

TIGHTBEAM

#269

Jan. 2014

The Springboard of Ideas

INSIDE:

New Fiction

Eddy in the Road

- David Speakman

New Poetry

- Janet Phelan

- David Amato

Reviews

Art!

TIGHTBEAM

The Springboard of Ideas

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Submission deadline for the next issue of Tightbeam is February 15, 2014. This non-commercial zine is published through volunteer effort.

Editor's Notes



Dead .. Line.

Yes, this issue is late.

I will fess up now and say that real life showed up in December and kicked me in the rear-end through January and February.

Whether it was job loss, death in the family, almost death in the family, sick pets, new job, second new job, the *swine flu* - and everything short of WRATH OF GOD ... odds are I have dealt with it in my home and my life since last issue.

So, without even further delay, here it is: already March and I finally have the January *Tightbeam* done and ready for the presses.

Before I head in and finish the February TNFF and March *Tightbeam*, which I will be doing tonight, let's delve into what is in this issue:

Original Poetry by Janet Phelan, which is thought provoking and so original to the point I had trouble matching art to prose. So, I settled on a piece by David Revoy, which I felt captured the spirit of her words.

An original short tale by me—inspired by an idea I had to start a flash fiction feature in N3F. Be kind—I wrote it in a single sitting, inspired by nothing more than a newspaper clipping about roadwork.

Reviews of three TV programs new-ish member, David Amato. He also submitted out final bit of prose, which I created a photo illustration that I thought captured its nihilistic nature.

And, as always, lots of art.

Keep getting your geek on,
David Speakman

ART CREDITS

Hanie Mohd

1

Travis Easterly

2

Jose Sanchez

6

David Revoy

7

Nicholas Mastello

8, 9

Angel Gonzalez Prego

10

Sarah Lynn Griffith

14

Randall Munroe (xkcd)

6, 15, 20



Cover Art: "Spellcaster"
by Hanie Mohd

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N3F Forum: Letters of Comment

The following letters of comment are correspondences received for both N3F publications, Tightbeam and TNFF, before October 16, 2013. All editing of correspondence is kept to a minimum - limited chiefly to the insertion of name callouts to alert readers to whom a section of the letter is addressed. Please email comments to:
cabal@n3fmail.com

2013.11.11

Heath Row

kalel@well.com

David Speakman: I'm going to start sending you my old RR letter for use in the zine when I pull them out. That way, the words live longer! I'll encourage others to do so, too.

(The rest of the paragraphs in this LOC by Heath are excerpts from the Doctor Who and Star Trek RR letters.—ed)

Patsy: Tell us about the Doctor Who graphic novels you've read. What ones did you get from the Science Fiction Book Club? Which Doctor did they feature? What were the stories about? I've looked at the comics they run in the magazine but haven't really read any comics. Not sure how I feel about a Doctor Who—Trek crossover. Kinda feels like the Vampirella-Dark Shadows crossover. Lukewarm to the idea!

Inspired by **Harold Marcum's** mention of old tapes, I pulled out my copy of the 1993 BBC VHS issue of "The Invasion." It aired in November and December 1968, the eight-part story (two episodes have been lost) features the second Doctor—Patrick Troughton—and was part of the sixth season.

Tonight I watched two episodes from "The Invasion." episodes two and three, given the lost segments. On the tape, Nicholas Courtney, who played Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart of UNIT, discusses the content of those lost bits. Otherwise, it's slow going. The villain, Tobias Vaughn, played by Kevin Stoney, is delightful—that drooping eyelid! There's a fun photo-

graph sequence with Isobel sprawled out on the ground.

It's my first exposure to Troughton, and I think he'll need to grow on me. A little rumped and not overly effective yet ... but will see how the remaining six episodes on the tape go. Once of my favorite scenes involved companion Zoe reciting Algol code to a computer—"That equation is unsolvable!" - causing it to go haywire. I'll also have to see if I have the novel; I've got a little stack of old Doctor Who paperbacks.

Rikki Winters mentioned Netflix. My wife and I recently cancelled Netflix because of how they manage multiple queues for families (they don't anymore), how they crop movies, and their push toward streaming rather than DVDs. So far, all I miss are The X-Files and Dark Shadows.

I've been teaching a summer class at USC on research methodologies, was recently awarded primary custody of my son, and went on a family vacation to Washington, D.C. There, we went to the Air & Space Museum—where I enjoyed seeing a display with photos of pulp SF magazines and some Buck Rogers memorabilia.

Patsy mentioned the new Star Trek movie. I haven't gone to see it yet, but inspired by the round robin, I bought the Kindle edition of Ian Dean Foster's novelization. So far, I've read the first four chapters—or so my Kindle says, 19% of the book. It's really quite enjoyable. Not having seen the movie, I've enjoyed picturing the characters in their classic TV guises and vocal tones rather than the current actors.

William might be pleased to know that my wife and I have been doing some yard work, too. We're killing the grass in our front yard and taking out a couple trees in order to put in a sitting area, decomposed granite, and more locally appropriate plants—cactuses, succulents, and other low-water vegetation.

