

# INTERMISSION #133

*E-zine by Ahrvid Engholm, ahrvid@hotmail.com, for EAPA, N'APA and other astronaut candidates. Follow ed's newstweets from @SFJournalen. Today Maths, space opera, Eurovision, the oldest film club, the famous History Corner, etc. Beaver...Beware of Typos! Early June 2022*

## **Editorially: Eurovision, History, Amateur Film, AI**

Everybody are nuts over AI! I'm not worried about being turned into a paperclip - yet. AI takes a lot of computer power and our computers aren't powerful enough just yet to create AIs of general superintelligence, who may decide that humans are superfluous and of better use as paperclips. It may be the case that an AI could evolve itself to higher intelligence, but it reaches a definite stop when the hardware simply isn't there. However, AIs are likely to evolve according to Moore's Law (double in IQ every 18 months) as their hardware should evolve at that speed. I heard a professor describe the present state of AI: "The human brain has 100 trillion neural connections. The best AI presently has the equivalent of 1 trillion, with the difference that they work faster." To reach the equivalent of 100 trillion connections should with Moore's Law take ca 10 years.

What would Asimov have thought about it?

Presently music sites are reported to be overwhelmed by AI-created music. (Search Youtube for "AI music" and you'll be surprised!) It seems that the music industry will be the first to see the effects of AI. Which takes us to Eurovision, which was arranged in Liverpool, UK, in May. As I told you in last issue the Swedish entry had a good chance to win – and did! I said not to worry about the Finnish entry, but it was that we had to beat with the last votes coming in. The Finns sent so called "rap", which to me isn't music, just sounds. It's incomprehensible that some - mostly kids I understand - listen to something as stimulating as hearing a washing machine run. In my Eurovision coverage below I'll try to find some stuff of sf or fantasy connection.

We are all waiting for the Ukrainians to seriously kick some Russian ass. I saw that the Swedish CV90 IFVs, Leopard tanks and Archer artillery are now on site. A month ago we had our biggest military exercise for decades named Aurora, 26000 troops from 14 countries - including 3-4000 Ukrainians, who combined it with training on this equipment. Our new government has decided to invite Ukrainian pilots to "evaluation training" on our Gripen jets. (I doubt we have any to give Ukraine, but Slovakia leases a Gripen squadron that may be transferred if they get replacements. Who knows?)

Andon't miss the exciting History Corner. You wouldn't believe what raving mad things people did back in history! The Ish ends with some uninteresting mailing comments - for most of you, but do a zine and join an APA to make it interesting! We must have more fanzines to keep the true and genuine fandom alive! But now I have a few words to say of a friend, Maths who now isn't among our numbers any longer

## **Maths Claesson 1959-2023**

Leading fan and CEO of the SF-Bokhandeln ("SF Bookstore") chain, Maths Claesson has passed away, 64 years young. Below the short obituary I had on File770.com (I'll add just a few details in footnotes): <https://file770.com/bicycles-fans-and-a-propeller-memories-of-maths-claesson-1959-2023/>

I've known Maths Claesson for - if I calculate it correctly - 43 years. He was an energetic fan, a BNF if there ever was one, a major fanzine publisher cranking the Värnamo (his original hometown) fandom Khuken Olsson mimeo, long time SF-Bookstore pillar (the last few years the chain's CEO) and also author of the YA book series about a boy named Linux longing for riding a rocket to space.

But some my adventures with him was on bicycle. Out of many episodes, here are two.

The first time I met him was when he and fannish friends Glenn and Thomas took their Volvo to an sf con in Stockholm, August 1980. As the fannish tradition is to find non-locals free crash space (it's a

proud, lonely and economically challenging thing to be a fan) I could arrange for our bunch to stay the night in the SFSF HQ, on legendary 45 Pioneer Street, also housing the first SF Bookstore. I was on bicycle and they followed in their car. I rode the wheels like a rocket and Maths complained they had a hard time to keep up! I had a beanie and they could see its propeller spinning wildly at a distance...

Another memory. Sweden has a state-owned alcohol monopoly. At the time their shops closed at 6pm and during weekends. If you missed the hours, you were out of luck. We a group of fen planned a weekend sailing excursion in the Stockholm archipelago. Friday at ten to six we found that the Hornstull blog shop to our horror had a computer error and couldn't sell us the hot dog grilling accessories! Me and Maths hit our bikes for a Tour de Fans dash to save the weekend! We reached it 5:59 breathing heavily. I remember having some Hungarian Tokaj as the sun set on the island and the fire glowed and crackled. \*

His demise of cancer at the much too young age of 64 (May 7, survived by wife and two genetical offsprings) was

deemed important enough for national TV's "Culture News" to cover it (ca 5 minutes in; use a VPN).

Just a short note: Maths did a lot for sf and fandom\*\*, but the SF Bookstore he didn't found. It started already in 1977 by the Scandinavian SF Association (involving eg Stieg Larsson!) on Pioneer Street, the legendary place of fannish lore, where we headed that August evening...

\* A thing censored here - some could get inappropriate ideas! - is that on our way back from the sailing weekend, me, Maths and one of the ladies who took a swim naked in the Djurgårdsbrunn canal in the middle of the night, on the edge of downtown Stockholm. Memorable days. Maths then stole some wine from me.

\*\* Let's fill in some of it. Eg Alvar Award winner 1984, in editorial board (with me too) of Nova magazine, publisher of fanzine review zine Konturer, active in the SFF APA, one of the editors of Göteborgs Faanvheckliga, with that grand #21 of 200 pages. Also small press book editor and the one going through all the 332 issues of 1940's Jules Verne Magasinet for Jan Myrdals 1993 anthology. (Maths is probably the only one who after 1940-1947 has read through that magazine run - ie beside me. I went through them in the 1980's as I slowly gained a complete collection.)

### Bertil Falk's Space Opera Prize

As our greatest advocate of space opera today May 21st (when writing this) turns 90 years, talking about Bertil Falk of course - writer, reporter, editor, scholar, translator - I've taken the initiative to announce a space opera prize, named in his honour.

It's aimed at Swedish writers, but here's an idea for others: run your amazing space opera story through a translation service, those are getting very good these days with AI help! It'd be interesting if someone would experiment with it. (It won't be disqualified.) Bertil Falk's Space Opera Prize \*offers eternal glory, a diploma and an as yet unknown cash prize. (The prize will be crowdfunded. Another experiment...)

Bertil has done just about everything since he had his first story published in the *Stockholms-Tidningen* newspaper in 1946 when he was 12! His "Trip to Space" is available here, also in English translation:

<https://file770.com/bertil-falk-from-a-space-hobo-to-finnegans-wake/>

\*\* He wishes the prize good luck and says space opera is worth more attention.



From national TV's "Culture News". Many newspapers also covered it.



Bertil translated and published Cpt Future! It was also made into a mini musical by Swedish fans!





In 1969 Bertil relaunched Jules Verne Magasinet.

Beside translating the "untranslatable" James Joyce classic *Finnegans Wake*, he's written a heap of books (recently a huge 3 volume history of Swedish sf), worked as publisher, magazine editor (JVM, DAST Magazine), journalist and more.

But his first love as a little boy was those silly, daydreaming - as school teachers complained loudly! - space stories in our local pulp Jules Verne Magasinet, especially the colourful adventures of Captain Future, here known as "Kpt Frank" and very popular (JVM reaching 85 000 copies" (+1% of the population, proportionally as if *Astounding* had sold 15 million copies!). A local Cpt Future club was active up to the 1980's, Bertil published Cpt F and a cassette zine came with a mini musical. In 1975 Bertil visited Leigh Brackett (herself a master of space opera!) and Edmond Hamilton, the main culprit behind



Cpt Future was hugely popular in 1940's, here known as Kpt Frank.

Captain Future. He often mentioned and wrote about this "Wizard of Science".

An additional reason for a space fiction prize is that so much is happening in space right now! NASA returns to the Moon. SpaceX builds the biggest rocket in history (also reusable) ultimately aiming for Mars. Europe builds a new telescope with an eye big as a hockey rink as the Webb space telescope meanwhile takes the sharpest pictures ever. China builds a space station, and also aims for the Moon (with India, Japan and others to follow). We have rovers on Mars,

take pictures of Black Holes, crash into comets, seen Captain Kirk take a real space jump, have AIs to find ET phoning home. Even little Sweden now builds a launch pad for satellites, with first shot expected within a year.

Space fiction of yesterday is becoming reality! To enter Bertil Falk's Space Opera Prize contest, send your space opera story (simply defined as a

science fiction story set in space) nomination to [spaceoperaprize@rocketship.com](mailto:spaceoperaprize@rocketship.com) no later than September 21. Any length admissible. It must have been published in 2022, but yet unpublished work may also be nominated - in that case you must attach it. A



Ed Hamilton and Bertie Falk. See [http://www.bewilderingstories.com/sue477/falk\\_interview.html](http://www.bewilderingstories.com/sue477/falk_interview.html)



Bertil likes space...and India! Here with Indira Gandhi. His bio of her husband Feroze, the Unknown Gandhi, caused a stir: <https://timesofindia.indiatimes.com/blogs/mind-the-gap/is-feroze-the-forgotten-gandhi/>

jury will be formed, and it will also on its own accord look for stories that may be awarded.

You can also apply for a jury job to the E-address. Recap your connection to space and if you have been into writing space fiction yourself. At the same time all space fans are urged to make a small donation to (though I believe it'll be more complicated or foreigners) my Handelsbanken account 330 334 578 and tell [ahrvid@hotmail.com](mailto:ahrvid@hotmail.com) that. Donors will be officially thanked, but may be anonymous if you wish.

And Bertil, congratulations! Your space dreams from boyhood are turning real.

**Ireland 7 - Sweden 7**

We scored an equaliser! Ireland had seven wins in the Eurovision Song Contest. In Liverpool, May 13th Sweden got its seventh too. And not only that, by now legendary Queen Loreen took her second win with her entry



Finnish entry didn't make me green with envy.



"Tattoo" (the first was "Euphoria" in 2012), so she equals Ireland's double winner Johnny Logan (1980 and 1987). An Irish betting firm tried to stop it with an advertising campaign, labeled "Screw the Swedes" featuring fake IKEA instructions. In vain...

The Finns (2nd place) and Norwegians (5th place - for both their best runs in many years), or at least their newspapers, claim they were robbed since Finland's Käärijä ("Wrapper") [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=i0g\\_eSHiuR4](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=i0g_eSHiuR4) was No 1 in the televoting with Loreen "only" second. And Norway would have been third if only televoting was counted. What they forget is that ESC had 100% televoting before, but had to add a jury to come to terms with attempts to manipulation (incorrect vote reporting, SIM card migrants, hacking). Televotes are subject to hacking and campaigns and piles of SIM-cards. For my part, I'm not all that dissatisfied with the 37-headed international jury having better taste than kids, who - I don't know why! - like these strange sounds called rap "music". Music it isn't. "Rap" in Swedish fittingly means *burp*..I'm not applying to the burp fanclub. Sorry Suomi.

