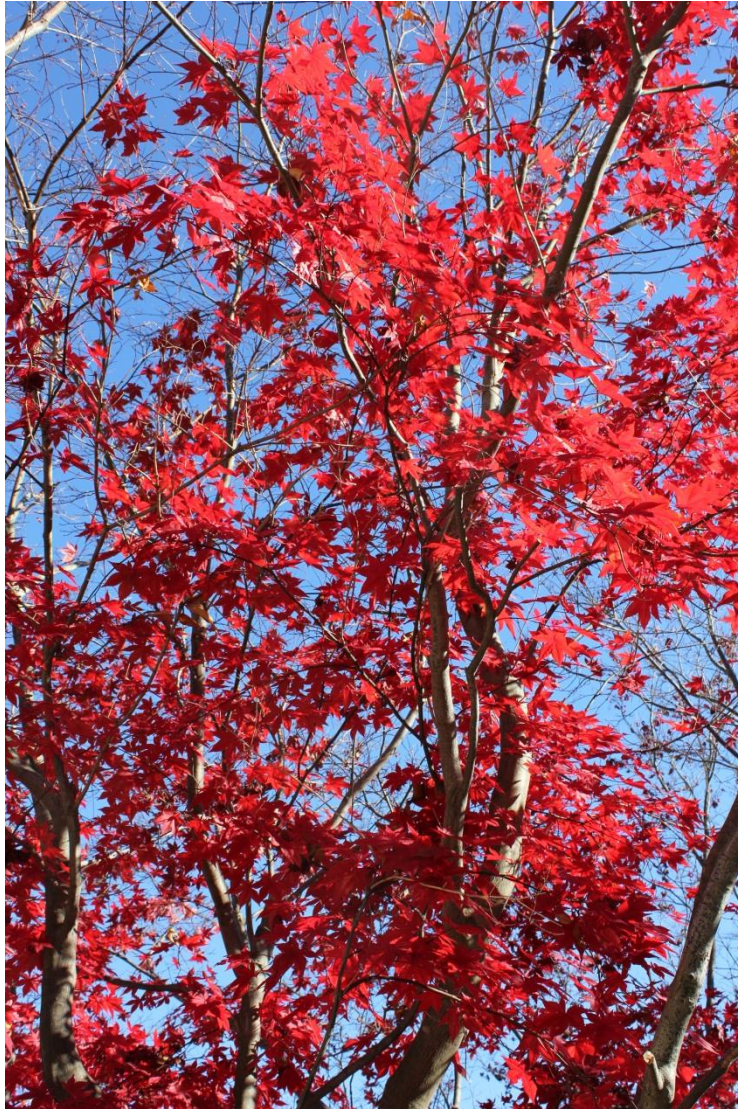


N'APA 225



Interstellar Blood Vampires...

They Nest!

The Official Organ

#225

Next deadline: January 15, 2016

N'APA rises again from the dead. Like the Vampire Nostradamus, it just keeps coming back.

The official collator is George Phillies phillies@4liberty.net

N'APA is the Amateur Press Alliance for members of the National Fantasy Fan Federation (N3F). As it is distributed in PDF format, there are no dues or postage fees. It is open to all members of the N3F. If there are members interested in joining who have no computer access, special arrangements may be possible. People who only want to read are welcome to ask to be added to the email list. Check with the official collator, who is George Phillies, 48 Hancock Hill Drive, Worcester MA 01609; phillies@4liberty.net; 508 754 1859; and on facebook.

I occasionally send a copy of N'APA to the accessible (email address needed) N3F membership, in the hope that some of them will join N'APA.

Currently the frequency is every other month, with the deadline being on the fifteenth day of odd-numbered months. The mailing will normally be collated in due time, as the collator is retired. Publication has always been totally regular, though some readers question my interpretations of "totally" and "regular".

N'APA has been in existence since 1959, but has transitioned from being a paper APA to an electronic one.

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**The Murdered Master Mage #8
for N'APA 225**

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NAPA 224 Comments:

Comments on 224:

Cover: In fact, that is something like 5% of my collection of boxed wargames.

Official page: I really should be more careful about updating the various issue numbers. I tend to forget such things.

Robot Octopus Versus Beatniks from Mars: I suppose we must be entirely grateful for your limericks, which certainly are Halloween-appropriate. *Iron Sky* appears to be a truly strange film, even if you ignore the Sarah Palin look-alike President. I shall hope that the planned September event came off as you had anticipated. You did seem to be very lucky in the matter.

Notes from a Galaxy Far Far Away #6: Worcester also had the drought. Despite 6 inches of rain in October and tapping water arrangements with Boston, our reservoirs are still quite empty so we are in a drought emergency. Curiously, we had a stupendous number of leaves. The number of leaves may correspond to the early summer being quite cool at night. I did enjoy your list of motion pictures and television shows that you are watching. It was interesting to know that there are these things. I remember when the total number of SF programs on television was usually one. At best. I currently stop with Supergirl. I seem to have no time for those things. I do occasionally attempt to recruit more N'APA members by sending an issue of N'APA to the entire

membership, or at least the part of the membership that is given us their email addresses.

You are clearly much more fond of electrical gadgets than I am. Occasionally someone asks me about putting something on my telephone, to which my response is to ask whether they mean the telephones with the pushbuttons or the telephone with the rotary dial.

If you are ever going to de-clutter, I believe it is the case that the N3F would be interested in adding your N3F-related clutter to our archives, which contain great holes. There are only three Wells children, Brian (Star), Jane Caroline (Aurora), and Jessamine Trishaset ["Trisha"], (Comet), but I will have to work on clarifying that. Comet's private persona name is a bit exotic, so she usually goes by "Trisha". All three of them are appreciably above grade level, though in very different ways. Trisha simply does very well in school work. Brian also does well, but he is a truly gifted model builder. Janie plays The Five Games, and wants Grand Master status or the equivalent in each of them. She actually wants to be world champion in all five months but realizes she is going to have to be a teeny bit more patient.