We also recently got a goldfish. His name is fishy. I've never had a fish and I'm surprised by

how interesting I find him. We enjoy the new addition to our family.

Gar, did you go to any of the Trek screenings in New York City? The one on the Intrepid would have been particularly fun, I think. When my wife and I lived in New York—Brooklyn, to be exact—we went to see Harold and Maude at Bryant Park near the library. Here in LA, they show movies in the Hollywood Forever Cemetery.

I also watched three episodes from the first season (of Star Trek TOS) in 1966. I watched “What Are Little Girls Made Of?,” “Miri,” and “Dagger of the Mind.” Of these, I think I appreciated the first one most—underground ancient society, androids ... very cool. “Miri” struck me as a little hokey ... as do many of the episodes that take the crew to more current-day settings (I even found that true in TNG). And “Dagger of the Mind,” which I just finished watching, was pretty good. There was an excellent exterior shot of the penal colony Tantalus ... very cool for 1966.

2013.11.15

Kent McDaniel

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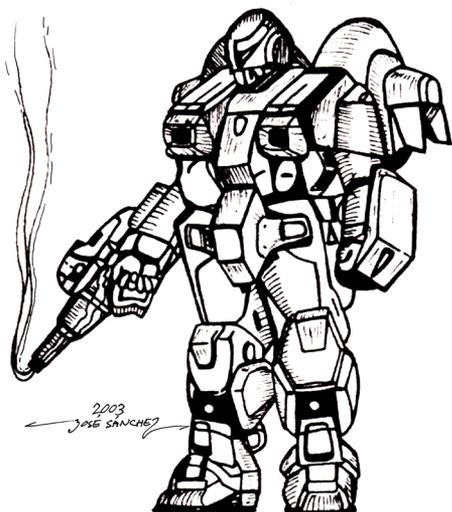
The November issue was another nice one, front cover to back. I enjoyed Randall Munro's cartoons a lot. The one on page two was something like the SF equivalent of a political cartoon, only wittier than most of those (and less depressing). The one that filled page 27 managed to tell a poignant short story in nine panels. I noticed Munro's website url at the page's bottom, and though I haven't yet, I intend to check out the site--like soon as I'm done with this. The cover was also some nice artwork. Where do you find these guys? I wouldn't mind seeing bios on some of the artists in *Tightbeam*.

(As an editor, I have two main purposes: 1. provide an outlet for out members, 2. entertain and inform the readers with art and prose by amateur and lesser-known talent. Most of the art I put in the zines is submitted by members or artists. But a good deal of it I find. I seek out amateur, semi-pro and pro artists who have

agreed to release select pieces of their work to be used in non-commercial publications like this one.)

Nice to see a LOC by **Gary Labowitz** in *Tightbeam* again. This must mean that the end times are nigh: I'm pretty sure I remember reading that that was one of the signs to look for. His story about John W. Campbell entering and leaving the N3F con suite unrecognized reminded me of something that happened at St. Louis Con back in the mists of prehistory. Along with a couple friends, I was walking down the sidewalk wearing our convention badges looking for a place to eat lunch. A guy stopped his car by the curb, leaned over to the window and asked if we wanted to go to lunch with him. He didn't look creepy or anything. He looked kind of cool. Had a mustache and goat-ee. He was, however, clearly over thirty, this was 1968, and we were long haired freaks who imagined we and our peers were going to start the revolution any day now. So I said, "Naw, thanks. That's OK." The guy pulled off and a fan behind us on the sidewalk said, "You guys know who that was?" I looked back over my shoulder. He said, "Robert Silverberg."

Also liked the reviews section, though I saw very little in the books part that interested me--Foreigner perhaps. The movie reviews mentioned a lot of flicks that sound worth checking out, though. I had never heard



of *Extracted* or *Twixt*, both of which sound good. The previews of *This is the End* made it look like something that would bore me out of my freaking mind. Your review convinced me that it'd be worth viewing, and I'm putting the title in the to-be-watched file.

(The wonders of the Internet age and digital technology means that a lot of independent film [Extracted] and smaller niche films [Twixt] can now be viewed by folks who do not live near art houses in huge metro areas. Since I watch so many movies, I tend to keep my movie reviews very brief so I can fit more into a publication.)

2013.12.01

Jason Burnett

Jason.burnett@starfleet.com

David Speakman: First of all, I'd like to say "Wow!" Both Tightbeam and TNFF look great! My hats off to you, sir.

Jefferson Swycaffer: The request for solitaire suitable historical wargames: I imagine you're already familiar with Battle of Wesnoth (<http://www.wesnoth.org>) but if not, you may want to give it a try. It's fantasy, not historical, but it's the best (only!) computer version of a hex map and counters wargame that I've seen in quite some time—and the price (free!) can't be beat.

"The Great Escape" was a nasty little piece of work—thoroughly enjoyable.

