



N'APNA 229

The Official Organ

#229

Next deadline: September 15, 2017

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.

Please do **not** submit PDF files of your contributions without prior discussion.

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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Archive Midwinter
a zine for N'APA 229

by Jefferson P. Swycaffer
P.O. Box 15373
San Diego CA 92175

(619) 303-1855
abontides@gmail.com
jpswycaffer.com

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Mailing Comments:

Cover: Reincarnate as a Triffid? Ick! I'd be happier as a daisy. And I'm not even close to wanting to be Audrey II! Too mean!

OO: I just noticed the warning not to send .pdf files of our contributions. Oopsie! I've been doing exactly that for years now! I'll send a .pdf, but also the .docx as a backup. You'll have to tell me what is best.

Lauren Clough: Moving is no fun. They say that three moves is as good as a fire. But having a stroke is vastly less fun: I'm glad your mother is recovering.

I can put N'APA on my Kindle, but not comfortably. For the text to be large enough to read, the page has to be larger than the screen, which means I have to scroll left, right, left, right -- for every single line! Terrible! Intolerable! I can download comic books to my Kindle, but the same problem pertains: if the full page fits on the screen, then the images (and text!) are much too small, and for the images to be large enough, I have to keep scrolling. I suspect this is much less a problem on "tablet" sized Kindles, but I've got the old style where the screen is a bit smaller than a typical paperback.

Time: so true! So very little of it in a given day!

re John Thiel, I just read Dark Secret and quite enjoyed it. It wasn't until I read the end-papers that I recalled Lerner as the guy who wrote the three additional "Known Space" books with Larry Niven dealing with the Puppeteers and their human colony. Dark Secret wasn't perfect: it suffered a little from "idiot lecture." (Like when two spacers tell each other what "parallax" means.) But as rollicking super-high-tech sci-fi romp, it's got a lot of heart, and the characterization, especially, is very strong.

Kevin Trainor Jr.: Add auto collisions and emergency room visits to the long list of things that aren't any fun! Good luck to you in recovering health and damages!

Aye, 1,500 people is right at the upper limit of a comfy, small, relaxing, friendly convention. My idea of a good convention is one where, the moment I walk in the door, I recognize someone I know. (Often, this happens in the parking lot, walking toward the hotel!)

Agreement, re The Moon is a Harsh Mistress and A Mote in God's Eye: they are classics, and rightly so. They stand up very

well, and have not been forced into obscurity by the passage of time. Yes, some details have been made obsolete, but the story, and, most importantly, the high concepts, have not.

(The sequel to Mote, "The Gripping Hand," is...okay. Not a classic. And the third book, written by Jerry Pournelle's daughter, while a valuable contribution to the world, is also a bit weak. Both of these two follow-on books cut certain corners in order to keep the plot moving. Most especially, they quietly ignore the speed-of-light lag in communications, in order to make conversations between characters work.)

George Phillis: I'm a tad too young to remember the flood of 1861, but there were floods in San Diego in the 1960s and 1970s that were impressive. (Deadly, alas.)

I've seen laptops dolled up into Steampunk toys, and they are truly lovely. I even know a guy who made his laptop into a stone-age toy, right out of The Flintstones! It's hilarious! One thing I've thought about for years is getting a wrecked old upright piano and making a computer desk out of it. Open the front for the screen, put the keyboard where the keys would be, etc. Lots of open space inside for bookshelves! Fun!

re my job, alas, no, I will never be able to "retire." I may become physically (or mentally) incapable of working, but retirement, proper, is not for such as I. No investments. (I spent it all just paying the rent!) Poverty is also on my (growing) list of things which aren't any fun at all.

Fun installment of "The Girl Who Saved The World." I like the discussion of super-powers that are dangerous to the user. Yes, one could VERY easily become lost in space! It would take sophisticated astronomical instruments to triangulate location by observing very distant giant stars: it isn't something one could do with the naked eye. And just flying faster than the speed of sound

has some serious hazards, like aircraft, flocks of geese, or mountainsides.

As before, the contrast between super-powered-individuals, and ordinary people doing and saying ordinary things, is what gives this story the most charm. It's like a comfy combination of Superman and the Justice League...and Superman and Ma and Pa Kent.

John Thiel: Very nifty front and back covers! That's a really nifty style of fantasy art. Tell us more about Morris Scott Dollens!

I admire your idea about additional text resources as gateways to N3F activity. I'm dubious about the realization of this ideal, but if we all contributed a little, it could add up to something very useful indeed. Sign me up...

I liked "Traveler," but I'm not totally sure I get it. The message seems to be contradictory: that this world is as miraculous as any world of fantasy...or else it isn't. The last line is also a bummer: "Shine on, it's all you do." What a thing to say to beloved Mona, the love-lamp of our evenings!

Life, the Universe, and Everything

I'm still employed, but I actually failed in my job and was dismissed. The management like me, and so I got a second chance, and was reassigned to another division. My boss put in a good word for me. My problem is that, while my accuracy is very high, my speed is not very high. They wanted much more productivity -- claims per hour - - than I was capable of delivering. I'm good, and, in fact, I'm reasonably fast, but they wanted a real machine-gun approach, someone who could just trip-hammer claims molto presto.

So, now, instead of claims, I'm doing "eligibility," which is a little like quality assurance. I take claims that are broken, and try to fix them.

Terribly bureaucratic, but so it goes.

Meredith Nicholson

The joys of Project Gutenberg! I pick and choose, all but randomly, among the offerings, and occasionally stumble across true treasures. In this case, it's the works (and so few, alas!) of Meredith Nicholson. Nicholson wrote in the 19-teens and 1920s, and has a romantic, whimsical, elegant style. There are similarities to Robert W. Chambers (whom I also discovered via Gutenberg. Nicholson, like Chambers, writes about the New York upper-crust. But Nicholson's world is slightly elf-touched, and the stories have a tint of the fantastic. "The House of a Thousand Candles" is an oddball romance, also including a haunted house and a hidden treasure. "The Little Brown Jug at Kildare" is an absurd send-up of American state-house politics, with a proxy war between the Governors of North and South Carolina, in an imbroglio where the Constitution is well and truly shredded.

The sad bit is that he only wrote a half-dozen or so books, and so I will soon have mined out this rich and wonderful vein of prose.

(The good bit is that Project Gutenberg still has tens of thousands of wonders left for me to discover!)

