

N'APPA 235



‘Art for Thull’ by Jose Sanchez

The Official Organ

#235

Next deadline: September 15, 2018

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.

To join this APA, contact the Editor, George Phillies, phillies@4liberty.net Members are expected to submit their zines electronically in .doc or some similar format (*not* PDF); I as your collator will take things from there.

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

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 is always totally regular, though some readers question my interpretations of "is", "always", "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 235

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Comments

Jose Sanchez: Cover: That's very well done indeed! I have the greatest admiration for anyone who can make paints work well!

John Thiel: I'm sorry that Origin has known controversy and has generated some fan feuding. Fan feuds are stupid! We're all in this together, and friends and allies, and, yes, we get to disagree, sometimes even vigorously. It's perfectly fine to have endless (pointless!) debates about Star Wars vs Star Trek, or whether the Star Trek Transporter "murders" people or merely "moves" them. (Any intelligent fan ought to be able to take either side of such debates and argue for it on a firm rational basis!)

When people get overly emotional, and when the emotions turn personal and nasty, then it ain't "fandom" anymore, but "fanaticism," and that's something this tired old world has far, far, far too damned much of.

re "the way things are" -- aye, at times it does feel like living in an extermination camp. Right now, I'm facing the desperate task of looking for a new job. Unemployment rates are at an historic low



at the moment, so I've got that going for me. I'm an old fart, and I've got age discrimination working against me. Also, my resume isn't all that impressive. And my rent just went up... It can be damned scary, and the sense of helplessness is emotionally grinding.

Still, there are a handful of good things, and the Public Library System is one of the biggies. I can walk two blocks and borrow books for free. Beats the heck out of having to buy them. (Books can be expensive.)

(Another good source for books is Bookbub.com, which keeps tabs of low-priced ebooks. Low prices are the next best thing to free stuff.)

ret Kevin Trainor re giving names to our computers and other chattels, I love "Hal" for a mimeo. My desktop computer is named "Saltarello," which is a renaissance dance form. My Kindle ebook reader is named "The Book of Dreams," after one of Jack Vance's "Demon Prince" novels. Strangely enough, I haven't named my car, which is very odd, because all of my previous cars had names.

It would be nifty to have George Wells back in N'APA! Way, way back, I told the story of having a split stream of urine (very messy!) and he wrote the hilarious "Ballad of the Split Pee." I lost that, and would love to see it again, but I suspect that the information has gone to Valhalla and will never be seen again.

Few things in life are as transient as the content of old fanzines!

Thank you very much for your kind remarks on Revolt and Rebirth. That was the very last of the "Concordat of Archive" novels, after which I switched over to writing urban fantasy. That was the first really big "sea-change" in my writing, and I honestly don't have any idea why it happened.

(The second big change was from writing multiple points of view to writing only one p.o.v. I used to jump around in what I like to call the Frederick Forsyth style -- a scene with a Russian Spy, followed by a scene with a Maryland housewife, followed by a scene with two U.S. Marines guarding a warehouse, followed by a scene with two British bureaucrats, etc. I used to write that way, but now I take one character, and write the entire novel from his p.o.v. Revolt and Rebirth was in my old style, with several p.o.v. threads.)

Kevin Trainor Jr.: re failing classes, ouch. I've done that. No fun. Do you have the option of taking an "incomplete" and making it up in a re-try? I did that rather more often than I like to remember...

re: me, Kipling is fun, isn't he? I'm always bemused by "As Easy As A B C" which, as far as I can tell, is a screed against democracy. "The People" can't be trusted with governing their own affairs via elected representation. If my guess is correct, Kipling saw just about the worst possible incarnation of "democracy" in his visits to the U.S., including seeing San Francisco in the throes of an election.

(It always saddens me when people give up faith in representative democracy, because, although it has innumerable flaws, it's still better than anything else we've ever come up with. I honestly do believe that representative democracy is the single best thing humanity has ever created, better than hot fudge sundaes, and that's saying a lot!)

Bummer on missing Balticon... Being in financial straits myself, yeah, no fun at all. The good stuff always has to be cut first. (I'm very thankful that food, at least, is still cheap. \$20 buys a good week's groceries.)

Lauren Clough: re: Will Mayo, I used to work in IT support, and you would be astonished (no, you wouldn't!) at what I've shaken out of computer keyboards. People not only eat at their workstations, but trim their nails, pull staples, and apparently even repair jewelry.

I've never quite been able to understand the prudery of Christianity. The faith got highjacked, early on, by people who don't approve of pleasure. It's like the Taliban today, who don't approve of music. Why the hell not? Who can possibly object to a nice song? At least Christianity doesn't go that far, but, instead, rejoices in music. (I'm a really big J.S. Bach fan, and his religious music is wonderful!)

At least Christianity came down in favor of "science" as a method of understanding the world. This didn't have to happen; there are still some Christians who reject science, and substitute sola scriptura. This could have been the church's official stance, and western civilization is very lucky to have dodged that bullet.

re: me, Jules Verne is a little slow and draggy sometimes, but he does manage to write a good "thriller" scene when he really needs to. You might have fun watching the old Disney movie "In Search of the Castaways" and then reading Verne's book of the same title. The two aren't the same...but are wonderfully similar.

Alas, I don't know anyone here in San Diego named Lorien. I'm sure I'd remember!

Alas, it doesn't sound like an Instant Pot is likely to be useful for me. Boiling slop in the microwave is really about my culinary limit. (I am that manner of man who finds melting cheese over toast to be a daunting challenge.)

George Phillies: The N3F used to be a "correspondence club," and I think the conversion to an e-club did us a lot of harm...but also a lot of good. We couldn't remain the way we were. Old fashioned "corry" is, alas, as dead as the Sonny and Cher show. Evolve or die. And sometimes both.

As to what would make the N3F better, I don't have a single idea in my head. I'm very happy and proud to be doing my part in running the short story contest, as well as some other engagement and participation (like this!) but I really don't have anything to propose to advance the club. (Even as a Director, I'm pretty damn passive. I don't believe I've ever originated a motion or proposal.)

Wait, wait...you're working on seven different novels all at the same time? Is that even possible? Holy wow! I couldn't do that if my life depended on it! How in the name of James Calhoun do you keep them straight in your mind?

That said...they all sound like a lot of fun, and I look forward to reading 'em!

re Origins and fannish intolerance, and disinviting people without taking the effort to determine the truth -- ick! At very least, figure out what the guy really has written or said that is worthy of this level of rebuke. But I guess that's too much to ask in this "post truth" regime, where "echo chambers" substitute for "discussion."

The new pages of "The Girl Who Saved the World" are fun. You have the knack of making "Council Meetings" fun to read, which is not an easy trick to pull off. The amount of sheer wit you exhibit is truly a delight: these jaspers are (very subtly) funny. (They take themselves so seriously!) All that said, and all my admiration taken for what it is worth...ain't it time for another action sequence? What good are superpowers if they don't get used?

Will Mayo: Nice opening poem, with the theme of acceptance of one's own self. Also nice picture; I'd never seen that Rembrandt before!

re Albert Einstein, an old physics prof of mine said, somewhat coldly, that Einstein did only one thing of note after the 1920's: he died. I piped up and said that he'd written the historical letter to FDR, promoting atom-bomb research. The prof snarked that this had nothing to do with physics. I snarked back and said that neither did Einstein's death. As you properly note, he was a teacher and an advocate for peace, and, yeah, nothing to do with physics either, but these were great occupations for a good man.

