

N'APN



222

OK, Who Planted the Triffid?

The Official Organ

#222

Next deadline: July 15, 2015

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 within the restrictions stated below in the Rules and Regulations. 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 George Phillies, 48 Hancock Hill Drive, Worcester MA 01609 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 since 1959 and recently transitioned from being a paper APA to an electronic one.

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NOTES FROM A GALAXY FAR, FAR AWAY #4

May 2015

For N'APA 222

Lorien Rivendell

(Lauren Clough)

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The Death of Chrome ... Part 2 ... and Other Technology News

It turns out our own George Phillies knew a guy who is some sort of Chrome whiz. He gave me a couple suggestions, one of which was how to wipe the Chrome's memory and start afresh. Even though everything was stored in the Cloud, so my Chromebook's amnesia was short lived, it cured the immediate problem of weird ads opening instead of the links I wanted to open. Two months later, and I still haven't had *that* problem again. Long live Chrome. At least until something better comes along.

I did decide to purchase a Kindle Fire. It's the bottom of the line of Fires and it was on sale for \$39.99 pretty much everywhere. I was able to buy mine locally for the sale price. It has ads on the lock screen, but I can ignore them or click on them as I see fit. It's a small trade-off for a lower price.

I also traded in my Samsung Galaxy Note 4 phone for a Samsung Galaxy S7. The S7 is a bit smaller than the Note 4. I chose it because it reportedly has one of the best phone cameras on the market, a claim the Note 4 was able to make a year and a half ago. I've had the phone for 30 hours as of this writing, so time will tell what I really think of the camera - and phone in general.

Time ... or the Lack Thereof

It seems the older I get, the less time I have for leisure. I'm not sure how that happened. Maybe when I retire, I'll have time to catch up with things. Or maybe it just won't happen in this lifetime.

Once upon a time, I had plenty of time for reading for pleasure. These days, I'm lucky to read a book a month. I'd like to be able to read faster. But if I read too fast, I'm afraid I won't get as much out of a book as the author intended. I do believe there is a delicate balance in there.

Some days, all I feel like doing is watching a movie or TV show. I rarely just watch anything, though. I'm usually multitasking, so I miss things. I can always rewind (or whatever the Netflix equivalent of rewinding is) if I do miss something. And I can stop a show in the middle and return to it later, such as after getting a snack or a good night's sleep.

Reviews (or Ramblings)

Movies

The Day the Earth Stood Still (1951): I remember seeing this at some point when I was a kid. It was one of those Sunday afternoon movies I liked to watch. All I remembered was an elevator scene. The elevator scene was indeed there, as well as lots of other stuff.

Journey to the Center of the Earth (1959): I considered watching this when I was in high school when my parents went somewhere for the evening. It looked delightfully scary. I chickened out and watched something else instead. I am no longer in high school - well past it, in fact - and found it on Netflix. It was an okay movie, and not scary at all. I have to wonder if it was even the movie I saw previewed when I was in high school. Maybe my idea of scary has changed.

Batman: The Movie (1966): This was so bad it was funny. When I was about 11 years old or so, I was madly in love with Robin. I don't see it now, but this was the same Batman and Robin of my childhood. I haven't seen the series since, but I imagine it was just as bad as the movie. Boy, have my tastes changed over the years.

Books

Larque on the Wing, by Nancy Springer. I first read this book back in the 1990s. I enjoyed it then and found it available for Kindle at a reduced price, so I decided to reread it. It's an imaginative read about a woman having a midlife crisis upon turning 40. She explores gender identity and roles, and it seems more relevant to what's going on in the world today than it did back when it was first published. I also got different things out of the book having read it first in my 30's and now in my early 50s, on both sides of 40.

Comments

Jefferson Swycaffer, Archive Midwinter: When I find the time, I take painting and other art classes online. Most are of the one lesson variety. Basic stuff. I dabble in pretty much everything and master nothing. So far, I'm finding watercolors are highly overrated. Or perhaps I need some real life classes so someone can actually show me what I'm supposed to be doing. Those art-and-wine nights are highly attractive, though I'd forego the wine and go right for the paint. Such classes are all the rage around here; I don't know if they have caught on elsewhere.