There will indeed be a number of battle royales in the book, but the ones I currently have planned — about half the book has not yet been plotted — involve Eclipse.

Synergy: As I recall, if you had the various colors of spirit master stencils, you could take the top page and draw it or type on it using different backings, and then you would be able to print in all colors at the same time, with absolutely no registration problems. In fact, I have done that. On the other hand, if you had a Gestetner, you could

print several colors, using one master per color, and the machine was good enough that you would get reasonable registration on all of the colors. For The National Fantasy Fan I use a Xerox Phaser printer, which generates moderately good photographic quality using molten wax injection. Think of painting using molten Crayola crayons. Indeed one of the wax specifications is that it has to be edible, just like a crayon is.

You looked through a mimeoscope, darkly. What a fine observation. That was a truly beautiful phrasing.

I am surprised to read that there were no tornado alerts in Indiana. We certainly had them in Michigan.

I am most entirely in sympathy with your comment that there are more things to do and see than you have time for. I am retired, and have in life only one remaining sure appointment. I intend to postpone meeting Her for as long as possible. I tried to arrange my priorities in an effective manner, subject to the constraint of owning a house that wants a certain amount of time. The most recent bit was raking up a vast numbers of leaves, running them through the mulcher, mixing them a bit with lime, and leaving them out to sit. Next spring they will have mulched somewhat and I will be able to sprinkle them on the garden and discourage the weeds from coming up a bit. I do hear from people say 'oh you should just put down 4 inches of mulch'. As a minor practical issue, crocuses are only 3 inches high, and grape hyacinths are not much higher, so if you put down 4 inches of mulch you are not going to be able to see your own crocuses. That's obviously silly.

It occurs to me that I may have read the same Sherman biography that you did. I

suspect that the biography reflected the man. I am told, but have not read it, that if you want to read a presidential autobiography you should read President Grant's. He had a ghostwriter. Mark Twain. It made a difference. Or so I am told. My own personal interest in American history is 1845-1860.

I am grateful for the poem. Have you considered submitting it to A Sea of Stars Like Diamonds, our 75th anniversary fiction collection?

I looked at your other zine as mentioned lastish, a bit, and was most impressed. Perhaps someday Eldritch Science will be that good. Perhaps not.

The Murdered Master Mage: This is the title I use for all of my APA zines, no matter where they are published. The relevant event was more than four decades ago, and refers to a D&D game in which the paladin decided he could needed more experience points and therefore murdered my character, who was a member of his party at the time.

You may correctly infer that cloud-diving by older teenagers is suspected by parents of leading to highly improper behavior. That very definitely has not occurred between Trisha and Joe. However, Trisha is old enough, barely, to worry that her parents might suspect her of doing such things.

Actually, I am currently doing a massive rewrite of The Girl Who Saved The World because I received a piece of excellent criticism of Mistress of the Waves on Amazon, namely that I had really not filled in any of the other characters in any detail. Mistress of the Waves is almost entirely told in first person, so that we really only see the lead character's point of view, and she is not terribly sensitive to how other people are

thinking about things, except when there is an opportunity for her to make money. Then she is very sensitive indeed.

The Girl Who Saved the World, continued:

“Complication planet!” Morgana said. “And we’re way short of time.”

“What’s wrong?” Janie asked. “Joe can’t have the Namestone. He’s a boy! The Bearer is a girl. The Bearer looks like you, Professor Lafayette, not him. Well, sort of like you, if you wore slightly tighter clothing. Then you’d look like her. Joe’s mom is too tall to be the bearer. Joe doesn’t have any brothers or sisters. He told me. Besides, I’m not even sure I played that move against him.” Janie was baffled. Joe couldn’t possibly have anything to do with the Namestone.

“Slightly tighter?” Morgana rolled her eyes. “As in ‘spray-painted on’? Except I’m quite sure the real Eclipse doesn’t look like the paintings. Valkyria didn’t recognize her. The wanted posters give the bearer my height or Valkyria’s -- five-ten or so -- but the real Eclipse is I’d guess five and a couple-four inches. No matter. The complication...let’s save that for later. Where does this Joe live? How do you phone him? Who are his parents? If Janie might have played this move against him, they’re going to want to question him next.”

“I’ve only met him twice,” Patrick said. “Dear, it must be in your Rolodex.”

“I thought you knew, Patrick,” Abigail answered. “Janie, you must have visited his house.”

“Ummh, er, no. I have the good City playing set. He teleports, remember? He could live anywhere,” Janie answered. “But, that’s

odd. I never thought to ask. I always get Bell numbers and interlink IDs from new friends, first thing. I just never thought of it.”

“We talked a few times,” Trisha said. “He was very nice and polite. I figured you had his address and everything, Janie.”

“Let’s save this for a bit,” Morgana said. “But there’s something a bit odd...later! GR, tonight they’ll teleport in. Your driveway would be good, except there’s two feet of snow on it.”

“I’ll take care of that,” Trisha said. She faded into a blur of motion headed for the basement stairs.

“Just a moment,” Janie said. “I have to find Krystal again, tell her we’re good for 8 P.M.”

“And there’s a blizzard so they need their winter clothing,” Abigail added.

“They do want to bring the Supreme Gamesman,” Janie finally said. “He’s visiting from Russia. I agreed. I’ve never met him! It’s wonderful!”

Trisha reappeared from nowhere, leaning against a kitchen cabinet. “I shoveled the driveway, Dad,” she announced.

“In two minutes?” Patrick said. “What if the neighbors saw you?”

“You can hardly see the house next door, and the Goosedotrs are in Florida. You can’t see the street lights. Besides,” Trisha added, “I was invisible the whole time, and behind the snow cloud I raised.”

