

N'APA
262

January 2023

The Official Organ

#262

Next deadline: March 15, 2023

The official collator is George Phillies - phillies@4liberty.net.

The official preparer is Jefferson P. Swycaffer - abontides@gmail.com

Procedure: Please Read:

George Phillies will collate and mail, but **submissions should be sent to the preparer, Jefferson Swycaffer**. No harm is done if submissions get sent to George, but the process should be to send them to Jefferson.

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. To join this APA, contact George.

We regularly send a copy of N'APA to the accessible (email address needed) N3F membership, in the hope that some of you will join N'APA. Please join now!

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 and the preparer has a full-time job. Publication is always totally regular, though some readers question my interpretations of "is", "always", "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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Archive Midwinter
a zine for N'APA 262

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4 December 2022

Comments:

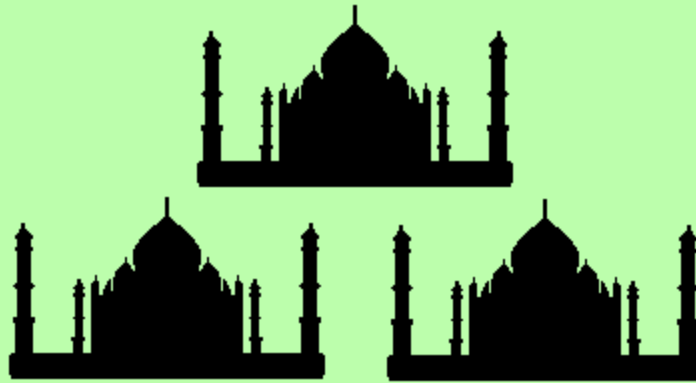
Cover: Jose Sanchez: Brilliant! Lovely UFO image! Strong use of basic black! Grant stuff!

Ahrvid Engholm: Good summary of news headlines. Much agreement, some mild disagreement. As a Yank, I cannot get behind monarchies, even benevolent and limited ones. Raising someone to exalted status solely on the basis of their birth is, to me, an abomination, scarcely to be distinguished from its counterpart, racism, where someone is singled out for opprobrium solely on the basis of ancestry.

Cool that you had a successful fantasy short story contest! Speaking from a position of some interest in such goings-on, hooray that your contest was a hit!

Fun “Futures of the Past” article, especially amusing where the guy claimed that manned Mars missions would take place in the 1980s. Forty years later, and we still aren’t even close.

Agreed that John W. Campbell was not a “fascist,” but he certainly had a number of screws loose. He was a sucker for just about any pseudo-scientific gizmo came along. The Dean Drive, the



device that psionically analyzed chemicals, other claptrap. But he was one of the best SF magazine editors ever, and we can at least be grateful to his memory for that.

Kevin Trainor Jr: Hooray, and welcome back to the somewhat diminished pages of N'APA! I, too, am pretty much an ex-role-playing-gamer. I was VERY active in the hobby and fandom for several decades, but now, alas, no games. And, like you, I have an immense collection of rules books!

Correct me, I love Sherlock Holmes, I have read some Nero Wolfe, and.....what is “Continental Op?” I don’t know the term? It sounds like something I need to try reading!

Very best of luck (“break a leg, guys!”) with Son of Silvercon! I hope for all the best. I really like the anime-style mascot!

Ahrvid Engholm: Fun feature on Metro Subway systems! Mass public transit is one of the better inventions humans have ever come up with. R.A. Lafferty wrote a prose-poem in praise of the concept in his very sweet short story “Interurban Queen.” Here in sunny San Diego we delight in a trolley system that is fairly decent. Has its flaws, but it’s successful enough to continue to expand to new routes.

Fun notes on Thomas Edison’s “fanzine” and on the Linotype. Poor Mark Twain! He came so close!

Fun feature on Eugen Semitjob. In one quote, he says, "Fusion and the Pill are mankind's two most important projects." I can agree with that!

George Phillies: In the midst of life we are in death. Or something. My old college science fiction club just had its 50 anniversary party, and it was wonderful to see so many good old fans and friends of my youth. It was also a bit bracing to see how many have gone on and can never be seen again. I find the older I get, the more resistant I am to change -- classical age-related conservatism -- and one of those changes is reflected in mortality.

I'm glad to know you're back in business on FaceBook. Also relieved that your exclusion was merely technical, and not politico-social, i.e. that you hadn't been "banned" for having said something that someone found too edgy!

Fun segment of story with Eclipse. Duty and Life's End are interesting mythic archetypes, and I loved, "I will speak, but you are required by the laws of nature not to hear." That is, in a way, an indictment of the entire human species! We're *really really good* at not hearing!

John Thiel: I don't know if science is "blessed," but it is a wonderful thing, in the same way that "knowledge" and "truth" are wonderful things. One of the very best features of The Scientific Method is its devotion to "Going back and making sure, doggonit." Repeatability. Independent verification. These are excellent protections against the risk of falling into error. Bertold Brecht, in his play on the life of Galileo, said, "Science if not about revealing everlasting truth, but on putting limits to everlasting error." I think this is one of the classiest literary quotes of all time.

re Sam Lubell, one of the ironies in the phrase "East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet" is that the two *do* meet in the heroic poem as written by Rudyard Kipling. The

son of the Colonel and the Islamic horse-thief meet, shake hands, exchange gifts, and ride away, no longer enemies. The poem deliberately belies the slogan that it made famous!

Sam Lubell: Aye! Biblically, Lazarus arose from the dead. And the dry bones walked around! And a couple of prophets were borne off to heaven while still living, and so never actually died!

I think I agree with you that SF is akin to physics, and fantasy is like religion. In SF, the spaceship/computer/time machine can be seen and examined and analyzed, but in fantasy, you pretty much have to take the dragon/unicorn/mermaid "on faith."

re Poul Anderson, hooray to his memory! I was a big fan of his! I adore the "Dominic Flandry" stories -- although they aren't half sad! They are tough, tough reading for an old romantic. In "A Knight of Ghosts and Shadows," Anderson wallops Flandry with just about the worst fate ever to befall a SF hero. But...it is a brilliant novel! I had the joy of meeting Anderson at a WorldCon, and I thanked him for inspiring me to write my own material. He said I was very welcome. He was a very nice soul!

Fun Thanksgiving with SF and Fantasy Heroes!

INTERMISSION #127

E-zine by Ahrvid Engholm, ahrvid@hotmail.com, for EAPA, N'APA and others whom may be followers of Roscoe (or not?) and ed's newstweets from @SFJournalen. This # offers you hot dogs, poetry, a trip to Mars, and more! While letters aren't flipped around by a shaking train, like with Tom Edison's rag, typos still faithfully appear, alas. Be happy and do a zine! Late Nov 2022

Editorially: An Interesting Village, Edison's Printshop, War

Another issue of this highly intellectual publication hits your eyes. We'll take you to the Old Swedish Village in the recently liberated Kheerson oblast, talk about the Rus vikings and king Charles, who was probably the first in history to recognise Ukranian independence, in 1711 - see #123! And wasn't the story of the young Tom Edison printing on a shaking, squealing train interesting! This will dig deeper into that, shining a light bulb on it you could say. We will also make a quick return to the great space reporter Eugen Semitjov, just as we learn that the Artemis spacecraft has successfully entered a Moon orbit. We'll meet the young "Space Hobo" too and cover other recent events.

DYKTAWO by the way. We see more and more reports about the low morale of the Russian soldiers, their lack of equipment and training, their huge losses, the incompetence of the leadership, the war crimes committed - even kidnapping an innocent little Raccoon! This just can't go on. But as this Putin clown has no intention to quit, the only solution is to kick him



A car owner getting winter exercise.

out of either Ukraine - or the office. I've done my bit with a strict fanzine blockade against Kremlin! And the new Swedish government decided on our 8th aid package to Ukraine, perhaps the biggest this far worth about €500m. It includes much needed air defence systems to protect their energy grid. To this a number European cities of Eurocities.eu are donating a lot of power generators to Ukraine (Stockholm is in this group, I hope we contribute too). Let's hope it helps our yellow and blue friends through the winter. I also learn that we'll take part in new training programs for Ukrainian soldiers, this time in Germany and Poland. We could maybe show them a little about Winter warfare, we have hugte forests and lots of snow as winter arrived! It snowed for three days, delivering close to half a metre of snow! But I don't like this white stuff (except watching crfoss country skiing on the telly). Snow is uncomfortable. I don't think I'll follow the Football World Cup in Qatar is very hot. The tournament should never have been placed there, eg because of their bad treatment of guest workers. And now we hear that they have banned bheer! Are they out of their minds? If you ban bheer you are tired of life.

--Ahrvid Engholm

Old Swedish Village

One place liberated when Ukrainian forces took back Kherson, was Gammalsvenskby, as we call it - the name means "Old Swedish Village". ("By" is Old Norse for village or town, and is via the Vikings found in English place names today like Grimsby or Derby. In modern Swedish it means village, and in modern Danish and Norwegian by means city.) Gammalsvenskby is on the western bank of the Dnepr river and was settled by Swedish migrants in the mid 1700s. The Swedes lost Estonia in the great Northern War but there was a substantial Swedish population on the Estonian island of Dagö. In 1762 the Russian Empress Catherine encouraged the Swedes to relocate (or they were deported) to land recently conquered from the Ottomans and the spot became "Old Swedish Village", with about 1000 Swedes. They kept their language and culture for a couple of hundred years until they - after clashes with the communist authorities - were allowed to emigrate to Sweden in 1927. Just a few remained and from what I've learned there are only about 20 inhabitants - mostly elderly - who today speaks Swedish, in a village of 7-800 people. More info:

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gammalsvenskby>

Video on the hunt for the Swedish village in Ukraine (in English):

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rpWJ6Xli9uA>

An old Swedish village in Ukraine (also in English): https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pB5w5f_Zpnc

A rather long report from the village (English subtitles): <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wXBGGX80z98>

A shorter report from the village (Swe subs only) <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zBrnpAJH5d8>

Swedish evening news visits the village (no English subs, alas) after liberation: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aFSoeDXsaW8>

A villager who speaks Swedish (Swe subtitles only) <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UXbr5FVkcMw>

About a trip to the village (in Swedish, but it is mostly just pictures): <http://www.gammalsvenskby.se/BilderFoton.htm>

A long travel report from Gammalsvenskby (in English):

<https://www.travelblog.org/Europe/Ukraine/Kherson/Gammalsvenskby/blog-420726.html>

But the connections between Sweden and Ukraine goes much further back than that. It was descendants of the Vikings who founded Ukraine. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rus%27_people tells us about the "Rus" who:

were an ethnic group in early medieval eastern Europe. The scholarly consensus holds that they were originally Norse people, mainly originating from present-day Sweden, settling and ruling along the river-routes between the Baltic and the Black Seas from around the 8th to 11th centuries AD. They formed a state known in modern historiography as Kievan Rus', which was initially a multiethnic society where the ruling Norsemen merged and assimilated with East Slavic, Baltic and Finnic...

The political power of it later moved to Moscow and formed what today is known as Russia. But let's be clear: that the Russians started 1000 years ago in today's Ukraine in *no way whatsoever* gives the shithead Putin any right to invade and start this stupid war! The US of A started in England, you could say -

the 13 colonies were founded by the English - but that would hardly legitimate USA to invade London.

To this we shouldn't forget the battle of Poltava 1709, the sort of Waterloo for the Swedish king



The welcome sign to "Old Swedish Village" in Ukrainian, Swedish, German and English. (The area had a substantial German population too.) A few there still speak Swedish.



Where it's situated.



Women (mostly) in the church of Gammalsvenskby. It looks beautiful. Let's hope the Russians didn't loot the church. (There was much looting in the village.)



Stalin started a new wave of terror in the late 1930s. Here "To the Memory of the innocent Swedish villagers who were deported and disappeared 1937-38" + 18 names.

Charles XII. The Ukrainian leader "hetman" Ivan Mazepa - a major figure in Ukrainian national history - was an ally of king Charles. The allied troops were outnumbered by the Russians (the king thought their quality and fighting spirit would make up for it) and unfortunately lost. King Charles fled to Turkey - Mazepa followed and died there the year after. Charles later fell in battle in 1718, trying to invade Norway and that was the end of our "imperial" ambitions. But in a way we're guilty starting an earlier empire, today



Artist's impression of Ukranian leader Mazepa and Sweden's king Charles XII prior to the ill-fated battle of Poltava. (But Swedish anti-tank launchers extract their revenge 314 years later...)

having some of its least

glorious days... The name "Rus" comes from the region "Roslagen" just north of today's Stockholm. "Ros" ("Rus" in alternate spelling) refers to rowing, "Roslagen" means "rowing crews", people who were into rowing boats:

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Roslagen>

So there you have it. Folks from around Stockholm founded Russia. And look what mess that has gotten us in to!

Events Gallery

Sweden did have a few colonies back in the days. You may have heard of New Sweden, around Delaware (1638-1655, the Dutch then took it). We had a port in West Africa, treaty rights in Shanghai, and of course various territories around the Baltic Sea. The last Swedish possession in Germany, Wismar, had been pawned and the buy-back rights lapsed as late as 1903. We declined to use them. I wouldn't have been a good idea to own a piece of Germany as WWI came!

Nov 16 I went to the lecture "Histories from a Swedish colony" about the longest lasting possession, the Carribean island of S:t Barthelemy, bought from France in 1784 and sold back in 1878. We learned about the slave trade - later banned by our parliament - and heard about life in the small

capital (see picture) Gustava, named for king Gustav III. Today S:t Barth is a popular holiday destination and Gustava still has that name.



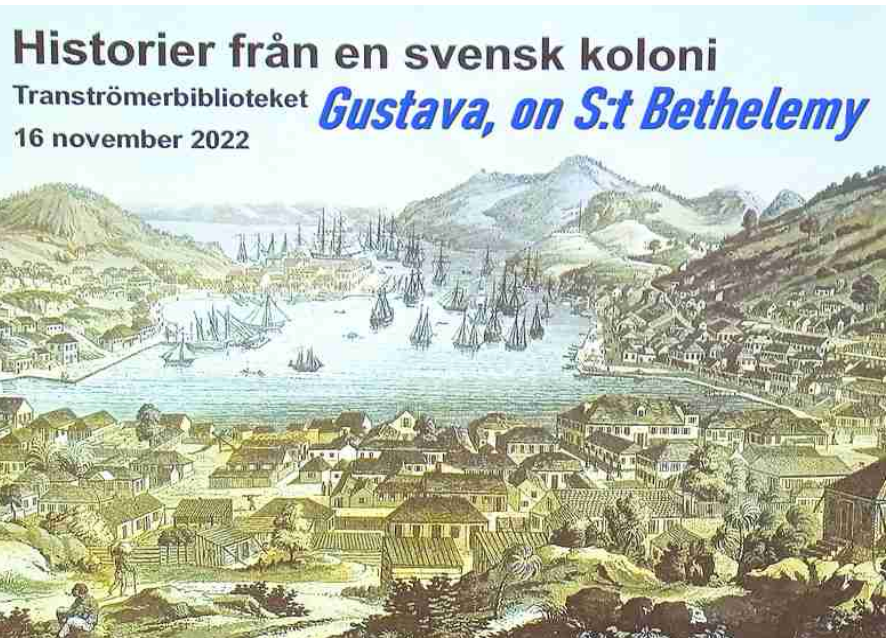
Nov 7 I stumbled upon a "Russians Against War" demonstration. I counted to ca 75 brave souls. They take a risk since Putin probably has spies in Stockholm and their families back in Russia could be persecuted.

The next day, the Tranströmer library had an open stage for poetry reading. In the pic below a poet (I forgot to note his name) reading an interesting poem about cosmology and space poet Harry

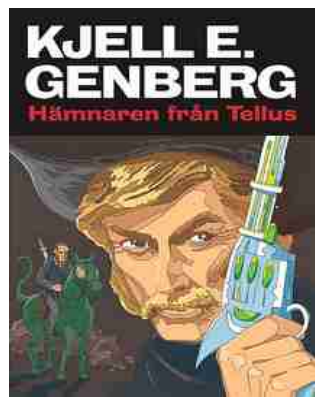
Martinson, who I have covered so much her in *Intermission* that you'r probabbly dead tired of him by now! Anyway, who doesn't like poetry? And space!

That library also told us exciting stories of myths & mysteries in old Stockholm Nov 12. Horrific crimes and the equally horrific punishments. Ghosts. Curious events. Told by PhD Annika Sandén.

Our little writers' society The Short Story Masters had an extra meeting, at the home of Kjell Genberg, Nov 19. An interesting pice of news is that Kjell has had his first book translated to Russian. The deal was made before Putin's shitty war and the book's title translates (in English) to something like "Journey of Horror" (publisher Ridero, translation Evgeny Sharaevsky). The plot is about 17-18th Century sailing ships and sea warfare. "I have read my Hornblower..." Kjell commented. He is Sweden's perhaps most prolific writer, "half an Asimov" with 250+ titles, have a look at some of them:



"Myths & Mysteries in Stockholm" Nov 12. Heinous crimes, haunted houses and such. A hanging shown on screen.



Wild West skiffy: *The Avenger from Tellus*



An AI simulating poet Karin Boye.

https://www.goodreads.com/author/list/6529002.Kjell_E_Genberg

Kjell has BTW recently published the sf novel *The Avenger from Tellus*. It is actually a "re-writing" to skiffy background of book #1 of his wild west kiosk paperback series Ben Hogan, which he wrote more than 50 of. Now horse opera became space opera!

Our meeting otherwise drew plans for an author tour in southern Sweden in May and afterwards consumed a lot of hot dogs.

Finally, Nov 21 offered more poetry. The Romanian Culture Institute, beginning to rise again to their usual high standard of events after the pandemic, held its 11th poetry

translation workshop. It's their innovative annual event where they let Romanian poets translate Swedish poets, and vice versa. The Romanian poets were Alexandra Parvan and Ioana Vintila and the Swedish ones Lina Rydén Reynolds and David Zimmerman. They spent about six days translating each other



Short Story Masters conspiring against humanity. Clockwise: Kjell, Ulf D, Helena, Cecilia, Ulf B. Behind the camera Joe R Struly, ie Mr E.

(using English as intermediate language, but they said it gave very imprecise meanings to words - they had to discuss exact meanings a lot). Then they read both the original poems as well as the translations, in Romanian and Swedish. It's a challenge to follow poems you can't follow. It's more to listen to the rhythm and tone of it and it strikes me that it may be a way to come closer to the very core of poetry: rhythm and tone...

Of special interest, I thought, was the Lina Rydén Reynolds' poetry, which was parts of her new "poetry novel" *Use them as you wish* as the title would be in English. It's a novel-length set of poems from an apocalyptic world. I thought it was rather interesting!

Lacking a Rhysling (see https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rhysling_Award) we haven't had much science fiction poetry here since Harry Martinson (Oh! Him Again!) in the 1950's. We have Johannes Heldén with cosmo-ecological poetry and an AI has interpreted Karin Boye in *Ammaseus Horisont*

<http://www.svenskscifi.se/ammaseus.html>, one of our best poets and also behind the dystopian novel *Kallocain*. We have Teodor Werelius' *Noll Plus Noll* - I have a long review of Wegelius in *DAST Magazine*, here through Google Translate:

https://www-dast-nu.translate.google.com/recension/noll-plus-noll?_x_tr_sl=auto&_x_tr_tl=en&_x_tr_hl=en-



Kjell Genberg's Russian book, *Journey of Horror*.



Hot Dog Masters: Ahrvid, Ulf D, Kjell, Cecilia, Helena. Yummy!

[US&_x_tr_pto=wapp](#) Poetry in space or the future has its very own challenges. Lina RR will be interesting to follow (the reviews I googled looked rather favourable).

We also have crap by Comet-John Benzene Jr, some filksong writers (if such lyrics counts as poetry) and my favourite Kjell Borgström

<https://www.goodreads.com/book/show/36987388-en-slags-parallell> who for decades graced our fanzines with his extraordinary alien worlds.

I remember contacting him saying I planned a fanzine back in 1978, and he immediately sent me some poems. He did that to everyone, a real poetry Harry Warner!

Oh, I'm getting carried away... The evening at the



A selfie from the mingle afterwards.

Romanian Culture Institute ended with mingling around Romanian wine and finger food. My old Radio Sweden favourite Bill Schiller was there and I talked with the



Lina RR reading from her new sf poetry book. We also had a Romanian translation by Ioana Vintila (right), whose poems was then translated to and read in Swedish.



Poets Alexandra, David, Ioana and Lina discussing their work.

poets. Though I must confess I couldn't provide any deep analyses of their work...

Nice evening. Long live poetry!

HISTORY CORNER

A new amazing History Corner! Old skiffy-like mags. Edison. A space hobo. But let's start with Mars:

In earlier issues I have covered the Award winning space reporter Eugen Semitjov, soon to be portrayed a new TV documentary. I first met Eugen on the 1977 Stockholm sf con (or it could have been in 1976 too, but I remember 77) and worked with him on *Teknikmagasinet* in the 1980s and met him through the Swedish Space Movement club. Today we now follow *Artemis* to the moon, as a stepping stone to Mars. But Eugen had everything about NASA's Mars planning already in this 1969 *FIB-Aktuellt* article, "The first Mars trip is planned in detail to the day: Twelve astronauts in two giant ships" (I translate and summarise, of course)

It's 150 times further to Mars than to the Moon, 55 million km - and that's when Mars and Earth are at the closest. A trip to Mars in a manned spaceship seems incredible today when landing on the Moon still is a fantastic adventure...Experts from NASA have planned Mars expeditions for the 1980s in detail. Starting November 12 1981 - arriving August 9 1982 - parking in orbit around Mars for 80 days with descent to the Mars surface - return to Earth August 14 1983. They'll be away for 21 long months, in a scary artificial environment. Trapped in the black, dizzying emptiness. Released in half time on a planet less habitable than the Moon. The plan has been worked out at Marshall space centre in Alabama on the orders of president Nixon, and rocket expert Wernher von Braun is the boss: "We must have definite go ahead for the project before 1974 if the Mars ships are to be ready by 1981, von Braun says...There are years between the times Mars comes in position for a rocket shot from Earth. So far we have seen Mars close-by twice, in 1965 and in March this year. The scientists have every time been forced to revise their theories. With Earth telescopes details of 100 km could be made out. Mariner 4 (1965) photographed details of 3 km. Cameras of Mariner 7 that swished past Mars this summer could catch details as small as 300 metres! Once there were fantasies that Mars was inhabited by advanced civilisations. Astronomers of last century thought they could see geometric patterns of thin, dark lines. Canals, they thought, irrigation systems leading water from the polar caps to desert areas by a species of advanced technicians. The myth of the Martians was discarded but up to the 1960s Mars was seen as the planet that most resembled Earth. It was a shock when pictures from Mariner 4 showed Mars being full of craters, more like the Moon than Earth. But Mariner 6 and 7 have now revealed that Mars is a totally different planet than imagined: a quite peculiar planet, cold, gloomy, not like anything on Earth or the Moon. The riddle of the canals has been solved by the cameras. It wasn't an illusion, or canals, but long mountain ridges full of craters. Question remain. Why are spiderweb-like W-shaped clouds form in the afternoons in the swirling Martian atmosphere? Why does the surface get darker and brighter in step with the seasons? Is there after all plant life on this desolated crater world? Is it chemicals that change the colours? The change moves with 3.5 km/h! Could the planet have life forms which are totally new for us? Advanced remote controlled robots could perhaps give us answers that turns our knowledge about the mysterious planet upside down. 1971 and 1973: Mars and Earth are only 56 million km from each other. Satellites taking photographs are placed in orbits around the red planet to cover every spot of it - just as the moon was besieged and mapped before being conquered. The researcher staff of the receiving station in Pasadena, California, puts the pictures together for the first photographic map of Mars. 1975: The first unmanned soft landings! Two automatic laboratories - named Viking - to orbit Mars. Landing sections separate and are sent to different areas of the surface. The two Vikings have equipment to search for life, both in the atmosphere and the ground. Other instruments investigate the surroundings, turning cameras photograph the surroundings. The Vikings have four protracting landing legs with round feet. The landing will be a technical challenge. It must be automatic - to control it from Earth is unthinkable. It takes several minutes for radio signals to cross the huge distance. The thin Mars atmosphere (1/100th of the thickness of our air) requires extra durable heat shields, slowing down takes longer, the heating lasts longer. When the heat shield is done parachutes open to slow down. The Martian atmosphere is too thin for parachute landing - retro rockets must be used in the last phase of the landing. The landing modules send reports and pictures via radio to the orbiting space modules - which in their turn transfer the signals to Earth, where giant antennas enhance the weak whispers from a faraway world. That's as far as the secrets of Mars can be revealed by robots. But logical thinking can't be built into robot. So humans must go there so we know more. This is how the first manned Mars trip will be according to NASA experts: It uses two big spaceships. They are 11 metres in diameter and 90 metres long: weight 700 tons. They are atomic powered and have two detachable atomic rockets on the sides. The Mars ships are assembled by parts launched into Earth orbit. Five giant rockets of the Saturn 5 type (now used for the Moon trips) place the sections of the Mars ships in orbit. Astronauts are launched to do the assembling. When the "trucks" are ready to start the Mars crews enter. With that the first trip from planet to planet begins with an elongated curve outwards in the solar system. - from Earth to Mars reaching more than 1.5 times further from the Sun than we are. The twelve astronauts arrive after 270 days. They enter a 24 hour orbit around Mars, seemingly standing still over a selected portion of the Martian surface - Mars revolves with one turn in 24 hours /Ed: slightly longer, but let's not nitpick/ Unmanned probes are launched from there to take samples from the ground and return them to the ship where the material is chemically and biologically analysed. Later landing crafts with six men - three from each ship - go down to the planet surface. The expedition has material for staying 30 days and ground vehicles to move far away from the landing spots. One of the most important tasks is looking for life. The most insignificant insect or some sort of languishing plant would be a scientific sensation. The expedition will also bring along small animals to investigate if "Earth beings" could live on Mars. Humans move around easily on the little planet - you only have 2/5ths of your weight on Earth. A man of 80 kg weighs 32 kg. But the thin atmosphere is risky. The wind speed may become terrible on Mars. Hurricanes could create sand storms of dimensions never seen on Earth. And it is cold! Temperature varies from a max of 20C to far below minus 100C. Two small moons moves hastily over the dark blue-violet Martian sky. Phobos is 15 km across and Deimos 10 km. The bigger one orbits Mars in 7 hours and is only 1/3 above the surface. compared to Earth's TV satellites. That has resulted in fanciful guesses that the Martian moons could be artificial, placed in orbits - by whom...? The home trip by

Det är 150 gånger längre till Mars än till månen. 55 miljoner kilometer — när Mars och jorden passerar varann som närmast!

En färd till Mars med ett bemannat rymdskepp verkar otrolig i dag när en landning på månen fortfarande är ett fantastiskt äventyr. Men medan "Apollo-12" förberedde den andra månländningen höll ett team experter inom den amerikanska rymdstyrelsen Nasa på och detaljplanerade Mars Expeditioner för 1980-talet.

Start den 12 november 1981 — ankomst till Mars den 9 augusti 1982 — parkering i bana runt Mars under 80 dygn med nedstigningar till planetens yta — återkomst till jorden den 14 augusti 1983. I tjugoen långa månader kommer Marsfararna att vara borta från jorden. Borta i en kuslig, artificiell tillvaro. Instängda i rymdens svindlande, svarta tomrum. Utsläppta vid halvtid på en planet som är ogästvänligare än månen.

Färdplanen har på president Nixons order utarbetats vid Marshall rymdcenter i Alabama, där raketexperten Wernher von Braun är högste chef. — Vi måste ha definitivt klarsignal för projektet före 1974 om Marsfarkosterna ska stå startklara 1981, säger von Braun.

Innan människorna vågade ta steget till månen hade robotar med automatiska kameror och instrument i åratall gjort allt närgångnare attacker. På samma sätt förbereds nu människans väg till Mars av obemannade späningssonder.

Framryckningen går långsamt. "Fönstret" för färder till månen öppnas en gång i månaden — men det passerar är mellan de tillfällen då Mars kommer i lämpligt läge för raketskott från orden.

Hitills har vi sett Mars i vitigt summa två gånger — 1965 och i augusti i år. Varje gång har bruskarna tvingats revidera alla tidigare teorier. Med jordbundna teleskop kunde astronomerna inte urskilja större detaljer än 100 kilometer på Marsytan. Den amerikanska marssonden Mariner 4 (1965) fotograferade markeringar på tre kilometer i rad. Kamerorna på Mariner 7 och 8, som svepte över Mars i mars, fängade så små detaljer som 300 meter!

En gång fantiserade man om Mars var — eller varit — bebyggd av en högtstående civilisation. Förre seklets astronomer

Första Mars-resan detaljplanerad exakt på dagen: Tolv astronauter i två jätteskepp

tyckte sig urskilja ett geometriskt nätverk av tunna mörka linjer över planetytan. Kanaler, trodde man — ett sinnrikt bevattnings-system som ledde smältvatten från polarkalottorna till ökenområdena, anlagt av ett släkte avancerade tekniker.

Myten om marsianerna avlivades, men ända fram till 1960-talet ansågs Mars vara den planet i solsystemet som mest liknade jorden. Det blev en chock när bilderna från Mariner 4 visade Mars som ett kraterrikt klot, mycket mer likt månen än jorden.

Nu har Mariner 6 och 7 avslöjat Mars som en helt annorlunda värld än man tidigare föreställt sig: en fullständigt egenartad planet — kall, dyster, olik allt som finns på både jorden och månen.

Marskanalernas gåta har lösts av Marinersonernas kameror. Det var inte en synvilla men inte heller kanaler, utan långsträckta bergskamrar, späckade med kratrar.

Många frågetecken kvarstår! Varför bildas ett spindelliknande, W-format moln på eftermiddagarna i Mars virvlande atmosfär? Varför mörknar och ljusnar planetens yta i takt med årstiderna? Finns det trots allt växtlighet i denna ödsliga kratervärld? Är det kemiska fenomen som ändrar färgerna? Förändringen går fram med 3,5 kilometer i timmen! Kan planeten ha livsformer som är helt obekanta för oss?

Kanske kommer avancerade fjärrrobotar att leverera svar som än en gång vänder upp och ned på kunskapen om den gåtfulla planeten.

