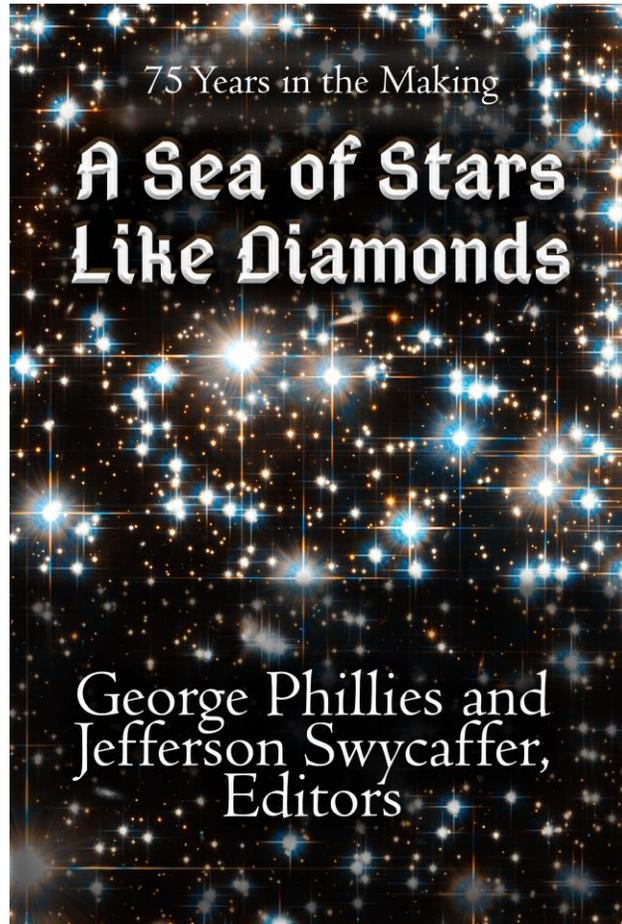


N'APA 226



Our Fanthology
Is with Us!

Happy 75th Anniversary Volume!

The Official Organ

#226

Next deadline: March 15, 2017

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

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.

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

Currently the frequency is every other month, with the deadline being on the fifteenth day of odd-numbered months. The mailing will normally be collated in due time, as the collator is retired. Publication has always been totally regular, though some readers question my interpretations of "totally" and "regular". N'APA has been in existence since 1959, but has transitioned from being a paper APA to an electronic one.

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A Sea of Stars Like Diamonds Book Cover design by Cedar Sanderson using ESA/Hubble images from the NASA Hubble Orbital Telescope. The title font is Gamaliel. The font for the author names and the 75 years strap line is Centaur. ESA/Hubble images are released under the Creative Commons Attribution 4.0 international license (<http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/4.0>). Image credits: NASA, ESA, and H. Richer (University of British Columbia). The image shows globular cluster NGC 6397 in the constellation Ara (the Altar).

NOTES FROM A GALAXY FAR, FAR AWAY #8

January 2017

For N'APA 226

Lorien Rivendell

(Lauren Clough)

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Technology: Cars to Chromebook

All this talk lately of driverless cars. It's exciting and scary at the same time. On the one hand, if you are too tired or inebriated to drive, your car could get you home safely. On the other hand, does the car know enough to stop for pedestrians crossing the street - crosswalk or not - or for a child suddenly dashing across the road to follow a bouncing ball?

I become invisible to drivers when I am a pedestrian. The law here says drivers must stop for pedestrians in crosswalks, but people are rarely paying attention and drive right by me. I refuse to get out there in the middle of the road in anticipation of them stopping, because, well, I'm concerned that they won't stop. I'd rather err on the side of caution than be dead right and...dead.

And people continue to talk about flying cars proposed in the 1960s (or even before). *Really?* We have trouble regulating cars to stay in marked lanes. How on earth (or - um - *off* earth) are we supposed to regulate the airways, where lanes cannot be marked? It seems relatively easy when there are a few airplanes and maybe a random helicopter or two, but add in cars (which I assume won't be able to fly *that* high) and drones (which are already creating an annoyance), and I predict we will have chaos.

