

N'APN 236



‘Not So Normalville
by José Sánchez

The Official Organ

#236

Next deadline: November 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 If you are a member, you publish in here a zine with new material and hopefully comments on other zines. Members are expected to submit their zines to the Collator 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.

#

In this issue:

Front Cover: Not So Normalville... Jose Sanchez

The Official Organ #236

The Silver State Age Kevin Trainor – 4 pages

Notes from a Galaxy Far, Far Away Lorien Rivendell – 2 pages

Ye Murthered Master Mage George Phillies – 5 pages

The Contents of a Good Life Will Mayo – 8 pages

Synergy John Thiel – 7 pages

Back Cover... Found by John Thiel

The Silver State Age #12
September 10, 2018
for N'APA 236

Kevin Trainor Jr.
wombat.scho@gmail.com

3040 Kishner Drive #205
Las Vegas, NV 89109

OBLIGATORY NATTER

Well, these last couple of months sure could have gone better. Probably the biggest thing to happen is that the summer term at UNLV was a complete disaster – failed both classes, which resulted in me going on academic probation for this semester, which meant no financial aid, which meant the student loans fell through, which meant I had to drop all my classes. There were some other ugly financial consequences as well, but I think that's enough misery to pile on people for one apazine.

I will be moving this week, but the address is TBA; there are several possibilities with a varying number of bedrooms in various places around Las Vegas, and we shall see how things resolve. I am trying to get things into boxes, but apparently I hurt my back sometime over the weekend, so that's been slowed down too. Fortunately a fellow writer has offered to come down and help box things up on Friday, which will help a lot.

On the other hand, in a strange bit of YouTube serendipity, I discovered Mariya Takeuchi's "Plastic Love" and the vaporwave style of music, which have been a comfort to me in this stressful time. I'm particularly fond of the YouTube mixes by Asthenic, who seems to have a gift for producing relaxing, surreal soundscapes which have a definite futuristic feel to them. It seems odd that this isn't the kind of music to emerge from fandom's filk community – or maybe I just haven't been around the right filkers.

I got review copies of Michael Rothman's Primordial Threat, which is an excellent blend of hard SF and technothriller dealing with the imminent impact of a sizable black hole on Earth. The hero realizes that the only hope to stop the hole is to find a -possibly insane- scientist who has disappeared, so much of the book involves the search for the missing scientist. Also got the second two books in Karl Gallagher's Torchship trilogy, Torchship Pilot and Torchship Captain; those are in my to-read pile and I'll probably get them after the move.

Also picked up a copy of the old GDW wargame *Red Star/White Eagle*, which is about the Russo-Polish War of 1920; we are coming up on the centenary of the Battle of Moscow, or "The Miracle on the Vistula", and I found a copy of the old game in good condition online for not much more than I would have paid for it back in the late 1970s when it was originally printed.

Last but not least, I am using part of my Southwest Airlines credit leftover from my abortive trip east for Balticon to fly up to Salt Lake City for Life, The Universe, and Everything, which is a writer's conference/SF convention in February. I'm looking forward to meeting Larry Correia, Sarah Hoyt and hopefully some of you folks who might be showing up there.

LEFTOVER COMMENTS FROM N'APA #234

Synergy

(Editorial) I'm sorry to hear about all the drama going on behind the scenes. This is the first I've heard of it, probably because I'm sitting out here in the desert by myself and not getting pulled into any online chats or exchanges of e-mail. I certainly don't have any objections to the work you've been doing and hope you continue doing it, but as some friends in anime fandom told me some years back, if the amount of fun you're getting out of an activity doesn't exceed the amount of pain in your ass it's causing you, maybe it's time to reconsider being involved in it.

Speaking to the larger issue of fanac, I think in this age of social media it's become (paradoxically) easier to do, but the activity itself is less unifying and more atomizing than it ever has been. People don't "need" to get involved in APAs and clubs any more now that they can jump on Facebook and find a group of like-minded fans of whatever interests them, so that they don't need to tolerate and be social with people who annoy them even in the most petty and trivial way. You used to have to deal with those people in fandom, but those days are done with – if you don't care to associate with *this* group of libertarian fans, well, you can always flounce out (or just leave quietly, though those people seem to be an exception) and find another group more to your liking. I suppose this is good for fans, but not so good for fandom as we have traditionally defined it, and I will deliberately eschew making any parallels to the Worldcon/Dragon*Con kerfluffles this year.

(RYCTo me) I will definitely look your adjutant up as soon as I get settled in the new burrow, possibly even before the October TNFF comes out. ☒☒ Doesn't everybody name their laptops? (reviews) I really ought to spend less time on Twitter and more on reading the fanzines I get from the bureau.

Archive Midwinter

(RYCTo me) I'm very grateful for modern medicine, that's for sure; without it, I would have been dead long since. I am reminded of a quip by Bill James – "When people tell me how great it would be to live in the 18th century, I ask them how they'd enjoy having teeth pulled without anesthesia." People just don't realize how well off they are these days, at least in the material sense.

(Comics) It's ALWAYS a good time to talk about comic books!☒☒ Antarctic Press definitely has some off-the-wall options if one is sick of the terrible art and worse writing that seems to be plaguing DC & Marvel. I rather enjoyed their parodic *My Hero MAGAdemia*, and am looking forward to *Trump's Space Force*, which promises to be equally silly entertainment that will be well worth the money I threw at its Kickstarter. By the same people, *Black Hops* also looks like it'll deserve some shekels once I have some to spare. Spec-ops bunny rabbits – what's not to like?

