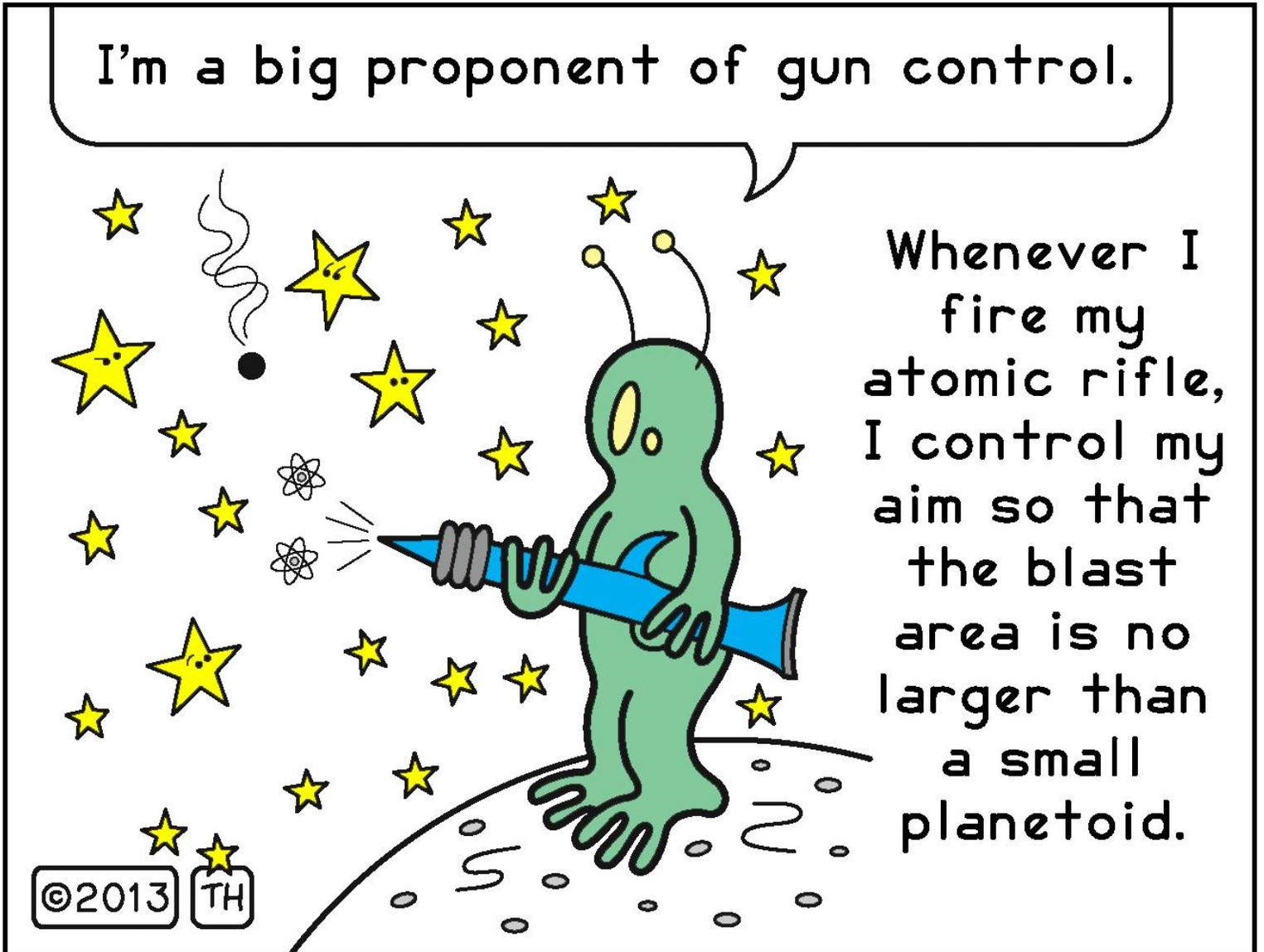


(OR: THE AGING OLD FHART NOSTALGIC TIME WASTER GAZETTE)

I'm a big proponent of gun control.

Whenever I
fire my
atomic rifle,
I control my
aim so that
the blast
area is no
larger than
a small
planetoid.

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A SHIFT IN FOCUS

Writing a weekly column for Amazing Stories Magazine has revived my interest in all things SF. It's like a breath of fresh spring air after being cooped up with cabin fever over a long winter. Science fiction is fun. It's a hell of a lot of fun. And to hell with those who think otherwise.

From now on I'm just a science fiction fan and nothing but a science fiction fan whose hobby encompasses and appreciates every aspect of SF fandom. I've made up my mind never to call myself a 'trufan' or a 'traditional fan' ever again. I want to cast my net wide, not knot it up into a tiny bundle and hide it under the rug. If I'm going to be a fan, I'm going to be a FAN! Plain and simple. Makes my second childhood much easier to obtain (and explain).

And since I'm still plagued with my lung problem, largely dormant but capable of flaring up whenever, my life span isn't open-ended so much as a giant question mark. So I'll be buggered if I'm going to waste my time debating for the millionth time what fandom is all about. I KNOW what fandom is all about, insofar as it applies to me. Life is too short to hunker down with the trolls.

To sum up, I'm going to carry on promoting the Auroras, the Faneds, SF fanzines, fannish lore, publishing my zines and all the other fanac I've been doing, but no longer out of a sense of responsibility or obligation or duty to keep trufandom alive. No sir. I'm doing it for the fun of it. I'm doing it to celebrate science fiction and science fiction fandom. I'm doing it for the sheer joy of celebration.

And if you have a problem with this, all I can say is you have a problem with this. But not me. My hobby is now problem free. About bloody time too. Better late than never.

FIJAGH! FIJAGH! FIJAGH! FIJAGH! FIJAGH!

MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

By Taral Wayne

If there's one thing that's more hated in Canada than white, middle-class, middle-aged, English-

speaking males, it's white, middle-class, middle-aged, English-speaking males from *Toronto*. I'm one of them – a man without a country.