I won't say that "Tattoo", <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Vul5zgC5Yvg>

was as good as the earlier "Euphoria"

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Pfo-8z86x80> but it was better

than all the competitors! And Loreen gave us a stunning stage performance with probably the best singing voice of any of the others. Everything from the laying down sandwich singing (try to sing in that position!) to the smoke and the rapier long fingernails worked. Congrats girl! If you watch her earlier failed entry (knocked out in Melodifestivalen) "Statements", you realise she's a real artist.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ejU7RKmmJMQ>

As a music omnivore (I enjoy most, except, rap and modern radio top list stuff) I think Eurovision offers a great smörgåsbord - everything from soft ballads (France this year) to heavy metal (Germany). And there was also stuff to tingle the senses of fans of sf and fantasy.

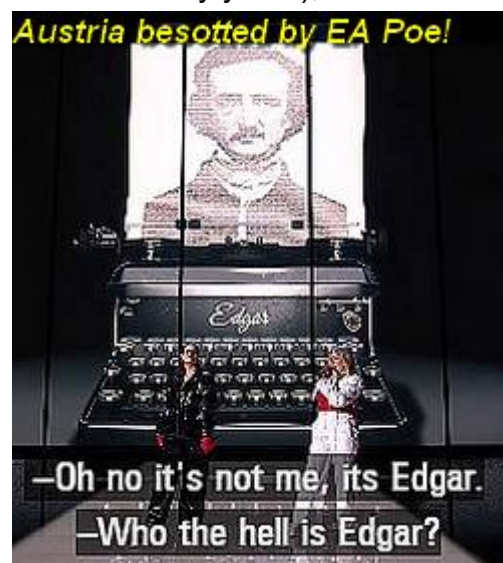
How often do you get a modern pop song about...Edgar Allan Poe! Austria's entry "Who the Hell is Edgar" <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8uk64V9h0Ko>

told about being possessed by the ghost of Poe to write songs (and at the same time took a shot at the microscopic pay to musicians from streaming sites). There's been too little Edgar music since Alan Parsons Project, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YAE1XTvKLXA>

Serbia presented an Armageddon vision with monsters and dark-clothed forces of evil and explosions. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gPRfg9wzbpw>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gPRfg9wzbpw>

Serbia presented an Armageddon vision with monsters and dark-clothed forces of evil and explosions. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gPRfg9wzbpw>



Neighbouring Croatia had a similar vision with war missiles and military uniforms and made an apocalyptic satire. In the end they undressed into underwear while singing the dictator (we know who, though Eurovision rules prohibit to spell it out) is a psychopath ("psihopat"). <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hGuGfdEJ5Pw> Both these Balkan entries were highly enjoyable. The sexiest show came from Israel, singing about unicorns and ladies in tight-fitting outfits doing pole dancing on the floor, without poles. Makes your hormones flow and

Neighbouring Croatia had a similar vision with war missiles and military uniforms and made an apocalyptic satire. In the end they undressed into underwear while singing the dictator (we know who, though Eurovision rules prohibit to spell it out) is a psychopath ("psihopat"). <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hGuGfdEJ5Pw> Both these Balkan entries were highly enjoyable. The sexiest show came from Israel, singing about unicorns and ladies in tight-fitting outfits doing pole dancing on the floor, without poles. Makes your hormones flow and







nearly Nearly NC-17 rated. The Israeli entry finished third and

I can imagine why many voted for them... <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Z3mlcCIIJXY>

Norway let a Viking valkyrie invade the British Isles: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zt7U0-N1mlk> Germany, finally, dressed up as some sort of daemons, as Lords of the Lost singing about "Blood and Glitter", a heavy metal number that unfortunately ended last. (The UK was second to last. Not their day.) <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dyGR4YWIPES>

There was, as you can see (follow the links!) a lot to enjoy in this year's Eurovision. BBC did a very good production with - as it should be as they took over due to the war - a lot of material and music from Ukraine. I learn that BBC also offered Ukrainian refugees in the country heavily discounted tickets. Well



done!

Where in Sweden next ESC is too early to say. This far Stockholm has had three, Malmö two and poor Gothenburg only one. Statistics and some sort of "fairness" would point to Gothenburg, but Stockholm had the best venue in Friends Arena which easily seats 30 000 (50 000 for football games). That'd give Eurovision fans more tickets.

Anyway, let's hope 2016 sensational hosts Måns and Petra return. We want them because of eg this: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YuszTGJIRoo> We also want Lynda Woodruff <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6PXA45WG0q> to guide and confuse

us and Edward af Sillén to write the script. Edward and Måns Zelmerlöw (2015 ESC winner) were Swedish commentators for the Liverpool Eurovision, having many funny comments, though with a certain bias with LGBTQ comments in every third sentence. (If you need to push your agenda you just admit your position is weak...)

If we get those people next Eurovision Song Contestis sure to be something to look forward too! And yes, it's 50 years after ABBA and "Waterloo". Why not borrow the Voyage abbatars? Välcom Euråpe!



Loreen met by 10 000+ proud Stockholmers in the Royal Gardens when returning. (From the TV coverage.)

### Probably the Last Enthusiasts...

SVT shows a charming documentary - titled "A group of amateurs" - about possibly the world's oldest amateur film club. Dive into SVTplay before you regret it! <https://www.svtplay.se/video/eDmdWgw/dox-ett-gang-amatorer>



The club is called Bradford Movie Makers and started in 1932 under the name Bradford Cine Circle. But the club must have arisen from a more informal group that started meeting as early as 1926! Initially, they filmed in 16 and 9.5 mm, the latter an early special format that was very popular among amateurs as it gave good image quality because the film width was used more efficiently through more frugal perforations. Regular 8 mm eventually took over and later, of course, video, whereby the name was changed to Bradford Cine and Video Club, later Bradford Camcorder Users Group, and the current name Bradford Movie Maker has been used since 2010.

This extracted from the club's website, <http://bradfordmoviemakers.com/>, which also states that it is "one of" the world's oldest amateur film clubs. But I don't know any that is older and still active - let me know if you know! \* The clubhouse around which everything revolves has housed the film club since 1935. The wing beat of history gives extra spice to the documentary.

"A Bunch of Amateurs" as the original title reads, is made by Kim Hopkins, known from previous documentaries on BBC, Channel4, National Geographic and others: <https://www.imdb.com/title/tt10869834/> She followed the club for a longer time, until forced pause due to some small microorganism. (A strange virus spread so the politicians closed schools, pubs, theaters, etc., ordered people to stay at home, held admonishing press conferences, etc - maybe you've heard of it?)

We get to follow the daily grind and gnat of the aging club members. They have met every Monday evening since 1932. But all is not well. The economy is non-existent. The clubhouse needs to be refurbished, although they have not been able to afford the rent for five years. Concerned brows are furrowed at member meetings where the chairman hopefully suggests public film nights, because they have some fine old color films that should attract people. You can get 60 people in and at £5 entry that means a whopping £300 in profit!

We also get to see the members' beautiful painting of the walls, littering in the backyard and filming. We accompany you on home visits among ailments and memories. There is a quiet melancholy over the gang. We drop in on ongoing recordings. A group of hens cackling at a specter in white make-up. A wizard blanes cards. The corpse rushes past a video camera. Someone wants to make a Western movie, singing on a rocking saddle against a green screen.

During its 90 years, the club has made at least 300 films! Many snippets from the past flicker by, with traces of both ambition and quality. The Home Guard's flamethrower demonstrated in a film from 1939! Captain Marvel moves a car. Old film galas are shown.

The heyday of this happy bunch of amateurs was in the 1960s, before video came and ruined everything - and now mobiles have ruined even more. (Not everyone may agree, but old timers probably do! Solid amateur filming is reduced to pulling a lump of plastic out of your pocket, pressing a button, and then connecting to 100 million existing YouTube creations.)

Suddenly I see a familiar face when the Bradford amateurs' existential crisis is aired at a meeting: Jim is sitting on the other bench! I recognize his gray hair and beard. For years we've met at sf and fantasy conventions, but I didn't know he was ensconced in such fine film company! (Emailed Jim. We're will meet in Uppsala on Eurocon and then we'll definitely get to talk about movies!)

We contacted the club to hear how it went after the documentary.

"The documentary has increased awareness of our club, especially locally," club secretary Andrew Cockerill says and exemplifies that they were commissioned to film the Sikh New Year parade through Bradford.

"Old members get in touch, some with films," he says and the club already has a large archive of 300 films on celluloid, the earliest from 1934, and on their website some of the more recently recorded films can be enjoyed.

There are about 20 members, many of whom are older (member Colin turned 90 recently), not



*Their clubhouse. It just need some paint and a little love!*



*Inside the clubhouse. Note that many wear coats, perhaps because they can't afford too much heating. Jim is in the back (grayhaired).*



counting a "handful of new ones" who came from the documentary.

"But many who have visited us have said they would join the club if they lived in the area," Cockerill says, who adds that the economy is now much better thanks to thousands of pounds (tens of Swedish kronor) in covid grants and donations. Filming continues. May 22 is the club's annual awards banquet, which is held at Bradford's Ukraine Club.

"A Bunch of Amateurs" is an unusual and warm-hearted documentary, which made one reviewer on IMDB.com both "shed tears and laugh hysterically". The film has been shown in several cinemas, festivals and on the BBC with several TV channels (now SVT). It's rare that we get to see anonymous and unassuming cultural workers like these come to life! They are enthusiasts who operate on the periphery of the official, publicly funded and driven cultural activities. As the show explained: These are probably the last enthusiasts... \*\*



Bradford's own Superman to the rescue!

As with all good stories, all's well that ends well. In the final scenes, it is announced that the strange virus has qualified the club for a generous so-called corona grant! And as the credits roll, Bradford Movie Maker's own Superman flies off to save the world.



Test flying a drone indoors. Jim watching, a bisquit in hand.

\*. After combing Google I find that there is a Los Angeles Cinema Club, started in 1931, possibly an older one that way! <https://www.laweekly.com/the-l-a-cinema-club-and-the-rise-of-amateur-filmmaking/> The 2002 article mentions that many members are elderly, so it is difficult to know if they are active 21 years later. AND: <https://www.zoominfo.com/c/los-angeles-cinema-club/354283035> suggests converting to a company with 11-20 employees - in which case it doesn't count.

\*\* <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pTZljUktrAA>

# History Corner

Uncle Hugo Gernsback was really One To Forsee For Us. During Xmas in the 1950's he mailed thousands of copies (6 000 is mentioned) of his mini magazine *Forecasts* to contacts, primarily in the electronics industry. In the 1955 issue he made some pretty good forecasts. Here he writes about a teledoctor, things that can be and have been done today. And that's not all. He also forecasts future



**THE** technical world never stands still. As new know-how, new inventions, new facts and new techniques evolve, they are seized on immediately to improve present-day devices of every kind, whether pens, automobiles, floor mops, radios, corkscrews or television sets. Nothing is ever perfected; improvements, like evolution, never stop.

● This has been ever true in the radioelectronic industry, famous for rapid changes. No sooner has the latest model been announced, than its designers have already scrapped it in their minds and have moved on to next year's designs. This trend is even more common in television where the leading manufacturers bring out new and more modern designs throughout the year.

