon intoned some spell and the pup fell suddenly, cleaved into four parts.

Now the Wizard cast his attention to Graimon. "What are you doing there, barbarian? Get away from the body! Do you want to invoke the Curse of Everlasting Death on yourself?"

The Barbarian turned to face Haemon, and at the same time his left hand was feeling for the leather pouch on Tolrad's waist. The black, mummified corpse was an evil to touch, but an even greater fear drove Graimon to do it.

"Fat One, you are truly evil, but I don't fear you because I know that you are human", said the Northman, stalling for time.

Haemon said nothing, but suddenly seemed to be growing in size. From the walls came four snakes of a type the barbarian had never seen before. Now was the time of life or death for the young barbarian.

As he was fumbling with the drawstring of the pouch with his left hand, the first snake reached his feet. At its touch, Graimon lost all feeling in his legs. The snake began winding itself around his legs, holding them fast. He swung his sword down at the snake, only to have it shatter on the floor. Whatever was holding him up faltered, and he fell to the floor with a grunt, taking the pouch with him. Another snake began winding around his neck, and he found his breathing becoming difficult. But both his hands were still free and he quickly opened the pouch and dropped the jewel in the palm of his right hand. With the Glem in his hand, Graimon was now regaining control over the numb parts of his body. A third snake was now coming over his chest to bind his hands, but the reptiles no longer bound like iron, but felt like wet ropes that he could break with ease. Graimon could barely hold his revulsion back, but realized that he had to trick the fat Wizard into thinking he was immobile and helpless, so that he would approach unawares.

Haemon began to approach, laughing hysterically at the same time in a high-pitched voice.

"I hope you can still hear me, barbarian; for the fourth snake is going to strike your eyes out. Do not die on me too soon, will you?"

Springing to his feet, Graimon threw the snake from his neck. At the same time he kicked away the one around his legs and the one binding his hands he ripped in two.

"Ai! Barbarian, what have you done?" screamed Haemon, clutching his Glem.

"Fat pig! You will die from the evil that supports you", said Graimon and he hurled the jewel at the Wizard.

When the Glem touched him, the Fat One froze and his face grimaced in silent terror. Suddenly there was a flash and Graimon could see right through the Wizard for a few seconds. Then the charred body fell onto the floor, smoking, with the two jewels rolling on the floor beside the body.

Turning from the ghastly scene, Graimon remembered his promise to free the Soul-creature from its chains. He went over to the crypt and unfastened the circlet from Tolrad's wizened neck, kicking a snake out of his way.

As he was leaving the mausoleum, the barbarian stopped at the entrance and looked back. One treasure he would take from this evil place was a sword. There was one heavy, well-worked blade that took his fancy and this he removed. Then reconsidering, Graimon filled his pouch with precious gems.

"So Northman, I was right when I said that two Glems in the possession of one man would destroy him," said the Shadow-being at his return.

"Here is the circlet I promised to bring you", said the barbarian and turned to leave.

"Wait, Northman! There is some information I wish to entrust to you."

Graimon was not sure he wanted to hear what was forthcoming, but he turned to listen.