Books are archaic. Paper books, that is. It's pretty much e-books or nothing for me these days. At least I'm reading. Sometimes. It's that darn time factor. But the good thing about e-books is I can carry dozens of books in my purse and never be bored waiting in line (though to be perfectly honest, I'm usually checking Facebook while in line at the grocery store).

Please let us know when *Improve each Shining Hour* is published. I just looked for it on Amazon and didn't see it. At least, not for Kindle. I did find *Web of Futures* in Kindle format. I read that one back in the '90s. As I recall, it was a delightful tale.

Kevin Trainor, The Silver (State) Age: Welcome! 3-D is pretty cool, but it's not for everyone. I'm fortunate that my taxes are uncomplicated and that I can do them myself.

Jeff Barnes, Robot Octopus v. Vampires from Mars: Welcome to N'APA! Welcome back to N3F! I was a member of N3F and N'APA back in the 1990s. I don't recall exactly when I joined nor when I drifted away. I don't know any real life SF/F fans. That was all by mail back in the 1990s and online now.

"Inhumana"! Good one! I once knew a psychologist who called managed care "mangled care," which is much more truthful advertising.

George Phillies, The Murdered Master Mage: I hope you do keep at *The Girl Who Saved the World* when you get the chance. I can totally understand other projects getting in the way.

THE SILVER (STATE) AGE #2

an APazine for N'APA 222 by Kevin Trainor, Jr.

May 17, 2016

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Rushing about in all directions, much like a decapitated chicken...

I am afraid that my original intention to quickly dash off a timely reply to the previous disty fell prey to the time pressures of tax season, and then a bunch of other stuff happened. To quote Steve Martin, "I Forgot."

Anyhow, tax season wrapped up on the 18th of last month, and for once I made more on the draw than I earned from Block on commission. Fortunately, they're not going to ask for the difference back, though I suspect I may be working in a busier office next year, at least part time.

Hard on the heels of tax season came the annual trek to Minnesota to attend Anime Detour, the Twin Cities anime and manga convention I helped found back in 2004. It was a bittersweet trip, since our ancestral home, the Fabulous Thunderbird Hotel, since renamed the Ramada Inn Mall of America, had finally been sold and was closing on the first day of Anime Detour, shortly to be torn down to make way for an expansion of the Mall of America. Some of my fellow Detour staffers managed to salvage memorabilia from the auction, so I'll have a room number plaque for the old Volunteer Consuite and a wall map to remember the hotel by. We had four good years there before we outgrew it, and much of what we became was shaped by our time there. If you're interested, Minneapolis pop culture maven James Lileks has some pictures of the hotel in its glory days on his website at lileks.com; while they had removed some of the stuffed animals by the time we moved in, most of the Indian-themed decorations were still there, and you might argue that my succeeding there, we scored a kitschy coup over the other local SF and fantasy conventions.

Since returning from Minnesota, I've been busy preparing to drive for Uber and actually driving these last two weeks. Demand for Uber here in Las Vegas is strong, and I've been able to earn about \$50 plus tips per night, which will improve my cash flow and give me some decent tax writeoffs to offset them come next tax season.

I will reserve my comments on N'APA 221 for the next zine.

Robot Octopus vs. Beatniks from Mars #2

For N'APA #222

Jeff Barnes

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Hello again! It's May 12th as I write this – one day after Twilight Zone Day and one day before Friday the 13th.

Last time I mentioned that I had been thinking about fandom and how SF/fantasy is not really on the fringe anymore. I have been trying to expand my fiancée's horizons in science fiction and fantasy. Not that she is a stranger to it. She has read and enjoyed the books of Samuel R. Delany and is a big fan of *Game of Thrones* (the books as well as the television series).

And her brother is a big fan of kaiju (especially Godzilla), Star Wars and comic books, so she has gotten her feet wet, so to speak.

Last fall and winter I introduced her to the classic Universal horror movies, only a few of which she had ever seen. They were what first sparked my interest in the fantastic, when I was but a wee lad. I bought the big boxed set and we watched on or two every week until we finished them all.

Also, her brother got me a set of 11 Gamera movies for my birthday last October, so we watched those as well. I know they aren't the cream of the

science fictional cinematic crop (to put it mildly) but they are wonderfully weird and charming, especially the older, goofy ones.