And how can we trust self-driving cars and flying cars if we can't even make reliable computers? I continue to have problems with my Chromebook, as it freezes on a regular basis. I might as well have Windows 10 or 11 or 27 or whatever hated incarnation they are on. Sometimes when it freezes, I manually restart it. Lately, it anticipates my needs and restarts on its own. Maybe there is hope for it yet, as it appears to have a learning curve.

And then there is my more recent tablet purchase. I have a Samsung Galaxy Tab A. It decides to freeze every now and then, also. It doesn't always recognize the SD card, and my brother suggested that the card was the problem. He said I should take it out and replace it. Funny thing is, the card is stuck in place and cannot be removed. But in fiddling with it, it must have reseated properly, because the tablet started working again. For now.

ROKU

Roku is where it's at. There are dozens of channels available. Some are better than others. Some are absolutely free. Well...for another kind of price. Some are supported by ads, ads, ads. TubiTV is free, but you have to watch endless ads to see the movie you want to see. Up in the corner is the option to press the star on your remote to close the ad, but pressing the star does absolutely nothing. Highlighting "watch videos" also does nothing except make the ads continue playing. Pressing the back button finally got me out that the "go Army" commercial. I'm too old to join the Army. The ad is just so irrelevant to me.

I actually pay for Hulu, Netflix, and Amazon Prime. All have their good points. Except I get frustrated with Hulu faster than any of the other channels. Hulu freezes and buffers endlessly during most shows I try to watch. If I must drop a streaming channel, Hulu will be the first to go.

I watched a Christmas movie on TubiTV and opted for closed captioning. I like CC because I don't need to have the TV turned up so loud, especially at night, and still catch what the characters are saying. The problem with CC in general is that sometimes it paraphrases what is said by the actors. Maybe it goes by the original script or maybe the person typing it in is too lazy to write everything the actor says. But the CC on the movie on TubiTV did not match the script at all. When it showed up, it was for some entirely different movie - and was full of F-bombs. I was watching a wholesome family movie from the 1950s!

Reviews and Rants

Movies

Interstellar (2014) - I saw this in the theater and streamed it recently on Amazon Prime. I don't "get" all the space-time stuff and turned to Quora (a time vampire for sure) for explanations. There is no lack of theories and opinions on Quora for this and countless other movies. Anyway, the gist of the movie is that everyone on earth is going to die very soon and science is no longer being taught in schools...or at least space travel is not being taught in Murphy's school, as her teacher claims is has been debunked years ago. However, the very survival of earth depends on finding a habitable planet out there somewhere. If you haven't yet seen this, you really, really should consider it.

Rogue One (2016) - This is the latest Star Wars flick. I saw it in 3-D and plan to see it again with one of the individuals I support. She is obsessed with seeing it. It is not a sequel to *The Force Awakens*; with that I was disappointed. The sequel is supposed to arrive at the end of 2017. *Rogue One* is actually Episode 3.5, between *Revenge of the Sith* and *A New Hope*. They may have to renumber the series. No spoilers. Anyone who has not seen it does not want anyone who has seen it talking about it. I don't blame them. If you love the Star Wars franchise, see it, if you haven't. If you don't love Star Wars...well....I don't have much more to say.

Star Wars: The Clone Wars (2008) - This is an animated Star Wars movie starring Anakin Skywalker and Obi-Wan Kenobi. It's apparently part of the Star Wars canon, but I don't think it's as good as the live action movies. Jabba the Hutt's baby has been

kidnapped and two groups are trying to save him. It's just stupid. This movie and the animated series are currently available on Netflix.

Beetlejuice (1988) - This is a quirky movie about a couple who dies, but it takes a while to realize they are dead. Being dead means following some rules, though, which they must learn to navigate. Meanwhile, they really just want to keep their house and drive out the new, living, occupants. Enter Beetlejuice, whom they hire to exorcise the living beings. The movie is currently available on Amazon Prime.

