

# NAPA 220



# The Official Organ

## #220

**Next deadline: March 15, 2015**

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

Jean Lamb has temporarily gafiated. We hope that she will be back real soon now or sooner as planned. Until then, the official collator is George Phillies [phillies@4liberty.net](mailto: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 except as necessary for mailing paper copies. It is open to all members of the N3F within the restrictions stated below in the Rules and Regulations (copied from the last collation and updated). If there are members interested in joining who have no computer access, special arrangements are 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 currently George Phillies, 48 Hancock Hill Drive, Worcester MA 01609 [phillies@4liberty.net](mailto:phillies@4liberty.net) 508 754 1859 and on facebook.

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

N'APA has been in existence for a number of years and recently transitioned from being a paper APA to an electronic one.

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**Cover Art...**The cover art is the interior art, a photograph from Jefferson Swycaffer. We thank him for sending artwork.

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**Archive Midwinter** Jefferson P. Swycaffer - 3 pages

**Notes From a Galaxy Far, Far, Away #2** Lorien Rivendell - 2 pages

**The Murdered Master Mage #3** George Phillies - 2 pages

Archive Midwinter  
a zine for N'APA 220  
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2 January 201y

**Comments:**

**Lauren Clough:** Welcome back! Hooray for the bad penny! Good to see your smiling voice again! Long time, etc. Auld Acquaintance. I didn't know that "Clough" meant "a narrow valley." That's kinda nifty! Would it be Welsh? Or some other wonderful language with a sense of poetry and whimsy?

re group homes for adults with intellectual difficulties, that's the field my sister is in. She is a teacher/gardner at a nursery that employs "educable mentally retarded adults," the high-functioning guys. (There's a partner program on the other side of the fence for low-functioning guys.) My sister has a long-running comedy schtick, where she says, "You wouldn't believe the dumb things that Jack did today. Dumb! Just careless and foolish and unforgiveably dumb. Oh, and did I mention that Jack is one of the staff?"

Thank'ee most kindly for purchasing "Eye of the Staricane." I hope you enjoyed it! It's one of my own favorites, because it's light and whimsical and silly and fun. I love a bit of light goofiness in fiction. Thank you, too, for the kind words on the passing of my roommate. Two years ago exactly, and I keep expecting him to come in at the door any minute.



**George Phillies:** The additional material in *The Girl Who Saved The World* helps clarify a few things. I wouldn't say it's necessary, but it is sensible amplification. As before, I love the disconnect between superhero battles and home stir-fry. The stylistic juxtaposition is engaging. It also enhances believability, by anchoring the reader in something concrete and familiar.

**Life, The Universe, and Raw Naked Panic:** I got a delightful New Year's kick in the nuts today: my insurance company refuses to pay for a particular medication which is pretty goddamn vital to my very life. And if I pay for it myself, it's \$400 a month. Joy. Best of all, they didn't give me any warning this was going to happen, so I found out when I went in to the pharmacy to get a refill. I can't get a doctor's visit to try to find a replacement or alternative until well past the time I've run out, and so I will have the utter futile joy of having to go to a hospital emergency room....solely for a prescription evaluation. I can't live without this stuff....and they cut me off without warning.

Is it too late to emigrate to Canada?

### **Kindle "Scout" Project:**

Bah. No luck. Rejected. So it goes!

**Books:** That's a subject I can talk about safely!

I'm currently enjoying three separate Napoleonic Naval adventure series. The "Alan Lewrie" series by Dewey Lambdin; the "Thomas Kydd" series by Julian Stockwin; and the "Nicholas Ramage" series by Dudley Pope. They're all pretty much the standard schtick. Great Age of Sail, honors to Admiral Nelson, broadsides and boarding parties. They're all series, which seems to be a rule for this sort of thing. No one writes single books: it's gotter be a full series. Okay, no problem. I'm enjoying them hugely.

Oh, but wait. Then there was the "Mainwaring" series by Victor Suthren. Utter garbage. Some of the worst fiction I've ever paid money for. The writing is tripe. It's grossly fallacious, with a hero who is tall and strong and has a "heroic frame," and a villain who has "lank, oily hair and an enormous wart on the end of his nose." The hero's ship "breasts the waves." The villain's ship "wallows." And when the girl (of course there's a girl!) appears in the story, may I be damned if the author doesn't spend more time talking about her breasts than about her character!

