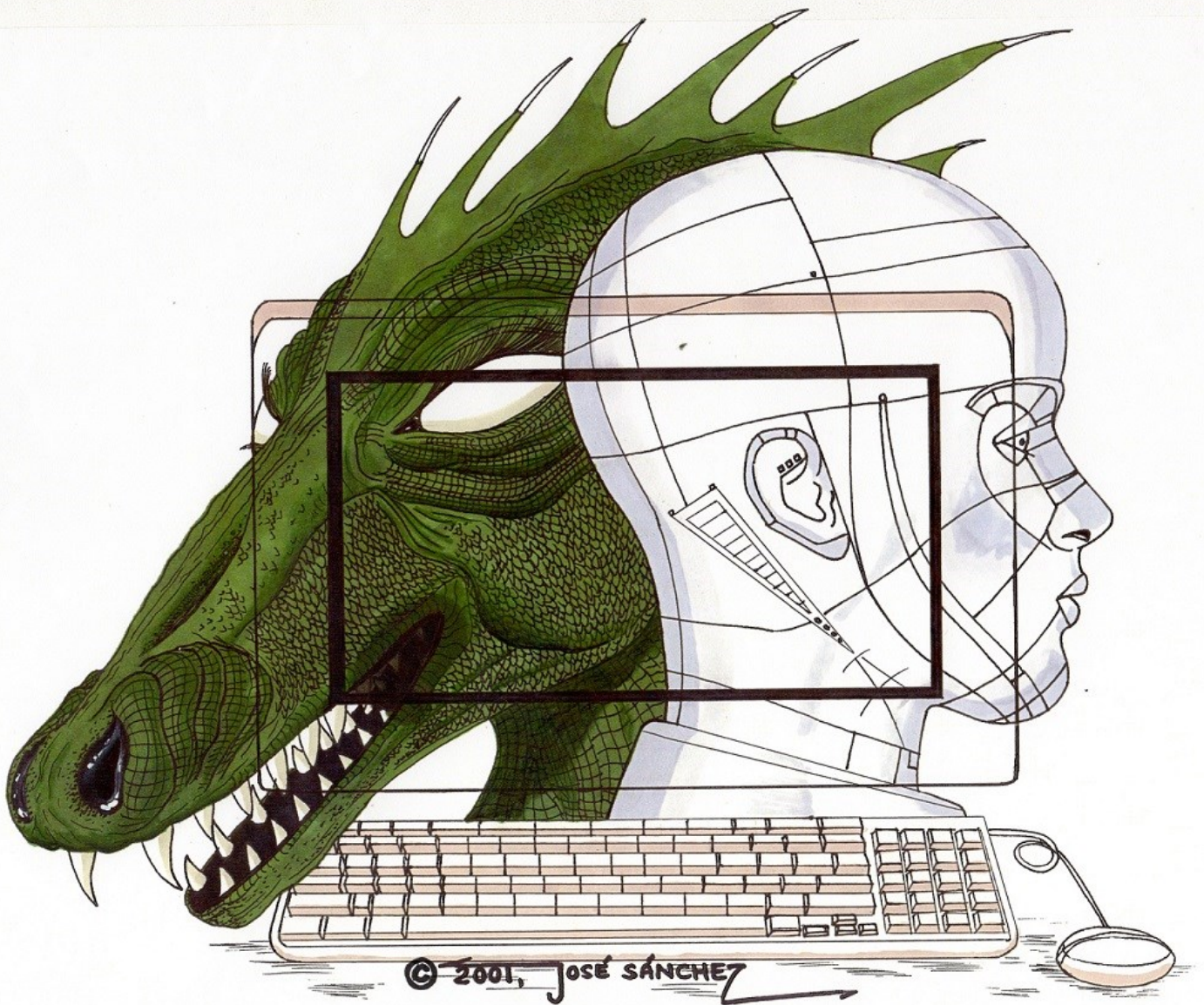


# N'APA 250

January 2021



# The Official Organ

## #250

**Next deadline: March 15, 2021**

The official collator is George Phillies - [phillies@4liberty.net](mailto:phillies@4liberty.net).

The official preparer is Jefferson P. Swycaffer - [abontides@gmail.com](mailto:abontides@gmail.com)

### **Procedure: Please Read:**

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

N'APA is the Amateur Press Alliance for members of the National Fantasy Fan Federation (N3F). As it is distributed in PDF format, there are no dues or postage fees. It is open to all members of the N3F. If there are members interested in joining who have no computer access, special arrangements may be possible. People who only want to read are welcome to ask to be added to the email list. Check with the official collator, who is George Phillies, 48 Hancock Hill Drive, Worcester MA 01609; [phillies@4liberty.net](mailto:phillies@4liberty.net); 508 754 1859; and on facebook. To join this APA, contact George.

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

Currently the frequency is every other month, with the deadline being on the fifteenth day of odd-numbered months. The mailing will normally be collated in due time, as the collator is retired and the preparer has a full-time job. Publication is always totally regular, though some readers question my interpretations of "is", "always", "totally", and "regular". N'APA has been in existence since 1959, but has transitioned from being a paper APA to an electronic one.

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Super thanks to Jose Sanchez, who sent us a lot **\*\*MORE\*\*** art for use as covers! Christmas in January!



# *Synergy* <sup>26</sup> January 2021



Napa Mailing 250

Edited by John Thiel, 30 N. 19<sup>th</sup> Street, Lafayette, Indiana 47904. Email [kinethiel@mymetronet.net](mailto:kinethiel@mymetronet.net) .



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## EDITORIAL



### **If This Indeed Be Synergy, How Does It Enter Into Things?**

I'd like to go over that which is called synergy from the beginning, being more exact about it than I was in the last mailing. I hadn't heard about it from the Rosicrucians or any such source. My original understanding of it is based on the writings of Theodore Sturgeon, a writer I had noticed seems to have a preoccupation with being close to other people, and who finds "brotherhood" a reasonable objective. His novel MORE THAN HUMAN has a number of individuals forming a group consciousness, and toward the end of the book finding that there are other people who have also formed group consciousnesses. In another novel, seemingly called TO MARRY MEDUSA, he has vast quantities of people merging into a cosmic consciousness, which in the story becomes a major problem, and is at last solved with reconciliations. In several shorter stories he shows people evolving. In THE SKILLS OF XANADU he shows a utopian society somewhat on the order of Shangri La or El Dorado, seeming also to have a sort of Fountain of Youth. The people all have it rough, but they keep with it and have advanced, although primitive, ideas about how to live. There can be no doubt that he has an interest in people getting together, though he is rumored to have been a semi-reclusive individual who might be studying something which is different from himself, although with a degree of fervor. He sees problems with the way life is lived, and looks for solutions in the directions these stories take.

His stories had an influence, and some of the discussion of them led to a number of people discussing something called Syzygy, also called Synergy. This sounded crackpot, of course, and Sturgeon, when contacted, said so. But he got interested in the discussion they were having, which was somewhat linked also with something or other which had been in *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*. Of course everyone was discussing the other mystiques there were, from the Rosicrucians to Buddhism, the Cosmic All, Scientology, *et al*, and some mundane similitudes like Togetherness, Democracy, Positive Thinking, and then on into works on extra sensory perception, and finally they got on to Timothy Leary and his Clear White Light, an omnivorous man who was aware of many approaches and who sought Consciousness Expansion, the use of facilities which were found in the subconscious mind included. Some of these discussions were occurring in N3F publications. That's what recalled me to putting it in here, I have somewhat of a feeling for picking up where this was left off.

Sturgeon's view seems also to have been worked upon in *THE DA VINCI CODE* and *THE LOST SYMBOL* by Dan Brown, two volumes which seemed to be wallowing in the kind of thought involved and ultimately were tied in with Western religious mysticism. All of this reminds me also of when I was doing some group things rather than writing by mail; when I was living on the Lower East Side in New York there were many discussions of consciousness expansion and mystical things. Harlan Ellison was out there at around this time. They were talking about the Age of Aquarius also, which they had heard was dawning and seemed to bring about these all-people-as-one attitudes. The thinking was considered unsocial by many, rather than the opposite (the worst form of antisocial activity was seen as being activity which took on a social form), and there were many busts, with these people doing stretches of time in jail. Just like in science fiction stories where they have an evolved super race being man-hunted. Perhaps we are experiencing a lot of this in today's living. Those were active people on a search for tomorrow. It's one of the activities away from the literary that a lot of science fiction people were getting into, kind of getting apart from such things as they already had such as Claude Deglar's *New Race of the Starbegotten*. That was on paper. Like they said to Deglar, "I've got a Cosmic Mind, what do I do now?" Deglar's answers weren't very acceptable to a lot of them.

So what is synergy? It is notable that the word is a scientific term, a specific classification, which discusses the mystical in wide terms. It becomes a discipline for those searching for meaningful ways to relate to other people, which was a

preoccupation among “beat” writers also. (There was some merging of science fiction with beat writers in some places.) How would this “synergy” apply to anything other than itself? Again, there are synergetic practices, studies of “what to do now”. I have found this to be so much a thing of interest in science fiction that I have now named a publication “Synergy” and am considering actually discussing these things further and with closer attention. Science fiction does, after all, have synergistic or merging tendencies, a search to it for what else there is, which has emerged in a lot of stories such as Huxley’s BRAVE NEW WORLD, which is not entirely a warning. Is a new concept of consciousness worth going for? We do seem to be rather spiritually deprived in this modern age, if not before these times. “Mystic crystal dream vibrations, and the mind to liberation,” as the song says, or “You know you better free your mind instead”, or “stamp out reality, be what you want to be” as another song says. This is going on, and is worth some attention. If a science fiction reader becomes interested in some specific matter, why not synergy? The title of my own publication is somewhat flippant, but why not go further into what its title suggests? There is more of a direction in doing that. And I think it is a more fluent thing than some of the other major interests of today’s science fiction, such as robotics. (That just occurred to me when a popup reprinting what I had just said appeared on my screen, just moments after I had typed it out—there was super reactiveness on the part of a machine setup.)

At the moment my zine is up in the air, just an apa publication following apa procedures, but I am wondering if something might evolve out of the concept expressed by the title of this publication. It would have to attract the interest of others, as most of the people who were interested in it in those former times have gone somewhere else by now, but I don’t like how their research has been abandoned. (If it has; those doing that research might have “mutated”, so to speak, into some kind of sub-culture.)

So, synergy is as good a science fiction topic as any other, and I don’t want to ignore the title altogether in what I am writing in this more casual fanzine. It would be nice if there were a little more real getting-together among those in science fiction fandom, as I have expressed in the development of the fan-pro coordinating bureau—why not really have something going? There’s been a lot of resistance expressed to the idea of getting fans together more than they are—but who knows for sure that it would “not” be a good idea to do that?



## SUBSTITUTIONS by Jeffrey Redmond



*There's no substitute for an original*

From the ancient Er-Dan manuscripts (Codex 11257), as translated by Ed-Mon:

On the three-mooned planet, by the great forest region of the largest continent, there was the large temple to the deities of the woods and trees. It was often visited by all on the continent who wished to be closer to their forces of nature, and the nearby town of Ul-Tarahor was very busy with the accommodating of them. The town provided taverns, inns, and entertainment places, with the very best of foods, sleeping platform rooms, and beautiful naked dancing females. But the most famous, or infamous, feature of the town of Ul-Tarahor was the large and fully accommodating brothel located there.

This particular place provided sufficient numbers of young and lovely females for males, young and handsome males for males, females for females, and various other such combinations of these. The prices were the most expensive on the continent for the customers, but they almost always considered it all well worth it. There were few problems or complaints, especially as the town police and health authorities kept the place well regulated, disciplined, and inspected. Anyone who caused any trouble or difficulties was taken away to the prison, and this kept the patrons in line. The enormous amounts of wealth generated by the brothel's numerous customers was one of the main sources of revenue for the town, and even almost as much as the amounts devoted to the forests temple itself, each season. Wisely, the laws of the region upheld the taxation



of the taverns, inns, brothel, and, especially, of the temple itself. Taxes were thus fairly and evenly distributed, and the inhabitants did not suffer unduly because of this.

For the town's inhabitants there was almost full employment in the inns, taverns, and temple, and, by law, these positions could be filled only with the locals themselves. But the brothel employed any youthful and attractive one from anywhere, and this was also a further incentive to visit its wide and differing variety of foreigners. Customers were impressed with the exotic languages, accents, sizes, shapes, tones, hues, styles, mannerisms, and talents of the employees. The ones working there usually did so for only certain periods of time, arriving and leaving as they needed or chose to. They were usually there of their own free will or necessity, and they seldom complained about their lives there, especially as their shares of the income were well more than adequate. And, all in all, the brothel was considered to be more of an asset than a detriment to the forest community.

A lovely female named Ca-Zora worked in the brothel for many, many seasons. And she earned a huge amount of wealth for her intense and sincere desires in the pleasing and satisfying of her great many customers. She was especially adept at making the many older males feel younger and much more energetic, and they rewarded her with extra tips, bonuses, and gifts. Ca-Zora saved most of her wealth, resisting many temptations to spend it. The lawspeaker and investor, both of whom had been among her clients at one time or another, helped her greatly to legally and carefully manage and invest her wealth. And because of this, in time, it grew into a considerable fortune. In her later seasons of employment there, she even became a special assistant to the owners, helping them more with administration, budgeting, scheduling, managing, promoting, advertising, and personnel development.

Ca-Zora eventually reached her middle age, and she realized that she was no longer such a desired partner for the male visitors as before. She had begun life as a poor and homeless orphan, and she then decided to realize her dream, and she visited the temple priests. For a very large donation from her, and after much debate amongst themselves, they finally agreed to her plans. Ca-Zora became a head priestess there, and she recruited many of her fellow female former employees to join her in establishing a permanent and expanded priestess profession. The forest's temple had never really had such an organization before, and the priests eventually all realized how much it would enhance, expand, and improve their power and influence in the wider community. And this it certainly did.

The priestesses helped with the ceremonies, temple activities, town improvements, and community projects. They greatly improved the charities and the orphanage they ran, and many others in the area were helped by their numerous good works. More and more came to the temple to see the priestesses in action, conducting worship services, graceful dances, choir singing, and chantings to the woods and trees. And much more wealth in the ways of many grants, donations, and contributions came to the temple because of this. The priestesses thus became another important part of Ul-Tarahor, and Ca-Zora led them well for all of the many remaining seasons of her living on the planet.

After her funeral pyre service, Ca-Zora was fondly remembered by many throughout the community, and especially by the older males. She had even somehow managed to not alienate most of the other females in the region, though most of the older ones had not ever really spoken very well of her when she had still been alive. But, thanks to her savings, investments, and generosity, Ca-Zora spent her last seasons in far greater comfort and style than any other little female she had first lived with at the original orphanage. And, if she'd had few real friends in her lifetime, she certainly had enjoyed a great many admirers, or at least so among the males.

Another attractive and desirable female in the brothel was Ce-Zusa, the daughter of a poor worker from a barren coastal region. His had been a large family with no sons, and he had sent her to the forest town in order to find work. She had done so at first in an inn and in a tavern, but she soon found out about the larger amounts of wealth she could earn in the brothel. Scared at first, she quickly adjusted to the clientele and routine. She liked being female, liked males, and liked sex, but she also liked extravagant and luxurious living. Ce-Zusa spent all of her income as soon as she earned it. She ate and dressed in the most extravagant ways, and she always kept herself well-adorned with the most costly and exquisite jewelry. She was greatly envied by many other females, though this was mostly for her showy appearance and not so much for her occupation.

Ce-Zusa enjoyed her wildly ostentatious and extroverted lifestyle for many seasons, until she became middle-aged and no longer in such demand by the many males who came to the place. She was eventually considered to be undesirable there by the owners and managers, and she was replaced by a younger and healthier female from another continent. Ce-Zusa left after a heated argument, and she went to stay at a nearby inn. When her money ran out she was evicted, and she then wandered the streets until she was able to get a little room at the newly-instituted shelter for the homeless. Ce-Zusa

sold all of her jewelry for foods, and in her later seasons she would beg for small donations. The temple priestesses helped her somewhat, and especially in her later seasons, as they could.

When Ce-Zusa was in her final season she had only many memories of her very eventful, but very up and down life. She had no offspring of her own, but a few nephews and nieces came to her funeral ceremony when she finally died. They could not afford anything more than the absolute minimum of a basic pyre for her. But the temple priestesses donated their services, and the ceremony was as well enough a normal one as could be expected, under the circumstances.

A third attractive female was Ci-Zyta, from the mountains region on the continent. She had been raised in a dysfunctional family, where her mother abused her emotionally, and her various step-fathers abused her physically. She ran away, and she eventually came upon a group who took her with them to Ul-Tarahor. There she encountered a regular client of the brothel, and he told her of the vast sums of wealth she could earn just for enjoying herself. He introduced her to one of the owners, and they induced her to become an employee there. However, she was not a regular or reliable one, especially as she kept leaving, or not bothering to ever be there on time. She disliked the place and the patrons, and, unlike most of the other employees, never accepted the free accommodations always offered by the owners. Ci-Zyta often argued and fought with the other females, and with the male customers, and even with the owners and managers there. She was arrested more than a few times by the local police for stealing from customers, the owners, and from other shops out in the market place. And most everyone soon concluded that she was only a detriment to the business and the community.



Ci-Zyta was a very sad, lonely, and ultimately friendless one. She constantly manipulated, lied to, and cheated everyone else who came in any kind of contact with her, or, at least, she always seemed to try to be doing so. She hated all males, and she probably also hated herself, and she never had any amount of wealth to speak of in order to improve herself or her condition. By the time she was middle aged, and no longer so physically desirable to the males, the owners no longer even tried to get her to appear there on time any more, and she was soon forgotten about. Ci-Zyta wandered the streets begging and being arrested by the police over and over again. No one wanted her or cared about her, and she was eventually put into a prison cell for a long sentence.

In the prison, the guards found her to be emaciated, completely worn out, and wasting away. She wouldn't eat, stayed up all night pacing about her cell and murmuring incoherently whenever they questioned her. The guards, as always neutrals in the justice system, recommended to the town magistrate that Ci-Zyta be transferred to the new hospital facility, and this was finally called for and done. But before she could be moved, she became very ill, and she was found to be dying on the sleeping platform in her cell. The town physician and the temple priest were both called for and came, but there was really nothing either of them could do for her. And when Ci-Zyta soon after died, she was burned in a brief and uneventful ceremony, attended by no one else.

Many seasons afterwards, a report of an intense study was made to the town leaders, about whether or not the brothel should be permitted to remain. It was obvious that the extra income and taxes from it paid for much of the administration and wages in Ul-Tarahor. The amount of crime and problems because of it were relatively small, and well over half of the inhabitants more or less supported it being there. The study went on to include a report on the benefits or detriments to the prostitutes themselves, and it concluded that this was indeed a varied set of findings. Whatever they did with their clients and earnings were their own affairs, and not for the local government to regulate or decide upon for them. As long as the prostitutes were not forced to work there, mistreated, neglected, abused, or cheated of their contractual agreements for wages, the authorities could not and would not intervene.

The brothel in Ul-Tarahor remained a permanent part of the community for as long as the forest temple did, and the two places continued to attract much of the largest continent's inhabitants and visitors at one time or another. In the later era of the invasions, troops of a conquering army reached the forest region, and they attacked the



town. They looted and burned the temple, but not the brothel, as they were under strict orders to destroy the culture, but not the economy, of the continent. It was felt, with more than some justification, that, whereas most religions could easily be replaced, there was no real substitute for proven income.



## MAILING COMMENTS



I'm missing Loren Clough and Kevin Trainor in the issue. I hope they are still with us and will help us keep up the group strength.

**George Phillies:** When I was at the World SF Convention in Chicago in the early 90s, held at the Hiatt Regency near the Lake Shore Drive, there were stores and restaurants located underground beneath the hotel and elsewhere in the area, going on for quite a ways and with a lot of people going around in them. It reminded me of the underground life in some science fiction stories I'd read. I talked to Fredrick Pohl about it, he being the author of one such story, saying that some science fiction visions had come to fulfillment here. He was down there at a restaurant table. He said there hadn't been those things when he wrote the story, although there was a certain amount of cellar business being done in the times when that story was written.

It's kind of grim imagining money being exchanged over an atomic bomb.

I can't gain much access to the Fanac Project, but I'll keep trying.

As I understand it, First Fandom was the basic fandom, Second Fandom revolved around FAPA, Third Fandom was at the beginning of the digest magazine period, Fourth Fandom was a more literary fandom, Fifth Fandom was a do-as-you-please fandom, Sixth Fandom was a more socializing fandom, Seventh Fandom emphasized science and the place of SF in this world, and Eighth Fandom was a consolidated fandom oriented toward the National Fantasy Fan Federation. My information about this came from N3F members; I was a new fan then. The fifties had a rapid succession of fandoms.

**Jefferson Swycaffer:** Ninth Fandom was launched in the sixties by Colin Cameron and Vowen Clarke and its purpose was to outlast the predicted apocalypse and carry on fan traditions and records of science fiction. No other fandom arose after Ninth Fandom. I

went in the army and lost track of it.

Yes, people really jam up the works of even a well worked out social concept. How to make the concept match the reality? Especially with all those human beings moving around in there.

Redmond wrote a few stories with characters and dialog, and can do it well enough, but I think he prefers abstractness in what he writes. I don't think anyone has encouraged him to expand his stories.

**Samuel Lubell:** I don't think Murray Leinster is forgotten, considering how many anthologies his stories were in. He was a writer I particularly liked, especially his novels, THE LOST PLANET and THE OTHER SIDE OF HERE, both thrillers. But it may be these novels have both been forgotten, as they were not very progressive in scope.



**Seal of Approval. This Fanzine and its contents are serious and constructive enough to meet with the standards of the ghod Ghu.**

## **THE BIG SLEEP by Will Mayo**



Death is often said to be the big sleep from which ghosts rise from uneasy dream in order to torment the living. There is the prophet Samuel who stole out of Sheol to haunt King David. There is Father Abraham who slips in and out of the Lincoln Bedroom at the White House to visit the rest of all present and future presidents. And there is the lovely Miss Ann, haunted herself by some departed lover, that walks the halls of a house in my town—said house being empty except for a few saws and worn cadavers. As the hours of the night pass toward dawn I wonder what if anything these ghosts have to say to me.





### **MOON RISE by Joanne Tolson**

It's on the rise,  
As the sun sets in the sky.  
The many things the moon represents:  
It tells us when to harvest crops,  
When the crazy people come out at night.  
It has religious symbolic significance.

### **STAR ATTRACTION by Joanne Tolson**

Stars rotate round each other,  
Held together like a string of beads,  
Kept in place by magnetism.  
Strong enough to support each other  
Based on their magnetic and metallic qualities.

### **BEWARE OF FALLING ROCKS by Joanne Tolson**

--When driving on mountain roads.  
God is still re-landscaping  
The Earth.  
With fire, wind and torrential rains.  
Watch out for falling rocks from the sky, too—  
The ones we cannot see very well  
Like a sculptor or master potter at the wheel.



“Where’s the Good Luck Inn at?”



“Well, whose fault was it the film reels fell out the window?”



end page.