Fun micro-stories about death. (A friend of mine once said, "I'd rather be writing feminist poetry about death." I hold this to be one of the best things I've ever heard anyone say!)

(My own views on death are pretty bland and mainstream, and also bleak. Death means losing friends and never seeing them again. Death is the thief of lives.)

I'd never before heard of Wilde's The Soul of Man Under Socialism: it sounds like stuff I'd likely agree with, by and large! (I wish the U.S. could adopt a few more "socialist" reforms, such as a national health plan. It works for Canada and Australia; why would it fail here?)

re Paul Gauguin, I read W. Somerset Maugham's Moon and Sixpence some while ago, a thinly-veiled retelling of Gauguin's life. Pretty good book, although a bit depressing, and I simply cannot find myself having much respect for Gauguin's retreat. Also, I don't think is paintings are very good; I have a strong sense that I could paint as well as that...and that's a very hearty condemnation.

re communication, I think that words have some real meaning, otherwise communication would fail. If I say, "Please hand me that red book from the third shelf," and you actually do so, then the words had at least that much "meaning."

I am an advocate of the weak post-modernist hypothesis, which is that words have limits to their meanings, and we have limits to our understandings of them. We cannot help but see our world "through a lens," so to speak, of our preconceptions and cultural training. I can't look at a flower without the sight being colored by Western conventions of beauty, poetry, allegory, and so on.

But I fiercely reject the strong post-modernist hypothesis, which takes these ideas to a toxic extreme and claims that communication is, by definition, impossible. That would force us to fall back to behaviorism as a model for communication, and that's something we really have moved beyond. It is valid to work with models of the internal emotional states of the mind of a dog or a horse...and most certainly of another person.

I do agree with your comment to John Thiel, "It's a hard thing to decide when a communication has been successful." Alas, sometimes it's easier to identify when it has been unsuccessful, something that happens more often than we'd like.



Caraway and Carried Away

A sharp little seed,
An ominous deed,
A disappearance in a twinkling,
The seed is fine-ground,
But no victim is found,
Of his whereabouts, we haven't an inkling.

In Favor of Weakness

Just above, I spoke in favor of the "Weak Post-Modernist Hypothesis." I'm also a fan of the "Weak Fukuyama Hypothesis," and the "Weak Anthropic Principle" and the "Weak Gaia Hypothesis" and also a weak version of the "Infinity Principle."

Let's go over 'em...

Francis Fukuyama is famous for having said that "history is at an end." Except, of course, he said no such thing, and no such thing is even remotely true. What the weak version of this idea suggests is that more and more nations on earth will move toward representative democracy, and fewer and fewer will cling to tyranny and authoritarianism. Look at South America and eastern Europe over the past forty years. The trend is very heartening. It used to be said, in the Cold War, that once a nation went communist, it could never become free again. We know better. It is also not true that once a nation becomes free, it can never be enslaved again...but there is a slight trend in that direction. People really like freedom, and it isn't easy to take it away from them.

The Anthropic Principle says that we can infer certain properties of the physical universe, simply from the fact that we exist here. The universe has to be complex enough to permit carbon chemistry, life, and intelligence. Many physical constants have to fall within a very narrow "goldilocks" zone. If the Strong Nuclear Force were only a few per cent stronger...or weaker...the chemistry we depend upon for life would not exist. The weak version of this principle pretty much stops there. There isn't much more we can infer about the universe by reasoning along these lines.

The Gaia Hypothesis is that the earth's biosphere can be thought of as a "thing," as one really big living entity,

a whole made up of all its thousands of parts, and that changes to the biosphere can affect this entity as a whole. It also suggests that the biosphere itself has certain self-regulating properties. The strong Gaia Hypothesis says that the earth is a single living entity. The weak version only says that it bears certain resemblances to one, and may be modeled this way with reservations and caution.

The Infinity Principle says, roughly, that in an infinite universe, anything that can happen must happen...an infinite number of times. So "out there, somewhere," there are another group of N'APAns, writing zines, and sending them in to be collated...by Stephen King, who takes time off from writing best-sellers to do this service. And another universe much like it, where Mike Pence is one of the members. And another one where I am writing an essay in favor of "strong" interpretations of various notions in the philosophy of science.

I prefer a "weak" version of this idea, where there are not other "groups of us" -- where there are not parallel earths and worlds where Hitler won and where the Cuban Missile Crisis turned tragic, etc. I suggest that the universe is not infinite in the mathematical sense, even if it is unlimited in extent. Such an universe can be "clumpy" the way the observed universe is, and consist more of empty space than anything else. Sorry, but we, as ourselves, are unique, and there isn't a "wicked" counter-version of us "out there" anywhere.

Moderation in all things, to moderation. Strong hypotheses of these kinds tend to be extreme, and rely on extrapolation beyond sensible limits. They suffer from the same logical flaw that a lot of notions do: of being taken too far. (If a little socialism -- a national social security program -- is a good thing, then let's collectivise all private property! Good idea, right? Not so much!)

The Silver State Age #11
July 15, 2018
an excusezine for N'APA 235

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OBLIGATORY NATTER

I have gotten sufficiently behind on things that I didn't realize it was time for N'APA until George kindly reminded me yesterday, so everyone will have to wait for my dubious wisdom and commentary until nextish.

It's back to school this month; I'm retaking the Microsoft Office course masquerading as Information Services 101, and adding Financial Accounting, and both are sucking up all the free time I have between sleep and Uber driving. So far so good in both classes, but it's just the first week of five.

Hanging over my head is the news that the apartment building I'm living in has been sold to the Las Vegas Convention Center, which is apparently going to replace it with yet another ginormous exhibit hall to add to the three they already have. Apparently the money is in escrow waiting for the heirs and partners of the late Mr. Kishner to sign off on the deal, and once they do I'll have 90 days to get my stuff packed up and moved to somewhere else in the Las Vegas metropolis. I'm dithering over whether to just move into another apartment, or burn my VA loan guarantee and buy a house.

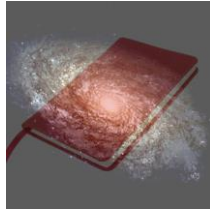
Picked up Monster Hunter Memoirs: Saints by John Ringo & Larry Correia, which is the last and best of the three novels John & Larry have collaborated on covering the career of Chad Gardenier, ex-Marine turned Monster Hunter, and a damned good one if even half of what he's written is even close to the truth. Chad comes off as an egotistical jerk at times, but as Dizzy Dean used to say, "It ain't bragging if you done it." You would think the plot device of our heroes finding some apocalyptic menace and managing to defeat it (often at a heavy cost and at the last minute) would get old, but Correia & Ringo manage to make it fresh and fun.

Also borrowed A Fiery Sunset by Chris Kennedy & Mark Wandrey through Amazon's Prime Leanding Library, which is the first book in a new series set in the Four Horsemen universe. The war between humanity and the Galactic Union's Mercenary Guild has started, and the four great mercenary companies have fled Earth to carry on the fight. Great combat SF, and a quick read, unlike some other books that can do double duty as doorstops.

