

N'APA 251

March 2021



The Official Organ

#251

Next deadline: May 15, 2021

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

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

Procedure: Please Read:

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

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

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

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

In this issue:

Front Cover: Attack of the Centurions - Jose Sanchez

The Official Organ #251

Intermission 105, by Ahrvid Engholm - 24

Synergy March 2021, by John Thiel - 12

Archive Midwinter, by Jefferson P. Swycaffer - 3

Intermission 106, by Ahrvid Engholm - 16

Ye Murthered Master Mage, by George Phillies - 7

The Contents of a Good Life 17, by Will Mayo - 7

Samizdat Ish 6 March/April 2021, by Samuel Lubell - 4

Super thanks to Jose Sanchez, who sent us a lot of art for use as covers!

Winston Churchill: History will be kind to me, for I intend to write it.

INTERMISSION #105

E-zine by Ahrvid Engholm, ahrvid@hotmail.com for EAPA, now also N'APA! The last of 10 "history issues", alas. LoC if you want more, and follow @SFJournalen's newstweets on Nordic sf/f/h&fandom! I have covered skiffy news for six decades now. Thish probably has some mutated typos! Get vaccinated! Use a twiltone facemask while reading! Late Jan 2021.

MEDitorially

I usually have some comments here on the absurd medical situation we're in But first a couple of news about *Intermission*.

1) This is the 10th "history issue" with old newspaper clips about sf and fandom. From next issue I'll begin to scale down on the history reporting (I'll keep to maybe a couple of clips) and also cut down on "outsiders" getting the zine. I have mailed it around to many non-APAns, thinking that the history stuff is worth a wider audience. All who have in any way reacted to an *Intermission* history issue will be kept on the mailing list, though. *But if you want to be sure of getting #106 just send me a few words!*

2) And secondly, *Intermission* will from now on also haunt N'APA, which is run by N3F (The National Fantasy Fan Federation), the organisation founded in 1941 by among others damon knight, https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/National_Fantasy_Fan_Federation

N'APA started way back in 1959 on paper but is now electronic. I've been an "associate member" of N3F for a few years, an arrangement which gives you their PDFzines and E-mails (but no voting rights). I knew about N'APA somewhere in the back of my head, ut when the latest N3F E-mail explicitly suggested you to join, I thought: By Rosce! Thundering Rockets! Why not!

About the corona shite. Whatever media claims, things aren't too bad here - and improving, with curves diving. Sweden is still on no lockdown and past the second wave, though it was bigger than expected (shouldn't perhaps been unexpected, cold of winter makes a virus yell "Yippie!" as people move more indoors). The diving curves are to a degree due to a decent level of herd immunity. And it's also clear that Swedish corona deaths have been over-reported by a factor of 3. The Public Health

Agency claimed 9500 by Dec 31, but excess deaths were "only" 3400. The rest were deceased with but not from the virus. The definition has simply been too "wide", and many countries claiming lower death rates probably have inadequate statistics. (Russia eg had excess deaths 2020 *five times* higher than their official corona deaths figure indicate.)

The Swedish economy has lost "only" 3.3% in 2020, much better than for most other countries, and the drop its expected to be reclaimed in 2021.

But vaccination goes very slow. There are at this moment only just over 250 000 shots delivered, a rate by which it'd take 4 years to cover the

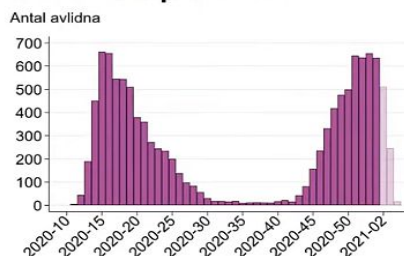
country. I hope the pace of arm pricking picks up as more vaccine types become available. But it will be a *complement* to natural herd immunity. In mid-December 38% (!) of Stockholmers carried antibodies = immunity. It must be even more now, have spread country-wide and will spread even more next months. Immunity and more vaccination (only those not gone through the infection should be jabbed, they are immune already!) should together kill off the bugger by spring, surely by summer anyway. And don't believe in shoddy skiffy raving about mutants! Let's hope this bloody dystopian-armageddon-scientifiction-Martian bug have left us alone by summer!

--Ahrvid Engholm



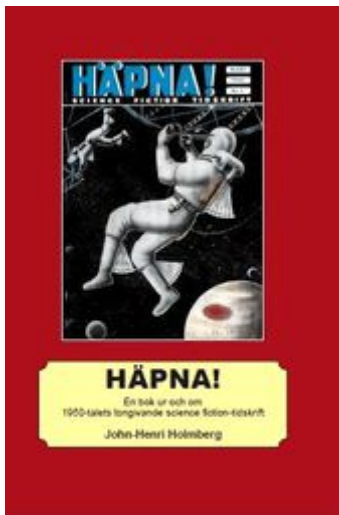
The King of Sweden, HM Carl XVI Gustaf, got his his first corona vaccine in early January. Didn't seem to hurt much.

Antal avlidna per vecka



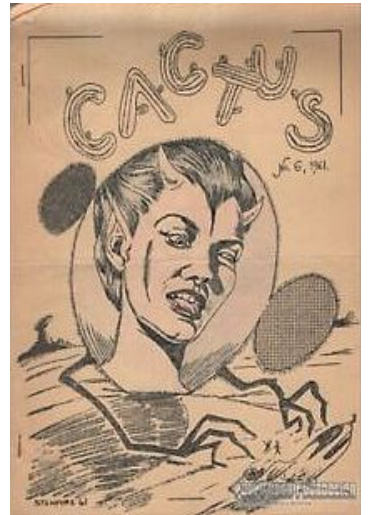
Swedish virus deaths Jan 27.
2nd bump now diving hard!

RIP: Sture Sedolin & Sten Andersson



Sten Andersson (1951-2019) made his debut as sf author with the time travel novel *Resan tillbaka* ("The Trip Back") in 1980. Among his about half a dozen novels (plus a number of short stories in *Jules Verne Magasinet*) we also have his steampunkish *Zeppelinarvalsen* ("The Zeppelin Waltz"). His speciality was what he called "economy sf". A humours guy, often with a little joke coming from the corner of his mouth, who sometimes could be seen on our sf cons. A very important contribution by him to the sf genre is when his small publishing house Heidi in 2015 released *Häpna! - en bok om 1950-talets tongivande science fiction-tidskrift* ("Häpna! A book about the dominant sf magazine of the 1950s", ed John-Henri Holmberg), a history about and with stories from this important Swedish sf magazine. He died in November, but it's unknown if this damn' C virus was involved.

Carl Hällström. 1941-2019 in fandom using the name Sture Sedolin, mentioned in *Intermission's* history issues several times. (Sedolin is his mother's maiden name. Some spell the other name "Hellström" but it seems he preferred Hällström). He was one of the leading fans in early Swedish fandom from the 1950's and on. Publisher of the eminent *Super Fantasi*, the newszine *SF-Fronten* (later changing name to *SF-Times*) and the first English language Swedish fanzine *Cactus*. He was one of the first Swedish fans to have international contacts and go to foreign cons, like to Loncon in 1960 (see the pictures), more in eg



<http://www.fiawol.org.uk/fanstuff/then>

<http://www.archive/1960con/60con1.htm>



Alan Dodd, Sture Sedolin, Don Ford, from Loncon 1960.

He was also known for being in a long-time feud with Sam J Lundwall, said to have began in the early 1960's when Sture claimed Sam J

"stole" an sf con Sture planned, but they were also newszine competitors when Sam started *SF-Nytt*. Sture withdrew a bit from fandom later in the 1960's to concentrate on jazz music, becoming a rather big name in those circles, but could still be seen as eg projectionist when the Scandinavian SF

IN THE GROOVE

Kustbandet på skiva

...eller hur det gått till att föreviga våra toner – och allt oftare även våra gestalter genom åren.

Några förhistoriska inspelningar finns fångade med hjälp av en Tandbergs-bandspelare vid tiden för bandets tillblivelse. Efter några år dök skivproducenten Sture Hällström upp. Han kallades "Piraten" eftersom han hade specialiserat sig på att ge ut gamla originalinspelningar från jazzens barndom på ett eget skivmärke kallat Pirate Records. Sverige hade, till skillnad från de flesta andra länder så kort tid som 25 år som gräns för när inspelat material var "fritt" att återutge, så utländska skivsamlare ställde ofta sina kolossala 78-varvs-samlingar till Stures förfogande, och dessa välproducerade skivor med återutgivning på EP och LP var länge eftertraktade av jazzdiggare över hela världen.

Han hade också planer på att ge ut ett antal svenska grupper. Tajningen var dock oturlig, eftersom publikintresset svängde om till förmån för pop och rock åren då Kustbandet började ta fart, men band som Dixie Six, The Lords och Imperial Band hann se dagens ljus. Inspelningar hade gjorts på Borgarskolan med Kustbandet. Tyvärr blev den planerade EP:n inte av men en av inspelningarna, Washboard Wiggles, hamnade långt senare på en samlings-LP som Arkivet för Ljud och Bild (=ALB) gav ut. Kenneth fylldes 18 år samma dag som sessionen ägde rum och var den klart lysande stjärnan. Sture har donerat allt inspelat material; samt till Arkivet för ljud och bild (nuvarande "Kungliga biblioteket" – avdelningen för Audiovisuella medier – puh!), samt till Uppsala universitetsbibliotek, annat till Svenskt visarkivs jazzavdelning.



STURE HÄLLSTRÖM

A jazz column by Sture Hällström.

From the news: Sales of Corona beer jumped by 40%!

Association had movie nights. I had some contacts with him through the years, like when he gave me some old fanzines, about two full paper bags (I'll bequest it to the Uppsala university library, which I know Sture also wanted as he lived in Uppsala).

In 1964 he launched the prozine (or semipro) *Nya Världar* ("New Worlds"), mentioned in last issue from an Expressen article, though it only came with one issue. He liked classic films, beside old music, and he was involved in reissuing old jazz and evergreen tracks, <https://www.discogs.com/artist/3087741-Sture-Hällström> I heard from Sture as late as last August. He lived in a care home for the elderly, but I don't know if the blasted virus was involved in his death, which happened in November.



Don Ford, Brian Jordan, Bill Temple, Sture Sedolin, Ron Bennett, from Loncon 1960.

HISTORY OF THE FUTURE***

When the Royal Library in Stockholm - our national library - last spring opened their digital newspaper archive online for a couple of months (to compensate for less availability due to a Certain Virus) I didn't know it would turn into a goldmine of history information. It has taken many hundreds of hours of work. I estimate at least 250 hours those two spring months going through the archive as much as I could (resulting in ca 1500 save newspaper articles) and to this comes weeks, months of work afterwards sifting through it all and presenting it here in *Intermission*.

A couple of hundred of the finds have been here in ten issues, but with next issue it's time to ease off a little on all this work. I'll try to get *Intermission* a little bit back to normality. I'll keep a little history corner, but I'll let other contents be back, a bit of this and that and not entire issues of just old newspaper clips. I'll also scale back on the "external" distribution, done because the history stuff may be of wider interest. Science fiction and fandom history are rather international topics. Much of it has come from the US and UK, where it has been covered in English, in books, con panels, web sites, etc. It has thus made sense to summarise or translate what I have found into English.

While cutting a little on external distribution, I'll keep all who one time or another has contacted me about the issues - but If you want to be sure to stay on the list, just send me a few words. Others who I think may be history interested will also be kept for now.

Intermission usual contents are eg reports from events I have attended (those were very few last year...), thoughts on things I've read, con reports, comments on recent events, well, anything I find interesting really, but usually relating to sf, fantasy, fandom and culture in a broader sense. But you may also find a few comments on, say, cross-country skiing. (Which I watch on the telly. Hope the Swedish skiers grab some metal at the coming World Championships. Especially our women's team is right now probably the world's best.) I hope I won't have too write many RIPs, though.

But now over to the history stuff! Isn't it strange that we who are Fans of the Far Future often dig so deep into the past? I think that the history of fandom is especially interesting, since it has always been a (f)anarchistic environment with lots of unique creativity and legend making, in a way we can't see in any other cultural movement AFAIK. "Fandom has a history equal to a small European country", someone observed.

History also rules when it comes to sf. Older stuff in the genre tends to be more interesting and better than much more recent production, which tends to be babbling, pretentious and overlong, faults stemming from the

Science fiction ämne på kongress

Stockholm (TT): De tre första dagarna i maj samlas 150 personer från Danmark, Norge och Sverige för att kongressa kring ett ganska originellt ämne — Science fiction. Det är den femtonde skandinaviska kongressen i ämnet.

»Fancon 70», kallas kongressen och arrangörer är en sammanslutning som kallar sig Witterhetsselskapet Din Vän Fandom. Det är en informell litterär förening bestående av författaren Bertil C. Mårtensson, Lund, teknolog Mats Linder och fil. stud. John-Henri Holmberg, Stockholm.

introduction of word processors and Political Correctness. (2xPC...!)

So on fandom now. First a little convention note I don't think I have run before, from Göteborgs-Posten, April 14 1970, "SF Topic on Convention"...a "rather original topic":

Around 150 persons will gather the three first days of May from Denmark, Norway and Sweden to have a convention on a rather original topic - sf. It is the 15th Scandinavian convention on the subject. The convention and organisers are a society calling themselves The Witty Society Your Friend Fandom. It is an informal literary society consisting of the author Bertil C Mårtensson, Lund, technolog /title for tech engineer student/ Mats Linder and Ph student John-Henri Holmberg, Stockholm.

There was no formal system for deciding what was a "Scancon" They simply counted that there had been 14 earlier cons in Sweden, Denmark and Norway (Finland didn't count yet). Later in the 1970's we tried a formal rotation system between these three, but the order became unsynchronised and the

system collapsed. (The only so-and-so "official" regional con here, running 1993 to mid-00's, was the Baltcon, for countries around the Baltic Sea, rotating East-West. I and some friends, eg of Lituianian fandom, started the Baltcons.)

After the first Worldcon in New York in 1939, about the same time as the 1930-40 NYC World's Fair, one could make a "virtual" trip to the Moon in a local planetarium, as Söderhamns-Tidningen reported April 6 1940, "A Trip to the Moon".

It's still in fresh memory how American radio listeners was frightened by a broadcast of the HG Wells' play "War of the Worlds". Thousands of people believed that the Martians were storming Earth and a lot of hullabaloo erupted. The event shows that no one really thinks it is impossible to arrange communications between Earth and her neighbours in space. How to do it and when the fantasies may become reality is another matter. But you can embark on a trip to the

En resa till månen.



Hur jorden ter sig från månen.

Det är ännu i friskt minne hur de amerikanska radiolyssnarna för en tid sedan skrämdes halvt från vettet genom en utsändning av H. G. Wells pjäs »Världarnas krig». Tusentals människor trodde att marsborna höllo på att storma jorden och det blev en förfärlig uppståndelse.

Händelsen visar att ingen människa egentligen anser det för otroliga att kommunikationer kunna komma till stånd mellan jorden och dess grannar i rymden. Hur det ska gå till och när fantasierna kunna bli verklighet är en annan sida av saken.

I Newyork kan man emellertid få göra en resa till månen, lika realistisk som någonsin i verkligheten. Det sker i Haydenplanetariet. Astronomerna känna redan till så mycket om månen att det inte erbjuder några oöverstigliga svårigheter att konstruera ett realistiskt nånlandskap, och med hjälp av den moderna teknikens olika hjälpmedel dramatisera en resa dit och låta passagerarna skåda de synen en mån-invånare skulle se.

Det har tagit en stor stab av medhjälpare fyra månader att sätta i scen denna sensationella turistrupp, men resultatet är också märkligt om man får tro tidningsreferaten.

Man har målat 2,000 kvm. papp med månsequiner, kratrar och ringberg och »hav», och ljuseffekterna ha brytt sina hjärnor för att få fram de rätta ljuseffekterna. Det svåraste har kanske varit att med hjälp av olika projektörer visa



"Oops! There's a new Moon today..."

hur jorden och rymden ta sig ut från månens horisont.

Passagerarna få plats i ett raket-skepp, som startar med en förfärlig explosion och sedan hör man ett ständigt brus av explosioner, då raketerna arbetar och med en hastighet av 7,000 km. i sek. rusar fram genom rymden. Inne i detta raket-skepp, stort som ett modernt slagskepp, finns naturligtvis allt upptäknligt i fråga om komfort, men passagerarna få som en extra ynnest komma in i navigationsrummet, där massor av mätartavlor, rattar och instrument göra ett imponerande intryck och man genom observatoriefönstren kan se månens klot nära sig. Denna effekt likasom många andra har uppnåtts genom skicklig trickfotografering.

Efter en stund landar raket-skeppet på månen och i nästa ögonblick befinna sig resenärerna i en månkrater, varifrån de få beskåda ett celest skådespel. Resan företas nämligen den 18 april 2144 och just den dagen inträffar solförmörkelse. Det blir många måleriska, ja rent kosliga ljuseffekter.

Vore det nu verklighet skulle resenärerna få en dykarhjälm på huvudet och en syrgasbehållare på ryggen och ge sig ut på upptäcktsfärd i den tysta mån världen — tyst därför att det inte finns någon luft som kan fortläpa ljudvibrationer. Med vilken lätthet de skulle trava upp på ringbergen! Månen har bara en sjättedel av

jordens dragningskraft och en tungviktare på nittio kilo skulle bara väga femton. Något sådant har dock planetarieherrarna i New York inte måttat med.

Resan till månen måste nog för många tider framåt förbli en fantasi. Gäller det utforskandet av jordens drabant kan astronomerna klara sig ändå. Teleskopet har bringat månen kanske nära oss. När det allra senaste undervirket, fem meterspegeln på Mount Palomar, blir färdigt om något år kommer månen att ha flyttats till bara fyra mils avstånd. Men tyvärr lär lä; jättespegeln inte lämna sig riktigt bra för studiet av så stora objekt som månen.

År 2144, hur avlägset det än må synas för oss, är bara en minut framåt i tiden för astronomerna. Med de sinnrika projektörerna i ett planetarium kunna de visa oss hur himlarna komma att te sig miljoner år framåt i tiden — och de kunna lika lätt vrida klockan tillbaka och låta oss se exempelvis stjärnhimlen den natt då Kristus föddes.

Men naturligtvis kunna astronomerna inte ta allt med i sina kalkyler. Övriga händelser kunna inträffa. I oktober kom den lilla planeten Hermes mycket nära jorden — den var föga mer än 60,000 km. borta. Den är knappast en mil i genomskärning men om en kollision inträffat — möjligheten är inte rent utsluten — så skulle kanske något liknande yttersta domen ha utspelats. Men ännu är kollisionens ytterst obetydlig, rymden är trots våra ögons vittnesbörd om motsatsen ytterst gles befolkad. Avståndet mellan stjärnorna är så stora att de kunna jämföras med fem fåglar på vår jord flygande över var sin världsdal. Att de skulle stöta samman är mycket osannolikt, eller hur.

Nej, då är det mera troligt att vår romantiska drabant kommer att spela skurken i dramat. Månen dras obönhörligt närmare jorden genom dennas starkare dragningskraft, inte mycket om hundra år men märkligt. När månens avstånd minskats intill fyrtio procent av det nuvarande kommer månen helt enkelt att dras isär genom den fruktansvärda påfrestningen som jordens dragningskraft utövar. Bitar av månen komma att falla ned på jorden, till den helt störtor in och då torde människosläktets saga ända i katastrofen. Såvida inte långt dessförinnan mänskligheten gjort ända på sig själv.

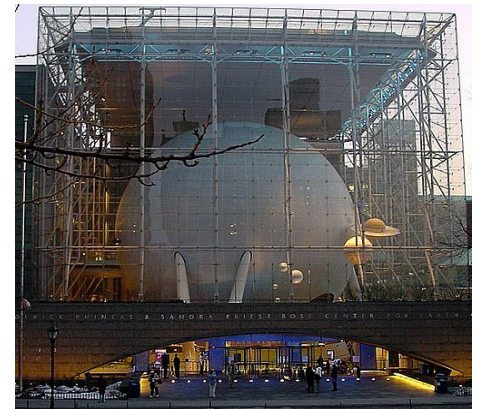
Mono.