To those of you who have a desire to write fiction: take the time to read the occasional bad example. You'd be surprising how educational it can be!

For a change of pace, I'm (somewhat) enjoying "Battlecruiser" by Douglas Reeman, which is set in 1943, and follows the captain of a British Battlecruiser -- a clunky old hull left over from 1916 -- but still able to throw a lot of weight downrange! Reeman's historical insight is delightful, and it's an educational book. But, alas, he spends far too much time going into the characters' states of mind. Now, when writing a "Naval Command" novel, it is

important to let the reader in on the hero's doubts and fears. That's just good characterization. But not all the doggone time! In this book, there's nothing but the hero's doubts and fears! There's no time left over for heroism! A real naval commander this insecure would be unfit for command. Bad writing, I'm afraid.

I picked up a new pen-pal, who is a professor (American Studies) at a university in Europe. Delightful chap! And he's given me a reading list! I could be back in college again! It's wonderful! He assigned me Aristotle and Machiavelli, and a nice book on the Thirty Years' War. It's fun to be reading "intellectual" material, although I am very much in the "pseudo-intellectual" class.

**Hiking:** The second big thing in my life is walking about from place to place, for exercise and enjoyment. My family and I crept out into the Anza-Borrego Desert a few weekends ago, and went off-trail. We bushwhacked our way up a dry arroyo, clambering over boulders, threading carefully between cactus, and having a really jolly nice time withal! My sister had an encounter with a cholla, so we spent some time picking spines out of her ankle. We had a GPS device with us, so we weren't in too much danger of getting lost.

**Writing:** The third (and last) thing that keeps me occupied is a novel I'm trying to write. It's heroic fantasy with a humorous turn, and involves (I know some of you have heard this before) "A ninety foot long time-travelling radioactive chromium dragon from hell...in the Third Crusade." This is the sequel, actually, and the year is 1531. The dragon has been asleep for the past 300 years. He's very fussed with himself, as he had meant to do something to stop Cortez from destroying the Aztecs. However, he is in time to keep Pizarro from slaughtering the Incas, so that much, at least, is for the better.

**Picture:** Here's a bit of the Anza-Borrego desert. You'd never guess from the photo that it had rained the night before!



## NOTES FROM A GALAXY FAR, FAR AWAY #2

January 2015

For N'APA 220

Lorien Rivendell

(Lauren Clough)

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### Errata

My first issue of *Notes from a Galaxy Far, Far Away* contained an error. The email address on the masthead was missing an L. I hope no one tried contacting me. Typos in email addresses don't get you where you want to go, if they get you anywhere at all. My correct Gmail address is [lorienrivendell99@gmail.com](mailto:lorienrivendell99@gmail.com), if anyone cares.

### Work, Work, Work

I stepped down as Residential Coordinator at my job and am now lead staff. My official title is Lead Support Specialist. If that doesn't sound pretentious, I don't know what does.

I get to do some administrative paperworky stuff and medical appointments and also some fun stuff, especially on the weekends. One of the drudge tasks I was assigned was to take an individual to see the latest Star Wars movie. One of her housemates also wanted to go. I got paid to go, of course. And reimbursed for the ticket. But I didn't get reimbursed for the popcorn, not even if I call it lunch. Evil Dark Side agency doesn't reimburse for snacks.

Before my title changed, work consumed pretty much my whole life. It didn't help that we had a huge inspection early in December. The house I ran was one of those chosen. Fortunately, that house passed. Unfortunately, the agency as a whole had enough problems that the state will return in February. It is now someone else's problem to get everything ready.

Now I'm trying to concentrate on other stuff, non-work-related stuff, at least while I'm not actually at work. I'm currently looking into online classes in painting and other artsy stuff. I'm looking forward to doing fun stuff again.

### Reviews (or Ramblings)

*Star Wars: The Force Awakens*: I saw this in 3-D the weekend it was released. I'm glad I did, because spoilers abound on the interwebs. It was an excellent movie, and I don't want to say much more, because I don't want to be *that person* who spoils it. I saw it again in 2-D when I took a couple clients to see it. They enjoyed the movie also.