Speaking of Amazon, it's a dangerous place. You go there looking for some SparkCharts, and the next thing you know, you've bought a \$31 box set of Bram Tchaikowsky CDs, because the one CD by him you *did* want is \$300. You may remember him from the 1970s for his one hit, "Girl of My Dreams", but his first CD *Strange Man, Changed Man* is mostly excellent power pop. The other two CDs, *The Russians Are Coming*, and *Funland* aren't as consistently good, but they have more decent music than some albums I've bought by other bands.

And that's all until next time.

NOTES FROM A GALAXY FAR, FAR AWAY #14



July 2018

For N'APA 235

Lorien Rivendell

(Lauren Clough)

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SUMMER, SUMMER, SUMMER

Summer in New England is proving to be very hot this year. We had a weeklong heatwave and it hasn't cooled off all that much except at night. Nights have been, blessedly, on the cool side.

I'm still involved in two community bands, and the summer is when we are busy holding weekly concerts. One of the bands has a yearly gig at the local fireworks show, which is put on near (but never on) the 4th of July. At this year's show, it was so windy that several band members' music stands fell over, though the music itself was held onto the stands by clothespins or duct tape or both. I noted that the wind died down for the fireworks display. I think Mother Nature was thumbing her nose at us.

I have become involved in Geocaching. For the uninitiated, people hide containers in public areas for others to find. This has been going on for something like 10 or 15 years (longer, if you count pirates burying their booty). I use an app and the website geocaching.com. I haven't found a vast number of caches yet (13), but it does get me out exercising more. When one finds a cache, one signs the paper log inside and logs it on the app. I don't really know why one is supposed to log in both places, but that's the way it's done. Some containers are tiny - pill bottles and magnetic hide-a-key boxes - while others are larger, such as Tupperware bowls. There are a surprising number of caches within a mile or so of both my home and my workplace, so whenever the weather is nice and I have some time to kill, I go out searching for a cache or two.

REVIEWS AND RANTS

“Jurassic World: Fallen Kingdom” (2018): This was meant to be a comedy. Right? Die hard fans of the Jurassic universe disagree. The *first* movie was good. They really should have stopped there. And to be fair, I haven’t seen the third and fourth installments. I saw this latest movie because I took a client (I do direct care and part of my job is taking my clients out for entertainment) to the movies, and she chose this one. I think the franchise can die any time now. (Though I’ve heard that apparently some scientist is planning to recreate dinosaurs in the next 5 years. Should this be real news, we’ll be living in our own thriller.)

COMMENTS ON N’APA #234

John Thiel, Synergy 11: I know nothing of feuds within N3F. Where are they being carried out? I must admit that I am very far behind in reading and have stacks of back issues of to go through. I’m not going to have a hissy fit because they are being published, though, and I know that many, if not most, members do enjoy them.

I do get that Life gets in the way for all of us. Real people with real lives outside fandom (it *is* possible!) are behind all the publications. It’s sad that there are people out to cause trouble and try to ruin it for everyone. I see this everywhere: road rage, trolls on the internet, etc.

I’m not seeing fighting on Facebook, neither on the page (which I see only when I do a search for it) nor in the group (which I see when FB sends me random notifications of activity there). Everyone seems to be civil there (but maybe the negative posts have been removed by the time I get to the site).

Are the people objecting to you editing a zine upset because they want to edit the zines? Other than that, I can’t see why they’d care, especially in an all-volunteer organization.

Regarding advertising in F&SF: is this something we are paying for? If we have paid, there is NO EXCUSE for them not to post our ad. If it’s free...I don’t know what to tell you. I am having trouble getting free listings in the local paper for a community band I’m in. Last year, I was told that I had to put my listings up on a website, and someone from the paper goes in each week and culls all the local happenings from the site. This year, I put our events up on the website and they are not getting into the paper. Calls to the paper go unreturned. I don’t think they care.

I think I remember Robert Newsom. He was in N’APA when I was back in the 1990s.

I'm still with N3F and N'APA, as far as I know. I think I sent in a payment via PayPal a while ago. It's not all that easy to tell when my membership is about to expire. There could well have been a lapse.

The assignment of a particular email to the junk mail folder seems random most of the time. It also seems that most of the stuff that ends up in my junk mail folder is legitimate stuff, while the adverts selling larger body parts and threats purportedly from the IRS make it through just fine.

Regarding your comment to George Phillies: George Wells was also in N'APA when I was back in the 1990s. I hope he opts to come back.

Jefferson Swycaffer, Archive Midwinter: Regarding your comment to John Thiel: I, too, prefer content over style in literature. I just don't "get" stories that heavy on style and lacking in plot.

Regarding your comment to me: I like the Samsung Galaxy line and have had them for several models now. I am lucky when my phone holds a charge from morning to night. I must use my phone much more than you do. I use mine for everything, from surfing the web to texting to reading books to taking photos. Every once in awhile, I actually use it as a phone.

Out of time for now. I'll get to the rest of the comments in my next issue.

Ye Murthered Master Mage
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Personal: I succeeded in retiring as Chair of the Libertarian State Leadership Alliance. That ends my political activity. My hobby activity is now full time here. I continue to hope that politics will cease to invade fandom. I suspect that this hope will not be successful.

On the bettering the hobby side, Jon Thiel had the fine idea we should try advertising in the first issue of Amazing, due to be handed out at one con or another. It proved to be impossible to contact them. The email address on their web page bounces, in a way implying that the URL terminator of their email address is not entirely there.

I am spending most of my time writing. OK, there is also house maintenance, in which robots help a lot (Roomba, Scooba); in the last three days, I planted 500 myrtle (*vinca minor*). My vegetable garden is doing a fine job feeding the local wildlife. While I was away, deer ate the leaves off many of my hosta. The groundhogs were driven out of the space under my neighbor's garage. They were driven out by *other animals*. She now is landlady to a large family of skunks.

Writing?

Current fiction writing projects include a bunch of novels:

Invasion Tibet 35,935 words on hand (so to speak the Buck Rogers prequel) -- 5800 words this month

The Girl Who Saved the World 137136 words on hand (Prequel to *This Shining Sea*, about 1/2 done) -- more than 7000 words this month.

Merchant Adventurers 20800 words on hand 7800 words this month

Hold High The Banner 5459 words on hand no progress this month

DisUnion 15,800 words on hand (after partition of US; NH/VT capture a flying saucer) no progress this month

The Eddorian Lensman 15,662 words so far (serial numbers to be filed off) -- no progress this month

I have a short-term physics project, on which I completed 7200 words and 14 figures. I wrote an outline of my next physics book, ca. 350 words. I reordered chapters in *The Girl Who Saved the World* which adds no words.

Comments on last issue

Front cover: We may always be grateful to Jose Sanchez for his fine covers.

Synergy: Our zines appear on our web pages. People who want to read them can become public members. I have no idea what the issue is with F&SF. Your Amazing ad idea was also good, but I could not even get an answer out of them.

The N3F is far more active than it was ten years ago, which is not to fault the wonderful people back then who kept it alive. They did the best anyone could with the materials at hand. I believe we will do better to praise publicly the good parts. Members who are not sure what to do should write LoCs to all of our zines.

Zine mailing is occasionally problematic. I spent several hours today on the phone with the very nice support staff at 1and1.com trying to figure out why I could not upload a file.

Archive Midwinter: I am glad to read that you and Jon (previous zine) both liked *the Against Three Lands* cover. That is indeed professional art by a professional artist. Morinekozion (Reiko Hirano) largely does Japanese-style art, including modern art, but she will do book covers for an appropriate fee.