“Invisible?” Patrick asked.

“Like this,” Trisha said. She vanished from sight. “I’m right here but you can’t see me. Well, maybe you, Professor. I was going to tell you all what I just found as a gift, but these other things came up.” Her voice came from the same part of the room as before, but nothing was to be seen. Trisha reappeared.

“Shoveled?” Abigail asked. “The entire driveway? Not ‘flew the snow onto the lawn’?”

“Shoveled. As in ‘I’d like to take a shower and change my clothes’, that being really a lot of shoveling I just did. And not ‘flown’. I’d for sure accidentally pick up the concrete.”

“Trisha,” Brian asked, “That was the last of the Indian pudding, but shall I heat some of my apple pie up for you? And warm milk? For when you come down here again.”

“Please?” Trisha answered. “That was really a lot of snow.”

“You could have asked for help,” Patrick reminded.

“Don’t work too hard,” Abigail added. “You could hurt yourself.” Janie realized that no one else caught Trisha tensing when Trisha heard that line. Her feelings really hurt when her parents put her down like that, but there was no way for her younger sister to help. Once or twice, Mom had reduced Trisha to tears saying things like that, tears that Trisha’s superspeed let her hide.

“Mo-om! You guys were all busy,” Trisha answered, diffusing the line.. “And it’s really fluffy snow. I’ll be back down in a bit.” She vanished in a blur.

“Folks,” Morgana said, “The clock is ticking, and I can readily tell Jessamine Trishaset is just fine. Your Indian pudding was wonderful, Brian, especially since I skipped dinner. And lunch. There was a major NIH grant due, but it is done.”

“I think there’s another slice of my pie left,” Brian said, “and the vanilla ice cream I made yesterday. Trisha will want some, too.”

“I can’t just...” Morgana began to protest.

“You will have a real dinner, Morgana,” Abigail interrupted, “and we should have you over more often, now that I know who you are. My family has been scrupulous about respecting your privacy. Though looking at the clock, dinner is perhaps after this meeting. While you three are doing your homework.” The last sentence was directed at her children.

“Already done,” Brian said. “I was going to work on my new model. I’m making real progress.” His current project, the ship-of-the-line *George Washington*, had 1200 pieces, most requiring modest woodworking prior to assembly.

“Me, too,” Janie added. “Grades night. Not much homework. But my new stones book is on thickness.” I’m not making progress in playing stones, she thought. I have to work harder.

“Thank you,” Morgana answered. “No, really. Dinner would be great. But we’re running short on time. Let’s see where I am. Janie, you played the move against Kurchatov. You have not, if I heard right, ever used the Eclipse move in match play. You were saving it for the Nationals. Right? You have friends your own age over for play. Are any of them any good?”

Janie shook her head. "Not really. But we play, and they get better. Joe improved the most. Sometimes I play Territories on-line. Anonymously. Worlds at War site doesn't allow personal information. They don't know who I am." They just know, she thought, that I thoroughly thrashed them.

"And there was this communications gap on who Joe is. Except he teleports. And has some combat skills. He was a friend your age. Am I right so far?" Morgana asked.

"Completely," Janie answered.

"Did you ever talk about him rescuing you?" Morgana asked. *<You two weren't carrying on, Janie, were you? I know you're way young for that, but it matters legally, so I have to ask.>* The telepathic question went unheard by the rest of the Wells family.

<No! Absolutely not!> Janie tried unsuccessfully not to sound offended. What did people think she was! "We kept in touch, after he rescued us. Well, he and I could reach each other mentally. I never needed to phone. We'd agree on good times for him to show up. Mom and Dad said it was all right. Didn't you, Dad?" Janie asked. She had asked, he remembered, and he had seemed to understand the question. "And sometimes we all played baseball nines together. A few times, Brian needed a couple extra players for his team. Trisha was always catcher. She insisted. And never managed to hit the ball."

Trisha, now dressed in a scarlet red pantsuit, cuffs and collar ornately stitched in orange flames, reappeared and sagged bonelessly into her chair. "I might have hit the ball out of the park by accident," she said.

"Absolutely," Patrick answered. "Joe was a good person. I'd have liked to have met him. Actually, I have met him, but you somehow forgot to mention who he was, Janie. He did save you two, and I gather he took a pistol or knife or something away from one of those scoundrels, the people the Stars Over Boston flattened. Fortunately you shouted for help, and he managed to avoid getting hurt."

"He's a good guy. He even helped us move the firewood into the garage," Brian said. "And once he made this incredible catch and throw to win a game for us. He threw like a girl, a girl who played hardball all the time."

"Last November," Trisha added. "The delivery guy just dumped the wood in the driveway."

"Last time we hire him," Abigail said.

"So we three got to carry it into the garage. No gifts allowed. The neighbors would have seen them," Janie said.

"But Joe showed up and helped. He said he owed Janie for playing City of Steel with him," Trisha explained. "He helped a lot. Of course, he's sort of my height, but really strong. Not gift-strong--you can tell--but strong. Strong as I am."

"Afterward on that?" Morgana said. "GR, there is a rule here, which is why you need a champion, Janie. Joe is clearly not Eclipse. Wrong height. Wrong hair color. And he's a boy. And you're not sure you ever played the new move against him."

"We talked about my move," Janie said. "I was really proud of it. We talked about some other variations. And why they were not as good. Well, that's what I thought then. We might have talked about the special move."

But it was a bunch of friends doing things.
Or him and me playing City of Steel.”

“May I confirm, mind-to-mind, that each of you does not know where Joe lives or any of his contact addresses?” Heads nodded. “Just focus on that statement. Good. He has protected the line between his public and private personae. That’s an absolute legal wall, like someone asking me, Professor Lafayette, who my public persona is, not that it’s much of a secret at this point.”

“Everything is good?” Abigail asked.