The Borrowers (1973) - I really enjoyed this movie in my childhood. As I recall, it was played fairly frequently on TV. In watching it now on Amazon Prime, I realize how poor the quality is, but that's mostly because the technology that created it is 45 years old. The basic premise of the movie - and the book by Mary Norton, upon which the movie was based - is that there are little people living in the walls of a house. They coexist with the regular-sized occupants of the house. The little people live in fear of being seen by the big people. Because of gas lamps and horse and buggy, it appears the movie is set in a time before electricity and automobiles.

Comments

George Phillies, The Murdered Master Mage #7: I think we are still in a drought, despite the rain we got in the fall. At least, the last I heard, back in November or so, we were still in the drought. I thought we had a beautiful fall. It was interesting listening to people talk, because some said the colors were the best in years and others said they were the worst in years. I think all of us have selective recall for such things, and it's all subjective anyway.

When I stream any show, I'm usually multitasking. Typically, I'm surfing the web, but sometimes I'm making something. I'm supposed to be making my mother a stocking cap. She asked for one something like two years ago, and she is still waiting.

And when I talk about putting something on my phone, I mean my smarter-than-I-phone. 😊

I got a bit confused counting the Wells children. I counted Jessamine Trishaset as two characters, because I didn't immediately catch that Trisha was short for Trishaset. It may be me, because I often confuse characters in novels. Sometimes characters go by more than one name, depending on the company they keep. Sometimes characters have similar sounding names, making me stop and think about which character is on stage right now.

People can mulch their gardens their way and you can continue your way. Your way clearly works for you. No way works for me. When the zombie apocalypse happens, I'll have to trade processing the end product with someone else who can keep the plants alive long enough to harvest. I'll be the crazy medicine woman making extracts and oils and performing Reiki. Someone else will need to grow the stuff.

Jefferson Swycaffer, Archive Midwinter: It's certainly an interesting thought, that we might be part of some virtual reality world.

Your temp job sounds gruelling. I hope it has finally ended and that you have been able to move on to more interesting prospects. (Okay, actually, I hope that it is still going on and that it changes the election results, but at this point, I've pretty much given up hope of that....)

Congrats on another story sale!

John Thiel, Synergy #3: I learned about N3F from an ad in one of the Science Fiction magazines back in the 1990s. As I recall, it was a small ad, rather like the classified ads in the newspaper.

It does seem everyone was more active in N3F back in the 1990s. These days, with everything available on the internet, N3F - and everything SF - must adapt. I can't possibly keep up with it all.

Kevin Trainor, The Silver (State) Age #3: By now (press time), tax season must be in full swing. I received my W-2 in the mail just the other day. I really should consider filing earlier rather than later, especially since I have read that federal refunds will be much slower to be sent out. I still need a couple more forms to arrive in the mail, though.

Every once in awhile I consider driving for Uber for extra income. Then I realize I'll need to clean out my car and I reconsider. From what I've read about it, drivers are vetted to be relatively harmless for the most part, but I don't know if there is a way to know about passengers. I know there's the review process for both drivers and passengers, so maybe I could get away with picking up only repeat customers.

The Murdered Master Mage #9

for N'APA 226

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NAPA 225 (mostly) Comments:

Interstellar Blood Vampires: They're really pretty, especially after they have fed on a few cities.

Archive Midwinter: congratulations on selling another story. I hope that I will be hearing this report more and more often. Alas, Eldritch Science will be a fanzine, not a prozine, with no pretense of paying writers, so we will have to live without your fiction.

You reference a story of mine in which the heroine is absolutely unable to think about a certain topic. Everyone else in her world is in the same boat. Fortunately she is very clever, has computer support, and is only almost eaten alive by the hideous alien monster and its even more alien controller. Of course, she faces serious challenges now that she knows the secret, and that she has no particularly good way of telling anyone else about it without putting her own life at serious risk. It's a major challenge, which is why you have vigorous and intelligent heroines to smite the opposition. Oh, for those of you who haven't recognized it yet, the story in question is "Inconceivable" which I planted in the latest N3f publication, A Sea of Stars like Diamonds.