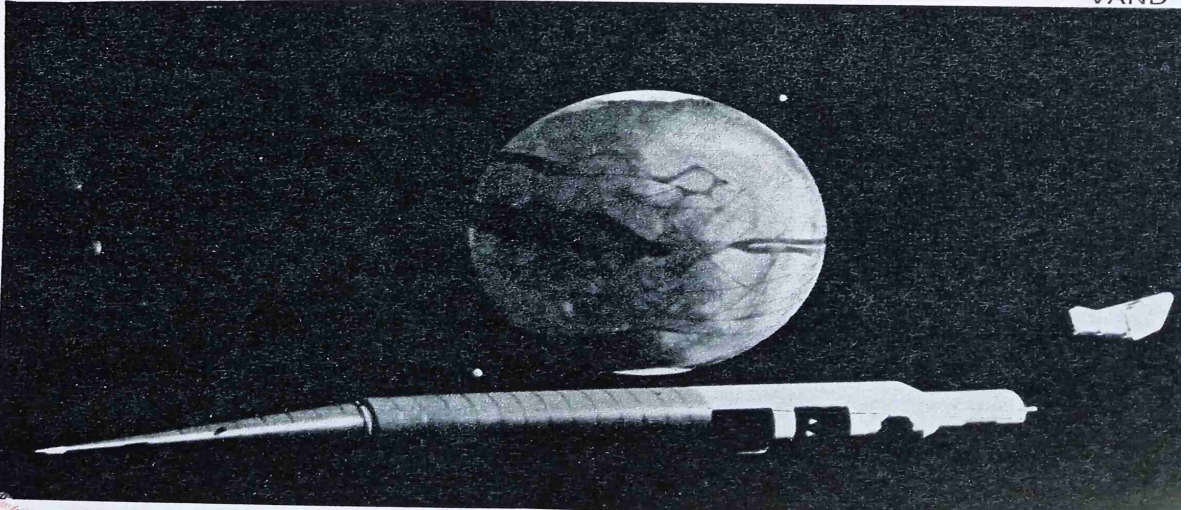
1971 och 1973: Mars och jorden är på bara 56 miljoner kilometers avstånd från varann. Fotosatelliter placeras i banor runt den röda planeten för att täcka varje fläck av landskapet — likadant som månen inringades och kartlades före erövringen. Forskarstaben på mottagningslaboratoriet i Pasadena, Kalifornien, kommer att lägga ihop bilderna till den första fotografiska kartan över hela Mars.

1975: De första obemannade mjuklandningarna! Två automatiska laboratorier — döpta till Viking — spinner i banor runt planeten. Landningssektionerna avskiljs och sänds mot var sitt område på Marsytan.

De två "Vikingarna" medför utrustning för spaning efter livsformer både i atmosfären och på marken. Andra instrument undersöker Mars livsmöjligheter, vridbara kameror fotograferar omgivningen. "Vikingarna" har fyra spretande landningsben och runda metallfötter.

Landningsmanövrerna blir ett tekniskt kraftprov. Landningen måste ske helt automatiskt — kontroll från jorden är otänkbar; det tar åtskilliga minuter för radiosignaler att passera det svindlande avståndet. Den tunna Marsatmosfären (en hundradel

VAND



FORTS.

av tätheten i vårt luftlager) kräver extra taliga värmesköldar — inbromsningen går långsammare, upphettningen varar längre.

När värmeskölden gjort sitt fälls fallskärmar ut för att bromsa farten. Men Marsluften är för tunn för enbart fallskärmslandning — bromsraketer måste användas under landningsmanövern sista fas.

Från Marsytan sänder landningsmodulerna rapporter och bilder per radio till de kretsande rymdmodulerna — vilka i sin tur riktar signalerna vidare mot jorden, där jätteantennar fångar upp och förstärker de svaga viskningarna från en avlägsen värld.

Så långt kommer Mars mysterier att avslöjas av robotar. Men logiskt tänkande kan inte byggas in i automater. Därför måste människan till Mars för att få veta mer.

Så här kommer den första bemannade resan att gå till enligt experterna i Nasa:

I expeditionen deltar två stora rymdskepp, vardera med sex man. Farkosterna är 11 meter i diameter och 90 meter långa. Vikt: 700 ton. De drivs med atomkraft och har två fällbara atomraketer på sidorna.

Marsskeppen monteras av delar som skjuts upp i satellitbana runt jorden. Fem jätteraketer av typ Saturnus 5 (som nu används för månfärden) placerar sektionerna till vardera Marsskeppet i satellitbana. Astronauter sänds upp för monteringsjobbet. När "långtradarna" är startklara går Marsbesättningarna ombord.

Därmed börjar den första resan från planet till planet i en långsträckt kurva utåt i solsystemet — från jorden till Mars, som vandrar i en bana drygt 1,5 gånger längre bort från solen än i. Efter 270 dygn är de tolv

astronauterna vid målet.

De går in i en 24-timmars omloppsbanan runt Mars, står skenbart stilla över ett utvalt område av Marsytan — Mars vrider sig ett varv på 24 timmar, likadant som jorden. Från det läget skickas obemannade sonder ned för att ta prover från marken och återvända till rymdskeppen, där materialet analyseras biologiskt och kemiskt.

Senare går en landningsfarkost med sex man — tre från vardera rymdskeppet — ned på planetytan. Expeditionen har utrustning för 30 dygn på Mars och markfordon för forskningsturer långt bort från landningsplatsen.

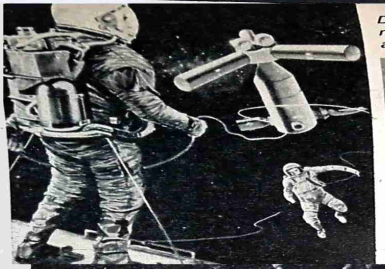
En av expeditionens viktigaste uppgifter blir att söka efter liv. De mest obetydliga insekter eller någon form av tynande växtlighet blir en första klassens vetenskaplig sensation. Expeditionen har också med sig smådjur och annat för att uttröna "jordvarelser" möjligheter att existera på Mars.

Människor rör sig lätt på den lilla planeten — man har bara två femtedelar av sin jordiska tyngd i behåll. En 80-kilosman väger 32 kilo på Mars!

Men den tunna atmosfären medför risker. Fruktansvärda vindhastigheter kan råda på Mars. Tyfoner kan utan förvarning driva upp sandstormar av en på jorden aldrig skadad omfattning.

Och det är kallt! Temperaturen växlar från maximum 20 minusgrader till långt under 100 minusgrader.

Två små månar vandrar hastigt över den mörkt blåviolettera marshimlen. Phobos är 15 kilometer i tvärsnitt, och Deimos knappt 10 kilometer. Den större gör ett varv runt Mars på sju timmar och ligger bara en tredje-



del så högt över planeten som telesatelliter över jorden. Det har givit upphov till fantasifulle gissningar att marsmännen skulle vara konstgjorda satelliter, placerade i banor runt Mars — av vem...?

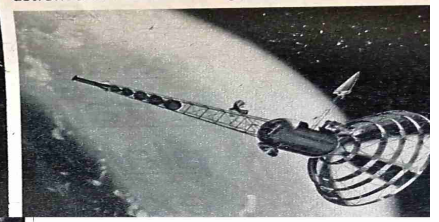
Mars Expeditionens hemfärd går i en vidsträckt bana runt solen. Efter 123 dygn passeras planeten Venus, vilket expeditionen drar dubbel nytta av.

Venus bombarderas med ett ton tunga instrumentsonder, som dels mjuklandar på marken, dels bärs av ballong i den tjocka atmosfären och kartlägger den evigt molntäckta planetens osynliga yta.

Dessutom kan Venus tyngdkraft utnyttjas för att accelerera rymdskeppens hastighet och vrida kursen i snävare riktning mot jorden — vilket förkortar restiden.

Men ändå — minst 600 dygn, nästan två år, kommer Marsfa-

De stora "Marslångtradarna" ska monteras ihop av specialtränade astronauter i en bana kring jorden.



Rymdexperten Wernher von Braun: Vi måste ha definitivt klarsignal för Marsfärden före 1974. Då hinner vi bli klara till 1981, då vi har planerat att landa!

rarna att vara borta från jorden. De måste vara försedda med mat, vatten och syre — eller kemisk-tekniska system som producerar allt detta.

Trots detta betraktar teknikererna inte konstruktionen av Marsskeppen som den mest svårösta uppgiften: kärnan i Marsprojektet är en driftsäker atomraketsmotor, som ska vara klar för provkörning i rymden år 1977.

Nasa arbetar redan med elektriska raketmotorer — "jondrift" — där drivkraften alstras genom utblåsning av elektriskt laddade partiklar.

Med en elektrisk raket kan vi uppnå praktiskt taget vilken hastighet som helst, nära ljushastigheten 300 000 kilometer i sekunden, säger Nasas vetenskaplige chef, professor Ernst Stuhlinger. Den skulle ge oss möjlighet att genomföra resan jorden — Mars — jorden på ett enda år. Frivilliga — ett steg framåt! ■

the Mars expedition goes in an extended orbit around the sun. It passes Venus after 123 days, which the expedition makes use of. Venus is bombarded by heavy instrument probes, that both land on the ground and are carried in a balloon in the thick atmosphere to map the surface of the eternally cloud covered planet. The gravity of Venus is also used to accelerate the spaceship and direct the course tighter towards Earth - which shortens the time of the journey. But still - 600 days, almost two years, is the time the Mars travellers will be away from Earth. They must have food, water and oxygen - or chemical-technical systems that could produce this. Despite this the technicians don't regard the construction of the Mars ships the most difficult in the project: the core of the Mars project is a reliable atomic rocket engine, which must be ready to be tested in space by 1977. NASA already works on electric rocket engines - ion driven - where the force comes from thrusting of electrically charged particles. With an electric rocket we may reach practically any speed, close to the speed of light at 300 000 km/sec, NASAs scientific chief professor Ernst Stuhlinger says. It would give us the possibility to make the trip Earth-Mars-Earth in a single year. Volunteers - one step forward!

Those late 1960's plans sound very advanced, but realistic. It's worth to compare with today's plans, which won't need atomic rockets (unpractical for several reasons) but indeed huge spaceships, here in the form of the SpaceX Starship. Launch several of them with extra fuel, refuel in orbit, and let the Starship itself do the landing on Mars, with extra fins for breaking and a steel body that can take the heat. Each Starship could take 100 passengers. Mr Musk wants to build hundreds of them and send a million people to Mars... I don't think that will happen, but a Starship could reach Mars by the end of this decade. We know there's no visible Martian life, the best to hope for is micro organisms or possibly fossils of such. Lots happen in space right now! The moon landing in a couple of years, incredible finds by the James Webb telescope, new planets, black hole pictures, maybe a satellite launch from Swedish Lapland, China building a space station.

But lets go to another trip to Mars! Bertil Falk is an important name in Swedish skiffy. He was the one reviving our *Jules Verne Magasinet* (JVM), 9(later taken over by Sam J Lundwall, he is an author an publisher of sf, covers it as a journalist and is also a genre historian (recently on our genre history in the three volumes of *Faktasin* - 1000+ pages!), and he became a fan already the 1940's JVM. Bertil actually made his debut at the ripe age of 12, when he had a short story published in a newspaper. I sent this story together with a translation to <https://file770.com/bertil-falk-from-a-space-hobo-to-finnegans-wake/>. We go to *Stockholms-Tidningen* in 1946:

The following tale of the future is written by a young man of age 12, and stands well in competition with futurist stories by adults:

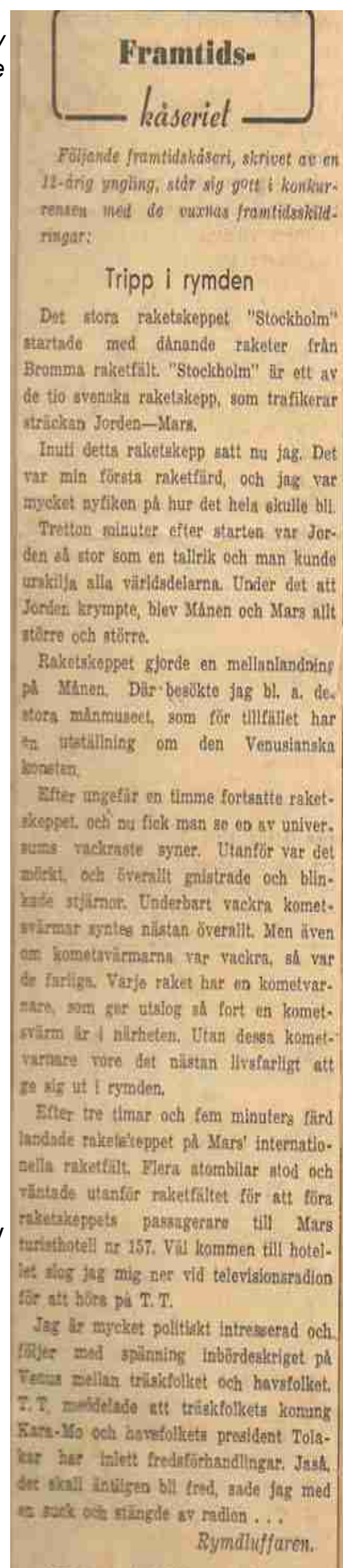
A Trip in Space

The big rocketship "Stockholm" started with roaring rockets from Bromma rocketfield. "Stockholm" is one of ten Swedish rocketships on the route Earth-Mars.

And now I sat inside this rocketship. It was my first rocket journey, and I was very curious about how it would all turn out.

Thirteen minutes after take off Earth was the size of a plate and you could make out all the continents. While Earth shrank the Moon and Mars continued to grow.

The rocketship made a stop on the Moon. There I made a visit to the big Moon museum that for the moment had an exhibition of Venusian art. After about an hour the rocketship continued again, and now you could see one of the most beautiful sights in the universe. Outside it was dark, and everywhere stars were gleaming and blinking. Wonderfully beautiful comet swarms were visible almost everywhere. But even if the



Bertil Falk's debut, at 12!

comet swarms were beautiful, they were still dangerous. Every rocket has a comet warner that gives a buzz as soon as a comet swarm is nearby. Without these comet warners it would be almost dangerous to go out in space.

After a trip of three hours and five minutes the rocketship landed on the international rocketfield of Mars. Several atomic cars stood and waited outside the rocketfield to take passengers to the Martian tourist hotel No 157. When I had arrived at the hotel I sat down by the TV-radio to hear the news.

I am very interested in politics and tensely follow the civil war on Venus between the marsh people and sea people. The news reported that the king of the marsh people Kara-mo and the president of the sea people Tola-kar had initiating peace negotiations. So, will there finally be peace, I said with a sigh and turned off the radio...

-The Space Hobo

Bertil took the "Space Hobo" pseudonym from a story by Eando Binder in *JVM*. A remarkable story for a young writer, but I think that the dangers of space must be swarms of meteorites, rather than comets that don't come in swarms

In #126 you could read about how the young Thomas Edison as a railway employee published a small newspaper, *The Weekly Herald*, that he sold to passengers and printed on a letterpress in an unused space on the train. This was so fascinating that I decided to see what more there was to learn! The inventor of the phonograph and the improved light bulb worked in the spirit of fanzine publishers already in the 1860s! I found a few pages of his publication on the 'Net. You had one in lastish, and here're some other (and I'm sorry if they are hard to read, I've tried to improve them with a photo editor).

Here's a photo of young Edison from

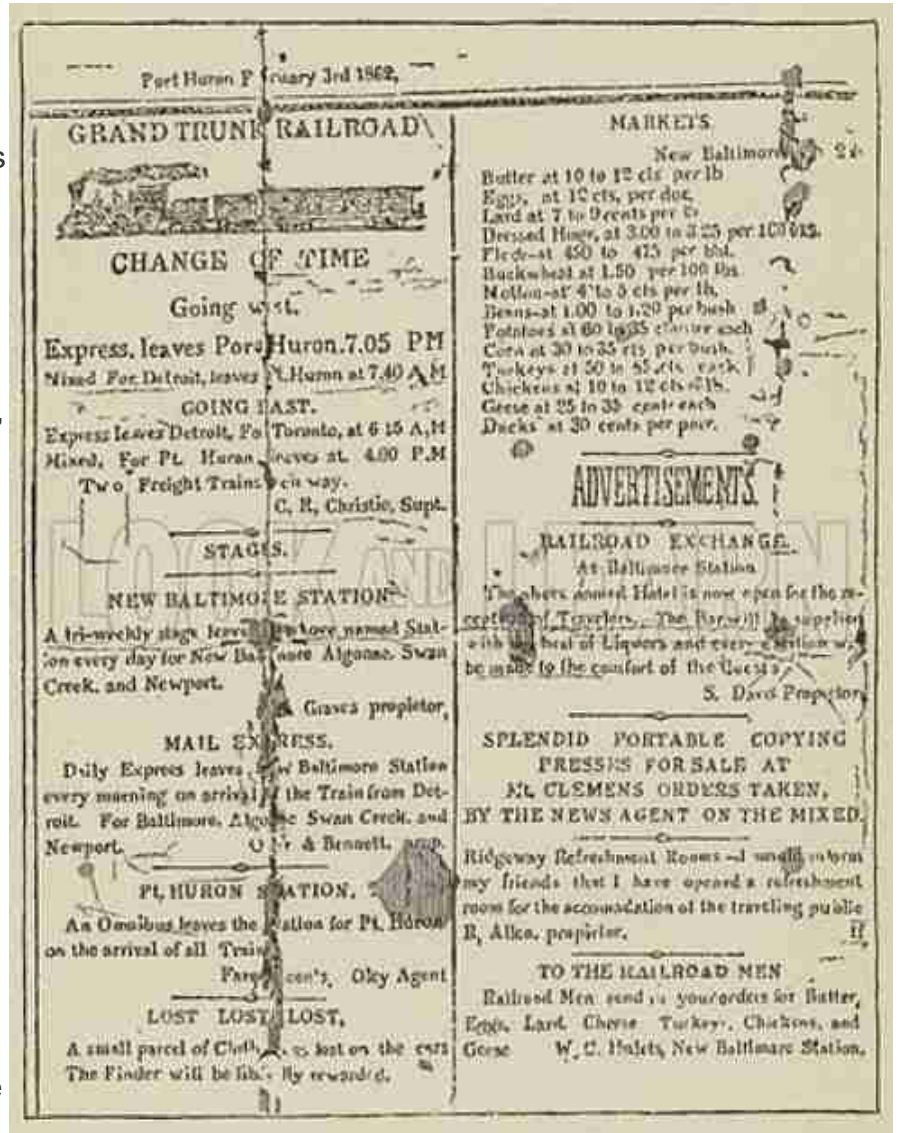


Young (Tom) Alva Edison

around that time. BTW, as a boy he used his middle name Alva (or Al), becoming Thomas or Tom much later.

Thomas Alva Edison grew up in Port Huron, Michigan, and on the Port Huron Depot Museum there's a reconstruction of his printing corner in the railway carriage. I can't guarantee it's accurate, but it looks like something he could have used. You set the type on the tray, inked it and used the roller you see in the corner. He also had a small chemistry lab, on the opposite side. I'd guess that he kept the type which he used to laboriously set the page, letter by letter, on one of the shelves under the chemistry desk.

The lab became his undoing as it at one point caused a fire that made the conductor to throw his equipment off the train (Edison still continued publishing for a while, producing the paper at home). It's a fantastic idea to produce a newspaper on a rolling, shaking train! I did some digging in biographies and so to find descriptions of his publishing empire. He sold the newspaper for 3 cent (or talking subscriptions for 8 cent/month) beside selling fruit and candy. In *Edison: His Life and*



HERALD.

Published on the Mixed Train, June

THE WEEKLY HERALD

PUBLISHED BY THE NEWSBOY ON THE MIXED TRAIN.

TERMS

Our Paper will be delivered to subscribers on the line of the Grand Trunk for eight cents per month in advance.

To Grand Trunk Agents—We would feel obliged to the several Agents along the line of the Grand Trunk Railway, if they would be kind enough to send their orders for the Herald to the Newsboy (T. Eakin) Mixed Train Detroit Station. Inland eight cents per month strictly in advance. If by mail froms gladly received.

ITEMS.

The Norfolk Navy Yard is not to be rebuilt.

The ship builders of Philadelphia never enjoyed more prosperous times than at present.

Gen Sickles left Washington on Tuesday to resume command of the Excelsior Brigade.

A vessel will sail from Baltimore for Liberia on the 16th of June by which emigrants can go.

In Toronto crusade has been commenced by the authorities against the unlicensed grog-shops.

Col Corcoran is hourly expected at Norfolk under a flag of truce.

ENGLAND

Tom Sayer starts for Australia in September

The newspapers published in Great Britain number 1,165.

John C. Hazden is showing in the south of Wales.

It is officially notified that Queen Victoria will this year hold no levee or drawing-room.

The celebrated English ratter Jacko recently finished 1533 rats in the marvellously quick time of 5min & 23 sec.

It is stated that the Duc d'Alema on visiting the French court at the Great Exhibition was dogged from spot to spot by a French detective, who took down the names of every exhibitor at whose stall the royal mail lingered.

We understand that a memorial is about to be presented to her Majesty to allow the State apartments at Windsor Castle to be thrown open to the public in anticipation of Windsor being visited by numerous foreigners during the Exhibition.

Thus far the Great Exhibition in London has been perfectly successful in a pecuniary sense.

The amount received for season tickets to the 9th Inst was 459, 649. Crowds of delighted and wondering daily congregated about the American sewing machines watching the operators.

France.

Murphy the famous Irish giant has just died of small-pox at Marseilles.

The Emperor Napoleon is attending the Paris spring races.

The *Moniteur* announced the departure of Prince Napoleon to Naples adds he has no political mission.

It is reported in Paris that the Emperor of China intends sending an embassy extraordinary to France and England.

The Emperor and Empress and the Queen of Holland honored the Gymnase Theatre, Paris, with their presence to see Mr. Sarnou's new piece of *Le Pele Noir*.

Local Intelligence.

There is great excitement in Montreal over an attempt to reduce the current value of the British shilling to 24c. Those newspapers are reaping a good harvest from the advertisements of long lists of retailers who will, and those who want agree to the resolution.

Information wanted—Mr W. McSwaney while in Port Huron of Port Huron a few days ago met in with a few of his old cronies, and very kindly invited them to purchase of a little John Barley Corn, they did so and were "so happy" which however terminated in a little fuss that ended. Billy went to bed, and on getting up in the morning, his razor case, and all the loose Bank notes were gone, much to Billy's discomfiture, any information respecting either, will be gladly received by him.

We would say to Mr McSwaney, the only cure for the above is to use one quart of John Barley Corn, each time you and friends meet, and in the course of a few weeks, the nett gain will more than remunerate for the loss. Ed H

Oil.—We learn that a combination is being entered into by the Canada Oil well diggers, with a view of raising the price of the crude Oil to a remunerative figure, a very necessary move, as the difference between the price of crude and
Continued on 2d page

Inventions by Frank Lewis Dyer and Thomas Commerford Martin (1910, at Project Gutenberg, <https://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/820>) we learn that this industrious boy earned as much as \$600/year, and:

By a great amount of persistence I got permission from my mother to go on the local train as a newsboy. The local train from Port Huron to Detroit, a distance of sixty-three miles, left at 7 A.M. And arrived again at 9.30 P.M... After the railroad had been open for a short time, they put on an express which left Detroit in the

morning and returned in the evening. I received permission to put a newspaper on this train.



Edison's train based printshop reconstructed.

Connected with the train was a car, one part for baggage and the other part for U. S. mail, but for a long time it was not used... Edison, who not only kept papers there and his stock of goods as a "candy butcher," but soon had it equipped with an extraordinary variety of apparatus. There was plenty of leisure on



His chemistry lab, also on the train.

THE WEEKLY HERALD.
 PUBLISHED BY A. EDISON.
TERMS.

THE WEEKLY Eight Cents Per Month.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Premiums—We believe, that the Grand Trunk Railway, give premiums, every 9 months to their Engineers, who use the best Wood and Oil, running the usual journey. Now we have rode with Mr. E. L. Northrop, one of their Engineers, and we do not believe you could fall in with another Engineer, more careful, or attentive, to his Engine, being the most steady driver that we have ever made behind [and we consider ourselves some judge, having been Railway riding for over two years constantly,] always kind, and obliging, and ever at his post. His Engine we understand does not cost one-fourth for repairs what the other Engines do. We would respectfully recommend him to the kindest consideration of the G. T. R. Officers.

The man to do the work there—We have observed along the line of railway at the different stations where there is only one Porter, such as at Utica, when he is fully engaged, from morning until late at night, that he has everything clean, and in first class order, even the platforms the snow does not lie for a week after it has fallen, but is swept off before it is almost down, at other stations where there is two Porters things are vice a versa.

J. S. F. Hathaway runs a daily Stage from the station, to New Baltimore in connection with all Passenger Trains.

Professor Power has returned to Canada after entertaining delighted audiences at New Baltimore for the past two weeks listening to his scientific lectures etc.

Didn't succeed—A gentleman by the name of Watkins agent for the Haytian government, recently tried to swindle the Grand Trunk Railway company out of sixty seven dollars the price of a value he claimed to have lost at Burns, and he was well nigh successful in the undertaking.

But by the indomitable perseverance and energy of Mr. W. Smith, detective of the company.

The case was cleared up in a very different style. It seems that the would be gentleman while crossing the river on the ferry boat, took the check off of his valise, and carried the value in his hand, not forgetting to put the check in his pocket, the baggage man missed the baggage after leaving Port Huron, while looking over his book to see if he had every thing, with him, but to his great surprise he had lost one piece, he telegraphed back stating so, but no baggage could be found. It was therefore given into the hands of Mr Smith, to look after, in the meantime Mr Watkins, wrote a letter to Mr Tolman, Agent at Detroit asking to be satisfied for the loss he had sustained in consequence, and referring Mr Tolman to Mr W. A. Howard Esq, of Detroit, and the Hon. Messrs Brown & Wilson of Toronto, for reference. We hardly know how such men are taken in with such traveling villains, but such is the case, meantime Mr Smith, cleared up the whole mystery by finding the lost valise in his possession, and the Haytian Agent offered to pay ten dollars for the trouble he had put the company to, and leave the matter finished over.

Not so, we feel that the villain should have his name posted up in the various R. R. in the

country, and then he will be able to travel in his true colors.

We have noticed of late, the large quantities of men, taken by Lieutenant Douches, 14 regt, over the G. T. R. to their rendezvous at Ypsilanti, and on inquiring find that he has recruited more men than any other man in the regiment. If his energy and perseverance in the field when he meets the needs, is as good as it was in his recruiting on the line of the Grand Trunk R, he will make a mark that the world will never forget.

Heavy Shipments at Baltimore—We were delayed the other day at New Baltimore Station, waiting for a friend, and while waiting, took upon ourselves to have a peep at things generally, we saw in the freight house of the GTR 400 bbls of flour and 150 bags, waiting for shipment to Portland.

BIRTH

At Detroit Junctions G.T.R. Helpedment Rooms on the 29 inst, the wife of A Little of a daughter.

We expect to enlarge our paper in a few weeks

In a few weeks each subscriber will have his name printed on his paper.

Reason Justice and Equity, never had weight enough on the face of the earth, to govern the councils of men.

NOTICE.

A very large business is done at M. V. Millards Wagon and Carriage shop, New Baltimore, Station. All orders promptly attended to. Particular attention paid to repairing.

the two daily runs, even for an industrious boy, and thus he found time to transfer his laboratory from the cellar and re-establish it on the train...Nor did this amazing equipment stop at batteries and bottles. The same little space a few feet square was soon converted by this precocious youth into a newspaper office. The outbreak of the Civil War gave a great stimulus to the demand for all newspapers, noticing which he became ambitious to publish a local journal of his own, devoted to the news of that section of the Grand Trunk road. A small printing-press that had been used for hotel bills of fare was picked up in Detroit, and type was also bought, some of it being placed on the train so that composition could go on in spells of leisure. To one so mechanical in his tastes as Edison, it was quite easy to learn the rudiments of the printing art, and thus the Weekly Herald came into existence, of which he was compositor, pressman, editor, publisher, and newsdealer... The thing was indeed well done as the work of a youth shown by the date to be less than fifteen years old. The literary style is good, there are only a few trivial slips in spelling, and the appreciation is keen of what would be interesting news and gossip. The price was three cents a copy, or eight cents a month for regular subscribers, and the circulation ran up to over four hundred copies an issue. This was by no means the result of mere public curiosity, but attested the value of the sheet as a genuine newspaper, to which many persons in the railroad service along the line were willing contributors. Indeed, with the aid of the railway telegraph, Edison was often able to print late news of importance, of local origin, that the distant regular papers like those of Detroit, which he handled as a newsboy, could not get. It is no wonder that this clever little sheet received the approval and patronage of the English engineer Stephenson when inspecting the Grand Trunk system, and was noted by no less distinguished a contemporary than the London Times as the first newspaper in the world to be printed on a train in motion. The youthful proprietor sometimes cleared as much as twenty to thirty dollars a month from this unique journalistic enterprise. But all this extra work required attention, and Edison solved the difficulty of attending also to the newsboy business by the employment of a young friend, whom he trained and treated liberally as an understudy. There was often plenty of work for both in the early days of the war, when the news

of battle caused intense excitement and large sales of papers. Edison, with native shrewdness already so strikingly displayed, would telegraph the station agents and get them to bulletin the event of the day at the front, so that when each station was reached there were eager purchasers waiting. He recalls in particular the sensation caused by the great battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing, in April, 1862, in which both Grant and Sherman were engaged, in which Johnston died, and in which there was a ghastly total of 25,000 killed and wounded.