“We can talk afterward,” Morgana said.
“However, the clock is approaching eight. The simplest approach is that you open the garage door, I’ll be framed in the light, and Janie will be right next to me. And you two also, Abigail and Patrick, will be a few feet behind us. Then we come upstairs. Are people good with that, it being your house?”

“Unless we want to use the front door?”
Patrick asked.

“Big snowdrift, dad,” Trisha said. “I think I can get it in time, but it’s more snow than the whole driveway.”

“Skip the front door,” Patrick answered.

“We’d better get our coats on,” Abigail said.
“That includes you, Patrick. Do you want to borrow a coat, Morgana? We may be standing there for a while.”

“That’s very kind of you. I’m quite weatherproof, thanks. Actually, I’m going to leave my sweater here. I may need to move quickly,” she answered. Her sweater went across the back of a chair. She wore underneath a white cotton blouse. An intricately-worked gold necklace centered a single large blood-red stone on her chest.

Archive Midwinter
a zine for N'APA 225

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14 November 2016



Mailing Comments:

George Phillies: Love the Avalon Wall! I've got something of the same nature myself, although not as nicely arranged. More hodge-podge and scattered. Lots of old SPI board wargames. (I love the role-playing-gaming hobby -- my first sale was to Dragon magazine! -- and I'm a rpg addict-- but, gosh, I really miss board wargames!)

Jeff Barnes: Fun doggerel! I always love a good limerick -- or even a bad one! I love the really filthy ones! But this is a high-tone APA, so I won't recite a naughty one. (John Wayne voice.) I won't. Like hell I won't!

A curious fellow, Count Doku:
He orates on little or no cue.
He'll endlessly rap on
About his gigantic strap-on,
With which he is oft wont to poke you.

Lorien Rivendell: Fun reviews. The Matrix, especially, works best if you don't over-think it. (That's true of an awful lot of movies!) At the surface level, it's about the unanswerable question, "what if life is all a simulation?" Are we in a holodeck somewhere?

Descartes asked that question, and imagined that he answered it -- but today, we know he didn't. He just used a circular argument to claim that the world is real, because God is real. No one today is impressed by that kind of reasoning... The ugly truth is that we could be living in a sim, and there might very well never be any way to know.

(If I were designing a sim world of that nature, people wouldn't even be able to contemplate it as an option. There would be a "blind spot" in our reasoning, preventing us from even thinking up the idea. This reminds me of a story by George Phillies...)

John Thiel: Like, colors, man! This reminds me of a "can you top this?" competition some guys were playing, using BBS code. Colors, blinking text, scrolling text, upside down text, etc. It got remarkably garish!

rect me, the display of my watercolor painting at my high school only made me proud (okay, and a bit smug.) It was purely an ego thing. At the time, I wasn't able to reason in the philosophical terms you

describe. (I left high school very, very ignorant. I didn't even know what a paragraph was!)

re "cacaphony," oops! I guess I was thinking of the Greek root, and didn't realize it had been modified in that word. I also spell the word "judgement," because "judgment" looks really, really ugly to me.

re biographies, I'm currently reading "Roosevelt in the Bad Lands," a biography about Teddy, raising cattle in the Dakota Territory in 1883/1884. Somewhat embroidered, but largely based on accounts from people who were actually there. (A Project Gutenberg offering, plumb free!)

Can you say why you found the bio of General Sherman boring? Was it the writing, or the subject matter? Or some other fault or flaw? Seems to me it should be a darn good subject for a book. Have you ever read U.S. Grant's autobiography? Quite fascinating, and gives some wonderful insight into the war years. Also a little scary: he knew exactly what he was doing, expending lives at a hellish rate, in order to win the war. The USSR won against the Nazis in the same way: by not counting the cost.

George Phillies: re science fiction conventions, San Diego has a penchant (in addition to the gigantic Comic Con) for small, comfy, "relaxacon" conventions, where the total attendance is under 1,000. Often under 500. These are friendly and cheerful, and everybody has a fair chance to chat with the Guest of Honor. We're gearing up for our next ConDor, which will be number 24, none ever larger than 700 people.

(I stopped going to the Comic Con about eight years ago. Just too damn big. Too crowded, too noisy, too hectic. Not fun any more. Everything had to be on the scale of thousands. Gone were the days of small, thoughtful discussion panels, like "Gays in Comics" or the ever-dependable furry panel. Now, it's auditoriums with 5,000

people in them, listening passively to what is presented to them. No give-and-take, no questions-and-answers.)

re wireless peripherals, I'm really happy with my wireless mouse (trackball, actually.) It's one fewer cord cluttering up my environment.

I hear lots of bad talk about Windows 10, but my upgrade was pretty easy -- yes, I lost my printer, and had to download a new driver, but it was free, and Epson made it easy -- so I guess I don't understand the hate. To me, it's pretty darn close to Windows 7. I've still got all my apps, and can personalize the system to my desires.

(I'm not at all happy with my Android smart phone. There are just so damn many things I can't do -- or don't know how to do. I love the universality of Windows Ctrl-C and Ctrl-V. You can copy darn near anything from anywhere to anywhere else. Text, pictures, even music. The Android doesn't seem to have that wonderful versatility.)

Fun segment of The Girl Who Saved The World. Nothing new to add to what I've said before, other than that this is intriguing, and very different. To me, the most pronounced thing about it is the abutting of very different power levels. You have mega-powerful superheroes...doing totally ordinary things, like chatting about boyfriends. There is a kind of dissonance here, which I think I like!

What I Did In the Election

Actually, I'm still doing it: I got a seasonal temp job with the San Diego County Registrar of Voters. My job is opening mail-in ballots. I tear 'em out of the envelopes, and scan 'em for obvious blunders and boners, the sort that would confound the optical scanning tabulators.