Moon in New York, just as realistic as it would be in real life. You do that in the Hayden planetarium. The astronomers already know so much about the Moon that constructing a realistic moon landscape presents no insurmountable obstacles with the help of the tools of modern technology, at the same time dramatising a trip there and let the passengers see what a moon traveller would see. It has taken a big staff of co-workers four months to stage this sensational tourist trip, and the result is extraordinary if newspaper reports are to be believed. They have painted 2000 sqm cardboard with Lunar landscapes, craters and ring mountains and "seas" and the lighting experts have done their best to get the right lighting effects. The most difficult has perhaps been to project what Earth looks like from the Moon. The passengers are seated in a rocket ship that starts with a terrible explosion, and then you hear a constant noise from explosions as the rocket thrusts and rushes through space with 7000 km/sec. /Sic!/ In this rocketship, the size of a modern battleship, there is everything of modern comfort, but the passengers are given the extra favour of being let into the navigation room, where lots of displays, dials and instruments make an big impression, and through an observation window you can see how the Moon comes closer. This effect like much other has been achieved by skilled trick photography. After a while the rocketship lands on the Moon and the next moment the travellers are in a Lunar crater, from which they can observe a heavenly event. The trip takes place April 18 2144 and this day there is a solar eclipse. There will be many artistic, yes scary effects. The travellers would have a diving helmet on their heads and oxygen tubes on their backs if it was real to go out on excursions in a silent Lunar world - silent because there's no air that can transfer the sound vibrations. But it would be easy for them to climb the mountains. The Moon has only 1/6 of Earth's gravity and a heavyweight of 90 kg would only weigh 15. To do this /simulate 0.16 G/ is however nothing the planetary gentlemen are able to achieve. The trip to the Moon must for a long time remain a fantasy however. The astronomer can still investigate our neighbour. The telescope brings the Moon close to us. When the latest wonder is ready, the 5 m mirror of Mnt Palomar, the Moon will be only 40 km away. But unfortunately this giant mirror won't be very good for studying such a big object as the Moon. 2144 is only a minute forward in time for an astronomer, however far away it may seem to us. With the ingenious projectors they can take us forward in time - and just as easily let the clock move backwards and take us to for instance the night Jesus was born. But of course the astronomers can't include everything in their calculations. In October the little planetoid Hermes came very close to Earth - it was just over 60 000 km away. It is just under 10 km big but if it had collided - it's not totally out of the question - something like the final doom would have happened. But otherwise the risk of a collision is very slim, space is after all despite what our eyes witness very thinly populated. The distances between the stars are so huge that they can be compared to five birds that on our planet fly over one continent each. That they would meet would be very improbable, don't you think. No, it is more likely that our romantic companion will be the villain. The Moon is pulled closer to Earth through her stronger gravity, not much in a hundred years but enough to be noted. When the distance has shrunk to 40% of present the Moon will simply be pulled apart through the terrible gravity from Earth. Pieces of the Moon will fall on Earth, until it entirely crashes there, and then the human species saga end in a disaster. Unless we have long before that ended ourselves. (Caption: What the Earth looks like from the Moon.)



The Original Hayden Planetarium. Torn down in 1997...

Interesting that they thought the Moon is coming closer. We now know it is slowly drifting away. New York's Hayden Planetarium (1935-1997, now reopened as a part of American Museum of Natural History) was big on speculating about space travel! I've googled around to try to find what the 1940 lunar trip at the planetarium looked like, but the best I find are general descriptions of the institution, like



...and replaced by this. Looks impressive!

<https://playingintheworldgame.com/2014/11/25/memories-of-the-hayden-planetarium/> And the Lunar



landscape mentioned might have looked like this (but it's a 1950's version by Chesley Bonestell). Note how they get the hills wrong! Real lunar hills are

rounded and low.

And about trips to the Moon, here's from Expressen July 10th, 1954, about critic Roland Adlerberth who through his outstanding and very personal review column in *Häpna!* (later continued in *Jules Verne Magasinet*) was very important for introducing sf in Sweden:

MOON WRITER: Roland Adlerberth, library man, poet, critic from Gothenburg has by Radiotjänst /national radio company/ been offered to travel to the Moon. Well only in his imagination, but still. It was Adlerberth's article in Expressen last Sunday that is behind the offer. Adlerberth shall starting this autumn become sf critic in Bonnier's Literary Magazine.

MÅNSKRIBENT: Roland Adlerberth, biblioteksman, skald, kritiker från Göteborg, har blivit erbjuden av Radiotjänst att resa till månen. Bara i fantasin visserligen, men ändå. Det var Adlerberths artikel i Expressen förra söndagen som låg bakom erbjudandet. Adlerberth ska från och med hösten bli science fiction-kritiker i Bonnier's Litterära Magasin.

Månresenär får byta raket under vägen

LONDON (UP). Brittiska Interplanetära sällskapets ordförande, Arthur C. Clarke, räknar med att den första månflygningen skall bli av om 25 eller 30 år.

Dessförinnan, troligen inom de närmaste tio åren, kommer vetenskapsmännen att ha placerat en konstgjord måne omedelbart utanför jordens atmosfär, spår han. Denna extra "måne" skall i framtiden tjäna som "bensinstation" för rymdfarkosterna och möjligen också för ombyte av raket för månresenärerna och ligga minst 500 km. från jorden.

Ett slags raket skulle gå i "färjtrafik" mellan jorden och den konstgjorda månen, och en annan, som möjligen kommer att byggas utanför jordatmosfären, skulle vidarebefordra resenärerna till månen.

Då resorna utsträcks till andra planeter, främst Mars och Venus, behövs dessutom en "långdistansraket", vilken måste byggas någonstans ute i världsrymden och förbli där.

Vetenskapare och amatörer som är intresserade av rymdresor samlas till diskussioner om framtida projekt i London i september.

I haven't identified the article referred to yet (it may be among the 1500 newspaper clips I collected) but BLM was at the time the most important literary magazine. Good for him! The magazine had previously that year published the infamous head-on attack on sf, covered here before, by vitriolic Elisabeth Tykesson, and getting Adlerberth on the train may have been their way of making a sort of redemption.

And who's better to guide you to the Moon, if only in a literary review, than Arthur C Clarke, as here in Expressen August 25, 1951 (possibly the first time Mr Clarke is mentioned in Swedish press), "*Moon traveller must switch rocket underway*":

The chairman of the British Interplanetary Society counts on that the first flight to the Moon will happen within 25 to 30 years /it took 18!/ Before that, probably within ten years, the scientists will place an artificial moon just outside Earth's atmosphere, he predicts. This extra "moon" will in the future serve as a "petrol station" for the space vehicles and possibly also for changing rocket for the moon travellers, and it should be at least 500 km from Earth. One type of rocket would go in "ferry traffic" between Earth and the artificial moon, and another which possibly would be built outside Earth's atmosphere, would transport the travellers to the Moon. As journeys are extended, in first hand to Mars and Venus, a "long distance rocket" will be needed and it must be built out there in space and remain there. Scientists and amateurs who are interested in space travel will gather for discussions about future projects in London in September.

We meet Arthur "Ego" Clarke again in Expressen, February 5, 1953, "*The Moon May Be Colonised with 'Air Tight' Cities*":

How the Moon may be colonised is described in a new book by the chairman of the British Interplanetary Society, Arthur C Clarke. The first moon travellers will probably be most interested in the moon minerals. With the spaceship as a base they will explore the area around the landing. Later they'll build simple "igloos" for living, after some trips back and forth. That means a Lunar base has been established - certainly on plains facing Earth. A few years after the first landing the base will be permanent and constantly manned. Its task: in first hand astronomical research. After some decades it's possible to begin real colonisation. The problems of oxygen and food should then be solved. If it will be doable is an important question. It is crucial for if the Moon's future population will be a few dozen scientists or millions of people living in "air tight" cities.

NOTE: It will take some time before we can check Mr Clarke's prophecies. As yet we have problems to even travel to the Moon. You can read about these problems in a series of reports, starting today on the Picture Page.

MÄNEN KAN KOLONISERAS MED "LUFTTÄTA" STÄDER

LONDON (Expressen) Hur människan kan kolonisera månen, skildras i en bok av det brittiska interplanetariska sällskapets ordförande, Arthur C. Clarke.

De första månresenärerna kommer troligen att mest intressera sig för månens mineral. Med rymdskeppen som baser kommer de att utforska de närmaste områdena kring landningsplatsen.

Så småningom kommer enkla beboeliga "igloos" att byggas — efter några resor fram och åter. Det betyder att en "månbas" etableras — säkert på en slätt på den sida som vetter mot jorden. Några år efter den första landningen blir basen permanent med ständig bemanning.

Basens uppgift: i första hand astronomiska forskningar.

Efter årtionden finns det möjligheter att påbörja en verklig kolonisering. Då bör problem som

syre- och näringstillförsel vara lösta.

Hur lätt de kan lösas är en betydelsefull fråga. Den är avgörande för om månen, framtida befolkning ska bli några tusen vetenskapsmän eller miljoner människor som bor bekvämt i stora, "lufttäta" städer.

FOTNOT: Det dröjer ett slag innan vi kan kontrollera mr Clarks profetior. Än så länge har vi problem nog med att över huvud taget kunna börja resa till månen. Ni kan läsa om de problemen i en reportageserien i Expressen som börjar idag på Bildsidan!

One of the Expressen Moon reports will follow below.
Wikipedia writes about the 1951 conference mentioned,
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/International_Astronautical_Federation



After World War II, Heinz Gertmann, Gunter Loeser, and Heinz-Hermann Koelle formed the German Rocket Society. They contacted the [British Interplanetary Society](#) and Groupement Astronautique Francaise. The French group's leader, Alexandre Ananoff, organized the First International Congress for Astronautics in Paris in September 1950. At the second congress in London in September 1951, the International Astronautical Federation (IAF) was organized.

And here we learn that Svenska Sällskapet for Rymdforskning ("Swedish Society for Space Research") was founded October 16, after the 1950 IAC Paris meeting, in 1951 re-named Svenska Interplanetariska Sällskapet ("Swedish Interplanetary Society")
<http://www.svengrahn.pp.se/histind/Swefirst/SIS/SIS.htm> (text in Swedish, but try Google Translate if you're really interested). The space and sf oriented group Atomic Noah, inspired by the Atomic Bomb and tales from Jules Verne Magasinet, had been formed earlier, September 1945, as told before in *Intermission*.

Söderhamns Tidning had more on moon colonies August 31 1953, "Air-Tight Cities on the Moon - Fantastic Future Project":

The first men have landed on the Moon. From being weightless when they've been on the space station outside Earth, they have now regained some of their weight and don't have to move around with the same care as they exit the rocket. A man weighing 78 kg on Earth will only weigh 13 on the Moon... The Moon is an uninviting world for an Earth being, and the over-pressurised suits will as before become the salvation for the spacemen. There is no air to breathe and meteorites now and then hit them. The cosmic radiation isn't visible but is a sneaky not yet explored danger. The low gravity is the reason the spacemen can move around in long leaps. But they can't call each other, sound isn't spread on the Moon. They can only talk to each other through short wave transmitters. TWO-WEEK NIGHTS /In-text headlines in CAPS/ Night and day has changed rhythm. In the space port night and day switched every hour. Now the night has stretched to two weeks and the day is just as long. It is during the bright daytime the men on the moon must work. But they have to be careful. The lunar surface is treacherous: if they don't watch out they'll step through a thin layer of lava and fall into the abyss. They must beware of cracks and also look out for tears on their pressure suits from razor-sharp rocks. A mild temperature location near one of the

Lufttäta städer på månen fantastiskt framtidsprojekt

De första människorna har landat på månen.

Från att ha varit viktlös när de uppehållit sig utanför rymdstationen vid jorden har de nu återfått en del av sin vikt och behöver inte röra sig med lika stor försiktighet när de stegsata ut ur raketerna. Men en man, som väger 78 kilo på jorden, kommer bara att väga 13 kilo på månen. Månens dragningskraft är endast en sjättedel av jordens, och det gör att rymdmännen även här kan förflytta sig utan någon större ansträngning i sina övertrycksdräkter. På jorden skulle de vara mer otympliga än en dykare i full utrustning.

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

BILJETT TILL VÄRLDSRYMDEN Femte artikeln

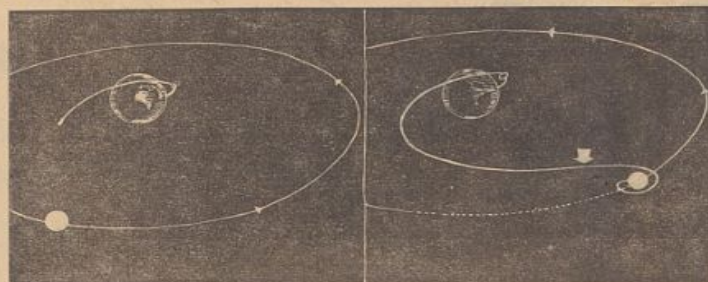
ingen syns inte med blotta ögat, men är en smygande, ännu utforskad fara.

Den ringa tyngdkraften gör att rymdmännen kan förflytta sig med långa steg. Men de kan inte ropa till varandra, ljud fortplantas inte på månen. Endast via kortvågssändare kan de röra samtal med kamraterna.

• TVÅ VECKORS NATT

Dygnsrytmen har hunnit ändras igen. I rymdhamnen byttes natt och dag varje timme. Nu har natten sträckt ut till två veckor och dagen är lika lång. Det är under den ljusa dagtiden som de första männen på månen måste arbeta. Men de får vara försiktiga. Själva månytan är förrädisk: ser de sig inte följa den trampa igenom tunn atelad lavamassa och störta ner i svårer. De måste akta sig för sprickor och desamter som till så de inte river slöder sina övertrycksdräkter på de knivskarpa klippkanterna.

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



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

20.000 står i kö till första månresan

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

Den interplanetära resorbyrån i New York har till och med upprättat tidtabeller och noggranna beskrivningar för resorna. Så snart trafiken kommer igång ska de realistiska underrättas... De flesta hoppas givetvis att de första raketfärderna ska komma till stånd i deras livstid.

Det är inte första gången äventyrligaste människor anmälde sig till rymdfärder. 1926 spreda i tidningarna över hela världen en uppgift att professor Goddard vid Cork College i Worcester på sommaren det året skulle avfyra en raket, som enligt hans beräkningar skulle hamna på månen.

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

• "JORDSKEN"

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

på 200 mils avstånd och måntraketen är åter i rymdstationens bana. När den cirkelformiga rymdhamnen dyker upp, slås bromsarna till, måntraketen faller in i dess bana och "landar". De första månresenärerna vänder åter in i sitt hem i rymden. Med några av de mindre raketerna kan de sedan färdas ner till jorden.

• SAMHÄLLEN OCH STADEN

Detta är principen för resorna till månen. Vad har man då att vinna av en kolonisation av månen, och vilka möjligheter har man att uppehålla mänskligt liv där?

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

SF is in the
DNA of
Gene Wolfe!

poles has been selected for the landing. The lunar temperature around the equator is near the boiling point. Despite that the landing spot has been carefully selected the sun is still burning hot. But you can be cooled by some minus degrees if you get down into a cavity. The first visit to the Moon may give the scientists in the expedition fascinating work material. Below the thick layer of dust there's possibly minerals and water. They will investigate traces of an atmosphere and of plants. Astronomers will have the opportunity to study the planets and other star systems from new angles. EARTHLIGHT When darkness falls on the Moon Earth lights up and shines with a far stronger light than we see from the Moon. The stars shine steady against the black space, no atmosphere disturbs their light... /They'll prepare next visit and a moon base and leave for home./ It's an easy task for the powerful rocket engines to whip up the speed to the escape velocity, which is low on the Moon, "only" ca 3.4 km/s. When the ship is outside the lunar gravity field the engines can be turned off. The speed is tripled within three days. Earth is now 2000 km away and the moonrocket is again in the orbit of the spaceport. When the circular spaceport appears, the breaks are applied, the moonrocket falls into its orbit and "lands". The first moon visitors return to their home in space. They may return to Earth with some of the smaller rockets. SOCIETIES AND CITIES... What is to gain from colonising the Moon and how can you sustain human life there? Arthur C Clarke is convinced that we can colonise the Moon. His plan is to erect huge domes of plexiglass and fill them with oxygen. People can move inside them without any danger. In these huge domes we can construct gardens and get enormous harvests in the never fading sunlight. We can extract metals from the mountains and energy is free by using the heat from the sun. Clarke thinks he'd feel more comfortable under such conditions than on Earth... He even goes so far as to predict that a few years after the first manned landing, whole societies and towns will spring up. But they must of course be hermetically sealed.

/The caption shows the rocket's S-shaped trajectory towards the moon and here's the text of the info box:/ 20 000 in line for the first moon trip. There's a unique card registry. It has the names of 20 000 people lining up for the first trip to the Moon. Those interested come from the whole world and represents all types. Some Swedes are among them. The interplanetary travel agency in New York has made time tables and detailed descriptions for the trips. The passengers will be informed as soon as the journeys begin... Most of course hope the first rocket trips will happen during their lifetime. It isn't the first time adventurous people report for space trips. In 1926 newspapers around the world spread the news that professor Goddard of Worcester that summer would launch a rocket, that according to his calculations would be able to reach the Moon. He wouldn't take any passengers as he couldn't offer a return ticket. Despite this 52 persons immediately begged to be taken along! We never heard about this rocket starting and the project was soon forgotten. /Ed: But Goddard did fire off rockets. That they in 1926 could send people to the Moon must be a gross misunderstanding./ Only two years later there was new hope for the Moon enthusiasts. The American Robert Condit claimed to have constructed a rocket in which he and his fiancée would fly to alien planets. But no one was shown the rocket. The launch was postponed time and again and we eventually get tired of the imaginative "rocket builder's" project.

This Robert Condit was actually experimenting with a rocket, in Baltimore in the late 1920's. You can read more about it here

[https://io9.gizmodo.com/the-great-baltimore-space-](https://io9.gizmodo.com/the-great-baltimore-space-program-of-1928-453865828)

[program-of-1928-453865828](https://io9.gizmodo.com/the-great-baltimore-space-program-of-1928-453865828) and here <http://www.rockettovenus.com/story.html> A documentary film is also planned about his rocket project.

You could book a Moon "ticket" (for what it was worth...) already in the 1930s, and here's a Swede who did, as we learn from Göteborgs-Tidningen March 13, 1960, "It Was Actually 20 Years Ago That the First Swede Bought a Moon Ticket":

...Barber master Gunnar Larsson in Kopparberg still laughs at the (as it was then thought) crazy idea that someone by women born could end up on the Moon. It was 20 years ago. Today the joke is neighbour to seriousness in space travel history. But Gunnar Larsson won't travel even if his interplanetary travel agency against expectations, would exist: "I'll stay with my barber saloon. There I'm close to the Moon anyway. On my customers..." It was the happy days just before WWII when Gunnar Larsson - now 48 years and 15 kg heavier than the ideal space traveller - had the idea to get a ticket. He wrote to a USA institution /The Hayden Planetarium, probably/ mentioned in a newspaper and he could then soon sign for a certificate, not unlike



the ones used for bonds. With the certificate - the moon ticket - followed an envelope with very detailed instructions where the rocket society claiming to be under supervision by an astronomical institution said how they planned the moon trip. The rocket was shown - not unlike the chromosome projectiles later Sputniks and pioneers have shown to be, Gunnar Larsson says - and the experience of the passengers during the space trip were described, as well as the equipment they would get. In the total price - 750 dollar, which with inflation equals approximately a a round trip to Los Angeles via the North Pole - all that was included. But the details of how to get back were a bit vague. The company however had generous payback on the ticket price in case the return trip to Earth wouldn't happen as planned... "I don't really believe there will be any moon journeys in our time /it came in just 9 years!/, the barber master says. There may of course be volunteering suicide candidates, but I don't think they have any chance of coming back.. The fact is that I didn't get the idea of buying the ticket from reading sf. I can't even say that Jules Verne has a fan in me. I have just a fun thing in my scrapbook and perhaps a modest place in the space history book's first chapter about those who never travelled to the moon.

Among the pictures of the laughing barber/astronaut we also see his dog, named Lolita, and not Laika (the Soviet space dog) as the caption stresses. Which rocket group, in cooperation with the Planetarium, sold moon tickets in the late 1930's? I haven't been able to find out, but I suspect it must have been the American Rocket Society (founded in 1934). A few years earlier, Expressen could tell us exactly how the trip to the Moon would be done, 8 February 1953, in "This Is How the First Humans Will Reach the Moon". It's a two-page spread which is reproduced here in small size, and I'll include the main text in readable size (minus captions which I'll only give translations to). They have earlier had three other articles about the beginnings of space travel, and now...

Rocket blasts "throws" the spaceship up to the moon 370 000 km above. It already has a nickname - the scarecrow of space. Because the moon rocket won't be the beautiful speed torpedo you see in comic books, It will be a clumsy monster with slim legs and a huge head. The moon rocket will be assembled high above Earth's atmosphere. It will go all the way through empty space. So it doesn't need to have air-splitting streamlining. Technicians believe it will be a bundle of fuel tanks, cabins and rockets, sturdily connected without a fuselage. We are encapsuled in the moonship's

Det är faktiskt hela 20 år sedan förste svensken köpte månbiljett

KOPPARBERG (GT:s utsände) — Nej, inte blir jag den förste svensk som kommer till månen! Jag nöjer mig nog med att vara den förste svensk som skaffade biljett dit.

Frismästaren Gunnar Larsson i Kopparberg skrattar fortfarande gott åt den (som man då ansåg) vanvettiga idén att någon av kvinnan född skulle kunna lämnas på månen. Det var för 20 år sedan. I dag har skämtet fått allvaret som närmaste granne i rymdresarhistorien. Men Gunnar Larsson reser inte,

några följets vindstötter. Precis som vissa invaderer måste den lindas in, undvika drag och hållas vid liv på tuggad föda.

Trots detta planerar Malcolm Muggeridge en ny artikel för Krokodil, och om inte heller den trycks kan man ju alltid hoppas på att redaktionen skall våga tillåta sig en kort stund av s.a.s. privat lycka.