Silver State Age

As it happened, I wound up driving for Uber all summer because none of the accounting/bookkeeping leads panned out. I may wind up doing quality control for Ernst & Young this coming tax season for \$25/hour, which would do nice things for my household budget.

Notes From A Galaxy...

(natter) I'd been vaguely aware of the AOL/Verizon/Yahoo merger, but didn't think it impacted me until I logged into my old AOLMail account for the first time in a few years, at which point I was presented with a new user agreement.

(RYCTo me) Well, you know by now my (low) opinion of Google, and I'm not about to use their "free" Office clone and hand them more free information. When Microsoft decides to start charging me for this annoying Office 365 suite, I'll cough up a C-note and reacquaint myself with Corel's WordPerfect suite, which I used some decades ago. Or maybe I'll find my lost Office XP disks when I unpack at the new place, who knows?

The Contents Of A Good Life

RAEBNC

THE CURRENT CRISIS, OR, MORE ALARUMS & EXCURSIONS REGARDING N'APA 235

Archive Midwinter

(RYCTo John) Agreed, the Public Library is a good thing, and I should drop by there sometime after the move so I can update my library card, as it seems they have updated their systems and the old ones are no good.

(RYCTo me) That Kipling story – makes me wonder, if he'd lived long enough, would he have been sympathetic to Technocracy?

(RYCTo Lauren) I think when you accuse "Christianity" of prudery, you should be a little more specific. Roman Catholicism can be accused of such only by ignoring a fair number of papal writings on the importance of sex in marriage for purposes besides procreation. If you are thinking of Calvinists and other Protestant sects who seem bent on making sure nobody has any fun of any kind, then you should say so. Us Papists will be over here enjoying the good food, good wine, and fine art, all in moderation. ☺

Notes From a Galaxy...

(natter) I think geocaching is one of the roots from which the phone game Ingress sprang up, except instead of actual physical items with logs, we have virtual "portals" that we do things with in the game. Sometimes the portals are for cultural artifacts that have moved or been demolished – for example, there were several portals within the Riviera Hotel & Casino that continued to appear in the game for two years after the Riviera itself had been demolished.

(RYCTo Jefferson) I too use my Galaxy Note 8 for a lot of different things besides phone calls. It's indispensable for driving with Uber, for one thing, and I think I probably interact with people more via the Facebook and Twitter apps than I do through anything else, which is unfortunate. Then there's games like Ingress, Words with Friends, Fate/Grand Order...

The Murdered Master Mage

(natter) Congratulations on your retirement from politics, and I agree – it would be nice to have less politics in fandom, but I doubt that's going to happen in the near future. I suspect that fan conventions are going to continue dividing themselves into two groups: one group which sees explicitly political conventions like WisCon as a good thing, and another group that does not. Meanwhile, Dragon*Con and the SDCC will continue to be huge and primarily concerned with making money by entertaining people.☒☒ I will spare you my opinions on the professionalism of Mr. Davidson and his website claiming to be an SF magazine; besides, I think I've expressed those before and see no point in repeating them. Hopefully we didn't pay him much, if anything.☒☒ I'm impressed by the amount of writing you are doing and wish I could be somewhere near that level of production. To be a writer, one needs to write.

(RYCTo me) Yes, the cancelled GenCon guest was Larry Correia. He went anyway, signed a lot of books, and apparently his major complaint (aside from the unprofessional rudeness of GenCon regarding the cancellation of his guest status) was that not having to do panels resulted in him spending more time and money in the dealer's room buying miniatures. I suspect his compound at Yard Moose Mountain* is going to contain a separate vault for his miniatures.

*He is such a failure as a Real Author™ that he's building a new family home on his own mountain. I'm not kidding.

The Contents of a Good Life

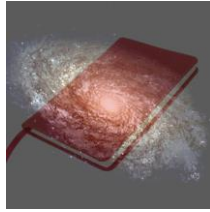
(RYCTo me) I think I had heard Kyle McAbee and/or Martin Wooster of PRSFS mention you, or perhaps it was someone else from that club.

Synergy

(A Look Into The Past) I am curious about the date of this editorial. It must have been quite a while ago if Ray Palmer was still around and active. Combat/military SF is a relatively recent subgenre of the field, although there have been stories about war and the military all along, and the sort of thing Browne was complaining about certainly seemed to be more common in the 1950s and early 1960s. Combat SF, as written by Dickson and Pournelle, and later Haldeman and Drake, explicitly rejected the notion of an apocalyptic war on Earth in favor of humanity going to the stars and -inevitably- taking the institution of war with it. As I say, though, this was a subgenre, overshadowed by soft SF of the sort written by Zelazny and McCaffrey and Vance – people in conflict with their societies, or struggling against nature on foreign planets. Sometimes both.

(RYCTo me) Thank you for the dates of Rocket Fuel. I was blissfully unaware of all this as I was in Germany at the time and completely disconnected from fandom, not that I was that well connected even before I enlisted.

NOTES FROM A GALAXY FAR, FAR AWAY #15



September 2018

For N'APA 235

Lorien Rivendell

(Lauren Clough)

Lorienrivendell99@gmail.com

LIFE

OR: WHY I DON'T HAVE MUCH AGAIN THIS MONTH

Life continues to race by at lightning speed. Where *does* the time go?

I've been working. That much is a given. My job is going well. Sometimes in the manner of the old curse: "may you live in interesting times."

What's keeping me busy for the rest of the time is my mom. She has advanced cataracts and can't see much at all. I've been driving up to see her (about 4 hours one way) every two weeks. I help her run errands, pay bills, and make meals.