2013.12.13

Lloyd Penney

penneys@bell.net

Many thanks for TNFF Vol. 72, No. 6, and I will bet there are interesting things to see and read, and some comments to make. Let's make that come true.

The elections results are in and there is a new treasurer. It's becoming a family affair. I guess it's a lot easier to reach the treasurer with a question, too.

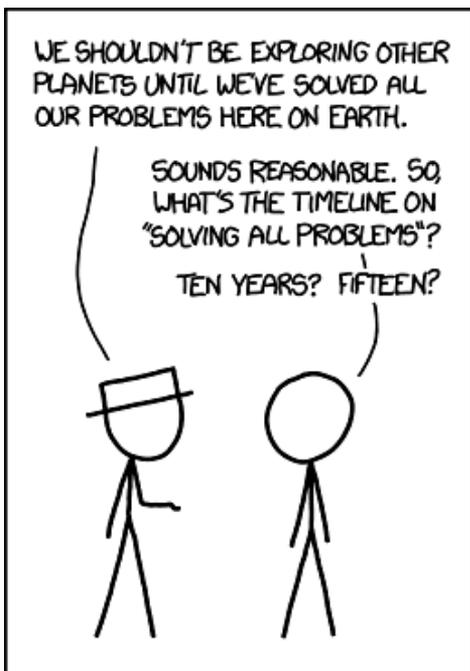
Just as Worldcon was winding down this year the word came that Frederick Pohl had

died. This was catastrophic for me, as it meant that almost all the (personal) Golden Age authors had passed away. I was chairman of a convention that hosted Fred and Elizabeth, and they were the most gracious guests. I have met Emily Pohl-Weary, and put a picture of her alongside one of Judith Merrill ... the resemblance is uncanny. And, the only year I was ever nominated for a Hugo was 2010, and Fred won it. If you lose a Hugo, who better to lose it to?

An impressive convention calendar ... I think my next one won't be until April, Ad Astra 2014, which has moved north of Toronto to the small city of Richmond Hill. 2014 will also see the annual CostumeCon in Toronto, and we will have a vendor's table there, and I will also be on-site dealer liaison.

(One of the bad things about moving from Northeast Indiana to Northern California is that Toronto [one of my favorite cities] is no longer a one-day road trip away.)

I think I am done for now. Yvonne and I wish NFFF the best Christmas and other holidays season. Have yourselves a great time, and the best of 2014 to all of you.



Original Poetry

Janet Phelan

Ten

This year
I abandon the future
It took me this long
To figure out
It no longer exists

I bury the package of seeds
Chard, cherry tomatoes, parsley
In the drawer behind
The pictures of my past

Parents, friends, weddings and birthdays
Parties on boats and expensive hotels
Evaporate as if printed on invisible paper

All lines merge on this point
This particular and irrevocable now

This place where I reside is a parenthesis
It brackets what no longer exists
And what will never come to be

And is beginning itself
To break down
On an atomic level
The adobe walls melt at my touch
The roof is leaking twilight
And the wind clatters through the eaves
Knocking off tiles and wooden beams

It has been raining for as long as I can
remember

The roads in are washed out
And the mountain is half submerged

It is almost the hour

Something has been out there for a very long
time
Ten years ago, on the edge of the half life of
a sleeping continent
I first heard it
Ricochet through the rooms of my drowning

I now hear nothing else

I made preparations
Whatever has been left undone
Will only increase the burden now

I hoist the pack onto my shoulder
As the walls dissolve around me
And I give myself back
To the wind

Janet Phelan, an investigative reporter, has appeared in the *Los Angeles Times*, the *Long Beach Press Telegram*, *Oui Magazine* & other mainstream venues. Writing exclusively for independent media since 2004, her first book, "The Hitler Poems," was published in 2005. "Exile" should be out later this year. She currently resides in Mexico. Her website is Janetphelan.com



EDDY IN THE ROAD

Eddy Magers sat in the kitchen, back to the picture window, using the natural late morning light to read the daily paper.

He was supposed to be looking at the want ads, but there were never any jobs for people like him - over 40 with no high school diploma - that is, ever since Dana Transmission closed its plant in the nearby town of Churubusco.

Instead, he leafed through the pages and his eyes settled on the "CONSTRUCTION" section of the paper:

Madden Road is scheduled to close between Bryie and North County Line roads for a few days next week.

The Allen County Highway Department said the closure should start about 7:30 a.m. Monday and end about 3:30 p.m. Wednesday.

Crews are fixing a soft spot in the road.

As he read, the blood drained from his face. Almost reflexively, Eddy looked over his right shoulder, out the window and toward the dip in Madden Road about a half block from his house.

"Those stupid bastards. What are they thinking?"

Eddy put the paper down on the kitchen table, grabbed and put on his jacket and headed outside into the cold morning air.

He looked fearfully at the small woods bordering his home and at the finger of dark water that jutted out of the overgrowth and

barely touched Madden Road.

Eddy, hands in the jacket pockets to escape the autumn chill, walked briskly to the dip in the road.

