

IONISPHERE 13



**The journal of the National Fantasy Fan Federation
Fan-Pro Coordinating Bureau**

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Ionisphere is the bi-monthly publication of the Fan-Pro Coordinating Bureau, whose purpose is to bring science fiction and fantasy readers and fans in closer touch with writers for and editors of science fiction magazines. We are still wanting a staff member with a full knowledge of forthcoming conventions so that we can list them here. Writings about and reports on conventions for Ionisphere are also welcome, and any member attending a convention would be contributing to our work if they sent a report of it for printing in IO. Having a conventions contact on our staff would be ideal. In an earlier run of IO there were a number of convention reports but we haven't had any lately, but would like to run convention reports again. Also we want a man in touch with their planning connected with our bureau, or woman as the case may be. This "conventions contact" that we visualize might be able to handle all aspects of conventions by himself...but a contact who is simply trying to keep up with conventions is all right. If we found such a person we'd have a complete staff and not ask for anything more.

Ionisphere is the bureau's contact with the membership, and is of course of chief importance in the bureau's functioning. Here we state our objectives and provide our viewpoint, our impetus toward having closer fan-pro relations occur. Here also we seek interaction with the membership, and provide space for any letters of comment we receive, or other letters to the point of fan-pro relations. We are also open to publishing any writings members may have on this topic, or outside writing on the topic if we receive any. The bureau was first visualized by then-president Irwin Koch, and I was the first person put in charge of the bureau. It was brought back after a passage of time during which it was closed down, by George Phillies two years ago, and since that time we have been building and presenting interviews with fans and pros, and giving information on contacts. With this issue we're commencing our third year of present existence, and we have had some successes in getting activity started, but are still wanting to see more activity of this nature (or any nature) within the membership of the NFFF.

Those who don't see the bureau as having done much in this length of time are not aware that maintenance is part of the activity of a bureau, and we have been maintaining the bureau over this length of time and keeping going a continuous awareness of our objectives, which is a part of the battle right there. Anything additional has been constructive success.

EDITORIAL



A Call To Action

Well, here we all are, arrived at our thirteenth issue of Ionisphere and prepared to think it all over and plan what's ahead. Doomsayers will point out world crises and say that there's nothing ahead, but they've been saying that; maybe we'll arrive at the point where they're right, but we haven't as yet. But there has been a general murmur that science fiction affairs aren't in the best of shape, and there are proofs of this that people can point to.

The NFFF has complaints about inactivity. In fact there are not a whole lot of responses coming in to the activity of NFFF publications; this has caused such a notable editor as Robert Jennings to resign from his editorship of his top-rated NFFF publication TIGHTBEAM; he bemoaned the lack of contributing writers, artists, and letter writers. He was himself up there among the active members anyway, and perhaps the reader will note that there is a crossover in what I'm writing from one zine to another, an awareness of another publication that is part of the policies of this bureau. We active members should be having and showing awareness of one another. There is an attitude of being against such interaction based upon notions of getting into other peoples' territory and adulterating their goods with too much similarity. One member sprang into visible activity (which was good) with a lot of criticism of the publication of a new bureau, which I didn't like too well and which could be illustrative of the contention that people might tell one another how to run their activities, but it is in fact activity and we got

letters of comment there where we had not been receiving any, and an introduction to another member of the NFFF from whom we had not been hearing. I suggest that I prefer this interaction to no activity. President Phillies, too, mentioned that this was at any rate something happening, and an improvement from that perspective. (Here I mention who the NFFF President is and refer to what he thinks about something.) That's a publication editor and an official mentioned by name in my editorial, and this is being interactive and is what I mean by saying that we should be more active. Former President Koch's idea in establishing this bureau was to get up more activity in the organization and this is what I am still trying to do. The argument against this is that more activity may not be constructive activity, but I am liking constructive activity and mentioning such activity.

What you see now is those who are openly active in NFFF activities being a small group of individuals out in front doing their doings while the rest of the organization is silent. Tightbeam once was full of letters but what happened there was politics and a lot of letters weren't being printed and were being discouraged and when everything that might offend someone else was left out, there were fewer letters, and these also dwindled. Constructive activity, chilluns, it means constructive letters too. Good letters that people will be happy to print. Among the active now is lone letter writer Lloyd Penney, and he is a valued asset to the N3F. Why don't some more of you be like Lloyd and write some letters of comment. We will answer you and it will be just like the Space Club or the Cosmic Pen Club or the old Correspondence Bureau's upkeep of correspondence. Why let us few people joy with the riggings while you all look on, or ignore it as the case may be.