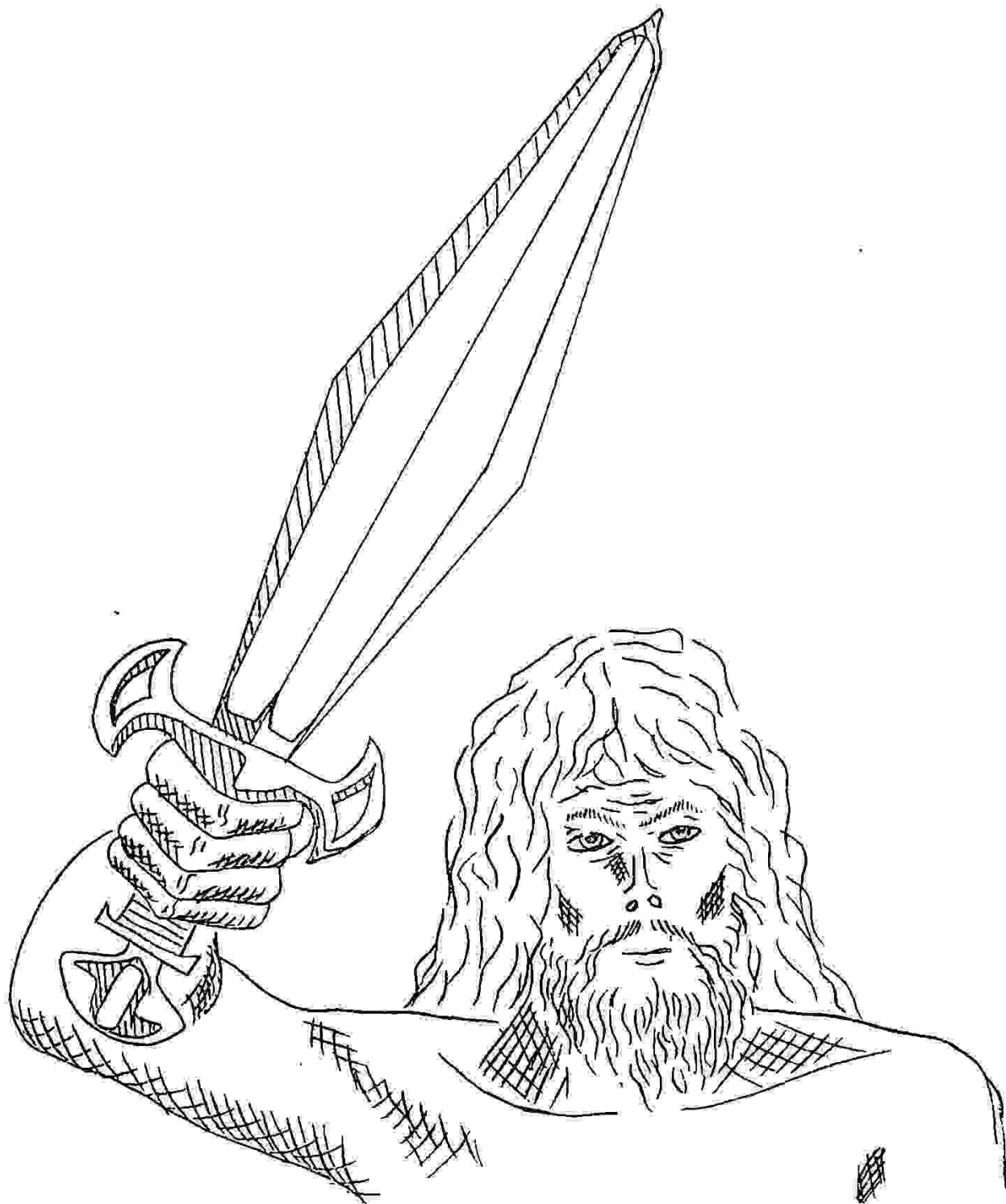
"Far to the south and a little to the west of here lies the great land of the Black People. I have not been there, but as it was told to me, I will tell to you."

"When one travels down the east coast of this land almost to the end of the world and then sails to the east, one will find the island of Bremland. It is said the island is protected by the old gods and this may be true, for no living creature can land there without instant death. That is why the creatures of the island are different from those of the mainland."

"Somewhere on the island is the city of Wandering. I know that in this city lies the secret that will enable you to rid all lands of the Evil Four."

These last words shocked Graimon into realizing the importance of what was being said. He decided he did not want to hear any more and turned to leave.

When at last he was out of the valley, Graimon stopped for a minute to decide which way to go. The wind was blowing east...he would follow it.



The following six poems are from a yet to be published manuscript WATERFALL by John Patrick Hewson, who, although he isn't a member of UBC SFFEN, spends considerable time in the SFFEN office.