Seriously, when Toronto was second banana to Montreal, Montrealers derided us for being bankers and shopkeepers with no culture. Not to mention that our hockey team couldn't beat the Habs. Now that we're number one and have all that culture stuff too, the West hates us because we hug trees and we're too sissified to wear cowboy boots to bed. Not to mention that our hockey team can't beat *anyone*. You can't win.

It isn't just the people in the rest of the country who hate Toronto. So does the government in Ottawa. Not just because of the Conservative incumbents. Even before the detested Steven Harper arrived out East with his carpet bags full of oil money, we Torontonians felt the resentment from Parliament Hill.

Even the out-of-power Liberals loved us little.

The clearest expression I ever saw of how the rest of Canada looks at Toronto happened some years ago. First of all, let me introduce you to Sheila Copps, MP for Hamilton Ontario, Minister of Environment and Deputy Prime Minister under Jean Chrétien. She was a scion of a political family that had long dominated Hamilton. She bid for the party leadership after Chrétien's retirement, and lost out to the overwhelming party favourite, Paul Martin. She was known to be a woman who got what she wanted, and as not being too particular about how she did it. One of her biggest victories was procuring her Hamilton riding a huge government investment into a sort of environmental theme park and general renovation of the waterfront in her riding. She also cast her acquisitive eyes on the Toronto waterfront, and our *Haida*.

The *Haida* was a WWII-era Tribal class destroyer, one of 27 built and 8 that served with the Royal Canadian Navy in the North Atlantic during World War II and the Korean War. The *Haida* sunk more tonnage than any other Canadian war vessel. It was no mere corvette, but a 377 foot first line fighting vessel, with eight powerful 4.7 inch main guns, and was capable of making 36 knots. It was easily a match for the biggest American, German or Japanese destroyers, and a source of pride for our

Navy. The *Haida* is the only survivor of the class. Only one of the Canadian ships was lost in action; the rest were scrapped. After it was decommissioned, the *Haida* sat off the Canadian Exhibition Grounds in Toronto for many years. It was a unique tourist attraction, but somehow there was never enough money for upkeep. As it began to rust away, more and more areas were roped off, no access to unauthorized personnel. Nobody seemed to give a damn – certainly not the province, who owned it, nor Ottawa.

So here was Sheila Coppins with a brand-new government funded waterfront restoration project in her riding, and there's that unwanted old tub rusting in Toronto. What would any good thief do? She rolled us, of course. Wikipedia says:

"In 2002, at the urging of Hamilton, Ontario MP Sheila Coppins, Parks Canada purchased the Haida from the provincial government and towed her (with great difficulty) from her Ontario Place dock to a shipyard at Port Weller for a \$5 million refit to her hull. She was taken to a new home on the Hamilton waterfront and arrived to an 11-Gun Salute from 31 Royal Canadian Sea Cadet Corps Lion and her 12 pounder Naval Field Gun on 30 August 2003, the 60th anniversary of her commissioning into the RCN. She is now a National Historic Site of Canada and is a museum ship on the Hamilton waterfront. Haida has become a focal point of a revitalized waterfront near Catharine Street North."

In other words, the province had no money to help Toronto maintain its share of our common heritage. Instead, Toronto was rolled... like a drunk in an alley. The *HMCS Haida* was towed to a brand new anchorage in another city where, surprisingly, there was *plenty* of money for restoration! It was blatant discrimination... but the media said nothing! Nor was in commented on that the Minister who arranged this largesse at Toronto's expense did it for her own riding.

Like anyone with irrational jealousies or hatreds, those who would love to see Toronto gutted, humiliated and stripped of money, population and influence are not thinking clearly. The farmer might not care for wheat himself, but if growing wheat is how he earns his living, the wise farmer doesn't do everything he can to damage the crop. He nurtures

it. Out of spite, Canada does little to nurture its largest "crop," indeed it goes so far as to spread salt on Toronto.

Visionaries out West have their own rationale for this. They believe in the manifest destiny of the West. Has not civilization migrated westward from the beginning – leaving behind Mesopotamia, Greece, Rome, the British Empire and now Central Canada? Their vision is one of Edmonton or Calgary gaining everything that Toronto loses. In their view, the population center of Canada must inevitably shift to Alberta, along with all the money and prestige, while Toronto, Montreal and the Maritimes sink into a state resembling America's "rust belt." Fishing, manufacturing, even mining are yesterday's covenant with God. Oil is the new promise! Canada will rise in prosperity by pumping oil to American refineries in Texas, to be burnt by SUVs in California and Florida.

It is a bitter joke that this is the same old colonial thinking that Canadian governments have historically been prey to. Not for Canadians to toil in factories making furniture, electronics or even breakfast cereals. We will dig the copper, sow the wheat, cut the trees and *pump the oil* so that other nations can enrich themselves with our resources, making them into value-added goods they then sell back to us.

The vision of Canada that slights Toronto and welcomes a future in hewing wood and drawing water – as we did in the past – is a vision of the past.

Maybe its time that Bob & Doug McKenzie returned the affections of their fellow countrymen. Take off, eh! *Yer all hosers!*

ON COLLECTING MINIATURES "HOW TO GAME"

For my 1/287 land battle wargaming I have a green cloth covered in six-sided 'squares' and some miniature buildings. But how to set up wildly diverse scenarios ranging from the desert sands of North Africa to the jungle of pacific islands. My solution? Something visually cluttered, but eminently workable though demanding of focus and concentration.



MAP TRAY WITH TERRAIN TILES

Hand-cut cardboard terrain tiles with hand-written labels. They include the following: Date Palms, Rubber Trees, Coconut Palms, Rice Fields, Light Jungle, Dense Jungle, Light Forest, Dense Forest, Brush, Swamp, Sand, Olive Orchards, Vineyards, Apple Orchards, Wheat Fields, Paved Road, Mined Paved Road, Dirt Road, Mined Dirt Road, Paved Airfield, Dirt Airfield, Mine Field, Wharf, Pool, Shallow Water, Deep Water, Mined Water, & Coral Reefs.