There it is, a call to action, and of course I might come out of issuing this clarion cry looking like a clown if there is no response to it, but I should worry, there was no response before I made the call, either. I didn't change anything for the lesser. If some people write in saying why they are not being active, that's responses too, and I hope I will hear back from some people, and that perhaps TNFF and Tightbeam will be hearing back from them too, not to mention Origin, but I have.

Am I myself doing anything active for the benefit of the membership, rather than just doing something I like to do? Well, I give you something to read every other month with IO, and that's different than not having something to read. I'd call that doing something of benefit.

science fiction films are considerably set apart from science fiction. Here Jeffrey Redmond takes a look at an sf film being made.

Behind the Scenes by Jeffrey Redmond



A director with a homey movie-making technique who says he likes people to be frightened of him

Most science fiction movies contain the necessary formula ingredients. There's always space ships blowing up, one dimensional aliens, talking androids, cute robots, and time travel. There's endless special effects, but not much story or character development. The actors are all six feet tall, and the actresses all under thirty. Sci Fi productions from Hollywood may occasionally win awards for sound and special effects, but never any for the producers, directors, or performers. But sometimes there's that rare film which decides to be worthwhile.

A QUIET PLACE is a 2018 American science fiction horror film directed by John Krasinski, who stars alongside his

real life wife, Emily Blunt. The film is produced by Platinum Dunes. Krasinski joined as a director and wrote the script. Principal photography took place in 2017 in upstate New York. In *A Quiet Place*, a family must live life in silence while hiding from extraterrestrial creatures who hunt by sound.

A Quiet Place has been released in the United States in April 2018 by Paramount Pictures. It has become a major box office hit, costing \$21 million to make while grossing \$332 million worldwide. It has received acclaim from critics, who have praised its originality and atmosphere, as well as the acting, directing, and sound design, some even calling it a smart, wickedly frightening good time.

Plot. Over three months in 2020, most of Earth's human and animal populations have been wiped out by sightless creatures of unknown origin. The creatures have hypersensitive hearing, indestructible armored skin, and attack anything that makes noise.

The Abbott family of wife Evelyn, husband Lee, congenitally deaf daughter Regan, and sons Marcus and Beau, silently scavenge for supplies in a deserted town. While out in the open, the family communicates with American Sign Language (ASL). Four year old Beau is drawn to a battery-operated space shuttle toy, but Lee takes it away. Regan returns the toy to Beau, who also takes the batteries his father removed. Beau activates the toy when the family is walking home near a bridge. The noise gives away his location to a nearby creature, which kills him before Lee can get to him.

More than a year later, Regan still struggles with guilt over her brother's death, Evelyn is in the final stages of pregnancy, and Lee is fruitlessly trying to make radio contact with the outside world. Lee attempts to upgrade Regan's cochlear implant with scavenged miniature amplifiers to restore her hearing, but the devices are ineffective. Later, Lee takes Marcus to a nearby river to teach him to fish while Regan visits the memorial to Beau. Lee explains to Marcus that they are safe from the creatures in the presence of louder sounds.

Marcus reveals that Regan blames herself for Beau's death, and needs her father to tell her he still loves her. Alone at the house, Evelyn goes into labor earlier than expected. While making her way to their basement, she steps on an exposed nail. In pain, she accidentally drops a glass picture frame and alerts a nearby creature. Evelyn flips a switch that changes the exterior house lights to red as a danger signal to the others, and struggles to remain silent during her contractions.

Arriving at the farm and seeing the lights, Lee instructs Marcus to set off fireworks as a diversion. He finds Evelyn hiding in the bathroom with their newborn son and they make their way to their improvised soundproofed basement. Lee leaves to find the other children, promising Evelyn he will protect them. Evelyn falls asleep but wakes to discover that the barn basement is flooded with water from a broken pipe and that a creature is stalking her.