## *The Contents of a Good Life #16*



**View of Frederick, Maryland**

***Napa 250**      January 2021*

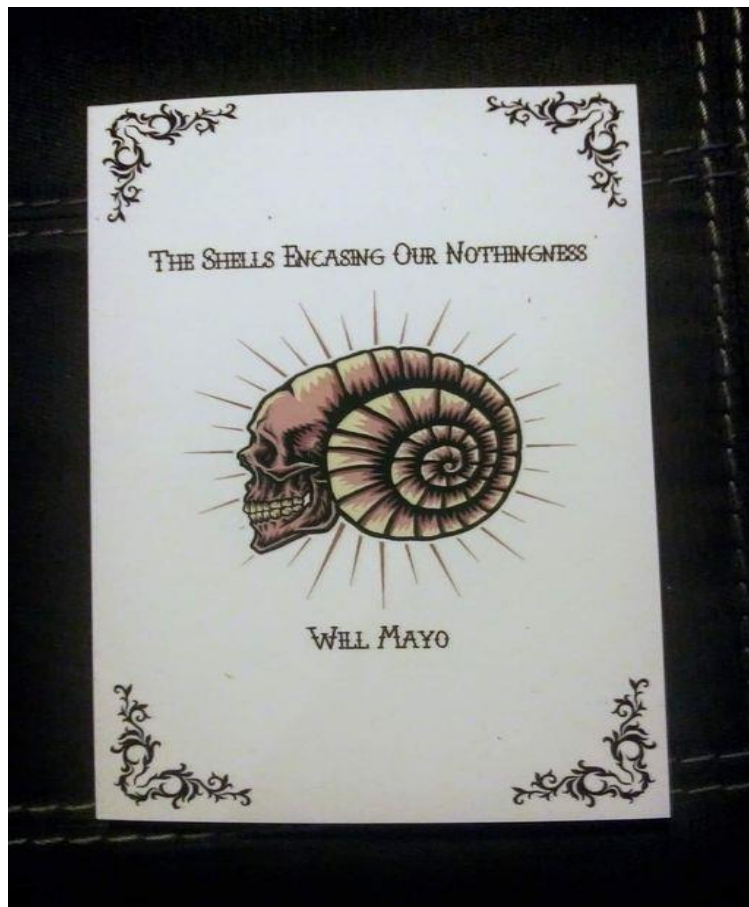


**Will S. Mayo, Apartment 9B, 750 Carroll Parkway, Frederick, Maryland 21702.**



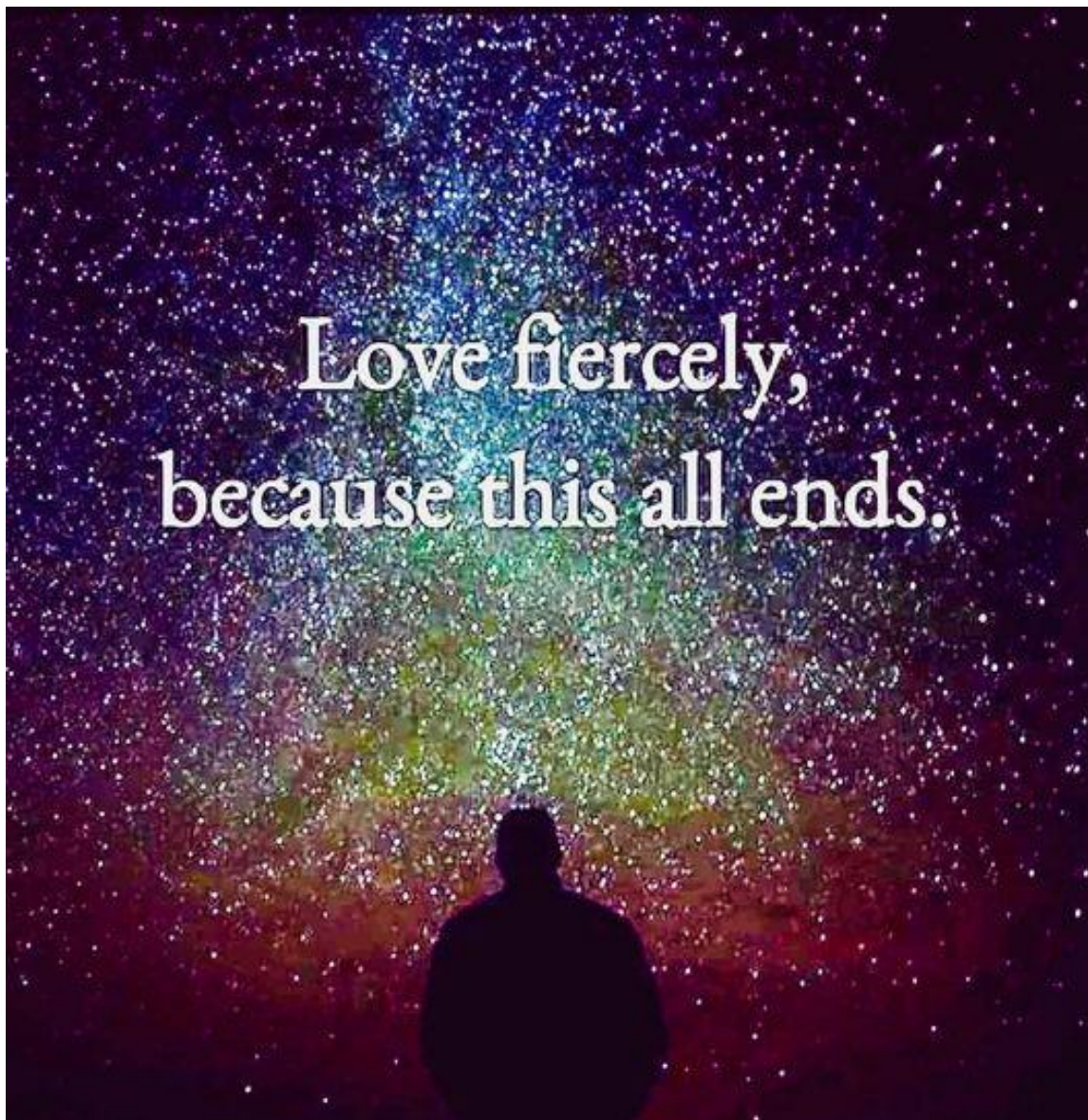
## Whispers Amid The Night

Like a ghost among the living,  
I continue  
Penning words on the fly.  
Reading books off the high shelf.  
Few see me. Fewer still know me.  
I walk between shadows  
into the light  
between my days.  
The nights are my roadways  
to my tomorrows.  
When the end comes  
I shall fade into the shadows,  
headed back the way I came.  
An unknowable guest.



Available on Amazon

Wherever you'll go you'll find a sizeable minority of us that never seem to fit in anywhere. No matter how hard we try we're just born misfits and just can't seem to pull it off. I would say the internet includes a large number of us along with a few fantasy reading and writing communities but mostly we're just alone in our own rooms, miles apart from a likeminded soul, doing our own thing. It's never easy but, myself, I've found more a home among my books and cat and pen pals than I ever am with what passes for so-called normal society. Here with the words like a trail of gingerbread crumbs giving way in the sorcerer's spell. And so it goes...



## **We, Too, Have Lived**

The world will long forget us.  
No songs will be sung about us.  
No books written either.  
Great men will not give speeches about us.  
Nor will women mourn.  
But there is something to be said  
about an ordinary life.  
To live for a while,  
loving simply, doing the best a man can.  
Out of this dreams are born.

## **Most Haunted Of All**

My town is said to be the most haunted in the State of Maryland and most haunted of all is a house that stands not far from the town burial ground and dates back before the Civil War and is said to be haunted by the victims of that bloody conflict. There, the owners charge a hefty fee to anyone to try and last the night in any of the mansion's many rooms. Not long after the guest has gone through the rituals of bedtime and has laid himself down for the night he will encounter a bloody vision of a Rebel soldier getting his head blown off by a Union musket. Not long after this dream has passed the sleeper by, there comes the sight of the long gone mistress of the house, wrapped in sheets and chains, letting loose a wail similar to that of wolves of the wild. Finally, after these visions have come and gone and the unlucky sleeper has at last achieved peace in his quarters, there comes the whole play upon play of the forgotten dead, decayed flesh and skeletons all, marching off for one more battle.

With this, the guest invariably runs screaming off into the night.

The owners pocket their cash and the dead come on to one and all like a bad man's hangover.

The evening draws to a close and the house stands strong.





In answer to George's question regarding the last issue, there are plenty of cities with tunnels running beneath them. The homeless huddle in the tunnels beneath New York City and hope not to be harassed there. While down south there's Underground Atlanta with its shopping centers. While Paris, of course, has its catacombs with all the dead. Just about any city has its caves beneath the earth. Just as on that long ago day in College Park, Maryland I opened the door to a whole new world.

I'm not sure what more to respond to here, but there's definitely a lot to look over. My thanks to everybody that put it together.



## **REVIEWS**

### Louis Cataldie's CORONER'S JOURNAL: STALKING DEATH IN LOUISIANA

This is a book by a man familiar with the sights and sounds of death, the stink of it, the feel of those remains and who has lent his aid and comfort to the survivors. He, Louis Cataldie, is the coroner of East Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and has probed the evidence of suicide, accidents, serial murder, and has tried to do his best to see that psychiatric patients get the help that they need as a side order of his job. It's not an easy calling and he has seen people at their best and worst. Through it all, he has tried to keep in mind the fragile nature of the human body and psyche and to bring in assistance from such far corners as the Fish and Wildlife Service and the local weatherman. It is a book to be recommended for those willing to stomach all that death can offer the reader and not look away. I, for one, have been taken away because of his words as I've read them the past few days and I consider myself better off because of it.

### Graham Moore's THE LAST DAYS OF NIGHT

This is a fine novel of visionaries and inventors of the late 1800s. You'll find Thomas Edison, one of the inventors of the light bulb, within its pages as well as Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, and Nikola Tesla, inventor of the alternating current version of the means of generating electricity as well as being the man who conceived the cell phone long before its appearance in this so-called real world. Oh, and you'll find George Westinghouse in its pages as the titan of industry that cheated Mr. Tesla out of a fortune and Paul Cravath, the attorney around whom the action in the novel revolves. This is a book about a time in which giants walked the earth and changed our world in the process. You're sure to have a good time here and I would highly recommend the read. Well done. Five stars.

### Arthur Machen's THE GREAT GOD PAN

And what is this but the obscure novel that made so much of today's science fiction and horror possible. The reader passes through different intervals in this short novella until at last he comes to a glimpse—just a glimpse, mind you—of life beyond the grave in which all horror transcends the hells of our Earth's religions with none of the pleasures of the assorted heavens. What can I say except that the reader is faced with the most bizarre afterlife in which all men and women of the heretofore living find themselves in the land of the dead serving as slaves to gigantic worker ants on an eternal backbreaking toil marked by sight of a yet more alien creature clawing open the sky from the darkness of space for its satisfaction. As the reader puts down this once forgotten tale of lore he knows this and this only, Arthur Machen is the true champion of weird fiction. Hands down, there is none like him. Five stars.

## L. Sprague de Camp's H.P. LOVECRAFT: A Biography

What, if anything, can one say about Mr. Lovecraft? A recluse who distrusted anyone unlike himself. A racist and a xenophobe that shed most if not all of his fears through the travels of his final years. A writer whose posthumous success was for the most part despite himself. De Camp explores all of this in his well-written biography and the impression this reader is left with is mostly of how Lovecraft, like many writers, faced the darkness within himself and conjured up a universe in his fiction that was neither moral nor immoral but rather amoral in nature. Of a cosmos where mankind occupies a lonely backwater and is in no way, shape or form in charge of his destiny. Of Lovecraft's creation of Elder Gods that are neither good nor evil, but rather bat man away the way a fellow might bat away a fly. This world view may, despite all Lovecraft's prejudices, be the most meaningful and lasting of his many creations. I thank the late de Camp for filling us in on the life of a most curious man.



Archive Midwinter  
a zine for N'APA 250

by Jefferson P. Swycaffer  
P.O. Box 15373  
San Diego CA 92175

(619) 303-1855  
abontides@gmail.com



22 September 2020

### Comments:

**Jose Sanchez:** Cover: Lovely X-Wing from Star Wars. Really good "drafting" quality to the art; you do superb "tech" drawings!

**George Phillis:** Really nice cover art for Stand Against the Light! Very impressive. Nice superhero costume design, nice "blast" special effects.

Actually, even the primordial quantum computers available now are doing some yeoman work. Also, quantum entanglement encryption is coming in to play more and more. We're still toward the bottom of the J curve...but I'd bet my bottom shilling that it will be, in fact, a J curve!

Fun section of your novel, the magical student and the administrator, and the new guy moving in next door. Magical housekeeping. Obviously, this is "background" storytelling, and the meat-and-potatoes super-powered showdowns come later, but this is fun background material, establishing character, and doing some world-building.

**John Thiel:** Interesting essay on synergy. It's a bit too deep for me, I'm sorry to say. I'm far too much of a materialist, and my soul

fusion is more in keeping with Isaac Asimov than with the Age of Aquarius.

Amusing story by Jeffrey Redmond, although, again, it consists solely of narrative.

rect Will Mayo, pessimism is ingrained deep in my soul -- but there is, in the greatest depths, a little light switch that is in the "on" position.

rect me, most definitely, places are becoming more similar, due to technology and communications. In 1750, New York, Boston, and Philadelphia were starkly different; by 1850 they had begun to become "much of a muchness," as they largely are today.

Nifty couple of "dream" poems by Betty Streeter, followed by a solemn and sad ecological wail by Mel Waldman. These are not good times for earth's natural environment, and, by all accounts, worse is to come before any hope for improvement. We're in the midst of a large wave of species extinctions. It's hard to maintain optimism in such times!

**Will Mayo:** A very engaging and beautiful (and entirely tasteful) nude opens your zine: a truly sterling piece of art! And is that yourself smiling at us with a cuppa joe?

re your life, I certainly comprehend (and share in) genteel poverty. Rent may be hard to come by, but, by golly, there are always books! I, too, live mostly alone (I have a roomie, but her existence doesn't really overlap mine.) And, aye, the inner life of dreams can be a rich existence indeed!

**Samuel Lubell:** Fun opening graphic of the eight-legged frog-bat-thing! It looks a little daunting; I wouldn't want to meet one in a dark dungeon!

I agree with all you said in your notes on Church and State and our system of holidays. I like Christmas as a "happy day" if not specifically as a "holy day." The traditions are fun, even for a secular materialist. I adore Handel's "Messiah" and Bach's "Christmas Oratorio." And who can argue with exchanging gifts with loved ones? To my mind, those who insist too heavy-handedly on "Jesus" have, themselves, lost track of the "true meaning" of the holiday, which is a year-end celebration of friendship and love.

(I've read the Bible, which, some days, seems to be more than a great many Christians actually have done...)

I don't think I've read much Murray Leinster. I know the name, and, of course, I've read the wonderful and famous story "First Contact," but by and large, the man's work is terra incognita for me. I'll try to remedy that a bit in the next few months!

### **Current Reading:**

"The Great Pacific War" by Hector C. Bywater. Written in 1925 (I believe) this is a remarkably prescient novel -- wholly fictional -- describing, in the format of an historical narrative, a vast and sweeping naval war between Japan and the United States, in 1931.

As you might expect, the author gets a lot quite wrong. He overlooks the paramount importance of aircraft carriers, although he

does assign them an important role. He doesn't neglect them altogether; he just fails to predict how vital and central that role would actually be.

His history depicts "island hopping" with some accuracy. The novel ends, of course, with a massive and titanic conflict between the two main battle fleets, a thunderous and devastating clash. As we know from our real history, it didn't quite work out that way, although there was a spot, in the battle of Leyte Gulf, where a surface conflict might have come to pass. Battleship fans have long rued that this final test of the big bruisers was denied them.

Bywater predicts an opening sneak attack, although he invents it as a suicide mission to cave in one of the deep cuttings in the Panama Canal, increasing travel time for the U.S. Atlantic fleet to the Pacific by many weeks. The author had no way to know about the U.S. breaking of Japanese codes, but, again, presciently, he very accurately describes the role of "traffic analysis" of enemy coded transmissions. When there's a lot of radio mail going back and forth, it's not unreasonable to predict that something big is in the works.

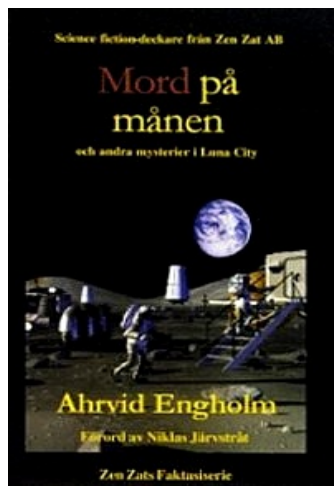
The "novel" is mostly historical narrative, with a few "quotes" from dispatches or after-the-war histories. There aren't any characterizations or conversations (and, as Alice wondered, what good is a book without any conversations?) The book is an interesting piece of history, a "Will Be That Was," and is eminently readable. Overall, the author got about as much right as he got wrong, and the story is remarkably plausible, even in hindsight.

# INTERMISSION #103.5

E-zine by Ahrvid Engholm, [ahrvid@hotmail.com](mailto:ahrvid@hotmail.com) usually for EAPA, but now also for N'APA. This is just mini-ish to explain things. Follow @SFJournalen's newstweets from Nordic sf/f/h&fandom. I have now been covering skiffy news for six decades, 1978-2021! Watch out for Typhoid Fever? Get vaccinated! Jan 2021.

## Eh...What?

Eh, what's this, you my ask? I've been member of something called Electronic APA (EAPA) for, well, a decade and doing by now 100+ issues of Intermission for it. I've heard of N3F's similar N'APA for some time but haven't thought much about it. The other day, though, the latest N3F E-mail reminded me and said "Please consider becoming a contributor". Digging up the latest N'APA mailing, with only about half a dozen contributions, I see you do *need* contribs!



My sf story collection

"Murder on the Moon"

And me? I'm from Stockholm, Sweden, and have been active in our local fandom since the mid 1970's (first con 1976, first published fanzine 1978). I'm very interested in fandom history and have for instance written a Swedish fandom fancylopedia, called *Fandboken* ("The Fandbook", length ca 160 000 words!). I also like history in general, space (have been active in a Swedish space group, now defunct), bad films, poetry, tramways, cross-country skiing on the telly, I'm sceptical to Political Correctness and Identity Politics, I've been writing a lot of popular science and tech articles (esp about computers), I'm a part-time writer with a few nonfic books, the sf short story collection *Mord på månen* ("Murder on the Moon"), but on top of that a *lot* of stories in anthologies and magazines, some also in English. When it comes to our genre, I like the older stuff a bit more. I think books have become too thick and authors are babbling too much today. That began in the 1980's with word processors, which made it too easy to flush out words. A novel used to be 200-250 pages long, and not many words were wasted. But then books got 500-700 pages and became full of padding, irrelevant subplots, over-long dialogue, winding internal monologues, and lots of meaningless things of that kind. Less is more!

Since I've been along for 4.5 decades I'm probably reasonably well-known in fannish circles. I've done a helluva lot of fanzines through the years, the most important being the newszine Vheckans Ävfentyr/Fanytt, renamed SF-Journalen, and since 10 years transmogrified into the Twitter newsstream @SFJournalen.

Now, about Twitter, this tool for con-teracting con-spiracies! haven't you noticed that *science fiction has been stolen*? We must take back fandom. You will never take back fandom with weakness. You have to show strength, and you have to be strong. We're going to walk down Fannsylvania Avenue to the Tucker Hotel and I'll be there with you! You are amazing! I love you!

So I will unleash *Intermission* on you folks too! I hope you'll like it, or at least stay reasonably unharmed... I'll start with #104 which came in EAPA early January, just a few days ago. This is written after that, but I'll call it #103.5 so the issues come in the right order. *Intermission* has - beside short comments about a Well-Known Virus - for the last nine issues been full of sf and fandom history material, found in the Stockholm Royal Library. Last spring they opened their digital newspaper archive on-line for a couple of months. And I took to the opportunity to ransack it as much as I could. I have presented hundreds of newspaper stories relating to our field, in original but also translated or summarised. If you're interested in skiffy history, I plan to later make a big compressed .rar file of the history issues which you'll be able to order.

But *Intermission* will later go back to its regular contents, which is a bit of this and that. Small things I've come to think of, stuff I've done, odd news, misc things often related to sf and fandom. (Maybe just a little of remaining newspaper clips too.)

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## FANDBOKEN

uppslagsverk över svensk  
science fiction-fandom  
första halvsekl 1945-1995



Nu också med bilagan  
SVERIFANDOMHISTORIEBIBLIOGRAFI

Av Ahrvid Engholm

Version 0.95. Utökad korruptplaga av 1993-upplagan, som finns på  
<http://www.lysator.liu.se/~unicom/fandom/fanzines/fandboken/0.92.txt>  
Skicka gärna korrigeringar, tillägg, kommentarer etc till [ahrvid@hotmail.com](mailto:ahrvid@hotmail.com)  
(English readers: See ToC for A Brief History of Swedish Fandom.)

*"The Fandbook", the Swedish fancylopedia.*

--Ahrvid Engholm



# 2020 WENT DOWN IN HISTORY. AND THE DRINK. INTERMISSION #104

**E-zine by Ahrvid Engholm, [ahrvid@hotmail.com](mailto:ahrvid@hotmail.com) for EAPA - nominate it for Best Fanzine, plz! - and other victims of fannishness, you folks craving the sf & fan history finds from the Royal Library here presented for the 9th time! Follow @SFJournalen's newstweets from Nordic sf/f/h&fandom - skiffy news for six decades, 1978-2021! Is this a vacczine for Typoid Fever? In this also your ed's traditional Xmas/New Year's short story. Comments welcome! Late Dec '20.**

*There's usually editorial comments here at the start, but this time I'll kick off with this year's Xmas/New Year's short story! It's my long-time tradition to write one as seasonal greetings. Editorial comments will instead come last, mostly upon the corona thingy. But I dunno if there's much more to add. After an expected 2nd bump the virus is going down here. Despite vaccine on the way media and some politicians, wanting to show off, still badger (though it's extremely rare any but the old and frail are seriously affected). Maybe they just like pushing people around? --AE*

## **2020 Xmas & New Year Short Story: "The Hiccup Plague"**

"You can die from hiccups," Ture Agnell said, chief epidemiologist of the National Health Agency. "To go through more or less violent spasms several times per minute puts a huge stress on your body. If it goes on for hours, days it may cause everything from a heart attack to a stroke. So we'd..."

The pack of assembled reporters had fell silent as Dr Agnell began to speak. But when they got the chance they were like a bloodhounds on the scent for big news:

"Doctor, doctor," one of the bull terriers barked. "Can you say..."

"Say, what causes the hiccups?" a journalist with hair resembling a poodle growled.

"From whe\**hick*\*re did it come?" a third said with a howl like a beagle.

The last one looked embarrassed. He had it! The hiccup virus. The others stepped back and formed an empty circle around the reporter, now looking like a sad puppy...

Dr Agnell did his best to answer all the questions one by one.

It was a mutated version of an ordinary flu virus and it had come from China. The mutation made it more dangerous in a strange way. The communists first tried to hide it. Those little rascals are always up to their funny little pranks, aren't they! They claimed it was just something coming from eating bad rice, but soon they were forced to spill the beans. Their 24/7 Surveillance System of Everyone could neither hide it or stop it. And it spread.

Hiccups are sudden involuntary contractions of the diaphragm, causing more or less painful paroxysms. Medical science isn't sure of what causes it. It comes from somewhere in the digestive system or the throat area. It may appear when you have eaten too much or swallowed air, but it may also burst out without any obvious explanation.

The new thing is that it this time seemed to be contagious and it was caused by a virus. These tiny microbiological machines are not defined as life, as they can't self-reproduce by themselves but need a host cell to multiply. And they would gladly attack the nerve system and stomach and throat and anything. Having the hiccups may seem a little bit funny at first, but after five minutes it becomes irritating, after ten very painful and after an hour serious cause for concern.