I manage to slip in some geocaching (much of it is urban, and I check the app wherever I go to see if there is anything nearby) and hiking. It's the only exercise I get, and it's sporadic.

I read when I can, which isn't much these days. Often, I just have trouble concentrating enough to read a book and have it make sense.

I don't even take the time to watch much TV (and by "TV" I mean streaming shows). "Castle Rock," a new series on Hulu, debuted in July and wrapped it's first season this week. It was filmed, in part, in Orange, MA, which is less than 20 miles from me. I enjoyed watching the series and trying to figure out what was going on and what would happen next. It's an odd series, but I enjoyed it.

COMMENTS

Maybe next time. I read N'APA 234 and 235 as soon as I got them, but didn't write any notes for comments.



The Deaver residence in Castle Rock is a real house in Orange, MA. A local guy told me that the guy who owns the house was offered a handsome sum of money to relocate while filming was going on.

Ye Murthered Master Mage
George Phillies
48 Hancock Hill Drive
Worcester MA 01609

Personal: We had a dreadful August, with heat and humidity in the 80s or 90s, and then no rain for some weeks, so I had to water. With three hoses running I can water all my flower beds in a full day, though I need to move the hoses every hour. I am now catching up on weeding, in particular deleting a noxious invasive plant that just destroys everything in its path. I will doubtless be doing this for several years now in order to get rid of all of it. By the end of the summer I will have planted 1500 vinca minor (myrtle).

Our Tightbeam Editor decided not to continue, in some part because he was not getting enough letters to the editor. I will be bringing out Tightbeam in the near future. Eric Jamborsky has volunteered to become BuHead of a new film bureau; its articles will appear in Tightbeam.

Writing?

Most important, I finished a draft of The Girl Who Saved the World. I may move some chapters to the next book and add some chapters to the current book instead.

I decided that I do not believe a calculational approximation I tried in the paper I had been working on, so I will do something else instead. That requires calculation as well as writing.

Comments on last issue:

Jefferson Swycaffer: The single point of view approach can be good, but it also has become something of a cult. Imagine a description of a poker game in which we look over the shoulder and into the mind of each player as he decides what to bid, and savor the line of each player's thoughts. The POV changes with each paragraph, but it would be good writing.

We are approaching the point where there will be some superhero action. Superpowers have applications more mundane than smiting villains and destroying asteroids.

There have been a series of convention events. Someone was perhaps assaulted at GenCon, or perhaps not. Origins reportedly did not renew the contract of the fellow who supposedly dropped the ban hammer on the Guest of Honor. There was an antifa demonstration against – it appears – an

antipedophilia demonstration in front of the WorldCon hotel. Or perhaps not. The number of attendees was indeed small.

Your support for the weak hypothesis is well written. I am reminded of claims that parliamentary democracies could never get to war with each other. These people are unaware of the governmental structure of Wilhelmine Germany.

Kevin Trainor: Sympathies on the challenges of returning to school. Sympathies also on needing to move. I moved in 1975, 1978, 1984, 1985, and 2006, and hope to avoid another move for at least 50 years.

Lorien Rivendell: We do not have, to my knowledge, any major feuds in the N3F. There are occasional complaints. There were complaints about Eldritch Science, notably that it was too long. There were complaints about the Franking Bureau, notably that we had to split some fanzines into segments because of the file size limit. We did not pay F&SF, namely we were unable to get a response out of them despite multiple contact efforts.

Will Mayo: Sympathies on your computer difficulties. Often computers have a search feature that lets you find the location of named files. This might solve your location challenge. Where one missing file is found, others may be nearby. That was truly an artistic short story.

John Thiel: The web site situation was a permissions setting. It was fixed once we became aware of it. I have no idea what the difficulty was with contacting Amazing.

It strikes me that David Weber's Honor Harrington series was war fiction, but it was always about particular people. Why did the N3F President remove you as a BuHead? That sounds strange?

I did hear from Jefferson Swycaffer, who was apologetic, but will have no zine this issue.

The Girl Who Saved the World

Chapter Eleven
Corridor Nine
Benjamin Franklin Technical
Junior High School
Joseph Henry Boulevard
Medford, Massachusetts

Brian Wells stared down the corridor. He absolutely had to talk to Trisha to warn her, and this

was the only time in the day that their paths crossed. Except half the time she took the other corridor and the second set of stairs. There she was. He hurried toward her. He had to tell her what he'd heard, and then not be late

for his class.

Trisha saw Brian pointing at her, smiled, and stopped. "I've got a class," she said.

"Me, too. Urgent," Brian said. "I dashed back to get my homework this morning. I heard mom and dad talking. Mom is totally hacked off you went cloud diving with Joe. Totally and completely. She even raised her voice." Trisha folded in on herself. "Dad was just as angry. 'She's a complete disgrace to the family' was his line. He said he'd put a stop to that. And if you didn't he'd ground you, no flying or anything, for a year." Trisha almost burst into tears. "Sorry, but forewarned is prepared. Got to run." Trisha, ashen-faced, trudged off to her Genre Fiction Class.

* * * * *

The Wells Residence
Arbalest Street
Medford, Massachusetts

"Hello! I'm home," Trisha called, hoping there would be no answer.

"Good afternoon, Trisha," Abigail called from her first floor office. "Didn't you have singing today? Did anything else happen?"