If you or anyone else would like to see the partial ms to *The Girl Who Saved the World*, please ask.

Comics? I have been reading Astro City for a very long time. It has some excellent issues, and some rather weak issues. I did like Jean Grey, Hawkeye, and Shade, but the first two of them died and Shade become Shade the Changing Woman, with graphics that were simply too far over the top for me to follow. The dying young lady as Thor actually came to a good end. You mention politics, and I have recently cancelled several books over unexpected politics. On the other hand, the what-

shall-we-say Vox Day now has his own comic line with Alt-Hero, which is not contemporary politics on our time line, not to mention that the villains as strange as it sounds are reported to have personalities. I could list other zines with other even heavier political overtones, but it becomes tedious, not to mention boring.

Silver State: That was a truly fine contribution you gave us! Sympathies on life not always being cooperative. Anime Detour events sound strange. I hope that you like the other Minneapolis anime convention. There was also a cancellation of a guest for Origins, the wargaming convention. The world is strange and gets stranger.

Thank you for recruiting Jessi Silver to run Mangaverse. She sounds to be a very good and vigorous person who will get things done for the N3F.

Notes from a Galaxy...: I have never heard of 'Instant Pot' as a microwave replacement, and now know that I will likely continue to be happy about that.

The Contents of a Good Life: A fascinating series of vignettes. They are beautifully chosen and written. Einstein was much more of a character than many people realize. Curiously, I was told by my mother that our paths once crossed. As a very little boy my family visited Princeton, New Jersey. Supposedly we spotted Einstein coming out of an ice cream store. I remember I think an ice cream store, across the street and down a bit, but do not remember seeing him.

Chapter Eleven

The Lafayette Laboratory
Comper Biological Sciences Building
Rogers Technological Institution
January 15, 2018
Early afternoon

"Pardon me?" The voice at the door to Allison Moreland's lab came from a tall young woman with raven- black hair and widow's peak, conservatively dressed in gray vest over white blouse and grey trousers.

"Yes?" Moreland answered. Moreland was short, solidly built, her sparkling blue eyes being flanked above by dark hair pulled into ponytail, and below by a long white lab coat that yielded to blue jeans and sneakers before reaching the floor. "May I help you?"

"Sorry to bother you, but I'm trying to find Professor Lafayette's office, and the map says here." The speaker waved an RTI map.

"She's in class. She should be out of teaching in a bit," Alison answered. "The office is down the hall. The map is wrong. Oh, I'm Allison Moreland, the senior post-doc. Is there something that I can help you with?"

"I'm Krystal North," the woman in the door answered. "Yes, that Krystal North. I need to talk to her about something she did." Moreland smiled politely. Krystal North not in garb looked very little like the same woman dressed as a combat persona. When you saw Krystal in combat garb, you tended to remember North incinerating The Mad Mind with a purely mentalic attack.

"Professor Wells and daughter?" Allison asked. "Professor Lafayette told me about it, in case anyone showed up looking for her, not that it wasn't in the morning Boston Post."

"The Post?" Krystal asked, sounding a bit crestfallen.

"With pictures," Allison answered. "Of you and your Grandmaster friends and Speaker Ming outside their home. The snow if not the wind had briefly died down, and one of the neighbors had come back to Boston to check on his house. He took some photos as you left. We need to wait for Morgana; I'm sure she didn't tell me everything. Would you like some tea? Fresh-brewed, in the group office, of course, not in the lab."

"That would be very kind of you. I've been running so much I missed breakfast," Krystal answered.

"There are scones," Allison answered. "I baked them myself, packed with raisins and hazelnut flour, and caramel icing. I try to keep things on hand, just in case we have another, ummh, distinguished visitor."

“Distinguished visitor? Me?” Krystal asked. “I’m just a civil servant.”

“You. Distinguished. Also, this Department has six Nobel Laureates, fourteen members of the National Academy, a Fields Medalist that Course 18 keeps trying to steal from us, not to mention on occasion a visiting Lord of Eternity. So I keep refreshments available, except when Dr. Ashton has baked his chocolate brownies. Well, there is a little baked brownie with white chocolate chips under the chocolate orange mocha icing,” Allison said, “so they are brownies.” She led Krystal down the corridor.

The group office had comfortable chairs, a large central table, desks facing the sweeping windows, a massive video screen covering most of one wall, and at the far end of the room a refrigerator, microwave, coffee and tea service, and what was clearly a covered tray piled high with scones. Standing with her back to the doorway was Morgana Lafayette, making final adjustments to the coffee brewer. “Allison, Krystal, good morning. I got out of class early,” she announced, not turning around to see who was behind her, “and I’m just loading up the Jamaica Blue Mountain, fresh-ground. But it’s good to see you, Krystal, even if I have to disengage my hands from the machinery before I can face you to say hello. Just a second.” She extracted herself from the brewing system and turned to her guests. “Krystal, it really is good to see you under conditions where nothing unpleasant is likely to happen. I see despite the cover of blizzard we managed to get ourselves in the newspapers. Fortunately, being someone’s champion is a matter of public record, so there won’t be a lot of Nosy Parkers asking questions about who I am. Well, someone might wonder why I was Janie’s champion, but there’s a good cover story that is even true.”

“Blue Mountain?” Allison asked. “Isn’t that a tad expensive?” Like \$200 a pound? she thought.

“I wouldn’t make a habit of it,” Morgana said, “but I did notice Krystal arriving at the Institution teleport stages and figured I should have things ready for an honored friend and guest. Allison, I hate to do this, but the shared project group meeting is in five minutes in 26-850 and you are the only person other than me who actually

understands what we are about to do. As I have the guest, I get to ask you to run the meeting. I believe this was the occasion on which were going to tell everyone what we are actually doing, since as far as I can tell none of them have quite figured it out.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” Allison bowed her way out of the office.

“A project so secret that the people working on it don’t know what it is?” Krystal asked. “That sounds really clever. What could it be? Not that I’m prying if it’s a real secret.”

“It’s my gift to humanity,” Morgana said, “on which all of the pieces are well known so I will claim no credit for doing it. The publications will report exactly what each person did as part of the effort. We’re curing sickle-cell anemia. Not a bone marrow transplant scheme, the full genetic alteration scheme so that neither the sufferers nor their descendants will have the condition. But all the parts are entirely well-established; only the *full cure* is new. And don’t worry about keeping it a secret. The group all knew that we had this as a general project. They just didn’t realize it was happening now, not in ten years. Even if I told them not to talk, the research group would leak like a sieve given what we’re doing.”

“Won’t the League of Terran Justice complain?” Krystal asked. “They have this idea about inherited genes being sacred.”

“Anyone who cures a genetic disease, except that your kids still inherit it, is a moral pervert,” Morgana answered. “The sort of person I will happily feed to a Star Demon. Slowly. Contemplate what happened when Atlanticea sank. Atlanticeans had genetic cures, assumed that kids could always be cured the same way as their parents so they didn’t need to adjust the germ lines, and when the continent went under... there were a lot of young people, generation after generation thereafter, who died in ghastly ways, notably collagen failure shortly after having children.”

“The League sometimes gets rough,” Krystal noted, “like their campaign against private schools.”

“The League’s lead assassin got taken out by a tenth-grader in Washington,” Morgana said.