I think the next thing I will have to share with her is *The Call of Cthulhu*, the film that was produced by the H.P. Lovecraft Historical Society several years ago. She hasn't read Lovecraft (at least not yet) but I feel I must show her this film because, a few days ago, she was looking rather intently at my Cthulhu bobblehead, which rests on a shelf of our entertainment center, and she said, "His head is Cnidarian." God, how can I help but love her?

COMMENTS

Jefferson P. Swycaffer: *Improve Each Shining Hour* sounds good and I love the idea of a pair of Leiber-esque thieves! (Back in the early to mid 1980s I was friends with Harry Fischer, a friend of Fritz Leiber who created the Fafhrd and Gray Mouser characters, basing Fafhrd on Leiber and the Mouser on himself. He was quite a character and very kind to let a 20-something fanboy like me hang around his house with him. Sadly, he passed away in 1986.

Lorien Rivendell: I actually have *Barbarella* on DVD. I know it's a terrible movie – but I think it's bad in a fun way, like an Ed Wood movie, or *Robot Monster* for instance.

I wanted to see *Zootopia* but never got around to it, unfortunately.

Kevin Trainor, Jr. : Ooh, what part of Minnesota did you move to? My fiancée is originally from Minnesota and grew up in Princeton and Sleepy Eye. I have never been there but we are planning to go there this fall, after we get married.

George Phillies: I love the idea of hanging a sign on the office door saying, “Retired. Gone writing forever”! Unfortunately I think I am quite a few years away from that. I still manage to do some writing, but I don’t have many story ideas anymore. Most of my writing comes out in the form of poetry. Maybe someday I’ll get brave and share some of the more fantastical ones here.

Thank you for sharing *The Girl Who Saved the World*. It is indeed good stuff!

**The Murdered Master Mage #5
for N'APA 222
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Comments: Cover: As always, Jefferson gives us an excellent cover, for which we should be most grateful.

Archive midwinter Thank You for your very kind comments on the League of Nations meeting. The local society managed to avoid the total devastation of our first world war, and therefore advanced into the present with national borders that we might recognize. The historical outcomes in East Asia are somewhat different than ours in that the Mongols only captured northern China because of the if I recall correctly Sung Dynasty had enough persona to block further progress. On the other hand, the Mongols did what the current Chinese government occasionally discusses, namely extending the northern border of China to the Arctic sea. They were aware of Alaska, but didn't see any point to it, and therefore quite annoyed with the Americans.

I look forward to reading your new novel *Improve Each Shining Hour*, which is a theme I much enjoy. You may have read *Inca*, which is an alternative future past in which the Incan Empire has a better outcome to its Civil War and is more nearly prepared for the Spanish. After all, we are discussing a civilization that did not have edged weapons.

Sympathies on income from self-publishing. I get a little more, but that is purely an entirely from the sale of my game design textbooks. In a remarkable month, I sell one copy of one of my novels. Self-publishing can work. Christopher Nuttall, who by the way is a fellow N3F member and who will be visiting the United States this fall, blandly mentioned that *Ark Royal* would've earned out its plausible \$30,000 in advances in its first month of sale. I have no hopes of repeating his effort.

The serious N3F artist that I know about is Cedar Sanderson, who now heads up our Art Bureau.

Notes from a galaxy far, far away: I'm glad I was able to help you with your chrome book

problem. It sounded quite unfortunate. I confess that I have also largely gotten out of the reading habit, though for a somewhat different reason, namely that I've gotten into writing. You are seeing bits of it here. Unfortunately, I also write occasional fragments from other books, so that I have considerable number of partial pieces that have been somewhat written. I hope that you enjoy *Mistress of the Waves* if you ever have a time when you can open the cover.

Barbarella: the disintegrator ray gadget is actually a literary tribute to a Gene Autry movie, his one science fiction movie, featuring the sunken Scientific City Of Murania. Murania would have met with the approval of the Futurians, in that it is a city in which robots do the work, and no one is hungry or left on the streets. The film was made during the Depression, when railroad travelers regularly saw dead bodies at the side of the rails of people who had starved to death. In the end of the Gene Autry movie, the city is destroyed by a disintegrator ray of very similar design and effect.