Most people being infected fortunately had the hiccups for just a brief time. In many cases the infection passed without any symptoms at all! But for a minority it became very dangerous as it could last for days, even weeks.

You can't sleep. You become exhausted. Your body systems slowly collapse. After a few days being awake you begin to hallucinate. The elderly and people with underlying conditions like high blood

pressure, having cancer treatment , being obese, diabetes, or other medical issues were the vulnerable ones.

The traditionally known cures were effective only in mild cases. You know, to slowly drink a glass of water, to hold your breath for one minute, or being suddenly scared by something. But as the hiccups this time came from a virus, maybe a vaccine could be developed? The leading producers of everything from aspirins to 10 000-Dollar cancer cures jumped at it, Scheisser, Ass-A-Cynica, Murdema and the rest of the merry gang grabbed their microscopes and test tubes.

Millions of people had the hiccups within just a few weeks. Many didn't even notice it. And for most it just came and went. But why waste a perfectly good crisis? The Prime Minister had to think of the opinion polls and the evening news on TV. He must look like that he stood at the helm and steered the stricken ship through the storm. So the PM decided to call for a press conference.

He stepped out on the podium. Behind him hang national flags with the fabric in beautiful but totally unnatural folds, The secret is to use lots of hairspray! The PM had used some too. On his lectern was a placard placed, reading:

***PROTECT THE HOSPITALS***  
***Drink Water \* Hold Your Breath \* Scare Someone***

But if you'd expect he'd do anything but scaring folks, you shouldn't hold your breath! He had heard the advice from the National Health Agency, boring things like washing your hands and keeping your distance and bla bla. He'd show them who decides!

"The cabinet has met and I have...we have decided on a few emergency measures..."

The press held their breath, as if that would help. Some where only present on screens, though there had been a few technical hiccups to make that work.

"To protect the health care system it is absolutely necessary for everyone stay at home. So there will be a curfew except for essential errands. All shops and restaurants will be closed, except for selling essential items. Don't travel! Don't meet anyone! No sale of alcohol!"

His boring teetotaller Minister of Lower Education had insisted on the last, not realising that it would make new drink recipe soon go viral : "Dry Medicini: 1 Olive, 1 part Vermouth, 3 parts Hand Sanitizer".

"But if everyone is being locked up in the home and everything closes, sir, how on Earth will people earn a living?" a reporter inquired.

"I wasn't finished. The government will of course pay everyone for that. Here's the slide presenting our economic program..."

A slide with tables and diagrams appeared behind the PM.

"It rather looks like an uneconomic program, sir," another reporter shot out. "How will all this be paid for? Are you going to print money?"

"No, of course not," the PM said.

Stupid question. The national bank didn't print much money any more. They pressed a few computer buttons and created money. Damn the triple torpedoes of inflation, higher taxes and skyrocketing deficit!

"Excuse me, sir," another of these damned weasels pondered. "But from statistics we know the hiccup virus is only dangerous for the elderly and those with underlying medical conditions. Why incarcerate the 99% who aren't at risk and crash the economy, instead of just protecting the old and vulnerable? The health risks from unemployment, bankruptcies, isolation and so are considerable."

The PM took a glass of water and drank it slowly. "Oh, this will only last for a couple of weeks. I forgot, everyone has to wear an uncomfortable mask too. Next question!" he finally said.

The pundits in the press speculated that the government this way just wanted to create a hug collective scare, to frighten the hiccups away.

But two weeks became two months. Bankruptcies and unemployment reached very interesting levels. All airlines kept their expensive jets on the ground. International trade halted. Many shelves in the supermarkets echoed empty, like for clorex and loo paper. Borders closed. Police patrolled the streets to check that no one ruthlessly, masklessly walked his dog. But they left the long lines to all new soup kitchens alone, as long as the poor folks stood at least 200 centimetres apart.

Telecom operators had a steady and increasing income from the domestic abuse and suicide help lines. Walmazone, the world monopoly on on-line sales, had even more wonderful days. Two months became four, became six, became... The weeks dragged on and on and on.

Meanwhile, the pillars of medical research, the pill companies, were ready to pillage the vaccine market to make a pillow for our worried heads. One vaccine candidate was discarded as it needed to be stored at -270 degrees Celsius. The Russians tested the vaccines Vostok, Voshod, Saljut and Mir before they finally succeeded with a syringe full of Venera, named after their Venus probes. The name may have been a bit unwise since rumours began that it gave you venereal diseases.

Anyway, after some trial and error the vaccines came. They had gone through testing phase 1 and 2 and 3 and 2 again and 2.5 and 3 again and circling back to phase 3.14159 and at last being approved for emergency use.

The PM had asked FM, his finance minister, to join him in his office. A committee from Scotland's Heriot-Watts University, famous for their know-how of economics, would present their long-awaited report on how the hiccup crisis had affected the world economy, or what was left of it. What would happen now with unemployment, trade, deficits, inflation, stock markets and everything down to the price of toilet paper. But the PM and FM now learned that the World Health Organisation would have a press conference about the vaccine rollouts, at the same time.

The PM could go through thousands of pages of legislation drafts and navigate through hundreds of bureaucratic paragraphs, but was at loss handling the TV's remote control. He wanted to check the vaccine situation first, on Channel One.

"How do you operate this little bugger," he said helplessly to FM "I need channel one."

"Who's on first?" FM asked.

"WHO," PM answered.

"Watts on second," FM said. "I must follow that. Can you switch?"

"Why switch channel if you don't know what's on?"

"That's right. Watts on."

"What's on second?"

"I told you. Watts. Why do you want the first channel. Who's on first?"

"WHO. Now if I can find the right button..."

"To watch... Who did you say?"

"That's right. WHO's on first."

"Watts on second...But *who's* on first now again?"

"WHO!"

"What?"

"What's on second?"

"Watts!"

And so on. The two highest officials of the government became none the wiser. As if anyone had imagined they were to start with.

It all seemed to go well with the vaccines. Thousands got their shots the first day and soon hundreds of thousands. Within a month millions of doses had been distributed and injected. But since the vaccines had gone through very fast and short tests, no one was really sure if there weren't long-term side effects.

"I'm worried," Dr Ture Agnell said to his closest associate at the National Health Agency, one Dr Abbott Costello.

"Yes, I have seen the reports too," Dr Costello said. "We knew that the shortage of time would make it difficult to see long-term side effects..."

"Most aren't affected," Dr Agnell said. "As with the original virus it's a tiny minority that gets it. It turns up after about a month. It's not death threatening in most cases, but means a certain risk, mirroring the original virus."

"Have you any idea what it comes from?"

"Well, the original hiccup virus juggled around quite heavily with the digestive system, some effects from a little more juggling can't be unexpected."

Dr Agnell sighed. It might mean more questionable lockdowns. Children left behind, divorces, drugs. Even greater economic disaster. Many more deaths from cancer and other illnesses an epidemic would block from being treated. More of politicians sitting on their high horses, trying to pretend to be in charge of microbiology, ordering the entire population to be incarcerated.

"We are between a rock and a hard place," Dr Costello said. "It's a mess."

"Yes," Dr Agnell agreed. "I have never heard of such a side effect. Sure, people are free from the darn hiccups. But instead, for hours and days at end they begin to *burp*..."

# Spiffy Skiffy History In A Jiffy

Time for some more digging into the vaults of the digital newspaper archive of Stockholm's Royal Library, as the national library is called in this (constitutional) monarchy. To compensate for corona visiting restrictions it had its newspaper archive open online last spring. Yours Truly jumped at the chance doing some history research, spending hundreds of hours at it, saving approx 1500 clips. This is the ninth issue of *Intermission* presenting the most interesting finds! (Translated or

## Strålpistolens vänner även de kluvna

Frågan om kärnkraftens vara eller inte vara har kluvut Sverige i tre delar.

Splittringen har drabbat också sciencefictionfansen i Sverige, dessa framtidens budbärare, som annars brukar stå enade mot den i deras tycke fantasilösa och oförstående omgivningen.

Splittringen inom SF-rörelsen har bland annat resulterat i namnlistor inom sciencefictionpressen, där olika kända fans samlar sig i klungor för eller emot kärnkraften.

Bland motståndarna märks kanske främst SF- och deckarförfattaren Bertil Mårtensson från Lund och "Alvarpristagaren" Rune Forsgren från Umeå. (Alvar är den svenska SF-rörelsens Oscar.)

För kärnkraft är Ingvar Svensson från Uppsala, grundare av Svenska akademien för sciencefiction, Denis Lindbohm i Malmö, grundare av Club Meteor, Kjell Runefors i Trollhättan, redaktör för Cosmos Bulletin, Olle Kindberg i Jönköping, son till K G Kindberg, som gav ut den gamla SF-tidskriften Häpnat! på 50-talet, samt Kjell Borgström från Farsta, svensk fandoms ende SF-poet.

Ytterligare namn återstår att nämna, på både ja- och nejsidan.

Alltså till er som inte kunnat bestämma er för hur ni skall rösta: Hav tröst! Experterna bråkar varje dag i TV-rutan om kärnkraftens för- och nackdelar.

Och inte ens sciencefictionfansen, som lever med atompistoler, atomdrivna rymdskepp, atomdrivna personliga kraftskärmar och atomdrivna äggvispar, vet hur vi skall ha det.

ANDERS PALM

summarised as usual. Nordic readers may enlarge pics and see the original texts, though sometimes blurry for layout and technical reasons.)

Do you remember the sf community Vietnam War petitions? In 1968 a two-page ad in Galaxy Magazine listed sf writers who were pro- and anti-war. The pro-pros, probably a bit to the right, were on the left. The leftist anti-pros were placed to the right in the spread. See <http://sfforward.blogspot.com/2015/07/sf-vietnam-war-petition.html>

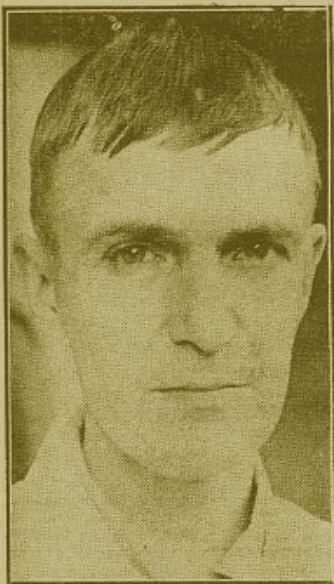
Swedish fandom had something similar. After the Three Mile Island accident in 1979 there was a referendum on nuclear power. (It was a complicated thing with alternatives YES!!, Yes...but, and NO!! The two first together "won" and we still have those plants.) Before the voting the memberzine of the Scandinavian SF Association (SFSF in Swedish abbreviation) ran an ad where sf people had signed up for or against nuclear power. Among pro were eg Lars-Olov Strandberg and John-Henri Holmberg. Among anti were eg Sam J Lundwall and Stieg Larsson. I was listed among the pros, having been knighted with BNHood as publisher of the "Ohnly true newszine" Vheckans Ävfentyr (today's @SFJournalen on Twitter). Anders Palm, journalist and my old editor-in-chief of *Teknikmagasinet* took the opportunity to inform the readers of morning paper Dagens Nyheter of this, March 22 1980, using the rather strange headline "*Friends of the raygun are also split*":

*The question of nuclear power or not has split Sweden into three parts. This split has also affected the sf fans in Sweden, these messengers of the future who otherwise stand united against the in their opinion unimaginative and misunderstanding world. The split in the sf movement has eg resulted in name lists in the sf press, where different known fans gang together for or against*



# Han minns livet på andra planeter

I artikelserien *Livet efter döden* tar vi denna vecka upp reinkarnationen — återfödelsen. Temat behandlas också i Per Ragnars TV-program "Först dö och sedan..." i morgon kväll. Reinkarnationstanken, som är mycket gammal, innebär att man tror att människans själ lever kvar efter döden och uppgår i nya existensformer i människo-, djur- eller växtvärlden. Pytagoréerna utvecklade en noggrann själavandringsteori och även i indiska religioner finner man reinkarnationstanken. Den moderna teosofin har omarbetat den indiska läran till en utvecklingslära. Martinus kosmologi är ett typiskt exempel på en sådan lära.



Denis Lindbohm, 44 år från Malmö.

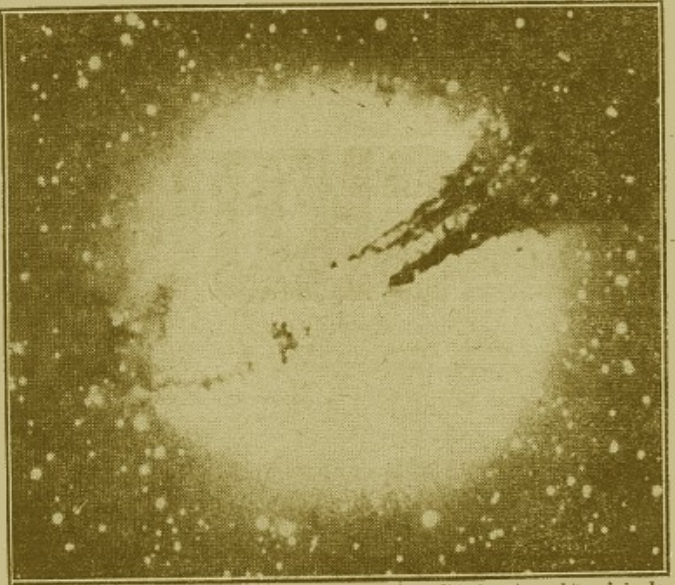
Av Christer Källström

Författaren Denis Lindbohm är 44 år och bor i Malmö. Han är gift och har två barn. Det är en helt vanlig svensk familj.

Men innan Denis Lindbohm blev den han nu är, var han i fyra år den lilla skönska flickan Esta som föddes 1911 och dog i spanska sjukan 1918.

Han har upplevt att han varit andra människor, han minns att han levat fört i sina tidigare identiteter har han haft sällsamma upplevelser på andra planeter, han har dödat och blivit dödad. Han är övertygad om att det existerar återfödelse, reinkarnation.

I morgon kväll framträder Denis Lindbohm i ett TV-program som ingår i Per Ragnars livsaskådningsserie. Där berättar han om sina reinkarnationsminnen.



Människans själ är evig, enligt Martinus kosmologi. När hon levat här på jorden kan hon mycket väl fortsätta ett annat liv på en annan planet i universum.

Strax innan Denis blev den han nu är, var han den lilla flickan Esta. I en nyutkommen bok, *Jagets eld* (Söktarens förlag), berättar Denis Lindbohm om sina märkliga upplevelser. I den talar han om att Esta var hans mors syster, således var Esta Deniss moster.

Deniss föddes 1927 i Traneås. När han var 1 1/2 år gammal besökte han sina morföräldrar i Lövestad i Skåne. Trots att det var förbjudet för Deniss att besöka sin farmor hos morfar och mormor, gick han ändå dit.

"Gårdarna är vita och försedda med styvtärliga spetsmånster. Solen lyser in. Rummet är rätt mörkt och ger mig en dunkel känsla av stränghet, högtid, oberörbarhet... i centrum av intresset finns bilden på väggen".

## ● Svaret

Det är en smal, svart ram, och innanför den glimmar glas. Bakom glaset finns en mörk bild av en liten människa, som ligger på rygg i en svart låda och har ansiktet vänt mot mig. Jag har den intensiva känslan av att ha funnit svaret på en svår fråga.

Jag föser en stol tillrätta nedanför bilden och upplever hur besvärligt det är att ta sig upp på den stoppade sitsen. Det är en stor prestation att lyckas och att äntligen ha båda knäna på det mjuka sätet och hålla i ryggsädet och titta upp på bilden. Och bilden visar mig själv. Bilden är en bild av mig.

## ● Jag är Esta

Sedan kommer mormor in mellan draperierna från rummet utanför och griper tag i mig, lyfter mig uppåt och säger en massor, som jag inte kan minnas — för bilden fyller mig; bilden är mig själv. Jag vill veta, jag frågar vem det är — och mormor svarar med sin djupa och varma stämma helt nära intill mig.

— Det är Esta. Det är mormors flicka. Men Esta är död, lilla Nenne... Esta är hos Gud.

Allt detta är ett stort mysterium, och det är något fel i mormors ord, för Esta finns. Esta är hos Gud, och Gud är en snäll gammal farbror — men Esta finns ju inte hos Gud. Hon kallar mig för "Nenne". Hon säger "Nenne" till mig och talar om Esta, som om Esta var något annat — men det är fel: "Jag är Esta".

Deniss Lindbohm tog länge om sina upplevelser som han själv betraktar som liggande utanför det normala. Inte förrän i november 1967 berättade han för sin omgivning vad han haft för upplevelser. Han skrev brev till sina bekanta och talade om hur det var. Det blev för mycket för de flesta av hans bekanta.

Hur förklarar då Deniss själv sina egendomliga minnen?

— Den mest sannolika förklaringen är att: någonting inom

frustrationslandet av ett och samma superjag, en form av kosmisk personlighetsklyvning. Om vi skulle våga goda den teorin, så är vi allesammans en och samma varelse — olikheterna beror bara på att "jag" finns i olika kroppar. Jag är Du och vi alla...

## ● Minnen som Esta

Vad kommer då Deniss ihåg från sitt liv som den lilla flickan Esta? I boken berättar han ett Estaminne:

"Jag går på den dammiga landsvägen, och mjölkspannen är mycket tung. Ståltrådsgrepen skär in i mina fingrar. Jag har varit uppe på bondgården bortom järnvägen och hämtat mjölk. Jag satte ner spannen på landsvägen och satte mig på den för

dandrande. Uppe på en mur håller mina skridskamrater på med att våldta en kvinna, och jag upplever vetskapen därom som lustfylld. Plötsligt tumlar hon ut över murens kant och faller rätt ner på gatan framför mig. Hon är naken och blodig. Jag ser hur hon försöker häva sig upp. Hennes ögon stirrar vansinnigt mot mig under det orediga håret.

## ● Styckar henne

Jag skratrar och stiger fram mot henne och ser mina egna händer. Jag har grova armläder, starka händer. Jag lyfter svärdet och hugger neråt och styckar henne omsorgsfullt, medan jag känner skratret välla ut ur mig, och eldens dån överröstar hennes skrik. Blod strömmar ur de borthuggna lemmarna".

Ett annat minne från denna tid:

"Vi har flytt hon och jag. Hon är mitt liv, mitt allt, skön och värd att offra allt för. Men hon är prästinna och jag är soldat, och gudarnas vrede är över oss — tillsammans med människornas vilda hat. Vi måste fly mycket långt bort, om vi skall finna frid och kunna älska varandra utan fruktan och sätta barn till världen och leva skönt.

## ● Våldet

Jag ligger på rygg med huvudet i hennes knä. Hon smeker mitt hår och tittar ner på mig, och jag känner jubel inom mig över att vi är varandras. Men så kommer våldet strömmande in i form av soldater. De störtar ut ur skogen intill och sliter bort henne från mig.

Sorlet av vågor från sjön bredvid överröstar av vrål och skrän. Jag griper efter mitt svärd, men förgäves. De rycker mig upp, sträcker ut mina armar, och en soldat vräker en lans rätt igenom mig. Jag faller på rygg och han tynger på lansens skruvar och trycker och borrar den i marken. Jag är spetsad.

Sedan myllrar de in över henne och hon gallskricker när de våldtar henne. Och så blir skriket vildare, när de stympar henne. Jag skymtar delar av hennes ljuvliga kropp innan den stora natten faller över mig".

## Vetenskapsmannen

## Inget bevis för återfödelse

— Deniss Lindbohms berättelse om sina minnen av tidigare liv är sällsam.

Hans minnen av ett liv som Esta bevisar inte att återfödelse existerar. Men minnena av Esta är en liten del av ett växande material av minnen och erindrigheter som talar för att återfödelse skulle kunna vara verklighet.

Deniss minnen från en annan livslång berättelse doktor Jacobson som alltså fantastiska.

— Man kan uppleva en avskat till göra något så intensivt att man efteråt säger "minns" att man har fullföljt sin avsikt och utfört handlingen. Man kan uppleva en dröm så starkt att man långt efteråt kan minnas dess händelser som upplevda i den vanliga verkligheten och inte i drömmarnas värld.

Doktor Jacobson har själv haft kontakt med ett halvduktigt minni-ko som tror sig ha agerat i historiska miljöer. När dessa människor sedan sett bilder från dessa upplevda miljöer säger de, att de har "kännt igen sig" i medeltidens Frankrike eller sextonhundratalets Sverige. Men sådana "minnen" som förligger till andra utomjordiska planeter är däremot mycket sällsynta.

Känner doktor Jacobson Deniss Lindbohm?

— Jo, jag känner honom sedan några år och har sett att han i vardagslivet står stadigt på jorden; det må tillåtas honom likaväl som andra att gissa och spekulera över sina inre världar.

● I fyra år var han flicka och dog i spanska sjukan  
● Han minns att han dödat och dödats för längesen

... mig är ödsligt, säger Deniss. Detta någonting lämnar min kropp när den dör, och hamnar — dumhetsligt eller viljesdumt — i embryot i en gravid varelses livmoder.

## ● En världssjäl

Men Deniss Lindbohm går längre och tror att det också kan finnas en världssjäl i form av en kraftfull, ett psykiskt fält.

— Det är tänkbart att det vi upplever på något sätt speglas in i världssjälens och arkiversans där. Vi kan också tänka oss att varje levande jag är ett fönster för världssjälens, en tillgång till i materiens värld.

— Konsekvent med den tanken följer då att alla de olika jagen i själva verket är skilda

att vila. Jag var förstig. Tanken att dricka ur spannen kom upp i mig. Jag ställde mig på knä på diketrenen, bände upp spannets lock och lutade den, drack mjölk och kände smaken av spensvarmjölk och av bleckplåt. Inom mig fanns skuldskänslan: Så där fick jag ju inte göra".

Men Deniss kan minnas mycket längre tillbaka i tiden. Han har färgstarka upplevelser från andra planeter långt ut i universum.

En tid levde han som krigare i mordets världar, en värld som fanns för flera miljoner år sedan långt bort från jorden. Här berättar han ett minne från den tiden:

"Jag står på gatan. Den är belagd med kullersten. Eldbelyst rök vältar ovanför mig. Jag hör skrärande skrik genom eldens



nuclear power. Among the opponents we find primarily sf/crime writer Bertil Mårtensson from Lund and the "Alvar-awarded" rune forsgren from Umeå. (The Alvar is the Oscar of the Swedish sf movement.) For nuclear power are Ingvar svensson from Uppsala, founder of the Swedish Academy for SF, Denis Lindbohm in Malmö founder of club Meteor, Kjell Rynefors in Trollhättan editor of Cosmos Bulletin, Olle Kindberg in Jönköping, son of KG Kindberg who published the old sf magazine Håpna!, and Kjell Borgström from Farsta, Swedish fandom's only sf poet. More names could be mentioned for both Yes and No. So, if you haven't made up your mind for how to vote: take comfort! Experts fight every day in TV about the pros and cons of nuclear power. And not even the sf fans who live with atomic guns, atomic powered spaceships, atomic personal force fields and atomic eggbeaters, know how it should be.

There you got some more pro- and anti-names. (BTW, the late Kjell Borgström wasn't fandom's only sf poet. We also have the illustrious Comet-John Benzene jr...but that's another story.) I have myself always been pro nuclear power. I simply think that cutting edge technology expands our boundaries and capabilities and leads to further progress for humanity. And we need more energy. Yes, there have been a couple of serious accidents but overall they haven't been the total disasters the environmentalists anticipated. (And the Chernobyl one wasn't caused by technology, but by doing criminally reckless experiments!)