The End

I recently got to write every author's favorite two-word sentence fragment! I finished my latest novel. It is "The Valley Left Behind," and is largely set in a hidden valley on the Greek/Bulgarian border where Homeric fantasy creatures still live: dryads, fauns, centaurs,

harpies, a minotaur, a titan (Themis, whom we know today as the blindfolded lady holding up the scales of justice) and one medusa.

(One of the liberties I'm taking is treating "medusae" as a class of entity, rather than the single individual of the original classical stories. So...sue me.)

In my story, a team of 21st century folk from "our world" stumble into this fantasyland. (One even jokes, "The only thing missing is Beethoven's Sixth Symphony.") The thing about this story that's a little too bad, and if I'd thought of this in advance, I'd have changed things to avoid it, is that nearly the whole story takes place in that one valley, that one limited setting. I think a good adventure novel needs to move around more, and I should have arranged for other locales. Well, too late now, 'cause I ain't gonna re-write the puppy. Of all of my novels, I'm afraid this is one I'm not the most proud of.

Instant Oatmeal

I'd never actually tried this before. How benighted my life has been! Stuff is yummy, and makes a really great mid-day snack. Relatively healthy, not very expensive, and comes in variety packs with lots of really fun flavors. You're never too old to discover something nifty!

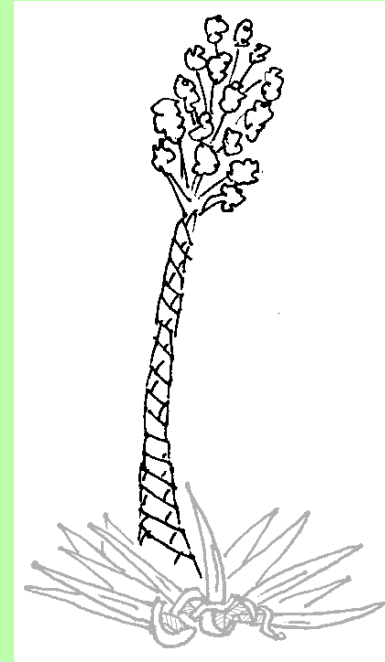
Softkeys

For years now I have been looking for a software app that lets you re-assign data strings to key-combinations. Something where you type "##now" and your word-processing document, or web screen, or other app, gets filled in with "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party." My workplace has Softkeys, and it does exactly that, saving me just gobs of typing time! I can short-cut my way through boilerplate and disclaimers at the speed of electrons! I'm trying to decide if I want to spend \$30 for a copy for myself at home!



Gladiola and Variola

Sitting in my window box
Is a pretty flower
Nothing like the demon pox
That scythed with deadly power.
Trapped today in vitrine locks,
It silently awaits its hour.



Spanish Bayonet

Curious and curiouser
Such meager Spanish bands
Furious and furiouser
Conquered all the lands, where
Injurious and injuriouser
The saber yucca stands.

The Silver State Age #6

an apazine for N'APA 229

Kevin Trainor Jr.
wombat.soch@gmail.com

July 4, 2017

3040 Kishner Drive #205
Las Vegas, NV 89109

OBLIGATORY NATTER

Well, Memorial Day weekend has come and gone, and with it Balticon, for which I managed to scrape the funds together after all. I will have a brief con report for the TNFF next week, and since I don't care to repeat myself I guess I won't. I will say that I was glad to spend time with my daughter -who was not attending the convention itself but was in the area getting work done and visiting friends- and an ex-girlfriend who was attending Balticon for the first time in almost forty years. She brought her husband, who I hadn't seen since the two of them were married, and the two of them have aged well together, which was good to see. Money being tight, I had to hang around the Baltimore/DC area until Wednesday, but fortunately a close friend and former employer had some crash space available in his old house in Laurel, and I was able to hang out and blog there until I needed to head up to BWI and back home to Las Vegas.

Once I got back, I had to scramble to get caught up on bills, since I'd chosen to attend Balticon instead of pay some of them on time. It took a lot of driving, much of it during the Electric Daisy Carnival*, but I am finally caught up on everything and can start putting money away, for I am sure that, like rust, Murphy never sleeps.

In fact, that event is already here. A few weeks ago, my Gateway desktop PC began randomly freezing and throwing up the occasional Blue Screen of Death. I'm no longer as good with the hard and the soft as I used to be, and my futile attempts to fix the problems ended with a thumb-fingered removal of the box's CPU and heat sink assembly from the motherboard – because I couldn't get it back into its slot. So I'm going to put a few hundred dollars away, take the box to one of the local computer repair shops and see if they can revive it, and if they can't, I'll start collecting parts for the next PC, because there are games I'd like to play that the old PC just can't handle.

I settled my tab with the county library and picked up half a dozen books, mostly from the 1632/Ring of Fire/Assiti Shards series. Turned out I'd read two of them before, but one of those was worth rereading (The Papal Stakes, by Eric Flint and Chuck Gannon) and The Cardinal Virtues by Flint and Walter Hunt was also good. Unfortunately, while the library had Charles Stross' The Rhesus Chart on hand and will be getting The Delirium Brief soon, they didn't have any dead-tree copies of The Annihilation Score or The Nightmare Stacks on hand at the time. Since I don't like reading series out of order, I figured I'd just wait until the missing books showed up. If someone happened to have an Kindle copy of the missing books they could loan me, on the other hand, I'd be enormously indebted. I also started Chuck Gannon's Raising Caine, which I am having mixed feelings about and have put down for a while, perhaps never to pick it up again. I liked the first two Terran Republic novels, but this one seems determined to run off in a number of different directions at the same time, and as a result, it's slow going.

Yes, the weather outside is brutally hot, but it's a dry heat. Still, I don't go out before dusk if I can avoid it.

*An annual music festival celebrating electronic dance music (EDM) held here in mid-June over a weekend. It might be best thought of as a cross between a rave and a carnival, and usually runs from dusk until dawn.

YE OLDE APA COMMENTS

Notes From A Galaxy...

(natter) I cannot imagine not taking the time to read for recreation in the course of the day, if only for a few minutes before I fall asleep. ☹️☹️ I'm still in the process of unpacking all my stuff that's been moved from Minnesota to Maryland (and back), then to Virginia, and finally here to Las Vegas. Every so often I find things I'd forgotten that I owned, and regularly repress the urge to buy something that I'm fairly certain I already have. The sole exception to that is the acquisition of e-books or digital music in lieu of dead trees or CDs. ☹️☹️ Good to hear your mother's recuperating from her stroke. ☹️☹️ I still have an AOL Mail account, but I have no idea if anyone's been trying to contact me with it. I don't think I've looked at it in a couple of years. ☹️☹️ I am mildly interested in what Microsoft will come up with to replace Windows. With the exception of Windows ME, which I never used, I have never had the kind of serious issues other people complain about. Even Vista treated me well., and as for Windows 8, I upgraded to 10 quickly enough that any irritations were soon forgotten.