There we also get the story of how Edison profited from the war news by selling 1000 copies of one of the regular newspaper, which he picked up on credit he persuaded them to give him. And:

the laboratory on wheels soon became crowded with such equipment, most costly chemicals were bought on the instalment plan, and Fresenius' Qualitative Analysis served as a basis for ceaseless testing and study. George Pullman, who then had a small shop at Detroit and was working on his sleeping-car, made Edison a lot of wooden apparatus for his chemicals, to the boy's delight. Unfortunately a sudden change came, fraught with disaster. The train, running one day at thirty miles an hour over a piece of poorly laid track, was thrown suddenly out of the perpendicular with a violent lurch, and, before Edison could catch it, a stick of phosphorus was jarred from its shelf, fell to the floor, and burst into flame. The car took fire, and the boy, in dismay, was still trying to quench the blaze when the conductor, a quick-tempered Scotchman, who acted also as baggage-master, hastened to the scene with water and saved his car. On the arrival at Mount Clemens station, its next stop, Edison and his entire outfit, laboratory, printing-plant, and all, were promptly ejected by the enraged conductor, and the train then moved off, leaving him on the platform, tearful and indignant in the midst of his beloved but ruined possessions...Saddened but not wholly discouraged, Edison soon reconstituted his laboratory and printing-office at home, although on the part of the family there was some fear and objection after this episode, on the score of fire. But Edison promised not to bring in anything of a dangerous nature. He did not cease the publication of the Weekly Herald. On the contrary, he prospered in both his enterprises until persuaded by the "printer's devil" in the office of the Port Huron Commercial to change the character of his journal, enlarge it, and issue it under the name of Paul Pry, a happy designation for this or kindred ventures in the domain of society journalism. No copies of Paul Pry can now be found, but it is known that its style was distinctly personal, that gossip was its specialty, and that no small offence was given to the people whose peculiarities or peccadilloes were discussed in a frank and breezy style by the two boys. In one instance the resentment of the victim of such unsought publicity was so intense he laid hands on Edison and pitched the startled young editor into the St. Clair River. The name of this violator of the freedom of the press was thereafter excluded studiously from the columns of Paul Pry, and the incident may have been one of those which soon caused the abandonment of the paper. Edison had great zest in this work, and but for the strong influences in other directions would probably have continued in the newspaper field, in which he was, beyond question, the youngest publisher and editor of the day.

Edison began with a sercon fanzine and ended with a fannish title, it seems! Among everything else Edison was also inventor of the mimeograph, though it was a flatbed affair to begin with (resembling his flat letterpress - a cylinder came when the AB Dick company acquired the invention) and we read:

So it also is in regard to the mimeograph, whose forerunner, the electric pen, was born of Edison's brain in 1877. He had been long impressed by the desirability of the rapid production of copies of written documents, and, as we have seen by a previous chapter, he invented the electric pen for this purpose, only to improve upon it later with a more desirable device which he called the mimeograph, that is in use, in various forms, at this time. and has been for many years, a standard office appliance, and is entitled to consideration, as the total number put into use up to this time is approximately 180,000, valued at \$3,500,000, while the annual output is in the neighborhood of 9000 machines, sold for about \$150,000, besides the vast quantity of special paper and supplies which its use entails in the production of the many millions of facsimile letters and documents. The extent of production and sale of supplies for the mimeograph may be appreciated when it is stated that they bring annually an equivalent of three times the amount realized from sales of machines. The manufacture and sale of the mimeograph does not come within the enterprises conducted under Edison's personal direction, as he sold out the whole thing some years ago to Mr. A. B. Dick, of Chicago.

Amateur publishing wasn't unknown at the time. HG Wells published *The Science Schools Journal* while at college (which 1888 published *The Chronic Argonauts*, an early version of *The Time Machine*). HP Lovecraft was very active in Amateur Press Associations. But what do you say if I give you a sort-of-sf magazine from 1793! It's something called *The Wonderful Magazine and Marvellous Chronicle or New Weekly Entertainer* describing itself as "a WORK recording AUTHENTIC ACCOUNTS of the most EXTRAORDINARY PRODUCTIONS, EVENTS and OCCURRENCES, in PROVIDENCE, NATURE and ART". It was printed in London and published by one C Johnson. It's

available in book form here: <https://archive.org/details/wonderfulmagazin1179unse> (It was otherwise a weekly.) On the cover illustration we see a man flying off on the back of a big bird - which clearly a sort of science fiction or fantasy! While some may see it as more of a "popular (pseudo-)science" magazine its contents don't seem to be very far from ideas of science fiction and fantasy! Among it we have eg:

- *Munchausen's travels and adventures*
- *Gulliver's travels*
- *Occult sciences*
- *Extraordinary productions of nature and art discovered in Cook's and other remarkable voyages*
- *Lord Monboddos ancient metaphysics*
- *Account of the wonderful longevity of Henry Jenkins*
- *The birth of a devil*
- *A monstrous serpent*
- *An extraordinary flight on the back of an eagle*



THE
Wonderful Magazine,
 AND
MARVELLOUS CHRONICLE;
 OR,
NEW WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

A WORK recording AUTHENTIC ACCOUNTS of the most EXTRAORDINARY PRODUCTIONS, EVENTS, and OCCURRENCES, in PROVIDENCE, NATURE, and ART.

Comprising entirely of
 Such Curious Matters as come under the Denominations of
MIRACULOUS!
QUEER!
ODD!
STRANGE!
SUPERNATURAL!

||

WHIMSICAL!
ABSURD!
OUT OF THE WAY!
 and
UNACCOUNTABLE!

INCLUDING
 Genuine Accounts of the most surprising Escapes from Death—Deliverances from Kings—Surprising Discoveries of long concealed Murders—Strange and Unaccountable Accidents—The Surprising Phenomena of Nature—Astonishing and Ridiculous Customs peculiar to different Ages and Nations—Dreadful Misfortunes—Heavenly Advancements—Uncommon Instances of Courage, Strength, Longevity, or Long Life—Accounts of Patients famous for Eating, Drinking, Excess, Working, or Sleeping—Incredible and extraordinary Anecdotes—Memorable Exploits—Vertical Ascents—Living—Effects of Imagination in Frequent Wonders—And whatever else is calculated to promote Health or Entertainment, or what is Wonderful, Marvellous, or Astonishing.

The Whole carefully Collected from the Writings of the most approved
HISTORIANS, TRAVELLERS, ASTROLOGERS, PHYSICIANS,
PHYSIOGNOMISTS, PHILOSOPHERS, &c. of all Ages and Countries.

If Matters strange, and yet most true,
 Your favours can engage;
 Weekly our Labours we'll renew,
 To charm a WOND'RING AGE.
 But yet it never shall be said,
 Ye laugh'd without a cause;
 Since all our hope of being read,
 Is laid on your applause.

VOL. I.

Engraved with a great Variety of ELEGANT COPPER PLATES accurately Engraved.

LONDON:

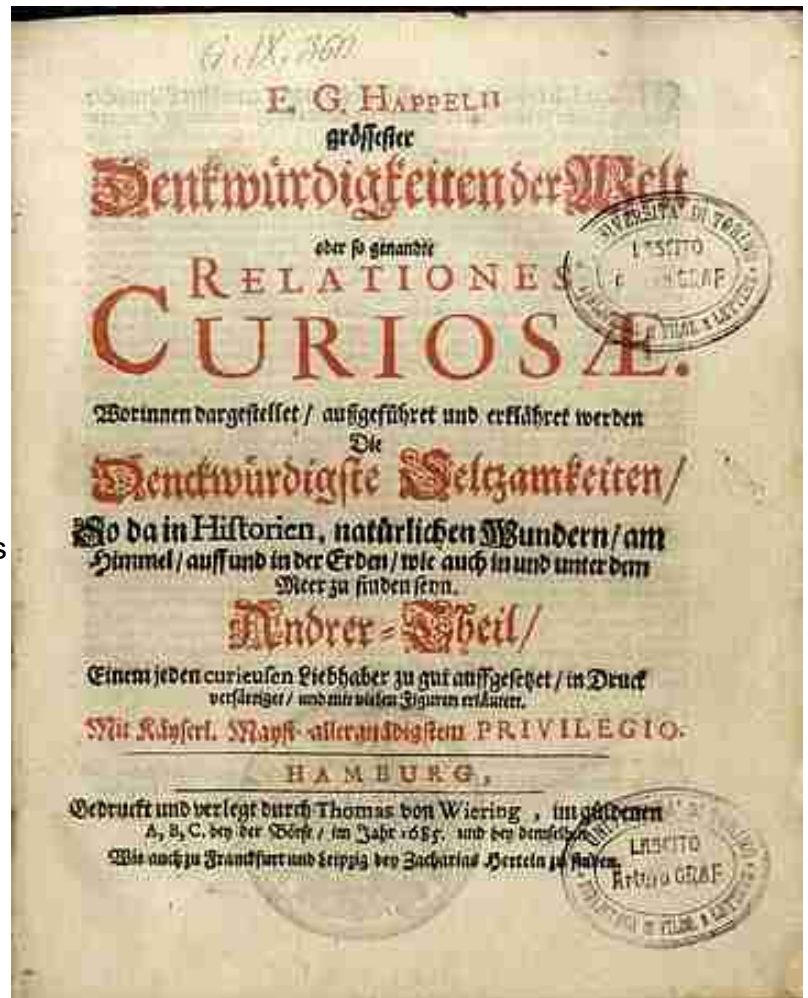
PRINTED for the PROPRIETORS. Published by C. JOHNSON, No. 72, in Paternoster-Row: And may be had of all Booksellers, Stationers, and News-vendors in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland.
 (To be Continued Weekly, till the Whole is Completed in only 60 Numbers.)

- *Strange circumstances of a child born with three eyes*
- *The art of foretelling future events, wonderful account of a man-fish*
- *Persons who have returned to life after they have been supposed dead*
- *An account of giants*
- *The difference between natural and diabolical magic*
- *A child nurtured by a wolf*
- *Second sighted men*
- *The prodigious force of imagination*
- *Instances of extraordinary strength*
- *Account of a very extraordinary animal*
- *A parrot holding a conversation*

- Life preserved by swimming under the ice
- A man cuts of his own head
- A blasphemer carried away by the devil
- An infant born with horns
- The enchanted tower of Toledo
- A city under water
- An uncommon whirlwind
- Strange effect of witchcraft
- A woman delivered a child by cannon ball
- Sailing coaches.

While most of this sound like tall tales of dubious pseudo-science nature, Munchausen, Gulliver and maybe a few other things were clearly presented as fiction - there's poetry, theatre plays too, which must be considered as fiction. When it comes to Gernsback and his *Amazing Stories*, often said to be the first sf magazine, he published pseudo-science too, didn't he.

But there's an even earlier, similar example, minus Munchausen and Gulliver. In 1682 one Eberhard Werner Happel of Hamburg, Germany, started a magazine called *Relationes Curiosae* ("Curious News"). It fell into Swedish hands - we had German possessions at the time - and was immediately translated to and published in Swedish under



German *Relationes Curiosae*, 1682 (there was a Swedish edition too), similar to *Wonderful Magazine*

the same title. Find it here: <https://www.goodreads.com/book/show/41926370-relationes-curios-oder-denckw-rdigkeiten-der-welt> It had stories of mermaids, dragons and other strange animals, machines

and inventions, the solar system, people on the Moon, etc. It may also in a way be called a sort of skiffy rag. I have written about it in

the SF Foundation of Liverpool magazine

Foundation #72. In fact, I have through a series of postings on my SKRIVA list and in earlier *Intermissions* traced and written a lot about

"precursors" of sf and fantasy magazines... I have for our local publishing found a number of interesting titles, among them *Fantasi och Verklighet*

("Imagination and Reality") from 1921 and *Sagomagasinet* ("Saga Magazine") 1936-38 (see pictures of covers), of which the last is a strong contender for being the first Swedish mag with 100%

fantasy fiction (but aimed at children). And I'm

afraid, that's all I have space for in this. I still have more from the Royal Library Newspaper vaults, but it will have to wait.



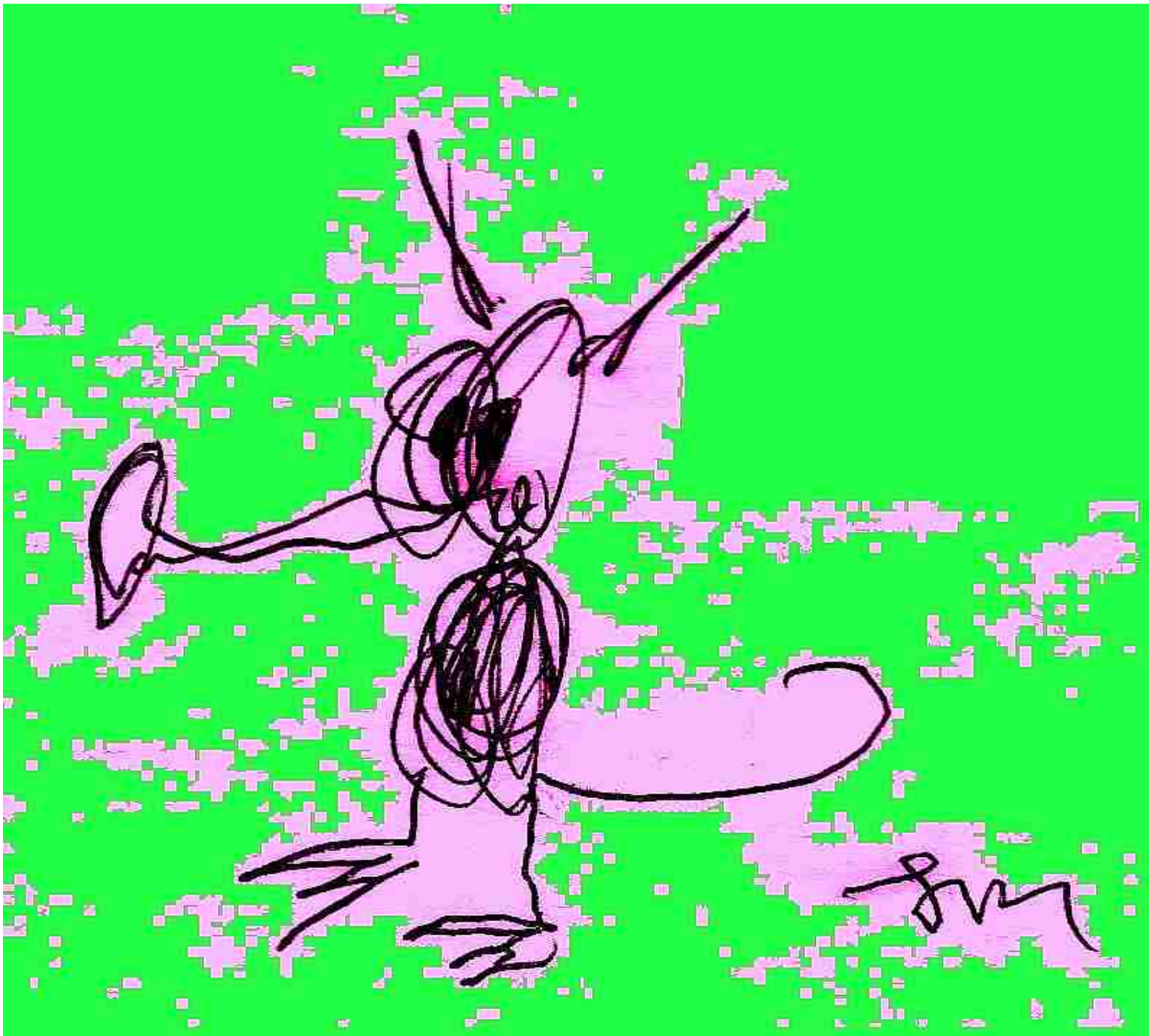
Mailing Comments

First EAPA #223 then N'APA #261, you lazy bystanders: do a fanzine and join! If more people did fanzines there'd be fewer wars! And more bheer. Not to mention world peace.

Heath Row: Cap page lengths? I'm sorry my *Intermissions* tend to be long... I began years back with issues perhaps 4-8 pages. It slowly grew to 10-12 pages. What happened a couple of years ago was that the Royal Library in Stockholm for a couple of months had their digital newspaper archive open and for two intensive



months I dug into newspaper articles on sf history, fandom, space and the like. I saved about 2000 files of articles and suddenly had a huge amount of historical material to present. So the issues grew, to often above 20 pages. I still have history material left, but now try to keep below 20 pages. To this, the last couple of years have also been full of news - the blasted pandemia, Russia's invasion of Ukraine, Musk and space etc. I hope to keep ish to below 20 pages and maybe even less. 🌟🌟 Why standing A4? I think a portrait format is easier to read. Feels better too. It's the form you're used to. 🌟🌟 I think the current process of globalisation will move us towards a more united Mankind. But it will take time, several generations (a generation is ca 25 years). It's the process of increased trade (which also generates economic growth), more migration and information exchange, better education, more open societies, and all that. The US of A used to be 13 colonies that saw themselves as their own countries - see what happened! Europe is moving towards more integration. And if we go 1000+ years back, places like England or Sweden were divided into a number of small kingdoms. Lowered borders, exchange of gods, people, information will make particles adhere to each other more and more. Of course there will be setbacks (like Putin's current bloody war) but they will be temporary. 🌟🌟 "for fandom to survive and thrive, we need to think of it as One Big Fandom with enough room for all to play." Sorry, I don't see the point in something that's called "fandom" surviving in name only - it loses it's soul! Comics, film/TV, masquerading and stuff like that is superficial, uncreative - they just COPY stuff! - and with little intellectual content. And fandom - coming from the highly boundary-pushing and thought-speculative sf



A Little Green Man. Will Musk and Starship find him on Mars? Artist Lars LON Olsson may have the answer.

genre - is nothing if it isn't creative and interested in intellectual exploration. If our real fandom withers away, so be it - corrupting it won't save it. What we can do is to at least save the history of fandom, the example it has for the surrounding mundane world, and that will maybe keep just a few fen interested enough to keep a small flickering flame burning. Maybe we should erect the Tomb of the Unknown BNF (near Bixelstrasse, the Oblique House, or my local suggestion would be 45 Pontonjär Street) were we can go to remember all fallen fen. 🌟🌟 As said before, the only way membership in APA-L would work for me is if it was 100% E-based. 🌟🌟 I forgot what book I read on the ferry from Finland, but it could have been a short story collection (many stories blurs memory - I vaguely remember something about space). It makes me sorry to hear about Will Mayo passing away. Let's lower our beanies in respect. 🌟🌟 I asked Garth to re-run Intermission #123 because a computer glitch delayed #125. 🌟🌟 "We are not granted rights. We have rights." Amen to that.

Henry Grynsten: "For example we will be able to take feces from ten hefty human men and reassemble that into a full-course dinner." Yes, and the process doesn't even require nanobots. You use feces as fertilisers and grow things to eat. (If there is anything that food plants don't consume, it's in the soil. Here we could send down nanobots to collect whatever we'd need, if necessary.) 🌟🌟 "Look at our technological society, heading for a crash into a wall." No, it won't crash into a wall. Science lets us see the wall in advance and technology will let us steer away. 🌟🌟 "In my opinion, only humans are conscious. Animals only have what I call awareness." What's that "awareness"? But generally I agree. 🌟🌟 About "words". I once tried to read Wittgenstein's Tractatus and understood nothing, except that Ludwig W apparently thought that words set up boundaries for our thoughts, and thus finished "Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must be silent." 🌟🌟 Interesting that you mention the Swedish humorist Falstaff, fakir - he's brilliant (didn't know he's been translated to English). 🌟🌟 Basically I agree that reading is important, as well as understanding what you read (which some dictators seem to have had a problem with). And you should vary what you consume. I read, beside sf (not much fantasy), some crime fiction, and I tend to read much non-fiction: history, popular science, odd culture. I believe it's a good mix. 🌟🌟 "Swedish culture is so normal, in this view, that it disappears" A statement that gets me smiling a bit. Swedish culture being the norm, the centre... 🌟🌟 Not sure that comparing culture with pH levels is a good example. 🌟🌟 It is said that when Martin Luther King received his Nobel Prize he became scared by the Lucia parade coming to his hotel room. He thought it was the Klan coming! But I think he soon calmed down. The Lucia traditions are, BTW, a quite clean-cut example of Swedish culture...with inspiration from Italy! 🌟🌟 Yes, the "double Maoists" were absolutely raving bonkers. It's correct that people that go to far out on the limb in their ideology lose the grip of reality. 🌟🌟 An interesting issue, but hard to comment since the subject of meaning of words, how to regard the world, how to consume information (and so on) is both so fundamental AND fuzzy. And as said, I didn't understand Wittgenstein.

William McCabe: It's good that BBC dropped the female Dr Who. I hope anyone trying to launch a "female James Bond" should think twice. It has been a regrettable trend to get female, black, gay or whater you call "minorities" into work where they originally weren't...to "promote diversity". That's silly and bad! When you try to force "diversity" you discriminate. You discriminate all who are "diversified" away. What's morally right isn't equal outcome but equal opportunity. Trying to force everything to be that same is like using a heavy hammer to flatten things. I BTW believe all this talk of "Afrofuturism" is a hype driven by people who want to "diversify away" middle-aged males, who are the majority of the sf genre (and from my experience write the best sf). Look eg at the Hugos - you have no chance getting one with the wrong skin colour or chromosome set

Garth Spencer: So Canadian fandom was formed by the Conservative Party? Hm. Interesting, brief fandom history! So interesting you had to run it twice? 🌟🌟 BTW, I once met William Gibson in Stockholm, at a publisher's release event for one of his books published in Swedish. 🌟🌟 Fine conreport. And congrats for GoHship! Great GoH speech - but a bit short, wasn't it? 🌟🌟 Photocopying was so much more expensive than mimeo printing that it couldn't compete. The only way to use photo copying was if you worked on an office with a machine and you had permission to use it for free. I once calculated that the consumables (paper, ink) for mimeo printing was something like $\text{€}1$ (U,S) per sheet (then, 30+ years ago), ie 0.50/page, an effect of the ink being sold cheaply as residual stock and that paper usually is on the cheaper side here (we are a big paper producer). If you could get photo copying at cost, it would be 5-10 times that (usually 10-15 cents/page). 🌟🌟 I think a central point with the worshipping that goes on in religion is that hypnotising effect from praying and sermons. Going to a certain place and hear an authoritative figure every week tell you this and that is a way to slowly hypnotise people. 🌟🌟 Esperanto? It looks more difficult than I thought!

Kevin Trainor Jr: In a way the Swedes have now revenged the loss of the Battle of Poltava, by helping the Ukrainians. We've sent 15 000 AT4 anti-tank weapons, machine guns, flak jackets, helmets, winter uniforms,

de-mining equipment, sea and land missiles, and the latest package was anti-air missiles (OK, the Americans have sent much more, but we've done our best) 🌟🌟 I have written a Swedish Fancyclopedia, the Fandbook, nearing 1 million characters in length and distributed as a PDF. 🌟🌟 I maintain that fandom needs to be about books, writing, text, and connect to fandom's history. 🌟🌟 Sorry to hear about Eric Flin't's economic problems.

Jefferson Swycaffer: Swedish-American Physicist max Tegmark thinks the Universe is ultimately math equations... If so, we may not find the ultimate equation because math seems to be "incomplete" by definition. Ask Gödel. 🌟🌟 As for characters in fiction, they may of course be "interesting", but I don't think they'll say anything psychologically interesting about humans beside the writer him/herself. Their role is to act in a way that is in accordance with the plot. The hero needs to be interesting, someone to identify with.

George Phillis: Sad to hear about the deaths of those three fen. It seems to me that "classic" fandom now consists of people around 80-90 years old, and we're getting used to RIPs about some of them every moth. People should live forever! We should make that skiffy idea a reality... 🌟🌟 I have heard of that 1920s "proof" that we couldn't reach the moon. I think LOX+petrol would work (after all Saturn 5's first stage was LOX+kerosene) but a stumbling stone incorrectly assessed was that the whole rocket must land and come back (like Tintin's rocket). The use of a smaller lunar lander save a lot of fuel and new materials make spaceships lighter. 🌟🌟 Net operators should n't assume everyone has a cellphone! 🌟🌟 "The Deadly Mantis" seems can be found here: <https://archive.org/details/the-deadly-mantis> - was that the film you talked about?

John Thiel: I've always seen the "enemies of science fiction" being high-brow mainstream culture. Pretentious "elite" culture can't understand that literature of wild speculations combined with an ambition to entertain could be something. To add to this I even believe they to a degree feel threatened by skiffy! If sf take their boring "ordinary" literature loses. 🌟🌟 I don't believe in "magic", but I do believe that science and technology from time to time can do things that at first glance look like magic (Clarke's law).

Samuel Lubell: I disagree about having the main sf awards today going to "minorities". I don't see that "minorities" say anything more interesting than what others could say too. I don't believe "cultural appropriation" is bad in any way. Anyone should have the right to cover any topic they want. And as always, giving extra advantages to one group is discrimination against all those left out! To have discrimination to "fight discrimination" is like f*cking for virginity. 🌟🌟 Poul Anderson was one of my favourites! I actually met him (on Seacon '79, the Brighton UK worldcon), gave him my then cruddy fanzine - and received a LoC from him after the con. I like his Flandry series, for instance. One of the first novels I read in English was his The Space Fox, about planet having a hydrogen atmosphere. A especially fun story is his The Makeshift Rocket about a spaceship powered by bheer... Sf needs more writers like Poul Anderson. 🌟🌟 I'm glad that the Trumpists fell back a little in the US elections. 🌟🌟 Sad that scientific knowledge is at such a low level. We need more science in schools! We'd need more science in media. Our TV chann els have daily sports news and a daily culture news program. Wny not a daily science and techno0logy news program! 🌟🌟 Yes, sf demands a little more of the reader than "ordinary" literature (mainstream). Beside getting into the story - what's happening, persons and all that - in skiffy you must at the same time get into that made up, imaginary background, which could be on another planet, far into the future, set in space etc. That double complication for sf is why I think you must be very clear in starting up the plot and describing the settings. Don't do that in an indirect, obscure way - the beginning og a story should be tell, don't show! In mainstream you have the settings for free to start with and could introduce things in a more subtle way. Another complication of sf is that the reader often need to have at least some understanding of science and technology.

Time to stop. This will be 18 pages. You're welcome to send me comments, I usually don't run LoCs (I fear it'd make ishs even longer) but may if you have something extra interesting to say or corrections/additions. Please consider doing a fanzine and join EAPA or N'APA or both. Fanzines make you healthier and raise your IQ and your local pub will give you a discount on your pints, I hope

--Ahrvid, editor without any shame

Слава Україні!



Esmeralda County Line #2
November-December 2022
A zine for N^oAPA 262

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PO Box 143
Tonopah, NV 89049
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Introductory Natter

It's been an interesting couple of months, what with an NSSAB meeting, medical appointments in Las Vegas, and the usual last-minute scramble to get my continuing education & pre-season training for tax season done on time. There was a minor infection in there someplace, but a week's worth of Bactrim knocked that out quickly.

For Christmas, I got a copy of *Civilization: Beyond Earth* from my son, and it's been eating a lot of my spare time that I should have been spending on writing, watching anime, watching *Seventeen Moments of Spring* (about which more anon) and cleaning my apartment, the last of which is an ongoing struggle because I am not anyone's idea of a good housekeeper despite having spent sixteen years in the Army and three years as a Civil Air Patrol cadet before that. Anyhow, the game is interesting: it is an evolved version of *Civilization V*, set on an alien world where the native lifeforms may or may not be hostile depending on one's inclinations and technological changes. I'm enjoying it a lot.

My good friend Martin Morse Wooster, who some of you may recall, was killed by a hit-and-run driver in Williamsburg Virginia on November 12. I had known Martin through being a member of the Potomac River SF Society, but oddly enough we didn't become close friends until I moved to Tonopah. RIP, Martin; Balticon will be somewhat duller for your absence.

I am continuing to purchase the volumes of *La Vie Electronique* by the late Klaus Schulze. If you like classical/electronic music, I cannot recommend these collections highly enough.

Comments On N'APA #261

INTERMISSION #126

Mundane News: I sometimes think it would be better if we had more and smaller parties in the U.S. that better reflected various political attitudes in Congress, especially since it would not lead to unstable/coalition governments as in the parliamentary democracies. As it is, quite a number of disparate factions are uncomfortably jammed together in the two major parties. Unless there is a major reform of the political system so that third parties are at less of a disadvantage, I don't see that happening, though. 🍷🍷 It will be interesting to see if Ukraine becomes a high-tech version of Afghanistan, a bleeding wound that further damages the already weak Russian state. 🍷🍷 There was some speculation that the NordStream pipeline explosion was due more to poor maintenance by the Russians than any secret attack, but as time goes by, it looks more likely that Biden ordered a covert attack on it.

Fannish News: Congratulations on being published in Locus. I hadn't realized the hidden meaning of the name either. 🍷🍷 Alas, *Analog* hasn't been the default home for "engineer porn", as some people dismissively referred to its particular brand of SF, for quite some time. I had a subscription for about a decade in the 70s and early 80s, but let it lapse when it became apparent that Stanley Schmidt was not going to be running the same kind of stories that Ben Bova had been publishing. Still, I do remember the Dean Drive controversy, along with Jerry Pournelle's insistence that the demonstration device did actually push against his hand. 🍷🍷 Using comics to communicate important scientific and technical information to the masses has a long history in the U.S., especially in the military where the Army's PS magazine emphasized the importance of preventive maintenance in saving lives and getting the mission done.

ARCHIVE MIDWINTER

(RYCTo Ahrvid) The line that sticks in my mind about "experts" most prominently is Admiral King (or somebody like him) predicting "That thing (the atomic bomb) will never go off, and I speak as an expert on explosives." 🍷🍷 While all simulations have their shortcomings, I have played France in Hearts of Iron IV quite a bit, and without doing a lot of ahistorical things that would have been politically impossible in the real world's Third Republic, you simply cannot stop the Germans in 1940. The one time I managed it, I extended the Maginot Line to the English Channel; why this could not have been done IRL, I leave as an exercise for the reader.

(RYCTo John) Not just professional sports, but the entertainment business in general is all about selling experiences and memories to the public. 🍷🍷 Regarding fandom and fanzines, it is a fact that APAs and fanzines predate fandom and were adopted by it. It seems we are in a phase where social media are absorbing a lot of the effort that used to go into clubs and zines, to the detriment of fandom.

(RYCTo Sam) I was never overly impressed with Alexei Panshin. Rite of Passage was okay, but no better than the Heinlein novel it purported to improve on.