The major reason for the rewrite was to move immediately to the major character, even though it is left a bit obscure how she managed to get herself into her current circumstances. An acute reader might wonder how it is that she can describe all of her unfortunate circumstances, and there do not appear to be any parental units or physicians wandering around. The astute reader will notice that like Pippi Longstocking she apparently lives entirely by herself.

The Silver (State) Age: Kevin is entirely right about why I was delighted to have him volunteer to be our outreach and membership recruitment leader. It has been a very long time since the N3F has had a significant influx of new members. This must change! At some point, we all get to die of old age. Last year, I pointed out to the Directorate that we were about to run out of people to whom we could give the Kaymar award because almost every member in the club who is ever done anything has been given it. This year, there were two good choices.

As descriptions of this sort have arisen, I will say a few words about myself. Please recall that this summer I turn 69, so I have had a bit more time to add to my collections than you young people have. I started watching television science fiction with *Captain Z-Ro* and *Captain Video*. I started reading science fiction in the 1950s. My first

computer game was Space War, played on the original PDP-1 with the original joystick. It turns out that I also own a copy of the first electronic interactive novel ever produced, Uranium Mine And Space Pirates, which dates to 1955. My good friends Gary Gygax and Dave Arneson invented this wonderful set of miniatures rules, Dungeons & Dragons, but I was the fellow who pointed out in the pages of American Wargamer that they were not a set of miniatures rules, they were entirely new branch of the wargaming hobby. I have about 300 feet of science fiction books, though that has not grown much recently because I don't have time to read things, and somewhat over 5000 board wargames, plus 16 four drawer filing cabinets full of wargaming magazines I have also retired, and find I have less and less time to enjoy my hobbies. However, at the end of the month I am going to the Libertarian Party National Convention, where I may actually have a significant effect on who we choose as president, in which I play the role of the eminence grise.

Actually, the most recent novel I read was John Ringo's zombie series, the first book.

I did have some fan interests. I was a member of MITSFS for 11 years, joined NESFA soon after it was formed and for a long time was their longest-lived general member, and have been a member of the N3F since I think the early 1980s. I may be wrong on that. Alas, I did not save my early TNFFs; I gave them to local SF stores as recruiting tools. Magazines edited include American Wargamer/Strategist, Game!, and several political magazines. Okay, now I have bored all of you to death, but I promise not to repeat it. I hope that when you all reach my age you will be amused by the very limited and humble extent of my fannish interests.

Yes, I agree, tow-dragons and hydrogen airships do not mix well, at least not for very long.

Robot Octopus: deep sympathies on your mother. I went through this a decade ago. Fortunately matters were quite short. If you like Eclipse, you might like Faith in the John Ringo novel I mentioned, though she and Eclipse are very different personalities. With respect to watching Star Wars, I am reminded of a friend of mine who went to watch it on the second day it was being screened with a friend who was extremely apologetic about the fact that he had only watched it five times already. A little math showed that it'd

only been screened six times. There are very few movies I have watched more than once. 20,000 Leagues Under The Sea and The Mysterians come immediately to mind. The best of Jodie Foster's films, The Little Girl Who Lives Down The Lane, I have seen a number of times, though in its American and not its European version. I have read, but cannot confirm, that the European version of the film shows that Europeans are much more casual about clothing among people who are under 16 or 18.

The Girl Who Saved The World

Continued

Meanwhile, my kitchen waited. Water started heating for tea. Pear and raisin compote went into the microwave. Milk and orange juice went to the table. A steak went onto the electric grill, followed in due time by two slices of soda bread. The slow part of this was the steak -- I like mine close to well-done. That's why it's called well-done, after all, because it has been done well rather than poorly. The breakfast room has a small video; I cued up Eagle News-News for Adults.

They are sometimes a bit heavy on financial coverage, but focus on real news, not celebrity scandals. I was shocked, truly shocked to find they were talking about the Namestone and the mystery persona who walked off with it. There was a brief excursion into other news notes. Alliances between the 12 Great Powers drift slowly in time. After the 1908 Summer War, no one wants another World War. National persona teams are rough on small, breakable objects like forests and cities. International news was still uncomfortable.