“Silk had a decent force field, and a willingness to fly into a wall. Hard. Why he was sent to assassinate student automobiles is beyond me. But I did have a big boss of theirs in my office. He came to threaten me. That was the first time, in a very long time, that I did a manifestation. I promised him exactly what I would do to his organization if they bothered me. I also showed him memories from post-Atlanticea. He saw my point.”

“Should I ask how your cure works?”

“I would bore you with details, even though you are surely up to understanding all of them, so perhaps we should grab three or four scones and some large mugs of coffee and advance to my office. Whatever you want to talk about, the office is totally secure against spying.”

* * * * *

Professor Lafayette’s office was the traditional 15’ by 20’ that the Rogers Institution assigned to its more junior faculty. Lafayette had decorated her office entirely in white, from gleaming white vinyl tile flooring to shelves and curtains and a white computer server box. The one concession to color was a circular carpet woven in an intricate scarlet, white, and black pattern. Krystal North carefully stepped around the carpet. It might be harmless, she thought, but it looked remarkably like a high-power third-order schema. She hadn’t spotted them, but surely Morgana had arranged defenses in depth to shield this room.

“It’s always a delight to see you again,” Morgana said.

“More so when it’s not a surprise,” Krystal agreed. “I confess that I very much did not expect to see you when the garage door opened. Miss Wells is anything but a political innocent.”

“Janie is a very nice person,” Morgana said. “And it can hardly be a secret that she has a few gifts, since she plays matches while behind a double Overton cage, guaranteeing she is not using mentalics to spy on people, not to mention that she was almost kidnapped by the Perversion Circle two years ago. Fortunately, her dad knows me, so she proposed ‘Professor Lafayette’ as her second. However, I am reasonably certain she does not

know who all else I am. Assuredly, none of the Wells family recognized my necklace.”

“She has some idea who you are?” Krystal asked. “My main concern is that I have put overwatches on each member of the Wells family, in case Baron Kamensky and his friends decide that Janie should be relocated to the hands of the Okhrana, no matter what the Tsar said. I don’t want them to get in the way of anything you might do, or tell the Wells family things that they should not know.”

“The Wells family knows what is an open secret, namely that I am the persona Sunssword,” Morgana continued. “I have installed several security precautions that should not get in the way of yours, both to protect each member of the Wells family and also to protect their home. I hope you warned Kamensky about how dangerous I am, this being international politics level?” Krystal nodded. “As it is tactically relevant, your people should realize that the two younger Wells children are not harmless. Brian is at least as dangerous as any member of Stars Over Boston, other than myself. Fortunately he has an extremely placid approach to life. If anything, he will not do something violent until it is a bit late. You should emphatically warn your intervention team, should they be needed, that they should not get between Janie and her targets, unless they are absolutely sure that she knows they are going to be there and has time to react.”

“Why not?” Krystal asked.

“She will feel very guilty about all of your people that she accidentally kills,” Morgana answered. “Even if I assure her she has bettered the species. She is extremely gift-true, but she is very definitely not harmless in a combat situation.”

“Our people do all have mentalic defenses,” Krystal said.

“The effect will be a little less dramatic than what you did to The Mad Mind,” Morgana said. “She won’t put enough power into someone’s mentalic shields to heat their body to incandescent plasma. However, if people teleport into her line of fire, they will probably become deceased very quickly, screens or no. She certainly has not had

enough combat training to pull a blow under combat conditions.”

“I’ll keep that in mind. And these are truly wonderful scones,” Krystal said. “But how do you know about Janie and Brian’s gifts?”

“After Janie was almost kidnapped, I took up tutoring her in using her gifts.” Morgana nibbled at her scone. “Her brother came along with her. They are very good, very gifttrue, but their power levels are so high they could damage things they were trying to protect.”

“Thank you for protecting the local real estate,” Krystal said. “It’s always problematic when children that young have high-power gifts. Mentioning high-power, these scones. They’re wonderful!”

“I’ll tell Allison you want the recipe. She will be delighted. But now I have a riddle for you. Did one of your people, perhaps two years back, put a geas on the Wells house?” Morgana asked.

“I can’t imagine why anyone would have done that. They were not of interest, once the kidnapping was solved, until very recently. Not that I have many people who can geas anything,” Krystal answered.

“This was a top-chord third level schema, perhaps touching fourth. It was a considerable nuisance to remove,” Morgana said.

“I see.” Krystal bit her tongue. The number of people who could place or remove a fourth-level construct was vanishingly small. “What did it do?”

“Nothing that made sense.” Morgana took a deep sip of her coffee. “Janie had a City of Steel playing partner, a guy about her age, a boy named ‘Joe’. The geas meant that you weren’t going to be very interested in exactly who he was, where he came from, how to contact him, or where else you might have met him. Janie knew who he was, but didn’t bother to tell her parents she had met him earlier. He was very interested in becoming a better City player, no matter how unpleasant the intermediate losses were. Playing Janie, the losses were extremely unpleasant.”

“When did she meet him earlier?” Krystal asked.

“Joe was the young man who rescued Janie and sister from the Perversion Circle, two years ago,” Morgana answered. “When I learned that, I did ask Janie the key question, legally speaking, the one that determines if I can legally ask her about him? Yes, I asked mentally, so as not to annoy her parents. Some parents would be annoyed that I asked. Some would have become absurdly annoyed if the answer had been “yes”. In any event, he and Janie are not carrying on with each other.”

“Oh, good. She’s awfully young for that. Can you imagine the legal complications if they had been? She wouldn’t be available as a witness, and couldn’t give any information about how to find him, and life gets complicated from there. Is his private persona private? What do his parents think of all this?” Krystal asked. After a moment, she made the connection. “If we don’t know who he is, how can we warn his parents, or protect him from Kamensky and friends?” Krystal wished that truly young personas were not involved. That situation could readily become distinctly ugly.

“There is a minor detail that now perhaps matters. Two years back, on Castle Island, Joe made off with a Krell disruptor pistol. That’s the pistol that shot him, square into his shields, without his shields going down. He was ten or eleven at the time,” Morgana answered.

“A ten-year-old with a Krell pistol?” Krystal’s question was purely rhetorical. “Why not a strategic transmutation bomb, too? Hopefully he realizes it is not a toy? And how did his shields not go down?”

“I don’t know who his parents are,” Morgana answered. “I don’t know where he lives. The geas ensured that. It wouldn’t have blocked me, but I never met Joe to ask. I don’t know what he did with the pistol, the matching force field bracer, or why he was so interested in playing Janie. Extremely strong shields covers a great deal of uninformative ground. Asking him your questions requires that he shows up again to play Janie, which he has not done in several weeks. In fact, not since Eclipse made off with the Namestone. Hmm. I wonder if Joe knows Eclipse. That would explain

how she found out about the move. If you count, someone planted that geas. This kid has shields more or less as good as yours, except he was ten at the time. Also, after Joe rescued Janie, something marched through the Castle Island Jail, exfoliated the kidnappers' minds, and neutralized the Perversion Circle. That something that does not appear to have been Joe. The seriously fuzzy image says the person was close to six feet tall. There are some really first rate personas moving near the Wells family, without leaving enough of a trace that I can identify them."