No traffic this morning. Hardly ever is; only he and the Rosentraders live out this far since the bank foreclosed on the Holloworths last month.

All the commuters either take County Line Road to the north or Highway 205 - not this forgotten north-south stretch of chip-and-seal that bisects a 20-acre oddly-shaped marshland with its three muck-bottomed lakes.

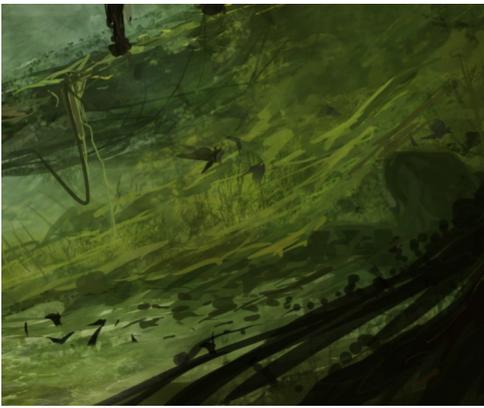
Eddy stepped into the street and walked over to and stood in the middle of the so-called "soft spot" mentioned in the city paper.

Looking toward the west he stared at a small hourglass-shaped 4-acre black-water lake surrounded by waterlogged and stunted trees. Its water was gently lapping against the crumbling tar and gravel of Madden Road.

Eddy then turned to the east and that same black water, no more than 12 inches deep picked up again as soon as the pavement ended.

Madden was starting to look more like a causeway than a road.

The water on the east side of Madden overflowed the shallow ditch and started spreading toward the Holloworth's waterlogged and abandoned yard.



The dark water stretched for about nine feet before being swallowed by the overgrowth that skirted along the Holloworth property line and stretched all the way to Fulk's Lake about 100 yards away.

Looks like there was more wet here now than this past summer, Eddy thought to himself, moving closer to the edge but fearful to get too close to the inky water.

This survey was interrupted by sharp cracking sound behind him. On instinct, Eddy turned and looked toward the source of the noise.

Padding toward him, Eddy saw Pepper, the dog he inherited from his niece, Kelly, when she moved away to college. They didn't allow dogs in the dorms. That was 6 years ago; now the niece is married to an investment banker and lives the high life in a suburb of in New York City. She never asked for the dog back – and Eddy never brought it up. As his sole companion, Eddy was much more attached to the dog than he ever was to his sister's kid, anyway.

Pepper trotted out into the street and stood next to Eddy, looking regal in her dog way. Absent mindedly, Eddy reached down with one hand and scratched her between the ears. Bored, she walked toward the east edge of the road where the new puddle had appeared and sniffed at the water before looking back expectantly at Eddy.

"I know; I know. Let's get you something to eat." When he said "eat," Pepper's ears perked up and she darted past Eddy and

waited for him by the front door, eagerly waiting for her morning breakfast: one coffee cup scoop of lams dry lamb and long grain dog food.

Eddy smiled at Pepper's eagerness, thinking the world would be a much happier place if people took such joy in daily routine.

Meanwhile, Eddy's mind was on that cracking sound in the woods as he packed up the rest of the dog food in Pepper's crate and went hunting for his suitcase. He didn't have to check, but he knew the dip in the road was sinking deeper as the sounds in the woods got more frequent. And, he also knew he wasn't going to be around when road crews showed up Monday morning.

Pepper had finished her meal and was dancing her gotta-go-potty dance by the door.

Finished packing, Eddy let Pepper out, then went to his computer to get Google Maps directions from Fort Wayne to Maplewood, New Jersey.

"Well, Pepper, looks like we're going to make a surprise visit to Kelly and see if you remember her."

He was answered by silence. Pepper was still outside. Normally she'd bark to be let in by now on a cold day like today. Eddy opened the front door and called out to his dog. No answer.

Eddy walked out into the yard and looked, calling to Pepper. As he walked around the side of the house and saw the wood-surrounded lake, he also saw Pepper. Frozen. Probably stalking squirrels again.

"Pepper! Get away from there! Come here!" The dog broke her stance, turned to Eddy and wagged her tail. She had the permanent smile that some dogs naturally have.

A sharp crack in the trees caught the dog's attention, again. She turned toward it, growling a protective, low growl that Eddy had never heard before, and then lunged into the woods.

Seconds later, Eddy heard a quick, pained yelp, then deadly silence as more cracking sounds became louder and closer.

Except now, it felt like something not-right was watching Eddy, sizing him up from inside the woods, readying to pounce.

A quick glance at the soft spot in the road, and the water bubbled a reddish ochre color as it spread to engulf halfway across the roadway. Overcome more by fear than grief, Eddy turned away and ran toward the driveway of his house, fumbling in his pockets, cursing that his car keys were not there.

Eddy ran into the house, locked the solid-core hardwood door and searched until he found his keys and cell phone, then turned back to the front door to leave and never come back. Ever.