It follows that the television

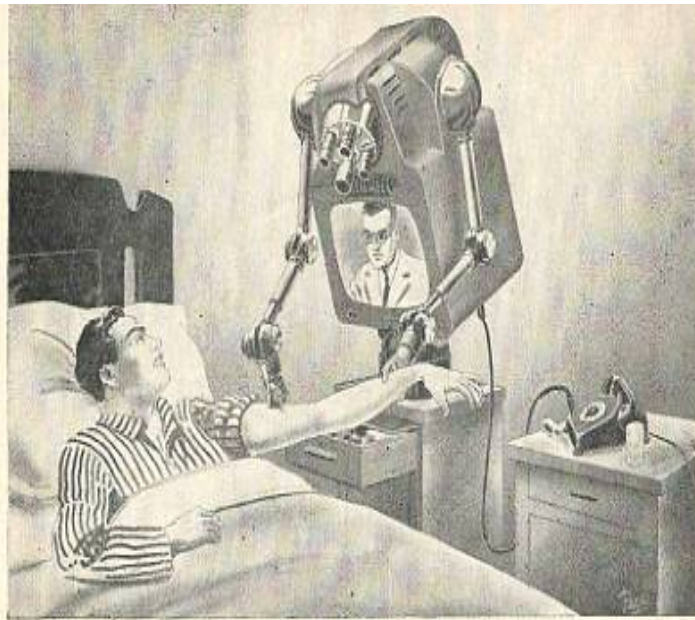


receiver of the future will bear little resemblance to present-day models. This becomes even more apparent when we reflect that television has been with us only a comparatively short time—8 years:

It is still in its swaddling clothes. For that reason, we should not be overly surprised at the radical and perhaps fundamental changes that lie ahead for the new art. And as television is intimately fused with its parent, electronics—the latter itself of recent origin—*anything* is possible in the future. Here are a few ideas on television as your children will know them in times to come.

TV set of the future has no aerial. Is three dimensional. Has picture tube. Hangs flat on wall. Sees and hears your telephone, long distance. Transmits to other house sets. Pushbutton operated. Brings live Broadway shows by subscription. Turns off and on automatically. Is its own burglar watchdog.

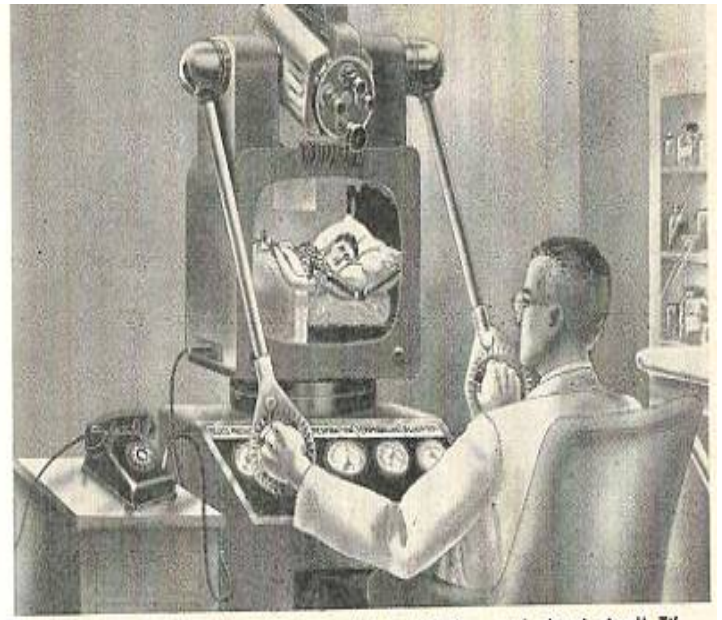




In the near future patients will be visited by doctors via television. The distant doctor can do almost everything with his electronic Telehands.

**P**ROJECTION of the senses over a distance began early in the animal world. The cries uttered by alarmed prehistoric reptiles, saurians or birds were transmitted over a distance to warn others. A highly developed and sensitized olfactory sense brought the smell of an enemy creature to

the nostrils of early mammals who could then flee promptly, thus avoiding destruction. The sense of sight, too, became sharply developed in many animals and especially birds which could then observe potential enemies—or their own prey—often from a point many miles away.



Patient and distant doctor are connected by telephone and closed circuit TV. Doctor can treat ten times as many patients via teledocoring as in person.

Modern man, with new scientific techniques, has greatly improved the projection of some of his senses, not only over a few, but over hundreds and thousands of miles. By telephone, we can hear and speak to distant friends around the world. Via television, we can see across continents.

As I have pointed out in earlier articles, it will be possible in the future to smell and taste half-way around the globe—and further.\* But science does not stop with this. There is the far more important conception of the

\*See "Television," *Forecast 1952*, page 22.

TV sets reasonably well. Yes, it will be flat (and in fact, there are sets that can offer 3D). Most screens will have a camera, you can set it up for video conferences, it will show many types of shows, has no aerial - because content comes through cable (via subscription, he predicts), though he says it'll be "connected to your telephone". The picture will be excellent because it "will be 'steered' by atomic auto-transistors"! In the same publication he also urges tele-education of

projection of the self at a distance. This means nothing less than the possibility now dawning for man to be in two places at the same time.

● I will give here but one example of this revolutionary concept, which, incidentally, is NOT in the future—it can be realized today, with the technical means available now.

The average medical doctor today is over-worked and short-lived. There are never enough doctors anywhere, for the world's constantly multiplying population. Many patients die because the doctor cannot reach them in time, particularly at night and in remote or isolated regions.

Furthermore, the doctor wastes a terrific amount of time visiting patients in person—he can see only a few during a day. With increasing traffic congestion, many doctors refuse to make personal calls—except in emergencies. Even then they arrive often too late. Much of this dilemma will be archaic in the near future, thanks to the *Teledoctor*.\*

I imagine this innovation as follows: Incorporated as an integral part into a combination television camera and receiver is

a set of mechanical hands. The latter are now routinely manufactured by General Electric and other manufacturers. These incredibly sensitive hands are primarily used in atomic plants where scientists handle dangerous, "hot" atomic substances from a distance, without personally exposing themselves to danger. With these *teichands*, the scientist can do almost anything at a distance—writing, weighing, pouring liquids, unscrewing covers of "hot" containers—yes, even diapering a baby, miles away, including putting on the safety pins. *The sense of touch has been projected over a distance!* The action, of course, is watched via television.

● *The teledoctor of the near future now becomes an actual projection of the doctor.* In front of his television transmitter-receiver is a panel with a number of instruments which indicate blood pressure, pulse, respiration and other data routinely required in most examinations of patients.

Now let us see how you, the patient of tomorrow, "visit" your doctor, 15 miles away. Suppose you come down with a fever. You or your wife make a call to the local druggist, who is the agent for the teledoctor corporation which stocks the special TV

transmitter-receiver equipped with its telehands.

*These instruments are never sold, only rented to the sick, say for \$3.50 a day.* They are used only for closed-circuit work. The rubber-wheeled mechanism is delivered quickly to your home and rolled in front of the bed. Located in the drawer of the cabinet, right under the TV set, you will find a thermometer, blood-pressure appliance, sterile bandages, prescription blanks, fever chart (with instructions), tongue depressors, adhesive tapes and other items routinely found in every doctor's black bag. A cord with a telephone plug attached to the teledoctor instrument is now plugged into a special jack on your telephone. Future telephones will be provided with this facility. The TV signals and telehand electronic signals, etc., will all travel over the closed circuit telephone lines.\*

● Next you dial your physician's telephone number. He or his nurse takes the call. You give your name and state that your teledoctor instrument is plugged

\*Technical note. At the present state of the art, it is not possible to transmit a 525 line TV signal over existing telephone lines. A good picture of 250-350 lines, however, can be phone-transmitted today. Such a picture would give sufficient definition for the proper operation of the teledoctor.

in and ready. The doctor now plugs his own set into the telephone and in a few seconds two-way communication is established. The doctor by electronic telecontrol moves your instrument into the best position, raising or lowering your set, which has a swivel mechanism for that purpose.

The color camera is now trained on you and the doctor looks you over. He listens to your heart—not with a stethoscope, but with the back of his right telehand. This has a sensitive microphone which the doctor places over your heart. He hears your heartbeat, now strongly amplified, over his loudspeaker.

● He next takes your blood pressure, looks into your throat or examines any part of you. If he wants to inject you with penicillin or other medication, he will ask you to place a prescription blank into a holder arranged for this purpose. He picks up a special pencil from the drawer and writes out a prescription, then signs it. You are to get this from your drugstore as soon as feasible. When you have received it, you call the doctor once more. He places the special injection cartridge, now on the market called *Busher*, into his telehand

**Cont below...**

\*See also article on the same subject: "The Radio Teledoctor" by H. Gernsback, *SCIENCE & INVENTION* magazine, Feb. 1925, page 978.



THE

# ELECTRONIC DUEL



A deadly duel is fought by electronics, the weapons: two flashlights. No skill of arms is required in this amazing encounter and more surprising ending.

The timekeeper counts the seconds.

niece, started a chain reaction by taking a minor position in the Laboratories' accounting department.

● It came as a surprise to no one that Gigi's scintillating black eyes, her high-Gauss personal magnetism, her low-decibelle audio voice, her sine-wave curvacious chassis, and her wondrously fine, 50 AWG gauge, glistening black hair completely short-circuited all Frank's and Jed's will-power. Their capacitance for further resistance was totally punctured as well.

History abounds with many au-

thenticated cases of lightning striking simultaneously in two places, wreaking havoc in the process.

Frank and Jed, within two days of Gigi's flamboyant entrance into the Laboratories, quite naturally had fallen in high-potential love with her. They began dating her continuously, if not furiously. The love-making, too, was in the upper regions of volatilizing fission.

In a few short weeks, the two male lovers had almost completely exhausted their passion-voltage, which approached zero level. Their love capacitance, too, had sunk to a low current ebb—down in the milliamperes reaches.

Frank was so exhausted that he caught a severe case of full-wave virulent virus that put him *hors de combat*. Jed, however, played it smart. He laid low for two days, not out of fairness to a sick friend, but to boost his

WHEN the two boyhood friends, Frank Wallace and Jed Carrel, graduated from college as electronic engineers, they landed lucrative positions with Electronda Laboratories. Being brilliant young men, they

advanced rapidly. The head of the Laboratories predicted great achievements for both of them.

The future looked electrifying indeed until that fateful day when the high-tension, sexually explosive Gigi Garnier, the boss's

engineers, fearing that the USSR is about to overtake the US in this area. (Really?)

Unfortunately, Hugo wouldn't be Hugo if he wasn't totally whacky at times. Read the story of two rivals to the same girl, who decide to fight it out to the death with electric chairs, light sensors and flashlights! It is told almost like a short story, and he offers no less than five outcomes of the duel.

In the 1955 edition of Forecast we also see the fine medal and diploma Hugo received from his homeland Luxemburg. He became an *officer of the Grand Ducal Order of The Golden Oak*, bestowed by The Grand Duchess Charlotte after a report by her Foreign Minister and due deliberation by the government, as a "savant and man of letters". Luxemburg knew how to honor a prominent expatriate, unlike a Worldcon (soon to be hijacked by Chinese communists, alas) where some moron probably will rise, declare that Hugo "is a bloody fascist!!!" and demand the Hugo award is renamed the Social

own strength, knowing well that Frank was incapacitated for several weeks. Then he redoubled his onslaught on the electrifying Gigi in earnest. He amplified all his signals and there was no doubt left in her mind that his hi-fi love output was "true dimensional." He soon began to sense her conversion when his ardent kisses generated a firmer reciprocal contact with a high-level feedback that was eminently satisfactory.

● He could resistor no longer. "Will you marry me—now, tonight?" he panted. She scanned her two gorgeous 'scopes only for seconds, her eyelids oscillating lazily, as she exhaled a weak "Yes," nestling in his arms.