The nature of the above influences both movement and visual range calculations. Vehicles cannot move through dense jungle for instance, or assault boats over coral reefs (unless tracked).

The above terrain tiles allow me to set up North African, European and Pacific scenarios. I can always make more types of tiles to expand the terrain possibilities.

I set up a pacific island scenario to give you an idea of how this custom system works. Overall photo takes up too much memory to include here, but it depicts an island coast partially protected by coral reefs (and mines!) shallowing into swamp, then light jungle, then dense jungle. A paved road leads West inland from a wharf, then swings North to run alongside an air base runway. A dirt road leads south from the junction to a plantation house surrounded by rice fields, coconut palms and rubber trees. The coast itself is guarded by infantry behind sea walls, machine gun & artillery bunkers, and a few tanks. Inland more infantry, more tanks, and dug-in machine guns and artillery.

It does take a long time to set up, I admit. But that's all part of the fun! (Clearing up after the game, not so much.)



JAPANESE AIR BASE with control tower, jungle hut, tents, machine gun bunker, trucks and infantry surrounded by runways, swamp, jungle and rubber trees.

JAPANESE PORT



Here you see a small Japanese port facility with a wharf jutting right (a Tokudaiichi barge, capable of carrying 100 soldiers, alongside) and a paved road leading down to the left. Above is a small point guarded by an artillery blockhouse and infantry dug in behind the seawall. Some small craft, two trucks, and a Chi-Ha Type 97 tank are visible. Beyond is a mixture of swamp and jungle.

AMERICAN AMPHIBIOUS ASSAULT



This is one of two formations of landing craft and tracked or wheeled amphibious assault craft heading toward the Japanese defenses (in this case the port, you can see the Toku Diahatsu barge upper left).

Note that the US assault force is on untiled terrain. This is because I am content to depict the water conditions along the coast (deep or shallow, presence of reefs, etc.) but leave untiled all the 'squares' beyond the final row of deep water tiles on the assumption it is open ocean and doesn't need to actually be labelled 'deep water'.

I have enough Japanese miniatures to participate in scenarios such as this, but so far my collection of WWII American miniatures consists mostly of assorted types of landing craft. I do not yet possess enough American vehicles and artillery to create battle scenarios.

I think you can see the system I've invented is rather schematic and resembles both a board game and traditional miniature war gaming in combination. I suppose you could describe it as a board game with a plethora of really nifty tokens. This might take some getting used to for purists.

A non-war-gamer might view my system a collection of cruddy cardboard pieces and a bunch of excessively tiny toys. I maintain it is (potentially) an amazingly flexible system wherein you can, with a little imagination, visualise and work out a 'battle' taking place in any campaign anywhere in WWII.

Mind you, so far I've collected buildings suitable only for North Africa or the Pacific. Still to come are European and Russian buildings.

By the way, in addition to obscure armies allied to the Germans such as the Croatians and the Slovaks, I've decided to add the Finnish army now that GHQ has begun to manufacture a line of their vehicles.

I still have to work out a definitive set of rules and fine tune them. For testing purposes I'll be laying out small scenarios with just a few vehicles and infantry units. I do know that it will be a one-on-one form of gaming. By that I mean one tank miniature will represent a single tank rather than a platoon of tanks. To avoid excessive record

keeping, I will probably go with the GHQ system of using coloured beads beside each miniature to indicate the status. Very visual. I'm having a lot of fun collecting, painting, and planning. Even more fun once I start to game.

A POCKET FULL OF HISTORIES: COIN NOTES

By Taral Wayne

(Editor's note: though I've decided to make SPACE CADET much more of a perzine, I continue to include Taral's articles on ancient coins cause I likes ancient coins.)

The coins illustrated in these short written pieces are all from my collection. I've scanned each one, and drawn on my own knowledge to describe the coin, the Kings, the Queens, the Emperors, and the times. Certain statements are my opinions only, even guesswork, but that's alright. After more than 2,000 years in some cases, there's nobody around to sue!

I haven't written an addition to my coin history articles in quite a while. At least a year, I should think, and for good reason. My finances being what they were, it's been that long since I've bought a coin. However, the dark clouds over my assets have gradually drawn aside, and I thought I was in a position finally to make a modest purchase.



Apollonia Bnlica, Thrace, AR Drachm, 450-400 BC

My choices were severely limited, unfortunately. With the general downturn of the economy, money isn't what it used to be, and both real assets and precious metals have gone way up in value. This means coin prices had just about tripled! There was little online that I could afford. Common Gordian

III denarii that had been \$35 at one time, not so long ago, were over \$100! There was little bronze for sale that wasn't a rarity, and also well over the century mark.

But, with careful searching, I found a small, silver *drachm* – for a price I won't disclose – but felt was within my restricted budget. It's a little more than a centimeter wide, and weighs about as much as a dime. The silver is pure and bright. As you can see, the obverse side is struck a little off center, which is no doubt why the coin was priced within my reach. Nevertheless, it's not badly worn at all. Had the face been centered better, this would be a museum piece.

The face resembles a porky individual sticking his or her tongue out at you. In fact, it's the traditional representation of a Gorgon. The coiled locks are snakes. I've always wanted a Gorgon portrait, and it was no small part of my decision to buy this particular coin.

However, no matter how hard I stare at this coin, I feel no compulsion to turn into stone.

The reverse side is a curious object, is it not? Turn it upside down, though, and it might look a little more familiar. Despite having an odd look, the cross bar and flukes are clearly parts of an anchor. Below the left-hand fluke is the letter A, standing for Apollonia. Under the other fluke is a whatchamacallit. Although it may look something like a potted plant, in fact it's a lobster.

The city of Apollonia Pontica would have been a typical Hellenistic city state, founded by colonists from the Greek city of Miletus in the 7th century BC. It was named for the god Apollo, whose temple there contained a colossal statue of some fame. Pontica referred to the Pontus, or Black Sea, on whose eastern shore Apollonia was built. The town must have seen a lot of history, for it was later ruled by Alexander, Rome, Byzantium, the Bulgarian empire and finally the Ottoman Turks. Today it is located in modern Bulgaria and known by the considerably less musical name, Sozopol.