"Music is tomorrow, Mom. Tomorrow I'm here at a quarter past five. Someone, I forget, thought I knew something about this Joe fellow. I don't. He always was here to play City with Janie. I certainly wasn't going to mention stacking all the firewood."

"You didn't tell people about cloud diving, did you?" Abigail asked grimly.

"Mom! Give away I'm a persona. N. O. No. Besides, that was last Fall, a long time ago," she answered. "I'd almost forgotten about it." You would have been happy to do it more often, she thought, but he was too busy with some project.

"But whenever he was here, you would sit talking with him," Abigail continued.

"Mother," Trisha said, "he was a guest in the house, so I was polite. He'd always be here on time, Janie's chess class always lets out late, and you not me said he should come inside, not sit on the front porch in the cold, so I talked with him rather than leaving him alone until Janie got back, even though he was a boy and so he didn't know

much and was really dull even if I had to laugh at his jokes." Actually, she thought, he knew a great deal, so it was like talking to another girl. "And then Janie would show up and they'd break out her game board." They were always funny jokes, Tricia thought. And he was ahead of me in math. All that time I waste singing to keep mom happy got me there. "Are there any chores that need doing? I'll get the dishes and the furniture polished soon as I change out of my school clothes, but I have a lot of homework."

"You never went cloud diving again?" Abigail asked.

"That was last Fall, mom. Twice," Trisha said. "Morgana wanted me to practice, and I found someone to practice with, the way Morgana asked, just like Brian and his base ball nines team and Janie and all her game opponents. But then he was too busy."

"But you asked Janie if she'd seen him. Several times," Abigail said.

"I was being polite," Trisha said. Just like I'm being polite now, no matter I want to go to my room. Why is she quizzing me? "Janie really liked him as an opponent because he remembered everything from their back games and kept improving so that when she last saw him she really had to work to beat him, and he never complained, which boys like to do because they don't like to lose; so are there any other chores that need doing?"

"Promise me you won't go cloud diving with him again." Abigail said.

"How can I, mom? He's disappeared." She spread her hands in confusion.

"Jessamine Trishaset, I asked you a question!" Abigail snapped.

No, Trisha thought, you didn't. But it doesn't matter. No, I will not ask why. You'll only get angrier. Besides, it doesn't matter, and I don't care what the answer is. "Yes, mother, I promise I won't go cloud diving with him again." The wonderful advantage of super speed, she thought, is that you can wait until you calm down, enough you don't say something stupid, and no one else can tell. Just concentrate on none of this mattering. "Are there any other chores that need doing?"

"Your father was going to put his tool chest in order. He'll need a week," Abigail said.

"On it," Trisha answered. She trudged up the stairs. It was a wonderful house, she thought. Mom and Dad had their second floor bedroom wing. Janie had the second floor rear, the new

extension, built like a rock to support her books. Brian had second floor front and lots of space for model stuff, with his heavy machine tools in the basement, and she had third floor front for her bedroom and the tower room directly above for studying. Third floor back and sides were guest rooms.

The tower room was a wonderful conceit of a former owner. It sat high above the street, with wide glass panels on all four walls and magnificent views down toward Cambridge. Its ceiling was painted the palest of cocoas. Hanging from the ceiling's apex was a black wrought-iron chandelier. More light from the room came from the line of fluorescents hiding behind valances along the ceiling's perimeter. The walls, where they were not glass, were walnut; the floor was white-bleached maple. Brian had helped Trisha build bookshelves on three of the sides. Two sides had rows of shelving and then a wide sill that held two dozen potted plants, violets and Christmas cactus. At the outside of each sill was a grate letting the perimeter radiators heat the room. One side was a long, wide window seat on which she could lie down. Under the window seat was a two-layer storage compartment, under that was a secret compartment, and inside the secret compartment was a second secret compartment. A third secret compartment went into the wall. It was small, but good for money and jewelry. It would have been good for jewelry, she thought, if she'd ever had any. The last side was a desk with a big writing surface and a computer. The desk faced north, so she never had the sun in her eyes while she was studying. If she went up to the tower, no one ever, ever bothered her, so she could study in complete peace and quiet.

Trisha slipped out of her school clothing, into her chore clothing, summoned her gifts and flew down the stairs. Extreme care meant that she made not a sound while emptying the dishwasher, oiling all the living room furniture, and dry-mopping the living room floor. Then she dropped down to the basement. There were masses of tools, not in their right places in the tool chests. That was easy to fix, even taking the time to oil all the metal parts. All sorts of nuts and bolts and nails were in a big pile, with neat ranks of empty sorting trays behind them. She focused, calling deeply on her gifts. Sorting everything, cleaning the now-exposed workbench, floor, and everything else, seemed to go on forever. An hour had gone by, real time. Her hands hurt from all the work she'd done. She

realized she'd cleaned up some of Brian's modelling power tools. She'd have to apologize to him. He was sensitive about that. It was time to go upstairs and bury herself in her books. She almost made it as far as the kitchen.

"Trisha," Abigail called. "Where were you? I went up to your room, and you weren't there."

"I was in the basement, mom" she answered. What was the question? After all, she was coming up the stairs. "I cleaned up Dad's workbench for him, like you asked me to, sorted everything, and cleaned the place up. And now I need a bath. I smell of machine oil. And then I need to start studying."

"You understand why I made you promise no cloudiving, don't you?" Abigail asked.

"Yes, mother," Trisha answered.

"Why?" Abigail snapped.

"Because you said so, mother," Trisha answered.

"No, the better reason," she said.

"Mother, that's the best possible reason," Trisha answered. "You asked me to."