Within hours, a willing justice of the peace had engineered a permanent hookup for the lovers, who next morning, with their employer's blessings, departed for a three-week honeymoon.

Not willing to face Frank, who was slowly regenerating, they sent him a wedding announcement en route, after they were certain he was well enough to leave his bed. Frank, however, had already heard the news by underground transmission, and no one can blame him if he blew a fuse and his insulation broke down badly. Indeed, he suffered a self-induced relapse—

when the surging currents of despair kept building up dangerous peaks which only slowly discharged to a normal level.

● Frank took the perfidiousness of Jed and Gigi badly. He felt that they had taken unfair advantage of him while he was ill. He was certain that in a balanced contest he would have come out the winner—at least he would have had a chance. But now he felt cheated and he swore vengeance.

As the days wore on—while the "cheaters" were enjoying their ill-gained honeymoon—a diabolical plan began to crystallize in Frank's feverish brain. The more he thought about it, the better he liked it.

*He would challenge Jed to an electronic duel, which he could not refuse.*

Accordingly, he began to rig up an assortment of deadly electronic equipment in his own quarters at the Electronda Laboratories. His spacious office lent itself well to this. No one paid attention when research engineers assembled special electronic equipment from time to time. In a few days, everything was in readiness and he could now afford to await calmly the return of the enemy.

On a Monday morning, Jed

returned to his office. Frank congratulated him with biting sarcasm and sly innuendos, and ended it all with an oblique reference to Gigi's questionable past. Indeed, he vouchsafed that he, Frank, was extremely pleased to have palmed off the shopworn Gigi on Jed so successfully!

● Jed, in a hot bunsen-burner rage, struck several vicious blows at Frank, who thereupon insisted that the two should have it out that very night. Frank then also suggested casually that if Jed thought his honor was at stake they could best set matters right by fighting a duel—an electronic duel. In the heat of the moment, the outraged Jed agreed to this and it was decided that they would meet at the Laboratories at 8 that night. Two mutual friends, sworn to secrecy, were to witness the affair. It was furthermore stipulated that Gigi would not be informed of the duel.

As both men had keys to the Laboratories, they, as well as the two witnesses, Philip Roche and Franz Prantzen, assembled in Frank's office promptly at 8 P.M.

Philip and Franz—as is routine in all standard duels—in vain tried to persuade the two former friends to abandon their mad project, only to be met with

stern rebuffs. Because, as Jed put it succinctly, "There is not sufficient room on this planet for both of us—one must die!"

The dueling arrangement, Frank explained, was eminently fair to both men. They would fight for their lives with extremely simple weapons—two ordinary flashlights. Both men would sit on metal chairs, twenty feet apart, but facing each other. Strapped over their hearts, each man would have a light-sensitive photoelectric cell, such as commonly used in electronic laboratories. Each photo cell and a relay was connected to a separate and powerful 50,000-volt high-tension transformer.

● The scenario went as follows: If subject 1 trained his flashlight full on subject 2's photo cell, even for an instant, relay No. 2 would close its circuit. Transformer No. 2 would now discharge its lethal current through subject 2, by way of the metallic flashlight he was holding. Separate return circuits were wired to each chair, the seat of which was wetted, assuring a perfect contact for the electrocution. It would be a noiseless and painless death.

Frank and Jed personally tested the circuits. Then one of the seconds flipped a coin, de-



cluding which duelist should occupy chair 1 and who should sit in No. 2.

The men then seated themselves, pale but composed. It had been agreed that both Frank and Jed were to dangle their right arms over the backs of their chairs in the now darkened room, the flashlights turned on, but pointing to the floor.

One of the witnesses was to tick off 25 seconds, counting the time back from 25 to zero. At zero, both duelists were to point their flashlights at each other as quickly as possible, each trying to be first in training the light rays on his adversary's photo cell for a certain death.

The left hands of the rivals were taped to the backs of their chairs so neither contestant could possibly cheat by placing his left hand over the photo cell which would then not function because the flashlight's rays could not operate the light-sensitive cell.

All final preparations made, the duelists sat grimly facing each other in the dark, both flashlights lit, illuminating the floor with two ghostly circles. The quiet was ponderous and nerve-wracking in its intensity, as Franz's methodic and clear voice droned the fleeting seconds... 18... 17... 16... 15... 14... 13... 12... 11... 10... 9... 8... 7... 6... 5... 4... 3... 2... 1... 0.

Here I find it necessary—and I apologize for the interruption—to point up a most disagreeable problem.

You see, I have become beset by grave doubts about this most interesting account, and, quite frankly, I don't know just how to proceed. I have carefully weighed some very dramatic finishes, but the more I ponder them, the less sure I become. Let us therefore inspect the proposed endings, one by one:

No. 1. *The Popular Ending.* Obviously, Frank is a dirty cad. He besmirched willfully and knowingly the fair damsel Gigi's reputation. The reader knows well that this was a dastardly trumped-up calumny of a bad loser. So, let's electrocute Frank, and our true and vindicated lovers will live happily ever after.

That's what you think! What about Gigi? Will she just swallow all this gaff and never reproach Jed for having killed her former lover in cold electronics? After all, he knew how to make love, too! Won't she, in a sacred moment of passion, hiss at Jed, with a "Go away, you murderer! Don't touch me with your yellow electronicized hands!"

No. 2. *The Doubtful Ending.* All right. Let's kill Jed, her hus-

band. So Frank, the rat, survives triumphantly, if cynically. Naturally he hoots it to the widowed Gigi and tries to console her, pleading that the whole thing was an unfortunate accident. In time, this vile snake in Gigi's perfumed garden will of course marry her. Brrrr—what a mismatch! No, this won't work.

No. 3. *The Clever Ending.* Remember 'way back we planned that lightning gag, striking in two spots *simultaneously*? Well, why not? We kill the two heroes simultaneously! Fortunately, with electronics—a form of lightning—this is child's play, easy as pie.

As any electrical engineer will tell you, it works. So now we have both boys good and dead. But that emphatically does *not* end it. We still have Gigi on our hands, and I can't see how we can kill her, too—or can we?

Is she heartbroken and prostrated? Gad, no! Not Gigi. For she glibly tells reporters that she was sick and tired of these persistent electronic hot-finger boys anyway. She really married Jed only in desperation, knowing full well that she had been spliced to a supercharged hot wire. No more of such nonsense. She's packing and flying down to her own New Orleans—pronounced *Nu Orleón*—from where she escaped

to get away from Jean Pierre Coquemar, her boyhood friend, now *sous-chef* at Antoine's Restaurant. "At least," says Gigi with aplomb, "he *can* cook—and how!"

No. 4. *The Surprise Ending.* When Jed leaves Gigi on that fateful evening of the duel, after kissing her goodbye and pleading an important business meeting, something in his manner disturbs her. She is perturbed by his unusual tenderness and the long-lingering hot-incandescent-cathode kisses.

After he is gone, her feminine short-wave intuition signals an electronic danger warning. She calls up her uncle-boss, but there is no business meeting. Then she calls up Frank—but there is no answer. Thoroughly alarmed, she takes a bus to the Laboratories. But there are few buses in the late evening and she loses much valuable time. Finally she arrives at her destination and tries the main entrance—fortunately it isn't locked. She runs from one office to another and finally locates Frank's. She bursts in just at zero second and in the dim light shining through the door, she sees both Frank and Jed slumping in their chairs—*both dead.* (See Ending No. 3).

With a curdling ten-decibel shriek, she throws herself on Jed, grasps the hand that still clutches the 50,000-volt charged flashlight, kisses Jed full on the lips with a low heartbreaking moan—the kiss of death for her. The two witnesses, Franz and Philip, who had no time to turn off the lethal current that energized the death-dealing transformers, lose their heads when they see the three corpses and flee in panic.

Patently, such an ending, where the three principals of the story are cooked—though electronically—at the end, is hardly appropriate. The public would not stand for it. No movie mogul would deign to buy the film rights for such a gruesome tale.

No. 5. *The Corny Ending.* Somebody dreams the duel and wakes up screaming. These dream finishes are the hackneyed finale of many misguided authors. They are too silly for words, the dreams, that is.

I could go on to tell you at least four more interesting endings, but, unfortunately, none pan out right. Yes, there is even one where Gigi had a black-sheep-of-the-family twin sister named Giga, who could be dug up and palmed off on that lowviper Frank. But these skeleton-in-the-closet relics—even if they are as gorgeous as Giga—are odious and down-right corny. And who in these spaceless days has a closet big enough to store a skeleton? They don't build them that big anymore!

So you see what I'm up against. I started out blithely with a sure-fire elegant idea. But what happened? It imploded like a punctured TV picture tube—a complete internal collapse. I know when I'm licked—I give up. I really should stick to my forecasting...

Right: "Teledoctor" continued

and presses it against your skin. By spring action, the medication is shot into the arm quickly.

The doctor then gives you whatever other instructions are required and promises to "visit" you again early in the evening. When you are well again, phone your druggist who will call for the tele-doctor instrument.

It should be noted that, short of a serious operation, the doctor of the future will be able to do almost anything by teledoctoring that he can do in person. He can remove your bandages after an operation, bandage you, remove stitches post-operationally, swab wounds, all at a distance.

In the more distant future, he will even be able to perform emergency long-distance operations, provided a nurse or nurses can be secured to assist him.

Soon, your doctor will be able to see far more patients with infinitely greater efficiency. He will not only save untold lives, and generate better health for his patients, but his own life will be made far easier and he will himself live longer and so serve suffering humanity far better than was ever possible before.

self live longer and so serve suffering humanity far better than was ever possible before.

### Detta är science fiction!

Efter ett flertal dygn av kvallficerat grubbel har prisnämnden stannat för att överrätta science fiction med "teknodikt". Det förslaget har tillfört dr Josef Almquist ett första pris om 50 kr. Han är expert inom området och har flera andra goda förslag som hjälpt till att tjäna ihop förstapriset åt honom.

Ett andra pris har tillfogats Sture Lönnerstrand, också han branschman i teknodikt, för hans förslag "faktast", en nätt och brukbar nybildning mellan fantasi och fakta. Han har 25 kr att motse.

Tredje pris, bestående av böcker från Eklunds förlag, där science-fiction-serien gets ut, har utdelats till tio förtjänta förelagsställare, några av dem har i likhet med förstapristagaren förelagt "teknodikt", andra har annat att komma med. Som litterär riktning vill hr Lars-G. Lindahl kalla science fiction för "vernism" efter allas vår späda barndoms Jules Verne. Signaturen Gil har från djupfilmens 3 D hittat på att kalla science-fiction-litteraturen för 4 D ("fy-r-de"). Ingenjör G. V. Nordensvan har funnit beteckningen "teckare" i analogi med deckare. Ytterligare bokpriser har med rund hand tilldelats fru Alice Norén i Bromma, hr Gunnar Skopmark i Oskarshamn, hr Filip Gröning i Uppsala, signaturen "Göteborgaren 29.11.53", hr Harry Westerlund i Uppsala, folkskollärarinnan Britta Carlsson i Riala och ingenjör E. Berg i Jönköping. Signaturerna skall vara snälla och ge sig till känna så att vi vet vad de är för ena. Tillhopa har det kommit ett hundratal förslag.

Progress and Conscience award. Just you wait!