(RYCTo me) Thank you for your kind words. There's usually some good cheer sometime during the family reunion/funerals, so it's not all bad, otherwise I probably wouldn't have the mixed feelings I do.

Archive Midwinter

(RYCTo John) My father warned me about this business of time going faster as one gets older. Unfortunately, he didn't have any suggestions regarding what to do about it.

(RYCTo me) Thank you for your kind words. I usually see my kids at least once a year, but my aunts, cousins, uncles, etc., not quite so often. Going to try and work on that.

(RYCTo George) I have a copy of Audacity myself...somewhere. It came with a small tape recorder that I was using to transfer music off cassettes onto my hard drive, but that was a few moves ago. It's in one of these boxes...somewhere.

The Murdered Master Mage

(natter) Well, that was irresponsible of him. Sorry you had to deal with that along with all the other burdens of your office.

(RYCTo Jefferson) The role players/power gamers division seems to be producing a dichotomy in the games themselves lately. There seem to be more "storytelling" games out there these days as opposed to more numbers-driven RPGs which lend themselves to a gearhead/munchkin style of play. I'd be interested in Jon's book when it comes out, having been a grognard as well as an early player of D&D and Traveller.

(RYCTo me) There is a company that makes those giant wind-up keys for Smart cars. ☹️☹️ Well, I often tell people that my retirement plan is death, and at the rate things are going I won't be retiring any time soon.

Synergy

(RYCto me) Doss was awarded the Medal of Honor in orders dated November 1 1945, which would have been during the Truman administration. An obscure Congressman from Texas wouldn't have had anything to say about it. ☹️☹️ I don't get the magazines either. Better ask Dave.

☹️☹️ From what I've seen of Mike Glycer, I'd just as soon do without his attention, much less his help. Help like his, we need like a hole in the head.

(natter) Congratulations on the new recruits! I talked to some folks at Balticon about joining, and they said they'd think about it.

The Murdered Master Mage #12

for N'APA 229

George Phillis

48 Hancock Hill Drive

Worcester, MA 01609

phillies@4liberty.net

I ran the national conference, and after a vast number of obstacles were overcome I managed to put up videos of the conference on YouTube. You can find them all on the GeorgePhillis channel; the lead video is Angela (Keaton).

It is summer, so I am spending a lot of time working on my garden, which insists on doing quaint things like growing. Last fall I considered mulching my fall of leaves, but that did not turn out very well, so instead of having the City haul them off I had to haul them to the leaf recyclers myself. To put it mildly this was something of a pain in the neck, but it is now over. I plant various perennials that come in at different times of year. You've actually seen some of them. Starting at the front of the year, I have crocuses, daffodils, lilacs, lupines, irises, astilbe, purple and yellow baptisia, salvia, daylilies, crabapples, mountain laurel, pieris, roses, rhododendrons, hydrangea, butterfly bushes, daisies, rudbeckia, helenium, echinacea, rose of sharon, lily of the valley, and eventually late in the season asters, among others. I have occasionally tried growing vegetables, but the outcome on this has been almost totally unfavorable. I do have a certain number of reblooming irises and reblooming daylilies, but the rebloom successes have not been very large. I also have a very large number of varieties of hosta, which do actually flower bit.

In different news, I am co-authoring a novel with Chris Nuttall. We agreed that our styles did not mesh perfectly well, and therefore I have the privilege of doing the first draft. It is a bit different than most science fiction, in that it is set on another world, but there is actually no fancy technology, no magic, no demons or spirits or whatever; it is a sword and sorcery novel without the sorcery. I am about eighty thousand words in. As a rough estimate, that means that I am about halfway there. However, I just pulled the complete rewrite of *Minutegirls* from the publisher where it had been waiting for 5 ½ years, am doing the final reread, and will soon be electronically publishing it. It was

in the position where the editor might have been willing to publish it if a suitable slot appeared, but we had to wait for a slot. Relative to other items done by that publisher, while it was military SF (there are several military SF publishers; I am not telling you which one), I am somewhat heavier on enriching the background and somewhat lighter on shoot-them-up scenes. You could say the novel is more like late David Weber than early David Weber.

Comments

Notes from a distant galaxy: Congratulations on surviving your move. While I did move a decade ago, it was to a considerably larger house, and if I move again, I expect it will need to be to a still larger house. I did have to clear out my late mother's house, which was an enormous amount of work, but did finally get finished. Sympathies on your own mother not being well.

Archive midwinter: the first bits and pieces of magazines have in fact been scanned by David Speakman. I am forwarding what I have to the N3F archivist, Jon Swartz. In the middle of the stuff that has already been scanned is a section of the original printing of *The Immortal Storm* by Moscowitz, this being the version in mimeograph on old acid paper. I had seen the original hardback, but didn't realize that there was an earlier mimeo version.

Indeed, there are self-driving trucks in some use in Germany. I gather they go from a depot directly onto the autobahn and then off into another depot, but that is a fair part of all driving.

Frankly, I would not consider migrating my music collection, such as it is, to a computer. Electronic memory is highly fragile. Properly cared for vinyl goes on for a long time. That was a quaint bit of flora and phobia, quite well done.

The Silver State Age: your comment about moving to larger hotels has some interesting implications. Apparently there was local discussion, in which I was not involved directly, of the possibility of having a future world con in Boston, where there have been several prior world cons. The local world-con-interested-people concluded that Boston hotel space is simply not adequate, and therefore they will not be making a world con bid, at least

based on their current situation. DragonCon is much larger than a world con, so far as I can make out, but they take over the entire hotel space of one of the larger cities in the United States, including a major street for the world con parade, consisting mostly of people in costume. For example, or so I have read, not having seen it, I gather there is a formation consisting of a significant number of Imperial stormtroopers.

Sympathies on your automobile crash. You do not have to feel you are a slacker. I view it as a significant commitment to watch television one hour a week, for half the year, and perhaps watch election news on that second Tuesday in November. Admittedly, that rapidly turned into the day after the second Tuesday in November, at least last year, because I stayed up late enough to watch Donald Trump give what was actually a very magnanimous acceptance speech. On the other hand, I was apparently in the small minority of Americans who thought it was 50-50 as to which of the candidates was going to win the election, so I was not surprised by the result. If the Democrat had won, I would've still not been surprised by the result.