Läsare av Statesman har det bättre ordnat. Medan Kingsley Martin en tid framöver reser runt i Asien svarar Muggeridge för de goda kommentarer man brukar flöda under rubriken London Diary.

inte ens om hans interplanetariska amerikanska resebyrå från den tiden, mot förmodan, skulle ha fortlevat: — Jag håller mej till min frisersalong. Där är jag ibland ganska nära månen i alla fall. Mina kunder...

Då och då blir Gunnar Larsson påmind om det 20 år gamla skämtet med månbiljetten, och allteftersom tiden gått har han också blivit en smula betänksam. Inte så att han numera någonstans skänker en tanke på att ge sig ut i rymden, utan därför att en och annan av hans vänliga vedersakare i Kopparberg (man får lov att byta tåg i Stalldalen eller Frivri om man har biljett till yttre rymden) också har undrat om inte den frödlige friseren hade en andars tanke på att bli pionjär i projektet. Men på det har Gunnar Larsson alltid svarat:

— Aldrig. Det var ett skoj från början till slut. Och för min del får det förbli skoj.

• INTE DYRARE AN LOS ANGELES

Det var i de lyckliga tiderna strax före andra världskriget Gunnar Larsson — numera 48 år och femton kilo över den fidele rymdresarens vikt — fick idén att reklamera biljetten.



Lolita — inte Laika! — är en hundfröken som kan konsterna att dansa, om hon får socker.



ABBA trivia: In 1972 Björn & Benny produced the song "I Want To Have My Own Moon To Sit On" and it was big hit for debut artist Ted Gärdestad!

Han skrev till en tidningsomläggning USA-institution och fick inom kort lösa ut ett andelsbevis, inte olik det som tillämpas på obligationer. Med andelsbeviset — månbiljetten — följde ett konvolut rymderligen detaljerade instruktioner, där raketsälskarnet, som bekrävat sig stå under beskydd av en astronomisk institution, talade om hur man hade tänkt sig månresan. Raketen avvecklades — inte olik en sådan kromosomprojektill smulda sputnikar och pionjärer har visat sig vara, säger Gunnar Larsson — och passagerarnas upplevelser under rymdfärden beskrevs också, liksom den utrustning de skulle få. I totalpriset — 750 dollars, vilket med penningvärdesförändringen på 20 år blir ungefär vad en tur- och returflygning till Los Angeles numera kostar via nordpolen — ingick allt sådant. Däremot var uppgifterna något avvikande (!) om returresan. Förretaget utlovade emellertid generöst återbäring på biljettpriset i den mån månresan inte återfärd till jorden skulle kunna föreläsa på planerat sätt...

• INTE I VÅR TID

— Jag tror faktiskt inte att det blir något månresande i vår tid, säger frismästaren. Klart att det finns självmoderskandidater som frivilligt ger sig iväg, men jag tror inte de har någon chans att komma tillbaka. Och det tycker jag nog är lika viktigt som att komma dit. Jag tittar nog helst på månen på till. Faktum är att jag inte fick upplaget till biljettköpet av att lösa science fiction. Jag kan inte ens säga att Jules Verne har haft någon anhängare i mig. Jag har fått en kul grej i min klippbok och kanske en blygsam plats i rymdresarhistoriens första kapitel bland dem som aldrig reste till månen.

Och Gunnar Larsson skrattar gott. Lika gott som på tidningsbilden han visar av förra veckans köpmannaför- eningstest i Kopparberg där han tillvalde i tärteckering och förlorade stort efter att ha tilldelat en ung älskadare det mesta av grädden. Ropar på sin hund — som heter Lolita och kanske en blygsam plats i rymdresarhistoriens första kapitel bland dem som aldrig reste till månen. — Kom, Lolita, vi ska gå hem till matte och be henne stryka en skjorta. Jag ska resa till månen!

Ele Wallin

EXPRESSEN
visar er vägen
TILL MÅNEN

Raketstrålar "kastar" rymdskeppet upp till månen på 37.000 mils höjd

Av LENNART EDBERG och MAGNUS, GERNE (teckningar).

Den har redan fått ett smeknamn — rymdens fågelskrämma.

Ty månkraketen blir inte den tjusiga farttorped ni läst om i seriemagasinen. Den blir ett otympligt monstrum med spinkiga ben och en jätteboll till huvud.

Månkraketen fogas samman vid rymdstationen högt över jordens atmosfär. Den ska färdas hela vägen genom tom rymd. Därför behöver den ingen luftklyvande strömlinjeform. Teknikerna tror att den blir ett knippe bränsletankar, kabiner och raketaggregat, stadigt hopfogade men utan ytterhölje.

Vi är inkapslade i månkskeppets klotrunda huvudkabin, när elden börjar spruta ur raketernas blåsrör. Vi glider bort från rymdstationen i en mjuk båglinje.

Projekt

Om de glupska raketkamarerna nu skulle sluka bränsle hela vägen, vore månresan omöjlig. Men i samma ögonblick som rymdskeppet nått flykthastigheten — ca 11 km/sek. — kan motorerna slås ifrån. Raketen stiger till månen på 37.000 mils höjd av "bara farten".

Den första timmen efter starten når vi 2.500 mil uppåt från jordytan. Men sedan tar farkostens tyngd ut sin rätt. Farten minskar. Efter 50 timmars resa är hastigheten ganska måttlig — bara obetydligt högre än ett flygplans. Och när raketerna så småningom närmar sig månen har den blivit en riktig snigel. Den kryper fram genom rymden och bromsas alltmer av sin tyngd. Eller av jordens dragningskraft, vilket är precis samma sak.

Ett kast

Det märkvärdiga är att resan tar högst fem dygn. Det beror på att färdens egentligen är ett kast. Om rymdskeppet har kastats med tillräckligt stor fart, når det upp till månen, och gör det på en bestämd tid. Det går inte att kasta "långsammare" — ty i så fall vänder rymdskeppet någonstans på halva vägen och faller ner på jorden igen.

Månkskeppets passagerare har ingen kännning av hastighetsminskningen. Vi har över huvud taget ingen möjlighet att konstatera farkostens rörelse annat än genom att mäta avståndet till jorden och månen. Vi ser jorden som en allt mindre cirkelskiva "bakom" oss. Den lyser skimmerande blå, och kontinenterna avtecknar sig i mörkare blågrönt. De snöklädda polarregionerna gnistrar bländande vita.

Magisk gräns

Kursen mot månen är inte rak. Den går i en väldig halvellips fram mot en punkt strax "hitom" månen. Hastigheten har valts så att rymdskeppet orkar sega sig upp till just den höjden över jorden. Därför skulle rymdskeppet egentligen börja falla tillbaka till jorden i en lång fortsättning på ellipsbanan.

Skulle — ty det inträffar inte. Innan den punkten nås passerar raketerna en magisk gräns i rymden. Den kan betecknas som stormakten jordens gräns mot lilla må-

tre bildsidor i den här serien har beskrivit rymdtrafikens förstadier. Innan de är avverkade har vi ytterst små chanser att förverkliga resan till månen.

Utvecklingen fram till rymdstationen måste ta lång tid. Det dröjer i varje fall flera årtionden innan den första månkraketen kan rusa genom rymden.

Tidpunkten är svår att förutspå. Raketteknikerna själva är oense. Om vi tippar 1975 nickar några få optimister bifall. Skaror av skeptiker ler hämfullt i bakgrunden.

Men håll i hatten, så åker vi...

nen i rymdens politiska geografi. Där upphör jordens herravälde och månen tar vid. När raketerna överakridit den gränsen bromsas den inte längre av jordens dragningskraft. Den suges i stället med allt större kraft framåt mot månen av — månen!

Månlandskap

Med stigande fart tvingas raketerna som av en osynlig strömvirvel i en spiral in mot ett ärrigt brunt klot i rymden. Och efter några timmar stryker den hastigt fram på låg höjd över månbergen.

Nu gäller det att bromsa!

Det måste ske med den enda metoden som finns för reglerade hastighetsförändringar i rymden — raketmotorernas kraft. Rymdskeppet vända så att raketernas blåsrör vetter mot färdriktningen. Och så sprutar motorerna i väg sina eldstrålar.

Passagerarna ligger bundna på sina britsar medan det enda sker. Larmet från motorerna bearbetar våra trumhinor. I samma ögonblick som larmet tystnar, känner vi en duns. Skeppet skakar, välter långsamt över på landningsbenen och förblir stilla.

När vi reser oss upp från britsarna ser vi ett ödaligt berglandskap genom fönstren. Ett månlandskap.

Långa steg

Vi vet ganska mycket om vad de första människorna får se och uppleva på jordens närmaste gränne i världsrymden.

Vi vet att vi kan gå ut ur raketerna och kliva med jättesteg över hårda klippor, täckta av ett mjukt och torrt dammlager. Vi vet att vi inte kommer att se de skiftande färger i landskapet som vi är vana vid från jorden. Allt går i dystert livlöst grått och brunt. Vi ser inga moln, känner ingen vind, inget

regn, ingen snö — inget väder över huvud taget. Himlen är evigt svart och stjärnorna lyser även på dagen.

Vi vet att vi måste bära våra rymddräkter, ty månen har ingen atmosfär — åtminstone inte efter jordiska begrepp. Vi vet att vi kan känna våra kroppars tyngd. Men bara med en sjättedel av jordtyngden, eftersom månen dragningskraft är svagare än jordens. Vi vet att vi inte kan ropa till varandra — det finns ingen luft som förmedlar ljud. Vi måste hålla kontakt med varandra per radio.

Två veckor

Vi vet att vi måste ta oss i akt för milddjupa sprickor efter månbevärningar. Vi vet att solen kommer att steka oss med fruktansvärda strålar, som reflekteras i det brännheta förvittringsstoffet på marken. Men vi vet också att ett steg in i månbergens skugga för oss till djupa köldgrader.

Vi vet att månens dag varar i två veckor och natten lika länge. Vi vet att jorden kommer att hänga om en fyrdubblad mänskiva på oföränderligt samma plats i himlen. Vi vet att jordskenet lyser om natten med sex gånger starkare ljus än månskenet på jorden. Och vi vet alldeles bestämt att vi inte möter levande varelser under våra vandringar.

Men vi vet inte om forskarna kommer att finna vattenådror djupt under månytan. Vi vet inte säkert om de rent av finner växtliv i form av hårdhudade gråa lavar i bergsskrevorna. Vi vet inte bestämt vilka mineral de träffar på under dammlagret. Och en sak vet vi alldeles bestämt inte:

Hur månen ser ut på baksidan!

Månen vänder ständigt samma halvklot mot jorden. Tio generationer astronomer har grubblat över problemet månens baksida. Den första tittan där blir antagligen helt sensationsfri. Men för alla som sett månen i ett teleskop är frågan om dess utsida oändligt fantasieggande.

Fall hemåt

Månen på månen kan under hela besöket hålla radiokontakt med jorden. Vi kan inte sända television, men radiobilder kan skickas till världspressen. Och vi kan avigera vår hemresa — för vi kan återvända.

Raketmotorerna slungar ut skeppet med hastigheten 3,2 km/sek. — månen flykt hastighet. Sedan rymdskeppet passerat gränsen till jordsfären, börjar det falla mot planeten Tellus. Efter fem dygn närmar det sig jorden med hastigheten 11 km/sek. Det bromsas i rätta ögonblicket, så att det slår följe med rymdstationen och når kontakt med den.

Passagerarna kliver ut, tar plats i en atmosfärraket och glidflyger ner till marken.

spherical main cabin, when the fire begins to sprout out of the rocket pipes. We glide away from the space station in a soft turn. PROJECTILE (In-text headlines in CAPS/ If the hungry rocket chambers gulp fuel all the way the moon trip would be impossible. But at the same moment the spaceship reaches escape velocity. Ca 11 km/s - the the engines can be shut off. The rocket climbs the 370 000 km to the Moon from its "own speed". The first hour after the start we reach 25 000 km from Earth. But then the weight of the craft takes its toll. The speed decreases. After 50 hours the speed is rather modest - just marginally higher than for an aeroplane. And when the rocket finally comes closer to the Moon it has become snail-like. It drags itself slowly through space and is braked by its own weight. Or by Earth's gravity, which is the same thing. /Ed: I believe this

Vägen till månen

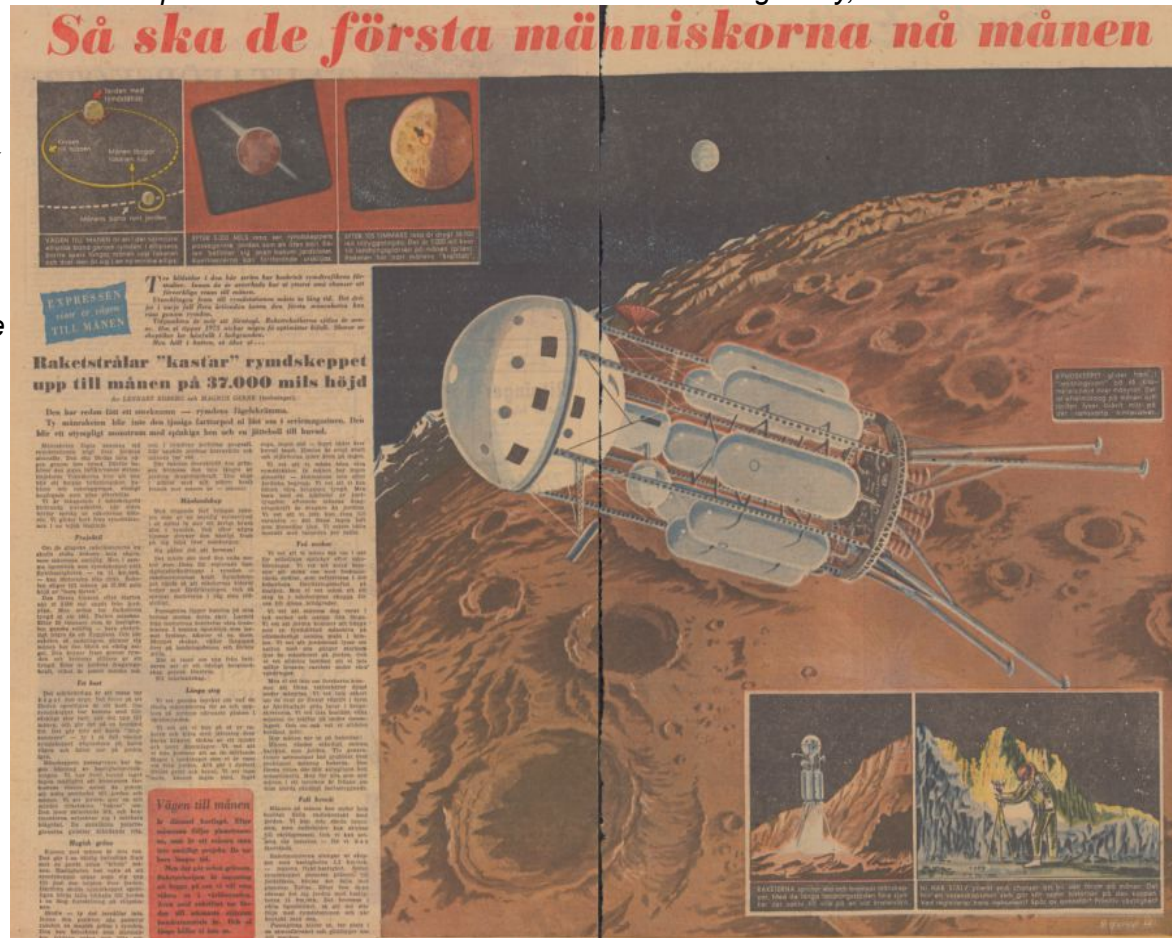
är därmed kartlagd. Efter månresan följer planetresorna, som är ett svårare men inte omöjligt projekt. De tar bara längre tid.

Men där går också gränsen. Raketprincipen är ingenting att bygga på om vi vill resa vidare ut i världsrymden. Även med raketfart tar färderna till närmaste stjärnan hundratusentals år. Och så länge håller vi inte ut.

description of the speeds is faulty! A THROW The strange thing is that the trip will take five days at most. It's because the trip is really a throw. If the spaceship has been thrown with high enough speed it will reach the moon, and does it after a certain time. You can't throw slower - because in that case the spaceship will turn back somewhere halfway and falls back towards Earth again. The passengers of the moonship can't feel the speed reduction. The have no chance at all of feeling the movement of the vehicle other than by measuring the distance to Earth and the Moon. We'll see Earth as a small circle "behind" us. It shines shimmering blue-green. The snow-clad polar regions dazzle in white gleam. MAGIC LIMIT The trajectory towards the Moon isn't straight. It goes in a huge half-ellipse towards a point just "before" the Moon. The speed is selected so that the spaceship has the force to just about reach that point above Earth. At that point the spaceship would really

begin to fall back to Earth in a continuation of the ellipse. Would - but it doesn't happen. Before that point is reached a magic limit is passed in space. It can be defined as the major power Earth's limit to the small moon in the political geography of space. Here the Earth's rule ends and the Moon's start. When the rocket has passed that limit it's no longer braked by Earth's gravity. It is instead sucked with increasing force towards the Moon by - the Moon! **MOON LANDSCAPE** With increasing speed the rocket is forced as by an invisible vortex in a spiral towards a scarred, brown sphere in space. And after a few hours it passes the lunar mountains at low altitude. Now it's time to brake! It must be done with the only method available to regulate speed in space - the power of the rocket engines. The spaceship is turned so that the rocket tubes point towards the direction of flight. And then the engines sprouts out their fire streams. The passengers lays tied to their bunks while this happens. The sound from the engines works on the eardrums. At the same moment the sound stops we feel a slight thud. The ship shakes, slowly vaults on the landing legs and remains still. As we rise from the bunks we see a desolate mountain terrain and stand still. A lunar landscape. **LONG LEAPS** We know quite a lot about what the first humans will see and experience on Earth's closest neighbour in space. We know that we can exit the rocket and walk with giant leaps over hard rocks covered with dry and soft dust. We know that we won't see the shifting colours in the landscape as we are used to from Earth. All will be in gloomy,

lifeless grey and brown. We see no clouds, feel no wind, no rain, no snow, no weather at all, The sky is eternally black and the stars shine clear in mid day. We know that we must wear our spacesuits, since the Moon has no atmosphere - not in earthly sense at least. We know we can feel the weight of our bodies. But only with 1/6 of Earth weight, as the Moon's gravity is is weaker than Earth's. We know we can't shout to each other - there is no air to transfer sound. We must keep in touch with each other through radio. **TWO WEEKS** We know we must beware of km-deep cracks and lunar quakes. We know that the sun will fry us with terrible rays, reflected in



the burning hot degenerated ground material. But we also know that stepping in the shadow of the lunar mountains will take us deep into chilly degrees, We know that the lunar day lasts two weeks and the night just as long. We know that the Earth will hang on the same spot in the unchanging sky as a four-fold moon-disc. We know that the earthlight will be six time stronger than the moonlight in Earth. And we know for certain that we won't meet any living creatures during our excursions. But we don't know if the scientists will find water veins deep under the lunar surface. We don't know for sure if we'll find plant life in the form of durable lavas in the rock cracks. We don't know for sure what minerals we'll find under the layer of dust. And one thing we for sure don't know: What the Moon looks like on the other side! The Moon constantly faces just one side towards Earth. Ten generations of astronomers have pondered over the problem of the other side of the Moon. The first look will probably be without sensations. But for all who have seen the Moon in a telescope the question if its backside is tantalising. **FALLING HOMEWARDS** The men on the Moon can through the entire visit keep in radio contact with Earth. We can't transmit TV, but radioed pictures can be sent to the world press. And we can announce our return - because we can return. The rocket engines sling the ship away with 3.2 km/s - the escape velocity of the Moon. As the spaceship passes the border region for Earth it begins to fall towards the planet Tellus. After five days it's approaching Earth with 5 km/s. It is braked at the right moment, so that it connects with the space station. The passengers step out, enter an atmosphere rocket and glide towards the ground. /The Red Info Box:/ The way to the moon is thereby charted. After the moon trip follow trips to planets, which are more difficult but not impossible. They just take longer. But that's the limit. The rocket principle is nothing to build upon if we want to travel further out in the universe. Even with rocket speed the trip

to the closest star would take hundreds of thousands of years. /Captions, orig Swe texts can't be read:/ Earth with space station/Trajectory to the Moon/The Moon catches the rocket here/The Moon's orbit around Earth. The Way to the Moon is an almost elliptical track through space. At one end the Moon catches the rocket and pulls it in in a new, smaller ellipse. After 50 000 km trip the passengers of the spaceship see the Earth as a small ball The sun is behind Earth. The continents can still be seen. After 105 hours over 360 000 km is travelled. It is 10 000 km left to the landing spot on the Moon (the arrow). The rocket has reached the "force field" off the Moon.- The rockets squirts fire and brakes the moonship, It sinks down on the cratered plain with the long landing legs. - You'll have very slim chances of becoming the first on the Moon. It will be a scientist who'll make history. What will his instruments register? Traces of atmosphere? Primitive plants?