Then there was something on the South American strangeness. "Invisible sky octopus" made no sense, but -- and my attention was drawn sharply toward the video. Supposedly an Argentine village of 500 people had been destroyed overnight. There were almost no survivors. Kudos, however, to the little boy who had grabbed his family's camera, pointed it up as he ran, and snapped image after image. Most of his family was safe, and he had really strange pictures. Tentacles. Claws. Teeth. But they weren't attached to each other, and moved in wrong ways. A pair of images clicked in my memories. Those weren't pictures of a standard quadridimensional object, but it was something like that. Someone might be able to decode the shape. I

leave that to folks who have copies of all the picture files, lots of computer support, and some smart math people. I like math, but unscrambling those pictures is way above what I know how to do.

Mentioning know how, the smell from the electric grill reminded me that I know how to cook, and my steak was approaching ready. Setting the table left-handed was inconvenient, but my right arm was staying below shoulder-level for the next few days. Hot water went into the tea pot. This was surely an Earl Gray morning. One thing I did not feel was sleepy. After all, I'd been asleep almost continuously for a couple of days.

The orange juice was wonderful. Butter and currant jam did fine on the soda bread toast. I remembered to pace myself on eating. As the pangs of hunger faded, I started considering my to-do list for the next week. "Heal" was at the top of the list. "Dye hair" was this afternoon. Eyelashes are a nuisance. The Namestone was safe in its jar. I wasn't going near it until I was completely recovered. It lurked behind a quarter-inch of impervium. People looking for signs of my using it would be sorely disappointed. My new bookcases were ready for mounting. I'd finished painting them before I left.

Eventually I would have to do barn work, a real nuisance while one-armed. Not today. The Healing matrix was emphatic on that. The ponies would have to wait on being ridden. Tomorrow I would curry-comb them and check their hooves. We have soft soil, and I do not ride on roads. Not having to worry about horseshoes greatly simplifies my life. The ponies still want to feel appreciated. A few apples and some maple sugar would help. I'd like to ride, but my ribs needed to recover first. The barn cats had their automatic feeder, and good shelter for their nest. I should pop the cat door behind the kitchen open. Occasionally the cats do like to visit. They do not get to walk on my back while I'm sleeping, not until I am way better. There was still reading, and lessons. I can't say I am behind, relative to my grade level, not hardly, and I am tougher on myself than Mum was. I still have lots of reading I could do.

Now the League of Nations Secretary-General was on the video. He was throwing three kinds of fit. He was outraged. I didn't do what he said I should. There was a price on my head. Two hundred tons of gold. Life loan of the Mona Lisa. A bunch of noble titles. I listened carefully to that one. The Celestial Empire only gives titles to its own

citizens. Austria-Hungary was prominent for its complete absence.

League artists had generated drawings and paintings of me. The video signals from Atlantis actually showed me as a blur. People saw sharp pictures of me, it seemed, because the Namestone had created illusions of what I look like, in front of every video screen in the world. The news showed the drawings. They made my hair gold-blond. I'm square-jawed, not pointy-tulip jawed. The garb looked impractical. It was way too tight to move easily. Lots of girls, ten years older than I am, would happily kill to have the figure in the drawings. I'm much happier to be me. How did the artists go that far wrong? Possibly Namestone showed them someone who was not me. That would explain why Valkyria was so confused. She was looking for a hot babe, minimally dressed, in her mid-20s. She found me instead. Not hot. Not babe. Not vaguely mid-20s. Perfectly decently dressed.

Holmgren introduced his number-two man, the head of the League Peace Police. Mum had said this Dreikirch fellow was a Nationalist-Capitalist, someone barely fit to live. His rant was even worse than Holmgren's. Today the League had an emergency meeting to talk about me. I could tell. I wasn't going to get their cheers and congratulations for solving the Maze.

I cleaned up after breakfast, and decided that it was time for another nap. I was alert, but physically exhausted. When I woke the sun was beyond the zenith, I felt much better, and I really wanted something to eat.