Just as one example, I can see the color red, but the scanner cannot. So I set ballots marked in red ink off to one side for the Quality team to deal with. I see things like people voting for two (or more!) candidates, people voting both for and against a ballot measure, people making marks that are ambiguous, etc.

And then there are the write-ins! Lots of the expected kind: Bernie Sanders and Evan McMullin are big. But I've seen several Micky Mouse write-ins, a Daffy Duck, a God, a Jesus, a Satan, and "My Cat." Just today, I got two separate Jack the Ripper write-ins.

The work is as dull as dull can be. It's like peeling potatoes. It's grindingly boring. Oh, and it's seven days a week, ten hours a day. I am tired! I'm getting beaten as flat as gold leaf! We're going to get Thanksgiving Day off, and you can probably imagine how much I am looking forward to that!

I Sold Another Story

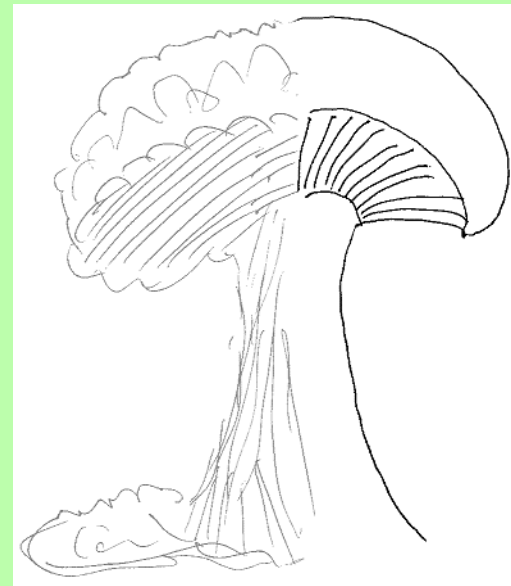
The title is "Whirligreg," and it is to Nova Magazine, published in Orange County, California, by Wesley Kawato.

My story is a "tech concept" piece about a new technology that someone invents in his garage, which changes the world. I'm a little proud of it.

I got a nice email from the guy who's doing the illustration for the story: he asked me what I wanted. That rarely happens! He invited me to send him a sketch, which I did. He sent me some roughs, based on the sketch, and they were nifty. It is extremely rare for writers to have any contribution at all to the illustration process. (I've been very lucky, over the years, and have had some truly great covers.)

How to Tell the Horror from the Flora

This is a series of poems and pictures I came up with, in shameless imitation of "How to Tell the Birds from the Flowers" by Robert Williams Wood. In a show of hubris and/or modesty, I have attributed this work to "Nodding Somewood." This is one of 27 panels. More (perhaps) to come.



The Mushroom and the Mushroom-Cloud

I think that I shall never see
An H-Bomb lovely as a tree;
Said Fusion to Hamlet, "e
Equals m times c times c,
A product that, inescapably,
Means 'thou shalt not be.' "

SYNERGY 3 November 2016



Produced for NAPA's 225th Mailing

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Editorial Musings

Well, things have certainly changed for me a lot in the NFFF. Here I'm in N'APA, and have produced one issue of Ionisphere with another one coming out in December, have charge of the Fan-Pro Coordinating Bureau, and am a nominee for Director on the Board of Directors. That's the highest I ever have risen in the N3F. And it's the biggest call to activity I have ever received. I think I might check out the Round Robins and become even more active.

President Phillies has informed me that the Board of Directors has voted in favor of financing advertising for the N3F in the three major SF magazines, ANALOG, ASIMOV'S, and F&SF MAGAZINE. That, it seems to me, is certain to boost our membership. I am also going to advertise the NFFF (free) in the ad space in SURPRISING STORIES, and give it further mention in the FANAC section of Surprising.

I now have both a Pro Contact (Jefferson Swycaffer) and a Fan Contact (Jon Swartz) in the Fan-Pro Bureau, and have other positions listed which I am attempting to have filled. Any of you in N'APA want to try a position out? A lot of the work is upkeep and support, which is managed by just being there; thereafter, something to report in each issue of IO. The upcoming issue has a bio of Jon Swartz to go along with his joining the activity.

Synergisms

I remember when the NFFF had a HUGE membership, over 200 people. And further back it had almost four hundred members. I wonder what some of the things are that has caused it to diminish to its present number.

I think one of the reasons must be the diminishing number of science fiction magazines. And of the remaining three counter-sold magazines, none gives science fiction fandom any publicity. This certainly is a throttling factor, and like the other problems which beset the world, there doesn't seem to be any workable solution—no one, for instance, is talking of establishing a new widely-distributed science fiction magazine with attention to the rest of the field and to fandom.

I recall in a Poe story where a fellow was sinking in a quagmire. If any of the others in his party of adventurers had come to rescue him, they'd have sunk, too, and they had no rope. Poe let the reader wonder for a bit. The rescue was described as impossible. Then their leader had people run and bring their toolbox. They emptied it and used the tools to shove the box out across the surface. It was rectangular and slower to sink in the morass, and the fellow used it to pull himself out, then rolled across it to where the ground was solid. There's a chain of association in the story—nothing would WORK—they WORKED—TOOLBOX. It was something that would work. Maybe the work on reviving a diminishing fandom would be similar. Poe wrote with a consciousness of being a writer, and of the problems writers suffer.

APA-E panicked when they got down to three, and now Ahrvid Engholm and Garth Spencer are doing recruitment on Facebook. A couple of members agreed to join, or at least consider it. FAPA

is greatly diminished too, and doing some "raving" about it on their Facebook page.

Well, there's no sense talking mox nix when your membership is small. Making what you say count is the solution to having a small membership, and brings about increases in membership, too; and talking about there being this problem is one way to make comments that count. "Understanding is what solves the problems" is what Elvis Presley said, or rather, sang. The only trouble with this is that people don't like to talk about the problem of diminishments. But those problems nobody talks about are the really big problems, and the ones most needing consideration.