Let us Prey

finance
revolving silver
the cause and the causist
both are silent

paint

the cross of hate
the stone god
desert and air close

the church is a graven image

cast
feel the lights of the night
the wind in the face
the black silk stockings of civilization
makes man

for one man
one

university coeds show off frat pins
the expo of the monster and his ego
an excuse for hate

and thou shalt not be communist

but i shall be free
my mind seems transfixed to my little cross
my subtle hell

The Sacrifice

the man with the golden mask chooses the girl
who is led to the block
the single drummer
illuminated by the single red light
begins to beat
the man with the golden mask is poised
the knife descends
her voice is no more
he puts his hand into the open chest
rips out the heart and flings it at the foot of the idol
culture

Media

and there was with the angels
a multitude of heavenly hippies

and he leadeth his followers up onto the mountain
and when they were gathered round him
he opened his mouth and taught them saying

this is a paid political telecast

Industry

and the lord said let there be light
so the president flipped the switch

The Philosopher

he said on seeing the man rape the girl
wait until youre married and its legal

Nationalism

the lord said
here is a boy
ripping a crust from a dog
in order that he may eat
who will give him cake

not i said caesar
for he is not roman

not i said schweitzer
for he is not christian

not i said einstein
for he is not a scientist

the lord said
here is a prostitute
a lonely miserable suffering being
who will relieve her anguish

not i said caesar
for she surely is not roman

not i said schweitzer
for she cannot be christian

not i said einstein
for she is certainly no scientist

the lord said
who shall sit with me
and who shall dwell at my side

i shall said caesar
for i am a roman

i shall said schweitzer
for i am a christian

i shall said einstein
for i am a man of science

and the lord turned away

puzzled

RESTRICTED

For Mature Eyes
Only

Strong Stomachs
Only

This thing was written (vomited?) to set the parameters for a story of the same infamous ilk as Naked Came The Stranger. A tentative title for this book is The Tails of Gonad the Conqueror.

Gonad The Conqueror
The Greatest Swordsman

When Gonad was a wee tyke it was seen that his destiny lay (?) in his tremendous size, so to speak. As you well know, Gonad got his name when he was born because the attending physician mistook Gonads penis for his umbilical cord. To this day he retains a wrinkled circumsized navel. After he was tied off and cut, only his tremendous regenerative powers saved him from being scarred for life. Even today, one can see the twist four inches from his scrotum where the knot came out, if one is unlucky. Another reason for his name being apropos is the fact that he has bulging wrinkled cheeks and a long,,reddened, obscene looking nose.

His sexual carreer (his life's work) began when he lost his virginity at the tender (?) age of three months. This was a purely accidental happenstance and there is some speculation as to what actually transpired, although through exhaustive research we have narrowed the event to possible occurences.

1. He and his babysitter were taking a bath, and Gonad was playing submarine, but his torpedo missed the heavy cruiser and plunged into the baby sitter's.
2. The baby sitter was changing his diaper, and when he was exposed she was alarmed, stood up suddenly and lost her balance. Being nude at the time, she plummeted, plunged, fell to, or otherwise emphalled herself on his upright already fourteen inch phallus.

By the time Gonad was six years old, he had already seduced (he has a charismatic charm) every girl under fifteen and had molested most of those over that age in his ghetto. Likewise he had molested ~~most~~ every dog, cat and canary, and had assaulted every boy smaller than himself (size-wise) within a twenty mile radius. His parents were beginning to worry that he might become

Gonad, of course, is a mutation and whether he is a favourable or unfavourable one is a question of personal taste.

He has a secondary brain enclosed in his pelvic harness to control the length and other mechanisms of his marvelous (?) member (Ha! alliteration).

To maintain the tremendous blood pressure required to expand his organ to its maximum length (14 feet) he has a second heart in his lower abdomen. The heart has 12 chambers so the pressure can undergo gradual increase, thus reducing the damage to his other (normal) circulatory system.

The majority of his head is an enormous blood sinus to supply blood for his erection. This explains why most of Gonad's movements are spastic, spasmodic, and instinctive. It also helps to explain why Gonad is not excessively bright.

The story of Gonad's adult (?) life shall be published as they installments become available.