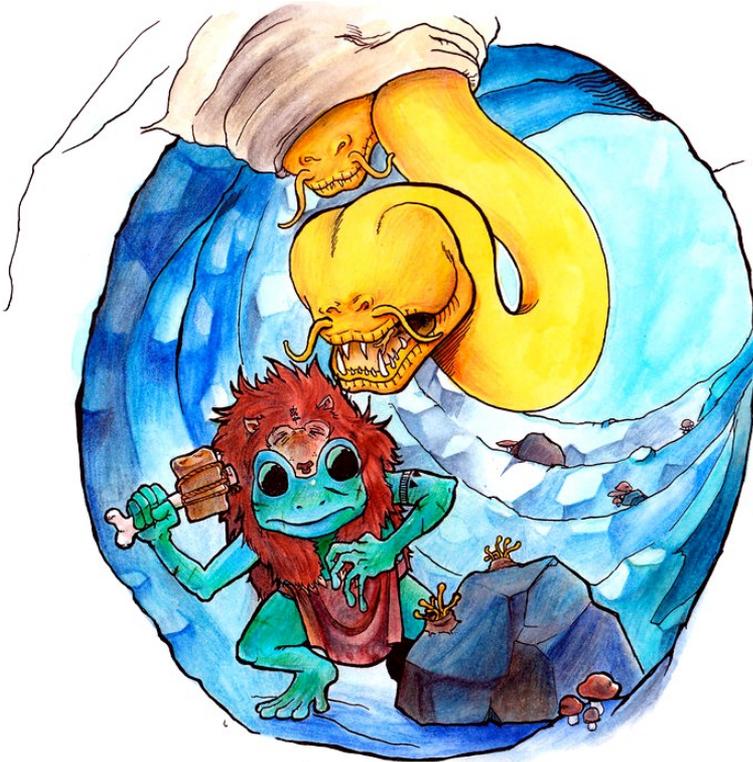
As he reached for the doorknob, he noticed it started to turn on its own. Then Eddy heard Pepper's labored whimpers and yelping for him at the back door as the wood of the front door started crackling and sagging.

THE AUTHOR

David Speakman has spent more than two decades as a writer/editor, photographer, graphic designer and manager of creative teams in broadcast, print and the Internet. His education is in journalism, graphic design, organizational communication and law.

David first joined N3F in 1983 as a teenager. He now lives in Mountain View, California, in the heart of Silicon Valley with his husband, three cats and their dog.

The inspiration for this story was as a flash fiction writing exercise prompted by a newspaper clipping.



Warvoid

3221 A.D.

Outside the gates of New Troy
The selfish, malevolent Gods
Drink the bloody sacrifices -
In vain the youth did struggle
Against the machines they created
Machines created against them, the
("scrambled signal info jams")

Scene I, Act III

Mixed human/alien repair party
Drags wounded war machines (cyborg)
Off, then back onto
Battlefield, repaired
As some twisted wreckage, no hope.
("warmachinery")
Lies quietly rusting; plastic withering
Flech and blood wired wetware
Lies forgotten, wasted, abandoned

3241:

Planet Warvoid:
Escape velocity prevails.
The Survivors stagger on
Into what's left ...

RE: The Review Section

Unless otherwise indicated, the reviews editor compiles and writes the review section. Members of the N3F are invited and encouraged to submit reviews, preferably by email, although postal mail will be accepted. If you send a review by email and do not hear back within a reasonable length of time, please write to check on its status. Publishers: We are especially interested in receiving new books to consider for review. Heath Row, P.O. Box 372, Culver City, CA 90232; kalel@well.com.

Editor: Heath Row (HR). **Contributors:** David Amato (DA). *Thank you to David Speakman for typing a contributor's handwritten submission.*

Television

Dracula (NBC)

Having been immersed since birth in Dracula movies and lore, including other vampire movies, shoes—even the Count on *Sesame*

Street—I was skeptical about this new

series, which premiered Oct. 25, 2013. I assumed that I couldn't possibly find anything refreshing here. Boy, was I wrong. The show lives up to its name-sake, who is of course, one of the most infamous villains of horror fiction.

The premise of the show is that Vlad Dracula re-surfaces in Victorian London posing as venture-industrialist, Alexander Grayson. His motives are complex. He desires to create a subser-vient vampire following, become human, find love, and undermine a group of vampire hunters called the Order of the Dragon—among other pursuits. Although there are a few sf elements, the show is 90% Gothic horror/romance. The atmospheric gloominess of the sets is addictive and the costuming is immaculate. Fans of steampunk will love the setting, as we see cool props like a sort of prototype horseless carriage, with Victorian Londoners gaping at their first sighting of the automobile, characters tinkering with the "new" tech of the phonograph, etc. The plots are tight, and the characterization is great.