"Go to your room! Go to your room, and don't come down until I tell you to!" Abigail shouted.

"Yes, mother," Trisha answered. She couldn't remember the last time mom had screamed at her. She headed up the stairs, keeping the tears inside until she'd reached her room and started filling the bathtub. The noise hid her crying. She'd been very patient for very long, but finally she'd reached her limits. No matter what she did, her parents talked her down. She'd need a shower first, to get all the dirt out of her hair, but then a soak would help. Her hands ached.

The Tower Room
The Wells Residence
Medford, Massachusetts
Late Evening

Trisha looked up from her homework. She'd heard the door knob of her bedroom turn. She listened carefully. Those were Dad's footsteps, coming across her beautiful maple floor and up the stairs to her tower. He hardly ever came up here. She made herself concentrate on her homework. Proving the quadratic formula required a bit of work. Proving the cubic formula was a chore, but it was a homework problem in the book.

“Jessamine Trishaset!” Dad’s voice boomed from the top of the stairs.

“Oh, hi, Dad. I didn’t hear you,” she said, looking over her shoulder. She stood. And I didn’t hear his voice before now, she thought.

“Jessamine Trishaset, you were not at dinner,” he said sternly.

“Mom told me to go to my room until she called me. She hasn’t, so I’m here,” she answered. “By the way, I cleaned up your work bench and got everything sorted.”

“Stop changing the topic!” he growled.

“Yes, dad.” I did all that work, she thought, and he doesn’t even care.

“You understand why your mother is upset?” Patrick Wells asked.

“No, I don’t. What’s wrong?” Trisha decided after it was too late that that had not been the right answer.

“Of course you do!” He balled his fists.

”You are to stay in your rooms until breakfast tomorrow, appear at breakfast, go to school, and until I say otherwise you will be in your room, at meals, at school, or in transit.”

“Yes, dad,” she answered. ”Chores?”

“You will also do all your chores, whatever your mother says,” Patrick answered.

“Yes, dad,” Trisha said.

“And remember, I love you and we are doing this for your own good,” he said.

I will not say anything, she thought. I know he wants me to say that I love him, too, but I will not say that.

“Don’t you have something to say?” he finally asked.

“I have homework to do,” Trisha answered coldly. Patrick stamped down the stairs, slamming her bedroom door behind him. After a while she realized she had been staring at the stairway, waiting for her hands to stop shaking, for a good ten minutes.

Sunssword had been very clear about super speed. Trisha knew that she could turn down her gifts much of the way, lie down and sleep for nine hours, and only that number of minutes would have passed. But she wouldn’t get more than nine minutes older. So long as she was very quiet, that was an extra nine hours of reading or studying every night. She hadn’t done it before, not more than a couple times for completing term papers, but the online classes would let her do it. She could wing her way at lightspeed through all her courses,

finish high school, and she’d be entitled to leave. The school handbook said so. Sunssword had also warned her not to try studying at superspeed, not until she’d had her gifts considerably longer, because it wouldn’t work right, which was a nuisance. After tonight, leaving couldn’t happen soon enough.

The Tower Room
The Wells Residence
Medford, Massachusetts
3:15 AM

Trisha stretched and yawned. She’d had her nine hours of sleep, compressed into as many minutes, but it was still strange to be reading at this hour. The blinds were all pulled. They were metalized honeycomb, light-opaque; no one could tell that she was here. And if dad or mom came to check on her, she would turn invisible, fly downstairs, and be in bed before they finished opening her bedroom door. She was already in her light if frilly nightgown. The house heat was way down. Her gifts meant she was aware the temperature was in the low 60s, without her feeling cold. The screen on her computer was flat white, giving more than enough light for reading, at least with her vision. Being confined to her room created a problem for exercise. There was an after-school fitness club; she could switch out of music into that.

<?> The question was telepathy, but it didn’t sound like Janie. That was a bit alarming. Janie and Brian had really solid mindscreens. She had next to nothing.

“Yes?” she whispered. <Does this work?>

<GR. Brian here. >

<What? How?> she asked.

<Dad and Mom announced we can’t talk to you, except over a meal with them there. And Janie was ordered not to use mentalics to talk to you. So we switched powers, just for a few moments. No one told us not to. We had to wait until Dad and Mom are both asleep.> Brian explained.

<What is going on? What did I do?> Trisha said.

<They won’t tell us. It’s something to do with Joe and cloud-diving.> Brian said. <And Dad is waiting for Joe to show up. He’s really mad at Joe. No. He said he’s going to kill Joe, and I’m sure he was not joking.>

<Wait. Please tell Janie I’m sure Joe and I never talked about City of Steel. I barely know the

rules, and for sure didn't understand why her move mattered, even when she explained it,> Trisha said. She shifted in her seat.

<GR. She says, she never thought you told him anything. And if you did, you didn't know it was important, so she forgives you,> Brian answered.

<Good. Please thank her for me.> This was all so strange, Trisha thought.

<Are you still awake? You're sitting.> Brian said. <It's real late.>

<I got nine hours of sleep. In nine minutes. Super speed does that.> Her stomach growled. She had missed dinner. <Absolutely positively don't tell mom or dad! So I'm reading. It doesn't matter. No matter what I do, I don't even get thanked. I only get blamed. I even cleaned up Dad's workbench for him, and all he said was 'Don't change the topic.' That reminds me, I vacuumed a few of your power tools, not that they really needed it. I know you don't like that, but I was a bit tired and got absent-minded. I'm sorry.>

<Thank you,> Brian said. <You really don't have to. You already do almost all the housework. I should do more, but mom will complain that you aren't doing it. We'd help you, but we don't understand either. At dinner mom and dad were both angry, and spent the whole time lecturing us. And wouldn't let us ask any questions. What they said, it made no sense,> Brian said.