I posted the photo on Facebook for lack of anything better to do there ... pretty much the reason why I do *anything* on Facebook, actually. A few people were interested enough to leave

comments. One person asked what a coin of this sort was worth to a person in 5th century Apollonia, when it was struck. To be honest, I don't have an authoritative answer. However, I've noticed that through most of antiquity, a given weight of silver seemed to have an amazingly consistent value. Even when inflation ate the value of Roman coins from the third century AD onward, it was only the value of the coin that fell, as silver was replaced by a greater and greater proportion of base metal.

I reasoned that the coin was a little lighter than a Roman denarius of the Augustine age, and likely worth a little less in day to day transactions. A denarius, from what I've read, was enough money to keep a small family in modest circumstances. (A bronze Sestertius, worth a quarter as much, was enough to keep a beggar from starving.) So, it might be close enough to say a silver drachm was the equivalent of a \$100 bill. It's not entirely an accurate comparison, since food would be cheap by our standards, but a pair of shoes or a hair comb might cost a working man's wages for a week.

Another reader commented on the amount of history this coin would have seen, as it passed from hand to hand, uncounted number of times. I had to dash a little cold water on this romance, for if it had been true, the coin would have been worn to a frazzle. In fact, the coin was little worn at all. It had been nicked a little and showed a bit of handling, but otherwise it was more or less as it must have been the day it was struck. The tale behind this coin had most likely been a short one. I suggested it had passed through few hands and ended up in a small leather bag, along with a few other coins, and stuffed behind a brick in a wall of someone's home. And there it must have lain, forgotten for one reason or another. In time, the building collapsed or was torn down, and not rebuilt. The leather poke with its hoarded savings lay hidden under a pile of stones for more than 2,000 years, until it was found.

Another possibility would have it paid to a soldier, who lost it (along with his life) in a battle, or who dropped it outside a brothel. Again, the coin would have lain undiscovered for more than two millennia. Eventually it was found, of course, by an archeologist, artifact hunter or some schoolboy. It would have been sold to some bulk dealer who would no doubt have been the one to initially clean

it and make an identification, then sell it to a retail dealer. It would have been sold again to a collector, then perhaps back to another dealer and then to a second collector, and so on.

I am only a link in the chain, you might say. I've bought it and the coin will remain with me for some number of years, and ultimately be sold again, perhaps to another collector, or to a dealer, and so it will continue as long as there are people who care about such things.

Someday ... who knows? Maybe the human race will go back to skins and stone tools, or we'll evolve into beings of pure mind and energy, and coin collections will be forgotten. This humble little silver drachm might languish with a handful of others in another leather bag someday, buried under the ruins of some 22nd century metropolis, waiting to be dug up by the archeologists after *another* 2,000 years. Or maybe it will just wait for the sun to expand and engulf the Earth in a few *billion* years.

I guess that is *kind* of an interesting tale at that.

LETTERS OF COMMENT:

OOK, OOK, SLOBBER DROOL!

From: NEIL WILLIAMS,
December 4th, 2013
Faned & Elron award-winning editor of SWILL

Wow! That was quick...

Okay, here's another long LoC

**On "Nasty Rumours" by Taral
.. with the occasional jump-cut thrown in**

"From my perspective, fandom was a fairly welcoming place in the past...up to a point."

Not exactly, at least not in Toronto. The New Derelicts, who were one of the major forces in OSFiC in the mid to late 1970s, were not very welcoming. And OSFiC wasn't all that welcoming

either. I will speculate that some of this was Toronto-chauvinism, after all even though it was supposed to be the Ontario SF Club, in reality it was the Toronto SF Club -- and even then it didn't represent all of Toronto. Neither the New Derelicts nor OSFiC were very open to the suggestion of establishing a Brampton branch of the club back in 1976. We had foolishly (naively) taken the name Ontario SF Club at face value and thought that there should be local branches for those who resided outside of Toronto. Now logically, and with hindsight, perhaps this was a good decision by OSFiC for reasons of continuity, etc. -- the age range of the group I was part of ranged from 15 to 19 (we were all really young) and in a few years time most of us would not be living in Brampton -- though OSFiC could have placed a real adult in charge of the branch (as branch president in absentia) and tried the experiment. Anyway, we were turned down, but not for the logical reason given above; we were turned down because we had been designated and classified as being fakefans.

Now we are not talking about "15-year old zombie enthusiasts" or Trekkies, or gamers. We are talking about teenage literary SF fans who had read Clarke, Asimov, (some of us even read Heinlein), and were reading Niven, and LeGuin, etc. Though some of us were also reading New Wave and one of us even had a subscription to New Worlds (so that was a strike against us). Point is we weren't a pack of "mediafen barbarians", we were real, live, young litfans (and hardly any of us read any fantasy, were SF fans); but we were from the burbs and we were unfannish. Our fanzines were mostly full of amateur fiction and book reviews (occasionally a film or magazine review) put together by those living in the hinterland as opposed to the heartland of Ontario fandom. We were told by OSFiC and by the New Derelicts (whom we tried to associate with since some of them were only five to ten years older than we were) that we were not real fans and that we were unwanted by real fandom.

When we many of us did move to Toronto to go to university, work, or both, some of us did explore OSFiC again, but it was still not very welcoming and quite ageist. So we chose to hang with fans within our age-set and many of them were the first wave of mediafen and the fandom that emerged in that fusion, at that time, took parts of traditional

fandom (as we saw it, and few of the people had received the stamp of approval of being real fans) and created new stuff too. And for most of us, OSFiC and the "important" fanzines of Toronto were of little interest and relevance -- we were not wanted and we also ceased to care.

"At some point, however, the newbies began to outnumber the establishment."