The show is only vaguely sf, as noted, and is awesome swashbuckling swordplay. Be forewarned: There are some *really* bloody, gory scenes, as well as some racy ones. This dark, moody show is for adults only. Truly



horrifying. (DA)

Marvel's Agents of S.H.I.E.L.D. (ABC)

This is a great new show, although my opinion is biased because I'm a big superhero comics fan. Those who feel that superheroes are silly, childish, or irrelevant shouldn't write it off just yet, though. What is presented is an entirely different aspect of the genre. The production team has a standing policy of, "No tights; no flights," for the show, so we won't see any caped, costumed superheroes. They're sometimes alluded to. This program is clearly aimed at a wider audience than just comic book fans.

S.H.I.E.L.D. agents are U.S. government "scary men in dark suits." The initials stand for Supreme Headquarters International Espionage Law Enforcement Division. The agents are portrayed as mysterious and misunderstood spooks who are burdened by and dedicated to a difficult, dangerous thankless job with little chance of glory or reward—just like real intelligence operatives—which enhances the



realism. They come off as heroic real people with human problems and weaknesses who boldly face off against aliens, cyber terrorists, and other super-villainous baddies. (They also hunt, track, and are even allied with certain superheroes, but we never see them here.) Sometimes they seem the anti-hero, but they're mostly painted as strong heroes with human flaws.

Although firmly rooted within the expansive Marvel universe (S.H.I.E.L.D. dates to the 1960s), there is more sf and espionage here than anything, similar to a James Bond thriller, but more fantastic. There is much to like here. Lots of drama, intrigue, neat gadgets, and sets. The atmosphere comes off as edgy cyberpunk with wild possibilities at every turn. There are plot twists galore, and action-packed scenes tempered by a slow-burning "shadow war" espionage motif.

Some of the episodes I've seen were stronger than others in different respects, but a post-human zeitgeist and sense-of-wonder prevails in them all. Here, we have an adult show that is also kid-friendly—a rarity. This is a super show. (DA)

Sleepy Hollow (Fox)

This new show looks promising, although I've seen only one episode so far. The premise is fascinating to me.

The Headless Horseman, a character scavenged from the American classic, "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" by Washington Irving, has re-



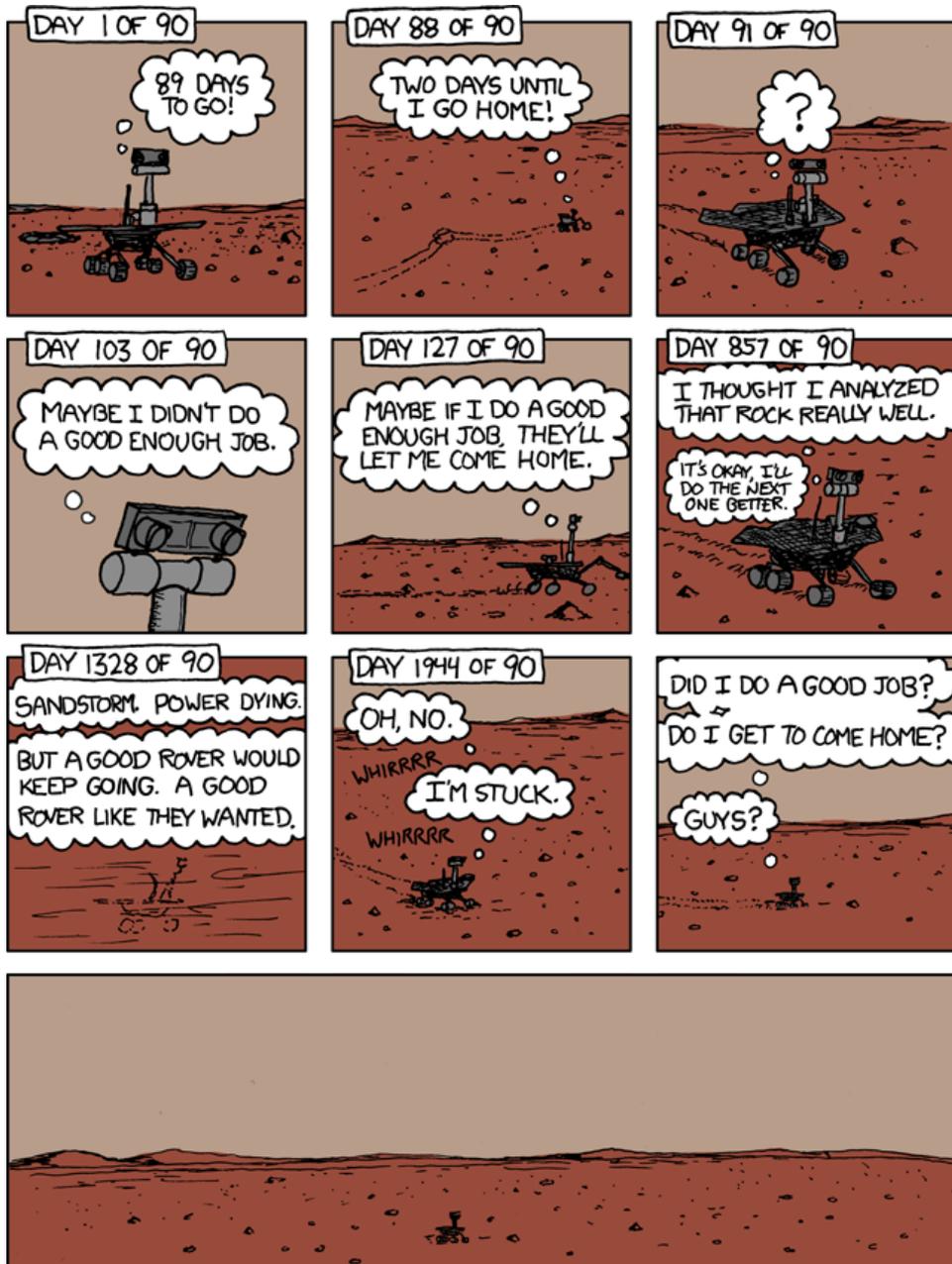
appeared *in toto*. He now has a history, occult links, and a mission, all of which I don't remember from the previous animated show I saw, the abridged version I read, or the ghost stories LP my sister and I listened to again and again as kids.