Wolf von Witting, then conductor on the suburban Saltsjöbaden trains, philosopher sf fan from last issue, had BTW this comment about the Chernobyl accident in a people-on-the street query in Aftonbladet, April 30 1986, "Are you afraid we in Sweden may be harmed?":

"No. I don't think it will harm us. Most of it has hit the people over there. But of course, if there is a disaster closer by...

**Är du rädd för att vi i Sverige kan skadas?**



**WOLF VON WITTING, 26, konduktör, Saltsjöbaden:**

– Nej. Jag tror inte att vi blir skadade av det. Det mesta har drabbat dem därborta. Det är klart, att om det inträffar en katastrof närmare så...

## Han berättar om sitt tidigare liv — när han var sin egen master

Av GUNNAR ROSELL

— Någonting i mig är odödligt...

Säger Denis Lindbohm, 44, trebarnspappa från Malmö.

I kväll kommer han att berätta om sitt tidigare liv.

Det blir en kuslig och utmanande skildring om återfödelsen.

Håll i er framför TV-apparaterna i stället.

Per Ragnars program "Först dö och sedan..." kommer att upprepa många citat.

En av de medverkande, författaren Denis Lindbohm, kommer nämligen att berätta om sitt tidigare liv.

Och hur han återföds.

Den skånske trebarnspappan fortsätter.

— Döden innebär inte något slut — jag lever vidare.

Denis Lindbohm har i hela sitt liv hunnit på minnen från sitt tidigare liv.

### Frammande världar

Minnen som ständigt följer honom. Minnen från främmande världar och planeter där han bland annat varit med om att döda och själv bli dödad.

I sin bok "Jagets eld" berättar Lindbohm att han under åren 1914–1918 var den lilla skånska flickan "Esta".

Esta Thymell föddes 1914 och dog 1921 i Långedag i Skåne.

Esta var hans mors syster. Hon dog i spanska sjukdom.

Denis Lindbohm.

— Men Esta lever i minnet och lever i mig. Hur kan jag ha fått döden?

— Längs märke till att det inte är någon diffus känsla av att jag nog varit Esta. Utan det är frägnen om direkt självupplevda minnen.

— Hennes hjärna spelade in vad hennes kropp upplevde.

— Jag som skildrades i oktober 1929. Esta är efter hennes död, upplever i minnesform vad Esta hjärna spelade in.

I kvällens TV-program har Lindbohm fått fyra minuter för att delge tittarna sina minnen från sin tid som Esta.

Han kommer att berätta om "den dansliga landsvägen, om den tunga mjölksponnen som han druck ur när han satt på diskbänken och var tystig".

Jag minns minna om att följa. Ah, Gud, vad jag hade ontat mig dem. När jag såg att i min övrigt, plömdes och var rädd, rå bod jag mer att boka skulle ställa tofflorna på byrån så att jag kunde se dem. Jag längade efter att bli frisk och få ha dem i mig.

Men jag fick inte minna tofflor. Jag fick döden i stället. Jag minns det. Kommer att jag upplevt det. Jag följde i Esta hjärna.

Hur känns det att minnas detta och allting?

Lindbohm till Aftonbladet:

— Det är ytterst påfrestande att läsa på minnen av det sång jag gör. Det kan landstinget se outsläppliga. Många gånger har jag varit beredd att ta farväl av mitt liv.

### Att löse

— Att ge offentlighet för dem är också svårt. Jag är medveten om att folk kan göra mig till ett följande. Men det bekymmar mig inte längre.

Doktor Nils-Olof Jacobson lämnar Lindbohm sedan flera år tillbaka. Han anser att Lindbohm står "värdigt på jorden".

I ett uttalande till Expressens bok sköcker, dr Jacobson bland annat:

"Denis Lindbohms minnen av ett liv som Esta bevisar inte att återfödelse existerar. Men minnena är en liten del av ett växande material av minnen och erfarenheter som talar för att återfödelse skulle kunna vara verklig."

### Min plikt

Denis Lindbohm:

— Jag begär inte att någon övertitligt ska acceptera mina upplevelser. Men jag har smält det som en plikt mot forskningen att delge de erfarenheter jag har. Sedan blir det experternas sak att analysera mina minnen och hypoteser.

— Jag vill att människorna ska sätta sig in i problematiken när det gäller återfödelsen, säger Lindbohm till Aftonbladet.

TV 1 21.00

Pro-nuclear was Denis Lindbohm of Malmö in the south, one of the earliest fans (founding club Strate-Organisation in 1949, evolving into club Meteor in 1952). Known as Father Denis, he was one of the founders of Swedish fandom together with Sture Lönnerstrand. He published the humorous fanzine C/loev, being a bit like a Sverifan version of Bob Tucker, but with one little fault: he believed in reincarnation. Denis and I corresponded for years (and I was one of few who met him after the 1970's). Beside many fine sf novels - with an easy-going style I think was quite underrated - he also wrote a long row of nonfic books about reincarnation and related stuff. We read about it in Göteborgs-Tidningen April 25 1971 (prev page), the day before a TV program where he talks more about "earlier lives", "Tomorrow Denis Lindbohm tells about how he existed earlier on TV: He remembers life on other planets". Some excerpts:

Author Denis Lindbohm is 44 years old and lives in Malmö, is married and has two children. A quite ordinary Swedish family. But before Denis became what he is now, he was the four year old Scanian girl Esta, born in 1914 and dead in the Spanish flu in 1918. He has experienced being other people...having had strange experiences on other planets, he has killed and been killed. ... In the new book Jagets eld ("Fire of the self") Denis tells about his strange experiences. He says that Esta was the sister of his mother, and Elsa was thus the aunt of Denis. Denis was born in 1927 in Tranås. When he was 1½ he visited his grandparents in Scania. Despite being

banned from going in to the living room by the grandparents he still went in, /Quote from the book of how he there saw a photo of Esta and had a strange feeling and was told it was his dead aunt, now "with God". / It was not until November 1967 he told others of his experiences. He wrote to his friends and told how it was. It was too much for many of them. /Dénis explains./ ...Most probably something within us is immortal, this something leaves the body when we die and lands randomly or by will in the embryo in the womb of a pregnant woman... /Dénis believes in a "world soul in the form of a psychic force field/ ...it is possible that what we experience is recorded and archived there ...the different me:s are are expressions of one and the same super-me, a form of cosmic personality split. If you dare to accept this theory we are all one and the same being- the differences comes from the "I" existing in different bodies. /Then follows what he claims to remember as Esta, but he has also/ ...colourful experience from other planets far out in the universe. For a time he lived as a warrior in a world of murder existing many million of years ago far away from Earth. He tells about a memory from that. /Follows a long quote from his book. As a warrior he kills a woman, a priestess. A flees with another woman whom he loves but is killed./ Caption: Man's soul is eternal, according to the Martinus cosmology. After life here on earth we can very well continue to live on another planet in the universe. /The info box tells about the TV show, done by one Per Ragnar./

Swordsmen on alien planets is all very Robert E Howard! The article ends with "*The scientist: No proof of reincarnation*". To be fair Dénis never tried to push for his beliefs in his letters and try to convert me. And I told him several times that I didn't believe in this stuff. The human brain is wonderful in creating beliefs! People will falsely claim eg that they are "pregnant with an elephant" (like Preussian field marshal von Blucher) or made of glass (like king Charles VI of France) or born "in the wrong body" (popular to think today). Humans are very *unreliable* witnesses, often believe in totally erroneous ideas, and do bad things like faking ballots or not accepting defeat.

Aftonbladet also covers Dénis and reincarnation, April 26 1971, "*He tells about his earlier life - when he was his own aunt*". Some excerpts here too:

/Beginning talking about Esta/ "*The recordings of Esta lives in me. How did I get them? Notice it isn't a diffuse feeling that I have been Esta. It is a matter of direct memories of experience. Her brain recorded what her body went through.*" /He'll talk about his memories as Esta for 4 minutes in the TV program of which examples are given in the article. He's not worried about going public even if he may be ridiculed. A doctor knowing him says he is a "steady person"./ "*I don't demand that anyone without questions shall accept my experiences. But I see it as a duty to research to share the experiences I have. And then it's for the experts to analyse my memories and hypotheses. I want people to get acquainted with the problems,*" Lindbohm says to Aftonbladet.

**VISPRAMEN  
STORKEN**  
Smedsudden  
**SÖNDAG 8 OKT. KL. 20.30**  
**Sam J Lundwall**  
+ annat trivsamt visfolk  
Visor sönd. o. tisd. End. medl.  
Välkommen till oss

Dénis was a friend of Sam J Lundwall, the author and publisher, whose singing career I've told about in an earlier *Intermission*. Dénis and Sam where the main fans in the imaginative and mock "Fannish War" in the late 1950's and 1960's, where they pretended to be rulers The Autarch of Strateborg and Lord Theo of Chandra at war with each other. It was performed through fanzines, proclamations, tape recordings and even amateur 8 mm films. I

found this ad in Expressen October 8 1966 about singer-songwriter Sam, when he performed on "The Stork", a music barge anchored by a Stockholm quay. This was a legendary club in the 1960's where all the big singer-songwriter names of the era performed, like Cornelis Vreeswijk, Fred Åkerström, Finn Zetterholm - and Sam J Lundwall. He was for a while up there with the hotshots!

Another important fan active in the 1960's was Leif Andersson. He became nationally famous when he won the 10 000 Crowns in a TV quiz on the subject Astronomy, and later

**Till Capris sol**

reser inom kort den unge astro-  
nomiexperten och förra TV-idolen  
Leif Andersson. Han skall inte  
njuta av solen som vanliga Capri-  
turister, utan titta på det nämnda  
himlafenomenet på ett vetenskap-  
ligt sätt på Saltsjöbadsobservato-  
riets Caprifillal. Man räknar med  
bättre möjligheter att studera solen  
på Capri än i Sverige, av någon an-  
ledning.

Leif blev idol 1960, då han vann  
10 000 kronor i TV-tävlingen "Ut-  
maningen" inom ämnet astronomi.  
Raskt blev den då 16-åriga Leif,  
som är jordbrukarson från Vinberg  
nära Falkenberg i Halland, "TV-  
Leif", "TV-Stjärnan" och "Komet-  
ten" med hela Sverige. Idolskapet

Leif pluggar nu för högre utbildning i Lund, för att bli astronom förstås.  
Förutom stjärnor är han också något  
av en expert på för länge sedan  
utdöda djur, skräckodlor och andra,  
som han brukar hålla föredrag om  
på sin oeffterhärmliga dialekt inför  
en förstummad bekantskapskrets.

Till intressena hör också science-  
fiction-litteratur, något som ligger  
nära till hands för en astronom  
kanske. Leif är aktiv sciencefiction-  
fan och ger ut egna amatörtid-  
ningar i genren, "fanzines", som det  
heter bland dem som är inne på om-  
rådet.

På Capri skall Leif titta på solen  
tillsammans med en annan ung  
astronom, i skift så länge solen vi-  
sar sig, och ledigheter blir det bara  
när det är mulet, och det är det  
sällan på Capri. Minst ett halvår  
blir Leif på Capri, så kompisarna i  
sciencefiction-klubbarna får klara  
sig utan sin mest omskrivne repre-  
sentant en lång tid.

Leif Andersson: Träffas på Capri.  
törde inte Leif så värst mycket  
an fortzatte som flitig skoigosse  
dolandet fick en kort renässans  
följ, då Leif var med i nordiska  
"V-tävlingen" "Tärningen är kastad"  
och glädde finska tittare med att  
svara "Kyllä" emellanåt.

**Cont...**

Cont left...



became a professional astronomer. But he was also an sf fan, which we see in this Dagens Nyheter story August 8, 1965, *"To the Sun of Capri"*:

*...the young astronomy expert and TV idol Leif Andersson soon travels. He'll not enjoy the sun like ordinary Capri tourists, but study the named heavenly body in a scientific way at the Saltsjöbaden observatory Capri branch. Leif became an idol 1960 when he won 10 000 crowns in the TV quiz "The Challenge" on the subject astronomy. Soon the 16-year old Leif, a farmer's son from Vinberg near Falkenberg in Halland became "TV Leif", "TV Star" and "TV Comet" over all of Sweden. But being a celebrity didn't bother Leif that much and he continued his school work. Being an idol had a brief comeback last year in the Nordic TV competition "The Die is Thrown" and made Finns happy by answering "kyllä" sometimes. Leif is now very busy studying in Lund, to be an astronomer of course. Beside stars he is also an expert on since long extinct animals, dinosaurs and other things he lectures about in his indistinguishable dialect in front of stunned audiences of friends. Among the interests is also sf literature, something close at heart for an astronomer. Leif is an active sf fan and published his own amateur magazines in the genre, "fanzines", as it is sometimes called in that field ... He'll be on Capri for t least half a year so the buddies in the sf clubs have to do without their most talked about representative for a long time.*

To continue the fan parade, another leading fan from the era was Carl Hällström or Sture Sedolin as he is also known as (not sure, but I think "Sture" one of his extra first names and "Sedolin" a name existing in his family tree) who started the small sf magazine *Nya Världar* ("New Worlds").

### Columbi rymdägg

■ Den svenska tidskriftsfloran har begåvats med en ny Science fictiontidskrift: "Nya världar". Innehållet bekräftar den gamla sanningen att den ende nu levande författare som kan skriva SF är Ray Bradbury. Tyvärr är han inte representerad i tidskriften. Så här bör man nog inte ens ute i rymden börja en novell: "När vårt stora, enormt snabba rymdskepp gled in i den blå planetens atmosfär, låg jag skakande av skräck i min köj med min hustrus tröstande armar omkring mig". Artiklarna om SF formuleras inte särskilt mycket bättre: "Science fiction är den sannskylidiga litteraturen för vår tid, den andra elisabetanska tidsåldern, tidsåldern som redan väntar på en ny Columbus som skall föra sin raketdrivna karavell genom rymdens djup". Columbus himmelsfärd. SF, det är religion, det.

Unfortunately it only came in one issue, but Expressen wrote about it June 13, 1964. "Columbus' Space Egg":

*The Swedish magazine flora has seen a new sf magazine, "Nya Världar". The contents verify the old truth that the only now living author who can write sf is Ray Bradbury. Unfortunately he isn't represented in the magazine. You shouldn't start a story like this not even out in space: "When our big, extremely fast spaceship slid into the atmosphere of the blue planet, I lay in my bunk shaking with horror with the comforting arms of my wife around me". The articles about sf aren't phrased much better. "Sf is the truthful literature of our time, the second Elizabethian era, the era waiting for a new Columbus who shall bring the caravelle rocketship through the depths of space." Columbus journey through the sky. Sf is religion.*

The reviewer was a bit negative, wasn't he... I'll tell you a secret, the tabloid Expressen isn't itself the most intellectual publication in history either! Onward... As covered in earlier issues, media reported about the first Swedish sf con, Luncon in 1956 - even in national radio! Here's a report I missed, from

Svenska Dagbladet August 20 1956, *"Union formed for sf"* (ie a federation, not a "trade union"...):

Sweden's and also Scandinavia's first sf convention has taken place in Lund Saturday and Sunday, attended by about 35 youth from Stockholm, Luleå, Eskilstuna, Surahammar, Jönköping, Halmstad, Malmö and Lund. A Swedish "SF Union" was formed during Sunday, and a committee was set up to prepare next year's Swedish convention and Swedish participation in the Worldcon in London 1957. During the convention days there have been several lectures giving the attendees a look into the fantastic world of tomorrow. Moon rockets, flying saucers, and interplanetary research trips have also been discussed. The activities of the different clubs is coordinated by a central committee chaired by student Kjell Pettersson, Lund.

Now, this first "union" soon collapsed in internal friction, and a new one was founded, and fell apart, a new one came, and split, again and again, until in 1960 the Scandinavian SF Association came. (Which celebrated it's 50 th anniversary on the small Ökon 2 October 24, BTW due to Known Causes the *only* Swedish con 2020.)

★  
**Union har bildats  
för science fiction**

LUND. (SvD:s korr.) Sveriges och tillika Skandinavien's första science fiction-kongress har under lördagen och söndagen pågått i Lund med deltagande av ett 35-tal ungdomar från Stockholm, Luleå, Eskilstuna, Surahammar, Jönköping, Halmstad, Malmö och Lund.

Under söndagen bildades en svensk "Science fiction-union", varvid dessutom tillsattes en kommitté som skall förbereda nästa års svenska kongress samt ett svenskt deltagande i världskongressen i London 1957. Under kongressdagarna har ett flertal föredrag hållits, vilka gav deltagarna en inblick i morgondagens fantastiska värld. Dessutom har diskuterats månnaketer, flygande te-fat och interplaneteriska forskningsresor.

De olika klubbarnas arbete samordnas av en centralkommitté, vars ordförande är stud. Kjell Pettersson, Lund.



*Intermission* has covered space poet and Nobelist Harry Martinson earlier, famous for the poetry cycle *Aniara*, and his contacts with the sf group Atomic Noah from 1945 and on. Here's more.

The first poems of *Aniara* came already in his 1953 collection *Cikada*, and sensing something big was brewing newspaper Svenska Dagbladet made a visit to Harry already in 1955, July 31. "*Nebula in Trosa gave Martinson the impulse for 'Doris and Mima'*", beginning with describing the settings of Martinson's countryside cottage in Gnesta south of Stockholm, and then:

## Nebulosa i Trosa gav Martinson impulsen till "Doris och Mima"



Harry Martinson som biografmaskinist. Det är Chaplins klassiska farser som intresserar honom.

GNESTA. (SvD:s utsände medarbetare). Vid stranden av sjön Sillen utanför Gnesta ligger ett ställe som heter Gustavsberg. Det har legat där länge, men det drojde fyra fem år innan Harry Martinson hittade det. Nu har han flyttat dit från Spångas flygmaskinsbuler. Han kunde inte ha fått det bättre. Stället har varit rävgård, och dog det åt de skygga vilddjuren, så måste det duga åt en skygg poet. Stämningen är fridsam. Den sista isen smälter ljudlöst i sönn, en vänlig gubbe krattar fjällslöv på gårdsplanen, och husets hårdaste stol (med tanke på inchiäs) sitter Svenska akademins matros och funderar på medeltidern. Han fyller 50 år den 5 maj.

(Fortf. sid. 17: Martinson...)

## Chaplins gags och Lao-tse hälsobrunnar för Martinson

Sitter han och gämnar ner sig och blir jall och dori som det heter på framtidslang i "Sången om Doris och Mima"? Det är en näsvis fråga, och den förtjänar inget svar. Svaret kan vem som helst läsa inlämnat i en annan av dikterna i "Cikada". Där talas någonstans om den milda sorgarna som efter hand uppstår i hjärtat. Någon annanstans sägs det att man ska klänna sig ense i tid med det som ska förgås.

Martinson var en gång en av de fem unga. En gick bort av dem, och så var det fyra kvar. Nu är Martinson en av de fyra medeltidern. Ingen annan har väl tänkt på det, men själv har han gjort det. Han är glad att han inte lever under steinalder, för då blev ju männen ihjälslagna när de fick skuggstubb eller kanske något senare.

— Det är medeltidern som har gjort kulturen möjlig, säger han. Eller rättare kulturen blev möjlig när medeltidern började tolereras. Ingenting är väl billigare än att förgå sig i det biologiskt unga. Det är ju som att samla de vackra blomorna och kasta bort de andra. Vad är t. ex. medeltidern hos en dramatiker som Anouilh? Slapphet och vidrighet. Så kategorisk är han.

— Näja, det var kanske inte något överväldigande dröjande.

Därefter hör ett best väsende. Det låter som ett anfall. Det är det också. Det är Harry Martinson som skriater. Han kan inte bärja sig längre. Han klappar. Jag vet inte om han skriater åt Frankrikes Baraull eller åt Sömlands öl, men det är tydligt att hjärtat sorgarna någon gång kan lämna rum för en munsterhet över allt föränd. Det finns ord för att beskriva hans tillstånd.

Men det är ovanliga ord, och man hittar dem i "Sången om Doris och Mima". Martinson är vlam och gondel.

Pläserna i lädan  
De kungliga dramatikererna är föresten ofta de bästa. Strindberg är kategorisk. Och Ibsen och Sartre och Camus. Men Shakespeare var inte kategorisk. Och Tennessee Williams är inte heller kategorisk. Själv har jag ett par pläser i lädan, och de skulle ha varit färdiga för länge sedan, om jag bara hade velat vara kategorisk, men det vill jag inte.

— Vi måste tala om något ledsamt. Om reservatpennor eller politik. Reservatpennorna hör till de stora problemen, de eviga bekymren i hans författarliv. Han har prövat tåg. Det är alltid något

fel på dem. De ligger eller också till de inte tryck. Martinson vill trycka. Nu har han återgått till småskalens stälpenna. För säkerhets skull använder han J-penna. Den till tryck. Dessutom måste den doppas. Och doppande ögonblick är löst. Då rinner det till i huvudet. Bläckhornet är inspirationens källa. Martinson skriver under somnarna. Jo vackrare det är ute, desto bättre går det. Därför har han vid ett öppet fönster. Men man kan inte bara sitta stilla. Man måste upp och gå, arbete kräver rörelse. Restaurangernas cigarettflickor bär sin läda på magen. Martinson skulle behöva ha sin skrivmaskin där. Då skulle han kunna nomadisera fram och tillbaka i sin långa fil av sällskapsrum. Fråg husets enda ända till den andra.

En nebulosa i Trosa  
En natt i augusti förra året Harry Martinson ut för att kika stjärnorna. Han bodde då i Gustav Sandgrens stuga i trakten av Trosa. Det var ovanligt stjärnkärl, och han roade sig med att leta bland planeter. Vad han sökte var egentligen Andromedanebulosan på hundra miljoner ljusår avstånd. Och plösslit stod han öga mot öga med den. Han hade hela galaxen i likhet. Han fick nästan en chock av att med ens kunna se så långt ut i universum, och efteråt gick han in i kamraren och stängde dörren efter sig.

Det var ur den upplevelsen som "Sången om Doris och Mima" väste fram, svenska litteraturens första prov på lyrisk science fiction.

Harry Martinson har fått många brev med anledning av den dikten. Många har haft nöje av den, men många har också blivit oroad, och några få har blivit förargade, nämligen chronoschougnarna som har sin snällslogiska bana utslagt framför sig till livets slut och som därför hellre skäller på poesien än de byster upp en gamla rostiga räl.

— Det är inte på nervklänker och sinnessjukhus som man bäst aviser i denna oro, säger Martinson. Det gör man i dikten. Det är nu en gång författarens uppgift att vara den sensibla och skriva sin kronika om vad som händer. Men inte om dagens händelser som tidningarna. Utan om årets och årtiondens händelser. Och med tryckpunkten litt annerlunda förtärd än i dagpressen.

— Det är ett uttalande? Det låter mistansat. Men det blir för mycket för Martinson. Han stänger jalouserna, han fiskar upp en vit duk ur ett fodral, han lyfter fram en apparat på bordet, han sysslar med en rulle. Sedan utbryter Charlie Chaplins "Hälsobrunnen" på Martinsons duk. Vikten hälsobrunnen. Man kan bli vlam och gondel för mindre.