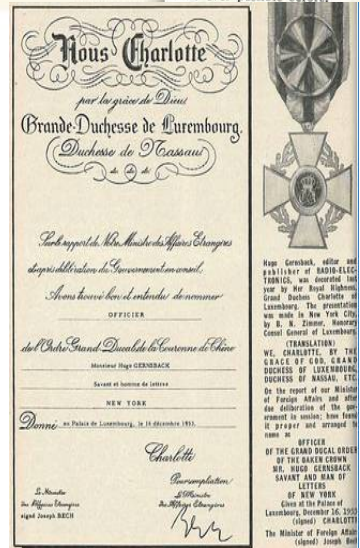
A dictionary tells us that a savant is: 1. A learned person; a scholar. 2. An idiot savant, or 3. A man of learning or science. Have your pick. None of the definitions says "fascist". It's hypocrisy to invent "Codes" of Conducts claiming all attendees must feel "comfortable" but allow aggressive, lying personal attacks on genre figureheads from the main stage, as in Dublin in 2019.

This cultural research journal has previously reported about several contests held in 1953 - the year of skiffy breakthrough in Sweden - to find a local name for the genre. "Science fiction" doesn't sound very Swedish, after all. Lots of linguistic creativity ensued, but science fiction it remained (though Bertil Falk likes the suggestion "faktasi" which Sam J Lundwall registered as domain for his last publishing operation). I think I missed reporting what publisher Bonnier's attempt resulted in, here in Expressen 20 feb, 1954: *It's said... Swedish have a new word: teknovision.*

*That's the result from a competition the Bonnier book magazine Bonniers Nyheter launched together with Teknikens Värld about the best Swedish word for science fiction, that you today stumble upon. There were two first prizes, Karl-bertil bergman, engineer in Huddinge with teknovision and Hans-Erik Persson, Åstorp, with Futurama.*

Newspaper Aftonbladet also had a competition to find a Swedish name for skiffy, one of at least three the autumn of 1953. Dec 16 they announced the winners, "This is science fiction":

After several days of qualified thinking the prize jury has decided to stay with translating science fiction to "teknodikt". "dikt"=poetry or fiction/ That suggestion has given Dr Josef Almquist the first price of SEK10 /ca USD10/ He's an expert of the field and has several other good suggestions that helped giving him the first prize. The second prize has been attached to Sture Lönnerstrand, also a man in the field of





teknodikt, for his suggestion "faktasi", a neat and useful neologism of fantasy and fact. He can expect SEK25. The third prize consisting of books from Eklund publisher, where sf literature has been published, has been awarded ten deserving suggestions. Some of them have just as the winner suggested "teknodikt", others have other suggestions too. As a literary genre Mr Lars-G Lindahl wants to call sf "veernism" from the Jules Verne /sic!/ from our delicate youth. From "deep films" the signature Gil s found out to call sf literature "4D" /"fyrdé". Engineer GV Nordensvahn has found the phrase "teckare" analogous with "deckare" /popular term for crime fiction/. More book awards have generously been handed to Mrs Alice Norén in Bromma, mr Gunnar Skogmark in Oskarshamn, Mr Filip Gröning in Uppsala, signature "Göteborgaren 29.11.53", Mr Harry Westerlund in uppsala, teacher Britta Carlsson in Risla, Engineer E Berg in Jönköping. Those using signatures please get in touch so we know who you are. Altogether around 100 suggstions have arrived.



When his phone failed him, a speedy pen came in handy...

Over to an infamous history episode in Northern European fandom, though newcomers may not be aware of all details: the big fan fund fraud. How come so many Swedish fen gafiated in the late 1980's? To summarise the answer: the evening of July 15th 1987, two persons - we could call them John-Henri Humbug and Anders Belly - forged 34 ballots in the Scandinavian-European Fan Fund to defraud the 250 voters of around \$5000 (in today's purchasing power), a scandal causing shame and resentment and many thinking GAFIA was a tempting idea (Getting Away From It All, leaving fandom, as you should know). As I found the evidence of it, the 34 fake "ballots", aiming to to feed the money from the fannish public to Mr Belly (whose caloric consumption recently make that name seem fattening...eh, fitting). I covered the story in my newszine (300+ subs) and published the details

Wester på Bellis, insamlade av JHH enligt telefonintervju

- 1 Daniel Atterham 3
  - 2 Anders F. Forberg
  - 3 Gabriel Stein
  - 4 Johan Ellén
  - 5 KG Johansson
  - 6 John Hall
  - 7 Lena Johansson
- Jalle 70c -

Claimed "Votes on Belly collected by JHH on the phone." No ballots with signatures in sight...

on it (some of which you see in this). I thus became target of loads of slander and libel by the culprits, Humbug and Belly, as attacking the messenger is the only option when caught with pants down and your long fingers in the cookie jar. Belly had attacked me for a long time, my stake in it was that it was actually I who founded SEFF (to no good, the fan fund collapsed after their doings). The undersigned happened to work for Mr Humbug and simply found the incriminating documentation in a drawer (sloppy to leave evidence behind, but so it was). You see examples of how the scammers worked. E g simply a handwritten list of names claiming to be "Votes for Belly". No ballots, no personal signatures that the ballot required

STOFIS  
 FRAMED RÖSTAR FÖLJANDE PARSONS FÖR  
 ANDRUS BELLIS I SEFF-OMRÖSTNINGEN

---

CONNY SANTON (FR SWECON 85, AKTIVITET) 3/87  
 JOANN SANTON (FR SWECON 85, AKTIVITET) 3/87

HELENA JÄNDER (LISTE BLG 2 I RÖDAN 1981, I 85 RÖDAN BUNDE)

TON ERIKSSON

JE OICA SANTESSON

FÄR NILSSON

STAFFAN OLSSON (VIA MOLLE KÄMMER (KAN INTYGA AKTIVITET)

FR HERR O SANVITET

*Anders Belly*  
 ANDERS BELLIS, 1987

Belly signed his imaginative list on his "conscience and honour", as if he had any.



Mr Belly, great at making lists...of defrauding nonsense.

At least the fraudster Humbug claimed have power of attorney for proxy votes "by phone", which mr Humbug to some eyebrow-rising among the law savvy claimed was from "Swedish tradition". You can be assured the good and orderly realm of Sweden has zero "traditions" of election tangling. Our laws are very strict on elections and ballots. (Trump would have hated it!) Humbug's doodling has zero legitimacy, voting "by phone" is unheard of, though he didn't even use phones - just his pen and imagination. You see, July is our vacation month, virtually everyone is away, on a trip, a beach, in the summer cottage - and there were no cellphones then. A



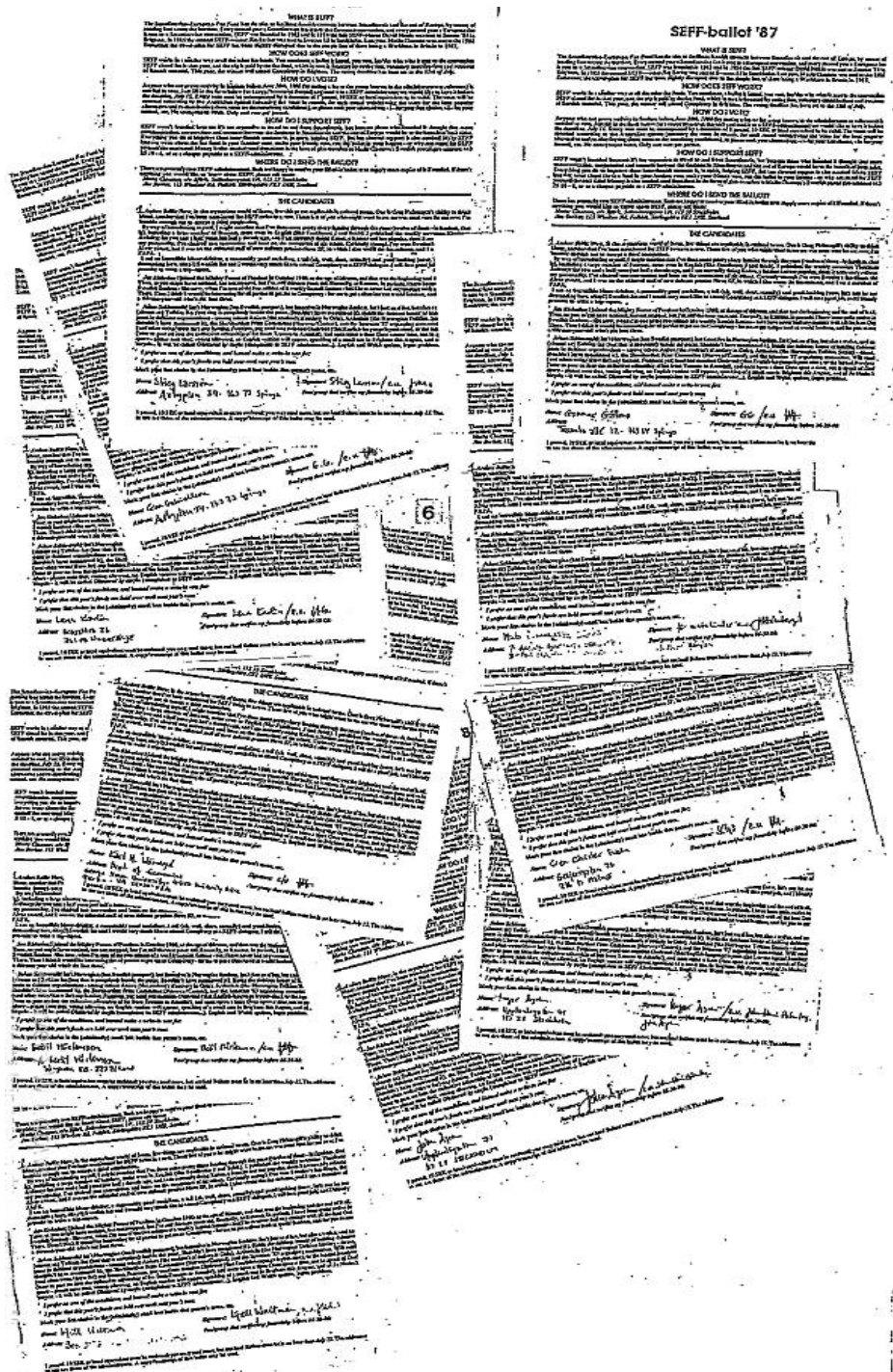
valid ballot required the voter's signature (a vote taken down on a blank paper was admissible, if signed and legible) but here the fake "votes" came from creative imagination, Ouija boards, telepathy or something, and when in a hurry as the forgers were - just write a list of names!

This is what happened: as I had been collecting votes myself (all properly signed) I was phoned up just a few hours before deadline with fishing attempts to know how many votes I had gathered. I was just about to go over and deliver the last ones. Humbug and Belly thus realised they had far too little support. (Humbug once lied he gathered votes for weeks. No one so approached has been found, and with more time it'd would have been done more properly than the incredible silly scribble you see documented.) We know the scammers *began* trying to phone people for "votes", a thing that in vacation-July and cell-less 1987 was hopeless. Getting legal power of attorney by phone is out of the question, so "votes" that evening came from just grabbing paper and start doodling. The forgeries lay in stacks, similar ones after each other as the pen-driven conveyor belt had made them. Several of those claimed to "vote" were checked and most were never near a phone. We have for instance Stieg Larsson and Eva Gabriellsson votes forged by Humbug, at the time they as usual were out sailing in the Stockholm archipelago (known from Stieg biographies). One Jan R used telepathy for voting from a sailing boat in the middle of the Mediterranean!