SF activity on the net is too discursive. There should be a fanzine covering science fiction net activity, perhaps including a guide to it, with the aim of making everyone on the net aware of other science fiction on the net and establishing some more inter-relationship among the sites. I've thought of having them listed in Ionisphere, but there should be a zine devoted to this as well. Perhaps someone in the NFFF could come up with such a publication and have a dynamic effect on net fandom as a whole.

I'm looking forward to seeing new N3F publications, such as has been predicted and is starting to be accomplished. Let's look for an optimistic new year in the year which follows, instead of thinking a comet may drop on us or our polar icecaps may melt. There has got to be recovery; I am in disagreement with everyone who says there doesn't have to be recovery. What are we to do without recovery, may I ask? People are too accustomed to saying that this is the way things are about such things as national depressions. There is change for the worse, why not the better?

Notes On the Title

The zine title goes back to Theodore Sturgeon, who got the term discussed, and as I remember it, the discussion I read was occurring in the NFFF. Sturgeon was referring back to two of his stories, the novel MORE THAN HUMAN and the novella "Maturity" as well as a few other more incidental pieces, not to leave out the novella and later novel TO MARRY MEDUSA. His earlier togetherness concept was called a "gestalt", and being questioned about it he came up with further concepts to express what he had been writing about. His descriptions were woven into a mystique by the characters involved in this later study, a hodge-podge of juju, astrology, witchcraft, psychology and various systems of mysticism; the discussion included other terms of togetherness including that concept itself, togetherness; also instinctual perception and the spread of feeling in a crowd. A gestalt was a small collection of people inter-relating their abilities for a common goal which included survival.

This term "synergy" wasn't found in the edition of Webster's Dictionary I had when I first saw these words, but I've lately found them in the Britannica World Language edition of the Funk & Wagnall's Standard Dictionary: synergetic, adjective, working together, cooperative, as the flexor muscles of the leg. Synergism, noun, The doctrine that human effort cooperates with divine grace in the salvation of the soul. 2, Medical, The mutually cooperating action of separate substances which together produce an effect greater than that of any component taken alone, as certain drug mixtures. Synergist, noun, One holding to Synergism, 2, A cooperating organ, part or medicine. Synergy, noun, a concurrence of actions between different organs in health

or disease, or between different drugs.

Syzygy, another term mentioned by Sturgeon, is defined this way: Astronomy: One of two opposite points in the orbit of a celestial body when it is in conjunction with or opposition to the Sun; especially, the points on the Moon's orbit when the Moon is most nearly in line with the Earth and the Sun. 2, The union of parts or organisms. 3, a group of two feet in one verse. Syzygia: a yoke, conjunction; yoked, paired.

I didn't find the term "gestalt" in the dictionary either at the time Sturgeon was speaking of it, but I did see the term in a book of psychotherapy referred to as "Gestalt psychotherapy", interesting because Sturgeon had a psychiatrist as a character in MORE THAN HUMAN. Rollo May had this in a book simply called EXISTENCE, a collection of existentialist writings.

At one time I spoke to Daniel Keyes on the telephone about something called "Synesthesia", a study in which he said he was immersed. This was for an interview which appeared in an earlier IONISPHERE. It is defined as 1, Transferred sensations, sensations produced at a point different from the point of stimulation [my my], 2, The producing of a subjective response normally associated with one sense by stimulation of another sense, as of a color by hearing a certain sound.

I didn't interview Keyes (author of the psychologically based story "Flowers For Algernon") long enough to ask whether this research might have any connection with Sturgeon's research into synergy, or to ask whether it had anything to do with Timothy Leary's research which culminated in psychedelics. I might also refer to CHILDREN OF THE ATOM in matters of this sort, and a few TV shows and movies which seem to relate to this kind of study.

Comments On Other Zines

Robot Octopus vs. Beatniks From Mars: I'm just reading the Lovecraft collection the SF Book Club put together from an old Arkham House out-of-print edition called DARK SEAS OF INFINITY Lovecraft has a towering style, and puts together a ghostly world quite different from our own. But is it altogether different? I am seeing correlations of his worlds with our own realities. Of course, his characters are all looking for other dimensions, while from the viewpoint of the reader they might all live in one. He really gets deep into darkness.

The 1980s was when I was doing the original Ionisphere.

Notes From a Galaxy Far, Far Away: Certainly an unusual explanation for a discrepancy in the ages of a couple. "Between" sounds like it has a predilection for mathematical exactitude. I think what the writer must have in mind is a vengeful god sending a discriminatory plague, but he makes the thing subtle. Thorne Smith had a story with a hellish pantheon in which Satan had confederates with names. Yep, in the NFFF before you in the 80s. I kept copies of my own N'APA zine, ROCKET FUEL, but aside from that, only the OE's zine.

The Murdered Master Mage: Your attempts to revive the NFFF are certainly successful so far; there's a lot happening and all of it's improvement. You have, as you have seen so far, my help in the effort.

As I said, I have my own N'APA issues of Rocket Fuel, and they can certainly go in the archives, but what archives currently exist?





THE SILVER (STATE) AGE #3

an APAzine for N'APA 225 by Kevin Trainor, Jr.

September 18, 2016

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Back to school

Summer is over, which means it's time for tax pros to update their resumes and reapply to work in the upcoming tax season, and it's also time to do the mandatory continuing education classes so we're up to date on all the ~~horrible things~~ changes in the tax code perpetrated by Congress and/or the IRS. I thought about going to Kansas City for the H&R Block annual meeting, but the Social Security Administration and I had a disagreement about my disability payments, and until it's resolved, they're not paying me, so the cash flow was lacking.

The change of season also seems to be affecting my Uber work for the better. I don't know whether it's because college is back in session, or whether it's just a matter of having a whole pile of conventions and meetings in town, but I've had more riders and More Profit, which is Good.