Uh yeah, that happened quite a while back, I think, like starting during the 1980s. Tradfans haven't really been the establishment, with clout, since the early 1990s. I would certainly not call tradfans the establishment at present, simply a minority, niche group within fandom. The current establishment in fandom would be the people from what Arnie Katz calls the Convention Epoch, and these fans are now facing the same fate as the traditional fans have experienced -- being pushed toward the margins and minority status.

"Must we become someone else to belong in our own house? Oh, but I forgot... it isn't our house anymore. We let everyone in, and now it's as much theirs as ours -- maybe more so."

No Taral, you don't have to become a Trekkie, or a member of geek-culture, etc.; you can just be yourself, a tradfan. But yes, fandom is no longer just tradfandom's house, your private exclusive hangout, and that happened, again, sometime in the late 1980s/early 1990s. There is a tone of regret/self-pity/hoist-by-our-own-petard in the next sentence where by tradfandom permitting others to engage in the enjoyment of the genre in mediums other than print, you (tradfen) executed yourselves. There are many factors that created the growth of SF outside of the print medium; however, the most minuscule of those factors would that of traditional fandom letting other fandoms "in". Yeah, you sort of let them "in", by allowing minority and niche programming at literary SF conventions to appeal to the mediafen in the late 1970s and 1980s; though these conventions really appealed only to a certain type of mediafen (that existed at the time, and whose numbers have been severely reduced within the present population) -- mediafen who also read SF (and not just print tie-ins to their favourite shows), the major cannon, however that is presently viewed. It's not so much that you "let them in" it is that these mediums grew enormously; there was no

way to keep them out. The only way to shut out the non-tradfen is to hold highly specialized events that only a tradfan would desire to attend, like CorFlu (okay, perhaps you may get some teenager show up from the burbs closest to the city that the con is being hosted in with their laser-printed zine of Hunger Games fanfic, but even that must be a rare occurrence these days). What I am saying is that yes, you can have your own house, if you want it; however, that house is either going to be very small or very empty -- and you still won't be happy because all those "fakefen" over in the mega-hotel/convention centre/theme park complex are going to refer to themselves as Science Fiction Fans and as SF fandom, regardless as to what you think or say.

On Graeme's Editorial Comment to Taral

"FANDOM = SF&F FANDOM
TRADFANDOM = TRADITIONAL FANDOM"

Really says it all. The term "trufan" DOES have to go.

I agree. Many 'trufen' view it as a neutral term, devoid of elitism. Likewise "mundane." But that's not how the un-trufen mundanes see it when they hear about these terms. Trying to explain the 'neutrality' of these terms makes things worse.

Many trufen deny there is any elitism in trufandom. More or less true. The problem is that trufen are perceived as elitist, in part because of their terminology. Some trufen are so snug and comfortable with the context of decades of traditional usage that they fail to see that these terms are viewed differently by 'outsiders' who are unaware of the context.

In short, to these trufen, there is no point in bringing up the problem because there is no problem.

And yet I keep running into SF fen who avoid traditional fandom like the plague because they 'know' trufen are elitist snobs who treat other fans like shit. Merely mentioning my advocacy of fanzine fandom has twice got me involved in one-sided shouting matches with guys who reacted with anger. More often people pointedly reject

my words and simply walk away. This has been very frustrating for me, and what motivated me to speak out.

I don't know. Maybe the problem is unique to Canadian fandom. Maybe it is unique to Vancouver and Lower Mainland fandom. Maybe it is unique to VCON. All I know is, I'm tired of dealing with it.

Hence my decision to advocate by example rather than by preaching to the unconverted, to celebrate rather than navel gaze, to avoid withering all together.

Going to be a hard habit to break, given fandom's penchant for endless debates, but I'm going to give it a try...

On Graeme's Editorial Comment to [Further] On "Nasty Rumours" by me

Oh, there was fun in Toronto back then too and hosted by tradfans, but not the uber-tradfans, called Baskons (the monthly fan gathering mentioned in SWILL) and all who self-identified as SF fans were welcome. But yes, when I moved to Vancouver, it was more of a party scene than Toronto. And yes, I "plunged straight into the lion's den without much of an apprenticeship" with becoming the editor of BCSFAzine. Of course, part of that was being green and oblivious as to the fact that I had entered a lion's den in the first place. Fortunately, I had not come unarmed -- a nice friendly solid oak willy-wacker with sharp spikes, if I recall... Lots of guts and fortitude, totally lacking on political niceties and tact. But, editing BCSFAzine was fun, even though my tour was not appreciated by most; as Robert Runte wrote, *"what did they expect from the former editor of SWILL?"*

Anyway, some people back then actually did like what I did with BCSFAzine and some people today actually like SWILL. Yes, I will agree that the pubbing of SWILL does place me tradfandom, regardless as to whether or not (from the majority it would appear that "not" is the dominant view) traditional fandom accepts me as one of them. Not that it really matters at the end of the day -- an old Groucho Marx quote comes to mind...

"I'm against it!" ...no, not that one I guess. Wracking my deteriorating brain and I can't think of any other quotes. Sigh.

On Graeme's Comments to my LoC

Uhgg, that is really bad Nadsat. I'll train you up another time... You are a BNF and a SMOF in this country and certainly within BC fandom. Though, the numbers are declining of the segment of fandom who know the meaning of those an acronyms.

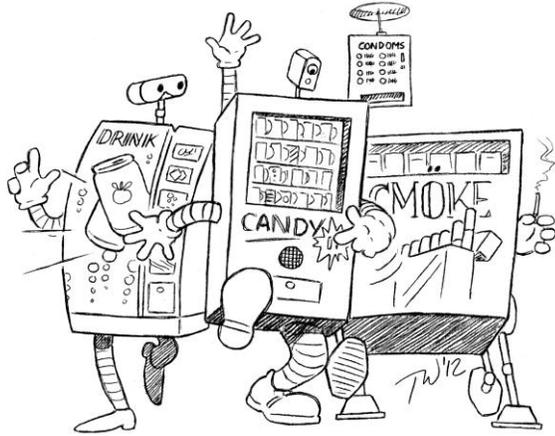
Yes, wonderfully bad nadset, yet another way to exhibit my all-encompassing ignorance. Knew it would bug you. Even Droogs have limits.