Space and sf was popular early in the Space Age. It got a special TV program April 13, 1959, "Among Bubbles in Space and People on the Moon":

Gunnar Oldin talks light-heartedly 8.20 pm about sf in film and shows and illustrates it with film clips. Above a scene from "The Moon Rocket"...

20.20 Among Bubbles in Space and People on the Moon. Gunnar Oldin talks about sf and film.

Gunnar Oldin har ju också ordet i sin makt, och även om övergången till nästa programpunkt snuddade vid det halsbrytande fanns man sig snart till rätta i hans lättkåserade kommentarer till science-fiction i filmupplaga. Hans speciella intresse för det filmhistoriska gav för all del en del tidiga trickfilmer med rätt klen anknytning till modern SF-art väl stort utrymme, men filmklippssamlingen var lagom brokig och rapt rullad.

Alla rymdmonster och framtidsvisioner till trots blev det nog ändå präktigt hemvävda Ria Wägner som gav största behållningen med sitt hemma-på-kvällen-program: hennes

These were the days with only one TV channel, so everyone saw it. The program was reviewed April 14 in Dagens Nyheter:

Gunnar Oldin also has the power of words, though the jump to next program was breathtaking you soon found yourself with his light-hearted comments to sf in film format. His special interest in film history resulted in some trick filming with rather weak connection to modern sf art given a little too much space, but it was suitably diverse and neatly shown. Despite all space monsters and visions of the future, it was the properly home-grown Ria Wägner who gave us most with her at-home-this-night program; her...

"Mars och Venus — jordens framtid och forntid" var titeln på ett intressant, i skämtsamt ton hållet kåseri av Conrad Lönnqvist i tisdagens radio-program. I den gamla frågan om förekomsten av människoliknande varelser på dessa våra grannplaneter citerade talaren skäl både för och emot. Mars beboelighet har länge ansetts ligga så nära till hands, att en rik fransk dam på sin tid donerade ett stort pris till den astronom, som först kunde komma i förbindelse med någon annan planet än Mars, och hennes landsman Camille Flammarion beskrev ingående, hur marsmänniskorna borde se ut. När för några år sedan en amerikansk radiostation tog sig för att söka låta höra hur en invasion i Amerika av marsmänniskor skulle gå till, togo hundratal åhörare den tydligen alltför lyckade utsändningen så allvarligt, att de blevo svårt sjuka. Somliga författare ha hävdad, att den tilltagande kölden på Mars gör livet där allt besvärligare, vilket kunde förmå dess invånare att söka flytta till jorden, medan andra skriftställare behåda att jordens människor till följd av ökad kyla här kuuna föranledas att fly till den varmare planeten Venus. Beträffande teorien att Venus med sin värme skulle motsvara jordens forntid och den kalla Mars dess framtid anförde talaren, att de tre systemplaneterna äro så olika, att de inte kunna tänkas genomgå en likartad utveckling. Moderna astronomer utdöma Venus såsom hemort för högre utvecklade varelser, och i fråga om marsinvånarnas existens föreslog den försiktige talaren att uppskjuta avgörandet till dess de presentera sig hos oss.

Space was however a topic even before TV came around, maybe because of the popular 1940's sf pulp Jules Verne Magasinet. Svenska Dagbladet reports 19 July, 1944, about the radio program "Mars and Venus - Earth's future and past:

...was the title was the title of an interesting program, held in a light-hearted tone, talk by Conrad Lönnqvist on Tuesday's radio, On the old question of possible human-like beings on these our two neighbouring planets he quoted arguments both for and against. Mars has so long been seen as habitable, that a rich French lady in her days donated a big award to the astronomer who first could establish communications with some other planet than Mars, and her compatriot Camille Flammarion in detail described what Martians should look like. When a few years ago an American radio station dared to try to work out how an invasion of Martians would take shape, hundreds of listeners took the successful broadcast so seriously they became ill. Some writers have claimed that the coldness of Mars makes life there difficult, which may make their inhabitants try to move to Earth, while other writers that Earth's people due to more cold should he reason to flee to Venus. Regarding the theory that Venus with its heat would equal Earth's past and cold Mars its future the speaker noted that the three sibling planets are so different that its unthinkable they have gone through a similar development. Modern astronomers rejects Venus as home for any advanced beings, and regarding Martians existence the careful speaker suggested we postpone the decision until they have presented themselves for us.



VAMPIRES ARE A REAL PAIN IN THE...NECK!

The step from our Solar system planets to Hungary plains maybe long, but this fanzine dares to take it... Sam J Lundwall is the Swedish sf guy who through the years have had most international contacts. That reached behind the Iron Curtain and to Hungary in 1978, as he persuaded the Hungarian sf magazine *Galaktika* to publish an issue with Swedish sf, as Dagens Nyheter notes March 6 1978, "Swedish SF in Hungary":

/Caption: Sam J places us on the Hungarian Plain/ In Hungary the only Swedish sf they've been able to read is Karin Boye's Kallocaín, if that counts, and a couple of novels by Sam J Lundwall, who constantly spreads his own work and the work of others around him, if it doesn't end up in anthologies. But now it is better with the publishing of Swedish sf in Hungary, after the country's prominent sf magazine Galaktika, published once a month in a print run of 45 000 copies, done an issue with only Swedish sf. There are longer and shorter pieces by Lon Blomberg /Ed: Strange - don't know that name!/, Bo Stenfors, Kjell Borgström, Déns Lindbohm, Pär Rådström, Sten Andersson, Sten Svensson, Sven Torstensson /Ed: Last two are obscure names, but I think they are old Häpna! writers/ and Lundwall himself, who also contributes an essay about Swedish sf literature. Cover and a number of illustrations by /Hans/ Arnold.

Sam J was quite a lot into publishing sf from other countries, especially Eastern Europe and Russia. For my part, I tended to see the stories from there as rather boring. The stories from the US - Asimov! Heinlein! - and the UK - Ah! Those British "cosy disasters"! - were usually better. The reason is that there was a very competitive magazine and publishing market, so the writers really had to be sharp and go through a purgatory. When literature is decided by the government it becomes dull.

Déns Lindbohm, a fine writer represented in the Hungarian magazine,

was one of the organisers behind the small sf con Malcon II, from which Göteborgs-Posten reported May 30, 1965, "SF Literature Discussed on Malmö Convention":

The Swedish sf fantasts - all in all about 25 - from Norrland, Stockholm, Gothenburg and Scania are having a convention during Pentecost in Malmö. Also sf fans from Denmark and Norway have followed the call to the Malmö meeting, which covers lectures and discussions. During Pentecost Day an a m lecture was held about how to judge literature and after noon the subject "SF - Fleeing Reality?" was debated. It was introduced by M Tech ("Master of Technology" degree, sort of/ Eskil Block. In the following debate MT Block said he preferred the sort of literature which is useful for society's functions. The day after Pentecost the internal work will be debated and scrutinised before they turn to the auction of sf literature, traditional for sf conventions.

Pentecost is a free holiday in Sweden, and thus a good time for sf cons. Just 25 attendees (1960's cons tended to be small) but still some from Denmark and Norway. Note how the report is written as if made during the convention. I guess someone connected to Göteborgs-Tidningen was there and reported. Was it perhaps Roland Adlerberth, their sf reviewer? But the text is unsigned.

And a short piece about "amateur magazines", the year before the first Swedish fanzine (*Vår Rymd*,

1952, see earlier *Intermissions*), a letter to the editor in Aftonbladet, April 19, 1951, "Answer to 'Amateur Magazine Interested'":

Through the undersigned, who together with a friend publishes an amateur magazine by the name Monthly Revue, copies of this magazine can be obtained.

Svensk sf i Ungern



Sam J — skrev in oss på pusan.

Av svensk sciencefiction, om vi nu får räkna Karin Boye till den genren, har man i Ungern hittills bara kunnat läsa Boyes "Kallocaín" samt ett par romaner av Sam J Lundwall, som ständigt skvätter egna och andras verk omkring sig när det inte blir antologier.

Nu är det emellertid bättre hyfs på utbudet av svensk sf i Ungern sedan landets ansedda sf-tidskrift Galaktika, som utkommer en gång i månaden med en upplaga på 45 000 ex, har publicerat ett temanummer med enbart svenska bidrag.

Där finns längre och kortare texter av Con Blomberg, Bo Stenfors, Kjell Borgström, Déns Lindbohm, Pär Rådström, Sten Andersson, Sten Svensson, Sven Torstensson och Lundwall själv, som även bidrar med en essä över ämnet svensk sciencefictionlitteratur.

Omslag och flera illustrationer av Arnold.

Sf-litteraturen diskuteras på malmökongress

Malmö (TT): De svenska science-fiction-fantasterna — sammanlagt ett 25-tal — från Norrland, Stockholm, Göteborg och Skåne kongressar under pingsthelgen i Malmö. Även science-fiction-fans från Danmark och Norge har hörsammat kallelsen till malmömötet som företrädesvis omfattar föredrag och diskussioner.

Under pingstdagen hölls på förmiddagen anföranden om bedömningsgrunder för litteratur och på eftermiddagen debatterades »Science-fiction — verklighetsflykt?». Inledare var tekn. lic. Eskil Block. I den efterföljande debatten menade lic. Block att han mera föredrog ett intresse som riktades mot den litteratur som är nyttig som samhällsfunktion.

Under annandagen blir företrädesvis den interna verksamheten föremål för debatt och granskning innan man går över till den för science-fictionkongressen sedvanliga auktionen på s. k. SF-litteratur.

Svar till "Amatörtidningsintresserad"

Genom undertecknad, som tillsammans med en kamrat utger en amatörtidning vid namn Månads-Revy, kan exemplar av denna tidning erhållas.

Claes Lundin
Vanadisvägen 22 A, Stockholm Va
Tel. 33 74 60

I didn't find the original letter that he answered, and I wonder what his amateur magazine was like. What happened to Monthly Revue and Mr Lundin?

This far we've considered Cosmos News #1 from spring 1954 (eds Gabriel Setterborg and Lars-Erik Helin) as Swedish fandom's second fanzine, after *Vår Rymd*, but we now stumble upon a possible new second-fanzine candidate. The post-war years was a time for emerging amateur "small press" as optimism returned, people earned more, paper rationing stopped, and so on. We read in Expressen, July 23, 1953, "If You can Stencil You Can Also Write Poetry":

Kan ni stencilera så kan ni dikta!

□ ANTLIGEN har alltså alla opublikerade författares dröm gått i uppfyllelse: det har kommit en tidskrift till vilken man aldrig ska behöva vända sig förgäves. Per Lindström, som är huvudpappa för det nya, stencilerade litteraturbladet *Pan*, lovar nämligen i sin publikations nyttkomna andra nummer (0:75) att var och en som skickar in en någorlunda läslig, maskinskriven stencil ska få sitt bidrag publicerat. Hur många redaktörer sa hrmpp inför det löftet?

Pan vill vara ett forum för De Nya Romantikerna, med stora bokstäver, men inte desto mindre är det som heter *Pan* egentligen bara den "nyklassicistiska" delen av tidningen; den "mera nationellt romantisk-lyriska" heter *Pandora* och kommer i nästa nummer att få sin prägning av redaktörens lapplandssemester. Både *Pan* och *Pandora* vill emellertid ha manuskript; *Pandora* söker särskilt, "med ljus och lykt", efter kvinnliga bidrag.

□ I VÄNTAN på post har de fyra redaktionsmedlemmarna — som ibland, skändligen förgäldande *Pandora*, kallar sin tidskrift för "han" — gjort hela andra numret själva. "Rikta kanonerna hitåt" skriver en av dem till kritikerna — och egentligen borde man vara hjärtlös nog att lyda honom. Men tills vidare får man väl hoppas på posten som kanske kommer.

streaks of stupidity and being lost, but he was happily unaware of it. Just as other children he went to school and learned how to write - and he wrote. He wasn't particularly good, not in maths or language but thanks to that they in his school didn't study logic and other curiosities he just about managed to make the classes. After school he was caught by the urge to write, and by reading sf /NOTE! he met a lot of strange words he'd have great use of in his writing. /How this Per became publisher, here compared to sawing wood with a machine! / Literary critics who often are kinder people than some tales want to admit, read Per's little book and wrote about it as well as their conscience would allow. But Per wasn't satisfied with the critics - no one had said he was a genius. Perhaps not even discovered it! Well, then you'd better make a comeback. Per had heard about the road to honour and power

At last the dream can come true for unpublished writers: there's a new magazine to which you shall never have to turn in vain. Per Lindström /a name connected to sf, but more on that later! is main dad for the new, stencilled literature sheet *Pan*, and promises in the first issue of his publication (0:75 /ca 15 '53 cents/) that each who sends in a reasonably readable, typed stencil will have it published. How many editors have said hrmpp to that promise? *Pan* wants to be a forum for The New Romantics, with capitals, but nonetheless what's called *Pan* is really the "new classics" part of the magazine; the "more national-romantic lyrical" called *Pandora* comes in the next issue and will deal with the editors vacation in Lapland. Both *Pan* and *Pandora* wants manuscripts, *Pandora* especially looks for women contributions.

This lead to a very strange article the next day in tabloid competitor Aftonbladet, 25 July 1953, "CHILDISH" /sic!:

Once upon a time there was a lad with a strong urge to make himself known, and as he imagined he had the answer to most questions people for very long times had asked themselves again and again. Sure, he sometimes showed

BARNSLIGT

Det var en gång en gosse, som hade ett starkt behov av att hävda sig, och som inbillade sig att han visste svaren på de flesta av de frågor, som människor i långa tider grubblat sig djupa över. Visserligen rörde han ibland tydliga drag av enfald och bortkommenhet, men det förblev han lyckligen okunnig om. Som andra barn gick han i skola och lärde sig skriva — och han skrev. Särskilt duktig var han inte, vare

hört talas om vägen till ära och makt. — Han startade den stencilerade litteraturtidskriften *Pan*. För att visa sin originalitet ville han presentera ett litterärt program. Men skall man komma med något nytt så skall man, tänkte Per, och så annonserade han att *Pan* — skulle representera både nyromantiken och nyklassicismen. De där orden hade visserligen tidigare haft åtminstone något avgränsade betydelser, men Pers enfald befriade honom från att fatta något av dem, och han kunde frejdigt gå vidare. Självt skrev han i första numret en förtjusande historia, som han kallade *Ren litteratur*. — Per är snäll och Per är fördringsfull, och för att ingen av tidskriftens flotsläsare skulle råka ut för missförstånd, så skrev han en liten extra bit och berättade att "Den rena litteratur, som jag (Per Lindström) där påder för, är nämligen mera ett ideal, mot vilken all litteratur (hittills omedvetet) strävar, än en ny riktning.

Av Axel Liffner

sig i räkning eller språkliga, men tack vare att man i hans skola inte studerade logik och andra märkvärdigheter klarade han sig hjälpligt igenom klasserna. Efter skolan fängslades han allt mer av skrivlusten, och genom att läsa science-fiction träffade han på en massa främmande ord, som han hade stor glädje av vid sitt eget skrivande. En dag staplade han ett fång orädbor på armen och gick i väg till en farbror som hade vedhandel. Efter en del förmaningar fick han låna maskinsågen, och snart yrde sågspånen trivsamt i det lilla skjuvet. En försvarlig ordhög samlades på golvet. — Nu blir jag poet, sa lille Per. Och eftersom han kunde vara både driftig och beräknande när det gällde hans eget, såg han till att han blev sin egen förläggare. Litteraturkritikerna, som oftast är snällare människor, än vad en del berättelser vill göra dem till, läste Pers lilla bok, och skrev om den så gott som deras samveten tillstämde. Men Per var missbelåten med kritikerna — ingen hade talat om att han var ett geni. Kanske hade ingen ens upptäckt det! Nå, så gällde det då att ta nya tag. Och Per hade

det och nästan alla människor var glada och snälla, också litteraturkritikerna. Därför lade de undan häftet och beslöt sig för att ingenting säga. Men Per lät sig inte nedslås av en meningsfull tystnad. Han stencilerade och stencilade — och skickade ut ett nytt nummer av sin tidskrift. Där bad han, med stora bokstäver, alla Kära Kritiker om uppmärksamhet, ty han visste att utan reklam skulle han vara förlorad. Han kom dock inte bönande med tomma händer, utan erbjöd faktiskt en sensation: ingen som skickade *Pan* en någorlunda läslig maskinskriven stencil skulle behöva vara rädd att bli refuserad. Se, det var ett förtroende och en välvilja som ingen redaktör eller pappersleverantör fört vågat uttala. Per fick sin tekniska anvisningar för utskrivning av stencil allt vad de förmådde. Därefter skickade de sina bidrag till *Pan*, Frejgatan 85, Stockholm. Och har inte Per drunknat i stenciler, så lever han väl än i dag.

SOMEHOW SON, THIS FANZINE WILL BE YOURS

- he started the mimeographed literary magazine *Pan*. To show originality he wanted to present a literary program. But if you are to bring forth something new you should, Per thought, so he announced that *Pan* - would represent both new romantics and new classicism. Those words had earlier meant somewhat limited things, but the stupidity of Per liberated him from understanding any of it, and he could cheerfully truck on. In the first issue he wrote a charming little story he called *Pure Literature* - Per is kind and demanding, and so that no one of the magazine's tens of readers would misunderstand anything he wrote a little extra piece and said that "The pure literature that I (Per Lindström) promote is more of an ideal, against which all literature (unintentionally this far) strive, than a new direction". Per had many heaps of words laying around at home of no use - and his magazine was so original that it suffered a lack of contributors. Thus it happened eg that *Pan*'s first issue showed several funny pieces by no other than the magazine's owner. But there were also other funny stuff there. Someone probably old enough to be called uncle, but very childish - his name was BTW Willy, but was called Buzzi, because he was so harmless - had written a poem. The strange thing with it is that it was claimed to be "written in quiet agreement with Stagnelius" /well-known poet/ Since it's impossible to verify, you may think what you want about that claim. When the first issue of *Pan* was published the country experienced a heat wave and almost everyone was happy and kind, also literary critics. So they put the pamphlet aside and decided to say nothing. But Per wouldn't be put down by meaningful silence. He stencilled and stencilled and mailed a new issue of his magazine. There he asked, in capitals, all Dear Critics to pay attention, because he knew that without PR he'd be lost. But he didn't come begging with empty hands, but in fact offered a sensation: no one sending *Pan* a reasonably readable stencil would have to be afraid of a rejection. Look, that's confidence and benevolence no editor or paper deliverer has dared to show before. Per's wish was granted and he was mentioned in the press. And people of all shades bought mimeograph paper for 80 öre /0.8 Crown/ and wrote according to Per's technical instruction for typing a stencil for all they were worth. After that they sent their contributions to *Pan*, Frejgatan 8, Stockholm. And if Per hasn't drowned in stencils he's probably still alive.

Now, either this is the meanest review ever of the efforts of a young boy, or Mr Liffner was a friend of Per Lindström and it all was a subtle way to give him PR. Note how the young editor's interest in sf and a new sort of literature is mentioned. One certainly gets the impression that *Pan* very well could be counted as a fanzine! I can't say anything for sure yet, because I haven't seen an issue - but more will turn up!

And young editor Lindström did got more press coverage, like getting a letter published in *Aftonbladet*, August 13, 1953, "*Pan and Young Writers*":

We are a few young writers in Stockholm who have come together to produce a stencilled literary magazine we call Pan. On the second issue we launched an idea and promised that each who sent us a reasonable well-typed stencil would be published. Many found the idea funny, mainly the reviewers who treated it with a respect in reverse proportion to their appreciation of the magazine, Jokingly eg Axel Liffner thought we'd drown in stencils...an attempt to snare "natural writers" instead of "natural singers", Nothing could be further from truth. The idea is the opposite, which the the reviewer probably understood but not "Angry Norrlander" /referring to a letter to the editor, this is an answer to, but I don't have it/, typically exclusive though we cheerfully wanted to pretend the opposite. Who wants to be spread to a demanding audience with nagging reviewers in a print run of just a few hundred copies ? In truth only the one who really has cultural and literary ambitions. Per Lindström, Frejgatan 85, Stockholm. Are pleased to receive stencils but also other well-written contributions.

He had his hands in the ballot boxes. Too bad for him that the hands were TOO SMALL...

Pan och unga författare

Vi är några stycken unga författare i Stockholm som har slagit oss ihop och tillverkar en stencilerad litterär tidskrift vi kallar *Pan*. I andra numret framförde vi en idé, och lovade att var och en som skickade oss en någorlunda väl maskinskriven stencil skulle bli publicerad. Många fann idén lustig, främst recensenterna som behandlade den med en högaktning som stod i omvänd proportion till deras uppskattning av tidskriften. Skämtsamt låtsades således Axel Liffner tro att vi skulle drunkna i stenciler. En insändarskribent i dessa spalter som läst Liffners recension i AB (24/7) men tydligen inte *Pan*, fick därav den uppfattningen att det rörde sig om något slags litterär Snoddaskarusell med lanserande av förmågor ur folkdjupet. Ett försök således att bondfånga "naturskribenter" i st. f. natursångare. Inget kunde vara oss mer främmande. Idén är tvärtom, det förstod nog recensenterna - men inte "Förargad norrlänning", typiskt exklusiv fast vi skämtsamt velat låtsas motsatsen. För vem vill i en upplaga om endast några hundra ex. spridas till en kräsen publik med spefulla kritiker i spetsen? Sannerligen endast den som verkligen har kulturella och litterära ambitioner.