Two roast chicken sandwiches, all grain bread, plenty of lettuce, just a bit of butter, and more of the curried vegetables did quite nicely. I postponed the ice cream and fudge crumbles until later. Water came to a boil while I was cleaning up. Some parents would have been scandalized that I was brewing coffee, worse, cocoa-tinged coffee. I really am a persona, not easily poisoned. Coffee would make me a bit sharper while I was reading, but all the alkaloids would burn off soon after I finished reading, leaving me ready to drop into sound sleep. Besides, I really am too young for chocolate to have its alleged effect. I suppose if I always ate like this I would worry a bit about my figure, but that is one of my gifts. I may eat, but I remain leanly athletic.

After lunch it was clearly time for my next book. I suppose I could start studying instead. I could also have read a history. For some reason,

Mum did not entirely approve my reading historicals. I agree that most books on history are pretty pointless. Here are these great men and women and their heroic deeds that you can copy. Here is a record of past ages and their mistakes, leading upward to the present when we do everything right. If you don't like moral histories, there are historical mysteries. Historical mystery books tend to be completely crazy. Yes, it is hard to understand how the eight different civilizations of ancient Washington, 2000 years ago, could clearly have coexisted along the Columbia River, had advanced science, technology, mathematics, and art, yet failed to notice each other. Even if they weren't all there at exactly the same time, whichever actually came later might in their historic records occasionally have noted ruins of the past. No such luck. Massachusetts is even more confusing. There are 12 or 15, I tend to forget, different ancient advanced civilizations whose traces may be found near Massachusetts Bay. Most of them left at least some reasonably detailed historical records, not to mention observations on the world around them. Seven left observations on the moons of Jupiter and Saturn and Uranus, observations that apparently make no sense. They had the moons in the wrong places. You'd think they couldn't see the sky. There was a mystery here, one in which most people seem to be remarkably uninterested. The people who are interested write totally crazy things. They talk about world civilizations of 50,000 years ago, before Homo sapiens evolved, with a remarkable collection of nonsense as allegedly serious evidence.

My target today was one of Mum's forbidden books. *Liouville's Butterflies* makes remarkable claims about historic time. I'm not sure why Mum didn't want me to read it. I curled up in my comfortable chair, my feet on the large hassock, with a pot of mocha, pitcher of milk and vacuum mug at my side, pulled up a quilt, and began reading. The front part of the book was fairly simple. I could even understand it. There are computer pictures of how atoms move in air. They show -- I noticed that the book skipped the proof -- if you make tiny changes now, in not very long what happens is hugely different. If you do time travel -- I did not just tell you whether I can travel in time or not -- go back not very far at all, and make very small changes, when you come back the world can be totally different. The famous story is the fellow who traveled in time to just before the

maiasaurs started their march to intelligence, smelled a flower by shooing away a butterfly, and when he returned to the present there had never been a dinosauric civilization. Most small changes have tiny effects, but some are different.

Liouville was a French mathematician. The fellow after him was an American, Gibbs. What they showed, the part I had to struggle to understand even slightly, is that the past is as big as the future. No, let's be honest. I really did not understand almost any of the math parts. For what they needed to prove, they used calculus. I'm not terrified of a single derivative, at least if someone else is taking it. I even know sort of what they are. Kind of. I think. Maybe. Well, I asked Mum what they are, and she told me.

No, I'm not one of these people who have infinite math genius, but Mum always said I was way ahead in math. That's way ahead, even though I actually had to learn the stuff, not have Mum pass it to me mind-to-mind. Things you learn mind-to-mind you aren't creative with, not easily, so I'll have to work really hard to write great love poems in Atlanticean. I'm heartbroken, truly heartbroken. Mum did pass me lots of things not quite mind-to-mind, but she was mostly interested in helping me learn how to use my gifts effectively. She thought using gifts was way more important than math, or science, or money technology. I could learn those the usual way at my usual speed. GR, my usual speed is not slow.