Unfortunately, since I drive overnight, I miss a lot of the local fan activities; equally unfortunately, I managed to attend the meeting of a local fan club a month or so ago and will not be going back, since apparently even quiet conservatives are too much for the tender sensibilities of the local leftist fans to endure. I don't appreciate being baited, and when asked for my opinion on national politics by one of the femmefans (who had spent most of the meeting Republican-bashing, as she usually does), I answered coldly that I didn't discuss SF at local political meetings, and I didn't care to discuss politics at SF meetings, to which the reply was "Well, I do!" To which I replied, "Okay," and left. When I got home, I left the group on Facebook and resolved not to go back. I'd rather not go where I'm not wanted, or worse yet, wanted for the purpose of being a target. There are other fan clubs.

Currently reading The Fugitive Heir by Henry Vogel and playing *Fallout 3*.

A CASSEROLE OF LEFTOVER COMMENTS!

N'APA 221:

Archive Midwinter

Welcome to the select fraternity of N-list writers, as defined by the International Lord of Hate! :) Apparently you have a whole bunch of books available for the Kindle, at quite reasonable prices. I'll have to take a gander.

N'APA 223:

Notes From a Galaxy Far, Far Away

RYCTo Me: I actually enjoy tax work and Ubering for a lot of the same reasons; although I've been working hard at misanthropy, I really do like people.

Archive Midwinter

RYCTo Lauren: I own a Kindle Fire, and it does play movies through Amazon Video.

RYCTo George: I liked Ark Royal and the first two sequels myself, though I haven't gotten around to reading the later ones. Too much stuff to read and not enough time!☒☒ There are a couple of decent computer simulations of Bull Run and Gettysburg available for the Kindle Fire, and more wargames for the PC. I bought *Espana 1936* and *Steel Panthers* from Matrix Games a few months ago, and I believe Decision Games also sells wargames for the PC.

News: For what it's worth, one of the mad scientists in the *Fallout: New Vegas* add-on *Old World Blues* had created a deadly hybrid of coyotes and rattlesnakes which blend into the background far too well. I suppose those are slightly furry. Does that help?

The Murdered Master Mage

RYCTo Me: You have my sympathy with regard to being taxed on your retirement; it does seem unfair, but as I tell my unhappy clients, if you want it to change, you have to put the arm on your representatives in Congress. ☒☒ I don't know why I didn't file a report on this year's Anime Detour for the National Fantasy Fan, but I will definitely do so on next year's. ☒☒ I need to remember to get out to some of the local game shops and watch for more local conventions on Facebook. I have been remiss about recruiting since the end of the tax season; still can't believe I forgot to take flyers with me to Balticon.

N'APA 224

Cover

I am more than a little jealous, though my tastes ran more toward GDW and SPI games than Avalon Hill. I do have a fair number of Victory Games titles, though you seem to have the whole kit and caboodle.

Robot Octopus Vs. Beatniks From Mars

I've been warned that Halloween here in Las Vegas takes up an entire week. Didn't notice that last year, but I suspect this year I won't be able to avoid it.

RYCTo John: Your fiancée sounds like a keeper!

RYCTo Me: Nah, chickens should be eaten and not celebrated. ;)

Notes From a Galaxy Far, Far Away

The Matrix: It's actually the AIs who are running the virtual world to keep the humans unaware that their massed bodies are being used as electrical generators. The science is silly, but I suspect most people enjoyed it more for the martial arts and gun-fu. I wouldn't say it's fantastic, but it's entertaining and has smaller plot holes than *Equilibrium*, which is a similar movie with Christian Bale that came out at the same time and was crushed at the box office.

RYCTo John: Sympathy with the need to declutter. My apartment looks like a cross between a storage locker and college dorm room, what with all the still-packed boxes everywhere.

RYCTo Me: Uber is covering the bills and then some; most of my customers are tourists, but I also get a lot of locals who don't want to wait for the bus, don't want (another) DUI, or have some other reason to prefer us to the local taxis.

Synergy

Natter: Your opening comments remind me of a Ken Fletcher painting owned by my now ex-wife, "Behold The Hand Of Ghu!" which among other scenes depicted an apahacker's hand rising dripping from a hecto tray, a dazed fellow cranking a mimeo, and of course the postman bringing the latest disty.

RYCTo Me: It's true, that \$50 per diem can melt away very quickly on the Strip, which is why I don't go there except for bidness. On the very rare occasions when I gamble, there's an off-strip casino yclept Palace Station where I can risk my pennies in the video poker machines - but I haven't been there in months except to pay my electric bill and play Ingress, the predecessor to this newfangled Pokemon Go game.

The Murdered Master Mage

RYCTo John: Your ambition to rebuild the N3F into a fan organization that spans all aspects of fandom is one I support enthusiastically. I would like to see it become the online version of Dragon*Con, with something for everybody, rather than Certain Other Scientifictional Organizations which seem obsessed with excluding everyone with different experiences of SF and/or different opinions about what is good.

RYCTo Me: I appreciate your pain; as I am not technically an employee of Uber, I have to file quarterly estimated tax payments too, and don't enjoy it one bit. ☒☒ The situation is actually worse here in Las Vegas. Rideshare drivers are allowed to pick up and drop off only in specified areas at the airport and the Strip casinos, and of course you have to summon us via the app on your smartphone.

RYCTo Lorien: Much like the late lamented Windows Vista, I seem to be one of the few people that hasn't had problems with Windows 10. I found it a huge improvement over Windows 8, of which I will not speak further.

Natter: I would appreciate a review of The Fifth Season. I saw a plot summary elsewhere that convinced me it wasn't the great SF novel it was claimed to be.

/comments

One Of These Days...