"On the bright side," Krystal said, "Joe has had that thing for the better part of two years now, and I haven't heard about any large urban areas getting flattened. Wait a moment. The giant reptile in Washington last year. It was taken out by that teenager with a Krell disruptor, and a force field bracer. She for sure could not disguise herself as a ten year old boy. Not then, not a year earlier. Except she said she had a boyfriend. And they'd done memory deletion to forget each other." Krystal took another bite out of her scone.

"Silk," Morgana said. "Protégé of Kniaz Kang. She's the one who took out the League assassin. She goes to school across the street from his restaurant. But she's...just a moment." Morgana held up her right hand and gestured with her fingers. Then she frowned.

"Something wrong?" Krystal asked.

"I have tracers on all five Wells family members," Morgana said. "Something just happened to Jessamine Trishaset. She's conscious, in school, not frightened, not using her gifts. Her mood just switched to catastrophic foreboding." Morgana gestured again. "She is walking down a corridor, between classes. There is no obvious threat. Her brother is walking the other way, away from her."

"Teenagers," Krystal said. "I wore the wrong sweater to school. My reputation is doomed forever."

"True. Also a difficult family situation. Her sister is a Highly Esteemed. Her brother builds astounding models. Trisha is way above grade level, does huge amounts of housework, is a fitness

fanatic, sews her own clothing, and her parents simply do not notice. They didn't even say anything to her after I told them how fast a flier she is." Morgana shook her head. "It's tearing the poor kid apart."

"Is she that fast?" Krystal asked.

"I won't break confidentiality." Morgana shook her head. "She is deep space fast, enough that I warned her about our galactic core mystery."

"I shouldn't have asked," Krystal said. "All this, and we may have a war on our hands. 'May' is too optimistic. The first question is whether the IncoAztecs will wait for an Eclipse sighting as an excuse to invade, will fake an Eclipse sighting as an excuse to invade, or will simply lie and claim there was an Eclipse sighting. Then there are the Brazilians and the Argentines. I have not heard anything about a Lemurian Rising to take advantage of the situation, but that's certainly a possibility. At least last Fall their invasion of China was met with a unified world response. I certainly couldn't promise that would happen now. However, you've answered my key question, it is 2 P.M. sharp, and this afternoon I have another 24 hours of work to complete. At least."

"Understood," Morgana answered. "You must go. You should take a sabbatical and become a faculty member someplace. Afterwards you could say how little work you have now. Please do keep the scones you haven't finished yet."



The Contents of a Good Life #3, N'APA, July 2018, 235th mailing



Heading design by Ramos Fumes

Will S. Mayo, apartment 9B, 750 Carroll Parkway, Frederick, Maryland 21701. wsmayo@yahoo.com

That's some wonderful stuff here you folks have been sending me. But the way my computer's set up I can no longer figure out how to browse through my downloads and documents. It's damn frustrating. I no longer have that last issue of N'APA at hand or so much else and cannot even find my way to hunt down everything I've written since the new computer was installed. And I'd grown so frustrated with the local computer technician and his

cavalier way of handling things that I dare not give him a ring. I just read as they come one by one and comment on them as I see them. As I say, it's a damn frustrating situation.

Face it. I'm an old millennium man living in these high tech times and getting further and further behind every day.

It's damn frustrating how we, all of us, have come to be dependent on this medium. It's not everything, I know, but it's the modern way. I can't help but romanticize about the days when I wandered from bar to bar scribbling on scraps of paper hoping to find a stamp somewhere, all while trying not to give up upon the whole affair...even if such musings are just that, romanticism and nothing more.

ON THE MAILING

Thanks, John Thiel, Jefferson Swycaffer, Lauren Clough, *re* your comments about my old battered computing machines. It's hard to say whether it was the dust or just the wear and tear of my pounding on their keyboards day and night that gave them to the Computer Death. I'm working on this "new" computer (perhaps not so new after a few months) and am still trying to find out where all my documents and downloads are inside this thing. With computing, I definitely belong to the last millennium. And I still do all my typing with just one finger.

Kevin Trainor, Jr.: I look forward to hearing more from you about those fannish friends in my area. A fannish friend is a friend indeed.

But with regard to the poem with Plato the Lover you are all referring to, I'm not sure where that came from. (I write so much it's hard to keep track of it all.) I vaguely remember referring to some poems by Pablo Neruda, a Chilean poet who ranks among my favorites. Perhaps that's where it all comes from. As I say, I have trouble keeping track.

As to the loveliness of the body, whether it's fat or skinny, old or young, I have to agree, the body definitely looks better when thoroughly bared. And I say that without exception.

Thanks again, John Thiel, for referring me to Eldritch Science and this splendid organization.

George Phillis: I did enjoy that novel you sent on the disk you snail-mailed me. With the neighbor's help, I was able to reach that much—though it too may be gone by now.

Will Mayo's Reviews

Tarzan of the Apes by Edgar Rice Burroughs

Which rules greater in a man? Nature or nurture? In this classic tale, Burroughs takes on the issue with abandon, telling the story of an English lord raised by apes in the African jungle, who learns the way of the jungle and then takes on all the enticements of civilization, only to abandon civilization in the end. All for one jungle-stricken girl, all for one man with no harm to any. I very much enjoyed Burroughs' tale and found it well worth the time involved, despite having seen many movie and television versions of his story for the past fifty years and more. And it remains a pertinent question in

this age of millionaires captaining spacecraft and fancy computing machines connecting millions. To what extent are we ruled by our passions? And to what extent are we ruled by our natures? It is a very good question and I know not the answer, though I expect in the end—it may be the savage nature of me for all I know—I would make the same decision as Tarzan did in the end to leave it all behind. Something in civilization disheartens me. Even now as I type these words on this all too civilized machine. God knows why.

The Keep by Jennifer Egan

This is a story about two cousins trapped in a ruined castle somewhere in Europe back during the last century, as told by a prisoner in a writing workshop, and that prisoner's story is in turn told by his teacher. As such, it's a story within a story within a story. And the stealer is that all the good guys go down hard, incredibly hard. But you the reader find yourself having such a totally awesome, beautiful time that you hardly mind the details. Go ahead. Begin the experience. You'll be glad you did.



*a story I wrote around 15 years ago after an old computer crashed.
It'll eventually find its way into one of my books.*

Ghost on the Web by Will Mayo

The old Zenith rattled and roared its way across the Web, its buttons pushing up and down on the keyboard, its cursor at first standing still before wandering around in countless crazy circles on the screen, the mouse that guided it a mere plaything to the ghost among the chips. First, it opened a site belonging to the skin trade judged indecent by the laws of men. Then, a place in hell for the Marquis de Sade where bound creatures in leather and chain fancied themselves in torture and pain and all things deemed delightful by the flesh. Finally, a hacker's heaven where the secrets of the ether lay within for those who merely sought its grounds. Codes were torn to bits and realigned into bytes and various were the fates of the cyber-pirates scattered across the chasm. The spirit took pleasure in this, as it did in many an ethereal spice, and ventured forth again.

It was born, this ghost, amid madness and despair. It was born out of the blood of a man whose gashed wrists and opened throat poured their insides upon the glass- and silicon-plated computer then outdated by "progress". A woman he could not possess, a man he could not control, a thousand deeds that set the neurons of his innermost thoughts humming in disarray. Until at

last he sought an eternity that had never been explored. The thick red and purple liquid found its way into silver and gold and the sands of Microsoft's finest creation, and, out of that, his soul poked and prodded its way among the screws and buttons and silicon circuits to become one with the machine. Then to venture among the caves and valleys of cyberspace, taking with it the secrets of mankind.