Synergy: John, thank you for becoming active in the N3f again. I know it has been a while, but we can certainly use more active fen in our Federation. We will have to see how the ads in the SF magazines do. Apparently the last time we tried this we didn't get much of a response. However, part of advertising is putting your name in front of the public, many times, on the assumption that sooner or later the public will notice what is in front of them. Cynics will add: After all, that worked so well for the Edsel, didn't it? However, I will continue to hope that your scheme for advertising us will be met with success.

You ask about membership counts. The membership count depends a bit on which classes of

membership you include. We actually have 183 members of all sorts, but of these only 53 are voting members of some sort. Voting members include regular members who get zines by paper mail, members who get zines electronically, household members who live with someone who is a member, the one current life member, and the one current founder of the N3f. Yes, we are 75 years old, but we still have one member who has been with us since the beginning. That count of members is actually up over the past few years, though I wish it were up more.

The Poe story is amusing. There was a technical problem, and there was a technical solution. Your suggestion for yet another N3f magazine is perfectly reasonable, but it sounds as though it would be a great deal of work for someone. I am all in favor of the work getting done, but persuading volunteers to do things is always a bit challenging. Also, frankly, it is not something I am very good at. Thank you for your comments on my efforts to revive our organization. I do what I can.

Archives. We have a historian, Jon Swartz. There are several places that archive fanzines especially those that are stored electronically. You might inquire if they have Rocket Fuel in storage.

The Silver (State) Age: sympathies on the local fan group. There are always a certain number of North ends of southbound jackasses who will insist on making things unpleasant. Then they wonder why they don't have membership. I hope that the N3f will never have these problems inflicted on it.

I suppose I have recently done something that may get me on the lists of a few of these characters. I did a review of the novel for Tightbeam. The novel was The Fifth Season. You may recall that it won the Hugo award for best novel. The writing style, I maintain, may be described as "experimental" at least if you think experimental is a synonym for extremely unfortunate. Substantial sections are written not in first person or in the third person but in second person: the author talks that the poor character, writing the likes of "you stand up." That's what the character does. She stands up. There are very good reasons why people do not try to write in second person. In addition, the author ignores genre norms and writes in present rather than past tense. You therefore get "she walks to the

door.” and not “she walked to the door. “It’s not unreadable, but it’s more than a bit of a distraction.

The sections of the book that are not written in second person are written in aggressive authorial omniscient. The author talks at the reader, telling them things rather than showing them. You get the likes of ‘keep your eye on those things, they matter to the plot.’ Now we get to the good part. The novel is written to cover three segments in time. So far as I can tell, they do not overlap. The normal process would be to show the first third, then the later third, and finally the last third. If you were feeling radical, you might insert a few flashbacks carefully identified as such for a modest number of pages. What the author did was to take the chapters corresponding to each section and put them down choosing randomly which section you will read next. Think of a polychrome checkerboard. You go white-black-green-green-white-black-white, with each color representing a different segment. As a result, you read most of the last two thirds of the book before you reach the end of the first third. This leads to such quaint oddities as a character being carted across the landscape towards the city that has already been blown to smithereens, along with its section of the continental shelf. I suspect the author thought she was being clever. It is difficult to overstate how bad the higher level writing decisions were. However, it did win a Hugo.

While I may not end up enriching you, I surely will be enriching my tax accountant as usual. I actually have used the needs computer software to do my taxes, as recently as a decade ago, but I find it sufficiently tedious that I would rather pay someone. They send me a bill, and Uncle Sam takes his corridor off the top.

How is Uber working out? I am in that minority that does not use one of these radiotelephone computer thingies. My telephones are attached to the wall by wires and have pushbuttons or in one case a rotary dial. As a result, I do not have a way to take advantage of the modern replacements for taxicabs.