The Headless Horsemen is now the embodiment of all evil. The plot is complex, but basically, a black female detective is on the Horseman's trail, handling him mercilessly, and it works somehow. The story flashes back and forth between the present time and the American Revolution, which is a refreshing setting. May I be so bold as to coin the term, "pre-steam"?

The tale is a classic, and the writers of this show have done a good job of expanding, buttressing, and embellishing it. They haven't skimped at all. The writers have taken this classic ghost story and run with it, and it's working fine. (DA)



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2014 N3F Amateur Short Story

Story Contest Rules and Entry Blank

1. This contest is open to all amateur writers in the field, regardless of whether they're members of the National Fantasy Fan Federation. For the purposes of this contest, we define an amateur as someone who has sold no more than two (2) stories to professional science fiction or fantasy publications.

2. Stories entered in the contest must be original, unpublished, not longer than 8,500 words in length—and must be related to the science fiction, fantasy, or similar genres in the opinion of the judges.

3. Manuscripts should be typed, single sided on 8 1/2"-by- 11" white paper, double spaced, with pages numbered. The name of the author should not appear anywhere on the manuscript to ensure impartial judging. Photocopies are acceptable, if they are of good quality. Computer printouts must be legible. Email attachments of Word documents are also acceptable.

4. Contestants can enter up to three stories, provided that each is accompanied by a separate entry blank. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope (SASE) if you would like your story returned at the end of the contest. Do not send your only copy in case of accidental loss; we are not responsible for lost manuscripts. Stories will not be returned without an SASE.

5. Email entries will be accepted. Send to Jefferson P. Swycaffer at abontides@cox.net. No guarantee can be

made of email receipt. Privacy and property rights will be absolutely respected. No one other than the Short Story Judge will ever see the submission.

6. There is no entry fee charged. While N3F members are encouraged to enter the contest, members will not receive any preference in judging. .

7. Cash prizes totaling \$100 will be awarded as follows: First prize is \$50, second \$30, and third \$20. Honorable mentions and semi-finalists will receive a certificate of award.

8. Send all manuscripts, accompanied by SASEs, and entry forms to the contest manager: Jefferson Swycaffer, P. O. Box 15373, San Diego, CA 92175-5373; abontides@cox.net. All entries must be received or postmarked no later than Dec. 31, 2014.

9. The Short Story Judge is a published science fiction professional, and also a loving fan of the sf and fantasy genres. All comments and critiques are solely the Short Story Judge's opinion, but he promises to be constructive and polite.

10. The N3F assumes no publishing rights or obligations. We want to encourage professional sales, not fan publication. All entries will be returned after the contest is over, if accompanied by an SASE. Winners will be notified as soon as the judging is completed. Announcements and notifications of winning entries will be made in March 2014. Please take your time and submit your best work. You can resubmit stories previously entered. All entries will be kept confidential and will be judged fairly and anonymously.

The deadline for all entries is Dec. 31, 2014. Good luck!

(Detach or photocopy. Must accompany all entries.)

Mail to: **Jefferson Swycaffer, P. O. Box 15373, San Diego, CA 92175-5373** or email **abontides@cox.net**

Title of story (for identification): _____

Author's name and address: _____

Author's email address: _____ Author's age: _____

I have read the above rules for the 2013 N3F Amateur Short Story Contest, and I agree to them.

Signature: _____ Date: _____

Submission Guidelines

Want to See Your Name in Print?

If you've never submitted an article before, it's easier than you think. If you want to contribute, but are unsure what to write about – simply send a letter of comment on any topic (a past issue, some book or show you liked [or hated]). It's that easy. Anyone may submit, although paid members get top priority due to space concerns.

Letters of Comment

Letters of Comment (LoCs) are the fan version of Letters to the Editor – except you can feel free to directly address anyone.

Original Writing

We accept fiction (less than 2,000 words, please) – both original and fan fiction, essays, poetry, con reports and interviews. All writing is subject to being edited, but we usually take a very light hand. Any writer chosen for a feature will get 1 full-color printed version of the issue their work appears.