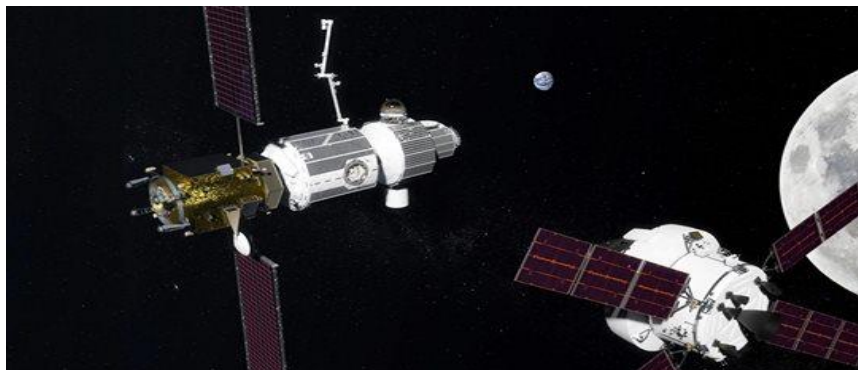
Now, having gained the exterior secrets of the human race, the spirit sought what lay only within. Touching, grasping, holding, it extended itself from keyboards and Palm Sets across the globe into fingers and hands, up arms, and into the brain cells of every man, woman and child who would wish to play a song or write a poem or perhaps enter onto the Web's vast space. The chips, of course, cried out "Overload! Overload!" but the specter tried its best to quiet them as out of the search for knowledge it discovered every dream, every fantasy, every sometime thought that might exist within the human race.

And, for just a fraction of a nanosecond, it possessed all these things, claimed them as its own.

Then the flesh burned, the circuits caught fire, the plastic dripped onto bone, which, in turn, shattered into so much dust, and the machine made by man, the man-made self, made in all his glory, was no more!

With that, the spirit exited the chaos below, clouds rained down their tears, and a world given up for lost was now regained. Only a whimpering god could remember what had happened, and then he, too, was gone.

The earth turned dimly about its sun, forgotten once more.

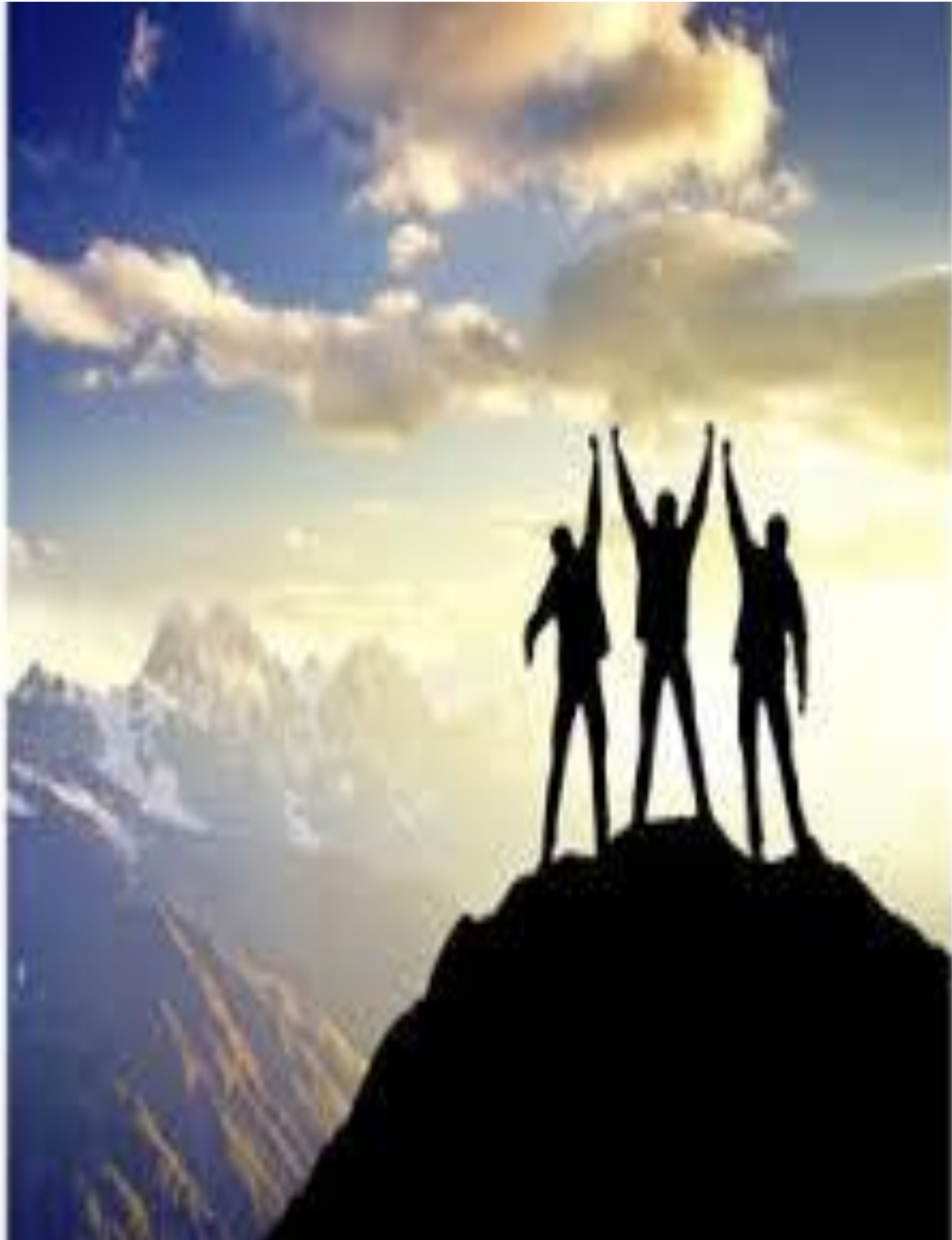


Trump asks for further developments in the space program

Gentlemen's Smoker

and endpage

SYNERGY 13 N'APA 235 July 2018



**Published for the National Amateur Press Alliance's 235th mailing by
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Opening with a complaint: For some time, according to my files, the N'APA deadlines have been describing 2018 as 2017. Is that a correctable error? Also, the cover for the last N'APA mailing was one the artist had done for Surprising Stories. It illustrated and was done for a story called "Flash and Sam Meet the Rapper", a title which was mentioned in the mailing's credits. That's not the first thing like that, it was preceded by a cover done for Tightbeam by the same artist, which had previously been a cover for my efanazines zine The Pdf Dragon. I suppose Sanchez can submit his art elsewhere if he wishes, but do the recipients want to use art that has been used nearby? I know he's been extolled in Tightbeam and in other credits by the NFFF, but for some reason the art he's been doing has not been original for the NFFF.

Numerous other complaints about the recent problems in the NFFF, there's been a major communications problem which apparently prevented George Phillies and Steve Davidson from getting together anent some publicity for the NFFF; Davidson's contact with me was also inhibited. It seems to me he's suffering interference with his project and that the NFFF is getting similar interference. Some did not want Davidson's project to be successful and we still don't know if it will be,

although the kickstarter campaign came off successfully. George complained that his online Amazing addresses seemed both invalidated and unworkable. All this with deadlines at hand. Recently George's online address stopped working for me just as I was mailing in material for N'APA. We're seeing calamity after calamity like this, apparently attributable to no one.