As a general comment, please send letters of comment to TightBeam, Ionisphere, and each of our other zines. That's one of the things we do to keep our editors going.

I occasionally intend to procure a copy of Starship Troopers and determine if my memory is correct, namely that the arguments Heinlein put out against communism were precisely the strawmen that Karl Marx erected and shot down, quite properly, in Capital. You may conclude from what Heinlein did either that he was signaling that he was not actually arguing about the validity of communism, since anyone who knew anything about it would immediately recognize the arguments, or alternatively that the fictional instructor in the class was waiting to see if a student would ever look up what he had claimed that Marx had written.

Synergy: A truly fine pair of covers. Thank you for your assistance on recruiting.

The Girl Who Saved the World (continued)

Great Dome of the Capital

Washington, Federal District

January 13, 2018

Late evening

The atmosphere under the Capital Dome was even frostier than the Cambridge blizzard. Speaker Ming, three Gamesmasters, and Krystal North stood in a circle.

“The notion that this slip of a girl can come up with such a move is absurd,” Supreme Gamesman Kamensky announced. “She must have backers, backers she failed to divulge. That’s lying to this inquiry, and grounds for more rigorous interrogation. Under the Tsar, she would be removed to the tender graces of the Okhrana until she revealed who her backers are. This could still be arranged.”

Grandmaster Kurchatov’s face stiffened.

“Fortunately, Kamensky, this is a civilized country, so such things do not happen here.”

“Alexander Vladimirovich,” Krystal repeated, “Cambridge is in the American Republic, so such an outcome does not arise.” Kamensky and his crew appeared to think that they were the lords of the Earth, entitled to do whatever they wanted. She hoped she could talk some sense into them.

“Miss North. Really. I would not dream of violating your quaint local customs,” Kamensky answered vociferously. “Though Miss Wells’ second, a charming college professor a third my age, would hardly have been a serious threat to my escorts.”

“Alexander Vladimirovich,” Krystal said, “Professor Lafayette, that young lady, as you put it, is a first-line persona. I can name three times she had a serious brawl with a Lord of Eternity. She came out on top all three times. In case you haven’t noticed, the Tsar’s Persona Corps has no one who can stand up against an Eternal, one on one, for more than a few seconds. If your unseen Russian Imperial Elite Persona Strike Group had tried what you suggested, Count Supreme Gamesman Kamensky, they would now be toast. Charred toast. It was painfully obvious Professor Lafayette could tell where your team would be appearing, to the inch, and was ready to eliminate your precious national team as they arrived. That’s before my League rode to the rescue. That’s Janie’s rescue.

Also Professor Lafayette's rescue, not that she would have needed it. Indeed, my League's major task on arrival would have been to sweep up the ashes. If you'd been a co-conspirator, we would be sweeping up your ashes, too. With modest luck, the Federal Senate would later have agreed that you had acted on your own, not on behalf of your government, in which case America would not be ending January by going to war with the Tsar. I hope I have made this point adequately clear?"

Kamensky turned on Speaker Ming. "I must protest these idle American threats."

"Supreme Gamesman Kamensky," Ming answered. "Miss North was simply clarifying the political situation for you. I believe she is in error on only one point. In my opinion, if the Russian Army invaded Boston, in order to kidnap and torture a little girl, it would have been impossible to convince the People and Senate of the American Republic that you had been acting on your own."

"In that case," Kamensky announced, "I prefer to return home." Kamensky vanished. Krystal felt a flood of relief. If Kamensky had tried kidnapping Jane Caroline, matters would have become extremely unfortunate extremely quickly.

"Interesting company the little girl keeps," Kurchatov said. "I suppose Miss Wells must have come up with her new move for herself. Those variations she proposed all looked...flawed."

"Victor," Grandmaster Hornpiper asked, "I had had the same thought, but then decided that if I were in her predicament I would have been delighted to tell you about many variations on my move...the bad variations. In her position, if I'd been asked about chess openings, I would have talked at length about the Horns of Hattin opening, or perhaps the Glorious Shield of Sarnath."

"You're mean, Honarius," Ming said, not at all seriously. "Surely this sweet little girl would not pull such an underhanded trick?"

"This sweet little girl," Kurchatov said, "forced me to offer a tie when we played, a tie she gleefully accepted. She had good chances of winning, too, but preferred the certainty of a draw. That put her ranking up considerably. She is highly underhanded."

"Good for her," Ming said. "She embodies the highest aspects of the American gaming spirit." The two Grandmasters nodded affirmatively.

"Gentlemen," Krystal said, "I am happy to have both of you teleported home, it being late indeed, but I need to have a watch put on the Wells residence and on all three children. Baron Kamensky might be smart enough to back off, but some of his backers are decidedly less cautious." All we need, she thought, is a possible war with Russia, on top of whatever outcome the Namestone and its bearer create. "Mister Speaker, I fear we need to have a short private conversation. Please?" Ming nodded.

Speaker Ming's office looked out at the Washington monument and the Aquea Potomociae. The Jefferson Monument rose in the distance. Tapestries lining the walls, carefully reproduced stitch by stitch from the originals, showed the founders of the Republic. Two thousand years ago the founders had arrived in Massachusetts Bay, fleeing the Pacific Northwest and the ruins of Leviork. The globe-spanning empire of the Leviorkianu had ceased to exist. In the course of an afternoon Solara had laid it waste, leaving behind only the desolate remains of its crystal towers.

Speaker Ming gestured at her and one of his deeply-padded arm chairs. "Tea?" he asked. "Or something much stronger? Krystal, I have known you for two decades, and that is the closest I have ever seen in you to sheer terror. Whatever was wrong? You had the entire National team ready to cover your back if Kamensky had tried something foolish. The Wells family seemed to be nice people, whose deaths in this case would have been a cause celebre, something tragic, something you would have worked heroically to avoid, but that did not seem to be the issue." Krystal pointed at the tea pot. He poured two cups of his special blend. "It's by now cool enough to drink immediately."

North waited for her hands to stop shaking, sniffed the bouquet, sipped, and set the cup back in the saucer. "Mister Speaker, there are certain national secrets that I bear on account of my office. Only rarely does my office reveal them. This particular one was given to Speaker Adams as King George's

invasion fleet approached, to Speaker Seward at the start of Crittenden's War, but was not discussed by my predecessor with Speaker Roosevelt during the 1908 Summer War."

"I see," Speaker Ming said. "Or perhaps I do not see. I trust your judgement whether to tell me."