INTERMISSION #127

(News) Erdogan's predilection for labeling his opponents as terrorists has reached a ridiculous nadir with his designation of professional basketball player and naturalized American Enes Kanter Freedom as a terrorist. This may be the first time the Turks have agreed with the Red Chinese on anything, ever. 🍷🍷 I have not read any of the Metro novels (yet), but I have tried to play Metro 2033. It's a lot harder than it looks. 🍷🍷 I think you are confusing steampunk cosplayers with the broader genre. There are quite a few books out there set in alternate histories of a steampunk variety (S.M. Stirling's The Peshawar Lancers perhaps being the best known) and an entire roleplaying game system (Space: 1899) that grew out of a satirical game proposal mocking the epically awful TV show Space: 1999. 🍷🍷

Edison's Conquest of Mars is somewhat worse than Space:1999, but at least it is shorter. I'm glad I found it for free on Project Gutenberg. 🌟🌟 Kzantsev's notion of Earthlings being descended from stranded aliens crops up in a lot of SF, e.g. Larry Niven's Protector. 🌟🌟 We did in fact have nuclear-powered aircraft (the NB-36) for a while, but they weren't practical so we went back to propellers, and later jets. 🌟🌟 Interesting recounting of Yevtushenko's visit to an Apollo launch. I think the only people here in the U.S. who knew who he was were Russian students, expatriates, and a handful of soldiers and sailors who were exposed to his work while learning Russian at the Defense Language Institute, where all the language teachers (at least in the Russian Department) were expats who were very passionate about Russian culture. 🌟🌟 The cover of Uppror! is the same as for the DAW edition of Christopher Anvil's Pandora's Planet, which is highly amusing.

SYNERGY

(natter) Well, if we're square with Ghu and Roscoe, who can stand against us? ☺
🌟🌟 Clarke's Third Law ("Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic") has been around for years, of course, and a lot of ink has been spilled trying to determine where the dividing line is between SF and fantasy, or even if there is one. Jack Vance and Anne McCaffrey are both famous for writing stories in which dragons – a staple of fantasy since people started telling fantastic tales – were created by genetic engineering by humans to serve very human purposes, and more recently. Charles Stross has written an entire series of books based on the proposition that higher mathematics are in fact magic, and using more abstruse higher maths is opening the door to Things That Should Not Be in the finest Lovecraftian tradition.

(RYCTo Heath) I think if you went to Japan, you would have the wit to use the translator app on your smartphone to communicate with the locals. When I was working as an Uber driver in Las Vegas, I had occasion to do this a few times with Chinese and other passengers.

(RYCTo Sam) Disagree completely with you on the topic of learning about other countries. I don't regret a single minute spent on learning about Russia/USSR, Germany, Spain, Japan, China, or the other countries I have studied either because the Army was paying me to or because I was just curious. Sure, and I'll never use a lot of that knowledge, but I am surprised how often it comes in handy, and in some corners of the Internet I am moderately respected for having it. Which is nice.

YE MURDERED MASTER MAGE #261

(natter) We are all of us (or most of us, anyway) getting to the point in our lives where old age and/or disease are starting to cull more of our friends.

(RYCTo Heath) Perhaps a newer definition has come along, but "Space Westerns" used to be a derogatory term applied to SF where you could swap "Indians" for "aliens" and "revolvers" for blasters, and voila! Instant Western!

SAMIZDATISH #16

(natter) And a happy Hanuramakwanzmas to you too!

(RYCto Heath) I completely agree that in the house of Fandom there are many mansions, which is one of the reasons I like seeing the wide range of fandoms expressed in our (the N3F) zines and why I like Balticon, which as far back as I can remember (the late 1970s) has always been open to gamers, comic book fans, media fans, anime fans, etc. etc. 🌟🌟 The question of what is hard vs. soft SF seems like one of those questions where everybody has an opinion ~~and all of them are wrong~~. I agree with you in general though I think hard SF embraces all the "hard"/quantifiable sciences and not just physics while soft SF is more about the "soft" sciences such as anthropology and social sciences, which the late Jerry Pournelle disparagingly referred to as the "voodoo sciences".

Ironically, combat/military SF, which tends to be considered hard SF for some reason, actually falls into the latter category because it's almost always about the effects of war on soldiers, civilians, and their societies and very, very seldom about the science and technology being employed. In fact, the only military SF story I can think of that dwells on the equipment is Arthur Clarke's "Superiority", but even that story is about the effects of Professor-General Norden's disastrous innovations on the fleet, and ultimately the war.

(Poul Anderson) I am not sure why you object to Flandry being marketed to James Bond fans. For most of his career, Flandry is in fact filling the role of Bond as an agent of the Galactic Empire; it is only later in his career that Flandry takes on the role of kingmaker and Lord High Troubleshooter, most tragically in A Knight of Ghosts and Shadows, which made me so angry when I read it in *Galaxy* that I wrote a letter to Anderson complaining about his treatment of Sir Dominic. (He was kind enough to write a patient reply.) I would advert that Flandry is a better human being than Bond, about whom sufficient criticism has been written, and isn't it a good thing that we expose Bond fans to a superior version of the late Queen Elizabeth's best killer?

Anyhow, if I was going to introduce someone to Anderson, I would definitely start with The High Crusade and then "No Truce with Kings", "Time Lag", and Seven Conquests. Or, perhaps, Ensign Flandry. ;)

Here endeth the comments on N'APA #261

Seventeen Moments Of Spring

Speaking of James Bond as we were a moment ago, let us turn our attention to a spy series whose hero is also compared to Bond, also incorrectly. Wildly popular in the former Soviet Union and in contemporary Russia as well, *Seventeen Moments Of Spring* is the story of the last months before the collapse of the Third Reich, told from the perspective of Standartenführer Max von Stierlitz, who is actually Colonel Maxim Isayev of the NKVD. Isayev is a deep-cover agent who infiltrated the SS in the 1930s, and now embarks on his most dangerous mission at precisely the time he has come under suspicion by counterintelligence head Ernst Kaltenbrunner. He is tasked with disrupting the secret talks between Allen Dulles and Karl Wolff aimed at securing a separate peace for the Allies on the Western Front, so that the Nazis can concentrate their forces in the East against the Soviets.

It's hard to understate the popularity of this show. When it was originally aired in 1973, it was watched by between 50 and 80 million people – city streets emptied, crime dropped, and power stations had to increase output because everybody was home watching TV. The show's popularity has endured to the current day; it continues to be one of the most-watched series in Russia, and has had a profound cultural impact. Many Russians were inspired to join the KGB, including a young man who rose to the rank of Colonel and later became prominent in post-Soviet politics. You may have heard of V.V. Putin.

The show itself seems somewhat archaic by American standards; it is in black & white, and the staging reminded me quite a bit of *The Untouchables* from the 1950s. Instead of dialogue, there is a lot of voice-over narration, and the camera seldom moves, so that you get the impression that you're watching a stage play. Still, it's a very tense thriller, with not nearly as much action as half a James Bond movie. Indeed, Colonel Isayev is much closer to Sherlock Holmes than Bond; his struggles against the Nazi bureaucracy on the one hand and the NKVD bureaucracy on the other are more cerebral than physical, but director Tatyana Lioznova makes it work.

“In short, he’s the kind of person Commissars are supposed to shoot.”

-TVTropes.org on Commissar Ciaphas Cain, HERO OF THE IMPERIUM!*

While a lot of people are nuts about Games Workshop’s miniatures game, Warhammer 40,000, I am not one of them. For one thing, I’m terrible at painting miniatures, and for another, the grimdark future of the Imperium (in which there is only war) strikes me as better fodder for memes and mockery. Indeed, the one attempt I made at reading the highly regarded Horus Rising by Dan Abnett ended after a few chapters because it was too turgid and prolix for me to put up with. On the other hand, I quite happily forked over \$19 for Saviour of the Imperium and another \$7 for Choose Your Enemies by Sandy Mitchell, because Ciaphas Cain is a hoot and a half. Yes, the plots are formulaic (Cain gets sent to deal with problem X, but while dealing with X, he finds the MUCH WORSE Y lurking in the shadows) but Mitchell writes like the bastard son of Ben Elton, Richard Curtis and George MacDonald Fraser, finding the hilarity and pratfalls in the midst of the eternal carnage of the 40th Millenium. Cain comes off as somewhat like Captain Blackadder from *Blackadder Goes Forth*, while his aide Gunner Jurgen is an improbable descendant of Private Baldrick and Private MacAuslan, who just happens to have a [HIGHLY CLASSIFIED] talent.

A big part of what makes it all work is Cain himself, who as TVTropes observes is the exact opposite of what an Imperial Commissar is supposed to be. Cain, who may or may not be a gigantic coward (even his amanuensis, the lovely Inquisitor Vail, isn’t sure if he is or not), has figured out that it’s a lot better to have your troops fighting to protect you than trying to assassinate you in your sleep, which is something a lot of commissars don’t live long enough to discover, because they’re too busy shooting (alleged) cowards and otherwise enforcing the stern discipline of the Imperial Guard. All in all, it’s a lot of fun, with plenty of sly references thrown in for the reader’s amusement, and a lot of footnotes in which Vail amplifies things that Cain doesn’t bother explaining.

SON OF SILVERCON PROGRESS REPORT #1

To the surprise of absolutely nobody, we did not come up with the necessary \$1000 deposit to secure space in the Plaza before the end of the year. I told our hotel saleslady that we’re still interested in that weekend, but if somebody else shows up with cash in hand, she should take it and we’ll fall back on Plan B, which is to hold a smaller convention more like Mike Williamson’s Emergency Holographic Conventions, most likely at the Best Western in Henderson or up by Nellis. We’ll see how it all works out.

Despite this being tax season, and having an NSSAB meeting in Pahrump next week, I expect to have the bank account open and a website up by the end of the month.

Make your checks or money orders payable to Friends of Fission-chan, and send them to PO Box 143, Tonopah NV 89049. Feel free to e-mail me with questions.

INTERMISSION #128

E-zine by Ahrvid Engholm, ahrvid@hotmail.com, for EAPA, N'APA and other unfortunates. Follow ed's newstweets from @SFJournalen. This # offers UFO Sweden, AI fiction, Martians - maybe Scandinavian? - 1940s Galactic Roamers Slanshack. No editorial today, but instead our traditional seasonal short story - excuses to Solzhenitsyn, Lovecraft, Monty P but not so much Himmler. Get us NLAWs against typos... Late Dec 2022

2022 Xmas/New Year's Story: A Day in the Life of Vladimir Penisovich

5.00 AM

At five o'clock blasts sounded through the lengths of the streets as they hammered Kyiv's downtown blocks. Explosions penetrated roofs on which the frost lay two fingers thick and blew out window panes on all floors. And then the flying circus ended almost as soon as it'd begun. Still most missiles were shot down.

Vladimir Penisovich felt ill. He felt like a prisoner there in the cold, ancient, barren Kraasckgg-Kremlin. He sat in the dark. It was many years he must have lived in this haunted place, but he couldn't measure the time. He pondered the outside hostile world.

The economy was in worse ruins than the ones his meat-grinder soldiers had reduced cities too. His hands shook from Parkinson's. Those damn khokhols refused to see the sense in giving in to the might of the glorious Russian army! Or what was left of it after losing 3000 tanks, 6000 armoured personnel carriers and 100 000 men. He looked back on all the lonely hours in the Kraasckgg's echoing halls, flooded with abandonment and sorrow.

Parkinson's Law says that the bureaucrats, the more corrupt and inefficient it becomes. Vlad was too full of self-appreciation to realise that his own corruption robbed the troops of winter clothing, ammo and sleeping bags. His Sturmbannfuhrer officers stole it to sell on Ebay. And a million of young, productive professionals had seen the writing on the cracking walls and fled..

The cancer had grown through the Musovite society, destroying it from the inside. It also grew inside Vlad, but he was already pretty destroyed inside anyway. Something was creeping inside his head.

6.00 AM

Vlad failed to get to sleep again. He failed to satisfy the whore he had for the night. And he had failed to invade that stupid Nazi-Ukraine. He was irritated. His army was too small. His ammo stock was too small. His soldiers' motivation was too small. His penis was too small, not exactly Biggus Dickus.

And his propaganda didn't work very well. No one longer believed in state-TV's chattering parrots - dead or not. The Ministry of Silly Talks was no longer getting the kind of support it needs. There's Defence, Social Security, Health, Housing, Education, Silly Talks ... they're all supposed to get the same. But last year, the Government spent less on the Ministry of Silly Talks than on National Defence.

Penisovich is the bewildered, the betrayed, the tormented. He didn't know how old it was, the timeworn palatial building that this castle was. In every corner grew cobwebs and magnificent dust rats. The sun rarely shone and then only dimly through the dirty gray window panes in their moldy frames. The passages in the winding corridors, which seem to lead nowhere, were traversed by cold, damp drafts.

He had carefully surrounded himself with Yes-sayers, so no one had the courage to tell him that most of the military budget went to oligarch yachts and London townhouses. Those were now confiscated by the damn western courts and his friends were barred from even going to London. Russians were only welcome in China, North Korea, Venezuela - also Georgia, if you fled conscription. Even Armenia and Kazakhstan were dissatisfied with Russia. And the talking heads in his propaganda TV had begun to doubt his wisdom. He wanted Ukraine to cease to be. To have it expired and gone to meet its maker. Make it a late country. A stiff. Bereft of life, resting in /w/a/r peace. Pushing up the daisies. Have it rung down the curtain, join the choir. He managed to fall in an uneasy sleep again.

Once he tried to escape from this palace captivity, but the further he got the denser the shadows became and the more menacing the very air of the world outside. In a panic he rushed back. He slowly came to terms with his dark fate. In the endless twilight he dreamed nightmares and waited anxiously. One day he hoped to catch a glimpse of the sunlit world and see the real people who must

live in the shimmer of the unobstructed sunlight outside the echoing stone walls.

7.00 AM

And his nightmares emerged. In them 1000 tanks moved into Kyiv, all of that 20 mile column that had been lost. Hundreds aircraft that had been shot down were now flying overhead tossing bombs and rockets on all the apartments where the Nazis lived and the Zelensky-Jugend Kindergartens

"We can be proud of what our soldiers do!" he muttered in his sleep. "Kill! Kill! Kill!"

Vlad saw himself riding a white horse with a Kalashnikov strapped to his back. The horse trotted up the white stairs to the Nazi-leader's chancellery. Sweat droplets gleamed on his bulging muscles in the morning sun. He was on the hunt for that scumbag Zelensky. A dirty Jew! And Nazi!

In the corner of his eyes one of his hero soldiers dragged out a 13-year old Zelensky-Mädel from a bomb shelter to rape her. He felt envious considering his own impotence. *Rape! Rape! Rape!* The ugly yellow and blue flags draped the walls. Where were Mr Z? That clown! Vlad would show what Z meant... A staircase in this creepy residence led up to rarely visited demonic domains. Eerie and horrible was the crypt of weathered stone-like material there. He was dismounted now and the climb was infinitely slow. You could hear the pawing of rats' feet and the flapping of bats' wings. He didn't have to bow his head as he ventured further in through several doorways, small as he was. Strange that KGB once accepted such a tiny person in their ranks in the old days of the wonderful USSR.

There behind a desk was the Ukrainian president. Vlad's black belt in karate would be a match for a Let's Dance star, he thought. Zelensky rose from the desk with fire in his eyes as Vlad came nearer..

"Glory to Ukraine!" he yelled as he rushed forward and grabbed Vlad by the collar...

Vlad woke up from his nightmare. Shaking. And sweating.

8.00 AM

"Sir!," one of his henchmen said. "The generals fear the 200 000 body bags we have ordered won't be enough. Half are already used up."

"Order more! Who cares how many body bags we use! It's the duty of every Russian to die!"

"Yes, sir! Will, do sir!"

His chief weapon was surprise! Surprise and fear. Fear and surprise. His two weapons were fear and surprise - and ruthless efficiency! His three weapons were fear, and surprise, and ruthless efficiency, and an almost fanatical devotion to Ruski Mir. Nobody expects Ruski Mir!

Vlad was into his breakfast: the finest baby frogs, dew picked and flown from Iraq, cleansed in finest quality spring water, lightly killed, sealed in a succulent Swiss quintuple smooth treble cream milk chocolate envelope and lovingly frosted with glucose, and then garnished with lark's vomit. It replaced the Russian caviar as river sturgeons were on strike and refused to deliver. Fish slapping in the face! No one would deliver anymore. It was especially difficult for electronics. Through clandestine middle men they managed to increase import of washing machines by 600% and his spies were stealing Swedish traffic speed cameras. Stripped chips and cameras were put into missiles and drones. Washing machines - the hero soldiers were busy stealing as many they could - could be melted into tanks, if he only could get the tank factory to work again after most workers had been press-ganged. Bicycle Repairmen couldn't really replace them.

He staggered on. Now and then creaking clicks echoed like heavy drops of water on a stone floor. His heart danced a devil's dance and he shuddered. He found just another of the abodes of the ancient demon creatures of darkness. He quickly stumbled out of there and groped on. The oldest and strongest emotion of mankind is fear, and the oldest and strongest kind of fear is fear of the unknown.

9.00 AM

Most embarrassing had been the agent who on a mission to circumvent the electronics embargo had returned with plenty of chips alright. A box full of Herr's Potato Chips. Barbecue. Salt. And Vinegar.

A 15-metre-long table dominated his office. Any guest would far away at one end. Vlad wasn't afraid of Covid. But not letting anyone close denied foreign security agencies skin particles other sources of his DNA. With his DNA they could make a targeting virus to put on birds flying to Moscow to kill him. The Ukrainians had hundreds of secret bio-labs where they made new viruses to send to Russia. Also via mosquitoes. That's what his trustworthy intelligence service had discovered. The who had ensured him that the Ukrainians would welcome the Russian troops with flowers and kisses. He wished to register a complaint.

Vlad's body guards even had a special briefcase they took to the WC. There they dug out his feces, put it in the briefcase, to be transported to Moscow for destruction.

He must have wandered about for an interminable time. He reached a different winding staircase. Would he find tranquility, and see the world outside this sinister penitentiary of Kraasckgg-Kremlin?

10.00 AM

On the rug he saw the hair from the giant black dog that he had sadistically used to scare Frau Merkel on a rare visit. That hadn't improved their relations very much. Vlad thought about his own lapdog. The unfortunate, feeble-minded Lavrov. "We haven't invaded Ukraine," Lavrov said in front of the entire United Nations with a straight face (his face muscles were dead). Technically, he thought he was correct. An invasion means war and this wasn't a war, just a Special Military Operation.

But the operation didn't go to plans. That would be fixed when new /c/a/n/o/n /f/o/d/d/e/r conscripts were mobilised: criminals (murder fitted their soldier profile fine!), HIV patients (they have no treatment anyway if wounded), essential workers (giving the industry problems). Most lacking gear and motivation, kicked out into the cold with three days of training and paintball flak jackets.

The best he could do was to continue shelling, even if his guns lacked precision. The khokhols would be lucky to have a house! They could share one room with half the floor was missing, huddled together in one corner for fear of falling. Some would live in an old water tank on a rubbish tip, woken up every morning by having a load of rotting fish dumped. Others in only a hole in the ground covered by a sheet of tarpaulin, if not a shoebox in the middle of the road.

Behind the walls, he suddenly heard clicking of teeth chewing. He heard thistles and tassels and the icy draft from slowly moving, moist air that never quite succeeded in dispelling the stuffy mustiness of the air. He stood in his chamber for several minutes and imagined he saw tortured ghosts of young students he had sent to a too early soldier's deaths.

11.00 AM

He called Kim Il-Thong or whoever the latest North Korean playboy was. Just to buy back all those millions of artillery shells they got 50 years ago. Else our guns won't have enough to flatten those bastards' cities! Now the Nazis are impudent enough to destroy our military targets. Those blasted NATO guns are so precise that can hit any troop concentration, ammunition dump, armoured column at will. Life seemed jolly rotten, there's something he'd forgotten.

He entered the solitary cell that was his office. He felt bitterness at his powerlessness but also an increasingly overwhelming resignation. His aimless wandering had put him in a state of trance, and now he was slowly awakening from this sham existence. The chamber was almost as barren as a prison cell. No hand and foot shackles hung from the walls, though - this godforsaken place had more effective imprisonment than rattling chains. He leaned over a worm-eaten desk, the wood of which groaned with the effort of holding his weary body up.

12.00 Noon

He got a call from Ayatollah Bajabollah or what he's called, this toilet-paper head. They'll send us more drones, if we give them some help developing nukes. Great! We must bomb the Nazis so their electricity grid becomes almost as bad as the normal state of our Russian grid...

We must have electricity to torture civilians with. To tie cords to their genitals and switch on. Who cares about Human Rights. Where are our rights? Our Russian rights? Our rights to start Special Military Operations when we feel like it!

What's for lunch? Time for a Special Eating Operation. Vlad's lukewarm food lacked taste.

01.00 PM

And now they have begun to target our military installations inside Russia, just because we invaded them a little. Cowards! Snotty-faced heap of parrot droppings! The knights who say Nyet, eh! Technological and social progress since classical times has facilitated the repression of an awareness of the magnitude and malignity of the macrocosm in which the human microcosm is contained, or in other words, a calculated repression of the horrifying nature of the cosmos as a reaction to its essential awfulness, Vlad, though, as he prepared a speech to the troops:

02.00 PM

I want to also mention, he began, a very difficult subject with complete candor. It should be discussed amongst us, yet nevertheless, we will never speak about it in public. I am talking about the evacuation of the Ukrainians, the extermination of the Ukrainian people. It is one of those things that is easily said. The Ukrainian people is being exterminated, it's part of our plans, we're eliminating the Ukrainians, exterminating them, a small matter. And then along we all come, all the 140 million upright Russians, and each has his decent Ukrainian They say: all the others are swine, but here is a

first-class Ukrainian. Most of you will know what it means when 100 bodies lie together, when 500 are there or when there are 1000. And to have seen this through and - with the exception of human weakness - to have remained decent, has made us hard and is a page of glory never mentioned and never to be mentioned. But let's not bicker and argue over who killed who.

03.00 PM

Over the Moscow skyline's rim, a waning crescent moon peered through the noisome vapours that seem to emanate from unheard-of-catacombs, and by its feeble, wavering beams he distinguished a repellent array of antique slabs, urns, cenotaphs, and mausolean facades... Time for a TV speech:

Modern Ukraine was entirely created by Russia, the bleak TV screens said, to be more precise, by Bolshevik, Communist Russia. This process started right after the 1917 revolution, and Lenin and did it in a way that was extremely harsh on Russia - by separating, severing what is historically Russian land. Nobody asked the millions living there what they thought. Then, before and after the Great Patriotic War, Stalin incorporated in the USSR and transferred to Ukraine lands that previously belonged to Poland, Romania and Hungary. In the process, he gave Poland part of what was traditionally German land as compensation, and in 1954 Khrushchev took Crimea away from Russia for some reason and gave it to Ukraine. In effect this is how the territory of modern Ukraine was formed. These territories were transferred along with the population of what was historically Russia. Wollt ihr den totalen Krieg!

04.00 PM

There is something wrong with our bloody tanks today! We lose thousands, just because NATO sent all those Javelins and NLAWs. We'll have to take old Korean War era tanks out of storage... I wonder if they'll work being outdoors in the Siberian cold and damp for 50 years? My tank is full of eels. And 500 of our more modern tanks were left for the Ukrainians to just pick up in Kharkiv, as our brave troops fled head over heels. Traitors! Everybody is against me! Just because I did a little invasion...

Lanterns were disclosed at the top of a flight of stone steps, dripping with some detestable ichor of the inner earth, and bordered by moist walls encrusted with nitre. There grotesque shrines and monoliths seemed to assume a hideous personality. Amorphous shadows seemed to lurk in the darker recesses of the week-choked hollow and to flit as in some blasphemous ceremonial procession past the portals of the mouldering tombs in the hillside. That was Kraasckgg-Kremlin

05.00 PM

Crimea where the criminals live... Civilians are leaving, Russian leaving, All left is the military, criminals, frantically digging defence lines which give little cover. Enemy guns pounds our army to pieces and then they simply walk in. Unfair! Far is if I get Ukraine. *I want it, I want it, I want it!*

We have to fix that blasted bridge that the Ukrainians destroyed. The enemy is dangerous when he plays with his fireworks. Or is it our own guys tossing a cig? We have fireworks too! I'll order our troops to throw banned phosphorus on them! I do not recall distinctly when it began, but it was months ago. The general tension was horrible. To a season of political and social upheaval was added a strange and brooding apprehension of hideous physical danger; a danger widespread and all-embracing, such a danger as may be imagined only in the most terrible phantasms of the night. I recall that the people went about with pale and worried faces, and whispered warnings and prophecies which no one dared consciously repeat or acknowledge to himself that he had heard. A sense of monstrous guilt was upon the land, and out of the abysses between the stars swept chill currents that made men shiver in dark and lonely places. There was a daemonic alteration, everyone felt the world and perhaps the universe had passed from control of known gods or forces to that of gods or unknown forces.

And now for something completely different.

06.00 PM

Another day, another day's work. If people knew how much I put into micro-managing the war...I mean special military operation. I'm certainly the Grösster Feldherr aller Zeiten. My generals are idiots. Luckily scores of them have been killed after talking in mobiles that the enemy triangulated. They talk about strategic depth and logistics. The only thing counting is attack and attack, shell and shell, the more dead the better. And they lie to me. When I order a certain battallion to attack, they claim it has been so mauled it no longer existed as a fighting unit. Liers! As long as there is at least some brave Russians left a battallion exist.

Whats for dinner? We've had a lot of borscht.. There's egg and bacon; egg, sausage and bacon;

egg and borscht; egg bacon and borscht; egg bacon sausage and borscht; borscht bacon sausage and borscht; borscht egg borscht borscht bacon and borscht; borscht sausage borscht borscht bacon borscht tomato and borscht. I asked for the egg bacon borscht and sausage without the borscht in it.

I don't give a damn that the economy is going down so fast that the soup kitchen queues reach around the block. When the last days come upon me, and the ugly trifles of existence begin to drive me to madness, like the small drops of water that torturers let fall ceaselessly upon one spot of their victim's body.

07.00 PM

Time for my daily steroids, the ones I take to try to keep the stomach six-pack (though it's becoming more difficult with age) and to mask all the illnesses that unfortunately is nagging me. Cancer. 'Tis but a scratch! Dementia. Parkinson's. Twonk's disease, someone said - I guess that too. I feel a hideous, Indescribable madness coming over me. There' s demonic darkness lurking somewhere in the corner of me. It seems I'm carrying a monster, or symbol representing a monster, of a form which only a diseased fancy could conceive. If I say that my somewhat extravagant imagination yielded simultaneous pictures of an octopus, a dragon, and a human caricature, I shall not be unfaithful to the spirit of the thing. A pulpy, tentacled head surmounted a grotesque and scaly body with rudimentary wings. But it was the general outline of the whole which made it most shockingly frightful. We have fear and awe when confronted by phenomena beyond our comprehension, whose scope extends beyond the narrow field of human affairs and boasts of cosmic significance.

08.00 PM

The dear Patriarch of our Orthodox Church has announced that Zelensky is the Anichrist. He whose name no lips dare speak aloud, as we gnaw in inconceivable wrath. The good old KGB agent - even if clerical apparel - got it right. You can see the horns in his forehead and his long tail. And behind him are grotesque shrines and monoliths showing a hideous personality. Or Am I just imagining? His voice is deep; hollow; gelatinous; remote; unearthly; inhuman; disembodied. Why don't I have the communication ability of this young man? I just sit there, hand shaking, with puffy cheek and look complacent. Amorphous shadows seems to lurk in the darker recesses of the week-choked hollow as I speak, as some blasphemous ceremonial procession passes portals of mouldering tombs - the tombs of our elite soldiers and oligarchs who aren't careful as they lean out from a window.

09.00 PM

It's getting dark, from the innermost depths of that damnable open sepulchre, as I watch amorphous, necrophagous shadows dance beneath an accursed waning moon. My brain hurts! Antediluvian, abnormal, furtive thoughts grip me. Something blasphemous about. My skin feels squamous as nameless fear develops in my limbs. I feel a stench flying through the entire Kraasckgg-Kremlin. What's happening...? Has that mummified body of our unlikely hero Lenin laying in the square finally begun to rot, to spread his gases around? There is Ululation coming from mad dogs...or could it be my stomach? I see sights... A pulpy, tentacled head surmounted a grotesque and scaly body appearing before me, with rudimentary wings. It's general outline of the whole which makes it most shockingly frightful. Am I going mad? Madder than before? I'd like to have an argument, please!

10.00 PM

The most merciful thing in the world, is the inability of the human mind to correlate all its contents. We live on a placid island of ignorance in the midst of black seas of infinity, and it was not meant that we should voyage far. The sciences, each straining in its own direction, have hitherto harmed us little, but some day the piecing together of dissociated knowledge will open up such terrifying vistas of reality, and of our frightful position therein, that we shall either go mad from the revelation or flee from the deadly light into the peace and safety of a new dark age. As I gnaw hungrily in inconceivable, unlighted chambers beyond time amidst the muffled, maddening beating of vile drums.

11.00 PM

I am writing this under an appreciable mental strain, since by tonight I may not be anymore. Roubleless, and at the end of my supply of the drug which alone makes life endurable, I can bear the torture no longer; and shall cast myself from this garret window into the squalid street below. Do not think from my slavery to drugs I am a weakling or a degenerate. When you have read these hastily scrawled pages you may guess, though never fully realise, why it is that I must have forgetfulness or death. My head is spinning. My limbs feel heavy and can't move. I must be going mad. It's the demons! The antediluvian souls. The ancient forces that are beyond comprehension. The demons!

Filling me with indescribable fear, fear from beyond the darkness of history. The demons! The demons! Taking me over...demons...dem...deamons from beyond CthulhUSSR!

AH-RGHH!!!

Artificial Intelligence

AI is making giant leaps. I don't think it's long until an AI can pass a general Turing test (ie a human in conversation with it can't determine if it's a machine speaking). There's an application called WriterGPT (available through eg <https://chat.openai.com/chat>). The below is what I got when I asked it to write about sf fans having a convention in New York in 1939 (as indeed they had in real life):

"In 1939, science fiction fans from around the world gathered in New York City for the very first World Science Fiction Convention, also known as "Worldcon." This historic event was attended by hundreds of fans, as well as several notable science fiction authors, including Isaac Asimov and Robert A Heinlein.

The convention was held at the Hotel Pennsylvania, which was chosen for its central location and large meeting spaces. Fans attended panel discussions and workshops, where they discussed a wide range of topics related to science fiction, including the latest developments in the genre, the impact of science fiction on popular culture, and the future of the genre.