### Comments

Archive Midwinter/Jefferson Swycaffer: I got sucked into voting for books on Kindle Scout after seeing an author begging for votes in a sponsored post on Facebook. I have since found out that just because a book is “hot” does not mean it automatically will be chosen for publication. Not one of the books I have voted on has been chosen. Most of the books were eventually published, but not through the Scout program. There must be additional criteria for choosing a book other than sheer volume of votes. Then again, I have no idea how many votes each “hot” book actually got.

The Murdered Mage #2/George Phillis: More! More!

Let's pretend this is a castle wall  
and beyond the wall is a moat  
and that I'm a beautiful princess



and I don't need a handsome prince  
because I slayed the dragon myself

*picCollage*  
*Orange Creations*

The Murdered Master Mage  
for N'APA 202  
George Phillies  
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Comments on 219:

Cover: Thanks to Jefferson, we had a FANTASTIC cover! I am most grateful.

Official Organ: Trussed Nuts, Thigh Spiel Chequer.  
Perhaps someday I will get it right. Perhaps the end of the world will come first. You never know.

Lorien Rivendell: welcome back with **NOTES FROM A GALAXY FAR, FAR AWAY**. I view bringing old members back into the Federation as an important part of reviving our organization, which has certainly seen far worse days but has also seen better days. Counting public members, we are closing on 150 members again, which is certainly a step in the right direction. I'm glad to read the you like my story, so far. I have actually decided to redo things by switching the order of the first two chapters, so that we hear from the lead character before anything else happens, for example explaining how she managed to come fairly close to getting herself killed through great violence.

Jefferson Swycaffer: thank you for mentioning canva.com. I had never heard of them before. I have done decent covers on my books, the cover for Mistress of the Waves being by far the best, but I am always on the lookout for better cover art.

I don't think I'd heard before about Amazon Kindle Scout. On one hand, I am inclined to say that some scheme for reviewing the huge number of books that now come out every year thanks to electronic publishing is probably a good idea. On the other hand the nice people at Smashwords.com keep emphasizing that Amazon appears to be trying to set up a pseudo-or semi-monopoly on electronic books, at which point they will be able to cut the supply of cash going to writers in favor of sending the cash to themselves. For that reason, more or less everything I write those through Smashwords as well as Amazon and if I have to choose especially for the fiction I will probably go with Smashwords.com.

This year, either through N'APA or throughTNFF I am going to be listing every month all of the long science-fiction, long meaning over 100,000 words, that came out in the last month. These list will be quite respectably long. Buried someplace in those lists will doubtless be a few gems. Thanks to spell and grammar checkers, much of the material will probably qualify as functionally literate. I am at that comment reminded of a writing group I was in for a while in which the loudest mouth belonged to someone who could not write at the sixth

grade level, and whose opinion of being corrected was that she did not need to know how to write at the sixth grade level because her editor would fix everything.

Also, pigs have wings and are used to tow our Navy's airships into battle.

The following is the new opening, the first four paragraphs, at which point you will know who she is.

The Girl Who Saved the World.  
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Meet Eclipse.

She's pretty, hardworking, bright, self-reliant, good with tools. She's everything a twelve-year old girl should be. She also flies, reads minds, and is not afraid of necessary violence.

Now she's procured the Key to Paradise. And everyone in the world will be happy to kill her to get their hands on it.

### Flashforward

The Invisible Fortress  
Evening  
January 11, 2018

I awoke at half past dark. To put it mildly, I hurt. Some places hurt even more than others. Yes, I was doing mind control on myself, so I didn't exactly feel my pain. That meant I could sleep. I still knew I hurt. A lot. "Hurt" was better than the alternative, which did not involve being alive. I'd landed the right way when I was thrown into the wall, missed getting a disabling concussion, and dodged getting gutted by the fellow with the knife.

One of the times when I woke up, the healing matrix prompted me to ramp down my mind control down, so the matrix could tell exactly where I had been injured. I overdid it. I cut the mind control off. Incredible pain swallowed me. I burst into sobs and uncontrollable tears. Fortunately the healing matrix kept me from going into shock. After a few minutes I remembered I could simply ramp control back up. By then I was soaked in sweat. The matrix was putting me back together, but it had its own order of doing things, and some of the reasons I really hurt were late on its list.