"Actually, Mister Speaker, the difficulty is that you did see, though for some reason the three Grandmasters did not notice what was under their noses," Krystal said "Perhaps they couldn't. There are ways of doing that. Professor Morgana Lafayette. Her necklace was, unmistakably, the Orb of Merlin. Supposedly the bearer only reveals it if its use is likely to be imminent. The not-at-all young lady wearing it also calls herself by a three-word respelling of the name she currently uses."

Speaker Ming paled. "As found in a certain Constitutional Amendment?" Krystal nodded. "These are indeed very deep waters." Ming's hands shook. "However, I did not see the ashes falling from the sky, nor hear the shrieking of the damned souls. I am not complaining that her other persona did not manifest itself. Do you think Miss Wells knows who her champion actually is?"

"Unlikely," Krystal answered. "The middle name Lafayette claimed. It's a literary reference to a famous novel of a previous cycle, a novel every child then read in school. It means 'the one in the shadow'."

"She looks like a happy young woman, not like...her manifestation," Ming said.

"Hopefully she will stay that way," Krystal answered. "If she actually became annoyed with the Tsar, his subjects would probably perish."

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Chapter Six
Secure Chamber Alpha
The Palace of Peace
Geneva, Switzerland
Morning
January 14, 2018

League Chancellor Lars Holmgren tapped his walnut gavel twice on its black elm sounding block. "Good morning! Gentlemen? Ladies? I know it has been a very long few days. May we have order,

please? This meeting of the League of Nations Special Peace Executive is now in session, Prince Wang taking any needed notes. Thank you, Prince Wang. I believe we have all reviewed the recordings of Wednesday's events. I have circulated an agenda. Under the non-emergency rules, we begin by naming ourselves."

"For the American Republic, Ambassador Thaddeus Buncombe." Buncombe, wearing a classic pinstripe three-piece suit with broad red, white, and blue vertical-striped tie, leaned back in his chair. Now, he thought, there would be the foreign kings and princes, their representatives, and their pompously useless titles. He looked around the room. The Peace Executive sat at a horseshoe-shaped white marble table, with Holmgren in the middle and Buncombe at the heel of the horseshoe's right branch. The walls and floor were the same brilliant white marble, carved and inlaid with what the European founders of the League viewed as scenes showing the triumph of civilization. To Buncombe's eyes those scenes mostly represented Europeans trampling other parts of the world under foot. Curiously, images of King George the Mad attempting to trample America were conspicuous for their absence.

"For Austria-Hungary, Count Karl-Michael Ferencz ." Buncombe nodded respectfully at Ferencz. King-Emperor Joseph III had spent forty years requiring that his representatives be highly competent. The Count might have a title, but he had surely earned his post.

"For the Brazilian Empire, Ambassadrix Amanda Rafaela Mascarenhas da Silva." The speaker was a woman in her early sixties, hair a deep black, her blouse, vest, and long dress a brilliant royal blue fringed in gold. Buncombe smiled politely. Amanda was one of the few truly thoughtful people on the Peace Executive.

"For the Queen-Empress Victoria, the Third of her Name, Lord Reginald Featherstonehaugh." The current Featherstonehaugh, Buncombe considered, was considerably less arrogant than his father, who Americans could readily imagine as one of the crown officials who cheered on King George III, George the Mad, as he launched the 1774 British invasion of the American Republic.

“For the Celestial Republic of the Han, Prince Wang Dongfeng.” Dongfeng looked politely around the room, the blank look on his face masking his inner thoughts.

“Speaking for the Emperor of All France, Napoleon the Sixth, I am Imperial Grand Marshall Bernard-Christian Davout.” Davout wore the polychrome uniform of a modern French Field Marshal. It was possible, Buncombe thought, that some color had been omitted from his ensemble, but if so it was by oversight. For all his military decorations, Davout’s military experience was quite limited. Davout’s own conquests were more focused on the boudoir, and over the years had included several of his fellow Ambassadors, though despite his best efforts not Amanda Rafaela. Davout’s country, including its not-protectorates from the Caribbean to the Eastern Mediterranean was nonetheless an eminently civilized place, in which an American could consider living. Napoleon might style himself Emperor, but its local governments including the Greek and Spanish Kingdoms and Venetian Republic had an independence that only Frenchmen and Americans found entirely reasonable.

“For His Aweful and Terrible Majesty, the Almighty Supreme Warlord of All the Germans, Kaiser Friedrich the Fourth and Greatest, I am Markgraf Heinrich Moeller.” All the Germans, Buncombe noted to himself, if you ignored the Austro-Hungarians, the Swiss, the Bavarians, and the residents of the French Rhineland. The Germans were forever scheming to recover the mythical past glories to which they thought they were entitled, these being all places where German had at one time been spoken, their schemes having as their primary effect solidifying the anti-German alliance that included all of their neighbors.

“The Speaker for the First Speaker of the Mexica and the Inca.” Lord Smoking Frog, Buncombe considered, never actually spoke his own name. In his home country, for him to speak his own name might have been an impolite way of reminding people that the Empire of the Mexica and the Inca was in fair part run by the Maya.

“For the Osmanli padisahleri, the Emperor, may his wisdom increase forever, has sent me, his Grand Vizier, Suleiman Pasha.” So that’s who he is, a

fellow I have never met, Buncombe thought. And Suleiman Pasha normally stays out of sight, so the Emperor gets all the credit for Suleiman’s good ideas, and Suleiman avoids all blame for his own bad ideas. If the Ottomans sent their Prime Minister, they are taking matters much more seriously than I might have expected. For better or worse, that replacement can’t happen to me, it being illegal for Congressmen to travel outside the American Republic

“Ambassador Fateh Singh of the Sikh Empire, Speaker for all South Asian states.” Singh’s cloth-of-gold coat appeared to Buncombe to be wasteful, not to mention cold. Similar criticisms might be made of most of the other foreigners, none of whom had adopted the simple, frugal, not to mention comfortable style affected by American diplomats. Singh, however, was someone you could speak with privately, and have some confidence that he was not saying whatever he thought that you wanted to hear.

“I am Saigo Shigetoshi, Legate of the Satsuma Daimyo.” Buncombe nodded politely at Shigetoshi. Relations between America and their Pacific neighbor had always been friendly, each side recognizing that any other attitude was pointless. The legal fiction that Shigetoshi only represented the Satsuma Daimyo rather than speaking for the Emperor and the Shogun was one of the quaint aspects of doing business with the Japanese. It was almost as quaint as the fiction that Shigetoshi’s wife merely liked a bit of gossip, rather than being the Imperial spymaster for Europe. Shigetoshi’s seven layers of polychrome kimono, besides being gorgeously colorful, managed to be both warm and comfortable.