Per Lindström Frejgat. 85
Stockholm

Mottar gärna stenciler men även andra välskrivna bidrag.

And just four days later a piece in Svenska Dagbladet, August 17, 1953 "Pan";

...is the latest contribution to the flora of young-literary magazines that have grown in the meadows of duplicating machines; it's published in Stockholm and the editors in their introduction expresses their adamant conviction about the magazine being suitable as focal point for new romantics as well as a body for debate. The two issues that have surfaced this far do however not give much hope for the latter point - unless there may be a debate about the poet Willy Buzzis right to pull in the defenceless Stagnelius in the comments to one

Pan

heter det senaste bidraget till den flora av unglitterära tidskrifter som växt upp i dupliceringsmaskinernas hägn; utgivningsorten är Stockholm, och redaktionen uttrycker i en introduktion sin orubbliga övertygelse om tidskriftens lämplighet både som nyromantisk tummelplats och som allmänt debattorgan. De två nummer som flutit upp hittills ger emellertid på den senare punkten inte anledning till så svindlande förhoppningar — försåvitt det inte kan uppstå debatt om skalden Willy Buzzis behörighet att dra in den försvarslöse Stagnelius i kommentaren till en av sina dikter. Klarast besked ger Pan onekligen om den av redaktören vitsordade svårigheten att få bidragsgivare. Redan till nästa nummer ställs dock en förbättring härvidlag i utsikt. Med ett för svensk publicistik epokgörande grepp garanteras nämligen var och en som insänder en acceptabel stencil av en egenhändigt författad dikt eller novell, att alstret i fråga kommer att införas. Perspektivet förefaller ohyggligt, men alla omdömen om vart denna desperata redaktionsgest kan leda får givetvis anstå tills dess funktionsduglighet blivit bevisad.

of his poems. Pan's message about the difficulty to get contributors is the clearest one. Already to next issue gives reasons to see this situation becoming better. With an epoch-making turn for Swedish publicism each one sending in a acceptable stencil with a short story or poem they've written is guaranteed to be included. The perspective this gives is terrible, but all judgement of what this desperate editorial policy may lead to will have to wait until its functionality has been proved.

Editor-in-chief Per Lindström was somewhat of a genius, getting four articles in a short time, in some of the country's biggest newspapers! And there was even more next year, as in Expressen September 6, 1954:

JOHAN HENRIK KELLGREN /famous 18th century poet/ is among the contributors in New Pan, with material that otherwise seems to be by a smaller circle of writing-lustful youngsters. One of them suggests literary inventions "like plots, striking word combinations, atmospheric descriptions, environmental descriptions, character backgrounds" and other things like that would be common ground, which for the guild of authorship should be made systematic and published. Per Lindström,

the name behind the suggestion, is obviously of the opinion that richness is better endured if it is shared by all. That's not a bad credo for a new literary movement. Socialise literature, demand back taxes from the classics and wealth tax from the talented writers.

Pan was published for at least one year, in fact the Royal Library Libris catalogue says it was published until 1954, so the library seems to have the magazine. (I must check it next time, when they'll allow visits again after the virological hustle.) That's the only info Google had about Pan.

However, there's more about Per Lindström! An important reason one can connect Pan to science fiction is that the editor Lindström just three years later is described as a Swedish sf author, unfortunately dead by then, in Aftonbladet July 18 1957, "Swedish SF Authors" (where also the word "fanzine" is first mentioned in Swedish press - thus preceding a previous find from 1964, mentioned before in Intermission):

Quite a lot of sf is written in Sweden, much more than critics and book readers generally has an idea about. This is because except the genre's exclusive stance with stories usually to be found in so called fanzines, ie dittographed or stencilled club magazines only spread within the internal sf movement in Sweden. The majority of these stories are amateur attempts with a distinct puerile tone, but there are a few Swedish sf authors who have had stories published in misc official magazines (especially in the monthly magazine Håpna) and seem to have good possibilities to take up the fight with the Americans. Some of them will be presented here in brief. /Sture Lönnerstrand, covered before here is described. Bonnier novel prize winner with/ The Space Dog, poet, born in 1919, sf pioneer, influenced by US sf, not very original, but entertaining. Denis Lindbohm is more original, Fredric Brown influenced, around 30 years old, his "Seed of the Night" published in Håpna is equal with if not the best but the second best US writers. Per Lindström who died last year /NOTE!!/ publisher of the magazine Pan and author of the poetry collection "On an Alien Planet", was lively engaged in sf writing. In a In Memoriam article George Sjöberg /first editor of the fanzine SF Forum/ wrote that for Lindström the ideas were more important than to preach the form, which was of second importance. That is correct, but it should

□ JOHAN HENRIK Kellgren hör till medarbetarna i Nya Pan, vars material annars tycks lämnas av en trängre krets skrivlystna ungdomar. En av dem föreslår att litterära uppfinningar "såsom intriger, slående ordsammanställningar, stämningsbilder, miljöbeskrivningar, personbeskrivningar" och andra dylik ting skulle vara allmän egendom, som till författarskråets hjälp borde systematiseras och publiceras.

Per Lindström, så hette förlagsställaren, är tydligen av den åsikten att rikedomens fördel bättra då den delas av alla. Det är ingen dålig paroll för ett nytt litterärt parti. Socialisera litteraturen, kräv kvarlåtensskatt av klassikerna och förmögenhetsskatt av de begåvade författarna.

Svenska science fiction-författare

Det skriva en hel del science fiction i Sverige, betydligt mer än litteraturkritiker och bokslukare i allmänhet har en aning om. Detta beror förutom på generens exklusiva karaktär på att författarna noveller vanligtvis återfinns i de s.k. fanzinen, dvs. spridduplicerade eller stencilerade klubbbladningar, som endast sprida inom den interna sf-rörelsen i Sverige. Majoriteten av dessa noveller är amatörmässiga försök med en utpräglat pueril grundton, men det finns några svenska sf-författare som fått noveller publicerade i diverse officiella tidskrifter (i synnerhet i månadsbladet *Häpna*) och som förefaller ha goda förutsättningar att ta upp kampen med de amerikanska. Några av dem skall i kortfattat introduceras här.

Sture Lönnerstrand är otvivelaktigt den mest kända svenska sf-författaren utan att för den skull vara den bästa. Bonnier gav honom uttryck ut hans roman "Rymdhunden" och förutom en rad artikelskrifter om parapsykologi o.d. har han skrivit den 1951 publicerade diktsamlingen "Den upphöriga (incestrala) blodsymfonien", som avsett tillhör 50-talets mer betydande. Lönnerstrand är född 1919 i Jönköping, studerade efter avlagd studentexamen några år i Lund och blev sedan fers lance. Med all respekt för hans lyrisk måste man beteckna hans sf-författarskap som alltför influerat av amerikanska författare för att mera högtligt kunna engagera en sf-läsare. Något egentligt självständigt verk har Lönnerstrand hittills inte kommit med, men det bör betonas att han är en pionjär inom svensk sf och inte enbart bör skiljas ut som plagiatör. Nästan allt han skrivit är om inte originellt så i varje fall läsvärt och underhållande.

Betydligt originellare är då Malmö-författaren Denis Lindbohm vars egenartade, något Fredric Brown-påverkade novellkonst utgör det mest intressanta inom svensk sf. Lindbohm är i 30-årsåldern och tillhör det

"Nattens rådd" som publicerades i *Häpna* — står han i paritet med om inte de bästa så i varje fall med de nyligt bästa amerikanska sf-författarna, och den dag Lindbohm förmår koncentrera sig på att skriva en bok som är förtärlig alltigenom kommer han med all säkerhet att kunna konkurrera med de bästa.

Den i fjol avlidne Per Lindström, utgivare av tidskriften *Pan* och författare till diktsamlingen "På en främmande planet", var livligt engagerad i sf-författarskap. I en minnesartikel skrev George Sjöberg att för Lindström var förkunnelelsen av litteraturens det viktigaste och förkunnelelsen form en biakt. Det är riktigt, men det bör påpekas att när Lindström verkligen gav sig tid att skriva skönlitterär af kunde han skapa ett sådant mästerverk som novellen "Livet går vidare". Lindström var endast 29 år gammal då han rycktes bort i en kraftslutning, och att säga att han hade mycket gjort — inte minst på sf-fältet — är en trulism.

Bland de yngre författarna finns det skäl att nämna Jack Ramström, Bo Stenfors och Carl Olof Eisner, den senare fast anställd filmrecensent i *Häpna* och mig vederligt den enda i Sverige som har fackkunskapskaperna och förmågan att bedöma af-film. Hans skönlitterära författarskap har hittills blott avsett frukt i klubbbladningar, men han har där visat en så god stilbegåvning och flödande fantasi att det inte borde dröja länge förrän han återkommer i andra sammanhang.

Självfallet har det här inte funnits plats att nämna alla de svenska författare som mer eller mindre sysslar med sf (Marlinson är alltför grandios för att här mer än omnämnas) men jag har ur den rikhaltiga floran plockat fram de namn jag funnit mest intressanta. Att en rad yngre författare kommer att kunna sig förbigångna på jag på förhand.

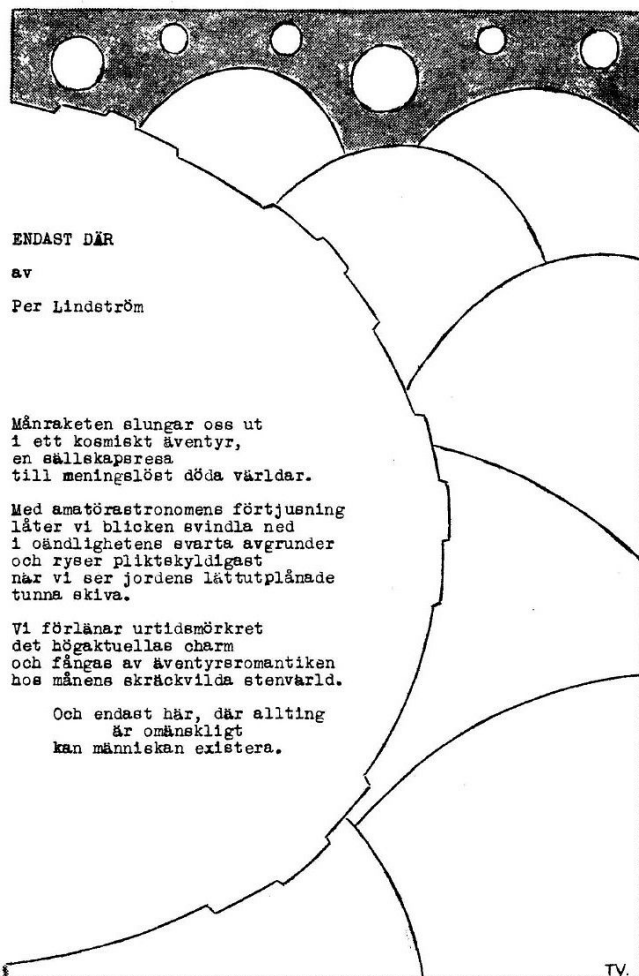
be pointed out that when Lindström really took the time to write literary sf he could create such masterpieces as the short story "Life Goes On". Lindström was only 29 years old when he was taken from us by cancer, and to say he had much left to do - not least in the sf field - is a truism. /The mentioned story was in *Häpna*! #7-8, 1956, his only pro-published yarn. The article then mentions younger writers Jack Ramström, Bo Stenfors and Carl-Olof Eisner, the last one also film reviewer for *Häpna*! and gets especial praise. In reality Eisner soon disappeared. /

Per Lindström wrote sf stories but died of cancer much too early! His interest in the sf genre is also mentioned in connection to his mimeographed amateur magazine *Pan*. I'd be surprised if this publication didn't have some skiffy stuff in it, especially as the year it came in 1953, was when skiffy became a big buzz in Swedish press, with genre name competitions and articles, described in earlier *Intermissions*. Lindström also published a poetry collection, *På en främmande planet* (1952, "On an Alien Planet"), a title indicating an sf fan. It seems likely *Pan* should be recognised as the second Swedish fanzine. After publishing it, he found out about other fanzines, for which he wrote both stories and poems. From Ingvar Svensson's 1960's *Skandifandom* (scanned by Tomas Cronholm and available here <https://bugeyedmonsters.wordpress.com/fandom/>):

LINDSTRÖM, Per, f. 1926, d. 1956. Författare och litteratör. Utgav en stencilerad litterär tidskrift Pan. Skrev artiklar i dagspressen.

...b 1926, d 1956 writer and literature worker. Published stencilled literary magazine Pan. Wrote in daily press.

Found one of his fanzine poems, titled "Only There", with help



from Jörgen Jörälv - author of an excellent JVM bibliography BTW! - which reads in quick translation (Swedish original to the right):

*The moon rocket hurls us out
in a cosmic adventure,
a tourist trip
to meaningless dead worlds.*

*With the delight of the amateur astronomers
we let our gaze dazzle down
in the black voids of eternity
and feel our forced shudders
when we see Earth's easily destroyed
thin disc.*

*We give ancient darkness
the charm of the current
and caught by the romance of adventure
from the Moon's terror-wild stone world*

*And only here, where everything is unhuman,
can humans exist.*

ENDAST DÄR
av
Per Lindström

Månraketen slungar oss ut
i ett kosmiskt äventyr,
en sällskapsresa
till meningslöst döda världar.

Med amatörastronomens förtjusning
låter vi blicken svindla ned
i oändlighetens svarta avgrunder
och ryser pliktskyldigast
när vi ser jordens lättutplånade
tunna skiva.

Vi förlämnar urtidsmörkret
det högaktuella charm
och fångas av äventyrsromantiken
hos månens skräckvilda stenvärld.

Och endast här, där allting
är omänskligt
kan människan existera.

Allegorische Bildzeitung är en alldeles svensk stenciltidskrift, prydligt illustrerad, som utges med omkring fem nummer om året för 18 kr från Döbelnsgatan 1, Kristianstad. Drivande kraft är Pontus Tunander som tecknar, skriver dikter, sciencefiction och homerisk hexameter ("Jag satt på ett sjabbigt kafé av den folkägda sorten").

I utkanten förekommer namn som Sven Alfons och Olof Lagercrantz, men i övrigt rör det sig om mer eller mindre avancerade allegoriska övningar och en del frihjulssäkning på rena skrivglädjen och härmningslusten.

De litterära tidskrifterna är numera få, de litterära gymnasie- och studentföreningarna har nästan tynat bort. I stället utges från egna och andras små förlag en ström av diktsamlingar, och Sverige har väl inte sett maken till en sådan produktion sedan signaturpoeternas tid för hundra år sen. Kvaliteten är heller inte högre.

Det är då upplivande att bläddra i de talrika numren av en stencil-tidskrift som fungerar som en opretentiös, lekfull förskola. Till vad? Det får framtiden visa.

Sadly, Google won't give me more info about him as both "Per" and "Lindström" are quite common names. Per Lindström anyway comes through as a very industrious young man and might have reached great heights had he lived.

From finding an unknown fanzine and underappreciated fan in history, to an unknown fanzine - eg not in rune forsgren's 1954-77 zine bibliography - from your own time! Dagens Nyheter writes December 2, 1976 (at a time I had entered fandom):

Allegorische Bildzeitung is a very Swedish mimeograph magazine, neatly illustrated, published with 5 issues/year for 18 Crowns from 1 Döbeln's Str, Kristianstad. The force behind is Pontus Tunander who draws, writes poems and sf, and Homeric hexameter ("I sat on a shabby cafe of the people-owned sort"). In the margin are names like Sven Alfons and Olof Lagercrantz, but otherwise it's about more or less advanced allegorical attempts and some free-wheeling from pure joy of writing and mimicking. The literary magazines are few these days, the literary high school and student associations are almost gone. Instead we see from self-publishing and small press a stream of poetry collections, and Sweden has not seen the equal to such a production since the time of the signature poets a hundred years ago. The quality isn't higher either. Then it is encouraging to leaf through the numerous issues of a stencilled magazine what works like an unpretentious, playful kindergarten. For what? The future will tell.



Pontus Tunander.

For some reason, the exact same text was repeated in the paper January 21, 1977. Maybe they had a gap on the page and threw in something recent just to fill it. I was around at this time and I dare say I have a good grasp of the 1970's fanzines - but I haven't heard of this one before. And it was obviously published for some time, with several issues - the reviewer talks about "numerous issues". The editor Pontus Tunander has also remained unknown for me. AFAIK there is no sf club in his hometown of Kristianstad, which may explain the lack of fannish contacts. But Google does help with info about the person - age, geography and interests indicates it's

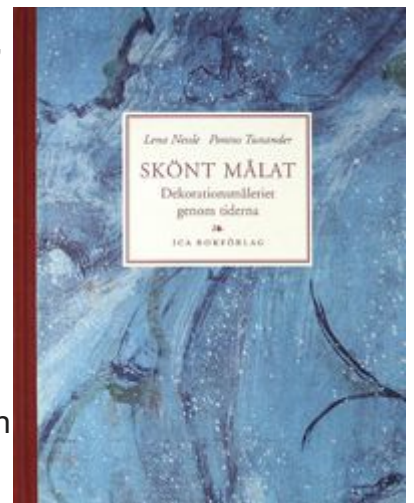
https://sv.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pontus_Tunander (1957-2011), painter,

conservator and non-fic writer of books on eg restoring paintings. Here's

an obituary calling him a "Remarkable Renaissance Man":

<https://www.sydsvenskan.se/2011-12-11/en-forunderlig-renassansmanniska>

(Both in Swedish. Try Google Translate.) The only



Beautifully Painted: Decoration Painting Through the Ages", book by fanned Pontus Tunander and fan-mother Lena Nessel.

fannish connection is that Mr Tunander wrote one book together with Lena

Nessel, mother of the famous fan David Nessel.

Speaking of fans writing, translation has been a mainstay of Swedish fen who have wanted to earn an extra

Träsnitten får liv. Takeo och Kaede kämpar för kärleken i fantasykrönikan om Otoriklanen i det medeltida Japan.

RECENSION BÖCKER

Lian Hearn

På kudde av gräs

Övers: Anders Bellis

Bonnier Carlsen

Sagan om Otoriklanen är en passionerad och kraftfull fantasykrönika om kärlek och död, barmhärtighet och ondska, makt och vanmakt. Den försiggår i ett medeltida Japan, i ett landskap som liknar västra Honshu. Krönikans första del, "Över näktergalens golv", gavs ut i fjol, "På kudde av gräs" har följt i år, "Under lysande måne" ges ut 2004. Utformningen av böckerna är

ovanligt vacker. I "På kudde av gräs" finns en personförteckning, överskådlig och mycket nödvändig.

"Över näktergalens golv" är översatt av Carla Wiberg, "På kudde av gräs" av Anders Bellis. Carla Wibergs tolkning är den bättre. Anders Bellis gör syftningsfel, och han använder alltför gärna engelska ord som konsolidera, incident, restaurera - ord som förvisso är gångbara i vardagssvenskan. Men i en berättelse av detta slag, där handlingens ovevklighet och historiskt belagda gruvligheter bryts mot och bärs fram av språklig skönhet, är de klumpiga.

Hjälten, som berättar sin historia i jagform, är vid berättelsens början cirka sjutton år. Föräldralös och hemlös sedan hans by skövlats, räddas och adopteras han av herr Otori Shigeru. Han får namnet Otori Takeo. Först längre fram får han reda på att han i själva verket stammar från Otoriklanen. Hans blodsarv är trefaldigt och motstridigt. Hans mor hörde till en religiös sekt som på grund av sin envisa fridsamhet förföljdes, "de gömda" kallas den. Hans far föddes inom en vittförgrenad maffia kallad Släktet. Dess medlemmar besitter underliga gåvor. De kan "svepa sig i osyn-

Crown. Scores of them have translated sf, fantasy, crime, non-fic, TV shows, and much more (me too, a lot of sf short stories, a novel, but most of all hundreds of computer articles and manuals). But sometimes it doesn't go so well, as we see in this book review, especially noting the translation by a famous fan (or infamous, if votes would count correctly): *"Woodcuts get life - Takeo and Kaede fights for love in the fantasy chronicle about Otori clan in medieval Japan"*, Dagens Nyheter 1 dec, 2003:

...Liam Hearn, On a Pillow of Grass...On a Pillow of Grass is translated by ...who/ misdirects expressions, and he's too keen to use English words like consolidate, incident, restore /ie the Swedish words that are "too close" to the English/ though they may be used in colloquial Swedish. But in a tale of this type, where the plot's relentlessness and historically documented cruelty contrasts too and is carried by linguistic beauty, here they are clumsy.

It's rare for reviewers to mention the quality of a translation (though fan Erik Andersson was praised for his treatment of JRR Tolkien and James Joyce) so this must have been a really sloppy piece of work. One of the points is "anglicisms", ie using English idioms and words that don't really fit in Swedish. Translations is something many English speakers seldom think about, because as their language has the leading status in the world most things are served to them in their own lingo.