We see panic and a couple of hours worth of sloppy improvisation from over-confident swindlers who thought they'd get away with it. See the funny list from Mr Belly saying "By this the following persons vote for Anders Belly in the SEFF election". Right, just take some paper and pick names out of a hat - that's "votes". Of 7 names mentioned no one have heard of 5 (who may or may not have been briefly near a con or have been force-feed mimeoed pages, but no Sverifan has ever heard of these people I guarantee).

Mr Belly was claimed to reach three more votes (of 34 forged) than the opponent, the at the time quite active Norwegian fan Johan Schimanski. Degrading Norway slurs used by Humbug and Belly made it easy for Norwegian fans to decide their voting, but something like 40-50% of the Schimanski votes were actually Swedish (Belly was a loudmouthed type and in my campaigning I didn't find it overly hard to collect votes as long as it was on "anyone but Belly".)

The principle was "If you know a



As JHH's pen glowed, these "votes" materialised in big heaps. All documentation also available in better resolution and it's of course also published, in the late 1980s.



name and can write it down - it's a vote". Mr Humbug for his part grabbed a bunch of empty ballots, took a pen and wrote names as shown in the collage - dozens, all with the same pen in such a hurry that he didn't even take time to write his name, just "eu/JHH" (the "eu" abbreviation is a claim for power of attorney). Unfortunately the "administrator" also worked for Humbug and was probably threatened being fired and who would find out anyway?

So wrong! It is the biggest scandal in Swedish and probably Scandinavian fandom. 1) A record number of fans (about a quarter of a thousand voters) were affected. 2. More money embezzled than any other affair I know of. (By th 1987 exchange rate a little over \$1000. Today the purchasing power of that is x4.5-5, or about \$5 000), 3) The spite, gall and shamelessness by which the deed was done, 4) The effects, hail of slander and label being vomited from Humbug and Belly. Since all was so obvious and documented in facsimile, the only option is the classic stunt of trying to shoot at the messenger, which you BTW still se traces of. Many others had a little bit of shame and seeing this bankruptcy they decided other things was more fun than sinking in a fandom morass. Estimates are that numbers of active fen dropped by about 2/3 rds because of the fraud in the late 1980's to early 1990's.

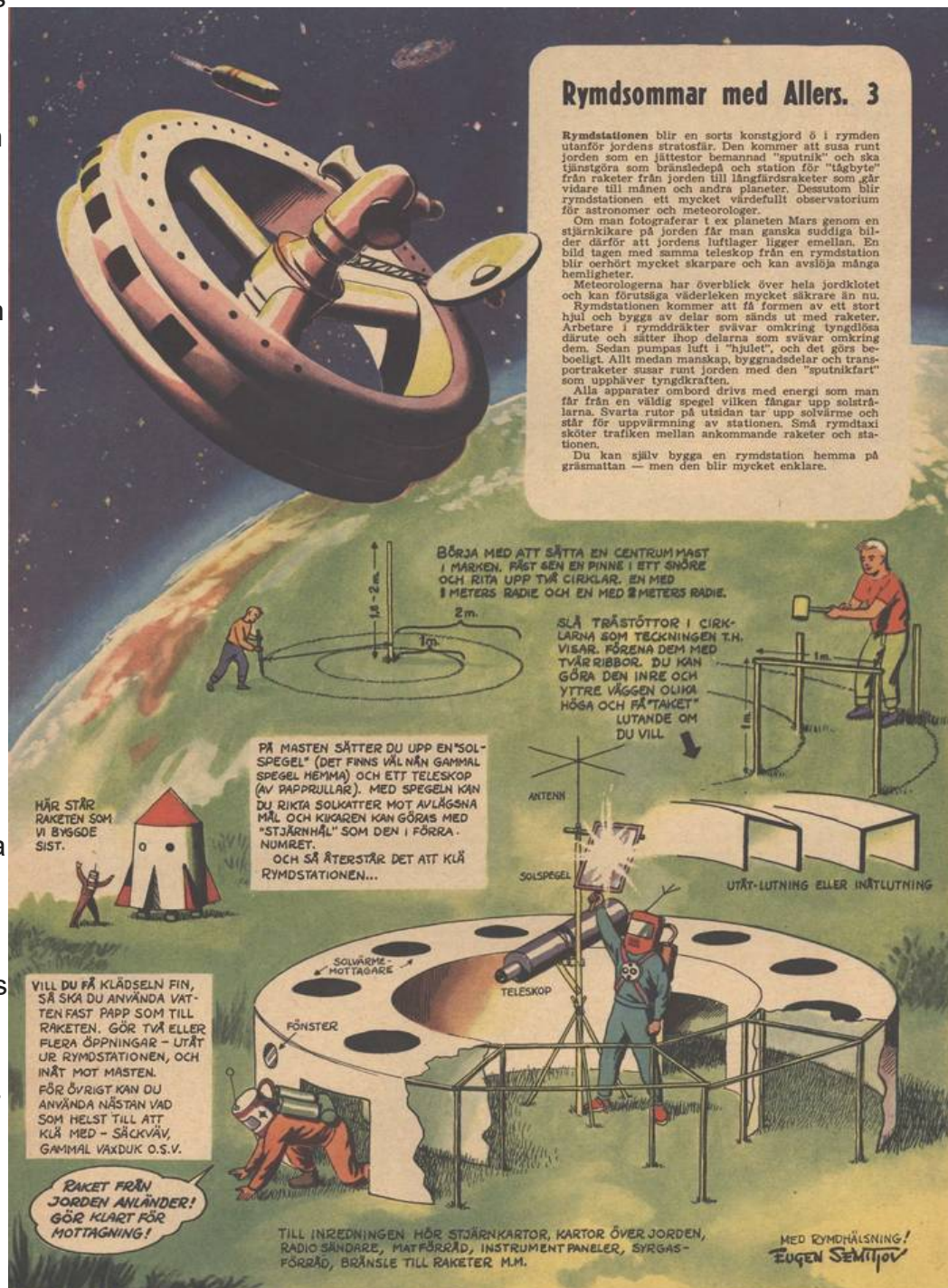
A little afterthought. I remember the 1978 fight over fanzine reviews in the SFSF clubzine. I and others collected power of attorney documents (real, signed ones) to try to get another clubzine editor to keep the fanzine column. (As you should know, fanzines are important for fandom, already back then.) The fanzine review savers had about a dozen such PoAs - but at the very business meeting up sprang John-Henri Humbug with over 20 PoAs. Thinking about it later, it could have been a been a prequel to later deeds, an early test of the conveyor belt.

Now, if you hear anything about JHH and voting, get away, run!

Whatever it was in SFSF in 1978, in SEFF in 1987 he *did* forge lots of votes, defrauded us on a lot of money and caused enormous damage to fandom. And if you hear anything from him relating to this, remember he only lies when his lips or fingers move.

From stupidity exploding like a Nova in space, to Eugen Semitjov telling kids how to build a play spacestation. You can probably place the captions correctly, to *Space Summer with Allers* (weekly, #27, 1958):

*The space station becomes a sort of artificial island in space outside Earth's stratosphere. It will run around Earth as a giant, manned sputnik and will serve as a gas*





station and a place to change from rockets coming from Earth to long-distance rockets going to the Moon and other planets. The space station will also become a very valuable for astronomers and meteorologists. If you photograph e.g. Mars through a telescope from Earth you get a rather blurry image since layers of Earth's air is in between. A picture taken from a telescope on a space station becomes much more sharp and may reveal many secrets. Meteorologists may survey all of Earth and can forecast weather more certain than now. The space station will be shaped like a big wheel and is built by parts launched by rocket. Workers in space suits float around weightless out there. Air is pumped into the "wheel" and it's made livable. All while people, parts and ferry rockets, go around Earth with three "sputnik speed" that repels gravity. All equipment on board is powered by energy you get from a big mirror that catches sun heat, which also heats the station. Small space taxis handle the traffic between incoming rockets and the station. You can build a space station on your lawn – but it will be much easier. // Begin with placing a central pole in the ground. Attach a rope with a stick and mark two circles, one with a 1 metre radius and one with 2 metres. // Bury wooden pins in the circles as shown in the drawing to the right. Join them with wooden slats. You may make the outer and inner ring of different heights to make the "roof" slanted if you wish. // Salted inward or outward. // You lace a mirror on the pole you place (you should have an old mirror at home) and a telescope (made from paper rolls). With the mirror you can target the sun at distance objects, and the telescope can be made with "star holes" as told in last issue. Remains to dress up the station... // Antenna. Sun mirror. // If you want to cover it well, use water-resistant cardboard like with the rocket. Make two or more openings – outwards from the space station and inwards towards the pole. You may use just about anything to cover it with, old burlap, old wax cloth etc. // Here's the rocket we built last time. Window. Sun heat receptor. Telescope. Sun mirror. // To the interior belongs star maps, maps of Earth, radio transmitters, stored food, instrument panels, oxygen supply, rocket fuel, etc.

Bertil Falk, the conqueror of CaptainFuture, James Joyce and Indira Gandhi had a column in the evening paper Kvällsjournalen in the 1990s, where he promised to answer any – you could even e-mail him in

the mid-90s.

In "Ask Bertil" nov 10, 1996, he replied to "Why is it called science fiction" (the picture is a cover of Swedish Galaxy, showing an issue where "faktasi" was launched as a genre name):

...science fiction can loosely be

translated as "scientific literary stories", which won't make many happy, or "scientific fiction", maybe slightly better, but the word "fiktion" in Swedish isn't satisfactory as it in Swedish despite influence from USA rather means "figment of imagination". In the Swedish sf magazine Galaxy (local edition of US mag) in No 4, 1958 the editor-in-chief Sten Möllerström announced a contest to find a new name so we didn't have to say "sajens fiktjen". In an earlier contest the word "teknovision" won, but had since disappeared. And Tord Hall often used the concept "vetsagor" (vet refers to science or "to know") Among the suggestions arriving were the funny "vetefan" /"who-the-heck-knows.."/ and "vetasi", "teknodikt", "framtidism"/futurism/, "utopiskildring" /utopia portrayal/ and "vetenskapsdikt" /science+poem or tale/. Sten Möllerström felt gloomy sitting there in the

**Fråga Bertil**  
e-post: [bfalk@sbbs.se](mailto:bfalk@sbbs.se)

**FRÅGA OM VAD SOM HELST**  
Redaktör Bertil Falk tar reda på svaren och publicerar ett urval varje söndag. Skriv till GT/Kvällsposten SÖNDAG, 205 26 MALMÖ. Märk kuvertet "Fråga Bertil". Eller faxa till Bertil på nummer 040-48 54 18. Du kan också skicka e-post. Se adressen längst till vänster.  
**HJÄRTLIGT VÄLKOMMEN**





**Galaxy**  
MORNINGDAGENS TIDNING REDAN IDAG!  
SCIENCE FICTION

Galaxy, nr. 8, april 1959 där det nya ordet "faktasi" lanserades som en svensk ersättare av begreppet "science fiction".