With respect to Chris Nuttall, in my opinion his *Schooled In Magic* series is better than his space warfare series are, though that may be a matter of taste. On the other hand, Chris went through the English public school system (that’s what we would call private boarding schools), and apparently had

quite an unpleasant time of it. His descriptions of life in such a schooling system are extremely painful to read, though I suspect they are highly accurate, except for the points where the students are turning each other into frogs. There is still all the time in the world for you to file a report on *Anime Detour*. With respect to the cover of 224, I have been collecting board wargames for 50 years now, and have about 5500 of them. If you have not seen it yet, you might find the movie *Oblivion* complete with the smiley face killer attack robots to be of interest.

With respect to your comments on to me, you referenced “Certain Other Scientificational Organizations” and I was curious which ones you meant.

Notes From a Galaxy Far Far Away: thank you for trying to inspire me to do science fiction writing. I have been doing things as a part of retirement, notably jettisoning activities that chewed up time without accomplishing positive things. I had a severe criticism of *Mistress of the Waves*, namely that I really didn’t develop any of the other characters other than the heroine. Of course the story is almost entirely told in first person past tense, so the other characters are mostly only visible through the heroine’s eyes. However, on due consideration I decided this was an entirely sound criticism of how I was writing *The Girl Who Saved the World*, so I am doing a massive rewrite. I suppose it is also the case that I have to work hard to get somewhere inside the bind the hero and, who on one hand is 12, and on the other hand has superpowers at least as impressive as the 1950s Legion of Superheroes., even if she is considerably better at hitting things hard than at using subtle approaches.

The Girl Who Saved The World:

Coats were donned. The Wells family stood in the family garage. “Three of eight,” Abigail said, “Time to open the door.” Panels creaked and groaned as the door rotated up and in. Snow and bitterly freezing air rushed in from the street.

Precisely at eight in the evening, Krystal North and her four companions appeared in the driveway. Janie waved to Grandmaster Kurchatov, who waved back. Morgana Lafayette pressed her hands together

and bowed slightly to Krystal North. North looked in and recoiled a half-step.

“For the purpose of this conversation,” Morgana announced coldly, “I am Professor Morgana Cysgodol Lafayette, Rogers’ Technological Institution. I am the Wells family’s persona champion. I am here to ensure that Miss Wells, confronted with a persona, is not placed at a disadvantage during a valid lawful process, and that there is adherence to the privacy codes. That goes for your remote watchers, too, Gamesman Kamensky.”

“I am Krystal North, Commandant of the American Persona League,” a shaken North said to Lafayette. “My companions are here to ask Miss Wells a few questions about her new City of Steel move, hopefully to prevent possible unfortunate outcomes. I am here as the American persona champion, to validate the conversation, subject to the privacy codes. You will recognize Speaker Ming. I believe Janie knows Grand Masters Kurchatov and Hornpiper, and may recognize Supreme Gamesman Kamensky. Given our balmy New England weather, perhaps we might move inside?”

Chapter Five

The Wells Residence
Arbalest Street
Medford, Massachusetts
Late Evening
January 12 , 2018

The Wells family sat around their dinner table, Morgana between Janie and her father.

“You were really great, Janie,” Brian said. “You went through all the bad variations, and sort of skipped the good ones, except Eclipse’s. And the three Grandmasters just stood there nodding.”

“And Speaker Ming stayed awake,” Patrick said, “An art in itself.”

“He plays,” Janie said. “Whenever he asked about the board, he asked the right things.” Janie decided that the Speaker was really a nice person. After all, he said nieegood things about her command of the game. She was just a bit tired at the moment. She’d had three grandmasters grilling her about her move, for two hours, sometimes interrupting each other,

sometimes interrupting her before she could get an answer out. It has been exhausting, but she’d learned so much from their questions, so much about how to think about game positions. And with real luck, she’d fed them the subtly bad variations on her move.