“Legate Hong Sangui of Manjukuo.” Hong carefully look away from Buncombe. Relations across the Bering Straits had been frigid since the Manjukuoans discovered that their failure to contest the ownership of Alaska had given away huge gold and mineral deposits. Of course, Buncombe considered, the Empire had been so little interested in Alaska and places beyond that they had retained a Russian to explore them. Hong wore pale yellow court robes, embroidered left and right with a pair of five toed dragons, showing a close tie to the Imperial family. A large scarlet fire sigil sewn on each forearm of the robes indicated his performance on the Imperial Examinations. He had finished in

the highest rank. The lower ranks test memorization, Buncombe reminded himself, but the highest ranks were based on puzzle solving. Hong hid a top-notch mind behind his refused shoulder.

“For Peter, Emperor of all the Russias, Princess Elizaveta Romanoff.” The oldest daughter of Tsar Peter VI wore classical Russian court dress, complete with a tiara. Romanoff’s coat and blouse and trousers were brilliant scarlet spackled with silvery lace and trim. The platinum alloy highlighted her long hair, faded by the decades from raven-black to pure white. At 60, she preserved the figure she had had at 20, a figure that hid her sharp wit and sharper memory. The figure, Buncombe thought, was undoubtedly in fair part a consequence of her wearing at all times a substantial tonnage of silk and precious metals. All times, of course, except those in which they were being removed by any of several of the other Ambassadors or good friends, since she adhered to the traditional European standard ‘who cares who has a slice of the cake, once the cake has been cut.’

“Colonel-General Wilhelm Christian aus und zu Dreikirch, League Secret Political Police.” Dreikirch snapped to attention and clicked his heels. Buncombe recognized his dress uniform, which was modestly gaudier than the uniforms worn by the major domos of not-quite-first-line New York hotels and the Admirals of some minor-country navies, the ones whose ships might or might not float if they were taken out of dry dock. The New Hampshire State Guard used the same color scheme, minus ten pounds of gold braid and jingling medals, for its winter camouflage uniforms. Dreikirch affected the mannerisms of the Prussians, but was certainly not partial to the desires of Kaiser Friedrich. After all, there was a regulation against that.

“League Elite Persona Brigade, Brigade Leader Valkyria.” The tall, blue-eyed woman now wore an ankle-length flame-orange dress rather than her more familiar battle armor. The loose sleeves of the blouse failed to hide her substantial muscles. Unlike many folks in plate mail, Buncombe reminded himself, Valkyria was not stupid, just vigorously rules-oriented. In some ways, rules-oriented could be worse.

“League Chancellor Lars Holmgren.” Unfortunately, Buncombe considered, the Chancellor was unlikely to consume too much from his pocket flasks, no matter how amusing the consequences would be.

Where was this meeting going, Buncombe wondered? The Ambassadors had met often enough that most of them, most of the time, did not feel obliged to insult each other. Positions of the Great Powers on ownership of the Namestone were hardly state secrets, at least among the powers that believed that the Namestone existed. The Celestial Republic of Prince Wang was by no means convinced that there actually was a Namestone. After all, if it existed, the Martyr would undoubtedly have given it to the Perfect Man, the Emperor of the Middle Kingdom, Lord of All the Earth, when the Martyr first arrived on Earth three millennia ago, and he had not done so. The IncoAztec Speaker for the First Speaker doubtless agreed with the Celestial Republic’s Ambassador, except of course that the Martyr would undoubtedly have given the Namestone to the First Speaker, the Living Sun.

“General aus und zu Dreikirch, is there any progress to report? I know there is also an agenda, but first things first.” Holmgren directed his attention to the chief of the League Secret Political Police, who looked even more bedraggled than his audience. He had been awake for almost two days, ever since the universal solar eclipse began.

“We are pursuing every lead,” Dreikirch answered, his bushy grey mustache all aquiver. “There has been an extremely thorough search for persona fitting Eclipse’s description. Every one of our files has been carefully examined. Inquiries were made by Interpol to the police forces of every nation. The garb we saw on video is registered with Niederhof’s on the Vienna Ringstrasse, but as you know absolutely no one has ever penetrated Niederhof’s security arrangements to see the persona behind the garb. Tomorrow their lead window display will be replicas of Eclipse’s three garbs -- yes, she has three of them -- and ‘Niederhof, supplier of fine garb to Eclipse, the Glorious Bearer of the Holy Namestone’ will be their selling point. I infer that the customer paid in gold thalers that were promptly melted down and reminted, so there is no DNA trace.

“Other than that, there is no record whatsoever. My staff agrees that Eclipse is a woman, not too advanced in years, likely late 20s, and rigorously trained. Who is behind her? There must have been a huge support team, but they remain in the shadows. There was a fuss because the Bearer used a move first revealed by that American girl, Jane Wells. Wells was interrogated at length by two grandmasters and the Supreme Gamesman himself. They found no indication that she was the source of this Eclipse’s move. I have no more to report.” Dreikirch, Buncombe noted, carefully skipped over the issue that the Russians had been prepared to kidnap Wells, the Americans were protecting her, and from Hornpiper’s video recording there was something very strange about Wells’ persona champion, something not in the coded reports Buncombe had been sent.

“Ah, yes,” Holmgren said, “the Agenda. As we are now in Regular Order, there is a Speaking Stone, and an order of speaking. The first issue is the complaint, actually, complaints, about the League Strike Force and its actions on Atlanticea. The speaking order is the order in which I received complaints, followed by standard order. Several of you have made emphatically clear that you object to treating these issues in closed session, so we are not closed. We begin with traditional short opening remarks and then turn to substantive issues. Ambassador Moeller, I believe you speak first.”

Moeller straightened his tie. “The Supreme Warlord of All the Germans is most concerned with the lack of properly aggressive action by the League Elite Persona Brigade. The moment that the Bearer refused to hand over the Namestone, the Bearer should have been summarily executed, without giving her any warning or further argument. League resolutions, binding on every person in the world, make clear that it is entirely and most strictly forbidden for any private person to retain custody of the Namestone. Equally, League Resolutions, binding on every person in the world, make clear that it is entirely and most strictly forbidden for any private person to dispute the right of the League to take possession of the Holy Namestone for the benefit of all humanity.” Buncombe pulled from one of the desk drawers at his side a small glass pyramid and set it on the table in front of him. You won’t, he thought, make those claims without a vigorous objection. On the other hand, those claims

were even more impressive in the original German, which you do not know that I can read. In fairness, who ever heard of an American who could read or speak a foreign language, other than a few spies? Buncombe was slightly surprised when Featherstonehaugh put a similar pyramid on his section of the desk. “However, the Bearer was not summarily executed. It is therefore the irrefutable opinion of the Supreme Warlord that the leadership of the Elite Brigade should be replaced, the Brigade being given new, competent, and therefore of course necessarily Prussian leadership.” Valkyria’s face stiffened. Several more pyramids appeared on desks. And why, Buncombe wondered, was Moeller bothering with such a proposal, which no one in their right mind would accept?