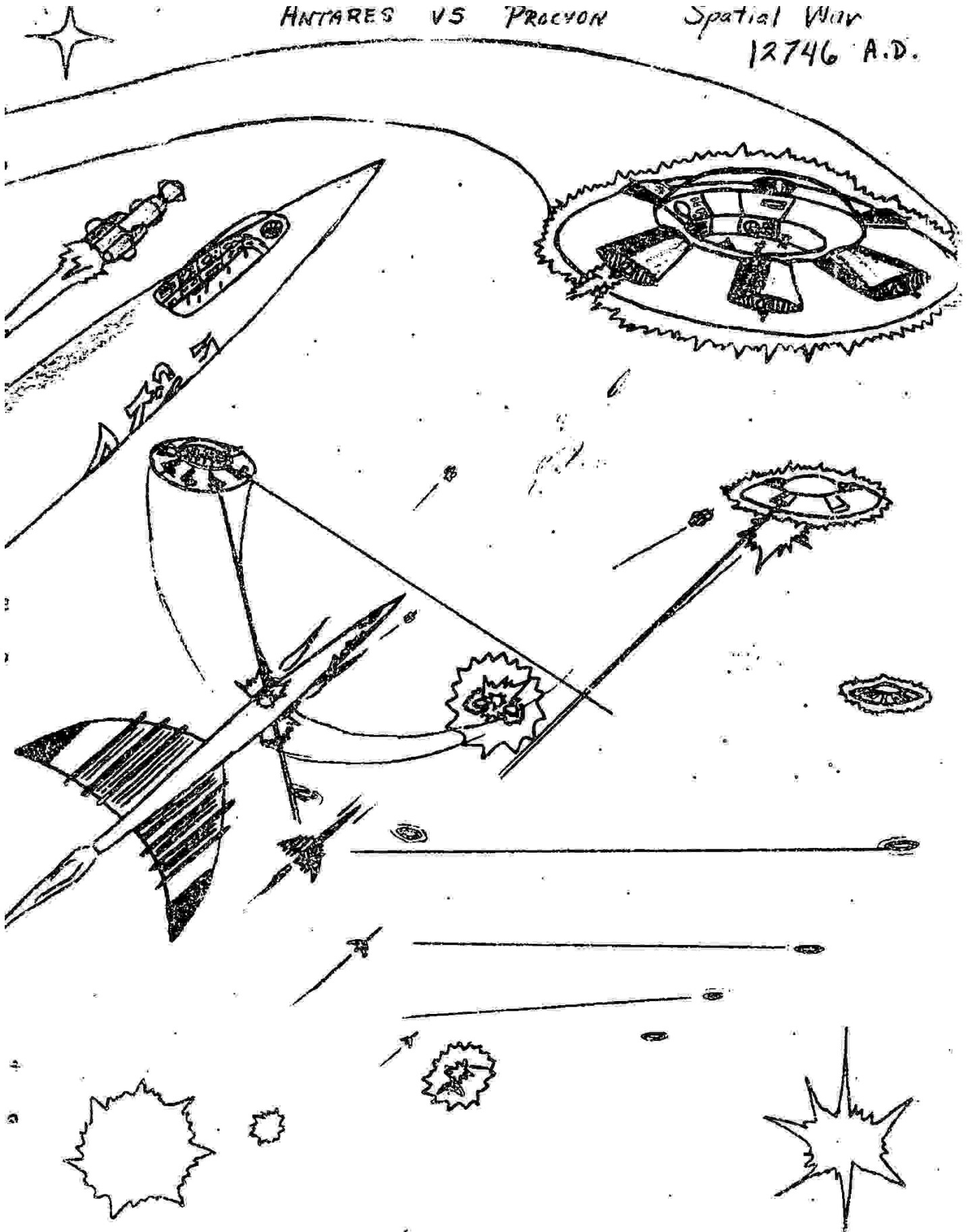
Gonad's death we have determined from probability studies as being one of the following three. Gonad, as he always wished to, died in bed. But as he never wished to, he died in bed alone.

1. Gonad laid on his face, had an erection, and fell from a great height, smashing his blood sinus.
2. Gonad laid on his face, had an erection, and drove himself through ~~seesaw~~ the concrete ceiling.
3. Gonad laid on his face, had a wet dream, and drowned.