As for my status in fandom... sometimes I feel like a marooned astronaut on a small asteroid shouting at the other asteroids whizzing by, shouting into the ether. But I confess, sometimes I just wave.

If you hang around long enough, you acquire a reputation for having done something. Nobody knows what exactly, but something. Which in turn means... something. Not so much a hidden power behind the throne as a shadow under the throne where the dust bunnies dwell. Hence my reliance on segoboo, or self-generated egoboo, the regular kind being hard to come by.

Yes, Lester and I met David Kyle in the late afternoon and discussed SWILL with him and gave him a copy of the SFContario Boycott Flyer, as a early release -- they were officially distributed two hours later -- and he promised to try and make it to the SWILL party that night. He did pop in for a bit before going to bed. Our party carried on until 3 AM. However, we were some of the few up, tired but awake, who attended his panel at 9 AM the next day. That is where we gave him the signed book versions of SWILL 2011 and SWILL 2012. We actually have several conversations during the convention -- it was great to meet the bad boy of First Fandom (definitely an inspiration).

Happy Holidays and catch you in 2014... Neil



**From: TARAL WAYNE, Dec 4th, 2013
Rotsler & Faned Award Winning Fan Artist**

"Trufandom." It was a loaded word to begin with, and has grown worse with time. Even Arnie Katz tries to find words to replace it, such as "core fandom." The trouble is that most substitutes merely camouflage the same old meaning.

This is why I've taken up Old School Fandom instead. It can be taken as elitist if the reader is predisposed to hostility to anything that isn't the here and now and us (as he sees it). But, in fact, all it means is fandom as it once was. Your choice of "Traditional Fandom" will do as well since it means the same thing.

I agree. But to make things even simpler I'm just calling myself a science fiction fan (albeit this includes my tradfan interests).

I suspect that the controversy of fandom's nature is largely in the minds of a few people like yourself, Garth, Arnie, Neil Williams and ... me, I'm afraid. The subject really doesn't come up that often in other fanzines. It's a bad habit that, personally, I'm trying to kick.

Worth kicking though. It's a bad habit which sours the subject and hinders creativity and enjoyment of same, or so I find. Kicking the habit is a liberating experience.

You'll find Most Old Schoolers are content with drawing up closer to the fire and huddling for warmth. There are fewer of us, and our bones easily grow cold. We have no desire to puff up our

local convention to the dimensions of Dragoncon, no interest in having animated discussions about videogames, nor any urge to dress up as an anime Japanese schoolgirl. *Some* of us still manage to push our walkers a bit farther than the rest, and put on antiquarian Steampunk duds or have a rubber Klingon forehead in a drawer somewhere, but even *they* still don't represent the mainstream of fandom.

I'll be content to grow old with the interests I love. Why worry about their long-term fate? In a practical sense what I love is gone when I'm gone. So I'll just enjoy the here and now.

Arnie calls the mainstream of fandom, "mass fandom." That's accurate as far as it goes, but I don't think it means much. A suggestion by a writer friend of mine seems more enlightening. He believes that the currently swelling ranks of fandom, and the broadening of its scope, is a result of a fundamental change in our culture. It has become "cool" to dig things that previously were the prerogative of the irredeemably "geeky." It has become cool to be a geek, and fandom is about as geeky as it gets. As "fandom" is less and less segregated into parts like comics fandom, Star Trek fandom, Dr. Who fandom, YA fandom, Tolkien fandom, etc., it becomes all one big fandom ... *Geek* fandom. And the SF component is no less geeky to the public than any other part.

We differ. To me Star Trek is science fiction, and Dr. Who, and certain comics, etc... everything overlaps. I agree SF fandom is now a mass phenomenon, and happen to believe that to be a good thing. I would disagree about the driving factor being the desire to be a geek, though. To me it's a matter of people being attracted to a multi-faceted and very entertaining hobby shared by millions.

What I find interesting about this suggestion is that cultural fads do wear out. Where are the cowboys and double-oh spies of yesteryear? When I was a very young kid, everyone I knew had hat, chaps and a pair of chrome plated six-guns. A few years later, playing cowboys and watching Westerns on TV were as un-cool as 8-Track tape. When I was around 12, the big thing was espionage. I had a briefcase that you could shoot through a trick button in the handle. It carried a pistol similar to a Walther, a dagger with a

retracting blade, a fake passport and business cards for "Universal Export." I had a separate camera that turned into a pistol at the press of a button! Everyone remembers G.I. Joe, but there was also a poseable action figure of an espionage agent, complete with secret weapons and disguises. Looking back on that junk from today, you think, "how droll."

When I was a kid practically every second show on TV was a Western. But really they were mostly soap operas. I got tired of homespun moral lessons and cattle barons VS fenced-in homesteaders. Only US Calvary VS Indians struck me as interesting. When Outer Limits came along I abandoned the Westerns, for good.

For many years now, spies have been mainly nostalgia, with Roger Moore hamming it up in submersible sports cars and fold-out pocket rocket launchers – the subject of spoofs and remakes.

Today's fashionable geekiness is anything to do with science fiction, science fantasy, or fantasy. Anything. Even ridiculous 007 films with orbital laser satellites and kidnapped ballistic submarines.

Defining SF fandom as geekiness strikes me as an artificial construct. In general anything 'new' seems fresh and exciting till it becomes clichéd and ripe for parody. The recent James Bond films have moved beyond that though, have in effect reinvented 007. Anything old can become new again.

What my friend reminds me, is that *"this too may pass."* Who knows? It might. When the fickle public moves on to mink farming or glass blowing, fandom might someday be a cult of book readers again, just large enough to populate an annual worldcon of a thousand...

Such people already exist. Throw a con for SF lit readers and they'll show up in a mighty horde... not like the Goths or Huns though, more like the Gepids. Always liked the Gepids. A small horde that followed after the major hoards picking up the leavings. Not a bad survival strategy. They lasted for a couple of centuries at least.