Not that I complain! Far from it! English is a fine tongue. I'd rather have English than Chinese. And all us forced to learn an extra language get extra linguistic skills for free - and I'm sure higher IQ too! But translating can be tricky. There are many traps and subtle structural problems. Prepositions, idioms, compound word or not. Swedish tend to suck in not only English words but also English way of thinking, which is then clumsily used in Swedish (as noted in the review above). One example of many, which has always annoyed me: karaktär. The similar English word "character" means a person in a book or film, but Swedish "karaktär" means traits or characteristics, as in "Han har god karaktär" (which is the second English meaning, "He is of good character"). Until some years ago you'd never

write that a book's "karaktär" did this or that, but now every low-life half-wit uses "karaktär" as it'd mean "a person in a story". The traditional, correct Swedish expression is "huvudperson" ("main character", it applicable) or even "hjälte" ("hero"). I suspect it was those damn' roleplayers who began using "karaktär" the wrong way, since the English "character" was everywhere in their original English Dungeons & Dragons manuals.

BTW, I must point out, my English translations here in *Intermission* are very fast ones! There may be errors or approximations, questionable phrasings, etc. I won't pretend the hasty translations are perfect. You do fanzines unpaid, in your spare time, so you have to accept that not every word shines with crystal clarity. And to this come straight typos, where fingers have slipped on the keys unintentionally. I warn against them in every colophon...

1953 was the year "science fiction" became a buzzword in Swedish press. But not everyone was happy. One Bengt Grafström wrote in Expressen, 18 July 1953, "Scientific Fantasies":

...or sf as the Anglosaxon original name is, becomes introduced on the Swedish book market by Eklunds förlag. Two volumes are here. You must be Superman or The Phantom and socialise in circles where people lift themselves by the bootstraps or easily perform other acts against the natural laws to enjoy this entertainment. Not even in the dawn of the atomic age could anyone who is sane refrain from rubbing their eyes facing such things like giant plants on the way to conquer Earth and destroy all human life. The scientific basis should be mentioned in small letters. With the pretentious label (from a sloppy and direct translation of a term) removed the reader may more easily to appreciate the chills that undoubtedly now and then creeps up your back. And there's also the fact

"Vetenskapliga fantasier"

eller science fiction som den anglosaxiska ursprungsbenämningen lyder, introduceras på den svenska bokmarknaden av Eklunds förlag. Två volymer föreligger, och det är tydligen bara början.

Man ska nog vara en Stålman eller Fantom med umgängesvana från kretsar där folk lyfter sig själva i håret och lätt utför andra mot naturlagarna stridande handlingar för att kunna njuta denna underhållning. Inte ens i atomålderns gryning underlåter den säsade att gnugga ögonen inför sådana produkter som jätteväxter på väg att erövra jorden och utplåna allt mänskligt liv.

Det vetenskapliga underlaget bör man nämna med små bokstäver. Med den pretentiösa etiketten (följden av en slentrianmässig och direkt översättning av en term) avlägsnad har läsaren lättare att uppskatta de kalla kärar som onekligen då och då kilar på hans rygg.

Sen är det en sak att herrarna inte är sparsamma med trycksvärtan. Det är rent ofattbart att deras äventyrshjältar har tid till så långa språkvändningar ibland, medan världen hotas av undergång.

— BENGT GRAFSTRÖM

Claes-Eric Danelius:

Supermän och idioter

I DEN FLOD av amerikanskt serievanvett, som hotar att översvämma vårt land, och mot vilken protester höjas av alla besinningsfulla lärare, folkbildare och andra ansvarskännande människor, kan man särskilja en speciell ström, som går under namnet Science Fiction (sai'ens fiksn). Namnet tyder på att det skulle röra sig om någon slags vetenskaplig diktning. I själva verket är det dock varken fråga om vetenskap i vanlig mening eller verklig diktning. Denna avart av litteratur, som egentligen inte alls är ny, utan har sina rötter i äldre populärlitteratur, är värd en granskning emedan den är värre och farligare än de vanliga Wild West-även' och Hoppalong-Cassidyflu som tidigare graserat rätt och orätt i den amerikanska halvbildningens sinnesvärld.

I Bonniers Litterära Magasin, nr 1-54, finner man en orientering av Elisabeth Tykesson, som ingående skildrar genrens uppkomst och utveckling. Här betonas dock inte faran så starkt, vilket däremot i högre grad sker i Sten Söderbergs artikel "Fantomlitteratur på avvägar" i Industria nr 9 1953. Han ställer här vetenskapsmannens kunskaper och ansvar gentemot de floskler och det kvasivetenskapliga nonsens, varpå SF bygger. Jag ämnar här tillåta mig att citera ur båda artiklarna.

DE FLESTA HAR väl någon gång stiftat bekantskap med Jules Verne, som förutsåg många av vetenskapens framskrid, och bl. a. skrev "En världsomsegling under havet" långt innan ubåten var påtänkt. Ett citat ur artikeln i Industria: "Skillnaden mellan anorna och ätteläggarna är att de förra hade litterär förtjänst vilket endast i undantagsfall betungar de senare. De flesta-fabrikanten har en vulga-



Typisk illustration till amerikansk Science Fiction, som naturligtvis ej heller vårt land skonas ifrån. Skulle man möta varelser från främmande planeter så är det fullt berättigat att beskjuta dem, eller "bomba fan ur kroppen på dem", som en amerikansk katolsk präst uttrycker saken.

ritet och beklaglig brist på mänsklig finess".

SF-berättelserna handlar för det mesta om rymdraketer, äntyr på främmande planeter samt invasioner på Jorden av illvilliga marsmänniskor, vilka alltid till slut nedkämpades av behäftade äpermän, utrustade med strålpistoler, atomvapen och andra fulländade verktyg. Här lämnas fantasifullt komligt fritt spelrum, här finns inga hämningar. Ett citat ur Industria: "För något år sedan uttade sig i USA en katolsk präst som jag hoppas nu är avsatt, om itimätigheten i att skjuta besökare från främmande planeter. Eftersom de inte hade haft Kristus — hur han nu visste det — kunde de inte ha själar om vilka Gud bekyrnade sig. De måste antingen leva som Adam och Eva före syndafallet och var i så fall odödliga, varför det inte gjorde något om man sköt på dem, eller också var de förtappade varelser som borde utrotas. Större var inte guden i hans homocentriska värld. Och vidare vyer har inte de flesta av science fictions författare". — "De vildaste ovetenskapliga fantasier kan man tåla, men den närgångna materialistiska cynismen etc. är osmaklig". Några flera citat:

"Man räknade ett tag med att en tredjedel av allt som lästes i USA — bortsett från dagstidningarna — tillhörde denna grupp av uppskattande underhållning för freden fördärvade nerver".

"Ni kan vara övertygade om att denna art av trycksaker snart är över oss, att den kommer att uppsluka barnens och ungdomens intresse, och för all del också de äldres, lika säkert som televisionen en dag."

"En stor fara är att vårt folk när science fiction har blivit vardagsläsning kommer att få ett slags prentiösa kvasibildning."

"Våra barn och barnbarn kommer att säga: — Inte nog med att våra fäder förlösade jordens tillgångar — de matade oss också med en andlig smörja som kommit utvecklingen att växa oss över huvudet."

ATT SMÖRJAN AR populär i vissa kretsar vittnar ett uttalande av en viss Roland Adlerberth i Samtid och Framtid: "Vi behöver en underhållningslitteratur som orienterar oss inte bara den värld vi lever i utan även i den som skall komma." Och detta trots att bl. a. (Forts. å sista sid.)

that the gentlemen don't spare the printing ink. It is inconceivable that their adventure heroes have time for long verbal outbursts while the world faces its destruction.

The writer Mr Grafström is a well-known radio and TV man. He has been conferencier for Rolling Stones on tour in Sweden, came second in a national DJ competition, he has led the national Eurovision selection, and so on. Wikipedia says he was born in 1946, and here he was only 17 - so why did this young guy who liked rock'n'roll etc detest sf?

That our rocket and space stuff wasn't popular everywhere is also apparent from this piece in Arbetartidningen April 23, 1954, "Supermen and Idiots":

In the flood of American comics craziness threatening to drown us, and against which protests have been raised by thoughtful theatres, educators and other people of responsibility, you can identify a special stream that goes under the name science fiction (sai'ens fiksn). The name implies it would be some sort of scientific fiction. In



reality it is neither science in regular meaning or real literature. This bastard of literature, which in fact isn't new but has its roots in older popular literature, is worth a scrutiny since it is worse and more dangerous than the usual Wild West adventures and Hoppalong Cassidy who earlier ruled supreme in the world of American half-education. In Bonnier's Literary Magazine No 1 -54 you find a survey by Elisabeth Tykesson, which thoroughly describes the beginning and development of the genre. But it doesn't strongly enough point out the danger, though that is done in Sten Söderberg's article "Phantom Literature Astray" in Industria No 9, 1954. /I don't have that article./ He contrasts the knowledge and responsibility of the scientists against the empty phrases and quasi-science nonsense upon which sf is built. I will here quote from both articles. Most have sometimes been acquainted with Jules Verne who predicted many of the progresses of science, and wrote eg 20 000 Leagues Under the Sea long before the submarine was invented. A quote from the article in Industria: "The difference between the forefathers and the heirs is that the first mentioned had literary merits which is only an exception with the latter. Most things they fabricate is vulgar and has an unfortunate lack of human finesse." The sf stories are mostly about space rockets, adventures on alien planets and invasions of Earth by evil Martians, which are always finally brought down by heroic supermen with rayguns, atomic weapons and other supreme tools. Imagination runs totally free here, there are no limits. A quote from Industria: "A few years ago the son of a catholic priest, who I hope now is disrobed, spoke about the righteousness of shooting visitors from alien planets. Since they haven't had Christ - however he would know - they couldn't have any souls that God would bother about. They must either be living like Adam and Eve before the fall and if so were immortal, so it wouldn't matter to shoot at them, or they would be damned creatures that must be eradicated. God wasn't bigger than that in his homocentric world. And most sf writers don't have wider horizons." - "You can stand the

Sciencefiction i Sovjet

Senaste numret av ryska kommunistpartiets idétidsskrift *Kommunist* innehåller en betraktelse om sciencefiction och dess onda inflytande över de breda massorna i kapitalistvärlden.

Hrr E Brandis och V Dmitrevskij har läst "Amazing Stories", "Galaxy" och "Fantastic Universe" och där funnit helt oriktiga skildringar av framtiden. Äventyrsförfattarna visar ingen tro på folkens förmåga att förhindra atomkrig och styra allt till det bästa.

De flesta av "framtidens lögnprofeter" avhånas för sin helt ovetenskapliga inställning till framtidens problem. Till den svarstaste reaktionen hänförs Aldous Huxley. Ett litet fåtal tycks dock finna nåd inför Sovjetkritiken, bland dem Ray Bradbury.

De båda Sovjetryssarna har emellertid kommit den psykologiska förklaringen till sciencefictionhysterin på spåren. Författarna försöker helt enkelt projicera dagens elände i kapitalistvärlden på framtiden. De mörka visionerna är avspeglningar av motståndningarna inom den dekadenta bourgeoisin.

Sedan dessa salvor avfyrats ändras dock tonen i artikeln. Sciencefiction är, påpekas det, ett viktigt medel för agitation bland massorna. Produktionen av äventyrliga historier i Sovjetunionen måste därför stimuleras, och den ryska kritiken bör inte längre negligera denna genre.

DANIEL TARSCHYS

wildest unscientific fantasies, but the tight materialistic cynicism is tasteless." Some more quotes: "They for a while counted on that 1/3 of everything read in the USA - except for newspapers - was in this group of upsetting entertainment and for the peace nerve-wrecking." "You can be convinced that this form of printed matter soon is here, and it will engulf the interests of children and the youth, and for that matter older people, just as sure as television one day." "A big danger is that our people, when sf has become everyday reading, will obtain some sort of pretentious quasi-education." "Our children and grandchildren will say - not only did our forefathers waste Earth's resources, they also fed us with spiritual rubbish that has made development grow over our heads. That the smut is popular in certain circles is witnessed by a certain Roland Adlerberth /known sf expert par preference!! in the magazine Samtid och Framtid: "We need entertaining literature that orientates us not only about the world we live in but also the one that will come."

(Caption: Typical illustration for American sf, which neither our country hasn't been spared from. If you'd meet beings from an alien planet you'd be in your right to shoot them, or "bomb the devil out of them" as an American priest phrased it.)

Our friend Adlerberth sounds quite wise, which can't be said with the same conviction about the intolerant, culture panicking writer of the above. (The article continues on another page I missed to save, but it's likely that part goes through quotes from the infamous Tykesson article which I have already gone through in *Intermission*.)

Neither were the Soviets happy with American sf, but that's not too unexpected. We read about "Sf in Soviet" in Dagens Nyheter, March 8 1964:

In the latest issue of the Russian communist party's ideological magazine *Kommunist* there're considerations about sf and its evil influence of the broad masses of the capitalist world. Misterr E Randis and V Dmitrevskij have read *Amazing Stories* and *Fantastic Universe* and there found totally unfounded descriptions of the future. The adventure writers show no faith in the ability of the people to stop atomic war and make everything for the best. The most of "the lying future prophets" are scoffed for their totally unscientific attitude towards the problems of the future. As the darkest reactionary they point to Aldous Huxley. A small number does seem to be looked upon more kindly by the Soviet critique, among them Ray Bradbury. The two Soviet-Russians have however come to the psychological explanation to the sf hysteria. The writers simply tries to

project today's misery of the capitalist world into the future. The dark visions are mirroring of the conflicts within the decadent bourgeoisie. After these broadsides have been fired off the article change its slant. Sf is, it is noted, an important instrument of agitation for the masses. The production of adventure stories must thus be stimulated in the Soviet Union, and Russian critics should no longer ignore this genre.

The writer Daniel Tarschys would later become professor of political science and politician for the Liberal Party. The piece above reveals between the lines some distrust in the Soviet analysis of sf. With just a few exceptions (like the Strugatskys) the Soviet sf that would be "stimulated" became rather rigid and unsuccessful. However, after the fall of communism there's been somewhat of an explosion of Russian sf and fantasy, with lots of new writers, many more titles published and several being successful abroad, eg Dmitry Glukhovsky, Nick Perumov, Olga Slavnikova, Vitaly Bugrov, and others (I've actually met a couple of them on visits to Stockholm, as reported before in *Intermission*).

So now you know. Beside we are held hostage by the evil and never-ending corona terror-virus - a bio-*Ragnarök* - our favourite pastime of scientifiction is something the cat dragged in, and possibly a conspiracy of sneaky capitalism. We better give up!

Or in feverish anticipation wait for the next issue of...*INTERMISSION!*



After the Moon landing, why not a Sun landing? Don't worry, it won't be hot - we land during the night!
Impression by artist Lars "LON" Olsson.

N'AILING COMMENTS

First latest EAPA mailing, then N'APA (their two latest mailings). But remember that mailing comments always tend to be random babble out of the top of the head. Or something.

William McCabe: They've begun with vaccinations here too. But if they don't speed it up it will take years to cover the population. But...I think that as more vaccines are approved, it will be speeded up, and together with those already having had the virus (they are immune) I hope the epidemic can be

significantly slowed by summer. Congrats for your gardening prize! I have always thought a nuclear WWII was most likely to start by...mistake! A mistake from either side. The Cuba crisis was one possibility, There was also eg an incident when the Soviets had a radar system which thought certain Arctic clouds was a US attack, but retaliation was stopped by the USSR officer Stanislav Petrov https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Stanislaw_Petrov. Now, the unstable North Korea is something to worry about! No, what is called "excess deaths" is more reliable than the "death rate" to determine corona deaths. That's because every country have different definitions of cause of death, and many countries (eg in the 3rd world) don't have reliable statistics. To this comes that some countries for domestic political reasons want to downplay the number of corona deaths. Recently it was eg revealed that Russia had *five times* higher excess deaths that official corona statistics show... Putin simply wants to pretend he's doing well in the pandemic. "Excess deaths" however is very simple and basic statistics which doesn't fluctuate much and don't have problems of definition - people are either alive or dead. I've done calculations about Swedish excess deaths for 2020 (from national statistics agency's figures). In 2020 there were 3400 excess deaths, compared to the official claimed figure of ca 9500 virus deaths. The claimed Swedish figure is exaggerated with a factor of about three! 2/3rds of claimed virus victims would have died anyway, WITH but not FROM the corona virus.

Henry Grynsten: There are plenty of theories around William Shakespeare. That he didn't exist. That someone else wrote the plays. For my part I think he did exist and that he did write all those plays. A fascinating thing about Shakespeare is his masterly treatment of language. He is said to have used more than 20 000 different English words (of which he invented hundreds, 422 words Shakespeare invented, <https://www.litcharts.com/blog/shakespeare/words-shakespeare-invented/>) which is about twice the number an ordinary English speaker use in everyday life. BTW, the first person in Britain who got vaccinated was named...William Shakespeare! (<https://www.bbc.com/news/uk-55233021> - daring by Mr and Mrs Shakespeare to name their son William!) Make sure you leave a will to donate your fanzine collection to some university or research library. Didn't know that William S Burroughs' grandfather founded the computer company Burroughs! (But Edgar Rice seems to have been unrelated). "It's the intellectuals and academics who are really easy to fool. Because they think they're so damn smart." - true! Smart people are often stupid.

Ahrvid Engholm: Gosh wow! What a faaantastic zine you've done! The best ever!

Garth Spencer: Please go on with EAPA! Fanzine fandom is necessary! Competition is a force that works against cutting labour costs too low. If someone offers a job that pays better for the same amount of work, people will take it. Machines, AI, computers, robots, innovation are better ways to cut costs and increase productivity. In the long run, work hours will have to come down through more automatisisation. Who is this fan historian Ahrvid Engstrom? Interesting summary of Canadian fandom! Thanks for that! There's so much I could comment there, that I'd better leave it. Generally, I fear that Fandom As We Know It Or Have Known It is i dire straits, be it US, Canadian, Swedish or whatever fandom. Classic fanzines are hardly done, and PDFzines struggle to replace them. All real fans of the old type are becoming...old, and die off. In come folks that are only interested to dress up in costumes from film and TV or play games - the Comic Con types. They have no idea of the roots of real fandom, it's history and traditions. To me, they are not fandom - they are media-fandom, a totally different sort. Me, well I'll try to hold on to what's left of real fandom as long as possible. Maybe it can survive just a little, as a little exclusive club that knows about Moskowitz, Warner, Willis, Tucker and mimeographs, Roscoe, propeller beanies and LoCs. Maybe enough new people will be fascinated by this unique culture (it *is* unique!) so the club can linger on a little.

George Phillies: Did Hugo Gernsback really do TV broadcasts in 1923? Tell us more! You ask what N3F should be doing. As a newcomer (but not in fandom) I can't say. I know N3F was founded as an intended huge umbrella organisation, and never reached that aim. But that's typical for fandom! Fans are individualistic, and gather in small disorganised groups and shun anyone trying to get everyone under one umbrella. It has been the same in my local Swedish fandom. Intermission has covered

several attempts to create Scandinavian sf federations (called "unions") in the 1950's... All failed, through lack of interest and internal friction. I suppose the best N3F can do is to do what it does now, being around for those who are interested, do a few zines, etc. Numbered fandoms is something I believed began by Jack Speer. I think it's an interesting little thing to use such numbers...

Jefferson P Swycaffer: I too like RA Lafferty! Great writer. I saw him once, on the 1979 Worldcon in Brighton, passing with a pint in his hand. I hadn't read him then so I didn't rush forth to say hello. But I did see him, close enough to read his name on the badge. I once translated a short story by him. The Addams Family was on Swedish TV in the 1960's. A great show. I remember seeing it. (Another show I remember from then is "My Favourite Martian". Does anyone remember it?)

John Thiel: I see "synergy" as a concept that just means "multiple factors that support each other". Am I wrong? Your short stories unfortunately lack dialogue and is all tell, no show - not good. I like poems. Warning - I may later hit you with the poems of the illustrious Comet-John Benzene jr...!

Will S Mayo: Wow, you like Murray Leinster! I like him too, very much! I once had E-mail contact with his daughter (about some detail of him being published in Swedish). Leinster is definitely underrated. He was such a pioneer with stories like "Sidewise in Time", "First Contact" and "A Logic Named Joe" that were firsts using their ideas. Even if he's out of print, if you look around you can find much Leinster electronically as PDFs. I don't like zombie stories. I think it's meaningless to imagine deceased people walking around. It's just dead stupid. Nice poems!

Lorien Rivendell: Yes, 2020 was an awful year. And I guess at least the first half of 2021 won't be much better. It's a gloomy skiffy world.