U. S—m.

...he is 50 May 5. Is he becoming gammed and becoming jail and dori as it is said in future slang in "The Song of Doris and Mima"? ... You can read the answer in the poems in *Cikada*. It speaks of the mild sorrow that after a while comes into the heart. ... He is glad he doesn't live during the Stone Age, when men were slain when they got a beard or perhaps a little later. "It is middle age that has made culture possible," he says (Caption: Martinson running a cinema projectionist. His interest is Chaplin's classic farces.) /He discusses things like theatre plays he likes, and.../ When it comes to politics he doesn't feel in good mood. He doesn't understand the political man. For him politics is the art of the ridiculous and he can't sympathise with anyone but the individual. His hope is in the individualists. /Among religions he has a soft spot for Lao-Tse, otherwise his attitude to religions is like for politics. He speaks of happiness, which is difficult to catch and keep./ Harry Martinson went out to look at the stars one night in August last year. He then lived in Gustav Sandgren's cottage around Trosa. It was a clear starry sky, and he amused himself with finding the planets- What he really looked for was the nebula Andromeda a hundred million light years away. /2 mill l y, I think/ And suddenly he stood eye to eye to it. He had the whole galaxy in his telescope. /He owned an amateur telescope./ He had a shock from being able to see that far out in the universe, so afterwards he went inside and closed the door. "The Song of Doris and Mima" grew out from that experience, the first sample of poetic sf in Swedish literature. Harry Martinson has received many letters because of that poem. Many have enjoyed it, but a few have also been annoyed, namely the chronoschougians /??? - maybe a private term from Harry M/ who have a narrow track laid out for them until the end of life, and thus rather bash the poet than disbanding their rusty rails. "It's not on nerve clinics and mental hospitals you best read the worries of the time," Martinson says. "You do that in the poems. It is the task of the author to be sensitive and write the chronicle about what's happening. But not about the events of today like in the newspapers. But about the events of the year and decade. With the focus somewhat shifted compared to the daily press." /Martinson finishes the interview by setting up his projector to show Chaplin's "The Cure"./ What Cure? Things like that makes you vlam and gondel. /Slang from Aniara./

# Black Holes Matter!



★ OSS RYMDPIRATER EMELLAN.  
Harry Martinson har varit i Uppsala och berättat om science fiction. Det finns många fina diktverk i genren, tyckte Martinson. De bästa: Ray Bradburys "Invasion på Mars" och A. E. van Vogt "Uppdrag i världsrymden". Själv läste Martinson förstås sina egna rymddikter ur "Cidada".

There are many examples of the space poet's interest in sf. In 1955 he eg visited Uppsala and held a lecture which seems to have dealt a lot with the genre, as Expressen reports May 27, "Between us space pirates":

Harry Martinson has been in Uppsala and talked about sf. There are many poetic works in the genre, Martinson thought. The best ones:

# Första steget ut i världsrymden



Harry Martinson på sin flytande terrass framför bostaden.

## Universum fascinerar men jorden binder oss

SJÖN SILLENS STRAND. (SvD:s utsände medarbetare) En bra bit ner i Sörmland, en mycket vacker högsommardag, vid en kall pilsner i skuggan av bätthuset på sin tomt tog författaren Harry Martinson del av nyheten att människan skall sända upp små satelliter till krets kring sin jord. Han tog meddelandet som en man av sin tid, mycket behållskat och utan att låta sig imponeras. Ett av hans första uttalanden blev: "Tur att dom ska gå så högt så man slipper få dom i skallen". För ett par år sedan skrev han Sängen om Doris och Mima, en symbolisk berättelse om rymdskeppet Anlara som går i skytteltrafik mellan jorden och de övriga planeterna. Den stora dikten har kallats den svenska litteraturens första prov på lyrisk science fiction.

På vintern är universum närmast Harry Martinson. Det går sällan en kväll utan att han spanar med kikaren efter Andromedanebulosan som gav inspiration till Doris och Mima. Om sommaren är kvällarna för ljusa för privatastronomi men vem behöver inspiration från rymden en sommar som denna? Platsen där författaren lever med sin familj är som bilden av den svenska sommaridyllen: höga granar som vjedskydd, björkar som svalkar, en frisk gräsmatta som slutar ner mot sjön med båtarna. Det är bara huset som är gult i stället för rött.

Vem kan bli annat än jordbunden i en sådan omgivning?

Satelliter, ja-ha. Det är mycket märkligt det här, kanske blir det ännu märkligare om fjorton dagar.

## Vetenskapsmännen pendlar mellan hopp och pessimism SvD-enkät om satelliterna

Människan står beredd att ta sitt första steg ut i världsrymden. Från jorden uppsända satelliter skall gå sitt kretslopp, inlänkade i planeternas lagbundna rytmer. Vetenskapsmännen över hela världen har med intensivt intresse tagit del av det märkliga meddelandet från Amerika, och överallt är man på det klara med att det är stora och svindlande perspektiv som öppnas. Från flera håll uttalas uppfattningen att det nu kanske bara är en fråga om år eller årtionden, då erövringen av rymden på allvar kan ta sin början.

— Det är den viktigaste nyheten sedan atombomben, säger presidenten i den internationella astronautiska federationen, den amerikanske civilingenjören Fred C. Durant, som just nu anlänt till Köpenhamn för att leda den internationella rymdfartskongressen. Mr Durant anser att människor inom 25 år kan få vara med på resor bl. a. runt månen.

SvD har uppsökt skalden och Kosmos-länkaren Harry Martinson för att höra hur han reagerar inför de uppseendeväckande nyheterna, och i vidstående intervju framlägger han sina synpunkter. Vetenskapsmännens kommentarer, pendlande mellan optimism och pessimism, återspeglas i uttalanden på denna sida och på sid. 7.



Professor Olof Rydbeck.



Professor Knut Lundmark.

## Öppnar rika möjligheter Riskabel utveckling

Det är många tankar, som tränger sig på, då man läser nyheterna från Washington om de nya amerikanska rymdfarkosterna, säger professor Olof Rydbeck vid Chalmers tekniska högskola i Göteborg. Självfallet hoppas jag på gott samarbete med amerikanerna. Det rör sig här om så dyrbara experiment, att endast ett stort och rikt land som USA kan ha råd att göra dem.

För radioastronomi kommer satelliterna att bli av största betydelse. Radiostrålningen från solen, vår egen Vintergata och världsrymden i övrigt är vid detta laget ganska väl känd, när det gäller ultrakortvåg, som går igenom det elektriskt ledande skiktet i jordatmosfären på ca 100 km:s höjd. Annorlunda förhåller det sig med de långa radiovågorna från sol och världsrymd, som reflekteras mot detta skikt. Att få kännedom om dem

— I själva verket är det hela mycket enkelt — sedan väl problemet i fråga om initialhastigheten fått sin lösning. Den ute i rymden kring jorden fritt svävande kroppen är ju en rätt gammal nyhet, säger professor Knut Lundmark, Lund.

Nästa steg kan mycket väl bli en hel rymdstation, vilken skulle ge möjlighet till oändade forskningsresultat. Men är det verkligen så säkert, att vetenskapen får sista ordet?

Själv är jag pessimist och nyheten om de första "rymdsatelliterna" kastar ett dystert perspektiv framför sig, fortsätter professor Lundmark. I och med att det blir möjligt att upprätta en hel rymdstation, kommer självfallet de politiska intressena att anmäla sig. Ingen kan blunda för dess enorma strategiska betydelse och det övertag, den ger innehavaren. Därför är det stor risk att det blir en kamp mellan olika maktgrupperingar

Forts. sid. 6, sp. 3. MÖJLIGHETER

Forts. sid. 6, sp. 8. RISKABEL...

## Människan mot rymden

Ledande artikel se sid. 4.

## Coming soon: "Faniara"

Fandom poet Comet-John Benzene's next project is "Faniara". The last trufans are fleeing from a dead fandom, devastated by gamers and masquerades. Enroute to the Tucker Hotel they are detoured by a roadsign typo. And being without bheer and stencils for hours and days they slowly despair...



Ray Bradbury's "The Martian Chronicles" and AE van Vogt's "The Voyage of the Space Beagle". And Martinson of course read his own space poems from Cikada.

It doesn't say where he lectured, but it probably was at the university or for a student organisation, because Uppsala is an Academic city, known for Scandinavia's oldest university founded in 1477.

In the early and mid 1950's interest in human space exploration increased. Both the Russians and Americans announced they intended to launch satellites (Sputnik shouldn't have been a surprise!) and Svenska Dagbladet had several articles about it July 31, 1955. Space poet Harry Martinson was of course involved, and the overall headline was "First step into space - scientists between hope and pessimism. SvD poll about satellites":

Martinson ... (Forts. fr. sid. 3)

**"Vad som sker inom tekniken kommer alltid vara förutsett"**

...nå den nödvändiga hastigheten, 11 kilometer i sekunden.

Over gräsmattan ner mot det stilla vattnet slämrar skaldens döttrar med några kamrater. De lossar roddbåtens förtöjningar.

Deras far fortsätter att tala om 11 kilometer i sekunden. Han tycks veta allt om lagarna i rymden, han serverar snabbt en ohyggligt krånglig formel och börjar tala om månens avböjning.

Döttrarna rör över vattnet, de små-sjungen och plaskar med åren. Från en våk på andra sidan sjön höras badskri.

— Det låter otroligt men månens avböjning är så ytterst liten som 1,36 mm/km. Ni skriver väl det här tekniska rätt nu, journalister gör så ofta fel!

Ar det en vetenskapsman som talar? Dessa invecklade uttågningar kommer dock från en skald som har skrivit:

Vi börjar långsamt ana att den rymd vi färdas fram i är av annat slag än vad vi tänkte var gång ordet rymd på Jorden klädde med vår fantasi.

Vi börjar ana att vår vilsegång är ännu djupare än först vi trott att kunskap är en blå naivitet...

— Skulle ni kunna tänka er att förtaga en resa ut i rymden?

— Ja, blev jorden så pass ogästvänlig att man inte ville stanna på den längre så för man väl.

— Utan att veta var?

— Vart? Därute väntar väl inget annat än döden. Olika sorters död, blåsyredöd, ammoniakdöd och död genom kyla. Livet måste man ha med sig på bark och i en mängd skilda apparater. Men man kan ju fara även från en vanlig jord, det finns något inom människan som vill ut och se hur det ser ut i kosmos. Samtidigt finns det så mycket som håller en kvar på jorden: sommaren och västerna, överhuvudtaget livet...

**Vem skriver "snabb-fararromanen"?**

Man kan ju fråga sig varför människor har intresserat sig så för universum att en hel litteraturart, science fiction, har skapats i ämnet. Det är väl det obestämbara, tidskontinuitets förvandling, en slags osäkerhet. Vad som än sker inom tekniken kommer det alltid att vara förutsett, gravitationslagen upphäver sig möjligheten undantaget.

Jag har ju själv gripits av ämnet. Varför? Ja, man kan aldrig riktigt själv bedöma varför man skriver en speciell sak. Man räkar in i ett kraftfält. Det finns en andra del färdig av Sängen om Doris och Mima, också den med symbolisk undermening, som väl ges ut om några år. Om de här satelliterna kom-

mer säker någon snabbfararroman men läste tänker jag skriva den.

**Mänskligheten lika oberäknelig som vädret**

Nu har filosofen, eller skalden, Harry Martinson kommit fram. Han sitter framslutad och tittar ner i gruset och ler då och då nästan generat. Nere på sjön kommer en båt farande, blickingen vrider sig kring sin boj.

Ja, det är klart man följer med utrikespolitiken. Uppmärksamhet på politiska skredet som man ser på barometern och termometern. Jag lyssnar på politiken med samma utstuderade fatalism som på väderleksrapporten: antingen blir det så eller så. Att vara politiker är förestående säkert svårt, mänskligheten förefaller mig lika oberäknelig som vädret. För en tre, fyra år sedan var vi mer pessimistiska än i dag, nu har vi vant oss vid tanken på att inte kunna få leva så värt många år på den här planeten.

**Människan består av sina perspektiv**

Väst har jag alltid fascinerats av rymden. Vi är bara en försvinnande liten decimaliffrer i det hela. Man får så helt andra perspektiv när man sysslar med rymden och jag vågar tesen att människan består av sina perspektiv. Lyckan är en helt annan sak, en del finner lycka i att ha väldiga perspektiv, andra är mer moderata. Jag tror att politikerna sammanträder därför att alla de länder de företräder vet lika mycket, har hunnit lika långt. Genom att göra tekniken och vetenskapen universella — eller åtminstone mondiala — kan de kanske uppnåva krig. Sådan lallades förut makthalsen, nu är det en "mittid lösning", en teknisk-matematisk kombination.

Jag tror att människorna till slut blir räddade för konsekvenserna i sina uppfinnningar. Det har ingenting att göra med det vanliga soldatmodet utan ligger på ett helt annat plan.

**Kan teknikens krafter kontrolleras?**

— Så ni är optimist, rädd för konsekvenserna men inte för människorna?

— Kanske det. Fara ligger i att människan inte kan kontrollera krafterna hon släpper lös. Så var det då ett antal japanska fiskare skadades efter atombombprov härvidliden. Det är en erfarenhet som vi nog kommer att få göra om.

Brisen friskar och Harry Martinson spanar ut över sjön. Han kallar på makarna, det är tid för en segeltur och frun sköter focken. Blekingekan har sprid sig, den gamla riggen tilltalar för fattaren, som minnes om ungdomens dagar då han gick på större fartyg och på större vatten än sjön Sillen i Sörmland. Och medan familjen gör sig i ordning för seglatsen och man minns skaldens ord tröder några rader fram, och så de från Sängen om Doris och Mima, om färden i ett lufscape, kanske döds dött mellan rymdens planeter:

Det finns skydd mot nästan allt som är mot eld och skador genom storm och köld ja, räkna upp vad slag som tänkas kan. Men det finns inget skydd mot människan.

Lee.

Man is about to take the first step into space. Satellites launched from Earth shall go into orbit...huge and mind-boggling perspectives open. From several sources the opinion is stated that its now perhaps only years or decades before the conquest of space can begin in earnest. "It's the most important news since the atomic bomb," says the president of the International Astronautical Federation, the American civil engineer Fred C Durant, who has just arrived to Copenhagen to head the international space travel convention. Mr Durant thinks that man within 25 years can do trips eg around the Moon /it took 13!/. SvD has visited the poet and cosmos thinker Harry Martinson to hear how he reacts to the sensational news.

A side article says "Opens rich possibilities" saying eg where the Swedish professor Olof Rydbeck hopes for good cooperation with the US, since it takes a big and rich country to afford the expensive experiments. The satellites will be most important for radio astronomy, especially for longer radio waves which the atmosphere blocks. Astronomer Knut Lundmark says "Risky development" in another article. Reaching orbit is easy once you reach escape speed. Next step could be a space station and satellites. But Lundmark warns against political and strategic interest meddling, resulting in a struggle between major powers. We turn to the long piece with Martinson, "The universe fascinates us", where the poet receives the newspapers reporter a beautiful summer day with a cold beer on his "floating terrace" in the shadow of his boathouse by Lake Sillen. He took the news about coming satellites:

...with self-restraint and with being impressed. One of his first comments was: "Lucky they fly so high that you don't get them on your head." A couple of years ago he wrote The Song about Doris and Mima, a symbolic tale about the spaceship Aniara, ferrying between Earth and the other planets. The great poem has been called the first poetic sf in Swedish literature. The universe is close to Harry Martinson wintertime. There are few nights when he doesn't look for the Andromeda nebula that inspired Doris and Mima. Summertime the nights are too bright for private astronomy. /Description of house and surroundings and his family follows. His daughters takes a rowing boat out on the lake./ Their father continues to talk about the escape velocity 11 km/s. He seems to know everything about the laws of space, quickly presents an incredibly complicated equation and begins to talk about the orbital bend ... "It sounds incredible but the orbital bend of the Moon is as small as 1.36 mm/km. I hope you write technical details correctly, journalists are often

in error." Is it a scientist speaking? But these complicated things comes from a poet writing /quote from Aniara. Harry is asked if he'd consider going into space himself./ "Well, if Earth became so inhabitable you don't



want to stay I guess you'd leave." "Without knowing to where?" "Where? Out there I suppose nothing but death awaits. Different sorts of deaths, cyanide death, ammonia death and death through cold. You must bring along life in a can and many different devices. But you could go from even a friendly Earth, there is something within man that wants to go and look what's it like in cosmos. At the same time there is so much that keeps you on Earth, the summer, the plants, life in general... You must ask yourself why man has taken so much interest in the universe that a whole literary genre, sf, has been created for it. It may be the undecidable the transformation of time continuity, a sort of immortality. What ever happens in technology it will always be anticipated, perhaps with exception of disbanding the law of gravity. I have myself been caught by the subject. Why? You can't yourself really say why you write a certain thing. You land in a force field. There is a second part finished of The Song of Doris and Mima, also with symbolic hidden meanings, which may come out in a few years. /It was combined with Doris and Mima and came next year as Aniara./ There will certainly be a going fast novel about these satellites, but I'm not going to write it. ... Yes, of course you follow the foreign policies. I notice the political happenings in the way you read the barometer and thermometer. I listen to politics with the same elaborate fatalism as listening to the weather report: it will be either this or that way. It is of course difficult to be a politician, mankind seems to be as unpredictable as the weather. About 3-4 years ago we were more pessimistic than today, now we have become use to the thought that we can't live too many more years on this planet. Of course I have always been fascinated by space. We are only a diminishing little decimal figure in the whole. You get a totally different perspective when dealing with space and I dare to say that a human consists of his perspectives. Happiness is another thing, some find happiness in having large perspectives, others are more modest. ... By making technology and science universal - or at least mondial - they may perhaps stop wars. It was before called balance of power, now it is a "saturated solution", a technical-mathematical combination. I think man will finally become scared of the consequences of his inventions, It has nothing to do with courage but lies on another level. ... The danger is that man can't control the forces he releases. It was that way when Japanese fishermen was injured by the atomic bomb the other year. That's an experience will see again." /Some comments about the surroundings and in the end a quote from Aniara./

The Svenska Dagbladet editorial that day covered the same subject, "Man towards space":

The official news from the White House that the Americans now will realise the plans to send up space stations with instruments, is one of the most remarkable piece of news the world has received in many years. Never before has it been possible for people to send up a projectile or rocket that far out in space so that it doesn't at once return due to Earth's gravity. The rockets being launched with scientific purposes have after reaching zenith - ca 300 km - ejected instruments which then have fallen to Earth in a parachute. What's now being prepared is something revolutionary. Nothing less than launching artificial heavenly bodies... The fantastic project has been discussed for many years and been subject to descriptions in magazines, but this far the speculations have been surrounded by a romantic shimmering, which we have in sf. From the world of the saga and fantasy the dramatic enterprise has now been moved into reality. No doubt staggering perspective opens... a first step towards the old dream of interplanetary traffic. Usually we have counted on that having manned artificial satellites is a prerequisite for continued conquest of space but man's chances of mastering the technical difficulties in the foreseeable future to construct these floating bases has at least for the layman seemed to be so big that it could be discarded being without any interest. After the American message it seems that the foundations of this assessment must be reconsidered... within relatively close future. Perhaps within a couple of decades we should be able to put up even bigger space stations of real importance for possible future space traffic. ... The primary use for the space station is however not to open fast lanes for the conquest of space. The aim is far more modest, though important. The scientists will gain more knowledge of such things as the sun's radiation, the yet mysterious cosmic radiation, the matter existing in space etc, and at the same time they hope to gain things useful for meteorology. The satellites will in other words be used for the same purposes as the sounding rockets; the difference is that they are expected to give

## Människan mot rymden

Den officiella uppgiften från Vita huset att amerikanerna nu skola förverkliga planerna på att utsända instrumentförsedda rymdstationer är en av de märkligaste nyheter, som världen mottagit på många år. Aldrig tidigare har det varit möjligt för människorna att skicka en projektil eller en raket så långt ut i rymden, att den inte omedelbart återvänt till följd av jordens dragningskraft. De raket, som i vetenskapligt syfte uppslås, ha sedan de nått sin högsta höjd — cirka 300 km — lösgjort sin instrumentdel, varefter denna med fallskärm dalt ner mot jorden. Vad som nu förbereds är emellertid något revolutionerande nytt. Det gäller ingenting mindre än utskickandet av artificiella himlakroppar i miniatyr, i sin rörelse följande samma lagar som de vilka reglera månens och vår egen jords rörelse i rymden. Det fantastiska projektet har diskuterats i många år och varit föremål för ett otal populärt hållna framställningar i tidsningar och tidskrifter, men hittills ha spekulatiöerna mycket ofta varit omgivna av det romantiska skimmer, som är utmärkande för science fiction. Från sagans och fantasiens värld har det dramatiska företaget nu flyttats in i verkligheten.

Här öppnas otvivelaktigt svindlande perspektiv. Det länge omöjliga har tillnått blivit möjligt. Sannolikt är det inte för dristigt att antaga, att skapandet av dessa satelliter betecknar ett första, låt vara blygsamt, steg mot förverkligandet av den gamla drömmen om en interplanetarisk trafik. I regel har man räknat med att förekomsten av bemannade konstgjorda satelliter är en förutsättning för en fortsatt erövring av rymden, men

människornas chanser att inom överskådlig tid bemästra de tekniska svårigheterna vid färdigställandet av dessa fritt svävande baser ha åtminstone för lekmanen syns vara så stora, att hela saken oftast avfärdats utan att ägnas något nämnvärt intresse. Efter det amerikanska budskapet förefaller en omprövning av bedömningsgrunderna befogad. Med ledning av erfarenheterna från konstruktionen av och betecknandet hos de aktuella miniatyrsatelliterna är det icke uteslutet, att experterna inom en relativt närliggande framtid — kanske ett par årtionden — skola vara i stånd att frambringa även större rymdstationer av verklig betydelse för en eventuell framtida rymdtrafik.

När den första av människor skapade "leksaksmånen" börjar sitt kortvariga kretslopp kring jorden, inregistrerar tekniken en ny ofantlig triumf och samtidigt inleds av allt att döma en ny epok med ännu oanade möjligheter. Det primära syftet med rymdstationen är dock icke att öppna spårbara vägar för rymdens erövring. Målsättningen är avsevärt blygsammare än så, även om den är betydelsefull nog. Närmast syfta forskarna till att vinna ökad kännedom om sidans företeelser som solstrålningen, den ännu glädfulla kosmiska strålningen, det i rymden förekommande stof-tet o. s. v., och samtidigt hoppas man på rön, som kunna vara av värde för meteorologien. Satelliterna komma med andra ord att utnyttjas för samma ändamål som instrumentföretakerna; skillnaden är blott den, att de väntas ge ett så mycket rikare utbyte.

På amerikanskt håll har det gjorts gällande, att projektet militärt sett är av ringa eller ingen betydelse.

Med ledning av de sparsamma tekniska uppgifter, som ännu föreligger, torde det icke vara möjligt att bedöma problemets militära aspekter, men måhända böra de amerikanska påpekandena ses mot bakgrunden av det förhållandet, att satelliterna kunna välla vissa internationella komplikationer, då de vid sin kretsgång skära nationsgränserna, låt vara på enorm höjd. Här uppstår för övrigt ett helt nytt problem av folkrättslig art: det har aldrig blivit klarlagt, hur långt ut i rymden den nationella suveräniteten skall anses nå.

Även om de nya himlakropparna instrument till en början icke förmedla eller icke äro avsedda att registrera militärt viktiga förhållanden, finns det ingenting som mot-säger, att de längre fram få en sådan konstruktion, att de bli i stånd att göra åtskilliga avslöjanden. Det förtjänar i detta sammanhang påpekas, att planerna utformats av amerikanska försvarsdepartementet i samarbete med ett stort antal vetenskapsmän. Enligt uppgifter från Moskva äro även ryssarna i färd med att förbereda utskickandet av rymdstationer, vilket tyder på att det är fråga om en kapplöpning om något som anses väsentligt icke blott ur rent vetenskaplig synvinkel. I den mån utvecklingen skulle leda fram mot bemannade satelliter blir den militära sidan av saken särskilt framträdande. Den som kommer först i det loppet skaffar sig en ovärderlig strategisk fördel.