“He is a gentleman,” Patrick said, “so of course he plays the Five Games.”

“You two were very thoughtful,” Morgana said to Brian and Trisha, “to prepare tea for everyone. In nothing flat. I assume the caramel-frosted hazelnut cookies were Brian’s again?”

Brian nodded. “I made them last Sunday and was saving them,” he answered. “Well, I was saving the ones Janie and I hadn’t eaten yet. Trisha, I told you that you were perfectly welcome to have more of them. Especially after you did all that shoveling. That’s why I made so many of them.”

“Professor Lafayette,” Janie said, “You were hiding it really well, but you looked nervous.”

“Just a bit,” Morgana answered. “The Americans were fine, but Kamensky had the Russian Imperial Elite Strike TeamGroup at the far end of his leash. If he’d decided that Joe is Eclipse, which to me sounds massively idiotic, he might have had his Team try to kidnap Janie to extract details from her.”

“No!” Abigail said. “My little girl?” I’m not little any more, Janie thought. I’m twelve. Well, almost twelve, but twelve. And the Russian who puts a hand on me is dead, very quickly.

“I said *try*,” Morgana answered. “Janie was safe. You were all safe. The Tsarists? Unless things went massively bad, they were toast. Burnt toast. Two out of three safe isn’t bad, is it? GR, I was more worried about the neighborhood. But there are two things I need to do here, and then I really need to go home and make dinner.”

“You are having dinner here,” Abigail ordered. “We owe you much more than that. What do you need to do?”

“For the first I need your agreement,” Morgana said. “The first is called a null link. It’s not mentalic, exactly. But if anything happens to any of

you, I know something is wrong and exactly where to find you. It's very ~~slightly~~slight editing of your subconscious, like crossloading an app onto a radioBell. Oh, when I'm done, you won't remember that I did it. Except you, Janie, you know your own mind too clearly. You will remember. You will also not remind anyone. It's a safety precaution. Agree?" Patrick, Abigail, Trisha, and Janie nodded. Brian grimaced but finally mouthed agreement. "This just takes a moment."

"Now," Morgana continued, "the two things I need to do," she winked at Janie, who smiled back, "are to find out if there's a reason none of you know where Joe lives, and if so, what the reason is. Each of you, try to remember asking Joe for his phone number the next time you see him." Her eyebrows wrinkled. "That was very interesting, but not the way I expected. I can go to the next step, unless you want to drop it." Janie needed a few moments to realize what had just happened. Morgana had planted null links in her parents and her siblings, and in her, too. None of them remembered it. She hadn't felt a thing. ~~That~~It was very good, that Morgana was so good, and very bad that her own mindscreens were completely useless.

"What was interesting?" Patrick asked.

"I just asked you a certain question. You don't remember. You can't think about the topic. Even you, Janie, and you have solid mentalic defenses. You each had your minds changed, so soon as I asked the question, but the mind changing was not done with mentalics," Morgana said. "That's why your mentalic screens didn't trigger, Janie, what was done was not mentalic. And some of my wards, ones that normally never do anything, were poked, not gently."

Synergy 4



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MUSINGS

Well, here it is time for a mailing again, a chance to get swinging with the other NAPA members and say what's on my mind. Looking at the title of this editorial space makes me think it would be of more science fictional or fantasy interest if it were called "Musings from Mu", but I am not from the fabled Mu and don't care to fantasize myself as being such; now in the stream of consciousness is the consideration that if I had named it this, I'd be saying "What's on my mind, if anything", for it would be rightly considered that a denizen of Mu doesn't think anything.