<Tomorrow. She's asleep now. Ask Professor Lafayette. She might have an answer.> Trisha wished that was true, not that it mattered. Nothing really mattered any more, except getting out of here.

<We're here. But trading powers is a real strain,> Brian said.

<Then put them back. And go back to sleep. You sleep in real time. I don't have to. It was really great of you to do this. Wait! Tell Janie she doesn't know that Joe and I didn't talk about her move. We can't have Mom and Dad figure out we're talking to each other.>

<She says: Thanks for reminding her,> Brian said.

<I love you, Brian. You, too, Janie. Good night,> Trisha said.

<We love you, too,> Brian answered. The mentalic link vanished.



Frederick, Maryland, by a local artist

Editor is Will S. Mayo, Apartment 9B, 750 Carroll

Parkway, Frederick, Maryland 21701. wsmayo@yahoo.com

The Christians will delude you that life is eternal, that it continues in another form in hell or heaven. Others would say that we are born to another life entirely. But from all evidence I can see, this is plainly it. We are not “born again” as some holy rollers would have it. No, this is all there is. We are only born and live this once. Love your life. Don’t sacrifice it for some fairy tale tomorrow lived in prayer. Celebrate it instead and enjoy it to the best of your ability. Because there’s one thing I have to tell you and that is it won’t last. Nothing ever does.





John Thiel: I've been trying to add comments on yours and others' zines but it's hard to keep up. The latest is that the letters have worn off my keyboard.

Thanks to Loren Clough for the response to my mentioning my little computer troubles on NAPA. As I said, the letters having worn off my keyboard, I have to guess where my fingertips have to touch down, it's all touch and go. And thanks to Jefferson Swycaffer and George Phillies for their responses as well. I do have a little Maugham on the shelf but not A MOON AND SIXPENCE. I'll have to take a look at that as well. I find Gauguin's retreat from civilization inspiring though in the end it may have been responsible for doing him in. He remains a tragic hero of all our doomed youths.

A Skull for the Man, Please. When I was a boy in college many years ago my roommate there seemed enamored of the idea of getting ahold of a human skull. "Just a skull," he said. "Imagine that!" I've no idea if he ever got ahold of one but he certainly went to all ends to acquire it.

A Holiday Curse. And so the learned man put out book after book of Hebrew commentary hoping to make his mark in the world in a most learned way. Until one night upon a fancy to impress his children he fashioned a quick book of rhyme called "A Christmas Carol". Never did he own up to that book though it sold out in edition after edition in all the stores. Indeed he went to his death, disowning it to the end, feeling it beneath him somehow, hoping his Hebrew texts would live a bit longer. Yet not one word of his Hebrew survives while to this day children around the world rejoice in his bit of rhyme. From the grave Clement Moore curses it still.

Lord Byron's Whiskey. And then Lord Byron fashioned a whiskey glass out of his dead friend's skull and drank out of it and said to all, "This is my friend. This is me. This is all that we are."

Edgar Lays It Out There. "And so," Edgar Poe concluded his lecture to the public. "There is nothing more thrilling to the reader than the death of a beautiful woman."

The public that he had lectured so adroitly hung on to his every word and then applauded him resoundingly. "My word, Poe, you have it! Bravo!"

He walked away with his head held low. They still hadn't gotten the gist of it, had they? he said to himself. Time for a drink. And a woman, of course. He mustn't forget that. The tale had just begun.

Oscar's Last Good Night. "Get your mind out of the gutter," she said.

"We're all in the gutter," Oscar Wilde replied. "Only some of us are looking at the stars."

Then the girl changed into a boy and they started all over again.

THE JUNGLE by Will Mayo

Bees take after honey.

Pollen takes after stamen.

A thousand blooms in the bed.

Everything living. Everything dying.

The killing fields on a grander scale.

The sparrow traps the worm.

Paresis takes the sparrow to an early grave.

The killing goes on and on.

Bee after interloper.

Ladybug after smaller bug.
Only the swift and quiet snows of winter
shall slow the slaying.
Where all will sleep
And wait for a new and murderous spring.

A Shudder And Then Life Is There. Universes collide, twist, come apart, form again. Galaxies come asunder. Stars spew out planets and life begins to form. It's the ecstasy of creation. Nothing like it in all the multiverse.

Half The Measure. And when Voltaire the man of science during the French Enlightenment who dared to question the church died, the authorities hardly knew what to do with him. Should he be given a proper funeral in the church or not? They just could not decide. Finally, they worked out a compromise and to this day his grave can be found halfway in the chapel and halfway out. A man who belonged to both worlds.

Lennon's Pleasure. "Love," John Lennon said. "It doesn't matter how you love or who you love as long as you do love. So just love." And with that he lay down and died. Many were those who came by to love him in his wake but few ever bothered to love one another. And that then is the pity.

Ghosts On A Monday Night

And sometimes you just know it's true
the dead just won't let it wait.
And neither will you.
You can hear the pounding on the walls.
And still those memories of a thousand gravesites
come roaring forth.
There is nothing you can do to quiet the dead.
You offer them tea perhaps
or good fortunes by the windowsill.
But time is no remedy and neither is the bargain good.
You pass the hours quietly,
drink in wavering hand.
Knowing the terror of the night must pass
with only the waking dawn.