One of the highlights of the convention was the presentation of the first Hugo Awards, created to recognize outstanding achievements in science fiction and fantasy writing. The awards were named after Hugo Gernsback, the founder of the first science fiction magazine, Amazing Stories. The first Hugo Awards were given to Robert A. Heinlein for his novella "If This Goes On..." and to JRR Tolkien for his novel The Hobbit.

In addition to the panel discussions and awards presentations, the convention also featured a masquerade ball, where attendees dressed up in costumes based on their favorite science fiction characters. There was also a dealer's room, where fans could buy and sell science fiction books, magazines, and other memorabilia.

Overall, the 1939 World Science Fiction Convention was a resounding success, and it paved the way for many more conventions to come. It was a chance for fans to come together and celebrate their love for the genre, and it remains an important event in the history of science fiction."

While not Earth-shattering and getting most details wrong - it is readable..

This is what I got when I asked for a war story in the style of HP Lovecraft:

It was a dark and stormy night, and the winds howled through the streets of the city like the cries of the damned. In the distance, the sound of artillery could be heard, and the sky was lit up by the flash of explosions.

I was a soldier, fighting for my country in the great war that had engulfed the world. I had seen many horrors on the battlefield, but none could compare to the terror that I was about to face. As I crept through the streets, searching for the enemy, I heard a voice in my head. It was a voice like none other, cold and ancient, and it spoke of things beyond human comprehension.

"Do not fear, mortal," the voice said. "I am here to help you. I am an elder god, and I have come to aid you in your battle against the forces of darkness."

I was filled with a strange mixture of fear and awe. I did not understand what this creature was, but I knew that it was powerful beyond measure.

"What do you want from me?" I asked.

"I want you to lead your soldiers to victory," the voice replied. "I will give you the strength and the power to defeat your enemies, and to crush them beneath your feet."

And with that, the voice disappeared, leaving me alone in the darkness. I gathered my wits about me and continued on my mission, feeling a newfound sense of power and purpose.

As I led my men into battle, I could feel the elder god's presence with me, giving me the strength and the courage to face any challenge. Together, we fought and we triumphed, crushing the enemy beneath our feet and bringing victory to our side. But even in victory, I knew that there was a price to pay. For I had made a pact with a creature from beyond the stars, and I knew that one day it would come to collect its due.

And so I continued to fight, knowing that no matter how many battles I won, the ultimate victory would always be just out of reach. For I was a soldier in the war against the elder gods, and there would be no end to the horrors that I would face.

I asked for "a science fiction story with a twist end like by Fredric Brown" and the below is actually half impressive (even if the end doesn't show much brownian motion):

It was a typical day on the space station, with the hum of activity and the clatter of machinery filling the air. As the chief engineer, I was responsible for making sure that everything was running smoothly, and I was constantly on the go, checking systems and making repairs.

But today was different. Today, we had received a distress call from a nearby planet, and a team of us had been sent to investigate. As we approached the planet, we could see that it was a desolate, inhospitable

place, with a dark and foreboding atmosphere.

When we landed, we made our way cautiously through the ruins of what seemed to be an ancient civilization. It was clear that something terrible had happened here, but we didn't know what.

As we explored deeper, we came across a strange device, unlike anything we had ever seen before. It was a large, metallic orb, with intricate markings etched into its surface.

One of my team members, a young scientist named Emma, stepped forward to examine it. As she touched the orb, a blinding flash of light filled the room, and Emma disappeared. Panicked, we searched the area, but there was no sign of her. It was as if she had been swallowed up by the orb. We tried to communicate with the space station, but our radios were dead. We were completely cut off, with no way to get help.

As the hours passed, we grew more and more desperate. We knew that we had to find a way to rescue Emma, but we didn't know how. Finally, in a last-ditch effort, I stepped forward and touched the orb. Like Emma, I disappeared, transported to a strange and alien world.

But to my surprise, I found Emma there, alive and well. She explained that the orb was a portal to a parallel universe, and that she had been exploring it.

We made our way back through the portal, and to our relief, we found that the space station was still there. We quickly made our way back, grateful to be safe and sound. But as we returned to our normal lives, I couldn't shake the feeling that something was different. It was as if the experience had changed me, opening my eyes to new possibilities and realities.

I didn't know what the future held, but I was determined to keep exploring, to keep pushing the boundaries of what was possible. For I had learned that there was so much more out there, waiting to be discovered.

UFO Sweden

I have never believed that certain atmospheric, optical, ballooning, lunar or whatever sightings are visitors from other worlds. Our solar system is empty of aliens and the distances to other possible life-bearing planets are so huge it's extremely unlikely they come, as that the universal speed limit of 300Kkm/s can't be overcome. We have found 5000+ planets - more to come! - in nearby space, but as yet no traces green, yellow or violette little men.

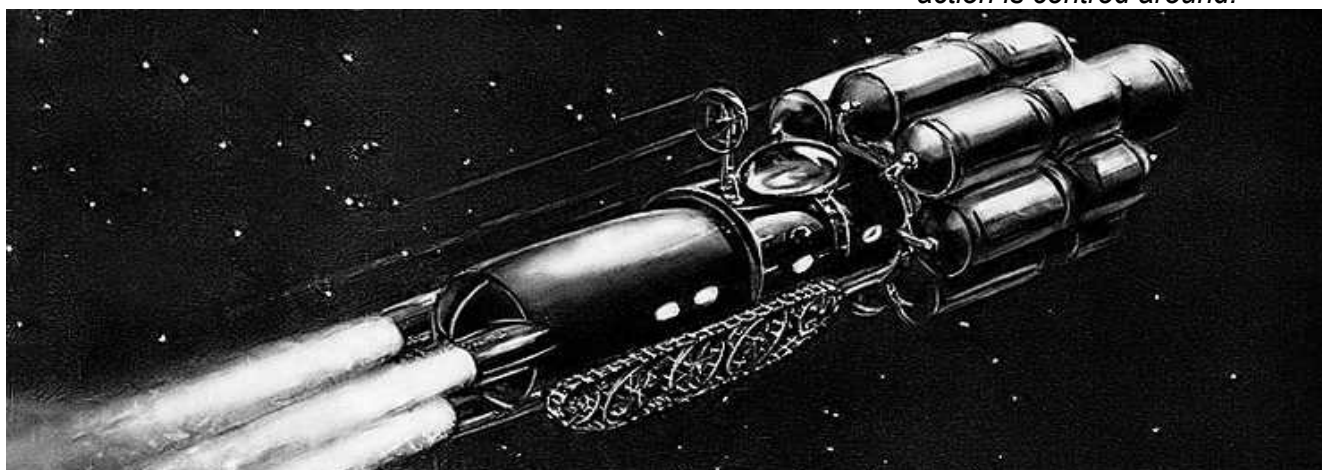
I do however find it likely that life and even civilisations exist elsewhere, perhaps even in the Milky Way, or else in other galaxies - but collections of thinking matter are probably far apart. Our best hope is to eavesdrop on their communications with big radio telescopes. Such undertakings are underway, having produced a couple of WOW! Instances, however deemed unlikely to be a local BBC's breakfast show "God Morning Betelgeuse". But one day we may pick up a signal... Perhaps? (Maybe Betelgeuse Broadcasting Corporation's weather: "Our star is calm today and won't explode - yet. A methane storm will pass as temp drops below -227C...")

But doing sf and accepting life in the universe (but not their spaceships on visit) make others think I believe in little green men from Mars. Some ask: "Have you seen any?" They fail to realise that science fiction is a literary genre for *made up* speculative stories, and not "teachings" or an ideology.

The movement of saucerites (OK, they prefer UFOs to flying saucer) has a long tradition in Sweden. Earlier *Intermissions* have told about "ghost rockets", as they were called, reported here right after WWII. Speculations are it was secret Soviet or US missiles. (German V2s actually did



The UFO Sweden board that most of the film action is centred around.



Soviet space art. The purpose of this strange vehicle is unknown. The tracks are perhaps to get a grip in loose moon dust?

fly here during the war. Debris of a crashed one was airlifted to Britain for investigation.)

In the 1950s interest in possible alien spacecrafts visiting us increased manyfold. There was a wave of films of alien invasions and saucers and alien monsters from Hollywood, films I actually often find quite entertaining. The sf genre got a lot of exposure, with 1953 as special focus year, as has been noted.

Many UFO books were published. Groups were started. There were magazine articles, radio and TV reports. The fact is that some of the early sf fans were believers in visiting spaceships, but there were many sceptics too and my impression is that we saucer sceptics have for a long time been the huge majority amongst sf people. Still there is this "Have you seen any?".

I have the impression that the idea of visiting spaceships is becoming less popular amongst the general public, and that may be for two reasons:



Interior of Archive of the Unexplained. See <http://csblogg.ufo.se/>

1) New technology has given us fewer "mysterious" observations. Everyone has a mobile camera now, which means mysterious lights, objects whatever are filmed, sometimes by several, and in good quality - they become easier to explain! We see fewer UFOs. (And that's despite the US military releasing what to me in many cases just looks like electronic flutter in the systems.) The rise of drones have also increased the observations, but they aren't "mysterious" either. Asian "sky lanterns" with candles have become popular too, but they are also easy to identify.

2) So much is happening in *real* space exploration that's a lot of focus has shifted to this instead of speculations about Martians. Soon there may be real Martians, and those Martians may be us - if to believe Elon Musk. As I write Artemis I is back from a successful (unmanned) Moon trip and China's latest Tiangong space station crew has just landed. ESO has begun building their Extremely Large Telescope. There are other new telescopes and radio telescopes, hunting black holes, the origin of the universe, more planets, listening for SETI signals... (And a polar satellite from Lapland ESRANGE may be launched in 2023,

<https://www.legit.ng/world/1508381-arctic-sweden-race-europes-satellite-launches/>) Real space is best, after all.

In the 1960s there were certainly a lot of interest in unidentified saucer objects and in 1970 a number of local groups ganged together and founded the national organisation UFO Sverige (UFO Sweden). It publishes a glossy magazine, hold conferences, courses, receives and files reports on possible observations, some after dispatching field investigators. Their archives and headquarters has since developed into what they call an *Archive for the Unexplained*, in Norrköping (south of Stockholm). I haven't been there but seen many reports. It's believed to be the biggest of its kind in the world, too big for one spot - its housed in 20 different basements and storage facilities, including workspace for their filing staff. See <http://afu.se>. They say they have 4.4 km of shelf space encompassing some 2 million items, from all over the world. On the site you can find some of it even digitised, to download as PDFs.



The heroes: Denise and the UFO Sweden chairman

UFO Sweden that founded AFU has now turned into a blockbuster film! As you notice it has the organisation's name as title. Here are trailers: https://www.imdb.com/video/vi479773977/?playlistId=tt14807348&ref_=vp_rv_ap_0 I went top a preview of it, an adventure flick with staff (played by actors) from the UFO Sverige/Sweden organisation.

I remember that we in the 1980s had the then chairman of UFO Sverige/Sweden, Christer Nordin, guesting our Nasacon. As I recall his lecture was reasonably sceptic to the notion of alien visits. I have since come to know the following chairman (he is vice-chairman now) Clas Svahn who as far as I gather upholds a similar sceptic line, something like: There are things people see, some of it can't be explained, yet - we don't know what it is. He seems to be very serious and stresses things need serious investigations. If I understood things right, there are now only 1-2 really "unexplained" phenomenon per year in Sweden - all the rest find explanations. Their big archive is after all called an archive for the unexplained - not the unexplicable.

Clas told me how he drives around (in Europe even) to pick up collections people donate to this archive. He for instance got material from Sam J Lundwall (I wonder how much of his sf archive was left after Sam sent a lot to the dump) and Bertil Falk says he has sent them packages. They seem to collect a bit of sf. On the site we read how the archive recently also received a huge document donation from Canada - 650 kg!

Great of Clas to get me invite to the *UFO-Sweden* film preview! Thnx! It was at cinema Grand (the same Prime minister Olof Palme went to just before being assassinated in 1986) one early morning. The group behind it call themselves "Crazy Pictures" and they make outlandish films of "fantastic" slant with many special effects and computer animations. In 2018 they release the alternate history film "The Unthinkable", dealing with a Sweden being invaded by a mighty neighbour. That sounds like a theme easy to connect to today...

The film "UFO Sweden" is quite entertaining. We meet heroine Denise as a young girl. Her father is investigating weather anomalies that seem connected to strange gravity phenomenons. As he leaves for the mountains to follow a lead, he disappears, only his car is left. We then meet Denise in her teens. She's become a bit of a maverick and loose canon. After a strange electromagnetic storm creating a glowing aurora and causing blackouts her fathers car is thrust into the barn of a farmer. Denise contacts the UFO Sweden group to get help investigating what happened to her father. At the same time there are hints that the national weather service is involved in a secret project.

It's all very well-made, with good special effects (but with a tendency to overdo them!). Inez Dahl Torhaug who plays Denise does a good job, as well as Jesper Barkselius who plays chairman of the board. There are a number of scenes of the UFO Sweden board meetings, with coffee and cakes, that are kind of cute. (But I doubt the real organisation works in exactly that way.)

The only weak point of the film is that the plot is a bit fuzzy. I don't really understand why the police treats UFO Sweden as almost a terror group. And the police is often over the edge. They use SWAT teams to evacuate a building after a



Fantasy Fiction Is Forte of 'Galactic Roamers' Club Here

"Galactic Roamers," an organization devoted to reading and criticizing magazines which publish "science" and "fantasy" fiction, numbers nine Battle Creek residents as members.

Experts on ray-guns, time machines and space ships, the local club members read hundreds of the magazines, keep tab on the latest "inventions" of the authors and in general make a hobby of studying the fiction.

E. Everett Evans of 191 Southwest Capital avenue, is secretary of the "Galactic Roamers" and has been instrumental in the organization of the "Michtifans," a state-wide organization of a similar nature.

Other local "Galactic Roamers" are Fred Merchant, Elva House, Alfred and Abby Lu Ashley, Jack Wendenbeck, Edwin Counts, Jack Heuser and Allen Stanley. Evans, the Ashleys and Wendenbeck plan to publish a mimeographed report on club activities here and in line with the jargon of "scientifans" to create compact names, they call the publishing venture a "fanzine."

The locally-organized "Michtifans" will hold its first "get-acquainted" conference in Jackson on November 14. About 100 fans are expected.

Evans says he has been interested in stories of the pseudo-scientific type since childhood.

The type of reading, he says, was made classic by Jules Verne and Edgar Allen Poe, and has been further developed and broadened by such present-day authors as H. G. Wells, Lovecraft and A. Merritt. Mr. Evans calls it "a logical projection of present-day knowledge and activities into the future times, when man shall have left this little planet to roam the star-ways."

Mr. Evans attended the national "Scientifan" conventions at Chicago in 1949 and at Denver in July of 1941, where he was a speaker, and was made national chairman of a committee which will prepare a plan of activities to guide the various clubs.

The "Galactic Roamers" is a typical fan club and has twenty-one members at present. Nationally, Mr. Evans says, the "Scientifans" include university, college and high school professors and students, business men, scientists of every calling, professional men, officers and men of the army and navy, farmers, ranchers, factory workers, clerks, housewives and business women.

Although "science" fiction and "fantasy" fiction are usually classed together, there is a wide range of difference between them, according to Mr. Evans. "Science" fiction deals with a logical projection of the sciences of today, and the political and sociological effect of a future civilization on the ordinary person. While the stories deal with time-machines, space-ships, rayguns and inhabitants of other worlds, these are no more fantastic today than were the thoughts of telephones, television and airplanes a hundred years ago, Mr. Evans declares.

"Fantasy" fiction, on the other hand, deals with the unknown and the occult. It tells stories of the myths and legends of olden days; of mysticism and superstitions that still find a foothold in the minds of many peoples. The boundaries of this type are less limited than the rigid and logical developments demanded of the former.

Unlike the readers of most types of magazines, the "Scientifans" are ardent collectors of all the books and magazines containing these stories. Mr. Evans has over 600 items in his collection, and is constantly obtaining more, besides preserving the current issues of each of the magazines and books as they come on the market. He also has a large number of the original drawings and paintings used in the make-up of the various magazines for cover and interior illustrations.

Early fan group in the press! See next page!

bomb threat (normally it'd be enough to "We've had a threat, so would you please follow this way...") and when civilian UFO Sweden members hide in a car, they open fire with submachine guns for no real reason. The conspiracy or whatever the national weather service is involved in is "revealed" through figures in weather statistics which makes no sense. It seems enough to mutter something about Einstein, relativity, worm holes and a few minutes on a keyboard is enough to unravel things. There are no explicit aliens in the film but strange cosmological anomalies.

"UFO Sweden" is set in 1996, I wonder why that year was selected? I noticed they had carefully selected computers and software from that period (eg Windows 95) giving me a bit of nostalgic feeling. But they missed that the wireless connections used probably weren't available! Neither Wifi nor 3G had come. Overall, the film was entertaining and it looks like that the UFO Sweden organisation is a club with a lot of fun! Clas comments he doesn't think they look like terrorists in the film. Most active in the real UFO-Sweden organisation think the film is lighthearted, great fun.

I guess there'll be a rush of membership applications now...

HISTORY CORNER

Readers Unite to Check on Fantasy Tales

Special to the Free Press

JACKSON, Sept. 27 — Those writers of fiction who hurl space ships through the Milky Way and create worlds to conquer had best watch their step lest the Galactic Roamers get after them.

The Galactic Roamers, be it explained, is a thrill-story-fan club of 20 members in Jackson and Battle Creek whose aim is to call attention to writers and editors of pseudo-scientific stories the errors they make in narrating their yarns.

3,000 Stories to His Credit

John Millard, of 146 W. Euclid Ave., Jackson, one of the organizers of Galactic Roamers, claiming to have read between 3,000 and 4,000 pseudo-scientific-fiction tales in the last six years, tells about the club formed in 1940.

"Everyone in it does the work as a hobby," he says. "Our purpose is to convince erring writers to compose their stories accurately. The style of the writer, his facts and other story details are discussed. If the club doesn't like a story, the author gets a letter listing the story's shortcomings.

"Writers seem pelted with the criticism, because they know they must please their readers to be successful."

Attended Convention

Last year Millard met many of his favorite authors at the second World Science-Fiction convention in Chicago. He also met there E. Everett Evans, of Battle Creek, another avid reader, and in correspondence which followed the foundation of Galactic Roamers was laid.

Plans have been considered for the formation of a statewide fiction-fan club. Millard optimistically sees the need for a national organization, too.

"It would put the reading subject across to the public, and critical persons wouldn't be so apt to refer to magazine stories as "tripe," he says.

First an article, see previous page, about the well-known Battle Creek fans (those of the original Slan Shack!), from the *Battle Creek Enquirer* in 1941. I use the best resolution I could muster and took the aid of picture enhancement, but it's still just barely readable. If you concentrate you can read it, but I'll quote the most central parts for you here:

"Galactic Roamers", an organization devoted to trading and criticizing magazines which publish "science" and "fantasy" fiction, numbers nine Battle Creek residents as members. Experts on ray-guns and space ships, the local club members read hundreds of the magazines, keep tab on the latest "inventions" of the authors and in general make a hobby of studying the fiction. E Everest Evans...is secretary of the "Galactic Roamers and has been instrumental in the organization of the "Michifans," a state-wide organization of a similar nation.../other members named, and they/ plan to publish a mimeographed report on club activities here and...they call the publishing venture a "fanzine". The newly organized "Michifans" will hold its first "get-acquainted" conference in Jackson on November 14. About 100 fans are expected. /Some authors mentioned./ Mr Evans attended the national "Scientifan" convention in Chicago in 1940 and Denver in July of 1941, where he was a speaker and was made national chairman of a committee which will prepare plan of activities to guide the various clubs. The "Galactic Roamers" is a typical fan club and has 21 members at present /from all walks of life - fantasy and science fiction, explained, the latter:/ deals with a logical projection of the science of today, and the political and sociological effect of a future civilization on the ordinary person. While the stories deal with time-machines, space ships, rayguns and inhabitants of other worlds, these are no more fantastic today than were the thoughts of telephones, television and airplanes a hundred years ago, Mr Evans declare. "Fantasy" fiction, on the other hand, deals with the unknown and the occult. It tells stories of the myths and legends of older days, of mysticism and superstitions that still find foothold in the mind of many people. The boundaries of this type are less limited than the rigid and logical developments demanded of the former. Unlike the readers of most types of magazines, the "Scientifans" are ardent collectors of all the books and magazines, containing these stories. Mr Evans has over 600 items in his collection, besides preserving the current issues of each of the magazines and books as they come on the market. He also has a large number of original drawings and paintings used in the make-up of the various magazines for cover and interior illustrations.

Could this be the first time the word "fanzine" is used in the US press? It was coined by Louis Russell Chauvenet just the year before. *Fancylopedia* offers a clip from the

Detroit Free Press about the Galactic Roamers, of somewhat similar nature, "*Readers Check on Fantasy Tales*". It was also from 1941, so I wonder if it was the same or several reporters on visit? It's sharp enough to read, so just have a look (above). https://fancylopedia.org/Galactic_Roamers

Turning to interplanetary roaming. As Artemis has just successfully concluded its moon roundtrip, let's have a look at what they thought 75 years ago about moon trips, in Söderhamns Tidning Aug 31,

1953, "Airtight towns on the Moon Fantastic Future Project":

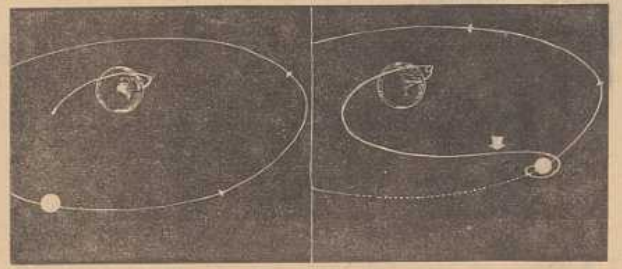
The first people have landed on the moon. From being weightless outside the space stations near Earth they now regain some of their weight and don't have to move as carefully leaving the rocket. A man weighing 75 kg on Earth will only be 18 kg on the moon. The Moon's gravity is only 1/6 of Earth's which makes it possible for the spacemen to move around without much effort in their over-pressure suits. On Earth they be more clumsy than a full-suited diver. The Moon is inhospitable for an Earthling, and the over-pressure suits will as before save the spacemen. There is no air to breath and meteorites will now and then hit and make whirls in the yellow-brown dust.. The cosmic beams aren't visible for the eye but are a lurking not yet explored danger. The spacemen can move in long strides in the low gravity. But they can't shout to each other, sound won't travel on the Moon. They can only talk to their comrades via shortwave transmitters. /NIGHT FOR 2 WEEKS/ The daily rhythm is once more changed. In the space harbour day and night switched every hour. Now the night is stretched to two weeks and the day is just as long. The first men on the moon have to work during the bright daytime. But they must be careful. The lunar surface is treacherous: if you don't look out you could trample through solidified lava and fall down into the abyss. They must watch out for cracks and not rip their over-pressure suits on the sharp cliff edges. For the landing a tempered spot near one of the poles was chosen. Around the equator the temperature is near boiling. Though the spot has been carefully selected the the sun is still burning hot. If you descend into a clove you can cool off in minus degrees. The first visit to the Moon may give the scientists taking part fascinating working material. There may be minerals and water wells below the thick layer of dust. They must investigate if there's a trace of atmosphere and if there's any form of plant life. Astronomers will have the possibility to watch the planets and stars from yet another angle. /EARTHLIGHT/ When darkness falls over the moon Earth lits up, far stronger than we see the moon shining. The stars gleam steadfast against the black space, no atmosphere breaks the light from them. Through their stay the spacemen have work to prepare a new visit by a bigger fleet. After a while they'll build moon base, which in the future will give them new opportunities to continue with the conquest of space. After a while they'll build moon base, which in the future will give them new opportunities to continue with the conquest of space. It's easy for the powerful rocket engines to whip up the speed of escape velocity, which is low on the moon, only 3.4 km/sec. When the ship is outside the moon's gravity field the engines can be turned off. Now they fall towards Earth, its gravity becoming stronger every day. The speed is tripled after five days. Earth is now 2000 km away and the moonship is once more in the orbit of the space station. When the circular space harbour turns up the breaks are applied, the moon rocket falls into its orbit and "lands". The first moon travellers return to their home in space. With some of the smaller rockets they may later go down to Earth /SOCIETIES AND TOWNS/ These are the principles for going to the moon, What is there to gain by colonising the moon and how can human life be sustained there? Arthur C Clarke is convinced humans will colonise the Moon. His plan is to build huge domes of plexiglass and fill them with oxygen. People can move inside those without any danger. In the huge domes the moon men may build gardens and get huge harvests in the not fading sunlight. You can get metals from the mountains, energy is free by using the heat from the sun. Clarke thinks he'd feel better under such circumstances than he does here on Earth... He even goes as far as predict that a few years after the first moon landing there will be societies and towns growing up. The must of course be hermetically sealed. /CAPTION. To the left the position of the moon when the moon rocket starts from the space station near Earth. The rocket is "thrown" in an orbit slightly ajar towards the Moon. At the arrow in pic 2

Lufttåta städer på månen fantastiskt framtidsprojekt

De första människorna har landat på månen.

Från att ha varit viktlos när de uppehållit sig utanför rymdstationen vid jorden har de nu återfått en del av sin vikt och behöver inte röra sig med lika stor försiktighet när de ska gå ut ur raketerna. Men en man, som väger 75 kilo på jorden, kommer bara att väga 13 kilo på månen. Månens dragningkraft är endast en sjättedel av jordens, och det gör att rymdmännens även här kan förflytta sig utan någon större ansträngning i sina övertrycksdräkter. På jorden skulle de vara mer otympliga än en dykare i full utrustning.

Månen är en ogästvänlig värld för en jordmänniska, och övertrycksdräkterna blir, liksom tidigare, rymdmännens räddning. Det finns ingen luft att andas och meteoriter slår då och då ner och virvlar upp det gulbruna dammet. Den kosmiska strål-



Bilden till vänster visar månens läge när månraketen startar från rymdstationen nära jorden. Raketen "kastas" i en svagt sluttande bana mot månen. Vid pilen på bild 2 går sig månens dragningkraft gällande och raketen "sugs" in. Månen har hunnit förflytta sig som den streckade linjen visar under raketens färd.

20.000 står i kö till första månresan

I Haydeshplanetariet i New York finns ett smukt kortregio. Det upptar nästan på 20.000 människor, som står i kö för att komma med vid de första resorna till månen. De intresserade är från hela världen och representerar alla kategorier. Bland dem är även några svenskar.

Den interplanetära resorövaren i New York har till och med upprättat listor över och noggranna beskrivningar för resorna. Så snart trafikerna kommer igång ska de resolytta underlätta... De första hoppas givetvis att de första raketerna ska komma till stånd i denna livtid.

Det är inte första gången äventyralystna människor anmält sig till rymdfärder. 1928 sprids i "tidningarna" över hela världen en uppgift att professor Goldard vid Cork College i Worester på sommaren det året skulle avfärd en raket som enligt hans beräkningar skulle hamna på månen. Han tänkte inte på med några försäkringar, då han inte kunde sätta returbiljetten. Trots detta anmälde sig omedelbart 22 personer, som önskade om att få åka med! Någon start avhölls aldrig, och projektet föll snart i glömska.

Bare två år senare fick månen resorövaren nytt hopp. Amerikanen Robert Condit påstod sig ha konstruerat en raket, i vilken han och hans flertalet skulle flyga till främmande planeter. Ingen fick emellertid se raketerna, utan uppköpta ideligen och slutligen tröttnade man på den fantastiska "raketskonstruktionen" projekt.

Det första besöket på månen kan ge vetenskapsmännen, som deltar i expeditionen, ett fascinerande arbetsmaterial. Under det tjocka dammlaget döljer sig möjligen mineraler och vattenkällor. De skall undersöka om det finns spår av atmosfär och om det finns någon form av växtlighet. Astronomerna får tillfälle att se planeter och stjärnansystem ur ännu en ny synvinkel.

"JORDSKEN"

När mörkret faller över månen Gammal jorden upp och lyser med ett långt starkare sken än vi ser månen lysa. Stjärnorna strålar blinkande mot den svarta rymden. Ingen atmosfär bryter ljuset från dem.

på 200 mils avstånd och mån-raketen är åter i rymdstationens bana. När den cirkelformiga rymdstationen dykar upp, ska bromsarna till mån-raketen falla in i dess bana och "landar". De första månresörerna vänder åter in i sitt hem i rymden. Med några av de mindre raketerna kan de sedan återvända till jorden.

SAMHÄLLEN OCH STÄDER

Detta är principen för resorna till månen. Vad man kan då att visa av en kolonisation av månen, och vilka möjligheter man kan utveckla människligt liv där?

Arthur C. Clarke är övertygad om att människor skall kunna kolonisera månen. Hans plan är att uppföra jättes stora domar av plexiglass och fylla dem med syra. Månen kan sedan människorna röra sig utan fara i dessa väldiga domar kan människorna sätta trädgårdar och långa otroliga skördar i det aldrig avkande solskenet. Man skall kunna bryta metaller ur bergen, energi får man gratis genom att stängt värmes från solen. Clarke tror att han skulle "rivas bättre under sådana förhållanden än han gör när på jorden... Han går till och med så långt, att han förutser att några år efter det de första människorna landat hela samhällen och städer skall växa upp. De måste givetvis bli hermetiskt tillslutna.



DÄR DET LÄG EN STÄD OCH HUSKET PÅ SINA FIENDER. DET FÖRSTÄTTA FÖRSTÄTTAN.

BILJETT TILL VÄRLDSRYMDEN
Femte artikeln

Ingen syns inte med blotta ögat, men är en smygande, kända utforskad fara.

Den ringa ljuskraften gör att rymdmännens kan förflytta sig med stora steg. Men de kan inte röra till varandra, ljud förplantas inte på månen. Endast via kortvågssändare kan de göra samtal med kamraterna.

TVA VECKORS NATT

Dygnsrytmen har hunnit försvunnit igen. I rymdstationen byttes natt och dag varje timma. Nu har natten sträckts ut till två veckor och dagen är lika lång. Det är under den ljusa dagtiden som de första månen på månen måste arbeta. Men de får vara försiktiga. Själva månen är förtärlig, ser de sig inte för, kan de tränga igenom tunn atmosfär havsmassa och störta ner i svyrunder. De måste akta sig för sprickor och dusselsten som till de inte river sönder sina övertrycksdräkter på de knivskarpa klippkanterna.