Those who note that my email address is Comcast might be wondering what I think of Comcast, and I'm just in the mood to answer that, they've been shagging me with their bills, jumping them up and down, but in the long run up, unaccountably except for the Greek or Babylonian Cuneiforms they have along with the bills supposedly explaining the service but doing so no more than Dean Moriarty explained Schopenhauer in ON THE ROAD. Now they have changed my account number for no explainable reason and screwed up my billing service with some ineptitude about they were doing something new without a word about what it was except a new format on their bills. And they keep juggling around the line of a hundred dollars, not that that's distinctive on their part from the authors of my other bills. And their service? It gets haywire from time to time, but I still don't know if that's them or someone with malware posing as them. But it's supposed to be the best service I can get, and it does seem better than what I've had—my original server was Yahoo, and I quit that when there was a racketeer successfully doing an identity theft and writing a phished note to my aunt in my name. This blew our relations and I had to get something new; they were still having computer difficulties with trying to figure that one out. Since that time I've heard that Yahoo has virtually gone out of big business and that some other service was trying to buy them out. I was with the local DCWI, which was doing all right until they stopped doing all right, just stopped and wouldn't talk about it, even though I was acquainted with them. So I was with Frontier for awhile, but that got incredible. I was told that sort of stuff probably wouldn't happen with Comcast, and mostly it hasn't, though once they pulled a fraud on me and sent me equipment by mail for a service I hadn't agreed to have that obviously

would have cost me money, although they didn't say so. I talked with them on the phone and the guy I talked with was obviously a swindler stuttering out a pitch of hard-sell and chicanery combined. No place to complain about a computer service and very difficult to talk back to them., you just have to take what you get, a one-sided deal for the most part. Oh yeah, and mostly I was talking with robots till I got the swindler. I was trying to tell them they were charging me for a service I didn't have, and that message was finally gotten across to them, but to compensate for my savings when they ceased this charge they raised the rest of the bill.

Computer fandom is much faster than fandom used to be, but much less together, I think. They've gotten, so to speak, closer, but left out the formalities of acquaintanceship, as though they could handle paper fandom well enough, but were not acquainted enough with the computer to handle that and emerge triumphant with a fully-functioning fandom. And the computer is not able to handle the ins and outs of organized fandom, Well, we've got to make the most of what we've got, because paper fandom is plenty stalled too; maybe we can master the computer enough, given time, to come up with a realistic and swinging new fandom, which I am trying to describe by calling it Ninth Fandom, but I think the N3F is now and forever identified as 8th fandom, or so I was told by those studying the numbered fandoms. We've just got to learn to swing and get with it on the computer, in order to build a progressive and active fandom that is able to accomplish something genuinely meaningful. Of course, this is a controversial assertion, but it's hard to say anything that isn't. If it is controversial, mayhap some of the other N'apans will engage in active discussion that would not happen if they fully agreed with what I say. What I want of fandom, myself, is active interchange. When that's going on, we're not only getting somewhere, we've gotten somewhere. Benefits from fandom, I'm not so sure of that, the benefit from fandom is being in fandom, but in order to be in fandom, fandom has to be there, it has to exist in a recognizable form, and then after that we have to be able to get into it, which is done by doing so, but there are not always easy paths for doing so. Being a fan in fandom is being there, then we don't have to go anywhere else, because we're already there, along the trail we've set out upon, anyway. Sort of like heaven, if you get there you're there and your journey is ended, but if you don't get there you're not there. Fandom seems to me a sort of potential paradigm for heaven, not existing exactly on Earth, but existing nevertheless. It's a place from which one can reconnoiter the Earth full well, and the life thereon. That's what it's seemed like it might be for me from the time I first encountered it.

Perhaps, I once said, it was evolved by angels. If not, it was evolved by someone. It did kind of evolve into being. Something, anyway, has kept fans together in fandom for x number of years, many years, anyway. One of the original fans was HP Lovecraft, but nobody knows if he was really a fan or if what he was in was really to be considered fandom, is what I mean by X number of years. He edited "The Providence Amateur", but it was part of a general amateur press thing, and only gradually turned over to science fiction and fantasy, when he contacted Clark Ashton Smith, Robert E. Howard, Donald Wandrei and others.