Regan hurries back to the farm. She and Marcus take refuge atop a grain silo, lighting a fire to alert their father to their whereabouts. However, they run out of lighter fluid and the fire dies before they can attract Lee's attention. A hatch door gives way and Marcus falls into the silo. The sound of the door falling distracts the creature stalking Evelyn which is now targeting Marcus and Regan. Marcus sinks into the corn and nearly suffocates, but Regan jumps in and saves him. Regan's cochlear implant reacts to the proximity of the creature by emitting a high frequency sound that drives it away. The children escape from the silo and reunite with Lee.

The creature returns, attacking and wounding Lee, while Marcus and Regan hide in a pickup truck. After seeing his father wounded, Marcus shouts impulsively, attracting the creature to the truck. Due to its unpleasant sound, Regan turns her cochlear implant off for the first time, unaware of the fact that it would have potentially driven the creature away.

Lee signals to Regan that he loves her and always has, before sacrificing himself to draw the creature away from his children. Regan and Marcus roll the truck down a hill to escape and reunite with Evelyn and the baby at the farmhouse.

The four retreat to the house's basement. When the creature returns, Regan, who realizes that the sound made by the implant distresses the creature, switches the device back on and places it on a nearby microphone, magnifying the feedback. Painfully disoriented, the creature exposes the flesh beneath its armored head, which Evelyn shoots, killing it. The family views a CCTV monitor, showing two creatures attracted by the noise of the shotgun blast approaching the house. With their newly acquired knowledge of the creatures' weakness, the members of the family arm themselves and prepare to fight back.

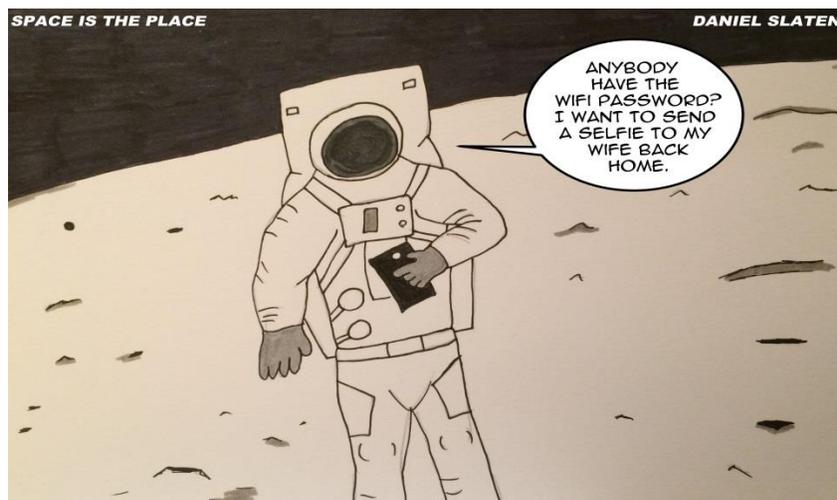
Cast. Emily Blunt stars as Evelyn Abbott, a doctor, wife of Lee, and the mother of their three children, Tegan, Marcus, and Beau. Krasinski describes her character as wanting to ensure that their children be fully formed, fully thinking people. John Krasinski is Lee Abbott, an engineer, husband of Evelyn, and the father of Regan, Marcus, and Beau. Krasinski describes his character as a survivalist who focuses on getting his family through each day.

Millicent Simmonds is Regan Abbott, Lee and Evelyn's deaf daughter, and Marcus' and Beau's older sister. Krasinski said he sought a deaf actress for many reasons. He didn't want a non-deaf actress pretending to be deaf. Most importantly though, a deaf actress would help his knowledge and understanding of the situations tenfold. He wanted someone who lives it, and who could teach him about it on set. Noah Jupe is Marcus Abbott, the oldest son of Lee and Evelyn, and Regan's and Beau's brother.

A sequel is scheduled to be released in May 2020.

You can't say that isn't a good family film.

Do any readers want to say what they think about the plot of that film?



NEWS ITEM: I received the first issue of Steve Davidson's AMAZING STORIES in the mail today, and it was a knockout, fully justifying what the title of the magazine has always been. The cover itself was truly amazing, a work of science fiction art with a touch of surrealism, both regular sf art and a novelty at the same time. It was pulp size but easily distinguishable from them at the same time by being printed on so-called "slick" paper like the "quality" mass-distribution magazines. It had the spirit of the earlier Amazing and its own distinctiveness as well, a futuristic look that well explained the science-fiction intentions of the magazine. And so now there are four magazines that may be found on the stands, those being Fantasy and Science Fiction Magazine, Asimov's Science Fiction, Analog Science Fiction and Fact, and Amazing Stories Quarterly. Here at last is an advance rather than a recession. Steve is highly present on the net; he's on Facebook and is seen at the SF sites there, as well as having the online Amazing, and is a member of the SF FANDOM group on Facebook.