In any event, Gibbs wrote down a whole forest of derivatives in a big square block. Down on my study pad went 'Hamiltonian', 'Jacobian', 'determinant', 'permutation', and a bunch of other words I don't know. I suspected there were a lot of parts I did not know yet, even before I got to the forest of derivatives. When I reached the derivative forest I took a break for the caramel ice cream and fudge crumbles... a lot of fudge crumbles. Still, it was a forbidden book, and I have all the time in the world, if I'm real careful, to learn it. While I'm doing heavy-duty healing, I'm aging backwards. The original Gibbs proof about the past and the future was two short paragraphs of which I could make neither head nor tail. The book spent 30 pages breaking the Gibbs proof up into small parts. Each part was supposed to be easy to follow. The fellow who wrote the small parts is said to be the greatest science writer since Amizov, Amizov being the muse of clear science writing. Except when I talked about muses with Mum, for Terpsichore she had an

image of this statue, but for Amizov she remembered fondly this guy with funny whiskers. I even understood two of the parts that he wrote. It's just that after you had followed all the small parts you had come a very long way, and you wondered if you had really come all that way or if the wool had been pulled over your eyes.

I skipped to the end. The Forward said it was GR to skip like that. There was the image, translating the forest of derivatives to a simple picture. The picture I understood. I think. The picture is pawns on a huge chessboard. The pawns represent whole worlds where history started out slightly differently. They start out next to each other, farther away sideways being stranger. By the time you get well sideways across the chessboard, history is completely different. The simple view of history is that the pawns all move forward one space at the time, always staying in their own file. Worlds that start very similar to ours end up very similar to ours. Worlds that start out very different end up being very different. The butterflies show that every so often a pawn takes off sideways, so two pawns that start next to each other do not end up that way. The pawn next to ours marches off sideways and ends up halfway sideways across the board. That's the maiasaur not becoming intelligent. You might think that would simply leave a gap in the file next to ours. No, there are as many files at the start of history as there are the end. What Liouville and Gibbs showed, and someday I will understand that part of the book, is that every file was full at the start of time, so when we reach the present every file must still be full, one pawn per file. If the pawn next to us took off and ended up way across the board, there must be another pawn that started off someplace way across the board and ended up at our shoulders. I thought the mirror imaging looked pretty obvious. We're not someplace special. If some of our nearby-at-start pawns end up someplace else, pawns from someplace else must end up nearby, because if they didn't we would be at someplace unusual. Lots of people get extremely upset with the idea that world history could've started off completely different than ours, but when we get to the present our two worlds are almost the same. *Liouville's Butterflies*, the forbidden book, is the famous proof that some worlds must converge. The rest of the book is the arguments about what Liouville's result means.

All good things come to an end. *Liouville's Butterflies* was no exception. I looked up and

realized it was well after dark outside. GR, it's January. Dark happens early. My mocha pot was empty. For all I hadn't understood most of it, I'd really been concentrating on the book, concentrating hard enough that I didn't think about my pain. I still hurt, a lot. I'd dodged the sword. At the end, just as I slit the fellow from end to end, I'd had to take getting gut-punched. Hard. Before I started reading I'd remembered to pull up a quilt, so I hadn't gotten cold. My gifts will protect me from cold, but only when I'm calling them. I left the rest of the book for tomorrow.

Meanwhile I needed more food, but the healing matrix said first I needed some rigorous stretch and bend exercises, my partly-healed ribs protesting where force fields kept them clamped absolutely rigidly together. Then I got to eat. Cooking is a big time sink, there being only one of me, but I actually can cook, so some of my lentil, spinach, and kielbasa stew moved from freezer to microwave, followed by shredded lettuce, slivered carrots, and a few artichokes onto a big salad plate. Lemon juice, a scoop of chickpeas and chopped onions marinated in Roman salad dressing, and a sprinkle of parmesan cheese followed. After dinner would be a short nap, and then chemistry and astronomy. I had cleaned the house thoroughly before I left. It could wait a few more days.

GR, be honest with myself. The short nap was another nine hours. I lay down on my bed, pulled the quilt up to my shoulders, and when I awoke it was well closer to dawn than dusk. Yes, when I need to I can really draw deeply on my gifts. Afterward I pay a price, and not a small one, either. Perhaps someday, when I grow up, that won't be as much of an issue. But right now I'm only me, and I only have the gifts that I have. On the positive side, I always liked getting up early enough to watch the sun rise. After nine hours of deep sleep, I really was awake again. I'd be happy to say the stretches and bends weren't as uncomfortable as yesterday, except they were worse.

We close with a note to myself to add something to this chapter. She has finally figured out that she was unreasonably well-prepared to do the Maze, confront the Martyr, and get her hands on the NameStone, but she has absolutely no idea who might have set her up like this.