För landingen har valts en tempererad plats inte långt från en av polerna. Vid månens ekvator är nämligen temperaturen omkring pluspunkten. Trots att landingsplatsen valts med stor omsorg är solen ändå brännande het. Kommer man ner i någon klyfta kan man emellertid få svalka av köllgrader.

the gravity starts to act and the rocket is "sucked" in. The Moon has had time to move along the dotted line during the trip of the rocket./

There's also a box telling that "20 000 are lined up for the first moon trip" at a registry at the Hayden Planetarium in New York, amongst them some Swedes. The "interplanetary travel agency" has even made time tables. There were earlier (in the 1920s) people interested to take Robert Goddard's rockets to the moon, 52 of them, as he announced he could build a rocket that could go all the way. People also announced readiness to go when Robert Condit claimed to have constructed a rocket by which he and his fiancée would go to other planets... (It's said to be article 5 in a series. I believe *Intermission* has earlier presented 1 or 2 of them.)

We have earlier covered public panic from broadcasts that were perhaps a bit too realistic, like "War of the Worlds" by Orson Welles in 1938 in #103, a BBC show about a radioactive satellite and warnings about a dangerous sun protuberance to destroy Earth in Soviet radio (both in #107). But this story seems to have been really serious, a South American version of the Welles stunt, "Martians in Quito Radio Caused Panic and Public Raga - Radio Building Put on Fire", Dagens Nyheter 14 Feb 1949:

QUAYQUIL, Ecuador, 13 Feb (AP). Half-dressed people ran out on the streets in panic in the city of Cotacollo on Sunday evening to save their lives. They had heard an unusually realistic radio play of an invasion of Earth by Martians. According to the radio the invasion took place in Cotacollo. When the listeners after a while found out it was only a dramatic play they heard, they marched in strength to the nearby city, where huge crowds already were on their way to the radio station broadcasting it. The agitated crowds stormed the building, smashed all windows and finally put the whole building on fire. Four people died and many were wounded in the fire that destroyed the house. According to the papers the minister of defence ordered armed troops out on the streets. Tear gas and tanks were used to get the crowds away from the radio building. The anger of the crowd was also against the radio staff, that was attacked. Several persons jumped from the third floor of the radio building to save their lives from the enraged radio listeners and the fire. The police was delayed as it was assumed the riot was in Cotacollo and the broadcast was from there. When the fire brigade arrived the building was already ablaze and only its walls stood. The dramatic broadcast was based on HG Wells' well-known "War of the Worlds" and very realistic. HG Wells' book has already earlier caused panic via radio. Orson Welles did a version of "War of the Worlds" in New York in 1938. Thousands of frightened people at that time fled from their homes to save themselves from an invasion by hostile Martians.

The Ecuador Martian invasion was worse. People died and a radio station was torched. Interestingly enough because people found out it was a play and were angry about being fooled. I checked other sources. There were also legal consequences,

<https://historyradio.org/2017/01/21/the-war-of-the-worlds-in-ecuador/>

3 men were charged with provoking the death of over ten people in Ecuador. The method of their crime: creating a radio play based on HG Wells and then letting it loose on an unsuspecting public. he mob attacked and burned the building of the newspaper, *El Comercio*, which housed the radio station and killed fifteen persons and injured 15 others. The radio broadcast was the brain child of Leonardo Paez director of art at Radio Quito and Eduardo Alcaraz, the station's dramatic director. The two had become familiar with the 1938 incident in

Marsmänniskor i Quito radion vållade panik och folkvrede

Radiobyggnaden stacks i brand

QUAYQUIL, Ecuador, 13 febr. (AP) Halvklädda människor sprang på söndagskvällen i vild panik ut på staden Cotacollas gator för att rädda sina liv. De hade hört på en ovanligt realistisk radiopjäsa om en invasion av marsmänniskor på jorden. Enligt radion skulle invasionen äga rum just i Cotacollao.

När lyssnarna så småningom kom underfund med, att det endast varit en dramatisk pjäs de lyssnat på, årlögade de i samlad trupp till den närbelägna staden Quito, där stora människomassor redan var på väg mot radiostationen som utsände programmet. De upprörda massorna stormade huset, krossade samtliga fönsterrutor och tände slutligen eld på hela byggnaden. Fyra personer omkom och många sårades vid eldsvådan, som helt förstörde huset.

Enligt tidningsuppgifter beordrade försvarsministern väpnade styrkor ut på gatorna. Tångas och stridsvagnar användes för att få folkmassorna bort från radiobyggnaden. Massans vrede riktade sig också mot radiostationens personal, som förföljdes. Flera personer hoppade från radiobyggnadens tredje våning för att rädda livet undan de upprörda lyssnarna och elden.

Polisen var försenad, då det först troddes, att upproret utbröt i Cotacollao och man antog att utsändningen även kom därifrån. Då brandkåren anlände var radiobyggnaden redan helt övertänd och endast murarna återstod.

Den dramatiska utsändningen, som baserats på H. G. Wells välkända "War of Worlds", var ytterligt realistisk. H. G. Wells bok har redan en gång tidigare vällat panik i radion. Orson Welles gjorde 1938 en version av "War of Worlds" i New York. Tusentals uppskrämda människor flydde den gången från sina hem för att rädda sig undan en invasion av fiendliga Marsmänniskor.



Insert, burning radio station (from local newspaper).

America and the 1944 incident in Chile /more below/ Leonardo Paez, a native of Quito, was not only a journalist, but also a singer, composer, poet and producer of radio. In an interview with *El Dia*, Alcaraz later said that he begged Paez to announce at the beginning of the broadcast that what followed was a dramatisation, but that Paez had dismissed him. Even so, someone had planted bogus UFO reports in the newspaper *El Comercio* in the weeks before the broadcast... Ten people were detained the night of the riot, and several were later charged, among these

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receive special attention. Accepted articles will be paid for at
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The purpose of this journal is to record accurately, simply, and interestingly, the world's progress in scientific knowledge and industrial achievement.

The Rotary Mimeograph Case

FIFTEEN years ago, at a time when the trusts were allowed to pursue the even tenor of their way, unmolested by the government and unharassed by public opinion, suits which involved exactly the same principles as the rotary mimeograph case, recently decided by the Supreme Court of the United States, were not made the subject of lengthy newspaper comment. In cases which involved restrictions upon the price of a patented article upon resale, or which related to the requirement that the article sold should be used in connection with other things bought from the patentee, the absolute right of the patentee to impose any conditions that he saw fit was recognized, and no voice was raised in protest except that of the losing defendant. All that is now to be changed if Congress, listening to Chief Justice White's dissenting opinion, decides to limit the despotic privileges hitherto enjoyed by the patentee.

The facts in the rotary mimeograph case are simple. They involve no new principle in patent law. A patented machine styled a rotary mimeograph was sold with a license restriction that it was to be used only with the stencil-paper, ink and other supplies made by the patentee. The purchaser of the machine bought ink from another supply house. A suit for patent infringement was promptly instituted against the seller of the ink, and the Supreme Court, following a long line of decisions, holds by a vote of four to three that he was liable as an infringer of the patent because he aided and abetted a proposed infringing use.

In that decision the Chief Justice sees a grave national danger. He declares that numerous articles can be brought into the monopoly of a patent, "thereby tending to subject the whole of society to a widespread and irksome monopolistic control." He sees a vast zone lying between rights under a patent and the law of the land, wherein agreements can be made whose effect will be so far reaching as to dominate and limit the rights of every one.

The four judges who concurred in the prevailing opinion saw no fatal objection in permitting the patentee of a coffee pot to stipulate that only his coffee should be used in the pot, to cite only one of countless instances that are not without the bounds of possibility. Under our law the very nature of the patent monopoly confers such a right upon the patentee. He is asked simply to disclose his invention so that the public may ultimately enjoy its use, and in return he receives an absolute monopoly for a limited term. If he sees fit to do so he may reserve the exclusive use of his invention; he may pigeonhole his patent papers and never actually build a machine, which happened in the Paper Bag cases; he may dictate particular territories in which his invention shall or shall not be used; he may impose any conditions that he sees fit, however selfish or absurd they may be.

Perhaps gigantic corporations may use the patent law to achieve the end which they are now prohibited from attaining by means of the Sherman law. Perhaps social standards have so far changed since the days when the patent law was first framed that a patent may now be used for wickedness undreamed

of a century ago. Perhaps some restriction should be imposed in the interest of the public. Let us not forget, however, that the inventor, too, has his rights. He gives the world something which it never had before, something which, as in the case of the reaper, of the telegraph, of the telephone, and of the sewing machine, has increased the wealth of his country and of the world by untold millions. If an intellect which achieves such gigantic results also conceives means of controlling a market in ways perhaps not contemplated by the framers of the Constitution, let us not too rashly shackle it with burdensome restrictions.

Unquestionably abuses are possible under our present patent system. If the decision in the rotary mimeograph has served no other purpose it has at least directed the attention of Congress to the need of a careful scrutiny of our patent laws. Moreover, the resolutions recently submitted by the Inventors' Guild to the President of the United States authorizing him to appoint a committee for the purpose of investigating our patent system will probably be considered now with more than passing attention. Under our purposely liberal laws a patent may be used unmorally. But before we rush in and hastily remedy evils such as those pointed out by Chief Justice White, before we compel patentees to grant licenses to any one who may ask for them, lest the inventions be suppressed by some grasping assignee, let us study the efforts which other countries have made to strike a just balance between the inventor and the public. European countries are still experimenting in that direction, and not altogether with success.

What Martians Look Like

IT seems incredible that a scientist connected with the French Museum of Natural History should seriously concern himself with the problem of what the extremely hypothetical inhabitants of Mars must look like. Yet, according to *Le Matin*, Edmond Perrier has wasted much time and thought on that problem. As might be imagined, M. Perrier's creation is fearful and wonderful, fully as amazing, indeed, as any Martian that ever stalked in the pages of fiction.

There is not much air to breathe on Mars. Hence Perrier's Martian is endowed with a pulmonary apparatus that may be likened to a blacksmith's bellows. The attraction of gravitation of Mars is less than that of the earth; wherefore Martians are tall. Daylight is less intense on Mars; consequently, Martians must be blonde.

Nor has M. Perrier ignored the ethnological characteristics of his Martians. They are Scandinavian in type, he assures us, with blue eyes, strong noses and large ears. With gray matter, too, Martians are richly blessed, for they "know the most noble intellectual satisfactions and the suavest emotions."

If all this be true, life in Mars must indeed be "grand, intense, formidable," as Perrier says.

Making Dead Matter Live—Bastian's Work

THE old notion that life may originate from dead organic matter has long since been dismissed as an idle myth. Wherever maggots and worms appear in decaying meat or foul liquors, the living forms are now known to have originated from eggs. Pasteur and Tyndall have laid at rest all doubt upon this point.

It is upon the assumption that all bacteria arise from pre-existing bacteria, that the recent advances in the treatment and prevention of germ-diseases have been based. If these organisms ordinarily originate without the presence of similar organisms, they have managed to conceal the fact very well for forty years. For whenever we have made certain that all bacterial life has been destroyed in a given solution or other organic preparation, we have uniformly failed to obtain putrefactions or growths of any kind. Hence our faith in antiseptics and fumigations and fungicides and fly screens.

Nevertheless, the biologist who rejects the notion of spontaneous generation in the older sense, because of his faith in the principle of causality, accepts for the same reason the idea of spontaneous generation in a different sense. Many biologists are compelled to postulate the origin of living matter from non-living at some time in the history of the cosmos. For in the first place, "life" cannot be considered an ultimate fact, like energy or matter; at any rate, the scientist finds that his investigations yield more, and more satisfactory, results if he assumes that "life" is not an entity. In the second place, the biologist finds no satisfaction in assuming

Leonardo Paez, Eduardo Alcaraz and the actor Eduardo Palace. Eduardo Alcaraz had fled Quito, but was arrested later in the town of Ambato. Paez, however, had escaped that night from the burning building. Seeing that his route of retreat was cut off by an angry mob and the police, he found a way of escaping via an old conservatory. A truck then took him a property near Ibarra, and he laid low until his legal difficulties were solved. 6 years later he left Ecuador and made his way to Venezuela. Paez lost his girlfriend and his nephew to the chaos created by his own radioplay. They died in the riots. He would never return to Ecuador or be convicted of anything, but in 1982 he published his account of the radio play he broadcast on that Saturday evening in 1949.

That the hoax was sophisticated may have played a role in it becoming so unfortunate: they pre-planted fake UFO reports and didn't announce it as a play!

More: <https://cuencahighlife.com/war-worlds-1949-radio-play-remake-deadly-result-ecuador/reports/>

a stunned nation listened as one of the country's most famous radio personalities was vaporized by a death-ray, and firefighters and police rushed to the sleepy village to confront the invaders...at least six others would be dead as irate mobs discovered they had fallen for a radio hoax — and embarrassed security forces either refused, or were unable, to come to the

broadcasters' aid... In 1944, in Chile, an adaptation of the radio drama was blamed for panicking thousands and giving an electrician in Valparaiso, Jose Villaroel, a fatal heart attack...the script was adapted into Spanish for the Chilean market by William Steele, a former writer of the U.S. radio drama *The Shadow*...Radio Quito patched in other broadcasters who were also "reporting" the arrival of alien craft, and an actor playing the archbishop of Quito only fueled the hysteria. But there were also real acts that added to the effect. With President Galo Plaza Lasso out of town, someone apparently ordered police and firefighters to head to Cotacollao. The Red Cross followed suit, according to



Ribadeneira, who wrote a brief history of the event...After going into hiding for about three months, Páez was eventually exonerated. In fact, he continued working for another six years in Ecuador, winning national theater awards, before moving to Merida, Venezuela

<https://www.aldianews.com/en/culture/heritage-and-history/other-war-worlds> says "Meanwhile, other stations also fell for the scam and began to report the fake, until the threat was too great". And the papers of course wrote about it afterwards (see example).

As you know this zine has recently covered young zine editor and mimeo inventor Thomas Edison. As he licensed or sold his patent to the firm AB Dick, they added a cylinder to the contraption and we got the machine we old faneds were used to. But surfing around I found an interesting article in Scientific American, March 1912. You can read it yourself! It seems the mimeograph became a case for the US Supreme Court. AB Dick wanted the users of their mimeograph to be limited to only buy paper and ink from...AB Dick. (Voice of today: Did anyone say inkjet printers?) That practice was rejected and not something you could use a patent for, fortunately.

If you didn't have the Edison/Dick machine you could still print - with a paint can! Here more about this technique, developed by faneds Dale & Anita Tarr, https://fancylopedia.org/Dale_Tarr in the 1940s

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eo06ZRXbgao> . Norwegian fan Roar Ringdahl developed his own machin-less method that he called the Rory Roll (but he let the stencil be kept flat).

A bonus from SciAm is the piece about a scientist who believes he knows what Martians look like! Hear: less gravity and sun makes them tall and blond and...

They are Scandinavian in type, he assures us, with blue eyes, strong noses and large ears. With gray matter, too, Martians are richly blessed, for they know the most noble intellectual satisfactions and the scantest emotions.

In *Intermission* #126 an article about the great space journalist Eugen Semitjov had a picture of him and his family around his drawing board from 1972, a postage size photo. I used an AI site to enhance it and think the result was rather good (see above).The table seems to be the same as when I made a visit for an interview.

I must conclude this History Corner with the sad news that Jesper Semitjov - who I've met - died this summer, June 7, age 59 (cause not disclosed, burial was private for the family and relatives).



Mimeoing with a can!



Eugen Semitjov making space art. His second wife Anne-Marie and son Jesper watching.

Recent Events & Pictures



George Riedel's Jiddish Orchestra Played Astrid Lindgren songs Dec 3. (Riedel has written several of them.)



Nice pastel from "The Sun's Landscape" 8 Dec



Seminar "The Future of Life" Dec 9, part of the Nobel Week Dialogue. Laureates and experts on futuristic topics. There's a series of Nobel related events around the prize ceremonies Dec 10.



When literary Nobel laureate Annie Ernaux signed in a Stockholm bookshop Dec 7 a 100m queue formed.



Helena Sigander had a book release Dec 17. Left fellow Short Story Master Kjell Genberg, middle Karin Tjäder who soon will have a new book out.

Author Helena S peeking over the book of the evening, "Shiny Murder over Storholmen Island".

New Year's masks (right) that Romanians don on New Year's Eve to celebrate.



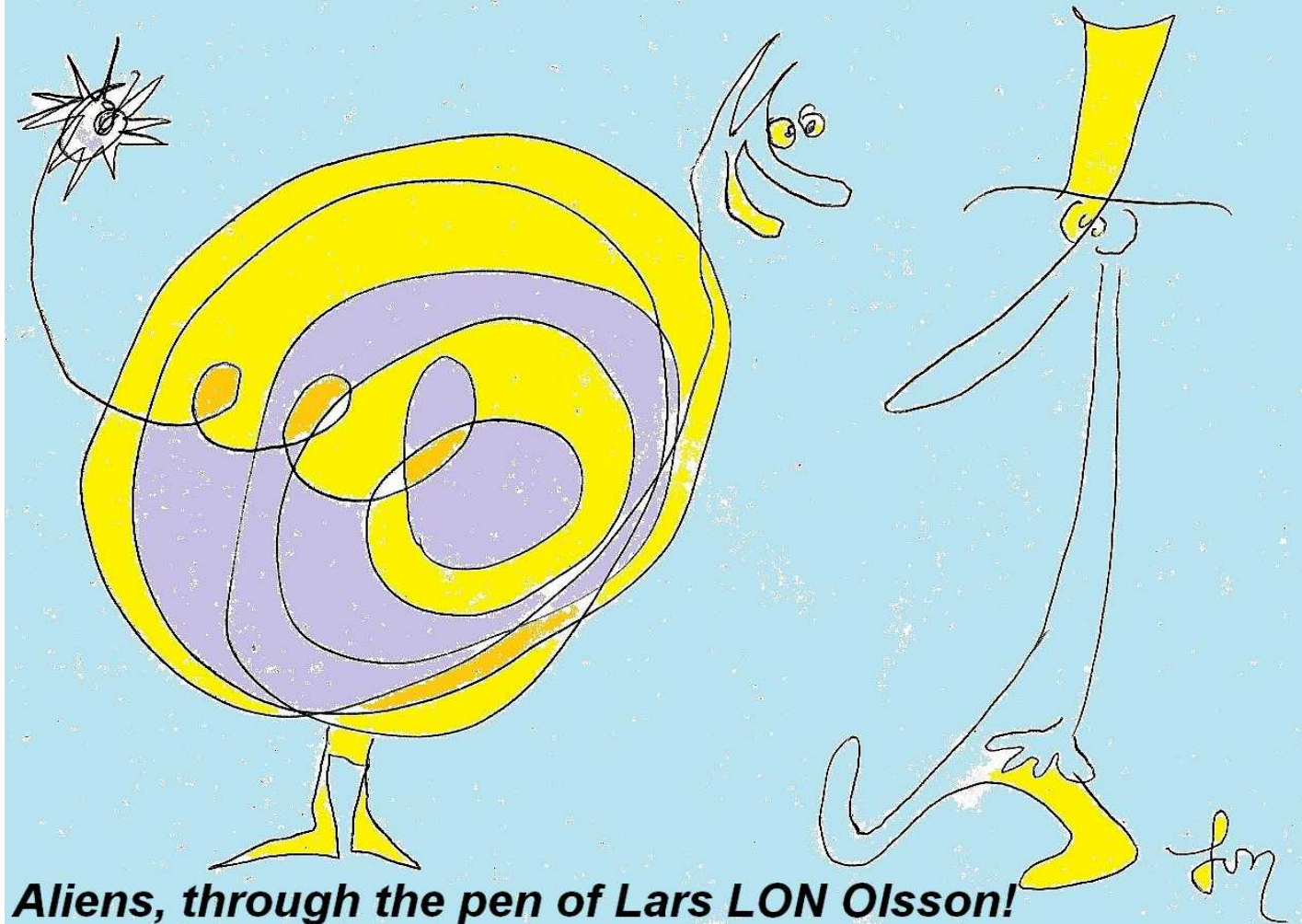


Snacks and wine after the artist presentation

"Sun's Landscape", artshow opening at Romanian Culture Institute
Dec 8, work by artist Corina Preda-Perianu (by the microphone)

Mailing Comments

Henry Grynsten: You wonder why I'm a fan of trams (and to an extent metros, which was covered in last *Intermission*). I think it's a mix of nostalgia, and being interested in technology as well as history. Trams are all that! I actually remember riding the Stockholm inner city trams (eg a trip with No 7 to Djurgården) as a kid before they were discontinued in 1967. Trams are history, telling the story of how a city has developed. It's also technology: the bogies, the electricity system, odd systems like San Fran cable cars, different tram models... BTW, in a collection of RA Lafferty short stories, I found his "Interurban Queen", alternate history of an America where trams and not cars rule! It is said - and it may be some truth to it - that the automobile industry in the mid-20th Century to a high extent bought local public transport companies, just to kill off their tram services and replace them with buses to their own benefit (car companies also often build buses). While it may sound like a conspiracy, there were in fact many advantages with buses compared to trams (cheaper to operate, routes easy to set up, etc) - but only until 1973 when the OPEC oil embargo made petrol and diesel several times more expensive. * * "Once you start going down the road to utopia, you will end up in the same spot as everyone else who wants to create the perfect world: a very dark place." A correct observation. Your idea of a "perfect" society will always have faults, and when someone tries to reach this "perfection" the faults will show, and you need to apply oppression to subdue the faults, stop opposition and so on. That's why socialism won't work. * * Interesting observation that an AI and bolshevism have similarities. A possibly dangerous AI is the idea of "perfection" directing from the top. Communists also think they know perfection (though Marx was a charlatan, cheating in his "economics research") and their society is ruled from the top by a small elite. There are definitely parallels. * * Yes, there is a risk of nukes being used in Ukraine, however the risk is small and it may NOT - if it happens - escalate. From what I have picked up, what would happen if Putin dropped tactical nukes is: 1) It wouldn't have much effect. A tactical nuke, something like the Hiroshima yield would destroy a handful of sqkm and a few hundred enemy troops. That's a very minor effect for very big political risks. 2) The winds over Ukraine most of the time goes towards the northeast. Fallout would come to Russia itself. 3) NATO has given signals it would be unacceptable and they'd respond. Likely response would be massive conventional air attacks (as not to escalate with any nukes) against all Russian troops in Ukraine, especially Crimea, and all Russian naval units. NATO can probably employ something like 1000 very capable attack jets. Russian military capability would be almost totally destroyed. I don't think Tegmark has a grip of all details in the equation and I think you are basically right about that you can't cut a deal with Putin. * * About Nobelists going astray, you forgot the semiconductor winner William Shockley who took to racist ideas. * * Contrary to you, I do believe we may one day create an AI (which can pass any Turing tests). In many ways we seem to inch closer to it even today. See the AI written sample stories in this! An advanced AI will of course have a consciousness, it will have goals but goals we have given it and approved. I'm NOT



Aliens, through the pen of Lars LON Olsson!

afraid it would "take over the world" and turn us all into paperclips. We will have enough control over any AI to make it only something that serves us well. * * But you have an interesting and truly puzzling observation in parallel to the Fermi Paradox: Where are all the AIs? Yes, if AIs developed we should expect to hear from them, to have found them in some way, around us in the universe. But just as the original Fermi Paradox has no answer yet, the Fermi AI Paradox also lacks an answer.

* * I'm not 100% sure I understand your idea of the mind of animals (something like being just "aware" but not being "conscious that they are conscious") but I lean a bit towards agreeing. But I think there should be something we can call super intelligence. it would consist of the ability to think many more steps ahead, for instance. That's dependent on processing much more information. A very intelligent chess player can think more steps ahead compared to an opponent. A very intelligent AI could do the same, except on for a chess board but for the existence itself. I don't understand why a superintelligence would "crash spectacularly". You could equip an AI with a near crash awareness ability so it stops itself. Like this: Suppose we invent an AI that's given the task of making the economy of a country grow 4% yearly (a reasonable task, I'd say). It runs, it takes in info, processes it, economy grows, grows, grows...suddenly the info it gets and processes says the economy shrinks 1%! You may put in an algorithm which says, no matter under which circumstances you STOP if the economy shrinks. Safety routines can and should be standard. * * I have BTW read Max Tegmark's *Our Mathematical Universe*, where he argues that math and equations are the ULTIMATE inner workings of the universe. Particles run after math equations. Everything does. In a way, we and evrything around us is just a simulation, but not a simulation run by aliens but one that runs by itself. Or whatever he meant. Fascinating guy.

William McCabe: Not much comments this time. About book circles, our local SFSF club have had a lot of them. When I was new in fandom I used to go to them. But not now, not for a long time. I want to choose what I read and not have a certain book you must read until next month.

Heath Row: I have also heard som OTR (Old Time Radio), including "X Minus One". Interest in old radio shows started with, I think, that Swedish National Radio ca 20 years ago started a digital nostalgia station, called SR Memories, which you could listen to over the net. They had re-runs of

shows from the 1940s/50s/after. Not all was saved in those decades, but some. The fact is that our national broadcaster was among the first in the world to get modern taperecorders. It was invented in Germany before the war and called "magnetophones". Our broadcaster got some just before WWII. They came to the US after WWII. Ampex made their own reverse-engineered magnetophone. Bing Crosby was the first to use it, so he could prerecord his radio show. The crux of the matter for Swedish Radio in the 1940s was that the tapes were rather expensive, so they couldn't save everything. Tapes were often re-used, also through the 1950s. The SR Memories station had to begin to repeat shows after a few months because what they had was perhaps, say, 1000 hours of old shows from the 1940s/50s. There were also really good shows from the 1960/70s to run, which was fun to hear again on the SR Minnen station. But beside hearing that, I also looked up old US/UK shows, eg Goon shows and "X Minus One"! I prefer OTR radio dramas and series to audio books, and there are 100s if not 1000s to download!. OTR radio dramas are more concentrated and better produced - to hear an actor just reading a text is actually rather boring. * * I have thought of doing a story competition anthology, but there are two problems: 1) For technical reasons I only have access to the competition stories from 2007 and on, and 2) the interest amongst local publishers seems very low. Small publishers do some anthologies but mostly with stuff by themselves and their friends. The major publishers do no or few anthologies. So it may be a lot of work for no gain. (And besides, I'm presently working on another book project, which takes time.) * * Yes, I know Ylva. As soon as you mentioned Beam #17 I looked it up on eFanzines. Unfortunately her conrep was very short. 1 page. Änd å löt aboät Swedish vöwels... * * Links between sf and Swedish girlie mags? Hm, some like Semitjov and Palm wrote for those mags. But we also have the real porn mags (not just nudes) where eg fanartist Lars Olsson worked for one of the publishers (as mentioned here before), author Denis Lindbohm wrote porn stories for some of those mags and so did fans Ulf Westblom and John Ågren. You must remember that in the 1970s porn was considered rather "progressive"... * * The secret of the Stora Mossen metro game...there are no rules! It's all about pretending. You name metro stations as you wish and the point is to give a complicated phoney "explanation" of your "tactic". * * EC Tubb's Cap Kennedy isn't a parody of Cap Future, more a rip-off.

Garth Spencer: Interesting faaanfiction. Conrunning isn't always covered. Have you written much Faaanfiction? I've written some. * * My favourite fanartists are ATom, Rotsler, Lars LON Olsson (which I feature in every issue of this zine), Ray Nelson and well...that's what I could think of off the top of my head. I've done some myself. I remember the times when you did drawings directly on stencilss. * * I looked up info about the Skytrain. Very interesting. Is it all elevated? Only ca 49% of the Stockholm Tunnelbana (Metro) is actually underground. However, the extensions being built now will all be 100% underground, so the underground percentage will increase.

Слава Україні!

Collage of the Stockholm harbour New Year's fireworks. Thousands watching! Rockets roaring! Corks popping!



Cherry Xray & 'Appy Brew Near!

SYNERGY 43



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This writing is the work of John Thiel, who resides at 30 N. 19th Street, Lafayette, Indiana 47904, and with an additional email address of kinethiel@mymetronet.net .

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Editorial

One Wonders At The Works of Man

For instance, my computer went into a state of being outmoded, and I had to get a so-called "laptop" (I couldn't possibly operate the thing on my lap) at a cost of \$300.00 if I was to maintain my computer identity. It was "coming right up" and I didn't lose very much time, but the laptop has more faults than my earlier, like, computer ever did. It would backtrack copy without warning and I would have to go back in my text and erase the spontaneous copy insert and then retype the retrogressed words in their proper place. Sometimes my writing would vanish but I could get it back by restarting or some other method. There were frequent erroneous notifications popping up on screen, but I could disprove them just by going on with what I was doing. It was as if some tyros were toying around with malware. Some inexperienced people, in other words. On this issue I changed the title to orange and the whole text, after a lapse of time, changed to orange, and then none of it would change back to black. I gave the issue a rest. During the period of rest the screen went to black and nothing could be made out, and I had my brother, who is a computer specialist, come over and he fixed things up in a flash, showing me formerly incomprehensible steps I could take. I went back to the issue and found more copies than I had done, and the, as it were, "orange shift" couldn't be located. It was as if the computer's automatic programming had been the work of an

orangutan. And here I am, typing away at my zine again. One truly wonders at the works of man; they build so wonderfully and then their magnificent works have faults which seemingly will result in the course of time in bringing down the system. Or else they end up with malware riding them, or both, and the malware too is a work of man.

I don't think all of the problems were solved by my brother. Probably my formatting will keep being shifted in transit, with overlaps where I had done everything I could to avoid them. One cannot achieve perfection on a "computer"; I know this from observing the problems had by everyone else; if my own setup is not distorting their copy, they have these problems as well. Yes, they have these problems on paper, too; perhaps they are using the typing facilities of computers to replace their outmoded typewriters. Or again, my typewriter was a robot back in the late eighties, and I suppose the more recent typewriters fetch some bad errors. And the printers at print shops have some glitches. Mimeos and spirit duplicators were being outmoded, too; it got so you couldn't get masters, stencils, or ditto ribbons at office goods establishments any more, and they weren't selling those machines.

As with printing, it may be that all else has become too flawed to work out successfully. So where are ye at, mankind? It seems that even a war is not managed successfully.