Under alla omständigheter är budskapet från Amerika ett viktnebbord om att mänskligheten befinner sig vid en av de verkligst stora mistolparna på sin väg. Kanske skall rymdstationernas tillblivelse av framtida händelsecknare noteras som en händelse lika epokgörande som den då atomkraften för första gången frigjordes på vår planet.

+



a much richer return. The Americans have claimed that the project has small or no military importance. From the yet few technical details available it's not possible to assess the military aspects, but perhaps what the Americans say should be seen to the background that the satellites may cause some international complications as they in their orbits cross national borders, though on a high altitude. Here comes a new problem for international law. It has never been defined how high up in space national sovereignty goes. /Satellites may however in the future be used for spying./ Information from Moscow says the Russians are also in the way to prepare launching space stations, which indicates it is a matter of a race for something important not only from a scientific viewpoint. If manned satellites are developed the military side of the issue will become more obvious, The one coming first will have an invaluable strategic advantage. Under all circumstances the message from America bears witness to that mankind is at a really big milestone. Perhaps may the coming space stations by future chronologers be noted as an event as important as when atomic power first was released on our planet.

We have seen in several articles from the 1950's and on that Harry Martinson was interested in science fiction and space. He obviously had a living interest, because sf returns in his focus in a very public speech, at the Social Democrat's first of May march in 1958. (May 1st - or April 31, Mercer's



Harry Martinson framför fanborgen på Gärdet och unga mödrar framför banderollerna som kräver slut på filmcensuren.

Mer folk...

(Forts. från sidan 1)

## "Framtiden vi fruktar lever vi redan mitt i"

rade inget politiskt: längs vägen där demonstranterna skulle dra fram i massiva led spred småpojkar broschyrer med uppmaningar till alla att inte köpa bil, men att byta bil — bilförsäljarna anar uppenbarligen inget av de störningar av den fulla sysselsättningen, av den hotande kris som någon timme senare skulle bli ett av ämnena på talarstolen. Sedan kom teknologerna och sålde Blandaren. Först efter dem anades dagens betydelse, för då kom de första studentkorna med Clarté.

Så svallade kommunens röda fanborg, kompakt och maktigt över Karlaplans värblåsta dammoln, "Arbets söner" ekade mellan verkstadsbebyggelsens plank och Valhallavägens rappade fasader, och partiledaren Tage Erlander kom i spetsen för demonstrationståget, som samlats nere i Humlegården, i led med borgarrådet Hjalmar Mehr, Hans Gustafsson och Thorsten Sundström i Arbetskommunen. De fyra gick fram under en banderoll med en lättfattlig text: "Sejer åt socialdemokratien".

det herr Ohlin och Hjalmarson, oppositionens ledare, som står hindrande i vägen för ökad anslutning till esperantorörelsen — "Lär esperanto", demonstrerar man också för i taget.

### Erlanders gav televisionen beröm

Med alla dessa skiftande maningar och krav var alla till slut skockade på Hakberget, där trängseln och intresset föreföll större än andra år: Man hostade mindre, småpratade, mindre, lyssnade mer.

Hans Gustafsson kungjorde att det var ett kampanjmöte och gav ordet åt Erlander, något blek efter sin influensa men med goda röstresurser i fullt behåll. Han började med allvarliga tongångar, talade om den oro alla känner för förintelsevapnens ökade ohälglighet, över de växande arbetslöshetsköerna i USA och Västtyskland. Han sade att vi inte var oöförda i Sverige heller, trots ökad produktion och en jämnare uppehålls sysselsättning än vad andra länder kunnat prestera.

Han gav televisionen beröm för dess fräna sociala reportage och sade att de visade att det alltjämt är många grupper i vårt samhälle som är eftersatta.

### Erlanders feberysel

Han beklagade att den enighet som rått om sjukförsäkringen och folkpensionen inte kunde ha åstadkommit kring det socialdemokratiska förslaget om tjänstepension.

Väl inne på pensionen och valrörelsens stora frågor övergick han därmed till polemiken och sina mer skalkalkliga tongångar. Pensionsdebatten i riksdagen kunde han inte övervara på grund av feber och snuva, och när han låg och lyssnade i radio till de borgerliga talarna trodde han sig utsatt för svår feberysel, försäkrade han.

Han riktade sig särskilt mot folkpartiledaren Ohlin, som han menade ha bytt ståndpunkt ideligen i pensionsfrågan. Det enda, sade hr Erlander, som de borgerliga kunnat enas om var att höja margarinpriset — margarin är en viktig sak men ett något mjukt och slirigt underlag för en regering.

För demonstranterna skisserade Erlander alternativen sådana han såg dem: antingen en stor socialdemokratisk valseger eller en seger för den splittrade borgerliga fronten som inte kan lägga fram ett enligt, fast program. Han erinrade

äter om kristecken, om hotande ekonomisk depression och arbetslöshet. Socialdemokraterna är fast beslutna, sade han, att bekämpa arbetslöshet med alla medel — vad kan de borgerliga göra om en kris skulle komma? Det vore orimligt, slutade han, att den 1 juni överlämna landet åt ett splittrat borgerligt block.

Applåder, resolution av mötet, där man talade om den "harm och besvikelse" man kände över att de borgerliga ställt det socialdemokratiska pensionsförslaget; man efterlyste förändring till en liten flicka som hette Agneta och uppmanade alla att prenumerera på Morgontidningen; och så steg Harry Martinson upp, enligt 1 maj's nya tradition med att en kulturperson, en icke-politiker, också ska säga något denna dag. Han hade anlänt så precis att han inget hört av statsministerns tal.

### "Framtiden är redan här?"

Harry Martinson bad att få behålla hatten på i värvinden och bad om ursäkt för att han utan rutin från talartribunen i samma vind måste leta efter orden ibland, men han hoppades bli förstådd. Han talade om science fiction och sin egen "Anlars" och påminde med lite isande klarhet om att de inte handlar om framtiden, som vi ofta tror, utan om den verklighet där vi lever. Han berättade att när George Orwell

1946-47 skrev "1984" kallade han den "1948" — han ansåg att den absolut dirigerade totalstaten skulle existera ungefär när boken var tryckt, men förlaget mildrade titeln genom att kasta om två siffror, så läsarna inte skulle bli alltför väckta och skrämda av att vi redan lever i vad vi tror är framtiden.

Han berättade också att när han skrev "Anlars" tänkte han inte på saker som skulle hända utan på saker som redan hänt — de fruktansvärda krigen, gaskamrarna i de tyska förintelselägren. Bomben i "Anlars" är inte en bomb i framtiden utan den tillräckligt hemska bomb som föll över Hiroshima.

Harry Martinson sade också att han var försvarsvän så långt det gick — men han undrade till sist vem som skulle försvara atmosfären omkring oss, den luft vi andas, från att förgiftas.

Så steg Harry Martinson ned från talarstolen. Högtalaren frågade en gång till efter Agnetas föräldrar. Banderoller och fanor rullades ihop och valkampens sköna maj 1958 var inne.



Day - that's when socialists march all over the world.) There's a long article In Dagens Nyheter May 2 1958, describing different parts of the march and summarising all speakers, among them the then Swedish PM Tage Erlander. But here's what Harry M said, headlined "We already live in the middle of the future we fear":

*...and then Harry Martinson stood up, in the new May 1 tradition of have a culture person, a non-politician, so too this day. He arrived just in time and heard nothing of the Prime Minister's speech. Harry Martinson asked to keep his hat on in the spring wind and apologised for without much experience as a speaker he in this wind had to look for words sometimes, but he hoped to be understood. He spoke about science fiction and his own Aniara and reminded with icy clearness it wasn't about the future, as we often think, but about the reality where we live. He said that when George Orwell in 1947-48 wrote 1984 he called in 1948 - he thought the totally commanded total state would exist about the same time as the book was printed, but the publisher made the title milder by switching two digits, so that the readers would be woken up and scared by that we already live in what we think is the future. He also told us that when he wrote Aniara he didn't think of things that would happen but on things that had already happened - the terrible wars, the gas chambers in the German extermination camps. The Bomb in Aniara isn't a bomb in the future but the bomb dropped over Hiroshima which is terrible enough. Harry Martinson also said he was a friend of the Defence as far as was reasonable - but he wondered who would in the end defend the atmosphere around and the air we breathe from not getting poisoned. And then Harry Martinson stepped down from the tribune. (Caption: Harry Martinson in front of the flag carriers and young mothers who demanded an end to film censorship.)*

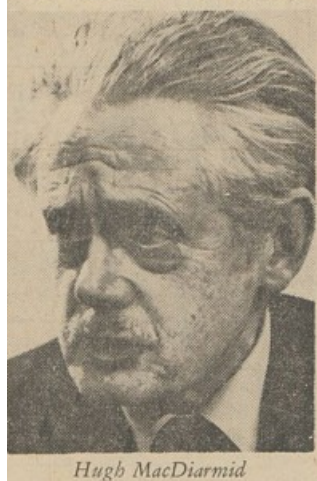
We have mentioned Aniara, so lets have a closer look - at the English translation. The first came in the early 1960's and can actually be found as a PDF here:

<https://1lib.eu/book/5303900/87de5b>

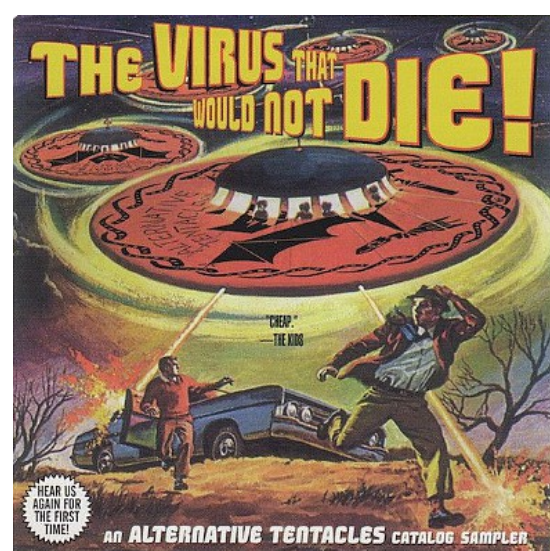
Translator was helped by the Scottish poet Hugh MacDiarmid and it is mentioned in Dagens Nyheter Marsh 12 1964, "Martinson in English":

*Aniara has these last days been published in English translation by Elspeth Harley Schubert, who had had help with the verses by the great Scottish poet and rabulist Hugh MacDiarmid. The Times Literary Supplement has reviewed it. The review is extensive but not very generous. Martinson get acknowledged for taking on outer space, his sf imagination, but not for his linguistic innovations. The anonymous reviewer doesn't like the Mima at all. It is after all hardly more than an unusual TV set, and a curiosity (which even has a conscience) which has a passive existence. It isn't "constructive". Going on the reviewer becomes not only scout but also a school professor, He thus criticise the poet for talking about Jupiter as a star and not as a planet. He doesn't see Aniara as epic in an*

*older sense; the one where the hero like in Odysseus or Gilgamesh or Aeneiden steps down into the underworld. That's one observation ant the school teacher shows himself to also be informed about the Swedish original, in which Martinson in fact a couple of times refers to space as Hades. (That link has sort of snapped in the translation, as have most of the rhymes.) But the reviewer thinks this descent is too singular to fill a long epic poem. There should have been counter streams, alternatives. As a counterweight to the upper Hades, perhaps a little friendly, ivory-overgrown space pub? The reviewer ends by imagining that his volume will make its mark in English literary life.*



**What says the  
unknown dark  
matter of  
space isn't  
STENCIL IN!**



Hm, this looks familiar...



Svenska Dagbladet went through English reviews of the first English translation (a second one has come in later years) March 12 1963, "Descending down to Hades in spaceship"

*A review of man in time and space is the supplement title of the English version of Harry Martinson's epic Aniara, which now has been reviewed with interest in the British press. Harry Martinson isn't unknown for English readers. The road is translated before. Hugh MacDiarmid and an excellent translator Elspeth Harley Schubert. Hutchinsons has published it. As earlier mentioned the Times Literary Supplement has spent big space, half a page, on a thorough analysis, which can almost be said to have been enthusiastic in this usually towards all Swedish literature sceptical magazine. The review is headline "Ascent to Hades" and notes that that the only route for a poet in these times dominated by dogmas - if he wants to adhere to any of them - is epic poems or sf. "It may be considered strange that no English writer has found out to merge these two forms, stranger than that a that a Swedish poet has thought of it", it is said in TLS. Englishmen must be first with news! That is what Harry Martinson has done. But even in Milton's "Lost Paradise" there are ingredients of sf, TLS writes and adds: "Nowhere may a hero be more heroic than in a nebula 505 million light years from Earth, where he has to count on beings with inhuman instincts and superhuman abilities. No other form makes it possible to show totally imaginary phenomenon with the harsh confidence of Homer as he lets Oysseus' visit Hades". It is also noted it was a bold move to have the work translated. It may show to be fruitful for English literature. In the radio magazine The Listener Ian Rodger revealed that he two years earlier had urged to have Aniara translated and he had himself made a rough translation to stimulate British appetite for this "Swedish work of genius". He also thought Aniara might give "much needed inspiration" to English poets and talked about its passages of great beauty, of terror and elevation. Glasgow Herald called Aniara a characteristic literary product of our times, a mix of science and fantasy. And it has a real and lasting impact force. "To warn us...is after all one of the main and genuine purposes of literature"2. A critically mined reviewer in the New Statesman called Aniara "a long, gloomy, visionary poem" that could be accused of repeating itself. He also assumed that the blank verse kept throughout the English version was more varied in the original. The reviewer in TLS had read Aniara also in Swedish, apparently to the benefit of the work.*

So there you have it! I liked Aniara myself, but I like poetry. Try it if you like poetry, but if you don't like poetic stuff I don't think you'll understand why it got him a Nobel Prize. It's correct that the meter in the Swedish original is more varied. Take for instance "song" No 42, written so it can be sung to the tune of the old classic tune "Daisy Bell"...

Now for something sad. The first foreign (if a fellow-Nordic Finland-Swede is that) I got closer in contact with was "Finland's Mr SF", Tom Ölander, so called because he was instrumental in starting Finnish fandom in the mid-1970's. He was involved in the first clubs, helping editing the first sf publications, had sf contacts abroad, and so on. I first met him on SF-Kongressen 1977, again on SF-Kongressen 1979, and he was of course onboard with us organising the first Finnish sf con, King-Con in 1982. Tom became a very good friend. So I was very sad when he suddenly passed away in 2002.





I knew he suffered from a weakened main artery near the heart, because he had told me, but when it burst and killed him it was still a shock. Notable foreigners may get obituaries in Swedish papers, and Tom was one I thought, so I wrote and mailed one to the two biggest Swedish morning papers. To my surprise Dagens Nyheter published it Sept 26, 2002, "Deaths abroad - Tom Ölander":

*Tom Ölander, Helsinki, 57 years, has passed away in a heart disease has suffered from for a longer period. Tom Ölander has among other things ran his own company and been estate caretaker, eg for Hufvudstadsbladet (Finland's biggest Swedish language newspaper) building in central Helsinki. But for all of us whop knew him he became Finland's "Mr SF". From the mid 1970's he was a pioneer and inspiration for sf literature in Finland and a travelling ambassador who created Nordic contacts and with the rest of Europe through phone calls and correspondence, over the whole sf world. The literary genre sf and its so called fandom (the sf fan movement) was at the time rather unknown in Finland, though the Turku SF Society, which Tom had contact*



*with, was founded in 1976, Tom was one of the founders of the first Finnish sf magazine Aikakone 1981 ("Time Machine") and the driving force behind Early Finnish fans Pekka Virtanen, Finland's first sf convention in Helsinki in 1982. Here he could through contacts in Hufvudstadsbladet get Finska Notisbyrån /main news telegram agency/ to issue a news telegram, which made a huge impact in press and TV. /True! 50+ newspapers noted the con and TWO evening news progs on TV!! Tom was the Guest of Honour in Tampere in 1985 and in 1986 he organised a new sf convention in Helsinki called Finncon, which after that takes place every second year and attracts 2-3000 attendees (being among the biggest sf conventions in Europe). Without the pioneering work by Tom Ölander, this wouldn't have happened. He also collected sf amateur magazines, and his big collection (10 000's of copies) was a couple of*

## Dödsfall utland

# Tom Ölander

Tom Ölander, Helsingfors, 57 år, har avlidit i en hjärtsjukdom han drags med en längre tid.

Tom Ölander hade bland annat varit egen företagare och fastighetsförvaltare, exempelvis för Hufvudstadsbladets (Finlands största svenskspråkiga tidning) byggnad i centrala Helsingfors. Men för alla oss som kände honom blev han Finlands "Mr Science Fiction".

Från mitten på 1970-talet var han pionjär och inspiratör för sf-litteraturen i Finland, och en resande ambassadör som byggde kontakter med Norden, övriga Europa och per telefon och korrespondens med hela sf-världen.

Litteraturgenren science fiction, sf, och dess sk fandom (sf-fanrörelsen) var då tämligen okänd i Finland, även om Åbo sf-sällskap, som Tom Ölander hade kontakt med, grundades 1976.

Tom Ölander var en av grundarna av den första finska sf-tidskriften, Aikakone 1981, och drivande kraft bakom Finlands första sf-

kongress i Helsingfors 1982. Här fick han via kontakter på Hufvudstadsbladets Finska Notisbyrån att sända ut ett nyhetstelegram, med stort genomslag i press och tv. I Tammerfors 1985 var Tom Ölander hedersgäst och 1986 arrangerade han en ny kongress i Helsingfors kallad Finncon, som sedan infaller vartannat år och drar 2000-3000 deltagare (bland de största sf-kongresserna i Europa).

Utan Tom Ölanders pionjärinsatser skulle det inte ha skett.

Han samlade även sf-amatörtidskrifter, sk fanzines, och hans stora samling (10 000-tals exemplar) donerades för ett par år sedan till Åbo sf-sällskap som grund till ett sf-bibliotek. Han organiserade gruppresor, som till sf-europakongressen i Ungern 1988. Via sitt vida kontaktnät hjälpte han finska sf-tidskrifter att skaffa publiceringsrättigheter. Ur egen ficka hjälpte han unga redaktörer med tryckräkningar. Men han arbetade med låg profil och framhävde aldrig

sig själv. Det är kanske typiskt finskt att arbeta i det tysta, men i gengäld få saker gjorda.

För sina insatser belönades han på sf-världskongressen i Brighton 1987 med organisationen World SF:s "Special President's Award", och fick 1988 ytterligare ett pris från World SF, "For Independence of Thought in the Field of Science Fiction".

Under 1990-talet drog sig Tom Ölander något tillbaka, men var fortfarande med (han medverkade på Finncon 2001 och planerade att komma på Finncon 2003 i Åbo). Tom Ölander brukade säga att han var nöjd med att "se ungdomarna fortsätta med det jag hjälpt till att bygga upp".

Han hade också många vänner i Sverige, där han ofta var på besök, och bidrog mycket till att öka kontakterna över Ålands hav inom science fiction-fältet. Tom Ölander var oerhört vänlig, generös, blygsam till sitt sätt, och hade ett stort hjärta som brann för science fiction.

Ahrvid Engholm

*years ago donated to the Turku SF Society to be the basis for an sf library. He organised group trips, like the one to the Eurocon in Hungary in 1988. Through his contacts he helped Finnish sf magazines to get publishing rights. Out of his own pocket he helped editors with printing bills. But he held a low profile and never brought attention to himself.*

**DÖDSFALL.** Tom Ölander har avlidit 57 år gammal i Helsingfors.

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Men Tom fick fart på saken. Han var en av grundarna av den första finska sf-tidskriften, Aikakone 1981, och drivande kraft bakom Finlands första sf-kongress i Helsingfors 1982. Här fick han via kontakter på Hufvudstadsbladets Finska Notisbyrån att sända ut ett nyhetstelegram, med stort genomslag i press och tv. I Tammerfors 1985 var Tom hedersgäst och 1986 arrangerade han en ny kongress i Helsingfors kallad Finncon, som sedan infaller vartannat år och drar 2000-3000 deltagare (bland de största sf-kongresserna i Europa). Utan Tom Ölanders pionjärinsatser skulle det inte ha skett.

Han samlade även sf-amatörtidskrifter, så kallade fanzines, och hans stora samling (tiotusentals exemplar) donerades för ett par år sedan till Åbo sf-sällskap som grund till ett sf-bibliotek. Han organiserade gruppresor, som till sf-Europakongressen i Ungern 1988. Via sitt vida kontaktnät hjälpte han finska sf-tidskrifter att skaffa publiceringsrättigheter. Ur egen ficka hjälpte han unga redaktörer med tryckräkningar.

För sina insatser belönades han på sf-världskongressen i Brighton 1987 med organisationen World SF:s "Special president's award", och fick 1988 ytterligare ett pris från World SF, "For independence of thought in the field of science fiction".

Tom hade också många vänner i Sverige, där han ofta var på besök, och bidrog mycket till att öka kontakterna över Ålands hav inom science fiction-fältet. Vi som kände Tom Ölander minns honom som oerhört vänlig, generös, blygsam till sitt sätt, och med ett stort hjärta som brann för science fiction.

Ahrvid Engholm



Maybe its typically Finnish to work quietly but getting things done. For his efforts he was awarded with the World SF Special President's Award in the sf worldcon in Brighton in 1987, and he received another award from World SF in 1988, "For Independence of Thought in the Field of SF". During the 1990's Tom Ölander stepped back somewhat, but he was still around (he attended Finncon 2001 and planned to attend Finncon 2003 in Turku). Tom Ölander used to say he was happy "to see the youngsters continue with the things I have helped build". He also had many friends in Sweden, which he often visited, and he contributed a lot to strengthen contacts across the Åland Sea in the sf field. Tom Ölander was incredibly friendly, generous, modest in his ways, and had a huge heart burning for science fiction."

The other big morning paper, Svenska Dagbladet, also printed the obituary, but for some reason they waited until November 19 2002. I'll reproduce it but since it was just a somewhat shorter version of the same text, I won't translate.

The USSR won the race for the first satellite with Sputnik in October 1957, and the US followed in January 1958 with Explorer. A Swedish publisher took the opportunity to advertise its sf book series, Atom-böckerna ("The Atom Books") in Aftonbladet February 12, 1958, "Regarding the USA satellite";

*The Atom Books - Sweden's biggest and best sf series. Where imagination is as fascinating as reality... 12 carefully selected and incredibly exciting sf novels, written by world famous authors in the genre. /List of their books that far. The lone Swede, Carl Henner, probably wasn't "world famous". /Without extra cost: Out Into Space by prof K Lundmark. Everyone who now buys the series THE ATOM BOOKS gets this popular introduction to space and the secrets of space flight without extra cost! Mail your coupon today. /Then a coupon to send to Lindqvist Publishing House, for the whole series for 82.50 Swedish Crowns, ca 16 1958-dollar at the*

# What says the unkown dark energy of space isn't ROSCOE!

then exchange rate, or separate books for 6.75 each, ca \$1.35 in 1958-dollar./

But it was Jules Verne Magasinet (1940-1947) that first really introduced this space stuff to the reading public. It later slowly changed its name to Veckans Äventyr ("The Week's Adventure") but sf dominated the contents to the very end,

**Apropå USA-satelliten...**

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— där dikten är lika fascinerande som verkligheten...

12 omsorgsfullt utvalda och otroligt spännande science-fiction-romaner, skrivna av världsberömda författare inom genren:

Isaac Asimov: VARLDAR I KRIG  
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 C. L. Moore: RYMDENS HÄRSKARE  
 A. E. van Vogt: DESTINATION UNIVERSUM  
 David Duncan: DEN SVARTA PLANETEN  
 Raymond F. Jones: UNIVERSUM OCKUPERAT  
 A. E. van Vogt: TIDSMASKINEN  
 P. Wylie—E. Balmer: KOSMISK KOLLISION  
 John Beynon: FRIPASSAGERARE TILL MARS  
 Carl Henner: ALTERNATIV LUNA  
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**Ut i världsrymden**

av prof. K. Lundmark.