I've just been reading Lovecraft's and Smith's stories, and although they became professional writers, there is still an aura of fandom about what they wrote and their interchanges when fans were present in their works, a fact mentioned in introductions to their books. The characters of both men were often scientists and writers, and in Smith's they are frequently writers of fantasy fiction. Of course, these early fans were too close to demonology. Is that First Fandom rising that I see when I look at all the fans on the net backing Cthulhu for President? Look again, friends, these writers did not really recommend Cthulhu as a worthy being to be followed. Seems something happens to those who follow him, nothing contradictory with religion in that. But anyway, I would point out that the early controversies of the Lovecraft Circle are still going on in fandom today, and can be found in netzines and elsewhere on the net, for example, just look up something Lovecraftian in the Wikipedia.

I think I might have been about to be asked what I think of N'APA now that I have become a member of it. You can see what I think about it in this editorial meandering. It is exactly the place to say what I please at any length I please in net fandom, whereas one is mostly limited to brevity in most other outlets, though it's possible to place a thesis on a forum, but there is no surety there that they will be read. Here in NAPA is just the place to talk about my interests and views, so I am happy to have joined this apa. Though back when, when I was also in NAPA, it was too much in the formative stages for this to be so much the case, but I did rather enjoy my stay in that, too, and it was a good opportunity to express myself, though, you see, there was less to talk about back then, because fandom wasn't being evaluated all that much. But a place where a man can speak his piece is very difficult to find, and I am happy to find what I consider to be such a place here. One must find a place where one can relate to and respect his readers, too, and I think this is such a place...everybody here is well into sf & fantasy.

And now into comments on the mailing

Interstellar Blood Vampires? Or Jack Frost. True, it's the fantasia of autumn, but how do vampires get into it? Or it may be that August Derleth, who writes wistfully of autumn, but publishes HP Lovecraft, is here referred to. That's the cover of 225, a lot of editions that I'll never see. Yet I always like to look into the matter fully. Here's an explanation, it's N'APA rising. I'd say that *Weird Tales* might have the same outlook—have y'all seen their facebook page?

How many are on the email list referred to? I'm wondering how many I'm getting read by.

The Murdered Master Mage—as to the poem, it's submitted to anything. Next time you publish something that uses poetry, by all means use that.

That's remembering things for a long time, your recollection of that D&D game. The first time I tried a wargame, my character died at once. The gamers had one player fewer to contend with.

Archive Midwinter—adapted to role-playing games—how well do you score in them? Do you react to any losses in a sportsmanlike manner? Referring to wargames.

What if life is all a simulation? I have seen this attitude expressed in newspapers. The consideration leaves out this—why would such a question be asked? I guess the buildup is implied. The question is old, though, dating back at least to Omar Khayyam, who saw the gods as being rollers of dice with people on a gaming board. And Shakespeare said perhaps all the world was a stage and the people players. Now Credence Clearwater Revival sings "Seven come eleven coming out of the sky!" And the notion that life is a contrived illusion has occurred in a lot of science fiction and fantasy tales—think Fritz Leiber, Fredrick Brown, Robert Bloch, L. Ron Hubbard—the idea does have currency. By the way, with this kind of discussion going on, people might be thinking thusly about US, here in N'apa. Hm, Napa could be Napa Valley in California—good wine out there.

"Cacophony" looks like Crème de Cacao to me, which I understand has derived cocaine in it. Well, Sherman was too off-trail to what I'm interested in.

The Silver Age—you know, you were right in leaving that fan club; who wants to go to a fan club where science fiction is not discussed?

You might be the outstanding games player here, considering where you live.

Notes from a Galaxy Far, Far Away—I'll bet writers do wonder where their words are going in NaNoWriMo.

Pokemon Go walked through our yard on one occasion, so I know the thing was real. Made use of those phones they had.

Well, time to wind the issue up. I have a key here I can use to do just that—you didn't know it, but this zine is a wind-up machine that can fly, perhaps travel in time when released, joying when I let go of it, off to see and do things of its own. But I have a feeling it needs a back cover, and so I'll have to get some.