Other comments...

Ed's thoughts on Fox are a bit off the mark. I don't believe I mentioned CNN, so obviously wasn't comparing it to Fox. Fox is not *entirely* vapid, either. After all, they bring us The Simpsons and Futurama. But much of Fox news is thoroughly untrustworthy. The danger of Rupert Murdoch's private propaganda machine is that it is selective about its news in a way that reflects the political leanings of its owner. Murdoch uses it ruthlessly to push his Republican, militarist agenda on Americans. Hearst newspapers at the turn of the 19th/20th century were very similar ... and are widely believed to have had considerable influence on declaring the completely unnecessary Spanish-American war in the 1898. And, yes, I have watched Fox news on occasion when I was in the United States. It seemed to me to fixate on NASCAR races, tips on hair dressing, and the lives of film celebrities. Then again, the TV in the Friggin' Chicken I was having lunch in probably didn't happen to have the "serious" news on at the time.

Obama's "Republicanism" comes as no surprise. Mainstream American politics is far to the right of politics in Canada, and many Liberals there would not feel very out of place as Red Tories. It has been long observed that, for all their peaceful rhetoric, Democratic Presidents have been just as warlike, if not more so, than Republicans. It's been explained that Republicans have a choice to lay down the gauntlet, but a Democrat who does so will be immediately attacked as a turn-coat. Perhaps. What *I* believe is that the office of President doesn't offer many choices. Either you look after business by waging proxy wars and conducting police actions, or you fall down on the job. To have a true peace-lover in the White House, first Americans would have to learn that protecting your business interests through military action is immoral ... I don't think most of them are ready for that yet, having largely prospered through more than two centuries of aggression.

Odd to be seeing my pic of the Constantine bronzes split in half like that, right through the middle of one AE3. I could have jiggery-poked that myself somewhat more successfully, but appreciate the timely fashion in which you got this issue out.

One worn-out bronze coin looks much like the rest, anyway.

If I hadn't split the image the coins would have been too small to make out. And, history lover that I am, every coin is uniquely fascinating. Wanted my readers to be able to peruse the coins.

Well, I've got another open Word Doc in front of me – a worm's eye view of Judith Merrill. I'd better get back to revising it.

You sent me a copy for review. A very interesting personal perspective. It is my understanding that her library, originally donated to Rochdale (sp?) College, was very much abused. The survivors wound up in the Toronto Library system.

**From: LOYD PENNEY, Dec 16th, 2013
Aurora & Faned Award Winning Loc Writer**

Dear Graeme:

With the return of high speed internet here, I am desperately catching up on all the fanzines, e- and paper, that have come here...two Space Cadets are next up, issues 23 and 24. Let's see what I can say...

23...Perhaps I have said more than enough on this topic already. I do not feel entitled to any awards or wood-and-metal trophies. I have some, and I am pleased with what I do have. Seeing what's happening with both the Auroras and the Hugos, I felt that fandom as we know it was being pushed out by other groups. I know I am not alone in this feeling, but I thought there might be some discussion on the topic. I didn't think I was dumping shit on other fandoms, because I participate in them to a certain extent. Perhaps I am too old for certain opinions, and now I begin to see why older friends no longer participate, for they get dumped on, too.

The Auroras and Hugos are for *all* science fiction fans, not just traditional fans, but they still *include* old school fandom. It's just that trad fans no longer have a monopoly.

As for turning the clock back to the good old days, that's what my Faned Awards are for. Strictly old school. Well worth supporting.

24...The story of Ebenezer Scrooge keeps cropping up around Christmas time, and it does come more and more into the news, what with the demise of the Heinz plant in Leamington, Ontario, the shuttering of the Kellogg's plant In London, Ontario, the decimation of the Post Office, the shutting down of the PPG paint plant where Yvonne works, and other companies down-sizing and closing, or selling themselves to richer companies. My short-term contract at Perennial Design is even shorter than I expected; my last day is Christmas Eve.

I prefer CBC News to anything produced in the USA, mostly because the CBC, IMHO, has no political agenda to pursue. Any agenda that is noticed might be a vague reflection of one's own. I find Fox News idiotic, CNN changes its direction from left to centre to right on a moment's notice, and the other news services are more concerned with ratings than journalistic excellence.

I did attend the SWILL party at SFCOntario, and I hope Neil will send you the anti-SFC poster he put up all over the hotel. We had a great time at the con, Yvonne and I were vendors there, and we made a few bucks. A loc on SWILL soon, Neil...

Done I am for now...Yvonne and I wish you and Alyx a wonderful Christmas and New Year's and we will see you with the next issue. May 2014 provide us with more of what we want and need, like employment, luck and a little more understanding.

Yours, Lloyd Penney.

I wish you all the best in seeking a decent job. May permanent employment await you in this new year.

**From: DAVE HAREN, December 21st, 2013
Renowned Letterhack**

Hi Graeme,

If I'm going to remain renowned I better get this to you instead of lazing about on my laurels.

I see you have made believers in your crusading out of Taral and Arnie Katz. If their grudging

maybes are the needed faith in the appeal to people who don't know about fanzines yet.

Trying to get people who don't care about what you do is a ridiculous idea that is doomed to fail. Making the information available to those who do not know about fanzines is never going to be the same thing.

Approaching them because they do like interesting things (and the world is still full of interesting things), and pointing out that this is something they might like will work wonders.

By sharing how much I enjoy my hobby interests, I'm hoping others may become intrigued.

Family in Leyte survived, lost the roof and 29 coconut palms. It took a week to get the communication which involved a trip to another place just to do that. A storm the size of Germany covers a lot of the Visayas (central islands of the Philippines). Tacloban took the worst since those typhoons carry 200+ MPH wind speeds in the open Pacific, that slows down at landfall, but Tacloban is on the coast and it had not slowed yet. This can be a rough world when it wants to show those who think they have conquered nature our real place in the scheme of things.

Glad to hear your family survived. I frankly don't know how I'd cope if a storm of that magnitude hit Vancouver/Surrey area. Good luck to their recovery.