ANTARES VS PROCYON

Spatial War

12746 A.D.



This is an accidental poem by Stan Talaczewski and his
Special War
follows

UNIVERSITY OF B. C. COMPUTING CENTRE

***** LISTING *****

TITLE: THE U.B.C. SCIENCE FICTION FAN CLUB (SFFFC) - FANZINE

STAR

S
F EARTH GA FACT THE
SOL U * L F *
S L THEAT AND BOMB
F E * X C * * E
STAR S * Y TION SCAR

ON S A THE

D A P F F
N N A AI BOMB
A D C R * S
ON E E KILL

THE MAYNARD

AWARD FOR THE

WORLD WIDE

GENERAL CHAIRMAN

END OF PROGRAM

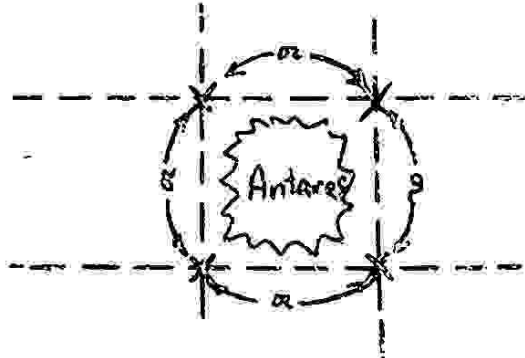
Spatial War
A Game of Strategy

General Rules

Object: To reach the star system known as Sol, it is presumed to be a fortified system which must be taken by force of numbers.

Starting Positions and Guidelines:

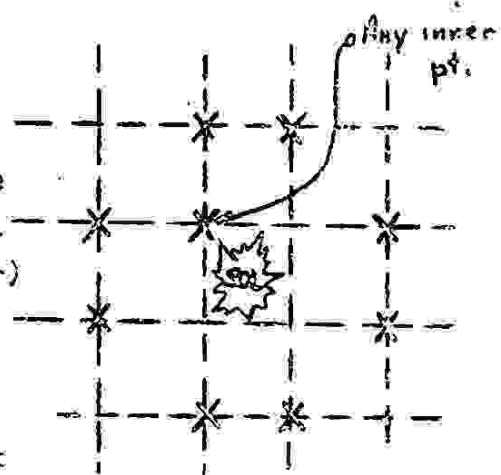
1. In orbit around the home system.
2. May start from any of four (4) positions in orbit.
3. Each system has two ships in orbit at waystations.
4. Each system has two ships which orbit about a planet within the system. They do not occupy a slot about the star. These ships, not placed on the board at the start, are promoted to star orbit when one of the two originals leaves one of the slots open.
5. Home planets are not subject to attack. Once a ship has been sent to space, it is essentially its own supply center and must be destroyed to obtain credit for a ship of the enemy to be built.
6. New ships may be manufactured in waystation orbit of home star when fleet destroys one of the enemy's ships. If more than two ships are gained, ships are still built, but on the base itself. These can be promoted to orbit the same way as in rule # 4.
7. When a system admits defeat, its remaining ships, if any, become derelicts without defensive equipment. These ships are won by the first player to hit them.
8. Home systems of a defeated power are to be considered conquered by the system which can show the most kills of that system's ships. Ties broken by throwing die.



- 8.(Continued)... Conquered systems can be used to build the conqueror's acquired ships but conqueror doesn't obtain remaining ships in conquered system's fleet.
9. The first object of any fleet is its nearest starship base. By going into orbit of this star, credit is received for a new ship. Once the base has been taken it becomes an ordinary listed star. The ship is built in home system and is independently powered.
10. Total number of ships in game is sixteen (16) originals and four (4) derived from empty "free" spots as located on the map. This total twenty (20) ships.

* * * * *

11. Sol cannot be taken by less than nine (9) ships.
12. Sol can only be captured when the nine ships are in certain orbital grid points around it. (See --->)
13. When a ship reaches Solar orbit and its fleet numbers more than five, it may stay at a grid point immune to all but a triple attack by any one type of weapon. It needs only to consume 50 Megavolts per turn. It may not use offensive weapons without first moving out of solar orbit.
14. All orders are to be written down on a sheet of paper. The paper may or may not be ruled as per the attached format.
15. There are to be no alliances of any sort. Each system must do its best to build its own fleet.
16. Orders are listed in preference to their use;
1. Hyperspace travelling ships are to be moved first.
 2. Offence before Translation.
 3. Translation
 4. Offense after translation





16.(Continued)...