Alla som nu köper serien ATOMBÖCKERNA får utan extra kostnad denna populära introduktion till rymdens och rymdflygningens hemligheter!

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Till ..... Bokh. eller AB LINDQVISTS FÖRLAG, Sthlm 9.

Sänd mig snarast hela serien Atomböckerna 82.50 kontant. (Vid avbet. 7.50 vid mottagandet + porto och resten med 5 kr/mån.) Köper jag hela serien får jag även prof. Knut Lundmarks bok UT I VÄRLDSRYMDEN.

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Separata böcker i serien 6.75 st. Skeppsbrutna i rymden och Alternativ Luna 7.50 st.

Stryk det som ej önskas.

Lag om avbet. gäller.

Namn .....

Adress .....

Postadr. .... AB



just supplemented with an occasional sports, western or detective story. Here's an ad from Aftonbladet April 9, 1946 (next page):

**JOHN NILSSON**  
*Den skånska slagbjörnen*  
**ny proffsstjärna**

BIRGER BUHRES mäterliga  
porträtt av "grabben som vet  
vad han vill" är en

**FULLTRÄFF**

i "tidningen  
som vet vad  
Ni vill ha"

**Veckans Äventyr**

Dessutom: Jag är en raket •  
Mannen utan huvud • Kapten  
Frank bygger en ny planet •  
Veckans sex bästa serier.

**NYTT KNOCKOUTNUMMER I DAG • 35 öre**



*John Nilsson, the Scanian wild bear, new pro star. BIRGER BUHRE'S masterful portrait of the "guy who knows what he wants", is a SMASH HIT in the "magazine that knows what it wants" THE WEEK'S ADVENTURE. Also: I am a rocket, The Man Without a Head, Captain Future Builds a New Planet, the six best comics of the week. NEW KNOCKOUT ISSUE TODAY. 35 öre. /ie 0.35 Crowns, ca 7 US cents./*

What's noteworthy is that the first story mentioned, "I, Rocket" was Ray Bradbury's debut in Swedish! I very strange story told by rocket in the first person. This thing of presenting a sportsman "strong as a bear" was common in the magazine. They introduced the Superman comics in Sweden, originally called "The Titan from Krypton", and then began a series presenting muscular men as "Swedish Supermen".

*Hm, doesn't the "strong man" in this ad look like a...MUTANT!*

## Failing Moments...eh, Mailing Comments!

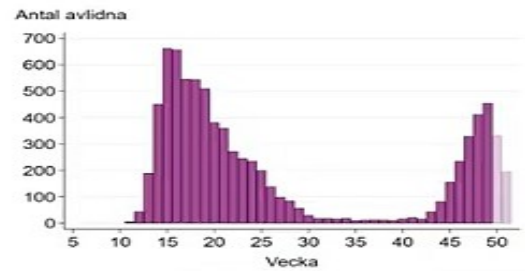
**Editorially:** To all readers, as replacement for my ordinary editorial comments... As expected, the corona virus had a bump in the autumn, as it spreads much more easily when people live more indoors due to colder weather. Despite what some pundits have tried to give the impression of, Sweden is still lockdown-free. But politicians and media have done their darndest to try to scare people! All curves are now pointing downwards, except numbers of "officially" infected - simply because testing has *increased* a lot. The week before Xmas more tests *ever* were performed. The drop in other curves should be attributed to a decent degree of herd immunity. According to a random test in late November, 38% of Stockholmers carried antibodies. It should have increased even more by now, and the antibody degree for the whole country should be 30-35%. To this comes what is known as *T-cell immunity*. Sweden sinks like a Titanic in the North Atlantic in the list of deaths, now 25th and falling. EU has begun vaccination among all member states so vaccines are on their way, even if it takes half a year before most people get the jab. The Pfizer and Moderna vaccines are approved and the Astra-Zeneca will be shortly (that's from a Swedish-British company and the stuff that needs only one shot). But it will take a lot of time to vaccinate people, Outside risk groups, like me, we'll have to wait until summer, I guess. I'd rather wait for the Astra-Zeneca stuff that takes only one shot. Too much trouble to do it twice. But if we can get say half the population vaccines, the antibodies and T-cells will cover the rest. Despite the pandemic is slowing and vaccination is coming, media and politicians are still scaremongering, even if it does seem the situation is still a bit worrying in the USA. Our Prime Minister Stefan Löfven holds press conferences trying to frighten folks with dark visions, urging all shops and activities to close - which they wisely refuse to do. The legislation doesn't allow the government to close private businesses outside wartime (though they now want to

create new laws for it). Media's headline makers eagerly echoes any scare. Foreign papers pick this up and claim Sweden has "abandoned" her scientific strategy, the standard ones before factor 10 times faulty computer "models" threw them in the bin. Being out on the streets I notice no panic and no change. All restaurants and shops are open, even if some have an attendant at the door checking that more a certain maximum of customers aren't inside (it's rare and if there is a line outside, it is short). Public transport runs as before. Face masks are rare. There are no police on the streets annoying people for being too close or maskless. The reality some paint in dark colours and the *real* reality are two different things.

**Henry Grynsten:** Hm, I think I managed 13 or 14 copies of my carbon copied zine *Virkbilagan* (ca 20 issues, a decade later continued in electronic form reaching around 95 issues) the last one being virtually illegible. 30 gram airmail paper and two strong forefingers made it possible. On a manual typewriter I don't type with all ten fingers - as I on a computer keyboard, though with my own improvised style - but with only my two forefingers. That way I can apply a lot of force on the keys. There were AFAIK shrinking income inequalities in the 1950s, so that can't explain the darker moods coming in the late 1960's and 1970's. I'd rather explain it psychologically, that after a period of optimism, a backlash and pessimism is bound to arrive. If it goes well people will think "Hm, everything goes so well that there must be something wrong...". It's "unfair" that things go well, so darker thoughts become inevitable. Things like the Vietnam war, the OPEC oil embargo in 1973 and the Cold War helps to finally break down any optimism. For my part, I don't give dreams too much importance. Dreams are random runs of events that you have had through the day, and they are now evaluated and purged by the brain's information sorting system, which is what we call dreams. Sleep is maintenance time. The brain runs through information and purges what's deemed of lesser value. Dreams are random info obtained recently, no more. They may tell you what the brain thinks is important for you, but nothing about the future.

**William McCabe:** You claim that the "problem with the current economic system is that it relies on a continuously expanding market to survive". But that's OK, because that's what comes with economic growth which means more resources. Since there are a lot of problems around we need more resources, ie grow the economy and thus expand markets. But it's a win-win, all benefit. That people "spend more and more money" comes from growth of markets/economy/resources and is just what we need. "The average government is in debt. It usually owes much more than it can afford to repay", you say. The first is true, but not the last. Most governments borrow money, most of it by selling bonds, of which much is bought by their own population. But they also *pay back*. Government budgets always allocate money to pay back, with interest. State bankruptcies are rather rare (Venezuela is close to it, Argentina and Greece has done it earlier, but it is still rare). The last two decades eg Sweden's public debt went from something like 85% to 40% (now it will rise again somewhat, because of a Certain Virus). Under Bill Clinton, the US lowered its debt substantially. Billy C could hold on to his wallet, if not his pants. But you are right in your description of the circle of evil that a thing like the corona may cause. It is serious and it is partly mental, with media, wanting to be dramatise, and some politicians liking to "show off", both trying to scare us. But remember what prez FDR said about the Great Depression: "The only thing we have to fear - is fear itself". I'm by principle against quotas for X, whatever X is - ie enforced "diversity". It's discrimination, against those left out of quotas. About corona: There are three simple reasons why Sweden has *reported* more corona deaths than our Nordic neighbours: 1) Our winter school break was timed so that when the surge came in middle Europe millions were returning from vacations (especially in the Alps). At least a million passed through Stockholm's Arlanda airport. Many super spreaders came in, which our neighbours were spared. Super spreaders have shown to be important. And that Stockholm was hit

## Antal avlidna per vecka



*Deceased per week 2020. 2nd wave dropping sharply, ca 1/3 size compared to spring. From Dec 22, after which Public Health Agency went on holidays.*



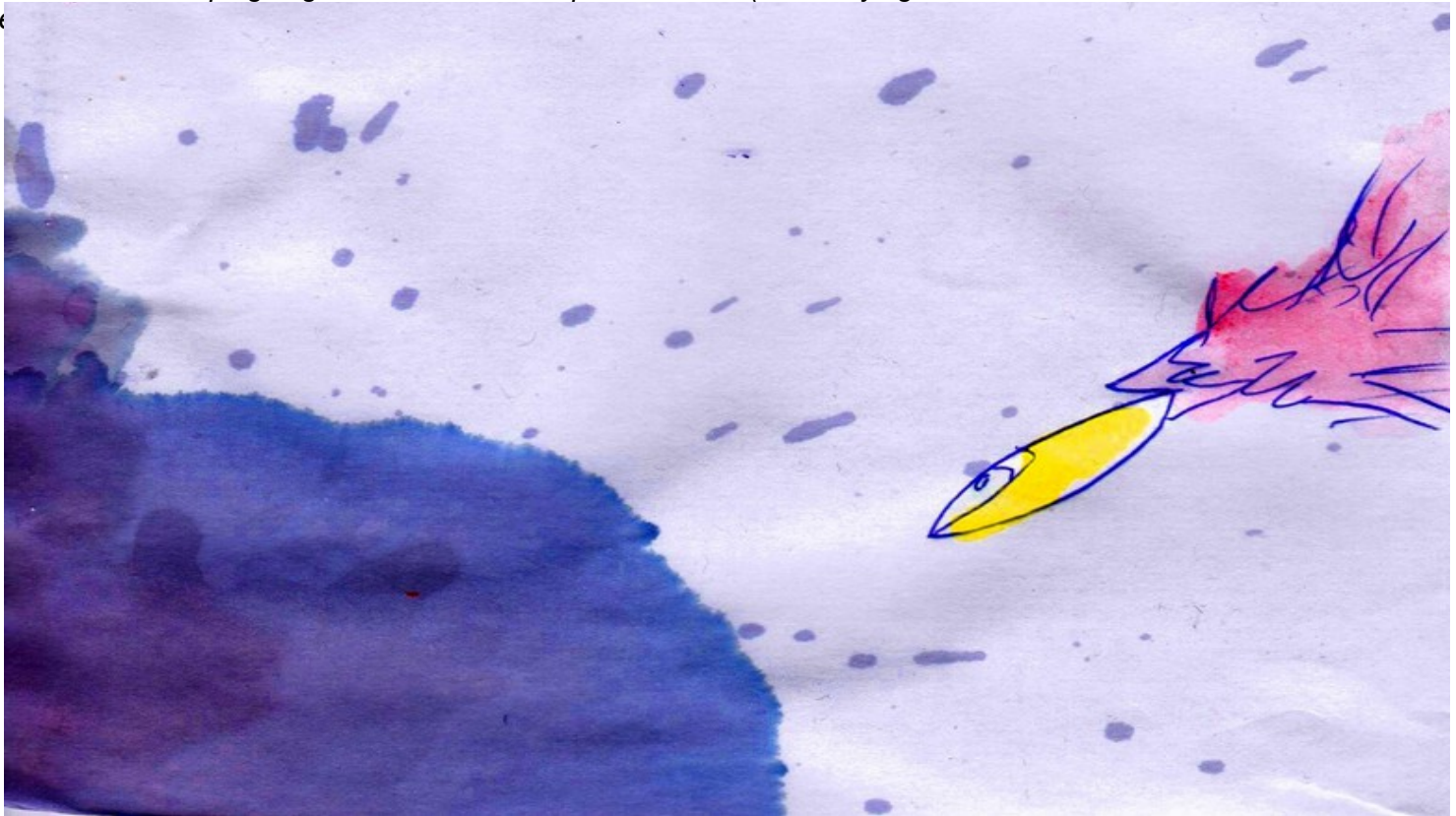
especially hard shows this. 2) Care homes where hit hard because it was unknown in the beginning that asymptomatic people could spread corona. 3) The Swedish statistical definition of a "corona fatality" is very, very wide. In reality, only 1/3 of the figures given are deaths *from* the virus. Studies of statistical excess deaths show this. 2/3 were just ordinary deceased, but the person also happened to carry the virus - it wasn't cause of death. In eg Norway a doctor must specify on the death certificate that the direct cause of death was the virus. (OK, they did get lower rates also through a long lockdown and lacking super spreaders, but the difference is far, *far smaller* than it would seem.) BTW, "1969" was a typo for 1960 - 0 and 9 are next to each other on the keyboard.

**R Graeme Cameron:** I saw the English language version of "Reptilicus" and agree it's bad - but I'm a fan of bad films! I love eg "Plan Nine from Outer Space" and other Ed Wood films. Serious, pretentious films just bores me, esp today when everything is SFX from computers. I'm not sure Wolf von Witting in his interview was *totally* tongue-in-cheek. He often privately said things like that. I don't fear AIs. Maybe I have read too much Asimov and his Three Laws. In the Good Doctor's stories everything fixes itself in the end. Look, if an AI gets cranky, just pull the plug. Our present struggle against computer viruses, trojans, hacker attacks etc is very good training against making sure an AI can't go berserk and turn us all into paperclips.

**Garth Spencer:** Read, but not much to comment. Except, that you usually have funny, interesting thoughts, often a bit tongue in cheek. That always gives me a smile.

--Ahrvid Engholm

*Ps. Dear reader, if you are leaving "Best fanzine" blank in your Hugo nomination anyway, why not put EAPA there! Been campaigning about this for a couple of issues. (Worth trying at least. EAPA could use some*



Once in a blue moon...and a banana rocket in a hurry! (Art: Lars LON Olsson)

**Merry X-Ray &  
A Happy New Beer!**



## NOTES FROM A GALAXY FAR, FAR AWAY #24



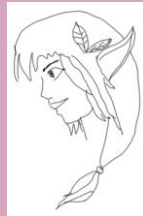
January 2021

For N'APA 250

Lorien Rivendell

(Lauren Clough)

[Lorienrivendell99@gmail.com](mailto:Lorienrivendell99@gmail.com)



### Natter

2021!!! Wow, 2020 was a slow year *and* a fast year. In some ways, it seemed to stay stuck in January 2020 for 366 days. Then at other times, I will think of something that happened just a month or two ago and then realize it actually happened in 2019 - or earlier.

As with just about everyone, I'm hoping that 2021 will be a better year than 2020.

\*\*\*

As I am writing this, I am watching "Best Leftovers Ever" on Netflix. I love cooking shows, though I don't usually watch them very carefully. They are excellent shows to have on for background noise. If I really want to see what I've missed, I can watch them again. I rarely do that, though.

In real life, I'm often channeling my inner iron chef. I work in a group home, and often there's an odd assortment of things to cook. I make a lot of stews and casseroles (thanks, Mom!).

\*\*\*

Since there has been some discussion about a roster and what can and cannot work, I have gone back to issue 217, which was out just before I rejoined. Since Jean Lamb was the collaborator at the time, I'm guessing she kept track of how active everyone was. If we wanted to reinstate this sort of system, we could, of course, start counting going forward, which would be much easier than going back to the beginning or even back to whichever zine stopped doing it. And, of course, a membership roster could include whatever information we want - just a list of our names and addresses (email only, please!) and not with contribution information and cumulative page counts (I mean, someone would actually have to *count*).

Current Membership List			
Member Name	First Contribution	Last Contribution	Cumulative Page Count (up to #217)
Jean Lamb	N'APA #190	N'APA #217	340
Jefferson P. Swycaffer	N'APA #190	N'APA #217	185
George Phillies	N'APA #217	N'APA #217	4

Table of Contents for N'APA #217		
Title Member	Name	Page Count
N'APA Official Organ #21	Jean Lamb	4
Archive Midwinter	Jefferson Swycaffer	2
The Murdered Master Mage #1	George Phillies	4
This Spud's for You for 215	Jean Lamb	10
Page Count Total		20

\*\*\*



Creepy, neglected looking cemetery

## COMMENTS

### N'APA 248

Will Mayo, Contents of a Good Life #14: While I agree that we have a crazy president (arguably the craziest ever, but history might dispute that, with leaders such as Caligula hanging out there in the distant past). I don't agree that all of Christianity is pro-rich and anti-poor. There are just too many sects out there, with so many different ideologies.

I usually prefer the land of make believe to reality, but some recent events are coming too close for comfort to the dystopian novels I enjoy reading.

Those tunnels under the city must have been fascinating.

Archive Midwinter, Jefferson Swycaffer: I very much appreciate the Age of Electronic Everything. I can share my zines with a few presses of a button, where before I had to

type everything up, drive to Staples, pick out the paper I wanted, and use one of the self-serve copiers.

I have all back electronic issues of N'APA stored safely in Google Drive. All except for a few that have managed to escape. I had all but one for a few years, but in doing an inventory this afternoon, I have noted that several have managed to delete themselves. Technology is great, until it isn't. And, yes! Kindle is great! I don't love my Kindle Fire, so I use my tablet and phone to read my Kindle books. This not only saves a library full of space, I can carry around several books at a time to read anywhere, if I want. My phone is the best for on the go reading (it's always with me!). I like my tablet for reading at home and for reading magazines, graphic novels (so far, I've read only two), and anything with photos. I also read the local newspaper on my tablet, with an app dedicated to that paper.

Unfortunately, American self-sufficiency just isn't. We definitely have a privileged few who get all the resources they need and the rest get what is available after the privileged get their "share."

John Thiel, Synergy: It seems to me that computers enhance fandom. Back in the old days, I had to mail things and wait for the return mail. It seems some things still rely on the traditional mail system to run, such as Round Robins. I expressed interest in an electronic RR years ago but, as far as I know, this has never materialized. With traditional RR's, one person at a time gets a packet of letters, and it relies on the recipient being timely about reading and writing and sending the packet on. Email would necessarily change the nature of this, so calling it a (an?) RR might be a bit of a misnomer. Boskone, New England's con, has gone virtual for this year, because of the pandemic. I'm liking this idea, because I don't have to try to get time off work to attend (I work Saturdays), I don't have to travel (and worry about winter weather ruining my plans), and I don't have to pay for accommodations. For me, the hard part of keeping up with fandom is finding the time to do everything. I have too many things I need to do and too many things I want to do and a finite amount of time to do them all in. I think part of it is making the effort to do something in fandom at least once in a while.

Samuel Lubell, Samizdat: Science fiction is a broad field now and everyone will have their own opinions regarding what should be "required" reading. I *think* that's what you are getting at, with offering recommendations based on preferred works makes sense.

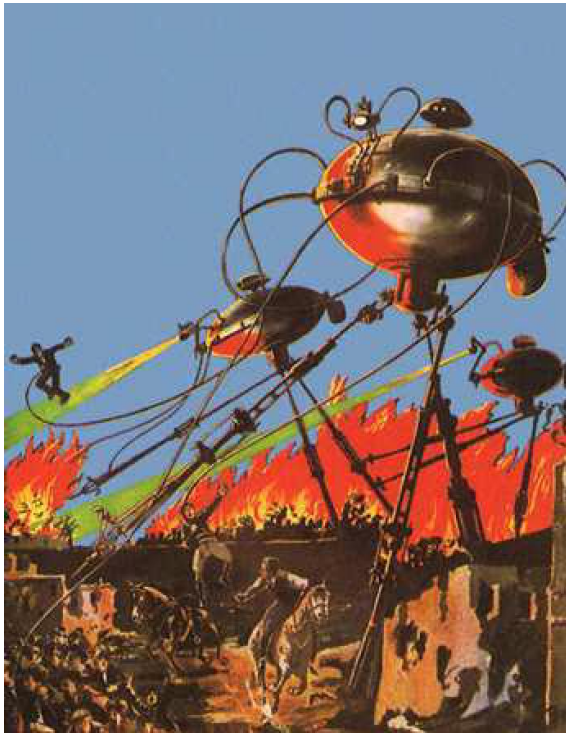


## N'APA 249

George Phillies, Ye Murthered Master Mage: 200 public members sounds impressive. Granted, they aren't paying members, but these days, we tend to be conditioned to seek out what is free.

Yes, that was my housemate's kitten. At the time, she liked to hang out on the stairs. I swear she was trying to kill me. I don't see her much these days, as my housemate lets her outside.

Jefferson Swycaffer, Archive Midwinter: Ah, yes, George Wells. His zines were the funniest, typos and all. In fact, I always thought the typos *made* the zine.



## ...Letters of Comment on N'APA 249

Ye Murthered Master Mage - The cover to *Stand against the Light* looks fantastic. If I saw it in a bookstore I'd take a look at the back of the book. I liked your excerpt from the Dorrance Academy. It's nice to see even magical schools have problems with bureaucracy. But you introduce a new character, Larry White, without ever giving a description of what he looks like.

Archive Midwinter - I subscribe to the fandom as a hobby philosophy. It can be a very consuming hobby, however. And I agree that computers make communication easier, especially in this age of Zoom. R.A. Lafferty wrote novels too (admittedly short ones) but in my opinion they were not as good as his stories. Hopefully the current Lafferty revival will figure out how to sell Lafferty to the general public. And yes, hate does hinder thinking. Interesting Addams Family Choose Your Own Adventure game. Have you seen the Addams Family student housing meme <https://cheezburger.com/10683653/tumblr-thread-addams-family-renting-out-rooms-to-college-students?>

Synergy 25 - As good as Theodore Sturgeon's *More Than Human* is, I think the original novella "Baby Is Three" is better.

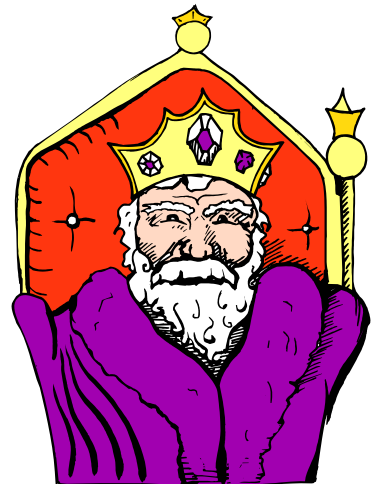
Upper Management - This is more of a historical fiction essay rather than a story. It reads like the background for novel or gaming campaign in this setting.

Good Life #5 - I like your spooky descriptions. With the pandemic, we're all becoming literary monks; I've just filled the gas tank of my car for only the second time since March. *Macbeth*, along with *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Tempest* firmly establish Shakespeare as a fantasy author.

## ...The Lack of Democracy in Fantasy

I've often wondered why American fantasy novels are so obsessed with royalty. After all, Americans are supposed to be about democracy and letting people vote for their rulers. Yes, we treat the British royal family as celebrities in magazines, websites, movies like "The Queen," and miniseries like "The Crown." But that's safe because the British monarchy no longer have any real political power. But in fantasy novels, kings and queens run their countries, yet a very high percentage of fantasy novels (other than urban fantasy) deal with royalty, especially princesses. This is not only true of books based on fairy tales, but also totally original fantasies. There seem to be endless variations on the rightful king overthrows illegitimate ruler and feisty princess heir takes command of kingdom despite the machinations of the grand vizier. Considering that Americans led a revolution to overthrow the king's rule, why do nearly all fantasies support the divine right of kings?