You pour another glass
and wait for the rising tide of old ghosts to fall back again.
You tell yourself that you are merely dreaming.
So passes another night.

A Few Assorted Words, Nothing More. We live on a remote arm of the galaxy in an otherwise unremarkable corner of the universe. Our planet is midsized, about right. Comets whiz across the nighttime sky. Lions roar, small cats feed, an elephant bellows from time to time. A tired housewife wonders what became of her life. In the next room, her husband snores. In still another apartment children move in an uneasy step stirred to unreason by dreams of far off lands. And here I am, naked and all alone, wondering at the night still. My black cat sleeps well. The cursor moves in circles about the screen. I continue to write. One never knows what remains in the darkness of space, the dream of man. And then we all do go on.

PAIN

It crescendo from a defunct piano,
reaching the highest heavens,
lingering on long after
the rolling beat has passed.
Or, maybe, a scream in a haunted house
that continues to echo
in some long lost mind
after the movie's credits
have rolled up the screen.
Sound has its fury. And so does sight.
A thousand blazing bonfires,
A beacon out of hell.
An eyeball bursting into darkness.
Words, these are, that are only written in air.



God speaks with the Devil



THE HUMAN FLY. And then there was George Willig, “The Human Fly”, who walked up to the old World Trade Center in New York City back in 1977 and, as casual as you be, he grabbed onto ledge and windowsill and climbed from floor to floor up that mighty building. High above the crowds, among the high winds, he kept climbing until he reached the top where the police were waiting for him and with a helicopter they took him away to court. When the judge asked him why he’d done such a thing, Mr. Willig replied simply, “It was there”. Then when the judge handed down the fine of a penny per floor and Willig paid it he passed away into legend. And in such a way was the old Tower sanctified.

BODIES! HOW MARVELOUS! Once I dreamed I was dead. I floated about in a breeze. It seemed the most natural thing to be dead and not to have to worry about living any more. Here and there I went, up hill and down valleys until it came time to be alive once more. What a bummer! Yet I entered my body

through my nostrils, settled my feet carefully where they belonged, head and arms and legs too. What a heavy thing I found my body to be...until I commenced to dance and marveled at it once more. Finally, I settled back down to my dream, made all parts of it fit where they may, and then woke, whereupon I wrote these words. I'm grateful to have a body. Aren't you?

THE GOD OF LOVE. And God? What is God? God is the sun shining down on your shoulders that summer when you're twelve, the very last year you can claim as a child. God is your first sight of a naked woman in all her glory (and forever may she be blessed). God is a thousand sunrises and sunsets seemingly without end and the night between in all its glory. God is you the first time I meet you. God is me on a night out with the stars lighting up all of heaven in the sky. God is all of us. God is the earth and sky and billions of worlds turning round us. Far better than some old man issuing orders from the sky, God is everything we can think of and nothing at all. God is love, is the look of wonder on a child's face. God is me saying I can't do without you now or ever. Better this than some awful hell dreamed up in some Christian church. I worship Her in the chapel of my body and that is holy too.



SYNERGY



For N'APA mailing 236

September 2018

**At the editorial helm of this bi-monthly apazine is
John Thiel, 30 N. 19th Street, Lafayette, Indiana 47904.
Email kinethiel@mymetronet.net .**

Cover by Waylon Valigursky, "Shore to Find"

I was glad to see the standard formatting updated so it reads with a 2018 deadline. I felt like I was in a time machine getting an issue of Synergy together. The cover was again one which previously appeared in Surprising Stories, where it illustrated Joanne Tolson's story "Thull". I'm not sure I like that art being re-used. George Phillies asked me some time back if I could get art for the covers for the mailings. I was able to do that, and have supplied a lot of covers and back covers. The problem I have with it is that this makes it look like the art I have been supplying, if still doing so, was gotten from my own fanzines to be re-used as NAPA covers, which in turn makes it look like I am self-aggrandizing as an art supplier and encroaching into NAPA with my own regular zine, which I am not doing at all. Apparently Sanchez or the art bureau sent over that art or maybe it came over from Tightbeam, is the way it looks from here. (Surprising is available at <http://surprisingstories.thiels.us> , if you want to see the zine I am talking about, and haven't as yet seen it. There's an ad for the N3F in the ad section "Ad Astra" in the issue now online.)

Steve Davidson's new **Amazing Stories** was published and distributed at the national convention this August, and he is now sending out paper copies. I recommend getting a subscription (as I have done). It's expensive, but worth it for a fourth magazine in the science fiction field, and one that has a more forward-looking policy than I think the Dell magazines and F&SF do. The address to send subscriptions to is Amazing Stories, Experimenter Publications, Post Office Box 1068, Hillsboro, New Hampshire, 03244. The price is \$34.95 per year, for four issues.

Happily, N3F publications are back to being displayed on efanzines; it now links into the NFFF site, which has been updated.

I'm wondering if public members, whose memberships are apparently eternal, are being maintained by the public members as well as the organization.

EDITORIAL



Working Together

I mentioned in my last issue that I considered working together to be a plus, and it came to me that this would apply to NAPA as well. We have a nice little apa here, and I think more concord in our thinking would profit us well. My notion of an apa has been that it is set aside somewhat from the rest of fandom, and its members are apt to discuss fandom in general, perhaps constructively. In the case of NAPA, we would be discussing mainly the NFFF, its goings-on and problems as well as speculations as to its improvement, with perhaps a little behind-the-scenes speculation. This could be beneficial and improving to the N3F, and would lend further worth to our publishing efforts.