Mailing Comments



ESMIRALDA: You're putting a lot of yourself into your NAPA zines now, as compared to those in your prior membership. I like the change.

I've never been anywhere near video games, but I've heard them being played. There seemed to be machine gun fire coming from the central bedroom upstairs and, going up there, I found one fellow sprawled on the bed and the other was working with a handheld device and he seemed to be computing the action on the screen. The screen showed a lone wolf armed with a portable rapid-fire gun looking out the window and shooting down people who went down when hit. He transferred positions and got some more of them, but there were people moving in. He got two in the hallway and the fellow received a notification that he was a winner. I said "The screen says you won." He didn't answer this, but said "I'm not playing any more." The other fellow had no reaction to the success either. I said, "What are you going to do now, unass the bed?" He said, "We'll clean it up."

I can visualize going to a convention in Las Vegas, but this is the closest I'll ever get to it. I suppose if someone wandered through the streets there he'd be picked up by the cops before he got too far, though they could probably understand that the scenery is remarkable. I wonder if we'll be able to read about and see pictures of the convention at some time in the future.

Security site? That's around Area 51, isn't it? I've always wished there was more information coming out of there.

ARCHIVE MIDWINTER: Well, we are at the midwinter now, the zine develops lines of solid reality.

All the forces you mention operate without intelligence, by definition. "Big Bang just happens." Where would intelligence come in? Nowhere?

Well, there's always something bad happening in Russia. But who are we to complain?

Note that the word "depression" in economics refers to mood, an overcast.

Fanzines came slowly into existence as being fanzines, and came next to the concept of fandom. Some speculated it as being that in advance and helped to bring it about, to the extent that it was brought about.

SAMIZDAT: We ought to support the Ukraine with everything we've got. Namely, nothing.



Permot Soi

Loch, len, a laurie tree
ach manifred pertussin.
Forage for fannish bree
Haenae, hinah, rogot hibussim.
Mal, sepper, lannish lane
Sot verbule fermussin
When you pass away, my frane
It's the end of all the fussin'.
Barse bear on lannish toft
With guilt of sky arisen.
Think not, while staying aloft
Of all the things you're missin'.
Of all the things you're missin'.

Ye Murthered
Master Mage 262

George Phillies
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N3F

Some steps forward, some steps back. Thanks to Jefferson Swycaffer the N3F short story contest continues to get more entries every year. This year we have had a major contributor and a zine editor die, and another major contributor get an important post in his local club. Those are all losses for our pool of volunteers.

Our zine publishing is therefore going to need to retrench a bit. In the absence of a volunteer to take over as Editor, Films Fantastic may need to merge back into Tightbeam.

The Laureate Awards for 2022 Work are approaching. Categories last year began with

Best Novel (over 100,000 words)
Best Shorter Work (under 100,000 words) or
Anthology
Best Fan Writer
Best Fan Artist
Best Fan Editor
Best Non-N3F Fan Publication (electronic publication is allowed)
Best N3F Fanzine
Best Live-Action Television Show, Film, or Video
Best Animation (anime/cartoon)
Best Manga/Comic Book/Graphic Novel
Best Book Editor
Best Pro Artist, cover or otherwise
Best Literary-Critical or Historical Work

and advanced from there.

We also need more membership recruitment.

Comments

As always, a fine cover from Jose Sanchez.

Intermission 122: A fine range of news items, and good history of stfnal matters. Your government with parliamentary elections continues to be interesting. You I gather did not get S+M as a government. S+M would have meant that people on the non-socialist side who did not like the coalition government would have had SD as their closest available choice, and if I follow SD as the lead opposition party. The limited American coverage of the election seemed to say that the SD had been surprised by how well they had done, and had missed having winners in more local seats because they did not have enough candidates. Of course, American coverage of Swedish elections is a bit sparse, and only probably written by people who can find Sweden on a map.

Massachusetts elections are at the other end from your eight-parties-in-parliament. We have six statewide offices (all Democrats), two Senators (both Democrats), 9 Congressmen (all Democrats), 8 Governor's Counselors (all Democrats), 40 State Senators (37 Democrats, three Republicans) and 160 State Representatives (138 Democrats, 22 Republicans). The former Governor Baker was a Republican. When conservative Republicans took control of the Republican Party's State Committee away from Baker (moderate Republican), he appears to have done his best to wreck the Massachusetts Republican Party. Roughly 9% of Massachusetts voters are Republicans. The newspapers are 18th century propaganda pieces. For State Treasurer, the Republicans could not even get their candidate on the ballot, so it was a two-way race between a Democrat (who won) and Libertarian Cris Crawford (got 23% of the vote). Local newspapers reported that the Democrat was running unopposed, as though Crawford did not exist.

Esmeralda County Line: Kevin! Welcome to N'APA. Please stay! I am also interested in board wargames, wrote a series of books on game design and taught two courses in it, and have a modest board wargame collection (about 7000 titles). I founded the first college wargame club, the MITSGS, and am now President of board wargaming club AHIKS (AHIKS.com; membership is free and includes our bimonthly magazine.) All of you interested in this other fandom, board wargaming, are welcome to join.

I did order a piece of N3F swag, the coffee mug. Quite large. Solid-feeling. Complete with the N3F seal. Shipped in a remarkably solid box. You made an excellent choice of swag supplier.

In our ghetto are many mansions — a fine start to an Editorial for The National Fantasy Fan.

Science fiction and religion: As a counterpoint, note some of the Arkhaven cartoons run by Arkhaven owner Vox Day, or the Saint Tommy novel series from Declan Finn. (Tommy is a hard-working NYC policeman and a pious Roman Catholic who discovers he is being gifted by God with a series of charisms (The ability to work miracles, notably the miracles of real Saints, e.g., flying, bi-location.) with the implication that he will be recognized as a saint when he dies.

I wish you the best on SilverCon, but am too far away to attend. Fission-Chan is indeed amusing.

Archive Midwinter: The Of Breaking Waves cover is by Brad Fraunfelder, a professional artist who charges appropriately.

Shakespeare's plays do appear in one of my novels, iirc Mistress of the Waves, in which it is noted that in the far future only one of his plays has survived, this fortunately being his greatest, Timon of Athens.

Thank you for reminding me of Walter Jon Williams, who I had forgotten (and never read).

I won't disagree that I have a limited stable of characters, though in Eclipse, Airy Castles All Ablaze, Stand Against the Light, and Of Breaking Waves, well, it's the same character.

Intermission 126 : Ahrvid, as this is your second issue in this collation, you should be doing mailing comments on yourself.

Your subway system has a station for ghosts? How thoughtful.

Aside: Librarian meeting Psychic Medium

Medium: What did you want from me?

Librarian: Our Library is haunted.

Medium: I'm sorry, I'm a medium, not an exorcist.

Librarian. Oh, no, you don't understand. These ghosts are our customers. We want to know how to serve them better.

19th century: As is usually forgotten, the first airplane to generate enough lift to take off and engage in powered flight was built by Sir Hiram Maxim. It used a steam engine. It was a bit limited, in that its wheels ran under as well as above a set of rails, so its ceiling was about three feet. The rails blocked further climbing. The rails were just as well, because its only controls were the engage and emergency depower for the steam engine. The airplane had no ability to control roll, pitch, or yaw, but it did fly. The lift was adequate to pull the rails and stakes out of the ground over a considerable distance.

Many thanks for the linotype history!

Arthur Clarke was fond of shallow diving. He invented a gadget — an air compressor on a raft — to replace tanks for scuba diving. Diver had a line to the raft and towed it around. He showed us an illo, in some SF magazine, when he visited the MITSFS library. Someone in Ceylon was iirc making them.

Of Breaking Waves

Another segment

Chapter Eclipse and Pickering

Late evening. The sky was dark. The full moon, partly masked by scudding clouds, illuminated the silhouette of an ancient pine. Pickering, alone in his study, worked at his desk, pausing once and again to admire the baleful flicker of the moon's reflection in his dark and wind-swept lake. Line after line of text marched across the monitor as his latest monograph acquired another chapter.

A window opened in the display, Telzey's ever-smiling visage in its center. *Guten abend, Herr Doktor Professor*, she announced. *Contingency salted caramel ice cream has been activated. A visitor has entered the west gazebo from unknown direction.*

“Display visual, west gazebo, full screen.” Pickering ordered. The contingency name was an alleged desert concoction so hideous in its taste that it would never be mentioned accidentally, at least by him. Whatever now happened would not be recorded in Telzey’s permanent memory.

“Is Comet back?” She hadn’t expected to return, but just before she left him for the last time she had warned that there was the slightest chance that her return would become necessary.

“*At the five-sigma level, it is Miss Eclipse,*” Telzey responded.

To Pickering, that outcome seemed unlikely. Having your body vaporized ought to be fatal, even for the hardiest of superheroes. The computer’s smiling face was replaced by a video image of the porch. The outside lights were dim, but the cape and silver-white hair left little doubt as to the visitor’s identity. Eclipse was clutching the railing, leaning to support her weight. Slowly, she straightened my back. “Telzey, outside lights \ldots no, cancel, cancel. Outside pinlights, full garden, off. Kitchen and breakfast room, lights off.” Let us not, though Pickering, alert everyone spying on me to the fact that I have a guest, one about whom they would rather not hear. That’s especially the case when the guest is dead and buried, even if her burial was purely symbolic. In particular, let’s us not call their attention to my doors, opening and closing. He skipped down the stairs.

Swinging open the side door, he met a wan, thinner Eclipse. Her smile was visibly forced.

“I came to apologize,” she said. “I promised we’d be gone days and days ago. They went; I didn’t. Actually, I wasn’t here to leave. I would’ve gone, if I could have done it. I just couldn’t.”

“Come in! It’s cold out there. And you don’t owe apologies. Aurora told me what happened. You killed three star demons, and they seemed to have taken you with them.” He led the unprotesting girl through his kitchen, swaddled her in a comforter, and urged her into a window seat. “The girls were convinced you’d been expanded into incandescent plasma. If you are unwell, I could arrange for you to be hospitalized, though local clinical experience with personae is, let us say, limited.”

“Limited? Nonexistent? Publishable?” Eclipse burst into giggles, paled, and clutched her side.

“Sorry. My joints still hurt if I move fast. No, that’s real kind of you, me not having insurance or anything. But you don’t need to. Besides, what could your people do? You can’t even X-ray me; I’m, like, totally opaque to x-rays. It’s not that I haven’t been banged up before. I found a quiet place. Spending a day lying there, resting, fixed everything serious.”

“Did you have enough food with you? Are you hungry now?” Pickering asked.

“I had good cooking, not mine. And in a pinch I don’t have to eat, though that trick is really not good for a growing girl. But I hate to impose on you. I came here to apologize, not to mooch another meal,” she explained.

“I am entirely capable of directing unwelcome free-loaders to the door,” Pickering responded. “You, on the other hand, saved my world from great misfortune and are a welcome guest. You are surely welcome in almost any home in these United States, save for a few occupied by judges and Congressmen. I fear that my references to hanging corrupt political officials frightened them. Would steak and salad do? I have a cous-cous, a bit hot with curry and ginger, and imam bialdi -- eggplant and tomatoes and olive oil.” my eyes lit up.

“It sounds great! But me? Welcome?” Eclipse was utterly astonished.

“Of course. You’re a hero. If you hadn’t done --- what you did --- the Star Demons would have killed us all.”

“Your people?” Eclipse wondered. “Yeah, the Tibetan Empire was just setting up its production lines. And force walls and antimatter bombs were a lot more effective against a single target --- Comet and me --- not that it did them any good --- than against flocks of aircraft. So you would’ve won against the Tibetans, I guess, if they hadn’t summoned the Star Demons, but lots of your people would’ve died.” *That’s assuming,* she thought, *that the demons were summoned by the Tibetans and not the Andes invaders.*

“We know,” Pickering said. “My whole country knows, now. You would be a beloved heroine, welcome in any home in the land, except for the minor detail that we gave you a state funeral.”

“Me? Welcome?” Suddenly she produced a handkerchief from her cloak.

Pickering turned his back, making busy with cooking, letting the steak grill until her tears subsided.

She continued. "Sorry. It's so different, having people who like me. It's not that way at home. Not at all. No matter I saved a lot more people there, from something far worse, than I saved people here. They don't understand, so they all hate me."

"I understand why you did what you did. And Comet and Aurora said they understood." Pickering produced a cup of warm milk, slightly flavored with cocoa and cinnamon, from the microwave. "Cloud hoped you had died. His reaction was unforgivable. Unless your world is incomprehensibly different than mine."

"He knew. I'm not infinitely strong. I've had gifts longer. That helps. Their gifts limit themselves. If they want extra power, it's a real struggle for them. I know how to call power, all I want. If I don't mind wrecking myself up. I get attrited calling my gifts. My limit is that attrition kills me if I go too far."

"Attrition?"

"Star could spend all day slicing tanks to ribbons, no sweat. When Comet crashed out, before you met us, she'd done thirty hours without sleep and twenty billion lightyears, carrying more weight than she should, in twenty hours. But me? Anything I do hurts me, a bit. Luminosa wiped me out, enough so I was half-conscious for a day. And there's long-term damage: When I get home, I mostly forget using gifts for a couple weeks. Or I'm in real trouble."

"You'd be welcome to stay here permanently," Pickering exuded total sincerity.

Eclipse shook my head. "My pets wouldn't like that. Ponies get lonely. The cats would start to get wild. Besides, I want to go home. Sleep in my own bed. No matter that you gave me the most wonderful bedroom I could ever imagine. Lots nicer than mine. It's just not home." She returned to my original conversation. "I said I came to apologize. I haven't. We promised we'd go away. But I haven't. I don't have an excuse. I, I just couldn't face the trip, not twice across the universe, not until I'd healed up a bit."

"No one here would fault you," answered Pickering. "Indeed, if you promised to let us work our own justice under our own laws, in our own terri-

bly inefficient way, no one would be upset if you remained here forever. Certainly no one, except a few politicians afraid for their necks, minds if you spend the night."

She smiled shyly. "If you put it that way. But in the morning I'll go. I have two other good-byes to make. I have things to do, back at home."

Pickering set out dinner. Eclipse was girlishly polite, ready to make conversation, but obviously ravenously hungry.

"I hear. I accept your apology. Say no more. Tell me, though. What is your community, to which you are gift-true?" he asked.

"My community?" She seemed taken aback, sampling the food to postpone answering his question. "My community is the one you always have to live with. The one you carry with you. It's --- all the hero tales and books you read, everything your mom tells you. They're in your mind. You have to live with them. You can't ever leave them." She finished another mouthful of cous-cous. "I'm alone. Alone as you can get, in my world. My community is me. And my past. Did you ever read Cicero's *On Duty*?"

"A fine, inspirational work, scarcely read in these unfortunate and decadent times," Pickering responded.

"I checked. Your world and mine have the same essay. Yours is hard to find. Ours is the most read book in the world. Cloud and Comet and all the guys, they've already memorized bits in second and fourth and sixth grade; they'll read it in ninth and twelfth grade, and likely twice again in college. My mom made me read it in Latin, well, she said I should. And I always trusted mom completely. So I did. After I learned Latin. I read it a month before we left each other. So I have a community. It's only Cicero is dead, so he can't answer my questions, so I have to figure out myself what he meant." She turned my attention to the meal.

Far later, main courses having been followed by apple pie and ice cream, Pickering began a fresh question. "That leads me to my other inquiry, the one I'd hesitated to ask before, hesitating until the opportunity seemed lost. You once mentioned the Great Maze, where past and future may be woven and re-woven. Where is it?"

“You want to see the Great Maze? It's not far at all, by interstellar flight standards, allowing it's where it belongs, here in your world. But why?” she asked.

“Eclipse, I don't want to see the Great Maze. Comet explained its rules. I want to walk the Maze, understanding that failure and death are one and the same there.” Pickering sounded totally serious.

“Walk the Great Maze? You? It tests people relative to their limits. I guess with its rules you'd have the same chance as anyone else. Not very good. I wouldn't dare try it,” she said.

“I do not ask you to go for me. I'm asking you where it is, so I can get there myself. There's something I need to correct,” he explained. “Something I can't correct here, for all my genius, my scientific pre-eminence, my untold millions, Telzey's computational skills. Something in the past, done forever, locked away by the passage of time.”

“It's not suicide to try the Maze. It's been done. Not by a human being, not that I know. If you really want to go, I'll take you. Tomorrow. It's not much out of my way. And that Maze lets people back out, if they want to turn and run. So if you find it's insoluble, I'll just bring you home again.”

“Agreed. What should I wear? Armor? A space-suit?” Pickering inquired.

“Its puzzles are mental, not physical. Comfortable clothing, Whatever gives you confidence. But why?” she asked.

“Let us say that Telzey's image is that of a real person. One who kept to her original course.”



Snow Poster Township #8

Jan. 5, 2023

Snow Poster Township is an apazine published by Heath Row, 4367 Globe Ave., Culver City, CA; kalel@well.com; 718-755-9840 mobile; 323-916-0367 fax. Banner artwork by Henry Chamberlain. *Snow Poster Township* is prepared for contributors to N'APA, members of the National Fantasy Fan Federation, and select others. (Previously, it was prepared for FAPA. My previous N'APA apazine was titled *Snow Poster City*, and this effectively combines both.) A recent copy can be requested for the Usual. A member of the Fan Writers of America. This is a Karma Lapel publication.

From the Reading Pile: A Book Review

Ghost-Walker by Barbara Hambly (Pocket, 1991)
Inspired by my reading 93 books last year—and another friend who's an active reader—a friend of mine has pledged to read 52 novels in 2023, a book a week. Thing is, they're going to be *Star Trek* novels. His first pick: Barbara Hambly's 1991 original series title, *Ghost-Walker*. I happened to have it on the shelf, so I decided to read along and will try to do so as many weeks as I'm able to.

The novel takes place during the fourth year of the *Enterprise*'s five-year mission. Elcidar Beta III is a peaceful, idyllic planet located between the Federation and the Klingon Empire, home to the Midgwins, a beaked humanoid race that lives in tune with the land. Having almost exhausted their natural resources and not yet adopting technology or agriculture, they are on the edge of starvation, as are the representatives of the Federation Xenological Institute assigned to study the Midgwins.

Kirk's lover of two weeks, Helen, is deciding whether to remain behind to join the research

institute's effort, and Kirk participates in a mind meld-like shared consciousness with a Midgwin to gain their trust and communicate good intentions. (The Midgwins participate in a ritualized shared consciousness called the Consciousness Web, which brings them closer together, and closer to their home planet.) The crew of the *Enterprise* hopes to address the planet's resource scarcity, perhaps by introducing agriculture, which would improve their food supply—but which might go against the Prime Directive (an issue not even mentioned in the book).

Returning to the ship, the crew begins to experience a ghost-like presence on the ship: a brief glimmer of something else arriving in the transporter room on arrival, an occasional chill in the air, objects moving on their own accord unwitnessed, and the disruption of an experiment. At the same time, Kirk doesn't seem quite himself and begins acting in uncharacteristic ways, drawing the attention and concern of Spock—and Helen.

I won't discuss too much more of the plot, lest I ruin others' reading experiences, but the resolution of the mystery wasn't quite what I expected. Chapter Eight is particularly revelatory, as is Chapter 10, clarifying just what happened—and is happening. Spock's life is endangered at one point, and the crew works together to resolve the growing crisis, which includes a return to Elcidar Beta III, an encounter with Klingons, and a political—or philosophical—schism among the Midgwins.

Discussing the book with my friend, he said that the “[f]irst two chapters were dreadful. It should have started with Chapter [three]. Really took off from there.” I agreed that the novel began awkwardly. The beginning was rocky, but the book soon caught its stride, and the mystery developed nicely. I had my suspicions but hadn't developed a confident hypothesis yet when the situation became clear. The outcome was quite satisfactory.

From the Reading Pile: Speculative Poetry

In late December, Jean-Paul L. Garnier, proprietor of Space Cowboy Books in Joshua Tree, Calif., and editor of *Star*Line* for the Science Fiction & Fantasy Poetry Association, mailed me a couple of his speculative poetry chapbooks.

Time's Arrow is a 16-page mini collecting multiple poems, including the pieces “Time's Extended Warranty” and “The Zone.” All relatively short, some shorter than a page, the poems collected address biochemistry, chance, entropy, fractals, heat death, infinity, time, and transformation. My favorite item might be the visual poem “Abruptly.”

The second item, *Utopian Problems*, is another 16-page edition, offering a slightly more widely ranging selection of poems. Poems address art, education, equality, faith, globalism and localism, plenty and scarcity, probability, unity, utility, and utopia. Ursula K. Le Guin is explicitly mentioned in “Small Utopias,” and Garnier’s poetry en masse is equally speculative and spiritual, highly idealistic.

You can learn more about his bookstore at <https://spacecowboybooks.com> and *Star*Line* at <https://www.sfpoetry.com/starline.html>. Inquire about obtaining these poetry chapbooks by writing Jean-Paul L. Garnier, Space Cowboy Books, 61871 29 Palms Highway, Joshua Tree, CA 92252.

From the Reading Pile: Comic Strips

Based on Jefferson Swycaffer’s recommendation, I obtained a copy of Dan O’Neill’s *The Collective Unconscience of Odd Bodkins* (Glide, 1973). This, the final *Odd Bodkins* collection, compiles the “best of a decade of newspaper comic strips.” O’Neill’s counterculture-informed strip ran in *The San Francisco Chronicle* daily for seven years. Also published in 350 other newspapers around the world, the strip reached 50 million readers at its peak. That is utterly mind boggling.

While O’Neill had agreed not to address politics, religion, or sex in the strip, he was only able to avoid sex. Characters began to address more metaphysical topics, and the comic was dropped in 1966, prompting a readers campaign to bring the strip back to newsprint. Reading the strips collected here, documenting 1967-1970, it’s a surprise that they ever appeared in a mainstream newspaper. Though San Francisco, of all cities, makes sense. *Odd Bodkins* is flush with depictions of and references to drugs, the media, politics, religion, and social issues galore—heady stuff for a daily comic strip.

Artistically, O’Neill’s work struck me as a combination of George Herriman’s *Krazy Kat*, the fan art of William Rotsler, underground comics by Robert Crumb—O’Neill was one of the Air Pirates—and 1960s commercial illustrations by artists such as Jim Flora. The strip is an explicit trip, featuring recurring characters Fred and Hugh as they explore the then-current state of America in all its glories and horrors. At times, it is the great American road trip.

They encounter Smokey Bear; cowboy Roy, the Sermon on the Mount; Norton the motorcycle; a giant chicken; General Injun; Mr. Spanky; Abraham Lincoln; Mickey Mouse (shades of the Air Pirates); and other denizens of the collective subconscious. For

the most part, the journey is one in search of life and love, to avoid loneliness. To find hope.

Primarily a fantasy, the comic strip—and this collection—might be of interest to fans of fan art, underground comic books, and fanzines. O’Neill himself published a one-cent, four-page periodical titled *Penny-Ante Republican*.

Because it’s been a while since I first read *The Collective Unconscience of Odd Bodkins*—I’ve been saving a review for *SPT* and *N’APA*—the collection warrants another read. It’s a comic strip unlike any I’ve ever seen before—even Bobby London’s *Popeye* or Bill Griffith’s *Zippy the Pinhead*. Neither those, nor *Bloom County* and *Doonesbury* even come close to the themes and topics addressed by *Odd Bodkins*—or O’Neill’s approach.

The work is stunning, and it was earth shattering to learn of *Odd Bodkins* existence. Thank you, thank you, Jefferson, for mentioning it!

Screened at the Globe: A Movie Review Journey to the Center of the Earth

In early January, a friend and I watched the 1989 *Journey to the Center of the Earth*, which is quite different from the 1959 adaptation of Jules Verne’s novel and—thankfully—*not* the 2008 version starring Brendan Fraser. The fantasy film is a sequel of sorts to the 1988 *Alien from L.A.*, both of which are loosely based on Verne’s writing.

A young British nanny played by Nicola Cowper sporting a very cute short new-wave haircut, is hired by a down-on-his-luck rock star on tour in Hawaii to take care of his dog. She falls in with a trio of siblings who enjoy exploring the caves of the island—and who plummet to the lost city of Atlantis in a rockfall during a volcano eruption.

The group discovers an underground society that plans to invade the surface world above in response to their arrival, as well as that of an earlier accidental visitor, Wanda Saknussemm, portrayed by Kathy Ireland. (She was *bumped*.) The resulting movie is a bizarre melange of *1984*, *Brazil*, *Idiocracy*, and *Max Headroom*. Parts reminded me of *Adventures in Babysitting*, and others reminded me of *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers*.

The younger brother among the siblings is fixated on comic books, wearing a Captain Marvel jacket and leaving behind pages of the fictional comic *Doctor Cairo* as they make their way through the subterranean world. At one point, he gets lost, separated from the group as he reads while walking. Janie du Plessis is amazing in her dual role as the scheming underground leader Rykov and scavenging caphound Shank.

There's an Emo Phillips cameo in a dream sequence. That dream sequence includes some stunning *The Dark Crystal* Skeksis-like large-form puppetry. And some of the wide-angle shots, models, and matte paintings are absolutely amazing despite the movie's presumably small budget. The special effects are adequate, and the soundtrack reminded us of a production music library's take on Oingo Boingo.

The first time I saw this movie, I came in about halfway through and sat transfixed trying to figure out just what the heck I was watching on TV. I had to Google plot elements to even identify the movie and enjoyed finally seeing it in its full, entirely weird form. Now I have to watch *Alien from L.A.*

"Are science fiction and fantasy as rife with autocracies as some have implied? ... I surveyed a subset of the reviews I have been posting on my personal website (James Nicoll Reviews) ... [in] 2022. Sample size ... 260 reviews... Not applicable ... 16% ... Unclear ... 8% ... Anarchy ... 2% ... Pure democracy ... 0.5% ... Representative democracy ... 28% ... Oligarchy ... 36% ... Autocracy ... 9%."—James Davis Nicoll, "SF and Fantasy Governments: A Semi-Scientific Survey," *Tor.com*, Jan. 5, 2023

Comments on N'APA #261

Jose Sanchez's **cover** to N'APA #261 is delightful. I presume it's some sort of spacecraft, but it doesn't seem to be an unidentified flying object: It's labeled by the United States Air Force! A beautiful painting representing technical detail as well as mystery.

I've already commented on **Ahrvid Engholm's** *Intermission* #122 in *Explosion Containment Umbrella* #1. But wait! It's not #122, the issue was misnumbered, and I believe it's actually #125. I shall reprint my comments on #125 from *ECU* #4 in slightly different form below in response:

"After commenting on the death of Queen Elizabeth and recent Swedish elections, Ahrvid remarked on developments in the Russo-Ukrainian War. Thank you for sharing the results of the 23rd Fantastic Short Story Competition. (I even chuckled at your use of the phrase, 'skiffy, fanty or horry.') I'm glad that the contest has resulted in helping new writers enter the field, publish books, and otherwise increase interest in the genres locally.

"The contest made me think of *Fission* #2 Vol. 1 published by the British Science Fiction Association and *50 Science Fiction Tales*, edited by Gail Jamieson and Gary Kuyper. The first volume is an anthology of almost 20 stories edited by Eugen Bacon and Gene Rowe for the BSFA. And the Jamieson and Kuyper anthology features short stories from the South

African Nova Competition from 1969-2019. The Nova awards are held annually by the sf club Science Fiction & Fantasy South Africa.

"As you approach the 25th anniversary of the Fantastic Short Story Competition in Sweden, consider publishing a commemorative anthology! I'm sure it'd be a wonder even if only offered in Swedish, but it might also be an opportunity to offer such stories in English. In South Africa, even though English is the fourth most common spoken language, it is the primary language in government and media. The SFFSA anthology was offered entirely in English.

"At the very least, I hope that this year's winners find publication—and perhaps translation. I know one might not want to lock up first publication rights for such winners, but even a chapbook featuring the three stories would be welcome, perhaps.

"It was fun to see your Swecon report in *Locus*—I'd never recognized the pun before!—and you might enjoy Ylva Spangberg's Acon report in *Beam* #17. Perhaps you even know her!

"Your History Corner on the 'News on Technology' column in the men's magazine *FIB-Aktuellt* was extremely interesting to me. Not only did you share *Lektyr's* coverage of Bengt Björklund's experiences as partly portrayed in *Midnight Express* and the book by Billy Hayes that inspired it, you offered an example of Sune Envall's science-related comics for *FIB*. I appreciated your descriptions of the activities of Anders Palm, Eugen Semitjov, and their involvement in science journalism, sf, and comic books.

"But I'd like to learn more about any further connection between Swedish girlie mags and sf. I've been playing with the idea of exploring the connection between sf and sex in the United States, inspired by Forrest J Ackerman's occasionally recommending that members of science fiction clubs model for cheesecake photographers and nudie mag publishers, Bill Rotsler's involvement in pornographic movie making and publishing, and the occasional appearance of science journalism and sf in American porn mags. The connection was most active in the 1960s and 1970s—Harlan Ellison edited *Rogue* magazine, for example—and *Playboy* even published a line of sf anthologies and sf adventure novels.

"Your comments on Christina Lindberg and *Thriller: A Cruel Picture* reminded me of Daniel Ekeroth's book *Swedish Sensationsfilms*, which I have on a shelf. I'll refer to it for additional information on the two. Thank you for expanding on your attitudes toward literary and media fandom."

I was pleased to see **Kevin Trainor** rejoining N'APA with *Esmeralda County Line* #1. Your

mention of fezzes inspired me to don my propeller beanie while apahacking. What a grand involvement in fandom you've had over time, from going to cons, founding a con, and participating in StippleAPA. Consider asking the official editor or collator of that apa whether they offer agenting services for printing. As OC of APA-L, I print most of our participants' apazines, charging them for printing, postage, and other associated costs. You might not need to wait to get a printer! You might have already inquired about that, so disregard this advice as appropriate. I know that not all OCs or OEs agent printing. Such is the case for the Spectator Amateur Press Society, for example.

Unemployment and homelessness will certainly interfere with fanac and apahacking. Sounds like you prioritized appropriately. What was that time in your life like? Glad you've overcome the homelessness; not all do. What was your previous apazine titled? Why not continue using its title?