Then I remembered where I was. Not safe at home, the home I grew up in. I was in my own house, the one I bought. I don't know why Mum threw me, her only daughter, out of the house those six months ago, leaving me with the money in my pocket and everything I owned locked in a U-Store-It bay. I'd come home, finding home gone, Mum vanished, and a pair of U-Store-It keys anchoring a really short note. The note told me to get lost and take care of myself. Not in my worst nightmare had I ever expected Mum to dump me onto the streets. But Mum was



right. I can take care of myself. I just wish I didn't have to, not with no advance notice.

I'd been in a major knock-down, drag-out fight? Where? With whom? Then I remembered. Atlanticea. It was the most wonderful memory in the world. Or would have been, if everything didn't hurt so much. Not to mention I was totally exhausted. I'd solved the Maze, the Maze that defeated Julius Caesar and Cortez and Jackie Fisher and the French Imperial Guard. I'd reached the Tomb and matched wits with the Martyr himself. I'd recovered that palm-size sphere of crystalline sky, the Namestone, the Key To The Earthly Paradise. No one else in the history of the world had ever come close, but I'd done it. The Namestone was the wonderful birthday present I gave myself, a couple months late for my twelfth birthday. The Namestone was almost as good a present as my ponies. The ponies were a better birthday present. Yes, I gave them to me again, but I gave them to me a couple months before my twelfth birthday.

and now we advance to where we left off

### Chapter Three

Secure Chamber Alpha

The Palace of Peace

Geneva, Switzerland

Morning

January 12, 2018

League Chancellor Lars Holmgren tapped his walnut gavel twice on its bloodwood sounding block. "Good morning! Gentlemen? Ladies? I know it has been a very long night. May we have order, please? This meeting of the League of Nations Special Peace Executive is now in session, Prince Wang taking any needed notes. Thank you, Prince Wang. I believe we have all reviewed the recordings of Wednesday's events. I have circulated an agenda. Under the non-emergency rules, we begin by naming ourselves."

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

"For Austria-Hungary, Count Karl-Michael Ferencz." Buncombe nodded respectfully. King-Emperor Joseph III had spent forty years requiring that his representatives be highly

competent. The Count might have a title, but he had surely earned his post.

"The Brazilian Empire, Amanda Rafaela Mascarenhas da Silva." The speaker was a woman in her early fifties, hair a deep black, her blouse, vest, and long dress a brilliant royal blue fringed in gold.

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

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

"Speaking for the Emperor of All France, Napoleon the Sixth, I am Imperial Marshall Bernard-Christian Davout." Davout wore the polychrome uniform of a modern French Field Marshal. It was possible that some color had been omitted from his ensemble, but if so it was by oversight. For all his military decorations, Davout's country including its not-protectorates from the Caribbean to the Eastern Mediterranean was an eminently civilized place in which an American could consider living. Napoleon might style himself *Emperor*, but its local governments including the Greek and Spanish Kingdoms and Venetian Republic had an independence that only Frenchmen and Americans found entirely reasonable.

"For His Great and Terrible Majesty, the Supreme Warlord of All the Germans, Kaiser Friedrich the Fourth and Greatest, I am Markgraf Heinrich Moeller." All the Germans, Buncombe noted to himself, if you ignored the Austro-Hungarians, the Swiss, the Bavarians, and the residents of the French Rhineland. The Germans were forever scheming to recover the mythical past glories to which they thought they were entitled, their schemes having as their primary effect solidifying the anti-German alliance that included all of their neighbors.

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

"For the *Osmanli padisahleri*, the Emperor, may his wisdom increase forever, has sent me, his Grand Vizier, Suleiman Pasha." A fellow I have never met, Buncombe thought. If the Ottomans sent their Prime Minister, they are taking matters much more seriously than I might have expected.

"Ambassador Fateh Singh of the Sikh Empire, Speaker for all South Asian states." Singh's cloth-of-gold coat appeared to Buncombe to be wasteful, not to mention cold. Similar criticisms might be made of most of the other foreigners, none of whom had adopted the simple, frugal, not to mention comfortable style affected by American diplomats.