## Varför säger vi science fiction?

**SPRÅK**

**F**råga: Varför använder vi det engelska ordet science fiction? Finns det inget svenskt ord?

**S**pråkets väktare var: Science fiction kan löst översättas som "vetenskaplig skönlitteratur", vilket knappast gör någon glad eller också med "vetenskaplig fiktion", vilket möjligen är en kvarts grad bättre, men ordet "fiktion" är inte speciellt lyckat, eftersom det på svenska trots smittan från USA snarare betyder "inbillning, påhitt" än "skönlitteratur". I nr 4, december 1958 i den svenska upplagan av sf-tidskriften Galaxy utlyste ansvarige utgivaren Sten Möllerström en tävling som gick ut på att hitta på ett nytt ord så att vi slapp säga "sajens fiktjen". Vid en tidigare tävling hade ordet "teknovision" vunnit, men därefter försvunnit ur hanteringen. Och Tord Hall använde sig ofta av begreppet "vetsagor". Bland de förslag som kom fanns det roliga "vetefan" och "vetasi" liksom "futurologi", "teknodikt", "framtidism", "utopiskildring" och "vetenskapsdikt".

På Galaxys redaktion misströtade Sten Möllerström: "Vad ska vi då göra med de 200 kronor, som övertecknad så lättsinigt utlovade i nummer 4?"

klagade han i nummer 8, 1959 men då "dök ordet FAKTASI upp. Insänt utan motivering av Carl-Göran Tengvall i Johanneshov. Vi tyckte det var en rolig konnotation som vi försökte glömma. Men vi upptäckte att ordet liksom stannade i hjärnan."

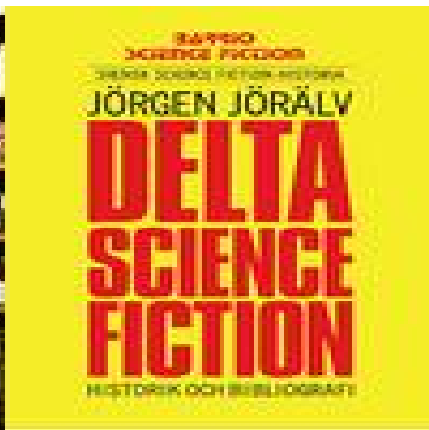
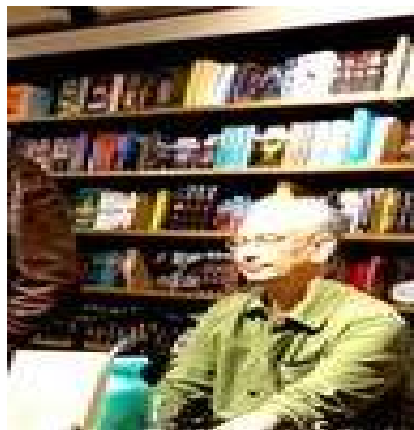
Faktasi är alltså en tydlig sammandragning av orden fakta och fantasi, men tyvärr inte bara stannade begreppet i hjärnan på Galaxys redaktion. Det tycks dessutom ha stannat kvar där och har knappast hörts av sen dess. Sciencefiction är helt enkelt så fast rotat att det är svårt att slå ut. Men medge att "faktasi" är ett bra uttryck.



Galaxy office. "What should we do with the SEK200 that he so easily promised in No 4?, he complained in No 8, "but then the word FAKTASI turned up, submitted by Carl-Göran Tengwall in Johanneshov. We thought it was interesting combination that we tried to forget. But we found that the word sort of stayed in the brain." Faktasi is the merge of fact and fantasy, but it only remained there in Galaxy. It seems to have stayed there and to never been heard of again. Science fiction is so rooted that its hard to beat. But admit that faktasi isa good expression

But Bertil is wrong, or rather: Swedish Galaxy was. "Faktasi" was up before, already in 1953 when the first naming contests were (as reported here). It was Sam J Lundwall who took over the Jules Verne Magasinet that Bertil revived – Bertil in fact early on said he'd be glad if someone with more resources would take up the mag. And that was publisher Askild & Kärnekull, where Sam J had arrived after a stint as TV producer, airing great plans: *skiffy would conquer the world!* A&K and Sam had great plans, big format, four colour cover and distribution by the national newsstand chain. The outcome didn't live up to expectation so they soon had to downsize and finally Sam left the publisher, started his own Delta pub house and took JVM with him. His career has been several times – music, records, TV etc – and recently Jörgen Jörälv released *Delta SF – History and Bibliography*. Beside listing all the contents of JVM, all books Sam's Delta pub house did it's also a short bio of Mr Lundwall himself. Though he had trouble finding material - Sam for instance burned all letters and left-over paper from Delta when the publishing house was shut down – it covers more of Sam J than I have seen anywhere (but for selfish fanhistory reasons I would have liked more on the early 60's Fannish War). A piece of news from this books release earlier in May in the SF Bookstore: Sam J is writing again. He has a "giant blockbuster of a novel" almost finished. A thing Jörälv mentions but doesn't expand on is microfiche, where Sam J may have been a pioneer among Swedish publishers. DagensNyheter wrote Dec 31 1997, "Three Books on a Card But You Need Your Own Reader":

As we stand before a new year here's news to present, that is Camille Flammarion's book *Fantasy and Reality*, published in 1865. It was the first book about sf literature, from *Lucian of Samosata* and on, but not *Juels Verne* as he had then hardly began publishing sf books. The news with this book is that it now can be bought on three tiny microfilm cards, or microfiche as the term is. But to read it you must have access to a reader, ie a TV like contraption that you may have seen been used in banks. Banks, libraries and archives have increasingly been collecting their knowledge on small negative cards, ie white text against black background, but you read Flammarion positive with illustrations and everything. A reader costs SEK400 at least, but you can get one much more expensive too. If you own one you may at this time in Swedish only buy Flammarion and also the world's first sf magazine, Swedish *Hugin*, published 1916-21, 85 issues collected



Jörgen Jörälv and his book on Sam J Lundwall and his publishing.

get rare magazines and toher things this way, but now it looks like fiction and more could be available for the public this way. As the microfiche is slightly cheaper to make than a book you can do it in smaller printruns. The microfiche Delta publishes has 96 book pages one each card, reduced 12-17 times, depending on the

Som vi står inför det nya året ska vi härstades presentera en nyomdighet, nämligen Camille Flammarions bok "Fantasi och verklighet", utkommen 1865.

Det var den första bok som behandlade om sciencefictionliteratur, från Lucians och framåt, drott ej Jules Verne, ty han hade knapp börjat ge ut sf-böcker.

Det nyomdigt med denna bok är att den numera finns att läsa på tre tycks mikrofilmkort, eller microfiche, som termen lyder.

För att kunna läsa boken måste man dock ha tillgång till en läsare, dvs en sån där TV-liknande apparat som ni kanske har sett bankerna använda.



Sam J Lundwall — först på plats.

Banks, bibliotek och arkiv har i all större utsträckning samlat in vetande på små negativa kort, dvs med vit text mot svart bakgrund, men Flammarion läser man positivt med illustrationer och allt.

En läsare kostar 400 kronor minst, och det finns nästan lika dyra som helst.

Innehavaren av en dyllt apparat kan på svenska just inte säga annat än Flammarion som världens första sciencefictionlitteratur, den svenska *Hugin*, utgiven 1916-21, 85 nummer samlade på 20 kort, plus Jules Verne-magasinet från 1940-43, 167 nummer på lika många kort.

Vad är lika man papperstidna på Jules Verne-magasinet kommande nummer för samma pris som vanliga läsare.

50 stycken av sådant en 3000 gör det.

Förlag till allt detta är Delta Förlags AB, där prova-på-all-galningen Sam J Lundwall busar.

Men vänder man sig utomlands finns det gott om att köpa.

Det enastående microficheförlag har på kort samlat världens engelska veckotidningar från 1700-talet till 1860, såväl, det är bara att beställa.

Forskare har en tid kunnat få sålagna fiskekort och annat svårfinnigt på detta sätt, men nu ser det ut som om databaser och annat skulle kunna bli tillgängligt för envar på detta sätt.

En microfiche är något billigare att framställa än en bok, vilket gör att man kan ta fram små apparater.

De microfiche som Delta ger ut har 96 boksidor på varje kort, en femtonde på 12-17 gånger, beroende på originalens storlek.

— Men, invände vi, med en läsareparat kan man ju inte läsa i sången?

Jaha, antar Lundwall, det minsta läsaren är batteridrivet. Det kan man ta med i sinfam.

En sån är säker, bokhyllorn blir små om den här utvecklingen.

on 20 cards, plus Jules Verne Magasinet 1940-43, 167 issues on that number of cards. To this, you may also subscribe to JVM for the same price as ordinary readers. 50 of around 3000 do this. Publisher of all this is Delta Publishing Inc where we find the try-everything-maniac Sam J Lundwall. If you go abroad there is more to find. An English microfiche publisher has collected every English weekly magazine, everything, from the 1700 hundreds to 1860. It's just to order it. Researchers have for a time been able to



quality of the original. "But," we protested, "you can't have a reading device in the bed." Yes you can, Lundwall says. "The smallest reader is battery powered. You can take that into the bunk" One thing is sure, book shelves becomes smaller if this development continues. (Caption: Sam J Lundwall – first in the field.)

Let's go back in time. Long before Sputnik, one Arthur "Ego" Clarke foresaw that the Russians aimed for space, as we saw in the same newspaper, May 28, 1950! "Moon Rocket a Research Dream for Planetary Offensive":

It's possible the Russians will be the first to reach the Moon. They work intensely on the project, perhaps a triumphant Russian "occupation" of the planet, claims the English scientist Arthur C Clarke. He bases his theory on information from the scientific world in USSR, eg said in Russian science journals. During the last few years the Russians have gained help from several skilled German scientists put in work on the project. Clarke is the one leading English research in the area. He counts on being able to make a Moon trip himself in 20 years. Short excursions in space will be common within ten years. Space flight is now in the position

ordinary flight was 40 years ago. You only need to quintuple the rocket speeds to the 40 000 km/h needed to overcome Earth's gravity, and it's no longer considered impossible. Are the the trip to the Moon takes less than four days, all according to Clarke's optimistic calculations

Well, the leader of English rocket science wasn't too far off. Satellites came within seven years, man in orbit within 12 years and the moon within 19 years.

The main Swedish fandom achievement award is called the

## Månraketen forskardröm för rysk planetoffensiv

UP. LONDON, lördag.

Det är tänkbart att ryssarna blir de första som når fram till månen. De arbetar intensivt på projektet, kanhända med en triumferande rysk "ockupation" av planeten i sikte, påstår den engelske vetenskapsmannen Arthur C. Clarke.

Han baserar sin teori på informationer från den vetenskapliga världen i Sovjet, bl. a. yppade i ryska faktskrifter. Under de senaste åren har ryssarna dessutom fått förstärkning av flera skickliga tyska

forskare, som satts i arbete på projektet.

Clarke är den som leder engelska forskningar på området. Han räknar för egen del med att kunna

företa månresan inom 20 år, berättar han. Korta utflykter i rymden kommer att vara vardagsmat inom tio år. Rymdflygningen befinner sig nu på det stadium där flygningen befann sig för 40 år sedan. Man behöver "bara" femdubbla raketernas hastighet till 40.000 kilometer i timmen för att övervinna jordens dragningskraft, och detta anses inte längre omöjligt. Sedan tar resan till månen mindre än fyra dagar, allt enligt Clarkes optimitiska beräkningar.