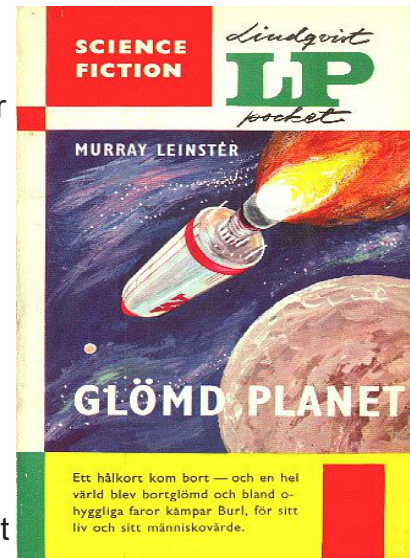
Samuel Lubell: Fantasy is usually set in pseudo-medieval times, a time of kings, princes, princesses, knights and all that. That's why fantasy is obsessed with royalty. (Note: I live in a kingdom myself, though our king only has a ceremonial role. Our kings used to have more power, but it began to erode in the 19th Century. The last occasion when a Swedish king exercised any power was in 1914 when king Gustaf V held his Courtyard Speech asking for more money to the military, which made the government resign. In a strange twist of historic irony, the king was shown to be insightful, because shortly thereafter World War I started...) William Tenn is a very fine writer! One of my favourites. I tend to like the older skiffy writers more.

Some final notes: Note that N3F is making plugs for its publications for the FAAn Awards. At the same time I have asked people to Hugo nominate EAPA as Best Fanzine... Consider it! Nominations are open until March 19, <https://discon3.org/whats-on/hugo-awards-wsfs/hugo-awards/> An APA should be eligible, it's a number of pieces stitched together in a single entity. We might not win, but PR of being on the ballot would be healthy. EAPA needs new blood - join! (I can give more info.)

Not very nice scenes from Washington DC Jan 6! The US is ill, not only from the blasted virus.

Gave this ish a few extra pages to mark ending the History Issues run (but coming ishs will have a smaller "history corner"). For future issues if I have heard from you don't worry, otherwise just *send me a word* or two...or two hundred! (There may be a .rar file of the 10 history issues #96-105 later, for those who have misses any.) In the virus world UK and EU are slugging it out on Astra-Zeneca vaccines! EU says AZ breaks delivery contracts as the UK grabs their stuff. UK says they signed up for delivery earlier. EU says "doesn't matter, our deal makes no exception for whatever other deals says" and threatens blockade of N Ireland border. And Russia steps in and offers their Sputnik V vaccine instead of delayed AZ deliveries. Bring out the popcorn! A thought: 100+ companies have worked on vaccines. In a couple of months there will be a *huge surplus* of vaccines and as many brands to pick from as there're cereals on the supermarket shelves...

Intermission will slowly turn back to normality - and so will the world. We hope. Roscoe says so!--AE



Swedish edition of Murray Leinster's *Forgotten Planet*.



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N'APA

Edited by John Thiel, 30 N. 19th Street, Lafayette,
Indiana 47904, email kinethiel@mymetronet.net
A 9th Fandom NAPA fanzine produced bimonthly.



art this issue by Ron Reuger



Produced for NAPA's Mailing by John Thiel, 30 N. 19th Street, Lafayette, Indiana 47904, a Ninth Fandom fanzine, meaning edited in the progressive mode. Email: kinethiel@mymetronet.net . Our purpose in being? It has as yet to be discovered.



EDITORIAL



This Modern Age in Which We Live

Some called the 20th Century “The Age of Reason”. It does seem as if knowledge is being consolidated in that and the present century and that there is an emphasis on thought about how the world is and what we are doing in it. As I understand it, the industrial revolution brought people around to consideration of things being made and how they were being made, and brought into being the steam engine, then the railroad train, then the automobile, and finally the airplane, and there were many things being invented by people who had acquired an inventive spirit from the nature of the way things were becoming in that century, the 19th. There were also far-out inventions like the telegraph, radio, television, the motion picture camera, things of that nature which it took Einstein to explain to his students at Princeton. It has been pointed out that these inventions speeded up life—you could get places fast in an automobile or train, and airplane pilots could accomplish many things with great speed; radios and television had instant transmission and as Bill Gates pointed out, information was travelling at a celestial speed via those means and the computer system, which came into full being at the end of the last century. Arthur Clarke said, “Any technology if sufficiently advanced is indistinguishable from magic”, so that was magic coming, or coming back, into our lives via the machines. (For example, etching full sound into a phonograph record which will play it back is magic, even if, speaking of it scientifically, it can be done.) Things move faster when they can be done faster, and progress is speeded up. We moved from rags to riches over that last century, even though we retained our evils and ended up without

enough money to buy anything. Circumstances require juggling to be comprehended.

With so much happening so fast, are we ourselves also happening? Science is saying that we might mutate or evolve to keep up with what is going on around us, and that we might become robotic keeping up with and operating the equipment we now have. We seem to be dwelling in a land newer than the one we are familiar with, and looking nostalgically at the outmoded remnants of things which were once the very latest. In previous ages people did not see all those great progressive changes because they did not live long enough. The changes came more slowly. Evolution itself has become speeded up, and many people are not certain they can take it physiologically.

One might ask, why is all this happening? If things speed up so tremendously, is that not people speeding up due to some primal drive to have things different and to build new things upon the things we have? Has what people had been unsatisfactory? A look over the literature of the past gives us the impression that this is so. Past writing is filled with high complaint. There has been a prediction of an apocalypse occurring in which everything that has been a-building will be realized, and this century seems as if it is part of that apocalypse that has been predicted. A judgment day was also predicted, due to all the misery that existed on Earth and the sin that brought that misery into being, and a lot of people express the idea that the time of that judgment is the present—and indeed, there is much talk going on about how good mankind is, which can be taken to be indicative of the presence of judgment, a reaction to a judgment occurring. There is also a lot of destruction occurring, which gives the impression of doom and of condemnation—people have not been worthy, is what that amounts to. If not worthy, they should be abandoned, is the notion of condemnation. They do not even get a sight of what is better than themselves, existing somewhere that they cannot reach—a condition of hell, which if it exists suggests that there are other places that are not hell. If there is judgment of sin, there must also exist non-sinfulness, a criterion by which to judge sin.

Our modern age has become one of chaos. Perhaps we should attempt to reason things out better than we have been doing, and acquire some control of our own over our passions.

Mailing Comments



I'm very glad to see a lot of people in the 250th mailing; I was getting uncomfortable at the smallness of the apa, but it's now a good size, and I hope it remains that way or builds up even farther. Here are some comments on that mailing:

WILL MAYO: I think you've caught on from Pablo Lennis that Frederick is not the only town that can be called haunted. Some of the people in Rhode Island, especially near Providence, are claiming that same thing, and you have seen my description of the book HAUNTED LAFAYETTE. Actually it's comforting to have some haunts around.

It seems like either Jennings got into NAPA or your review of Pan was also in Tightbeam, I haven't checked back. This review actually gives me a good comprehension of the story.

JEFFERSON SWYCAFFER: In one of Lovecraft's stories, "Pictman's Model", he portrays an extremely different Boston than is familiar from Colonial and Post-Colonial historical description. I wonder if anyone from Boston reacted to that story. He had the town full of ghouls, existing in public places.

AHRVID ENGHOLM: Welcome to NAPA—glad to have you as a member. I hope you stay in and have a lot to say. You're already saying a lot, and I agree with your statement that fandom must be retaken.

Two cures for hiccups are holding your breath and drinking water, or both together. This almost always makes them go away, which they seem to want to do; if they persist for too long they leave the realm of logic and believability. Your story is a relief from the no-talk that exists around the plague.

I hope you'll do mailing comments for us.

LORIEN RIVENDELL: Sure, computers do a lot for fandom, but they keep it up in the air without a solid grounding, too. With the post office getting so indecent, we are forced into Cyberspace, as if it were a refuge.

The Covid rules have the effect of extermination for a lot of people. They wipe out their ability to sustain themselves.

SAMUEL LUBELL: I don't think people who call fandom a hobby know what a hobby is. Writing and correspondence doesn't qualify as a hobby. A hobby is a pastime working with interesting eccentric trivialities, such as making model planes, stamp collecting, and things like that. The original statement being quoted is "Fandom is just a goddam hobby." It sounds like the speaker was drunk.

GEORGE PHILLIES: I'll bet the people in that two member NAPA felt pretty weird carrying on in it. It sounds uncanny. Observers must have felt pretty strange looking at it.



PASSERS BY by Jeffrey Redmond



The knives of war that came before

From the ancient Er-Dan manuscripts (Codex 3144), as translated by Ed-Mon:

On the planet of the three moons a male offspring, one, of course, of many, was born. This one was in a birthing ceremony, in the little temple, on the great peninsula of the southern coast of the Western Continent. His mother was, as it was customary to be, naked and assisted by the priestesses of the lesser moon's deities. The delivery was both easy and quick for her, and the invited guests murmured and chanted their approval throughout. The little offspring was washed and given back to her to hold and nourish, and she treated it in an adoring and caring way. But too soon afterwards, the male offspring's father was conscripted to serve in the naval armada, and he was sent far away to another foreign conflict. There was no word about many of the ships ever again, because a series of terrible storms sank most of them.

The little male grew up with his mother, and he became a fine son, though perhaps a somewhat melancholy and insecure one due to his not having a father around. And one day, when he was tired, lonely, all by himself, and wishing that he had some toys to play with, he started to cry. His widowed mother was too poor to provide him with much else than the basic necessities, though a military veterans' association paid for a nice little dwelling for them to live in. But the little male felt sorry for himself, and he missed not having all of the things that he saw the other young males playing with.

There was a naval marine neighbor who lived nearby, and he had returned safely from an expedition to the Eastern Continent. He had several female offspring, and he

brought them back gifts of jewelries and fine cloths for lovely robes for them. He had no male offspring, and he was just then out for a stroll to watch the setting of the solar star in the eastern sky. He heard and saw the little male's sorrow, and he went over to the sad one to find out what was wrong. He could see the little one's old clothes, and he remembered that the widowed neighbor was his mother. Without really thinking about it, the veteran gave the little male some coins that he had with him just then. And, every once in awhile, the naval marine would be out and about with his wives and daughters, and they would always stop to greet the widow and her son. He would even give the little one a ride on his broad shoulders, and perhaps even more playfully than he did with his own little females.

During the next war, the veteran was called up once again, and he gave the little male a small knife that he had obtained as a past war souvenir. These gifts always made the little fatherless one very happy indeed, and he never forgot them. Later, news came of the marine veteran being killed in a large battle overseas, and his widows met with the other widow to share their grievings. The marine's widows gave the seafarer's widow a large and finely made knife, and one that their fallen marine would no longer need. He had told them to give it to the other widow for the little male, if he did not return. And when he grew up, the youth kept the two blades with him as a permanent remembrance of the time, attention, and generosity he had been shown when he had been so young and so unhappy.

During the next military conflict, the Western Continent was invaded by the forces of the Central Continent, and the armies fought many terrible battles in areas to the north of the capitol. The young male was now grown, and he was conscripted to join in the local militia units of the western army being formed in the peninsula area. They were given new style tunics and breeches, and other new equipment and supplies. They were armed with the newer and larger stabbing weapons, and they marched northwards at a more rapid pace than was usual. And, because of these factors, they arrived in time, and well-prepared to help drive the Centralers back to the coast. The Westerners celebrated as the enemy fleet sailed away, with the remnants of the invading force, to not return there ever again. The youth and his comrades of the section group returned to their homes in the peninsula coastal village, and they visited the temple of the smaller moon to give thanks for their victory and for their lives.

There were also other things that were just as important, and one of these was for the young male to meet and marry one of the grown up female offspring there. She was

a daughter of the fallen marine who had been so kind and generous to him in the many seasons before. And, in the seasons afterwards, this female, his wife, was also naked in the same temple and giving birth to a little female of her own. On the way home, the young militia veteran saw a little male all by himself. This was another one whose father had not returned, and this time it was a fellow militia member who had fallen in the great defensive war against the Centraler invaders. And the young veteran, without really thinking about it, gave the little male the one smaller knife that he had always kept.

Sometimes in later seasons he would see the little fellow, and he would give him a ride up on his broad shoulders. And it appeared that he also gave the little male his larger knife, when he was older, as well. It may even have been that this youngster grew up to meet and marry one of the militia veteran's female offspring, and perhaps have offspring of his own in time. It was not really ever known or understood completely why these males gave away such gifts to others' little male offspring. And especially when the fathers of these little ones were lost in the continual military conflicts. But it seems to have been a recurring phenomenon, and one that always seemed to give at least a small amount of personal satisfaction. And not only to the receivers in these actions, but to the givers as well.



FOR THAT COSMIC FIX by Will Mayo

Do you want to rock and roll, friends? Do you want to go to places you've never been before? Well, just stay here with me as we cruise the cosmic internet, heading over to Istanbul one nanosecond. Manilla and St. Petersburg the next. There's no turning back now. Just your matrix in the making, sure to get those circuits rattling when you least expect it. It's a fun-filled ride with life and death and a host of old ghosts. All in for one last mystery tour of heaven and hell and Shamballa. Climb aboard!

Season of Evil by Joanne Tolson

Yes, it's a season of evil...

Wanna be dictator

Self proclaimed,

Ego maniac tries

A coup de gras

On our government.

Waiting for Daylight by Joanne Tolson

I wait anxiously for daylight again...

As the saying goes,

“The sun never sets”.

It goes around our globe

From day to day.

The Sunrises by Joanne Tolson

Over the oceans of the seven continents

Each morning from the East—

Its daily regime.



Issue's end

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

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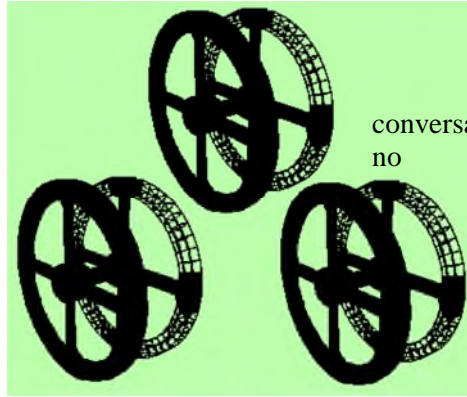
Comments:

Jose Sanchez: Lovely! The philosophical merging of science fiction and fantasy, myth and tech! Three cheers for the computer era!

John Thiel: Interesting essay on Theodore Sturgeon and Synergy. I think Sturgeon-esque Synergy can also be found in the Dorsai stories and novels by Gordon Dickson, perhaps most notably in the capstone of the series, "The Final Encyclopedia." I haven't read as much Sturgeon as I'd like, but I have found him to be inspiring. As with many authors of the era, his short stories are, perhaps, better than his novels. That is (in my opinion) definitely true of Gordon Dickson and also of Frank Herbert, whose "Dune" series also partakes, I think, of Synergy.

I agree with you that a little more "getting together" in fandom would be a good thing. At very least, it would be an interesting thing! I wish the N3F, in particular, had more members, because I think the club -- and this APA! -- are models of "doing things right."

Jeffrey Redmond's "Substitutions" was fun. As seems usual with Redmond, it consists of narrative alone, no dialogue or



conversations -- and, as Alice asked, "What good is a book with no



conversations?" The story doesn't actually have a plot, but is a description of a scene and the characters inhabiting it. It's witty and rich in descriptive color, definitely an inviting fantasy milieu.

rect me re Jeffrey Redmond, let me take the liberty -- and it is one, to be sure -- to ask you to pass along my encouragement to explore more traditional stories, with characters and dialogue, and with fully-developed dramatic plots. Vignettes are fun, but they're like postcards: somewhat limited!

Will Mayo: Fun photo of the decorative Aircraft Carrier!

Agreement and sympathy, re "misfits," which many of us here would acknowledge ourselves to be.

Intriguing vignette about the haunted house, with Civil War memories and other ha'n'ts, and the challenge to spend a night there. I **think** I could endure a night in a haunted house without running away screaming, but I'm also sure I don't eagerly court the experience!

Ahrvid Engholm: Welcome to our deliberations! Thank you for joining us! I hope you find the company amenable and the environment sustaining!

Saucy and witty story, "The Hiccup Plague." Obviously Covid-inspired, it's a cute story. It's good to poke fun at bad things, the things that scare us. (Walt Kelly, in Pogo, explored the question of poking fun at things that scare us; he concluded we generally don't, but my own conclusion is that we do indeed!)

Lots of fun stuff, including, of course, quite a bit that I'm unable to read. But if it broadens my horizons, then that's good! I was unable to figure out how nuclear power divided Sweden into *three* moieties. I can grok "pro" and "con" but what's the third? Undecided? "Maybe?" It certainly is an issue where there are (alas!) very good arguments both pro and con. It isn't a "slam dunk" as are, perhaps, some few other issues of public debate.

re William McCabe, I'm afraid I disagree with you and agree with McCabe: the current economic model, by relying on growth, is doomed to unsustainability. You say that growth "means more resources," and I think that is exactly the opposite of true: growth means *shortages* of resources, leading to an economy of scarcity, which is inconsistent with a "must grow" model.

re R Grame Cameron, aye! "Reptilicus" is bad -- but it's also quite a lot of fun. It's good and bad at the same time...and in the same way!

Lorien Rivendell: re cooking, I'm a total botch! I can only barely use the microwave to heat stuff up. Recently I bought a pack of eight pork egg-rolls, and the microwave instructions were, "Microwave on high for one minute and thirty seconds for each egg-roll with fifty seconds on high for each additional egg-roll." I have absolutely no idea what that means! I just put them in for six minutes, and they were fine!

I have resisted putting in a membership roster, on the grounds that it might be seen as intruding on privacy. I have email addresses for everyone here, and most of us put our addresses in our zines, but I'm leery of doing anything "official." Also, I'm lazy...

Lovely photo of cemetery with dry, dead grass. Evocative!

Total agreement, of course, on how modern information technology enhances the fannish experience. It's to the point now that my Kindle isn't a nice add-on to my life, it's a core necessity!

Also total agreement, in a very sad way, that the American system fails so badly at allocation and distribution of resources and goods. I have a lot of respect for the "Free Market," but it requires regulation to prevent it from becoming monstrous (I remember the high tide of air and water pollution in this country!) and it requires augmentation in the form of public investment, from fire departments to the Space Program. I'm extremely sad that a public health care system is so bitterly opposed by so many millions of people -- most of whom would actually benefit from such a system!

Samuel Lubell: Cute Tumblr thread on student housing in the Addams Family Mansion! I could live in such a place! (I *do* live in such a place! You should see my household decor!)

Interesting essay on the lack of Democracy in fantasy fiction, and the more typical depiction of monarchies. I'm not at all sure why this is, although JRR Tolkien's influence is probably a partial cause. I have a friend who has written a novel where there are five lands, five nations, each of which has a different form of rule! There a land that is tribal, one is a monarchy, one a thearchy, one is mercantile, and one is democratic! It's a political-science tour de force!

I won't go into detail, but I agree with all you said in your essay on Democracy in Reality. I am a rather whole-hearted fan of

"moderation," and believe in the power of compromise and consensus. These ideals are, alas, not well-represented in our system today.

I did not know that William Tenn was a pen-name! I've read some -- not a lot, but some -- of his stories and have enjoyed them quite a bit. The only one that springs to mind is "Eastward Ho!" a droll parody of "manifest destiny," in which the European settles of North America withdraw farther and farther, falling back at the last upon the Atlantic shore, from which they sail away...in three ships. Saucy!

George Phillis: re Amazon, it's weird. I was able to create a cover according to their rules -- and it didn't fit inside their own borders/outlines. I was able to create a pdf file (Word allows you to store a .docx as a .pdf) and, on Amazon, "What I Saw Was Not What I Got!" Incredibly frustrating, especially given that their interface for uploading ebooks is one of the best, friendliest, and easiest interfaces I have ever seen!

re Samuel Lubell, I am astonished to learn that Americans spend more money on Halloween decorations than on Christmas decorations! Perhaps our grand "Addams Family" conspiracy is beginning to take hold!

(Well, why not? Both Christmas and The Addams Family celebrate the triumph of the individual soul over almighty death!)

Fun "housecleaning" scene in the Dorrance Academy story. It might sound prosaic to some, even dull, but it is not! It's good characterization, and it showcases the characters in a non-stress (or low-stress) context. (One of the best superhero role-playing-gaming episodes I've ever been in centered around Washing the Batmobile!) "Slice of life" scenes are good in a novel, providing relief from too much excitement. Combat scenes are good -- and you do them well! -- but variety is the spice!

Bless me, but I do not recall when I joined the N3F. Probably in early 1990s. I know that a former member wrote my name in for an election, for the position of President. The results, published in TNFF, listed me at Jotson P Sujcoffer, a typo I treasure the memory of. My friend is no longer an N3F member, but I do hector him mercilessly, urging him to rejoin.

INTERMISSION #106

E-zine by Ahrvid Engholm, ahrvid@hotmail.com for EAPA, N'APA and some others. No more "history issues", but a smaller History Corner. Follow @SFJournalen's newstweets on Nordic sf/f/h&fandom! Beware of mutated typos! This zine isn't under CapsLock-down! Late Feb '21.

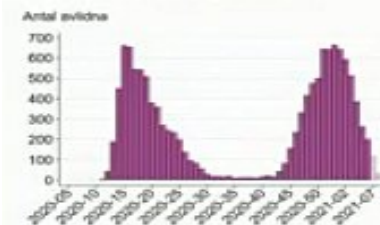
Editorially

Intermission has for the previous ten issues concentrated on presenting sf and fandom history finds from researching the digital newspaper archive of the Royal Library in Stockholm. It's now time to scale back a little on that and this industrious little zine will slowly turn back to normality. It'll have a little bit of this and that, often related to sf and fandom of course, things I've stumbled upon.