5. Defence

17. Total Grid is 25 x 25 squares, forming grid points at the corners.
18. Weapons range is constant at 5 grid points in any rank, file, or diagonal.
19. Translation range is 3 grid units per move.
20. Weapons use energy according to the requirements. (q.v.) This usage is subtracted from the Total Energy. A record must be kept of the Energy levels of the ships.
21. Hyperspace travel is assigned by order, or by mutual destruction of two ships.
22. When motion of travel intersects a listed star through hyper, the ship comes out scrambled. The ship is destroyed and another must be built to replace it at any authorized base. The original energy level is kept, but can be renewed when a weak ship is destroyed by another ship in its own fleet.
23. When two ships are moved to the same grid point, the ship having the greater energy level gets the point while the other ship must go into hyperspace.
24. Hyper-paths are chosen by a toss of a die.
25. The path of hyperspace travel, when decided, extends off the boundaries. Like an oscilloscope trace, the ship moves to the parallel side and continues. This only occurs during hyperspace because it is curved space.
26. Two lines of ordinary translation may intersect without contact unless one ship stops or is stopped on the line of another. In this case, the ship travelling through destroys the motionless ship and obtains credit.

Original Ship Names: (New names are chosen by player)

Nova	Alpha	
Argus	Beta	Aldebaran
Saturn	Gamma	
Rhameses	Omega	
Procyon		

Original Ship Names: (Cont'd)...

Europa		Ancor	
Castor		Regulus	
Pollux	Antares	Cephei	Regulus
Orion		Spica	

Hyperspace Paths:

1) 2N-3NE	4) 1CN-10W
2) 2S-2SW	5) 2N-3NW
3) 10S-10E	6) 2S-5SE

Order Form Format

Star: Antares

Ship Name	No.	E-Before	Offense	Defence	E-After
Castor	II	950	Photons Nav.	Absorp. Field	+ 905
			Laser East		
Orion	IV	950	Hyperspace Travel		950

This is the general format. However, on front page make a list of all the ships of the enemy that you have destroyed. Use name and Star. Also list all of your own starships names and there near them place their corresponding number as on the peices in play.

* * * * *

Energy Requirements
and Weaponary.

Offensive

Matter-Energy Transmitter (M.E.T. * definite projection)	- 25 Megavolts per use
Laser Cannons	- 20 Megavolts
Photon Torpedoes	- 25 Megavolts

Defensive

Absorption Field	- gains-Torp power
Defensive Screens - 1st Order -	- 25 Megavolts
11nd Order	- 50 Megavolts
M.E.T. Deflector	- 25 Megavolts
Invisibility	- 50 megavolts

Description of Weaponage

Photon Torpedoes are an updated version of the pulse laser cannon. It concentrates its energy in a pulse of high intensity radium light. The defense against the torpedo is the Absorption Field. The energy absorbed is so fierce that the field would collapse under the bombardment at any one instant. Therefore, a method was developed to use the extra energy by storing it and adding it to the ship's firepower.

The Matter-Energy Transmitter utilizes a function of n-dimensional space. Opposing ships are considered definitely closed or protected in 3-dimensional space, as well as on many other dimensional planes. However, usually the ships have openings on a few dimensions within the range of the n-dimensional splitter. In using the M.E.T., matter is transformed into a beam of energy in the ultra-frequency spectrum. The beam is sent through the n-D splitter at the target ship. It seeks and enters through the target's 'dimensional hole' and reforms inside. It can be the matter of a nuclear bomb or that of the beings operating the device, the former is the most likely. The defense is the M.E.T. deflector field, which warps n-space, and momentarily closes all dimensional 'holes'. The bomb travelling the n-space corridor diffuses its energy and can never be re-formed.

Laser cannon are just ultra-sophisticated continuous laser beam projectors. They have tremendous power and the defense against it is the use of Ist Order Shields. First Order Shields dissipate the energy over a large volume of space.

N.B. By using IInd Order Shields, a ship can defend simultaneously against both the laser and photon attacks of a single enemy ship. If these shields are actually attacked, ship loses offensive capabilities for one round. This, exclusive of translation and hyperspace. It is further limited to the use of two defensive weapons but may not use IInd Order shields. This enables a ship to use more offensive weaponage at the risk of vulnerability in the succeeding round.

Translation - Movement of a ship on Grid, diagonally and on the rank and file. Limit: 3 pts.

Hyperspace - projection of an entire ship by internal use of M.E.T. However, the point of reentry is random (see rules) because the projection is indeterminate.