Alvar, after early fandom super enthusiast Alvar Appeltofft. Sadly enough he gafiated himself in 1977, just 31 years old. (One background I learned was his bad relations with his parents. Who one day took and destroyed his sf and fanzine collection, so he "would concentrate on his school work". An extremely bad move which made Alvar mad! It may be out of bad conscience the parents with the help of Dénis Lindbohm instigated the Alvar Appeltofft Memorial Foundation, which is now behind the prize.) But perhaps the Award could instead have been called the...Hugo! Because his full name was Alvar Gunnar Hugo, see <https://www.ancestry.com/genealogy/records/alvar-gunnar-hugo-appeltofft-24-hj1qy4> And BTW here's the obituary (sf fans should perhaps av *obituaries!*) in Dagens Nyheter Jan 2 1977:

### Alvar Gunnar Hugo Appeltofft

Birth	9 Apr 1942 - Halmstad, Halland, Sverige
Death	Dec 1976 - Amiralsgatan 46, Malmö, Skåne, Sverige
Mother	Ellen Gunhild Appeltofft
Father	Hugo Karl Fredrik Appeltofft

Alvar Appeltofft, herr Alvar Appeltofft (Mr ScienceFiction) has passed away at the age of 31 years. He was born in Halmstad, son to BA Hugo Appeltofft and his wife Ellen, nee Linden, highschool teacher. After highschool exam in Halmstad in 1961 he studied at Lund University He's been editorially involved in sf-magaazines Håpna! And JVM and acquired the honorary title "Mr SF". The Alvar Award handed out in the sf movement is named after him

The 1977 award was given..to Alvar himself (posthumously), I guess because it was brand new and they didn't really know what to do with it. The first "real" Alvar in 1978 was thrown in my direction...not that I deserved it, I add with a blush. Not then. I had only been in fandom for 2.5 years, done a few smudgy crudzines (my very first, *Fanarkistisk Skrivelse* June '78 wasn't total crap, though). But I suppose I've since made up for being under-qualified at the time. Making up to now 133 *Intermissions* (it's not even my longest issue run) and doing a fandom history research corner column for many years should count for something.

And if Alvar had chosen to use another of his names, I'd be a Hugo winner!

Alvar Appeltofft. Hr Alvar Appeltofft (Mr Science Fiction), Lund, har avlidit i en ålder av 31 år.  
Han var född i Halmstad, son till till händ Hugo Appeltofft och hans maka Ellen, f Linden, läroverksledare. Efter studentexamen i Halmstad 1961 bedrev han studier vid Lunds universitet. Han har varit redaktionell medarbetare i genrefictionstidskrifterna Håpna! och *Julius Verne-magasinet* och flera tidigt faderskifte "Mr Science Fiction". Utmärkelsen "Alvar", som delas ut inom sf-rörelsen, är uppkallad efter honom.



## Mailing Comments

This zine also goes to a couple of APAs - here comments to first latest EAPA, then N'APA - to reach intelligent readers (not you!). If you want to raise your, do zines, join an APA. Scientific studies from the Von Donnegan Institute shows that doing a fanzine raises IQ by 10! Joining an APA gives you 8 points more! But donning a costume or building a plastic USS Enterprise model lowers IQ by 13...

**Garth Spencer:** I think I have heard of several other cases of cultural identity theft. This is what some will do because others go on with "cultural appropriation" and quotas and such. You will get privileges if you can claim to belong to a supposedly "discriminated" group. // People saw or though they did strange things flying much earlier, like Ezekiel in this funny story book called the Bible. // I'm also running a short story competition. This year for the 24th time! // Dictionaries don't agree that groping is "assaulting", though certain ideologies would

like to have it so. We must be careful how we use the language and not go into orwellian newspeak, ie to distort language to promote certain politics. If groping would be "assault", then real assault becomes no worse than just groping - so Putin's "groping" on Ukraine won't be such a big deal...

**Henry Grynsten:** I'm not sure employment decides the value of people. I for instance do a lot of work not paid for. I think it has value, though it's difficult to measure! Inequality isn't the problem. I disagree with politicians wanting to fight numbers of official "unemployment", getting "jobs" according to their definitions. We should strive for getting machines, automats, computers, robots and AIs to do all work! // Absolute poverty, not relative poverty, is the problem. Strife for "equality" causes problems! It slows growth and requires



FRED  
FRIEDEN  
PEACE  
PAIX  
MHP  
BABBA  
KUCKE

Lars LON Olsson observes: "Is it for real?" "No, it's only culture."

oppression. // A person of today may be weaker than a Cro Magnon from 25K years back, but is *healthier* and live much longer. I think a modern man is smarter, though a Cro Magnon may have slightly more brain cells – those cells haven't been trained to be smart! // An argument for why AIs won't "take over": they are dependent on the hardware we obedient humans can provide, and our ability to do that has limits. If an AI works with hardware at a level similar to a 100 PruttiFlops computer (those don't work the same, but I did say "similar to") it can't get more IQ if the very max that can be used is those 100 PruttiFlops. // Interesting speculative story, thinking about Jimi Hendrix in an alternate universe. (I happen to know that Henry is a big Hendrix fan. He once sent me a sound cassette – Do anyone remember, sound caught on thin plastic - with Hendrix songs. I did listen to it, and it wasn't too bad.)

**Heath Row:** No comments, sorry.

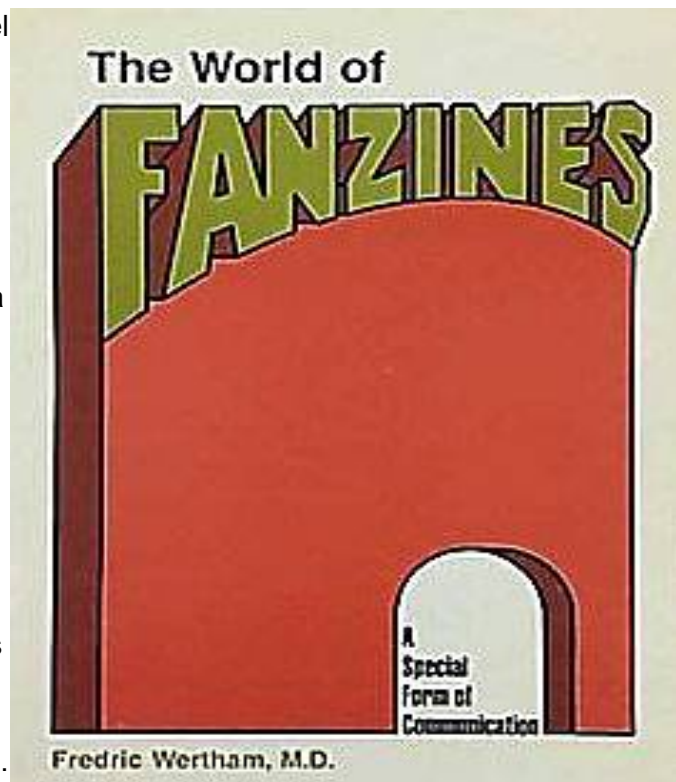
**JeffersonSwycaffer:** What "transgender rights" are you talking about? There are some claims I'm doubtful about. I'm against that any person should have the right to dictate to others what they **MUST** say, which means that no one has the right to **REQUIRE** anybody else to use any of those dozens of silly suggested "neutral" pronouns. I'm the one who decide over my own language, thank you. Secondly, I don't think it's a good idea to let transers encourage gender confusion among children. Over here there are reports about how what has been labeled "dysphoria" has increased ten-fold in the last decade, gender confusion that in many cases lead to irreversible hormone experiments (the science basis for using those drugs are thin, experimental hypotheses) and even surgery. It does enormous damage! // We had David Brin as GoH on a con here in the 1980's. He seemed nice enough. // Forced diversity is discrimination, against all that are "diversified" away today. // Books are growing in length, getting more padding and meaningless "characterisation" has grown beyond any reasonable limits. Eternal internal monologue (what is called "erlebte Rede", approx "experienced recapitulation") keeps babbling, they constantly repeat what they think, comment everything in the



environment and so on. A few days ago I read a crime novel that to at least 2/3rds was that. Let me say that 2-3 sentences is enough to present an ordinary character, the protagonist a bit more (but not 100 pages of internal monologue!) // Have a nice time at NASFiC!// A simple suggestion for Fanac.org and eFanzines.com: make the fanzines available as PDFs too! To have them as single pages in HTML is hopeless. I want to be able to download a document to read on any device, anytime.// If the Swedish language separate physical processes and the math behind them? Don't know, but suspect it isn't very different from English, and besides I don't understand the question. // If the Swedish language separate physical processes and the math behind them? Don't know, but suspect it isn't very different from English, and besides I don't understand the question. // As for flying saucers: you forgot to mention misuse of kitchenware. You should take it up with Belgium's ambassador to Canada.

**John Thiel:** Wertham also wrote the book *The World of Fanzines* which was quite positive to the things we folks do. // Yes, space flight isn't a walk in the park. But it's done by volunteers and it gives a lot of potential value back! Apart from basic science (in itself of extreme value!) it widens out horizons and creates spin-off technologies of great value and use on Earth. One example is that NASA's demands for lighter, more reliable electronics in the 1960s pushed the infant integrated circuits industry forward by an extra decade. At times NASA bought half the world production of ICs. And that kickstarted the computer industry. A leap of 10 years for computers was *extremely* valuable, worth much more than the Apollo program. And today: we want high-capacity batteries and solar cells. Much of the basic tech here comes from making those for space probes! // We should back Ukraine to stand up for basic human, democratic principles. Besides, it's much cheaper for US taxpayers to let Ukrainians degrade and destroy Putin's military capacity, than to be forced to have the US Army, Air Force and Navy do it later. // Facebook deleting N3F video meeting stuff? They are bullies and idiots. It shows I'm right deciding not to be on Facebook. (I think I'll have a look at those films, if they are still on Youtube. As evident from articles in *Intermission*, I'm interested in amateur films!) // I've become aware of that California is a dandy place for winter sports...up in the mountains! High enough mountains always have snow. (There are fine slalom slopes in Africa! In the Atlas mountains in Morocco.) // Neffo looks like a useful fannish game. Did you invent it? // Development accelerate it seems. Someone from 1823 would think he has come to a Magic Kingdom if arriving to 2023! // Fine summary of Pohl's life. He was a buddy of Sam J Lundwall, I met him when he came to Stockholm once and we arranged a meet. Nice man. I followed his blog too.

**George Phillies:** The last half year I've noticed the newspapers write about AI every single day, sometimes several pages daily, in any subject (news, economics, culture, etc). It's an amazing breakthrough! We will hear much, much more on AI - guaranteed! // Time to call it a zine. Just one thing more. I haven't yet mentioned that the Eurocon 2023 is on soon, June 8-11th in Uppsala, 80 km north of Stockholm. I'll probably tweet from it on @SFJournalen. A thought: If the Chinese manage to destroy the Worldcon, we have to turn to Eurocon. It's sad though that the program this year has almost *no fannish items*, but instead a lot on games, movies, film, dressing up, all the fringe mediafandom distractions. Finally: Follow Fredric Wertham's advice and make your own fanzine. And join an APA, eg those with the nice folks above! See ya'! (Glory to Ukraine it says here:)



*Wertham resented comics (he'd have a heart attack if he saw those silly costumes some dress up in!) but was actually quite admiring of the fanzine culture in this book!*

**Слава Україні!**