Despite having succumbed to temptation and bought a Kindle Fire TV Stick and a Samsung smart TV to plug it into, I haven't watched a whole lot of TV, science fictional or otherwise. Heavens, despite paying for an MLB.TV subscription so I could watch my beloved Washington Nationals, I think I have seen a grand total of three games all season. At one point I sat down and calculated that for what I'd paid, I could have driven to Phoenix, seen the Nats play the Snakes live at the ballpark, and had enough money left over to cover the hotel room. Well, maybe not, but it would have been close.

I started to watch *Fringe*, at the recommendation of a friend who died a few years back, and while the pilot was very interesting, I haven't gotten around to watching the rest of the series.

As for *The Man In The High Castle*, I think Amazon did a great job converting Philip K. Dick's rather boring Hugo-winning novel into a series that somehow expresses the surrealistic horror of Dick's later novels quite well. I really like the series, but again, I have not been back to finish it since the fifth episode. Maybe I'll binge-watch it before the second season comes out.

My son (and others) has been raving to me about the *One Punch Man* anime, in which a rather unimpressive looking fellow named Saitama protects the metropolis of Z-City from a seemingly unending series of attacks by monsters. Saitama's secret is that he is actually so powerful he can defeat monsters with one punch, and as a result he's become bored and intentionally seeks out the strongest monsters, hoping to find a challenge, while leaving the lesser monsters to the world's superheroes. It's apparently showing on Toonami, and the Neon Alley streaming service, so I guess I'll have to wait for it to show up on Amazon, or buy the DVDs.

That's about all that's happening, except for routine stuff like eating, sleeping, and driving. Speaking of which, it's Sunday night here in Las Vegas, and to quote Yu Himehagi, "A driver's gotta drive."

NOTES FROM A GALAXY FAR, FAR AWAY #7

November 2016

For N'APA 225

Lorien Rivendell

(Lauren Clough)

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Origami T-Rex will take over the world

Tick-Tock, Tick-Tock

Where does the time go? It's now the deadline for another issue of NFAGFFA. It seems like time is rolling downhill and picking up speed as it goes along. Sometimes, I am very busy with work and music and sometimes I'm just too tired and I don't want to do anything except watch Netflix and play games on my phone. I think we all need to have something to do that is mindless, at least once in awhile.

My community band is getting ready for a holiday concert in early December. We will play pieces for Christmas, mostly, but do include a few of Hanukkah. We will hold a brief reception afterward. It's a good time to socialize.

NaNoWriMo

It is November again, and that means another National Novel Writing Month. 30 days of writing with abandon. 30 days of writing 50,000 words that may or may not make sense come December. The real point, at least for me, is to get something down. Anything. 50,000 words of anything.

I find I can write quite a few words in one sitting by setting a timer and just writing whatever comes to mind. It works well to come up with a topic, such as my main character's childhood and then just writing. I don't worry about editing, I don't worry about spelling or grammar or punctuation or making sense. My main task in the moment is the word count.

This year's novel takes place in northern New Hampshire. A snowstorm has isolated them from the rest of the world. I think there was a little help from some very bad world leaders who start a biological war. Little do my characters know, most of the rest of the world is no longer there. First, they need to survive the winter.

October Snow

Late October brought a snowstorm. It was nothing on the scale of the storm we got 5 or 6 years ago, which brought a foot or so of heavy, wet snow, but it did bring enough snow that people forgot how to drive. Ah, New England ... you'd think our memories would be longer than that.

Then we got temperatures into the 60s a couple of days this week. In mid-November! It's like a heat wave!

Technology

Technology continues to vex me. My Chromebook continues to freeze. I might as well go back to Windows, because my Chromebook gets all the Windows problems I was trying to avoid by getting a Chromebook. Windows has the advantage of being able to store things on a hard drive and to sync with my other devices. I can currently sync anything that is stored in the Google Cloud.

My Nexus 7 tablet died suddenly one day. I purchased a Samsung Galaxy Tab A to replace it. Since my phone is also a Samsung, there wasn't much learning curve to figuring it out. And, fortunately, everything important was stored in the cloud.

One annoying thing about Samsung devices is trying to make folders of apps. Just like with Apple, you hold and drag an app to another app until a folder appears. Except when I try to create and add to folders, the apps repel each other the way magnets do when you try to hold them together with the same poles matching.

Comments

Cover Art: When do you have time to play all those games?!?! I'm guessing it took years to collect them all. And kudos for keeping them so organized!

Jeff Barnes, Robot Octopus v. Beatnicks from Mars #4: LOL on the limericks.

I assume that you are married by now. Congrats!

I learned of Mike the Headless Chicken fairly recently. What a strange tale!

Minions okay, but I thought *Despicable Me* was better. I often like first movies and sequels not so much.

John Thiel, Synergy #2: I am not familiar with dittographs. I think it was a mimeograph that my father's school had. When I was a kid, I would type onto some sort of paper that made a stencil or something that could be copied on a machine. I also remember my dad taking a school project that I had done with another student to his school and copying it so I could have the copy and the other student could have the original. That was back in 1976, I think, and it must have been an early photocopy machine.

Every once in awhile, tornado alerts are not unheard of here, either. In fact, a tornado destroyed much of a town a bit south of me a few years ago. We also get what they call "microbursts," which, apparently, are mini tornadoes only different. One of those destroyed a bunch of trees in a town south of here a few years ago. Fortunately, no people or homes were destroyed in that storm.

George Phillies, The Murdered Master Mage #7: I've always assumed my N'APA contributions could potentially be seen by non-members of N'APA. I think it's a great idea to distribute copies of N'APA zines to potential new members, at the very least, since they should know what they are getting themselves into should they join.

It seems the Pokemon Go craze has pretty much become extinct. From what I've heard it was mostly harmless and got people out walking more. So there was the good side of it. But I've also heard about the darker side, where people trespassed and put themselves into danger because they were paying far more attention to their phone screens and not on their surroundings.