I'm pleased the pictures turned out so well, I've done a lot worse photos of the little stuff like that.

I see in Fanstuff that fans should all be certified now. I chalk that up in the suspicions confirmed department records. I have my own certificate but since it uses my pseudonym Fvyndvuf Von Juntz I can claim normalcy when pressed by the suspicious.

Taral may claim all he wants but he can't avoid the taint of SF by just discarding the evidence that he was buying and reading it. We are not going to be fooled by that ploy.

I find the Chinese plan to install a targetable mass driver on the moon and rule the world from

the high ground a clear challenge to the pseudo empire.

They'll dominate the world soon enough if their economy keeps growing. They don't have to resort to military methods. Economics is what supreme power is all about nowadays.

Maybe Elon Musk will save us from this treacherous plot by the descendants of Fu Manchu. Then again maybe not.

What is really fun is to see the spooks in the spotlight, their usual paranoid in the dark behaviors don't sit too well when held up to scrutiny. Most terrorism is a law enforcement problem and reasonable police work supported by citizens who are not disgusted with their police will take care of such things easily. Only a fool who worries about throttling knowledge down to "need to know" thinks it can be fixed by draconian totalitarian data collections. The 9/11 narrative expose that as a fallacy. How many box cutters were sold to those with middle eastern names in the previous year in USA ? How many pressure cooker pots were sold in Boston? Unless you are willing to go down the dark path of assuming every human activity is somehow nefarious nothing you can do is going to make you safe from random acts of criminal stupidity. You can rain anti-tank missiles on Yemeni grandmothers until doomsday without solving this problem.

What you can do is jerk the chain of politicians who use fear to cow their people and use that as an excuse for gross interventions into your own life in the name of making you safe. They need to stop wasting tax money on nebulous boogeymen.

The most ridiculous assumption is that the interNet is where you find those who wish to harm others. The Net from its humble beginnings as a toy for nerds and smartasses has mutated into a playground for the clueless norms of society. You can sift the pile endlessly looking for boogeymen without anything more than a voyeurs thrill at the ordinary human silliness of most activities. It's not a magic solution to anybody's problems be he spy or religious loon.

And now for something interesting...GRIN I've fallen into the snare of anime precisely because it has awakened my *sensa wunda*. The Kaizoku

Nakama of One Piece are always up to something new and strange. Does it make sense ? Hel if I know I'm just along for the ride. Has it touched the chord deep inside where the OZ books live, where Barsoom is hiding, where Dr Who rides the timestream ? Answer is yes. Will you find it so ? I can't answer that question I just point the way in case you haven't known about it.

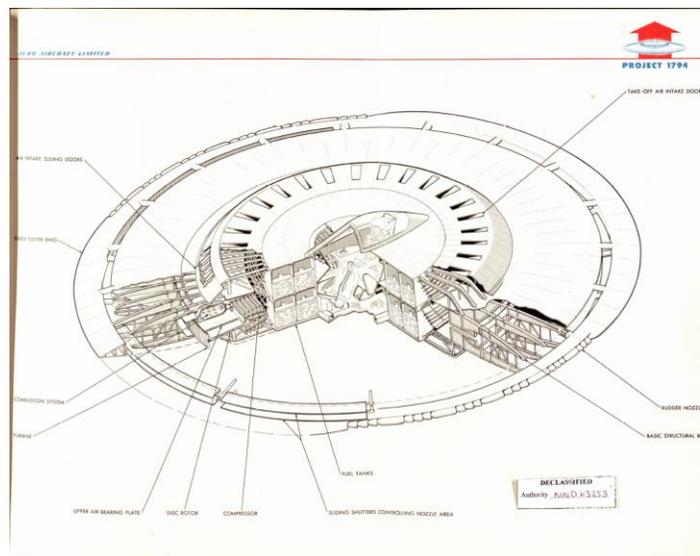
I was amazed at the pictures of you and your journey through the fan years. I'll bet we were all that young once, all full of that sense that tomorrow was going to be the next big thing. The Irish movie review looks like a good one to grab. You cannot have too many movies that have failed the art snobbling test in my opinion.

You might want to type "Warren Publications" into the search bar at archive.org.

This is not for the fainthearted who think 1984 is all about Orwell.

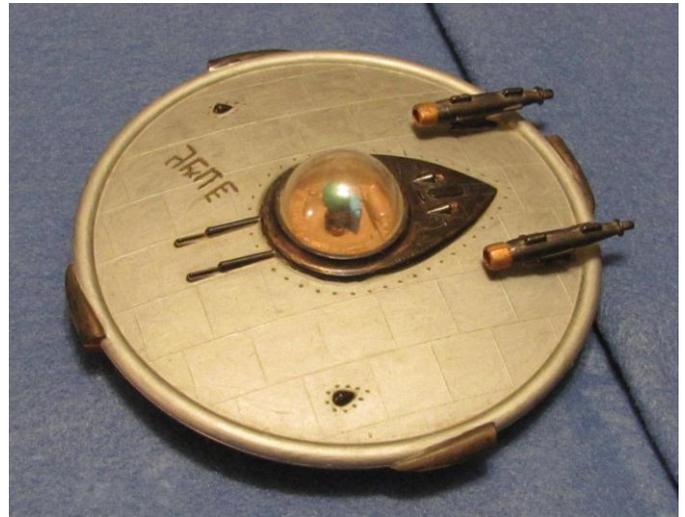
Warmest Regards Dave

See attached for your bemusement



Ah, a diagram of the Canadian Avro Saucer built for the US army. I have a video short film released by Avro promoting it. Worked fine, providing it flew no higher than three feet above the ground where it became incredibly unstable. So much for the “flying Jeep” they were hoping for. Sure looks nifty though.

Can't help but wonder if the engineers and designers were ever influenced by the Lindberg Plastic model kit “Flying Saucer” which came out circa 1952 or 1954 (sources vary) and which Ed Wood used in his infamous film PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE.



COLOPHON

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