“We are further particularly concerned that large numbers of persons around the world watched this Eclipse persona while she defied the entire League and thus the collective wisdom of all mankind,” Moeller continued. “The notion that single individuals are entitled to disobey, no, even to question the directives of their superiors is entirely and most rigorously unacceptable. That position must be categorically rejected by this Executive and by extension by all civilized people. Failure to reject this notion will lead to riots, disorders, strikes, anarchism, and independent thinking, an intolerable state of affairs that must be put down like the mad dog that it is.

“Finally,” Moeller said, “the Supreme Warlord of all the Germans notes that League Resolutions make it explicitly clear that it is the separate and overriding duty of every Great Power to make every effort to arrest and capture the Bearer and obtain for the benefit of the League of Nations the Key to Paradise, the Holy Namestone. Accordingly, the Supreme Warlord has ordered and directed that the German Elite Persona Team is to move immediately to wherever in the world the Bearer is found, there to incapacitate her and take control of the Namestone. There is of course always a hazard in operations of this type that other parties will be slightly injured or that there will be some minor incidental damage to property. Such costs are appropriately born by the country in which the damage takes place, because if that country had acted in an appropriate and rapid manner, the Bearer would have been captured before the German Elite Persona Team could have deployed to

the scene to take command of the Namestone for the benefit of all humanity.” Additional pyramids appeared on various desks. Moeller handed the Speaking Stone to Lord Smoking Frog.

“I bring you Greetings from the One World, the Six Regions, and the Land of the Obsidian Hummingbird. The First Speaker, the Living Sun, notes that the Bearer did not immediately comply with the direct and explicit orders of Brigade Leader Valkyria. The First Speaker, the Living Sun, is most concerned that Miss Eclipse’s depraved behavior will serve as an ill example for the piously faithful and diligently industrious workers and peasants of the One World,” Lord Smoking Frog said. “Those people are all wonderful citizens of our Empire, but like all people other than the Living Sun they are at risk of being led astray by malevolent foreign interests. This risk must be eliminated as rapidly and diligently as possible.

“Furthermore, the Assembly of the Tlatoani and the Council of the Realm are united in insisting that in the face of a League Resolution this Eclipse person owed instant obedience to Commandant Valkyria. That is the way it is in all well-ruled countries. Those who lead direct. Those who follow obey without question, hesitation, or thought. When Eclipse was seen not to obey, she set the example that disobedience can ever be a valid option, which of course it is not. At the first moment that she refused to obey, she should have been struck dead. Better, of course, she should have been rendered unconscious, separated from the Namestone, and then she should have been tortured to death. Slowly. Her agony and death would then have sent a clear message on the virtue and correctness of that unthinking obedience that is the true strength of all civilized lands. Therefore, we believe a Special Commission should immediately be appointed to deal with the most important of all questions, namely choosing for Miss Eclipse the most painful and terrifying possible form of execution, following which her still-beating heart should be offered up to Witchywolves. Also, to avert a repetition of her escape, command of the League Elite Persona Brigade should immediately be transferred to the Perfect Warrior, The First Speaker, the Living Sun of the Inca and the Azteca.

“Finally, the First Speaker, the Living Sun, is most emphatic that the Namestone must be recovered as

soon as possible and used to bring Heaven to Earth. Accordingly, the First Speaker has ordered that the Jaguar Knights be immediately ready to attack the Bearer, no matter where on earth she is found. The Jaguar Knights are well-equipped with teleporters and high power combatants, so there can be no doubt that the Bearer will be overwhelmed by their attack. We are in complete agreement with Supreme German Warlord that while there is a possibility of incidental or collateral damage, that such damage must be recognized as a heroic sacrifice on the part of those suffering the damage, for which of course they do not need to be compensated. In saying this, we do not deny the privilege of the ruler of any of the Great Powers and the other powers to compensate his citizens for any damage they may have suffered while being associated with the heroic act of capturing the Namestone.” Buncombe noted that several of his fellow ambassadors were looking significantly askance at the remarks of the Speaker for the First Speaker. The Speaking Stone was passed to the next ambassador.

Grand Vizier Sulieman Pasha looked around the room. “The Emperor of the Ottomans, Defender of the Faithful, Protector of the Three Holy Places, may his piety and virtue redound to the heavens, has taken note of the failure of the League Strike Team to procure the Namestone. On one hand, it is entirely sad that there was no capture. On the other hand, the Emperor, may his wisdom increase forever, recalls that this body discussed at great length on a regular basis the protocols to be used if someone other than us managed to thread the Maze and recover the Namestone. His Imperial Wisdom believes that the League Strike Team did in fact execute the plan that was applicable. The Leaders of the Corps of Janissaries have advised the Emperor: It is unfortunate that the agreed-upon plan was not successful, but that is the nature of plans. They do not always work. The Emperor therefore does not believe that it would be particularly appropriate at this time to transfer command of the League Strike Team from its current command staff to the Commandery of the Worshipful Hosts of the Pious and Faithful for Monotheism and Pious Struggle, as the Ambassador of the German Warlord has so wisely suggested.” To Buncombe’s eyes, Moeller looked dumbfounded. “In particular, there might be some confusion arising from the issue that the League Team includes both men and women, the women not serving as camp followers and bed

warmers, contrary to any reasonable arrangement within a military force.” Buncombe noted that the women in the room were all striving not to break out into laughter. Fortunately, he considered, they had heard this line before from the usual Ottoman Ambassador. “Also, in all our planning we made no plan that allowed for the possibility that a Lord of Eternity would be present or would seek to intervene in the recovery of the Holy Namestone, so the plans were less than complete.

“Having said that, the Protector of the Three Holy Places has at his beck and call what is undoubtedly the most powerful group of personas in the entire world. There is therefore no need for foreign groups to enter the Lands of Peace in pursuit of the Namestone. Such an entry would provoke unfortunate consequences for the intruders, for which the Defender of the Faithful could not possibly take responsibility.” Buncombe brought to mind several ancient American adages involving the concept of the slow train wreck. It seemed more than a bit likely that several foreign powers would be perfectly happy to have their persona teams invade the territory of other foreign powers with what would be claimed to be the best of intentions, do astonishing amounts of collateral damage to key industrial facilities, and then leave. The net result, he suspected, would not be entirely favorable for world peace or local property values, even before the Bearer started resisting the persona teams trying to capture her.