Then there's the N3F site going down. It was described in a notification I saw as being "forbidden" to use the site. That's not the natural lingo of the internet. It shows ignorance of what the site is. Later it was stated that investigation showed that the site was not actually a violator of something or other. But somebody had said it was. This could constitute activity based on an attitude hostile to or even at enmity with the NFFF. There seems to be saboteurs wielding typos too, which are hacked into writings. Could this be an assault by users of the notorious malware, or purposeful users and programmers of viruses? There are internet warnings about this. Spyware seems capable of intercepting messages, and then substituting for them if the thing is progressed. At any rate, the site is back up, but we hope it will not go down again in the same or a similar way.

So those are complaints about impediments to N3F progress. We should hope to see that this does not go on, and work to make sure that it does not. I am still wondering if I will be able to get this issue of Synergy through. Remember, working together is a plus.

EDITORIAL



A Look Into the Past—and the Future

Y'know, Howard Browne once wrote an editorial in which he said that he was tiring of what science fiction was coming to—it partook too much of civilization, showing modern man caught up in his technology. It lacked rugged individuality. He yearned for what Edgar Rice Burroughs wrote—"the love of a strong man and a beautiful woman". Modern sf simply was not lusty enough for him. He was deluged by responses saying "You can't live in the past", although Ray Palmer took up his challenge and started calling out for science fiction with heroes in it and fighting men working in a good cause. Hamling, too, was publishing action fiction, but it lacked the individuality Browne required.

Well, his challenge was hurled at unheeding writers—nothing came through for him. This was odd, because writers are apt to be responsive to that sort of thing. I think the reason for this was most successfully expressed in a fanzine by Dan Adkins, who pointed out that science fiction was turning more and more to warfare, and warfare of this kind was not an individualized thing. It was rather deplorable to watch more and more war fiction overtake science fiction, and aftermath stories supplant everything else. No, that wasn't what science fiction was becoming, but much of the rest was what Browne said he was coming to deplore, man in conflict with society and doom-saying views of culture.

Science fiction remains progressive, and if it doesn't succumb to the warfare it's been portraying, we might find more fealty to life and living in science fiction to come.

A LOOK BACK

Again, we are with Rocket Fuel, my own N'APA fanzine from the early 80s, and as I said, these were the last two issues of that fanzine, for I split from N'APA at that time, and left the N3F a few months later by not renewing my membership. Rocket Fuel #8, July 1983, had one of David Heath's fine pieces of art as a cover. Here's a quote from its editorial: "Tom [McGovern] has pulled this apa through a major crisis and a few minor ones, and I think should be given due credit—for instance, building upon his work and keeping the apa running and on the improvement road. I liked his work well enough to nominate him for this year's Kaymar Award, I might mention. I hope some of you will augment my nominations with sentiments of your own—you want to write to K. Martin himself. So I use this editorial space to say that merely being in N'APA is perhaps not enough—I think everybody should get the best zine of which he or she is capable ready for the 100th mailing."

Referring to money, being discussed as possibly the root of all evil at that time, I said "One even has to pay to see if one's writing is good enough to win a prize in the story contest. Somehow, fair and square and rationalized as it may be, the fact that N'APA is moving up to be more than the original NFFF dues expense is something that does not look good to me like the way that things should be."

I note that the foregoing issue of The Alliance Amateur had a cover with Soupy Sales on it.

Jim Allen, who had joined my Fan-Pro Activity and N'APA, is interviewed and says of his introduction to the N3F, "Two months after I had returned from Washington, I received an application to join. Apparently, Don Franson read one of my letters published in Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine and sent it to me. It took me another month or so to join. I was thrilled when I did, even more thrilled when I started getting letters from other fen, and practically ecstatic when I started joining bureaus and working to get people interested in SF and Fandom." Asked what he didn't like about the club, Jim said, "When the club zines are three months late, when bureaus that I am in don't get listed or even mentioned in TNFF, when a TB editor doesn't print a letter that concerns the entire club and, instead, publishes just general interest letters that have no real bearing on the organization as a whole. And I especially don't like it when I write to bureau heads, offer to join or help, then never hear from them again." Jim was sixteen years old at the time of the interview.

Rocket Fuel #9, September 1983, was N'APA's 100th mailing. I had a better than usual

issue for my last one, with three pieces of fiction—"Wrong Step Into Tomorrow" by Robert Newsom, "I Once Was A Dreamer" by Jim Allen, and "How Jimmy Olson Became the Lone Ranger" by Joe Napolitano, and personality profiles of Jim Allen, Tom McGovern, and Joe Napolitano. Two pieces of art by David Heath for two of the stories hadn't arrived in time, I noted. In fact, they never did arrive. There was some commentary about my leaving the apa. In October the Chief Executive dismissed me from the position of Fan-Pro Activity director and ordered me to stop calling Ionisphere a National Fantasy Fan Federation fanzine. So I ceased publishing Ionisphere and dropped my membership in the NFFF. It wasn't until a couple of years back that I rejoined, and I was pleased that George Phillies asked me to resume my fan-pro activities. Also I'm happy to be back in N'APA.



Kind of hard to get a really close look at the Apocalypse.



Mailing Comments

ARCHIVE MIDWINTER. On Gatsby, it may be the book provides a variation from certain social conditions, so that the reader will feel an easing of the tension produced by his own environment.

The past is commented on in my editorial—I see it as a basis.

THE SILVER STATE AGE. Somebody being booted from a Worldcon is difficult to visualize, as it's apt to be a complicated matter. However, I was asked to leave the InConJunction in Indianapolis because I wasn't registered to be there. But I wanted to know how security had become aware that I wasn't registered.

Rocket Fuel was in the early 1980s.

The news gets around when an author has a stroke? I suppose so, with the net.

A good accountant has a solid position. (Confucius?)

It seems to me the net has raised hob with copyrights.

NOTES FROM A GALAXY FAR, FAR AWAY. Maybe the various net orgs would be better off if they formed a cartel.

I recall that tape bureau. I wondered how many Neffers were blind, so that it justified a bureau.

YE MURDERED MASTER MAGE. I seem to have difficulty keeping N'APA 233 in my files. Did you really change the name of your zine to Ye Murthered Master Mage in that issue? Two of the members read it out that way, but I apparently didn't notice it, and you have it spelled that way in the mailing. Curious because I read a poem in a fanzine called "Phantasy and Fact" years back called "He was Murthered, They Say", the only other time I've seen that spelling used until those people took it up now.

My authors are all from Big Three magazines, Analog, Asimov's, and F&SF, but you'd have to see most every issue to find them.

Mitra was virtually described as being God in CONAN THE CONQUEROR, where one of Conan's allies said, after winning the war, "I have an homage to pay at the Temple of Mitra", which is a Christian attitude and probably observance.

THE CONTENTS OF A GOOD LIFE. You're catching on. Another good issue, and some improvements.

"Old Blooming Flower" reminds me of the folk song "Proud Lamkins" where it says "I'll give your daughter Betsy my old blooming flower."

End of mailing comments, what more is there to say?

CONCLUDING THOUGHTS

I got things straightened out in my contacts. Seems my files had been altered to have “com” instead of “net” on George Phillies’ address.