Art, Drawings and Comics

We are always looking for cover art, filler art and spot art and amusing doodles and thoughtful ones, too. We have plenty of space to fill and your art may be just what we are looking for. Any artist selected for a cover will get 1 full-color printed version of the issue their work graces our cover.

Reviews

You may either submit a review to our official review column: RE: The Review Section, or you may submit your own feature or even include a review in a LoC, if you prefer.

Formats We Will Accept

Paper copies mailed to us are accepted, but we prefer electronic formats. The ad-

resses are at the bottom of this article.

Electronic formats:

Writing: We accept documents in plain text (.txt), rich text (.rtf) and simple Word format (.doc). Better yet, just cut & paste your text into the body of your email.

Art: We accept art in JPEG, JPG, PNG, GIF, BMP, TIF, and TIFF formats.

Paper Formats

Please send only copies of your work, whether it is art or text. We do not return submissions made on paper unless the sender includes a SASE with return postage fully paid.

General Submissions

U.S. Mail

N3F Editorial Cabal
PO Box 1925
Mountain View CA 94041

Email:

cabal@n3fmail.com

Reviews for RE: The Reviews Section

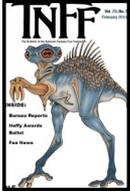
Email

kalel@well.com

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Upcoming Issue Needs



FEBRUARY 2014

TNFF 73.1

STILL NEEDS

Deadline:
Jan 15, 2014

Edited by:
David Speakman

Interior art, con reports, bureau reports & fan news.



MARCH 2014 TIGHTBEAM #270

STILL NEEDS

Deadline:
Feb 15, 2014

Edited by
David Speakman

Cover art, interior art, fiction, (2k words or less) comics, essays, letters of comment, poetry, etc.



APRIL 2014

TNFF 73.2

STILL NEEDS

Deadline:
Mar 15, 2014

Edited by:
David Speakman

Cover art, interior art, con reports, bureau reports & fan news.



MAY 2014 TIGHTBEAM #271

STILL NEEDS

Deadline:
Apr 15, 2014

Edited by
David Speakman

Cover art, interior art, fiction, (2k words or less) comics, essays, letters of comment, poetry, etc.



JUNE 2014

TNFF 73.3

STILL NEEDS

Deadline:
May 15, 2014

Edited by:
David Speakman

Cover art, interior art, con reports, bureau reports & fan news.



JULY 2014 TIGHTBEAM #272

STILL NEEDS

Deadline:
Jun 15, 2014

Edited by
David Speakman

Cover art, interior art, fiction, (2k words or less) comics, essays, letters of comment, poetry, etc.



AUGUST 2014 TNFF 73.4

STILL NEEDS

Deadline:
Jul 15, 2014

Edited by:
David Speakman

Cover art, interior art, con reports, bureau reports & fan news.



National Fantasy Fan Federation Application

New Member Former Member Joint Membership Gift Membership Email List Only

Name (Please Print): _____

Address: _____

City, State, Postal Code, Country: _____

Phone: _____ Email: _____

Occupation: _____ Male: Female: Birth date: _____

Signature of Applicant: _____ Date: _____

Interests. Please select any and all of the following that you're interested in or would like to get involved in

APAs (amateur press associations)

Art

Audio

Blogging

Books

Cartooning, cartoons, and animation

Collecting

Comic books

Computers and technology

Conventions and clubs

Correspondence

Costuming

DVDs and videos

Editing

Fanzines

Filk singing

Games and video games

Movies

Online activities

Publishing

Reading and book clubs

Reviewing

Role-playing games

Round robins (group letters)

Taping

Teaching science fiction

Television

Writing

Which would you prefer?

A PDF of The Fan emailed to you The clubzine printed and mailed to you Both

How long have you been interested in science fiction and fantasy? _____

How long have you been involved in fandom? _____

List any other clubs you are or have been a member _____

List any conventions you've attended: _____

What prozines and fanzines do you read, if any? _____

What is your favorite type of sf/f? _____

Who are your favorite sf/f authors: _____

Are you interested in online activities? If yes, what type? _____

Which, if any, of the following would you be willing to help the club with?

Artwork Recruiting at conventions Writing for club publications

Organizing activities Corresponding Publishing

Other: _____

Name of Sponsoring Member (if any): _____

TB 269

Regular dues are \$18 per year (\$22 for Joint Memberships) which includes subscriptions to the club's fanzine as well as other activities and benefits. Voting memberships for those who prefer not to get paper subscriptions are \$6. Being added to our Email List is free of charge. Make checks or money orders payable to N3F. All payments must be made in U.S. funds. Mail dues and application to N3F, PO Box 1925, Mountain View, CA 94042. Please allow at least eight weeks for your first clubzine to arrive. You can also sign up and pay online at <http://n3f.org>



National Fantasy Fan Federation

C/O David Speakman

PO BOX 1925

MOUNTAIN VIEW CA 94042

ADDRESS AND RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED

xkcd