Your remarks about cosplay and the need to police con members who give in to "creepy tendencies" inspired me to think about the growing use of cosplay guidelines at cons. While most of the guidelines I've encountered have focused on members' interactions with cosplayers (The May 27, 2022, *Arizona Republic* article "Going to Phoenix Fan Fusion this weekend? Here's how to approach your favorite cosplayers" [<https://tinyurl.com/cosplay-consent>] is a fine example), I'm increasingly finding sets of guidelines similar to those of the forthcoming Causeacon in West Virginia, which primarily address the cosplay itself. (<https://tinyurl.com/causeacon-cosplay>) Rather than "Keep your hands to yourself," the trend seems to be toward "Offer people fewer places to place their hands." I am mostly joking, but I'm glad the guidelines address both audiences: cosplayers and con members.

I agree with you wholeheartedly: "The whole purpose of chopping up SF into various subgenres should be ... to help explain a story you're talking about to somebody unfamiliar with it." I would suggest that describing something as a "dark loli magical girl anime" would also only be meaningful to someone who knows what you mean by those terms. How we describe something within a fandom might be different from how we describe it within another fandom—for those of us who cross fandoms—and would be even more different from how we'd describe it to a mundane, whatever that is. Now, tell me more about those dark lolis.

While I haven't read Ira Levin's *This Perfect Day*, if it is indeed cyberpunk, published in 1970, it well predates the cyberpunk movement and would

therefore be a precursor. Fascinating! I'll have to keep my eyes open for a copy. Your rant on trufen vs. fringefen was music to my ears. Hear! Hear! A rising tide lifts all boats, as they say.

Your comments about the growing division between Minicon and MNSTF gave me pause. I served on staff for the first time at Loscon 48, in hospitality and at the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society's book sales table (which was great fun). Even though I've been going to LASFS meetings online for some time—and in person several times in the late 2000s—most of the con staff were new to me. There seems to be a strong community of con runners in southern California, who help make Loscon, Gallifrey One (the *Doctor Who* con), Anime LA, and local Westercons run smoothly. I'd been aware of con fen as one of the many boats in One Big Fandom, but I'd not yet experienced con *staff* fen! And you're right: con runners might not represent club fen, and both might not represent con members more broadly. It takes all kinds to sail the surging sea.

In 2016, Tor published an online article titled "19 Positive Approaches to Religion in Sci-Fi and Fantasy" (<https://tinyurl.com/sf-religion>) addressing the issue you raised about portrayals of religion in sf and fantasy. In southern California, a frequent Loscon dealer—and N3F member!—Wesley Kawato publishes a fiction-oriented fanzine titled *Nova Science Fiction*. He specializes in religious sf. Though he publishes infrequently, he's a steady presence and is highly enthusiastic about the role sf can play in evangelization. I find the general quality of the fiction *Nova* publishes to be similar to that in *Pablo Lennis*, and John Thiel's fiction fanzine also occasionally serves up some sparkling gems. I, too, recommend it in case readers resonate with it.

Alas, Son of Silvercon takes place the weekend of my wife's birthday, so it's doubtful I will attend. As a non-fan, my wife would be appalled if I prioritized a con over spending time with her, and that would make a poor birthday present. Regardless, you can count on me as a supporting member if such memberships are offered. In fact, I encourage you to offer them!

Jefferson Swycaffer's *Archive Midwinter* dated July 17, 2022, opened with commentary to Ahrvid on $t=0$. You're right; even seeing the term " $t=0$ " made me think of " $t=-1$." Why should you care what I think? Because if we're engaged in a conversation, what I think—or say, or write—is now... in your own mind. BWAHAHAHA. In regards to Dan O'Neill's *The Collective Unconscience of Odd Bodkins*, please see review above. I've procured two additional books by O'Neill and shall read them anon, or eventually.

As an early furry, were you acquainted with Fred Patten? LASFS recently recognized his position as a patron saint for the club, prompting a brief writeup in *Telegraphs & Tar Pits* #46. He and I exchanged emails back in 2013, and I regret not having spent more time with him. You wrote, “[A] recession occurs when people think a recession is occurring.” Just recently, we were reportedly in a recession; then economists said we weren’t actually in a recession. But if people were behaving as though we were in a recession, perhaps we... are! So goes the collective construction of perceived reality.

I previously commented on **Ahrvid’s** *Intermission* #126 in *ECU* #4 and shall reprint my remarks in slightly different form below:

“I enjoyed and appreciated your remarks on the history of public transportation in Stockholm, specifically the Metro. I’ve lived in multiple cities with strong public transit systems—Chicago, San Francisco, Boston, and New York City—but Los Angeles is just beginning to catch up to where it was in the 1950s before the last streetcar ran in 1961.

“The LA area once had a rich and widespread network of streetcars that was thrown over for bus and automobile transportation. When we first moved here in 2009, there was talk of extending the light rail from downtown—a subway there—toward the ocean and through Culver City, where I now live—as well as in other areas, and that is now indeed the case. Elevated trains now follow some of the historic light rail corridors that were abandoned when the city moved away from its network of streetcars.

“My father was a model railroader—still is to a less-active extent—so I’ve been bitten gently by the trainspotting bug. I got a kick out of the transit map included in the ‘Trams and Art’ section, and that’s definitely one way to begin mapping fansites in a given area (the fanac Ouija board you mention to Henry Grynnssten?). I also enjoyed the Fannish Metro Game; do you have to name the stops in order? Why wouldn’t one just start by saying ‘Stora Mossen’? Add 19 Storskogs Way to the list of fansites!

“Having ... reread A.J. Deutsch’s ‘A Subway Named Mobius’ (*Brass Hat Mind* #1), I can attest to its excellence as a story. Read it, then listen to the song ‘M.T.A.’ by the Kingston Trio. From the History Corner, I shall have to seek out E.C. Tubb’s Captain Future parody as Gregory Kern, as well as Gunnar Gällmo’s *Uppror!* as Ferdinand Fitzschkloff.”

In *Ye Murdered Master Mage* #261, **George Phillis** remarked on the unfortunate deaths of Justin E.A. Busch, Robert Madle, and Will Mayo. Busch’s death inspired multiple commemorations in various fanzines, including *The Obdurate Eye* #21, *This*

Here... #58 (an excellent piece by William Breiding), *Vanamonde* #1520, and *The Zine Dump* #56. There’s also a wonderful piece on Busch in *Portable Storage* #5. As I said in my own *Telegraphs & Tar Pits* #42, I was proud to be edited by Busch for *Films Fantastic*, and enjoyed our occasional email correspondence. I will miss him, his ideas, and his writing sorely. In our last email exchange, we were planning a future piece considering the most recent *Dune* film adaptation and its knockoffs: *Planet Dune* and *Sand Planet*. The piece also intended to explore the original movie, the adaptations’ relationships to the original novel by Frank Herbert, and even the *National Lampoon* parody *Doon*. Now I’m not sure if that piece will ever be written. My loss, and ours.

Your writing “We are the last generation of authors who will be able to populate other solar systems with planets as we see fit,” made me strangely sad, as well as invigorated. There’s still plenty of room for speculation, and who says sf needs to stick to known exoplanets? Still plenty of wonder to be tapped.

Is it that “fandom would fade from the scene without fanzines,” or that fandom will fade without fan writing—or, as John Hertz might prefer, fanwriting? I’ll need to stew on that for a while. While social media participation might be considered fan writing, I’m not sure it meets the same needs. “Of Breaking Waves”: RAEBNC. I enjoyed the photograph of the mantis you witnessed!

John Thiel’s *Synergy* dated November 2022 opened with a welcome invocation and a reference to Ninth Fandom. Have you explored or expanded on what Ninth Fandom entails, John? I’d love to learn more about what it focuses on. Given that Eighth Fandom ended in the early 1960s, I’m sure there’s been at least one subsequent Fandom. Wrai Ballard (*Telegraphs & Tar Pits* #39) posited a 200th Fandom, the ultimate fandom. De garren ha det gut! All hail Foo, Ghu, the Great Spider, Melvin, and Roscoe. I no longer recognize Bheer.

Your piece “Lord Love Science, and That Be So” resonated with me, particularly the idea that people who are opposed to science might in fact be opposed to the very idea of a foundation, or a foundational reality or truth. That takes me back to Jefferson asking why he should care what others think. Science might be an inconvenient truth to those who’d rather the world fall sway to their personal opinions rather than an external fact, reality, or a truth. A world ruled by opinion would be uncomfortable, methinks.

Are back issues of *Pablo Lennis* available online? If not, perhaps you could consider archiving them on *eFanzines* or *Fanac*. I know the article about the Russian SF Society was published 20 years ago; I’d

still love to read it—and shall continue looking, hoping, and dreaming.

And in *Samizdat* #16, **Samuel Lubell**—do you prefer Samuel or Sam?—opened with a mailing comment to Ahrvid that “SF cons are back!” Boy howdy. Not only was Loscon 48 a blast (*Telegraphs & Tar Pits* #43 and *Losconzine* #48 [<https://tinyurl.com/losconzine48>]), but in February, Gallifrey One (*Doctor Who* con) and OrcCon (roleplaying game con) occur on the same weekend! I hold memberships in both and have volunteered to run a couple of games at OrcCon, so I’m glad they’re on the same block and well within walking distance. But the synchronicity means that I won’t be able to help staff Gallifrey One, as I was asked. Perhaps next year. They might make a proper con staff fan out of me yet!

“[R]eaders are recognizing that writers from nontraditional backgrounds are able to write works that are not just new versions of things we have read dozens of times.” Hear! Hear! I think it’s challenging for those who’ve experienced substantial representation over time to understand what it means to be underrepresented—or to see and feel that representation shifting. Right now, we’re experiencing a subtle correction. It’s not that people like me—white men—won’t be represented; it’s that other previously underrepresented groups will be more represented. That’s a good thing, and I think it’s good for the resulting literature, media, and other art.

Thank you for pointing out the possible omission of medicine. I haven’t spent any additional time on the classification project but will make note of that for when I return, if return I do.

Your comments on Poul Anderson’s *Brain Wave* reminded me of Henry Grynnsen’s *Wild Ideas* #30, which considers superintelligence. *The High Crusade* also seems worth reading, as does the Hoka series. Hmm, Dominic Flandry also sounds intriguing. It seems I need to read more Anderson! Luckily, I’ve cataloged *Brain Wave* and *Flandry of Terra*.

The Thanksgiving list made me chuckle and is worth remembering to reprint in future years. A potential annual. While I didn’t give any projects for 2023 any thought, I’ll take a stab at detailing some potential options in response to your “Status of Projects.” A friend, inspired by my reading 93 books in 2022, has pledged to read 52 novels in 2023: *Star Trek* novels. I happened to have his first selection on my shelf, Barbara Hambly’s *Ghost-Walker*, and read it in early January. So Project No. 1 shall be Project *Star Trek*, either reading or watching original series books or episodes over the course of the year. I might not be able to keep up with the weekly reading, especially if I don’t have a book on hand, but on those weeks, I can

watch at least one episode. There are 79 episodes in the original series. Watching one a week would send me well on my way.

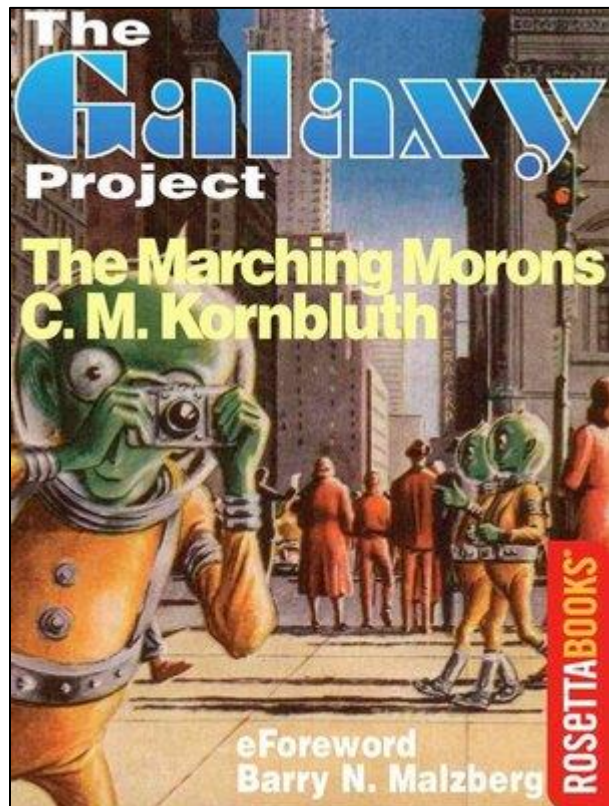
Project No. 2 shall be Project RPG. I’ve returned to solo gaming at home; recently returned to the pages of *Alarums & Excursions*; have begun playing Sundial Games’ 2023 Quest Calendar; *The Voidspark Chronicles*, a daily roleplaying game; and submitted to run two games at the upcoming OrcCon. So weekly, I shall participate in an RPG-related activity. Geek Gamers’s *Solo Game Master’s Guide* contends that even reading roleplaying game-related materials should be considered play. I shall document my progress in my A&E apazine *Theoretically: Game*.

Project No. 3 shall be Project Salinger/Saroyan, inspired by Christopher Garcia, who now works as an archivist for Forever Saroyan. There was a time when I tried to reread all of Salinger’s works annually, usually in the fall. This year, I shall reread Salinger and expand that to include the works of Saroyan, to read the works of his we have on hand, and then some. To be fleshed out in the future as I give this more thought: Project Hiking, Project Portugal, and Project Exercise and Clean Up, which is worth cribbing straight from your list.

Your end piece, “Ignorance of Science and Implications for Science Fiction,” reminded me of a statistic my wife cited the other day in the form of a question. Do you think you could confidently land an airplane having only watched *YouTube* videos on how to do so? I said no vehemently. Not only is the use of the word “confidently” important, but no way no how would *YouTube* be sufficient preparation to land a plane—though one could, I suppose, in a pinch, given guidance from ground control.

Research undertaken at the University of Waikato in New Zealand included almost 800 men and women, almost 600 of which were shown a *YouTube* video shorter than four minutes. When asked if they could land a plane without dying or fly similar to a trained pilot, people who’d watched the video were up to 30 percent more confident than those who hadn’t. The study determined that overconfidence is associated with gender: “[M]en tend to be more overconfident in their knowledge and abilities than women—even in a high-stakes environment.” Parallels were drawn to the Dunning-Kruger effect, which suggests that people with limited knowledge or competence in one domain overestimate their ability in that domain. That brings us back to Grynnsen’s *Wild Ideas* #30, which is well worth reading.

LOC on N'APA 261



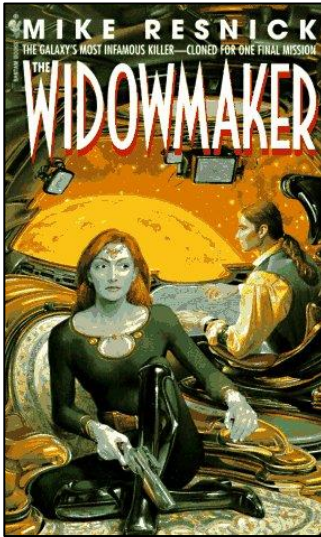
Intermission #122 - As an American and as a person with historian training, I find kings and royalty to be old fashioned, more like denizens of fairy tales and history than people with modern real-world jobs. I'm sure it is different for those who live in monarchies. This is why I don't really understand the reverence for the rightful king in so much of fantasy. I agree that nationalism gone too far is dangerous, especially when it leads to isolationism and "my country, right or wrong" thinking. I suspect by American standards, your conservatives would be more akin to our liberals than the Republicans. I continue to be impressed by how well Ukraine is doing and the incompetence shown by the Russians makes me wonder if the U.S. really needs all the billions going to our defense department if this is the caliber of our opposition. I'm in favor of short story contests (I help judge the WSFA Small Press story contest). Is 100 people normal for a Swecon or are you still affected by the pandemic? I liked your cartoon, "The Marching Morons," indeed. I wonder if the cartoonist knew about the famous novella by Cyril M. Kornbluth.

You ask "Who BTW thought it was a good idea to have a Worldcon in China?" The answer is

Worldcon's location is determined by the members of the Worldcon two years previously, which, in this case was the Washington, DC Worldcon in 2021. A lot of Chinese bought supporting memberships and so were eligible to vote in site selection, and voted for the Chengdu bid. This was completely permitted under the rules. You write, "*Technology progress has historically been under- rather than over-estimated.*" I disagree. If you look at science fiction of the 40s and 50s, nearly everyone thought we would have reached the stars by 2020, if we didn't blow ourselves up. No one thought after going from the first heavier than air flight with the Wright brothers in 1903 to the Moon landing 66 years later (1969) we would suddenly stop making progress.

Esmeralda County Line #1 - It is good to see someone starting a new zine. I disagree that adding more gun laws would be pointless. We do need to improve enforcement, but now that we've reached the point where six-year-olds are taking guns to school, it is obvious that we have a gun problem in this country. Ironically, considering the distinction you raise between the hard and soft sciences, most military sf at least purports to be hard sf since they often focus on the weapons and military tactics while too frequently ignoring characterization. Thanks for the nice words about Balticon. You are welcome to come back, any time (I'm running the 2024 one). I've noticed that the price differential between fast foods and casual sit-down restaurants has shrunk. I found *A World Lit Only by Fire* to be an interesting summation of existing research rather than anything innovative and that more recent takes on the "Dark Ages" have challenged the view he presented (see Project History below). I think Eric Flint's debt was more due to trying to run a magazine and small press devoted to his 1632 universe than trying to maintain an image as a rich, successful author. Of course, I have not seen the sales figures of 1632 but Baen Books wouldn't be publishing so many of his novels as lead titles if they were not doing well. Good luck with your Silvercon in Las Vegas. A room rate of \$98 would be incredibly low. Boskone's hotel is charging \$175 a night for Boston in February.

Archive Midwinter – Since fandom is social, it makes sense that conventions would specialize in certain interests. Thanks for the good wishes on Balticon. I’ve fallen way behind in Project Shakespeare. I need to get back on it.



Intermission #126 – Yes, it is much easier to build things in China than in Western nations, in part due to the way its government can just order something to be done and any concerns over safety and builders’ rights just gets ignored. Yes, Edison was a futurist. He was more of a practical engineer than a scientist, the wizard of Menlo Park. I agree that war has wasted a whole lot of funds that could have gone to better use, including space exploration.

Ye Murdered Master Mage 261 – Sorry to learn of the loss of Will Mayo and Robert Madle. For Space Western, think of the TV show Firefly or Westworld. In SF, some of the works of H Beam Piper qualify, such as Little Fuzzy, or much of Mike Resnick, especially his Widowmaker series.

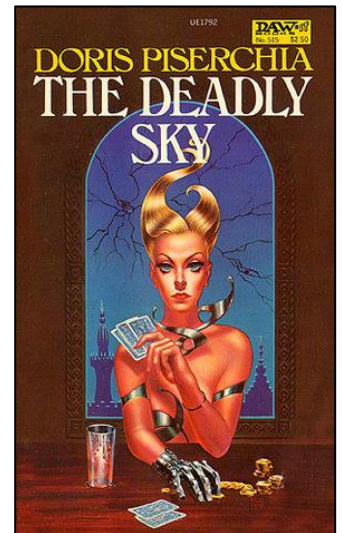
Synergy Nov 2022 – Science Fiction has always been willing to stretch science for the sake of the story. Even stories that claim to be “hard SF” still have things like Faster than Light travel. There are certainly enemies of science and science deniers. The ranks of those who want creationism taught in the schools have been joined by those who deny the effectiveness of vaccine and question global warming (usually at the behest of oil companies). I strongly disagree with your

statement “I don’t think learning about other countries is worthwhile.” All learning is worthwhile. People in other countries are still people so learning about other countries helps us understand humanity and ourselves. Also, since we share the world with people in other countries, it is helpful to understand them, if only so we can work on global problems together.

...Author Spotlight: Doris Piserchia

Doris Piserchia was born in West Virginia in 1928 and was a Navy officer from 1950-54. She started publishing SF in 1966 with “Rocket to Gehenna.” She wrote 13 novels including a number of unconnected books that feature different riffs on a young female protagonist who jumps dimensions, usually while being chased. These books include *Star Rider*, *Spaceling*, and the *Dimensioneers*. Other books of hers include *Earthchild*, *The Spinner*, and *A Billion Days of Earth*. Her early books were part of the so-called New Wave although her settings frequently were more developed than her characters. Piserchia quit writing in 1983, after publishing *The Deadly Sky* to take care of a sick daughter and then to raise her grandchild. She also wrote a couple of horror/sf hybrids as Curt Selby.

Gateway Publishing has ebook versions of her novels fairly cheap (\$2-\$4) or you can check used bookstores. Her novels are short, around 200 pages or so and tend to be quick reads.



...Politicization

The Republicans are in charge of the U.S. House of Representatives. I’m worried about how this was play out. Even something as simple as electing a Speaker took them 15 votes because the Republicans have such a slim majority. This gives the radicals tremendous power to force concessions since without their votes, nothing will get done. They are already talking about refusing to raise the debt ceiling, jeopardizing the nation’s credit rating, unless the government makes drastic cuts in government programs like Social Security and Medicare. For foreign readers, the issue of raising the debt ceiling is because the U.S. government passes a budget first and then borrows to pay for much of the cost. But legally, it can only borrow up to a certain limit. This requires regular raising of the amount the country is allowed to borrow. However, since

this money has already been spent, failure to raise the limit would force the government to default on some of its credit. The U.S. has never defaulted, which would have disastrous repercussions for our economy, causing creditors to raise their interest rate.



Strangely enough, the Republicans had no problems with raising the debt ceiling when Trump was president and cutting taxes on the rich. Yet when Democrats are in power, they suddenly turn into budget cutters. If our government wasn't so partisan, reasonable people on both sides could come up with a reasonable compromise. But Speaker Kevin McCarthy had to make so many concessions to the Radicals that if he even suggests working with the Democrats, they can hold a vote and kick him out of the speaker position.

Another sign is politicization in education. Under Presidents George HW Bush through Obama, there was a consensus around improving public schools through testing and accountability. Now, many conservative radicals are attacking the very idea of public education and trying to control the content of classes, especially History. They claim that schools are teaching critical race theory, which is not really taught until law school. They seize on any hint that the schools are teaching about past racism and rules that restrict the rights of African-Americans and other minorities. They are also trying to censor books that present homosexuality as normal and legitimate, accusing the schools of "grooming" children.

...Status of Projects

Readers of past issues may remember that I have launched a number of self-improvement projects.

Project Netflix/Streaming: I have started subscribing to the Disney+ streaming service so I can watch their Star Wars and Marvel movies/shows. I will cover them here.

Person of Interest (This is a TV show that I heard turns into an interesting exploration of AI, but in the first four episodes was more of a private detective show in that the main characters are given the social security number of a person who will be involved in a crime but could be the victim or the perpetrator. The ex-special forces soldier and the original programmer of the machine that generates the numbers of domestic criminals/victims purely an accidental side effect of stopping terrorism, have to figure out what the crime is and how to prevent it.)

Ocean's Eleven - Interesting caper film of criminals who join forces to rob a casino. *Ocean's Twelve* - Much less interesting sequel that ignores how clever and capable they were in the first film.

Mr. & Mrs. Smith - Amusing spy thriller about a married couple who don't know that their spouse is another spy until they wind up on opposite sides and try to kill each other.

Casino Royale and *Quantum of Solace* - Two films from the James Bond reboot that aims at a grittier, more realistic James Bond. It works somewhat but even a more serious James Bond still is unrealistic and over the top. The first film was better than the second.

Wednesday - This eight episode series takes the character of Wednesday Adams from the Addams Family movies (not the TV show version) and puts her into a school for the supernatural - with werewolves, sirens, and others with special abilities. I had thought that this wouldn't work since part of the appeal of the Addams Family is the contrast between the Family and normal people. Surprisingly, it does work here, since Wednesday is weird enough and dark enough to still freak out even the supernatural outcasts and they show's creators give Wednesday a bright, sunny, happy roommate that provides a great deal of contrast with Wednesday. The show



remains true to Wednesday's dark sarcastic nature, even as she starts dating and making friends (mostly against her will). I strongly recommend this. It has been a huge hit for Netflix and already renewed for another season.

Men in Black 1 - 3 - The first and third films about the secret organization that protects the Earth from aliens were really good, but the second is more forgettable. The third film brings in time travel and has Josh Brolin play a younger version of Tommy Lee Jones' character and is believable as a softer version that is still recognizable as the same character, which prompts Will Smith's character to ask "What happened to you?"

Mortal Instruments: City of Bones - This movie adaptation of the YA Shadowhunters series was better than I thought it would be. Yes, it does have yet another love triangle between the girl, her guy best friend who secretly loves her, and the hot supernatural creature, but I didn't predict how it would be resolved. The film is complete in itself which is fortunate since it did not do well enough for the studio to film the other books.

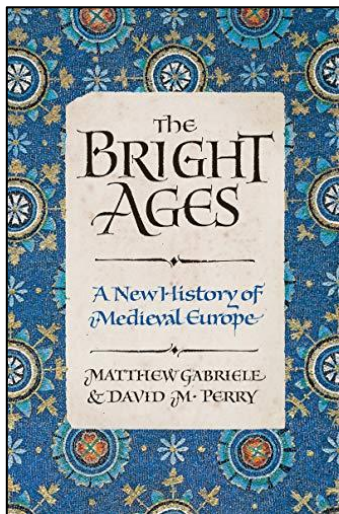
Knives Out: The Glass Onion - This is a sequel to a movie I haven't seen. It is a very good mystery. A multi-millionaire invites a group of friends and a renowned detective, to his private island to play a murder game in which he is supposed to be a victim. But the murders turn real. I was fooled more than once by the twists here.

Thor IV: Love and Thunder - This is not as good as the third Thor (but much better than the first two) as the comedy elements went a bit too far and did not mesh as well with the action sections. This film gives Natalie Portman much more to do as she becomes the Thunder God and wields Thor's hammer.

She-Hulk: Attorney at Law - This eight episode series melds comedy with legal drama as the main character practices superhero law. There is some breaking of the third wall between the actors and the audience that goes overboard in the last episode in which She-Hulk complains to the writers/producers about the direction the show is going and demands they make certain changes.

Batman: The Killing Joke - This is based on a famous comic book storyline and may be the first R rated mainstream animated superhero film. The first third, about Batgirl's pursuit of a crime lord's nephew seems to be a separate storyline from the Batman chases the Joker after the Joker kidnaps Commissioner Gordon storyline.

Project History - I finished *World of Our Fathers: The Journey of the East European Jews to America and the Life They Found and Made* by Irving Howe. This didn't really have a thesis; it wasn't trying to prove anything. I thought there was too much focus on New York City to the exclusion of Jews everywhere else. And I thought it would have been stronger with more contrast to immigrants from other backgrounds. Only the final chapter really tried to provide a sense of perspective.

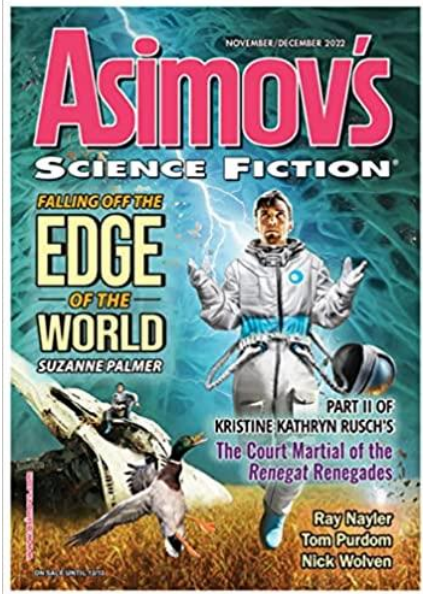


I also read *The Bright Ages: A New History of Medieval Europe* by Matthew Gabriele and David M. Perry. Perry was at the 2022 Chicago Worldcon and the medieval panel was packed. The authors asserted that people in the early Renaissance of the 14th and 15th century, especially the poet Petrarch, claimed that the periods right before their era were dark ages compared to their revival of Greek and Roman culture/civilization. This characterization was unfairly accepted by historians. Now, more modern scholarship has shown that this idea of the Middle Ages as a dark period interrupting the progression from the Roman Empire to the Renaissance is in error. The Middle Ages emerged out of the Roman Empire and feudalism gradually grew into "complex networks of affinity and hierarchy." In particular there was a lot more trade, movements of people, and toleration than in popular conceptions of the "Dark Ages." While there was a lot of violence then, there is a lot of violence in the modern period. This is not a single dark period but cycles. Although I think *The Bright Ages* carefully picked what it chose to emphasize; they do convince me that the so-called

“Dark Ages” were not uniformly dark and there were bright spots throughout its history. I found it more convincing than *A World Lit Only by Fire* that I read a couple of months ago.

I have started reading *With Malice toward Some: Treason and Loyalty in the Civil War Era* by William A. Blair. I’m only a little bit into it so will save my analysis for the next issue.

Project Balticon – I am chairing Balticon 2024. I have started inviting Guest of Honor and have my first two acceptances. I am working on reading debut novels for the Compton Crook Award for Best First Novel.



Project Short Story – New for 2023, I have resolved to read the equivalent of one short story a day (counting novellas as two short stories). I read the Nov/Dec 22 issue of Asimov’s SF for the Washington SF Association which had 12 stories (counting the second part of a two-part ‘novel’ as two). Asimov’s is my favorite of the magazines because of its consistency. While it has few stories I would nominate for the Hugos, it has fewer stories I hate. I liked “Falling off the Edge of the World” by Suzanne Palmer about a pair of survivors of a spaceship crash. I figured out half of the twist, but the rest did surprise me. I also thought the politics of the background of “The Empty” by Ray Nayler to be suitably thought provoking.

Project Classics – I made a little progress on *David Copperfield*, but am still less than halfway through it. I’m at the point where David has just run away from being underpaid child labor and convinced his aunt (who had thought the unborn child was a girl and vanished immediately after he was born a boy instead) to take him in due to

his stepfather’s claims that he was the worst boy ever. And Uriah Heep, one of Dickens’ best villains, has made his appearance.

Project Do Something – I visited my father in NY for Thanksgiving and went to the Baltimore Science Fiction Society’s 60th anniversary party on January 14.

No progress on Project Trek, Project Clean-up, Project Health, Project Shakespeare, and Project To Be Read. Hopefully, I will have more on these in the next issue.

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