A good apa, I think, should be beneficial to the organization, though NAPA may be the only apa to which this would apply, as it's the only apa (that I know of anyway) that is attached to an organization. Here we have a chance to express ourselves, which is why NAPA is a good activity to be a part of—one which gives us greater creative opportunity and opportunity also to say what our thinking is on various matters. It's a wonder more people do not wish to join it. Why more people do not want to and do so might be a topic for discussion. People say they don't have enough time, that they are preoccupied with other matters. Well, why don't they join something where they can talk about those other matters, perhaps get some advice from other people where it's needed? They also complain that they don't know how to compile a fanzine, but they could get some tips here how it's done. I think if NAPA really started thriving, it would spread, and energize the rest of the organization. If NAPA has the same policies as other apas, you can send out copies of your zines yourself to people outside the apa who would be interested.

Mailing Comments

ARCHIVE MIDWINTER, Jefferson Swycaffer: Wells received the last NAPA mailing, which I didn't receive, and sent it to me, and I'm making comments from it now. He got it along with an invitation to join, I think at my recommendation, but I haven't asked him what he thought of the mailing. (He doesn't answer my questions very directly. He often seems reluctant to do things. I met him *via* the Cosmic Pen Club many years ago.)

I think commentary appearing on the net has old fanzines beat all hollow in terms of transience.

I was surprised to find myself in any feuding and did all I could to duck out. I saw feuding wipe out much of the fan activity of the segment of fandom I was once in, and consider it something to be avoided. Much earlier issues of TNFF would show discussions of the early feuding which seemed to be on the rise and enveloping fandom.

As you remark to Will Mayo, the negative has a stronger, more exact definition than the positive. Both positivity and negativity might require further interpretation and analysis.

Re "In favor of weakness", your views of the universe as expressed here are regarded as superstition by science, and could be an alternate reality from science's reality. I recall back when Analog printed a letter which says the universe has a rhythm, which confounded me to see it in Analog.

THE SILVER STATE AGE, Kevin Trainor: It seems to me that anyone who would sell an apartment building out of under people living in it lack the quality of humanity. That's worse than anything in the works of Charles Dickens or Victor Hugo. My pal out in the Las Vegas area, John Polselli, suffered similarly, being forced to move out of his house with nothing to take its place, and he is now living in California. I was just trying to get him acquainted with Las Vegas fans, including yourself.

What's coming out of late in science fiction is having evil triumph and more or less stay that way, and monsters being successful in slaying most of the good guys (with somewhat of the implication that they're not really good guys). This is pretty much true in John Scalzi's book THE END OF ALL THINGS. Maybe his title signifies the motive.

NOTES FROM A GALAXY FAR, FAR AWAY, Lorien Rivendell: We had the hottest summer for the longest time that I've ever seen. Temperatures hovering around one hundred degrees.

The feuds are behind the scenes mostly and their existence rumored.
Nobody seems to know what became of the F&SF advertising effort.

THE – MASTER MAGE: I'm glad to hear you considered advertising in Amazing a fine idea. I was after that first issue (where the advertising costs were not as high). I think it might have been mutually profitable for us and for Amazing to be in that first issue, considering how much a first issue is vaunted and how much support it needs. I wish I'd heard about advertising in it earlier. In some ways, Davidson seems to be in a different dimension than the NFFF. He has his problems. I "joined" Amazing Stories on the net early, and kept having trouble with my log-in, unwarranted problems. Davidson's in my Facebook SF group SF FANDOM, and he said he'd fix it up, which took him two efforts to do, and then it shortly fell through again after being fixed up, and I gave up being anything but recalled in the Amazing netzine venture. Again, contact problems at the present time. It's just somewhat displaced from us, contact-wise. From all of this, I wasn't sure he'd be successful with his project, but he's smashingly there at his goal and I hope it keeps up and he is blessed by increase.

It sounds like you have a pretty rural existence, but we've been getting that way too over the past fifteen years, with deer nearby and squirrels in my eaves, and there was a possum living under my neighbor's porch for a couple of years.

I tried the N3F on the net ten years ago and it seemed very inactive, though they had a reputable-looking website.

Possibly you should repeat the statement "Members who are not sure what to do should write LoCs to all our zines" in TNFF.

Your chapter eleven has a lot of familiar names in it. I was just reading a review of a book which commended and faintly criticized a book for having just that attribute.

I noticed that KOMMANDEUR, included with the NAPA mailing, mentions the home front. That's where I'm stationed; all the folks talk about the Home Front here. The only thing I've ever gotten that resembles this is JAGDPANZER, way back.

THE CONTENTS OF A GOOD LIFE, Will Mayo: "Getting further behind" but just remember, not everyone has a computer. It gets to look like everyone does after we've gotten one ourselves.

A very satisfactory mailing, this time around. I am looking forward to seeing the upcoming one, hoping for good continuity. Now a space for a little creative culture:



THE BUTTERFLY by John Polselli

A golden butterfly had winged its way
Above tall grass while I stood gazing at
High mountains during a tranquil time of day.
Within my mind I saw the moon which sat
Aloft, an ashen queen among bright stars
Of memory, for I had dreamed of her
The night before when strains from soft guitars
Called forth a form of reverence austere.

I lift the raven veil and divinate
The wild woman masked in greenery
Whose sacredness I shall reciprocate
Through worship in her moonlit scenery
Wherein omnipotence immaculate
Consents to fly with wings so delicate.

SPACE IS THE PLACE

Daniel Slaten





Art, Contemporary Views