Found in the issue are Robert Silverberg, Allen Steele, Rudy Rucker, Dave Creek, Julie Czerneda, Paul Levinson, and Steve Fahnstalk, among others, and David Hardy and Al Sirois are among the artists.

The magazine in some ways represents a transition from fandom to being a professional science fiction magazine, which has meaning to this bureau of the N3F; it's fans and pros being in very close contact, and interacting just fine. As such, it's a return to the common entityship of science fiction, and very contributory to science fiction in general, a magazine in a progressive mode and fully active in science fiction's literary realm.

We'll be glad to see future issues of it, and so might you be if you subscribe, as I of course have done. Subscriptions may be gotten at

<https://amazingstoriesmag.com/subscription> .

This is a very good magazine to have and to hold.

I have a short note by Steve Davidson in which he describes his arrival at the Worldcon with his magazines ready for distribution. As you'll see, it wasn't easy.

My Trip to the Worldcon, the Prologue by Steve Davidson

Woke at 2 am est.

Coffee, shower, feed Bo, finish packing that last minute stuff.

3:40 ride to airport commences with hauling the 165 pound case of gear to the SUV.

4:45 Manchester airport. "Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Davidson, but this case is overweight by 65 pounds."

Scramble, scramble, scramble. Boxes, bags, repack. Made it. Oh, by the way, now you not only have oversized and overweight baggage, now you have extra bags. Pay us.

6:20 flight to O'Hare leaves on time.

10 something. Flight from O'Hare does not leave on time. Fitful, disturbed micro napping all the way to San Jose.

Time is lost now, along with my walking stick. My fan friends were released from onerous duty while I waited for my oversized and overweight packages to arrive.

They do. I push them what has to be a mile to the rental car shuffle, then across the length of the consolidated rental car facility.

Load the voyager.

Try to use the gps which has turned itself into no gps mode for some reason. Can't find the convention center, head for the Airbnb. Find that. Get situated. Wrestle with the gps, get it working. Get back to the convention center, can't find the entrance to the loading dock. Park.

Wander wander wander...this place is HUGE.

No one knows where my magazines are.

We finally find them. I break down the pallet, get instructions for driving to the loading dock, wait for mandatory union dinner break, unload the rest of the (at this point) crap, set up as much as I can by myself.

Go back to the air bnb, go shopping, eat dinner. Writing this before I crash.

I'll see everyone tomorrow.

"WORLDS WITHOUT END. AMEN." By Will Mayo

God, it is said, created the world in six days,
rested on the seventh.

His world in turn was created in nine.

And therefore that in twos and threes
and endless combinations thereof.

As far as myself, here I sit,
in a small spare room
writing a few simple words.
Who knows what worlds I will create?
Novels, poems, or perhaps
the flesh of an old forgotten word?
My pen scribbles still.

A RAMBLE by Will Mayo

What are the mysteries that can squander a man's soul? Science, Art, Religion, Mathematics. All have their faithful. All a certain demise. Lost like a pebble at the bottomless sands. Such we find ourselves. Full no more. Let us wander.

AFTER THE WEARY TRIP by Will Mayo

Years ago, I used to walk many a mile
Down to the corner store for a bag of groceries.
Over and round about for a beer or two.
Perhaps to Route One or the Golden Mile for a game of cards
billiards too. Then there was always the extra mile
for a lover, and then some.
I used to walk farther
much farther too
just for the view.
Just for the sight of that extra horizon,
that place from which wonders reside.
Today I have not walked far at all.
I have rested after a weary trip
and the miles have encompassed me.
But one day I shall walk that extra mile.
And be where wonders reside.

LETTERS

Paul Carlson: The Analog Writers Group began at the forum, and it does indeed contain myself and Jay W and several others, although, for some reason, it's not been active over the past year or so.

I should point out I belong to two online writers' groups. Writing to Publish is much older.

I might as well mention, our w2p group is really hoping to find some new writer participants. Including the URL could help a lot (instead of just my email and that is on these pages anyway.)

<http://www.cuebon.com/ewriters/index.html>



end of issue.