Invisibility - an M.E.T. phenomenon which protects against all forms of attack except a two-ship linkup of M.E.T. attacks. While using invisibility the ship may not fire. Use of invisibility robs a ship of 1/10 of its power (to the nearest 5).

Use of Weaponage:

1. On any one piece of action, each ship may use any three offensive and/or defensive weapons, in combinations of three (3).

This has as exceptions: Ind Order Shields which may act as a single defense.

Translation may be used at any time, to the prescribed limit, and double the limit if the ship is under imminent attack by two or more ships. In this case is the only time that the Translation may be of two different directions. That is, the second translation may be made in a different direction from the first.

2. Defensive plays vs. Offensive plays are the strategic balance of the war. The defensive weapon must hold off attack while the attacked chooses return-fire.

3. A winning combination involves choosing a weapon that will hit the enemy's weak spot while also choosing a suitable defense to ward off attack.

4. Shots from a ship; (a) are not cancelled by equal fire from other ship.

(b) are not stopped by the destruction of sendee.

5. Simultaneous destruction is the only thing that negates attack, while causing embattled ships to go into hyperspace. This latter will be done when all other moves have been made. This is because the ships that go into hyper at the first moves are vulnerable to attack when they come out. (to all but M.E.T.)

6. An overloaded defense is caused by attack from superior numbers, even if both attackers choose different numbers and types of weapons. The closest ship gets credit for the "win". This only applies if ship is stopped at the intersection of the two other attacks. Single defenses are burned out in order as they are used when crossing lines of fire.

7. An attack makes contact when it intersects a ship's line of translation, between origin and destination, or at destination.

8. Total Energy Allotment is 1 Gigavolt (10^9) per new ship.

9. Any ship with insufficient power to attack is declared a derelict. It must be fired upon to be destroyed.

10. As a reminder: Hyperspace use means that for one turn the power consumption must be doubled. This is accumulative.

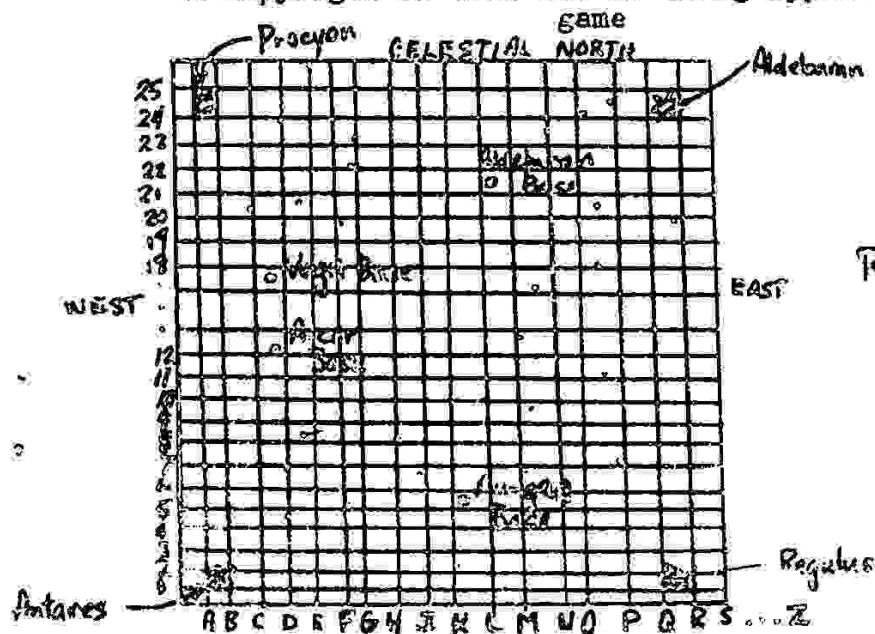
11. Hyper-ed ships are protected by unstable M.E.T. vibrations and cannot be destroyed by stray M.E.T. attacks.

12. Ambiguities can be resolved by general agreement or by mailing a stamped, self-addressed envelope with the question enclosed. Mail to; Stan Talarczyk

2865 West 10th Ave.

Vancouver, B.C., Canada.

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This is a representative sketch of actual board as used by Club in R. 216.