For instance, I am in the middle of a fantasy novel which I am not going to name since I am about to reveal a major twist. In this book a member of the novel's equivalent of the untouchable caste, the lowest of the low, becomes queen, much to the horror of the nobility. You would think this is a nice subversion of



expectations. However, two-thirds of the way into the book the author reveals that this queen is actually the secret daughter of the previous king and not really a member of the low caste at all. This plotline goes all the way back to whatever unknown storyteller decided it was not enough for King Arthur to become king by pulling the sword from the stone but that he had to be the son of King Uther, raised in secret by Merlin.

In fantasy novels, the revolutionaries trying to overthrow are misguided at best or outright villains standing in the way of the rightful king (or queen). They are not George Washington or even Robin Hood, but people standing in the way of the Rightful Heir.

Purists would also say that most fantasies are based on medieval Europe which had kings. But today's fantasy already takes enormous liberties with conditions in the middle ages, especially in regard to women's roles, not to mention that the existence of magic requires major changes. And many fantasies have guns and other non-medieval weapons.



One reason for this emphasis on royalty in fantasy is that it allows for an easy shortcut for Young Adult authors. It is a lot easier for a YA author to make a young character a Prince or Princess in a hereditary monarchy than to develop an alternative reason for why such a young person would be ruler or even next

in line to become a ruler. It also allows for different personality types, especially the reluctant ruler, to come to power, instead of just the strong, confident personality needed to seize control of a country by military force or a political campaign. It also makes it easier to tell the good guys from the bad guys rather than have to explain different political philosophies (it helps that fantasy royalty is a lot more interested in the well-being of their people than the "let them eat cake" royals in reality).

Still, reliance on royalty is a crutch that fantasy writers would do well to eliminate. It would make the books more modern and better reflect modern American values. It would also open up new plot opportunities.

It is one thing for the English conservative J.R.R. Tolkien to pen *The Return of the King* as the ultimate triumph of good over evil. But why must American writers do this? In recent years fantasy writers finally broke free from slavishly copying all aspects of *Lord of the Rings*. It is long past time to drop this emphasis on royalty as well.

### ...Democracy in Reality

By the time this goes out the long 2020 presidential election will finally be over and Biden inaugurated. This election season has shown an enormous rejection of democracy by people whose candidate lost. A sizable percent of the country, listening to the claims by the President and conservative media, believed without any evidence that the election was fraudulent and the Republican governors who certified the election results in their states, the Republican appointed judges who ruled against the President, and formerly trusted media sources such as Fox News, are all traitors. Even Mike Pence, for four+ years Trump's loyal sidekick, saw rioters issue death threats against him for following the constitution and not somehow throwing out Democratic votes to make Trump the winner (even though no one raised that possibility in 2001 when Al Gore presided over the Senate count that declared George W Bush the winner despite the race coming down to a single state (that happened to have his brother as governor)).

I find it incredible hypocrisy that Republicans did not challenge the election of Republican representatives and Senators using the same ballots and procedures that they claim were fraudulent when used to elect Biden.

Since I live just outside of D.C., I watched with shocked disbelief, and more than a little fear, as President Trump incited a mob that then invaded the capitol building and shut down Congress and forced members to hide or flee. This was no mere riot but an actual coup attempt that





stopped Congress from counting the ballots that would end Trump's Presidency. Not even in the civil war had armed rebels captured the Capitol but here they were, waving confederate flags and acting like barbarian hordes invading Rome. Obviously, this is not the behavior of people in a democracy, who know they will get another chance in four years to elect their preferred candidate. This is the behavior of desperate people who sincerely believe what they have been told about how the Democrats will destroy their country, destroy their Christianity, and destroy their guns (even though Democrats had never done this the previous times they controlled the country.) And this does not even address those who believe in the Qanon Conspiracy that Democrats are secretly abducting children for trafficking, sexual abuse, satanic rites, and even cannibalism. This is fantasy of the worst sort. If you truly believe your political opponents are child molesting people eaters, than no action to stop them is too extreme. You cannot have democracy with half the country denying facts and science.



So what is the solution? I don't think just getting rid of Trump is enough. He did not create the divisions in society although he certainly took advantage of it. Some of the issue is the rural/agrarian versus urban/commerce divide that dates back to Jefferson vs Hamilton in the early republic period. Another part is that today's media allows people to choose a filter so they only hear opinions that agree with their own and get a similar slant on the news. If their preachers, Fox News, and neighbors all tell them that Trump is going to win and that Trump gets far larger crowds at rallies than does Biden at his handful of events, then it must seem suspicious when Biden gets more votes. So part of the solution needs to be reviving the equal time laws and requiring a clear labeling of opinions from news.

America has done this before. In the period leading up to the Civil War, Americans were even more divided than they are today. The protests of the 1960s, assassinations, and chaos at the political conventions were arguably worse than today as well. But both times, Americans eventually pulled together and united again (although it took a civil war in the 19<sup>th</sup> century and ending the Vietnam War in the 20<sup>th</sup>). If we did it then, we can do it again as long as people stop trying to gain money

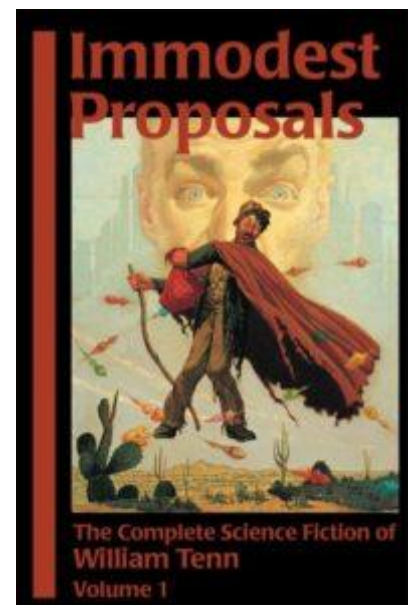
and power by playing to what divides us and instead working to restore what unites us as Americans.

### ...Mostly Neglected Authors: William Tenn

In 2003 when I chaired Capclave, a science fiction convention near Washington, D.C., I had the chance to invite any sf or fantasy author I wanted. I chose William Tenn. And those who went to the convention time-travelled through his wonderful memories of the golden age of science fiction and experienced an incredible reading of his "On Venus, Have We Got a Rabbi" story complete with Yiddish accents.

For those who do not know William Tenn, let me start by saying that there is no such person. William Tenn is the pen name of Philip Klass. Under that name, he penned some of the funniest, sneakiest science fiction stories ever written. He specialized in humor, satire, and stories with surprise endings (I won't call them tricks because he plays fair with the reader.) Only William Tenn could title a story "The Lemon-Green Spaghetti-Loud Dynamite Dribble Day" and get someone to publish it.

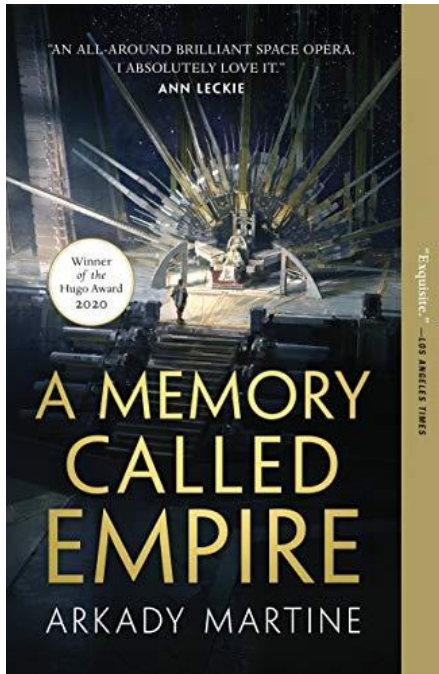
Phillip Klass was born May 9, 1920 and died February 7<sup>th</sup>, 2010. He was an English/literature professor at Penn State for 22 years, despite not have any college degree himself. His first published story, "Alexander the Bait" appeared in Astounding Science Fiction, May 1946 alongside Henry Kuttner & C.L. Moore, Arthur C. Clarke, and Frederick Brown. His last story appeared in, of all places, Playboy December 1994, although after the 1960s his writing



became very infrequent. He had one story in the 1970s, two in the 1980s, and two in the 1990s.

He was far from prolific, writing just 60 stories and two novels. All his sf writing fits into two volumes published by NESFA—*Inmodest Proposals* with most of his short stories and *Here Comes Civilization* with his two novels and the remainder of his short fiction. They also have a volume of his essays and other writings, *Dancing Naked*. The best sources for his writing are the NESFA volumes at \$29 each. Project Gutenberg only has four of his stories. Used bookstores might have a few battered copies of 1960s era Ballantine paperbacks, but these have become rare (and are marked up accordingly).

### ...A Review of *A Memory Called Empire* by Arkady Martine



*A Memory Called Empire* by Arkady Martine won both the 2020 Hugo Award for best novel and the Baltimore Science Fiction Society's Compton Crook award for best first novel. This means fans considered this book by a brand new author to be better than novels by much more experienced writers.

Although some label the book is space opera it lacks space battles or space exploration. Instead, it can be argued this is an example of space diplomacy (along with the Keith Laumer's Retief series and Ursula Le Guin's Left Hand of Darkness.) The main character Mahit Dmare is sent from Lsel Station, a mining station, to the capital of the interstellar Teixcalaanli Empire, an elegant civilization whose leaders compete in spontaneous poetry contests, when the previous ambassador died under mysterious circumstances. Her leaders choose her in part because she is already in love with Teixcalaanli's culture, which the book shows in opulent detail, but when she arrives, she realizes she can never be a part of it in the same way as those born to it.

Mahit was implanted with an imago, a secret device that carries the memories of her predecessor, which is supposed to advise her. Unfortunately, these memories are 15 years out of date and something

goes wrong with the integration of memories when the imago-Yskandr sees the dead body of the real Yskandr, leaving Mahit by herself in an alien world. Her mission is to ensure the Empire stays away from Lsel. But she finds herself caught in the Empire's politics, both in regard to the emperor's heir and an attempted takeover, as the dying emperor sees the imago device as a way to continue ruling after his own death.

Mahit is aided by Three Seagrass, a cultural liaison and a necessity when Mahit does not have the access rights to open doors or read her own mail. Naturally, part of her job is to spy on Mahit for the empire. But the two gradually become very close. Also drawn in is Three Seagrass' friend Twelve Azalea, who has connections with the rebel underground that Three Seagrass is careful not to notice.

My one quibble is at one point Mahit goes to a black market doctor, to perform complex brain surgery that not only has the doctor never performed before but had not even heard of before. Somehow, this surgery goes perfectly and Mahit is able to run for her life after just a short nap. Even for a far future adventure, this seems a little much. Still this is a small flaw in an excellent book. I recommend *A Memory Called Empire* to anyone who is more interested in the clash of cultures and characters than space shootouts.

*Disclaimer: All written content in this publication and views expressed are those of the author, Sam Lubell, and not any employer, government branch, client, or organization.*

Ye Murthered  
Master Mage

George Phillies  
48 Hancock Hill Drive  
Worcester MA 01609  
phillies@4liberty.net  
508 754 1859

### Comments on issue 249

As always, a truly excellent cover from Jose Sanchez.

And, once again, a 36 page issue. Only a few years ago, N'APA was reduced to being an email exchange between two members. It's gotten much better since.

**Commenting on what I wrote last time:** I thought a bit about what we are doing as a club. I am a bit worried that after a period of improvement we have fallen into something of a rut. We have various bureaus with different levels of activity. We publish nine fanzines. *Mangaverse* has come back to life under new editor Patrick Ijima-Washburn. *Eldritch Science* published another issue this fall, for two issues for the year. However, we've been doing most of these for some time now, so it appeared to me to be good if we were to try adding a few new activities. You'll see an article on this in the next issue of *The National Fantasy Fan*. As a specific thought, it seems that at one time we published a news zine. We don't currently do so; it might be an interesting addition.

As a thought, if you know any friends who are fen, please ask them to consider joining the N3F. Electronic memberships are only \$6 a year, and get you a series of monthly, bimonthly, and occasional fanzines, as well as the zines forwarded by our Franking Service. You also get the benefit of all of

our many bureaus. If you know anyone who writes and is looking for a critique, if they join the N3F they can take advantage of our Writer's Exchange Bureau to get critiques on their writing.

As a closing positive note, we must all be grateful to David Speakman for his two decades of service to our Federation. He kept the N3F going on we had almost fallen apart. Now his responsibilities as N3F Treasurer have been successfully transferred to Kevin Trainor, so you can expect more regular treasury reports, new member reports, and other news. Without the hard work of our many volunteers, the N3F would cease to exist. Please consider volunteering and doing something for our club.

**Archive Midwinter:** I also remember *Dark Shadows*. I found it rather obscure. I share your dislike of horror, especially horror based on blood and gore rather than threats. One of my favorite films is the American cut — there's also a European cut with somewhat more skin — of *The Little Girl Who Lives Down the Lane*, the heroine of the film needing to commit somewhat fewer murders than the heroine of the book. However, there is almost no blood and gore; almost everything is happens off-scene.

Interesting question about Ninth Fandom. One might wonder why fen are so conservative in numbering fandoms. They are all being given integer numbers in base ten. What is wrong with the world that we do not have a pi<sup>th</sup> fandom?

Having been publishing fanzines since nineteen sixty-four or nineteen sixty-five, I am strongly supportive of the idea that it is vastly easier to publish the fanzine, or engage in other fan activity than it was fifty years ago. The quality of the output, by the



standards of a half-century ago, is also amazing.

So far as I know, since N'APA became electronic all of its issues have gone up on the N3F web site and are still there. I will concede that I could be more industrious about updating our webpages, but I would really rather find someone who both found this interesting and had some idea of how to do it. To his great credit, David Speakman did manage to get rid of a few of the more unfortunate alternative webpage editors, which on at least one occasion completely wrecked the indexing file.

Much recognition should be given to FANAC.org of Joe Siclari and Edie Stern for their enormous hard work of putting up vast numbers of fanzines on their website and then doing OCR so the issues can to some extent be searched.

I understand your discomfort with the Amazon print on demand feature. In my experience, the correct solution is to have your cover, to have your submission as a PDF file, and use those to his submissions. I did this with my recent book *Physics One*, which is a calculus-based freshman physics book. N3F heroine Cedar Sanderson generated for me the cover. I did the contents using LaTeX, which greatly simplified page numbers, chapter numbers, equation numbers, and so forth, did the conversion at the end, and once I had a good PDF file I sent it off to Amazon and everything flew through the first time. As an offer to you is our collator, if you have a manuscript as a.doc or .docx file I will be happy to convert it to a PDF for you. I will not be prepared to try this with a .odt file as I value my sanity.

What are you thinking of as being the information density of *Practical Exercise*.

There certainly are points where the energy density is fairly high, though when you get down to it Adara works at a much lower level than Eclipse does. Your enclosure description is interesting. My reaction, having interacted with real engineers at an engineering school, is that this guy was not nearly as good an engineer is some people thought he was. When it comes time to remove the enclosure, and the lack of air gap creates a vacuum making it very hard to pull out the enclosure, the point will be even more visible.

The idea of a science-fiction canon is excellent. At the moment the cannon in question appear to be more vigorously focused on firing denunciations and excommunications towards people who do not agree exactly with them, politically. In my opinion, that's not a good thing, but I doubt it will be changing in the foreseeable future.

Your closing essay on anger was excellent. I think I can survive without playing your literary game, as the outcome seems to be death with great regularity.

**Synergy 25:** another artistic Thiel cover. Interesting thoughts on what synergy is. It was definitely worthwhile for you to give that explanation, since some other people use more-or-less the same word with a somewhat different meaning. Nice poetry at the end.

Jeffrey Redmond gives us a fine description of corrupt colonial administration is run by idiots. I have the strange impression that if Chris Nuttall were to give us colonial administration is run by the English upper classes, that we would hear something a bit similar. I will endorse the thought of dialogue, point of view, and descriptive

phrase, but as a pseudo-historical piece it was very good.

**The Contents of a Good Life #15:** You have a beautiful description of your circumstances. I hope that someday they tend to improve. With respect to politics, it appears that you got your implied wish.

The two literary reviews were nicely done. Congratulations on publishing a new book. Let me urge you, since you publish through Amazon, to include in the description the exact URL at which people can buy it.

**Samizdat:** it occurs to me that there are decent number of us who remember the former Soviet Union and their period when fanzines were published by typing them, using carbon paper to perhaps produce several copies that are shot. The Soviet secret police attempted to catch the people doing this but they had a minor technical problem. In the interests of planning efficiency, the Soviet union produced something like four different models of typewriter. If you found a samizdat from typewriter A, the number of suspects were huge.

Your proposal, asking people when they first joined the end n3f, would be an interesting survey question. In my case, I am reasonably sure that it was in the early 1980s, because I recall where my den and computer were located. I had purchased a desktop which sat on top of two low filing cabinets, two-drawer filing cabinets, and could look out the window across a grassy walk at a building opposite the apartments were all two stories tall. The desktop in question migrated with me to Worcester Massachusetts, was finally replaced with a real, large L-shaped desk when I moved to from my new apartment to my house, and recently migrated from Worcester to

Manchester, New Hampshire for the use of a friend's four children.

I strongly endorse your comment on fandom's being divided. I would like to think of the N3F as bringing the eight corners of fandom under one roof, but I have this distinct memory of how that bringing the eight corners of the world under one roof line ended for the people doing it last time. Nonetheless, I would be delighted if all fan everywhere belong to the N3F, and keep looking for new ways to bring this about.

The national motto is *e pluribus unum*, which I would not view as having a religious content, at least for people who can translate the Latin correctly. I am reminded of the presidential candidate, who I shall not name here, except it is not someone currently on the political scene, who somehow thought it translated as "out of one, many", and endorsement of some sort of pluralism.

At least in Massachusetts, a town that put a creche with Christian imagery on the town hall front lawn would soon find themselves receiving stern letters from attorneys followed by litigation, unless they took the hint. Actually under modern conditions more or less all local governments understand that they should not be using religious imagery and do not do so and if they celebrate a holiday in late December, cynics would point out that it is obviously a holiday in honor of the highest American god: mammon, even though Americans now spend more money on Halloween decorations than they do on Christmas decorations.

Murray Leinster gave us a long series of novels. The one I always remember was *The Wailing Asteroid*, which was turned into a film. My memory indicates that he was highly regarded by the members of NESFA.

My perhaps imperfect memory suggests that he was very fond of short declarative sentences, perhaps in a greater number than was absolutely necessary.

You describe a truly different zombie novel in Mira Grant's Feed.

Alas, I have reached the end of the previous issue of N'APA.

## Adara's Practical Exercise

"Oh. Sorry. I didn't know it was you," Larry mumbled.

"The funny part is that he sent me a letter, telling me to go away, except it didn't reach me until afterward. He must have been surprised that I showed up. Apparently student mail service is slow." I shrugged.

"So what are you majoring in?" he asked.

I told him about Ettore's paradox and General Magic. He nodded agreeably. Then I described the course requirements, actually, the lack of extensive requirements, for General Magic.

"Maybe that's what I want," he said. "If I can find a project advisor for my years five and six."

There was a knock at the open, very wide roll-up door. Tad and Gail looked in.

"Hi!" Gail waved at Larry. "We thought we'd say hello to our new neighbor. Former resident Martha was tossed out of here. Slob. Noisy. Took forever to move out, but she did." She inhaled. "Bit of a smell."

"You should have smelled it earlier," Larry said. "Lucky I am Adara is helping me.

I've never thrown a cleaning spell in my life. Upstairs is still terrible."

"All your stuff is still down here?" Gail asked.

"In those shipping containers." Larry pointed at five large pallets. He had a remarkable amount of stuff with him.

"May I look upstairs?" Gail asked.

"You may want to hold your breath," Larry warned. "The only thing done up there was clearing all the drains, and that was Adara, not me."

"Cleared drains. Did not clean sinks, et cetera," I remarked.

She disappeared upstairs. We could hear various exclamations. I'd been up there, knew what it was like. "There's not a single stick of furniture that's not wrecked," she shouted. "Larry, you need new everything."

"In the crates," Larry answered. "Dad made sure I had a full set."

"And you don't know any housekeeping?" Gail said.

"Dad told me to bring a book of housekeeping spells," Larry said. "I didn't. He was right. But I can cook. I have all the allowed cooking things. I even won prizes at school."

I thought back to Barlow Academy. There were all sorts of odd classes in doing things with your hands. Cooking. Mending. Carpentry. Blacksmithing. Yes, spells can do all that, but they do it better if you know what you are doing.



“Tad,” Gail called, “you remember we had a chance to get Martha kicked out two years back, and didn’t?”

“And regretted it ever since,” Tad responded.

“This mess wouldn’t be here, except we made that mistake. Gail continued. “And the gal who would have moved in? She just finished, in time for Larry to take the space.”

“I see where this is going,” Tad said. “I can’t say I disagree. Okay, I’ll assemble the mob to help.”

“What?” Larry asked.

“We’re going to help you clean up your new living quarters,” Gail announced. “It’s only fair. Besides, several of us are in construction, and supposed to practice things like this.”

Larry had the sense to get out of the way. We still needed until late in the evening, but at the end he had a completely clean apartment. I’d’ve needed two weeks, full time, to do what my neighbors did in a few hours. I did not complain when, after showers and changes of clothes, Larry took us all to Rainbow’s Rest, that being the quality all-night eatery and bar all the way across campus, and picked up the tab. “I’d cook,” he said, “except I have to unpack yet.”

After modest discussion, we let Gail and Tad choose orders. There was a huge salad sprinkled with crumbled goat cheese, oil and vinegar dressing, and packed with odd bits. I’ve heard of octopus, never had any, these were tiny, as were the clams and fried oysters, stuffed olives, thin-sliced sausage wrapped around slices of cream cheese, and other bits. A huge plate covered with layers

of thin toasted slices of something, ground beef with unfamiliar spices, roast onions and mushrooms, tiny hot-sweet pepper slices, and sour cream. Plates for two with a flame in the center and things on sticks. I ended sharing one with Larry. I didn’t think we’d finish all the food, but we made it disappear. OK, we’d cast a lot of spells, one after the next; I’d had almost nothing for lunch. Hunger focuses the mind; that sounded needful for afternoon classes. Cleaning the space between the outer walls and paneling had been especially interesting. The former occupant had been dropping garbage down it. Marjorie finally had the bright idea for a solution, namely summoning a Proctor to get a short-term exemption from the on-campus gating rule.

We each gave a short description of our families. I carefully de-emphasized that I was heiress-third of a major house. After all, my parents were not at all pleased with my career decisions, though they had stopped short of disinheriting me. They had, however, declined to pay Dorrance’s tuition. I got to pay that. Ditto, I paid for my housing and meals. I had to be somewhat frugal. Yes, the end house is frugal; comfortable surroundings let you focus more sharply on your work.

Larry, it turned out, had been heir-first until his mom died and his dad remarried. The negotiations had been very fruitful for his House, except that the new bride’s house insisted that her children be at the front of the line. Larry, until then an only child, was now at the back. His family had been visibly enthusiastic about his coming to Dorrance to study stars and moons and point moons. “Former heir-first moonbeam” was likely to be how his relatives remembered him.

“You haven’t had any wine,” Theo finally observed.

“Not a good idea for me,” I answered.

“Fourbridge may be incarcerated, but he probably has friends. The legal claims – not supposed to talk about those, even public filings – got complicated. If something happens to me, the Death-Pride Honor duel claims go away. At some point, if I disappear Harold gets to walk.” Theo nodded sagely.

We all took the long walk home, down to the beach, along the boardwalk above the sand, and back up to Knowlton House. We were well after dark, but sections of the water were illuminated from below with magelight, enough that you could see people swimming in the warm water. I could hear people calling to each other. Groups on the beach were singing. Belligerent drunks are rare. We weren’t accosted by any.

At that point I had a very sound sleep.