“Finally, his Wisdom the Emperor notes the great likelihood, given that the Bearer identified Eclipse as having the highest possible state of moral purity, that this Eclipse person is to be numbered among the ranks of the Faithful, in which case it will always be appropriate for Hosts of the Faithful to come to her aid if she is attacked.” The Grand Vizier passed the Speaking Stone to Legate Hong. Oh, wonderful, Buncombe considered, now we get a religious war, too, with people showing up on both sides relative to the Bearer. He contemplated an image of the persona hosts of the twelve great powers all converging on the same location with contradictory objectives.

“Already the Great Khan, the Emperor of Manjukuo and All Mongolia, from the center of the world to the Polar Sea, has issued the most fundamental of all orders: ‘Men and women of the Horde! To your

horses!’ All the personas and all the soldiers of all Manjukuo are immediately ready to advance against the Bearer, no matter where she is found, so soon as she can be located. There is no doubt but that she will be overwhelmed and her stolen artifact recovered for all the people of the world.”

Buncombe steeled himself for the bloviations of the remaining ambassadors. The Russians would undoubtedly interpret the German remarks as a threat of war. The French and the Austro-Hungarians would speak of welcoming the Bearer into their midst, and using tactful means to persuade the bearer to use the Namestone as the League requested. It seemed unlikely that either Ferencz or Davout would be able to explain the concept ‘tact’ to many of their fellow ambassadors. Buncombe realized that while he was collecting his thoughts the Speaking Stone had moved several more times, so the Sikh Ambassador was speaking.

“Finally,” Ambassador Singh said, “I have been asked to bring word from the Tibetan Lamanate. While the Dalai Lama is temporarily absent awaiting reincarnation, the Sera Lama has extended an open invitation to this Miss Eclipse to visit Tibet to meditate with him on the hazard that the Holy Namestone creates for her soul, for surely a device that grants all worldly desires will distract us all from tranquil meditation. Indeed, the Sera Lama counsels us all that we should abandon our interest in the purely worldly temptations offered by the Namestone, in favor of the celestial awards resulting from renouncing all worldly goods.”

SYNERGY 7



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**The publication of John Thiel, 30 N. 19th Street,
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kinethiel@comcast.net

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Editorial Meanderings

I see "Association" is misspelled "Assiciation" on the cover of Synergy 6. I wonder how I could have made that error, as I always proofread my covers at least. Maybe I was thinking that it really is an association when I typed that, and my spell-check wasn't functioning. The combination of these two possibilities may have led to the error. Though I have noticed that sometimes when writing is sent through the net, the system restores a corrected typo. Other times it does not. That may have been due to the speed of correcting the errors. There is something that appears on my screen asking "Do you wish to save changes to" what I have typed on Word, but it only asks about the most recent document and I don't know where it sends the saved changes. If it does that, it may as well not be there for all the comprehensiveness it has.

I don't have very secure files. My whole last N'APA mailing has been among the disappearances from my files, and I had to ask George for another. I was saying in one of my bulletins to the

Board of Directors that we probably need more computer knowledge than we have, and more skill in dealing with malware. J.S. suggested you just have to adapt to the computer world. But I'd favor helping the computer world adapt to our presence in it as well. Or I'd call it "unadaptable", which is what most automatic or robotic processes are, and we note that our computer servers or whatever they're called are largely anonymous. Even the old forum moderators of the sf forums were right next to being anonymous. I recall Garcia at the Analog Forum—his name would appear on the screen every once in awhile but there was a definite schism between him and the forum members. That's not so good, and we find this rift to be a kind of automatic feature of a setup on the computer. I've always had the feeling the computer interests favor the sciences over the arts or the humanities.

I was surprised and glad to receive a check for \$10.00 from David Speakman as part of the Kaymar Award. It's one of a very few things I've received from the N3F by regular mail. I used it to purchase two gallons of milk and a couple of gallons of gas which I had no money for that day, and I was glad to have milk and we needed the gas. That and the year extension have gone through and George says the certificates of achievement are well on their way to completion and I have heard that he's going to issue these retroactively to those who have received the award and not gotten the certificate. I can imagine that there will be smiles of pleasure on the faces of these people when they receive it.

MAILING COMMENTS

Lorien: I used to read science fiction short stories where people found they could not live without technology and had become absolutely dependent on it. The idea was, technology brought with it a new way of life and it was no longer possible to revert to the old one. Now we're used to technology being part of our lives. But still, there are complaints about it, specifically about technology. I guess people have always had complaints. Those are shown invalid by the fact that they run contrary to the way things obviously are.

It would be pretty ironic if fandom shunned technology. Science fiction has been that much about technology and technological advances.

I agree that time seems to be spinning out of control. One might call a lot of what's happening these days a "tempus tantrum".

Jefferson: Got DARK SECRET read? What did you think of it? (This might turn out to be a glitch involving time, as my question may coincide with your saying what you thought of it. Time and events, how allied, how disparate. The word "eventually" is a reference to both and is proposed as an uncertain measure of time.) Speaking of which, as I was doing parenthetically, yes, time does accelerate as the years advance. I can remember also as a child waiting for an event such as the final bell at school, and time just crept by—and also days when there was nothing to do that

just went on and on. It's been a long time since I've seen things that way. Though I wonder if the kids in school now have the same experience. It's said we are living in a high-speed world which continues to race through its progress.

Kevin: You seem highly taken up by the outside world. I guess that happens—that's where they demand more of your time. Yes, it's a truism, the more you do the more people want done, to express it in somewhat different terms.

The first I heard of "future history" was that it was the kind of writing that Isaac Asimov did, FOUNDATION AND EMPIRE being cited. I think it may be that the concept of future history originates with him.

George: I'm willing to be the Tightbeam covers editor, but I still haven't found out if that would be all right with him. He has not been answering some of my email inquiries on the matter. It may be we will have to see if that works out; I'll try contacting him again on the matter shortly.

Mr. Swycaffer offered "Maybe we'll talk" on the subject of his doing some writing for you, or us—any talk started as yet?

All in all a good mailing for, as is mentioned above, talk—I hope the next one (this one, in other words) will be as good. Still hoping some others will get interested in N'APA, but I don't think any of the new members I got could handle a zine.



End of Issue



N'APPA 229

The End