Hopefully, cultural events will begin to take place In Real Life again so I can report on that (I'll have some 2020 reports of the very few IRL events I went to last year). I'll keep a smaller "history corner" however, with more newspaper finds. There's a lot a lot of that material left!

As long as the C-virus from outer space or the Bat Cave, or wherever it came from, is on the loose,

Antal avlidna per vecka



The winter bump of Mr C victims continues down. From Nat'l Health Agency March 1.

I'll comment that too. Swedish politicians have now suggested new "tougher" legislation to lock down malls, shops and events...which is totally unnecessary! It's uncertain they'll use it, all curves have dropped a lot since Christmas and vaccinations are speeding up. 7% of the population has now gotten at least one shot, most importantly all the most vulnerable (its probably 8-10% by the time you read this) and since antibodies level was 38% in December it's probably +50% now. Our chief epidemiologist Dr Tegnell also notes it's "extremely unlikely" to become re-infected. The virus gets fewer and fewer targets with 60% immunity - and rising. The weather,

the best buddy off the virus, is also getting warmer. All this points to that pandemic must be on the last stretch here - without lockdowns or masks, but a lot of talk and fearmongering. The papers recently unveiled a 200 members secret lobby and propaganda group called "Mewas", which has campaigned to attack Sweden's scientific, softer corona strategy. Their members have spread negative news and opinion pieces in foreign media, to embassies, members of the EU parliament, etc. "Tough measure" critics and scientists have also received threats and hate mail. Deplorable!

There's a huge but very blind eye towards the wide range of serious damages from "tough measures: economy (bankruptcies, unemployment, budget deficits, rising taxes), psychological stress (domestic violence, depression, suicides, drugs), victims from other diseases (as people are scared away from hospitals, which also cuts down on operations and other treatment), lost education for children (which may affect their *whole lives!*) not to forget the disruption of civil rights! The politicians want to *seem* like they are "in charge" in a way that is pure, reckless opportunism. But for every notch curves drop, for every syringe of vaccine, for every degree of warmer weather the virus goes away. Wash your hands, keep distance, work from home if possible, don't crowd, stay home if feeling ill, the few few simple things making all the difference. Closing everything down is devastating, you ruin everybody's life, the effect is nil or has at best marginal, and the damage is extensive.

Don't play games to the gallery, politruks and bureaucrats! Every indication is that Normality is Nigh. Don't pretend you are knights in shining armour saving us from anything. Get our lives back to normal. Save sanity. Save our wallets. Save the children.

--Ahrvid Engholm

Ps. As noted I've begun to downsize the distribution, initially cutting the list by 30%. Send me a line if you want to be sure to get next fantastic issue! (Contents to be more "normal" but I'll keep a little History Corner.)

Don't ask what EAPA can do for you, but what you can do for EAPA!

(Join! Ask me for info. And why not nominate EAPA for the fritz Hugo?)

The 35 Year Sensation!

Early March last year we lost one of the Great Footsoldiers of our local science fiction scene, Michael Svensson. I'm uncertain if it was the Damn Virus, as the Blasted Pandemic had hardly begun then. Michael suffered from diabetes which by itself is bad enough. He edited the fanzine *Zimeria* in the early 1980s, together with the Bernander brothers, one of the best serious zines we've had. He has worked in the Scandinavian SF Association, even serving a period as chairman, and deservedly received the Alvar Award in 1986 (main Swedish fan award, once also given to Joe R Strully too!).

But Michael Svensson's perhaps biggest achievement was writing the business system that has been the backbone of the Swedish SF Bookstore for 3.5 decades! This bookstore, founded in late 1977 by the Scandinavian SF Association, helped by eg one Mr Stieg Larsson, is now a chain of three stores and has been quite important for raising the awareness of the sf genre in Sweden. One indication of its importance is that often when the TV news or some culture show covers sf, future, space or something similar...they take their cameras to the SF Bookstore and interview someone of

its staff. I've seen it many times.

Glenn of their staff (and of a fannish parody novel fame, but it's another story) tells me Michael's system came about 1986 or '87, which means it worked for sensational 35 years or thereabout.

And it was on old MS-DOS system!

What we are talking about is the SF Bookstore System For Everything. The inventory, for ordering books, for creating invoices, to set prices, to check anything... I remember that Michael - must have been in the late 80's -

glenn

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F1=Hjälp C-F10=Sluta F10=Kassa Datum: 210215 GÖTEBORG

This is what Michael Svensson's SF Bookstore system looked like, seen from a DOS box within Windows. (It actually shows yours truly's book Murder on the Moon, which looks like having been sold out here.)

proudly made a demo of the system for me, and I believe it was written in the MS-DOS database system dBase. The system was never full of bells and whistles, but it worked and was very robust. They even considered to commercialise it, sell it to other bookstores, but canned it since the market of other Swedish bookstores not yet having a business system was small and it would take focus from the basic operations of a bookstore.

However good Michael's system was, the it lacked some modern features, and they finally had to upgrade to a new system after more than three decades. That was done in late January. But what a good run Michael's system had! It's as if a courier service today would use T-Fords or an airline was relying on old DC3s...

MS-DOS was a pretty good operating system, in my opinion. It was sleek, stable, easy to work with, fast. Its only drawback was limited memory and that it didn't multitask. (Novell actually released their own compatible DOS 7 that could multitask, but it had little market penetration. DOS could however have several programs open simultaneously as TSRs.) I actually myself relied primarily on DOS until the early 00's. As long as you used Win 3.x, 95 or 98, it was DOS in the background and I always went to DOS mode for the word processor I then preferred, which was Word 5.x for DOS.



Michael Svensson, Grey Eminence of Swedish sf!

That DOS was command-line based was no problem. I once reckoned that about 10 commands was all you needed to do about 99% of all you needed. A so called Graphical User Interface gives an *illusion* of "user friendliness", but it's deceiving. It's easy to go astray among all those icons and folders. And if you look under the surface of Windows, it's a nightmare maze of thousands of files and folders, virtually impossible to track errors in. Most error "fixing" in Windows just consists of re-installing stuff, but you get no idea of what the fault was or what "re-installing" has done in the background. It's like the only way to repair a car is to change the motor every time something goes awry. In comparison, DOS relies on only *five* files (io.sys, msdos.sys command.com, config.sys autoexec.bat) plus one or two start-up files of your program. That makes error tracking, fixing and system maintenance very easy. You can meddle around and experiment find what the glitch is. That's impossible in Windows! And the complexity of Windows also slows it down. My old DOS



Rare picture of Stieg Larsson in the original SF Bookstore in the late 1970s I recognise the bookshelf design. It was then on 45 Pontonjär Street, run by the Scandinavian SF Association, where Stieg also served a term as chairman.

word processor was just as fast or *even faster* than today's Word for Windows, despite being on that computer back then had only 1/50th the processing power. I have by now used PCs for more than 3.5 decades, have studied and read a lot computer history and have followed the development of software and OSes. I'm not totally enthusiastic over some directions it is taking.

This new thing Mr Gates & Co introduced with Windows 10, this auto-instalment of "updates" - *which you can't turn off!* - annoys the hell out of me. A user must be be supreme commander of his own computer and *actively decide* if he wants an "update" or not. To *force* new program code on users is dictatorship. Can it, Billy!

However, that Michael Svensson could write a business system in good ole' DOS, from the days when software was called programs and not "apps" (which APPLE introduced), lasting into the 2020's shows how important he was.

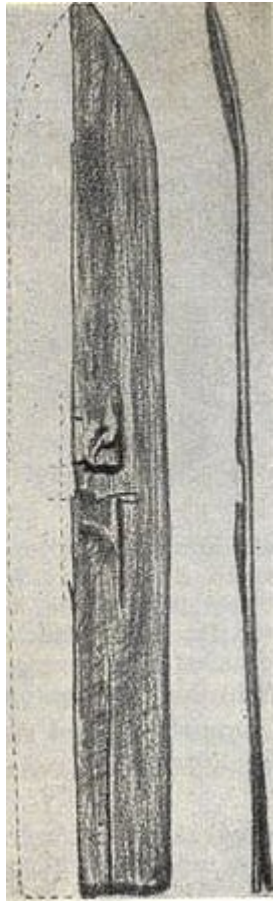


Winter Sports

Much of the Northern hemisphere is as this is written covered by solid state H₂O. In Sweden it doesn't matter much - we're used to it. But it seems the people of the British Isles and parts of North America (Canada, Alaska, Minnesota, Vermont etc may be excused) are less familiar with it. It even hit way down south! I remember old Westerns set in Texas, cowboys riding in semi-deserts under an eternal blazing sun, in clouds of dry dust rising from the hooves off the sweaty horses...and now it's all covered in snow!

It's time for winter sports. They have always been popular in the Nordic region: hockey, skiing - across, downhill, while shooting target, flying down a slope - , winter rallies with car or bike, skating, dog or reindeer dog sledding, and what have you - have you heard of bandy?

My favourite winter sport - *not* doing it, just watching it on the telly! - is cross-country skiing, which I understand some abbreviate to XCS (clever!). Some damn virus from outer space however more or less ruined the latest season. The XCS federation had to cancel some of the World Cup weekends, ie the ongoing competition series during the season, the virus shite made some countries abstain some, and quarantine rules canned others. The other day the Norwegian government decided to not ease



The world's oldest ski found in a bog near Hoting, Sweden.

rules for competitors meaning the two last World Cups there were cancelled (Switzerland jumped in and took one of them). Sweden stayed home from three World Cups, which meant that our brilliant sprint queen Linn lacked events to defend the 2020 sprint cup win. She won all she could, otherwise.

The only thing going almost normal was the so called Tour de Ski, a tight series of eight races during ten days arranged in the Alps. Norway stayed home, but the Swedes won 5 out of the 16 races, especially notable a maiden win for a new male sprinter named Oskar Svensson. Not to forget sprint specialist Linn Svahn *taking home a distance race*, 10 km! Unfortunately our great distance star Frida Karlsson injured herself after three races and had to quit. Otherwise she was in an excellent position, only 10 seconds behind the leader of the total.

That leader finally also won in the totals, Jessica Diggins of the US, with Sweden's Ebba Andersson third in the totals, winning last race, a murdering stretch up a slalom slope! That was the first time an American won Tour de Ski, and one may hope it creates some attention for cross-country skiing in the US...why not in Texas! It would mean a lot for a sport that internationally is rather small, compared to many other sports. But cross-country skiing is still the king of winter sports, in my opinion!

It must be one of the earliest sports ever. The oldest ski artefacts are fragments from 6000 BC in Siberia and the oldest complete ski found is more than 4000 years old discovered in a bog near Hoting, Sweden (incidentally just some 20 km from my grandmother's and mother's village Bellvik!). There are cave paintings in China and stone carvings in Norway and Sweden of about the same age, showing skiers. XCS competitions in a modern sense began in Norway in the 1800s, though the Swedes weren't too far behind and in 1922 founded the world's *biggest* skiing race, the 90 km Vasa Race, with tens of thousands of participants.

The Swedish men's national team is presently not exactly flocking on the prize podiums (better times will surely come, as Spint-Oskar hints) but our ladies' national team is right now probably the world's best. And while Norway has at least one extremely good distance runner, Therese Johaug, I think Frida Karlsson, Ebba Andersson, Linn Svahn and perhaps even Charlotte Kalla (if he finds her 22-international-medals-shape!) can give her a good fight on a good day. Three of them have BTW already beaten Therese at difference races. And behind those names are half a dozen younger, talented Swedish ladies ready to conquer the tracks. It would have been interesting to see all of them in an ordinary, full world cup season - but that we couldn't, alas.

Our last hope is the Nordic Ski World Championships, coming shortly as I write, in Obersdorf, Germany. XCS is often called "Nordic skiing" but it's not only the Nordic countries that ski. Central Europeans with those Alps and cold mountains also have good XCS skiing traditions. For the championships the Swedes are favourites in the sprints and relays, the Norwegians in the distance races. The first races will take place before the deadline of this, and I will give you some exciting reports.

Cross country skiing has basically 2 disciplines (distance and sprint)



From the Vasa Race. New York Marathon should perhaps be envious...

and 2 formats (interval or mass start) and 2 styles (skate and classic) . Distance is 5 to 50 km, with women usually doing shorter distances, as some elderly gentlemen organising stuff think they'd otherwise over-exhaust themselves... Sprint is about 1.5 km in highest speed. Interval start, also called race against the clock, means that each skier starts individually in 30 seconds intervals. Mass start means just that. Styles need some explanation:

The classic skiing style (also called diagonal style) is to push with your legs 1-2, 1-2, 1-2 with parallel skis, and diagonal to the legs with your arms and ski poles. Preparing the right ski wax is here very important. You want grip when you push off but at the same time also glide. Waxing skis is a science, and you have to analyse the snow for the day. Leading nations have a waxing buses full of equipment and professional waxers.

But sometime in the late 1970's someone - actually an American, one Bill Koch - found out that you go faster by taking skating strides instead of the diagonal 1-2s, 1-2s. He won the World Cup and competitors began to copy him, so he won no more. Skating on skis - also called "free style" - became so popular that the head honchos of skiing feared that the beauty of classic skiing was about to die. The solution was to alternate the styles, so some races are in free and some in classic style.

And free style or skating takes some skill to master. Just like when driving a car you have several "gears". You skate in gear 1 to 4 depending on your frequency and pattern of pole pushes, in relation to skating strides, and a gear 5 is used in the final push before the finish, as you skip poling and just use the legs in highest possible frequency.



Skating on the skis, with Charlotte Kalla of Sweden.

The championships will have both styles, divided between distances. Most skiers master both, though they may be slightly better in one or the other. Eg Linn Svahn prefers classic, while Charlotte Kalla is a super skater and famous for being able to go on gear 3 uphill. BTW, ski waxing is easier in free style, as you don't need to consider the grip.

So I hope you see why this sport is interesting. Technical skill, different distances, different styles and gears, the science of waxing, a clock ticking in the screen corner...and to chase those damn Norwegians!

The sport reporters of the tabloids always try to make the most out of the skiing battles across the Scandinavian mountain chain with

war-like headlines... I think they are great fun!

But speaking of skating - real skating on ice, not snow - there has happened an exceptional thing, the revival of the old speed skating traditions de la Suede! Last century we had a whole series of speed skating kings, world and Olympic champions and record holders: Seyffarth, Ericsson, Nilsson, Höglén, Claesson, and finally the brilliant Tomas Gustafsson, thrice Olympic champ, last in 1988. But then skating died here, and was dead as a dodo for 33 years...

Until February 2021. A 24-year old maverick by the name Nils Van der Poel came to the World Championship in Heerenveen, Netherlands. He first won the 5000 metre gold medal, and three



Sweden's Frida Karlsson skiing in the beautiful classic style.



Nils Van der Poel setting new 10 000m world record, at 12:32.95



Hunter soldier Nils in the dress uniform of the Swedish army.

days later the 10 000 metre gold - setting a *new world record*! It was as if this guy stepped out of a flying saucer and just did it. Few had heard of him, though he had earlier won a junior world championship at age 18.

What happened was that some time after this he grew bored of skating, and decided to do military service! It was voluntary to sign up (limited national service has since been re-instituted) and Nils decided to sign up for the toughest job, becoming a hunter soldier, equivalent to US marines or something, in a regiment up in the mountainous, cold north for 15 months. And he loved it! He has talked about how it strengthened him to survive in the woods or doing parachute jumps. And he came back as a top skater just a few months ago, doing incredible results. First he did the 6th best ever 10 000 metre run and now, as said, the best ever. Maybe it's the right medicine to run around in the northern woods with a gun for a year and a half to become a good skater?

Speaking of guns, there is also a sport called biathlon, where you ski for a bit and then stop at shooting stations to hit a series of black dots with a rifle. There has recently been a World Championship in that too, where the Swedish did quite alright, grabbing six medals. But I leave that since I'm not such a huge fan of biathlon. Target shooting adds randomness and I like pure skiing better.

(Note: The above was written before the championships I'll cover that below.)

XCS Report...

As I'm finishing this the XrossCountrySkiing (=XCS) World Championship has begun, in Obersdorf in the German Alps. So I should report...

There are good and bad news from the first discipline, the sprint. Big Norwegian favourite Johannes Kläbo won the men's sprint, but the bad news is that the big women's sprint favourite Linn Svahn *didn't win* or even make it to the final. (An shoulder injury from a couple of weeks before might have played a part.) But the good news is that *another* of the Swedish lasses grabbed the gold!

Last year, 26-year old *Jonna Sundling* finished second in the sprint World Cup, but as 2020 year's winner Svahn was eliminated in the semis, she took the top of the podium in the final with great authority. That Jonna could grab that lump of AU (gold) was in no way a sensation. She's has hovered around the top in sprint skiing for years. She won with a comfortable 25 metres, ca 30 yards, a huge margin in sprint!

Ms Falla of Norway was second (always a top performer, previous sprint world champ) and Lampic of Slovenia third (sprint cup winner 2021, though competitors abstained from several races, always a top performer too). Congrats to all medalists!



Jonna - what a donna!

Saturday was another fine day for the Swedish skiing girls, silver (Frida Karlsson) and bronze (Ebba Andersson) behind gold winner Therese "The Locomotive" Johaug, with about half a minute. The discipline is called skiathlon, which is 7.5 km classic style, then changing skis for 7.5 km skating.

But it was dramatic! Frida and Therese crashed and fell in the middle of the race, Ebba barely missing to be involved. Johaug's ski came out across Karlsson's and both fell. Andersson could take the lead for a time. Karlsson broke her ski pole and lost extra time getting a new one, but despite being the one losing most from the incident she came back and it was strong to grab the silver!



Gold medalist Jonna Sundling crushed competitors! The margin of 25m (30y) is light years in ski sprint...



The moment when Therese Johaug and Frida Karlsson crashed. But both came back, to gold and silver. Ebba in the back grabbed bronze.

Johaug was the favourite and took back the lead, but the Swedes showed to be in great shape and that's promising for the rest of the championship. Our Greatest One Ever, Charlotte Kalla (22 international medals!) made a strong race, finishing 5th despite having the season ruined by a corona infection and back problems. She raced herself into the relay team, for sure.

Sunday then became a great day for the lady squad, and to be honest - the Swedish team sprinters *were* also big favourites. In team sprint two skiers alternate to do every second round of six sprint laps. New world champ Jonna Sundling and 2019 team sprint world champ Maja Dahlqvist formed the Swedish team (Maja then teamed with Stina Nilsson, who last spring changed sport to biathlon, it's another story). This became a bit extra spicy because it was Jonna and Maja who crashed into each other in the 2019 individual final, which made them lose one or two medals.

This time they made no mistake. The Swedes lead through practically the whole race. Nadine Fähndrich of Switzerland tried to challenge on the final stretch, but fresh world champ Jonna would have none of it, and sailed through the finish line on the frozen water. Jonna and Maja got justice after the 2019 debacle, and both looked as happy as two-tailed dogs. Norway had a miserable day and finished sixth. On the other hand, their men's team won their race!

And the Swedes finished sixth there. I won't have reasons to cover the male Swedish skiers much. The men's squad is in a tough generation shift, after some very good ones retired a couple of years ago. It'll take some time to bounce back. One candidate is William Poromaa, promising ninth in skiathlon despite ski problems and only 20 years. BTW he's also the fiancé of already successful Frida Karlsson. Finland, usually a good skiing nation but also having problems, won the silver in the men's team sprint, which was excellent for them. Onnittelen!



Maja Dahlqvist and Jonna Sundling celebrate their team sprint gold medal!



Frida Karlsson before start. Silver was the result.

And just before deadline, we had the ladies' 10 km free style race. Norwegian "Locomotive" Johaug was impossible to shake, but two more medals for the Swedes, silver for Frida Karlsson and bronze for Ebba Andersson - the same procedure as in skiathlon. The Great One Charlotte Kalla finished a fine sixth despite, as noted, a miserable season with illnesses and few races. She'll do fine in the relay on Thursday. And the Swedish girls will be favourites! The three top Swedes today beat all Norwegians except Johaug and the fourth spot will be filled with (probably) sprint champ Jonna Sundling, with comet Linn Svahn as backup if her shoulder is fine. The Swedish lady squad is our best ever and a joy to follow, while we have to admit Norway's Johaug is the best distance runner...for some time still. It's all Ms Kalla's doing, often voted Sweden's most popular athlete all categories and she has inspired many young girls to get their boots into those long snow things. The medal catch is now six, better than in previous world championships, and more to come... (Relay and 30 km.)

But that's perhaps for next issue.

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HISTORY CORNER

I have written a lot about the legendary space journalist, artist and author Eugen Semitjov https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Eugen_Semitjov in the 10-issue history run. Skiffy has always been tightly connected to space exploration, with its speculative, futuristic scope. You only need to think of "2001 - A Space Odyssey" to see why. Approximately 123 456 sf novels covers spaceships and alien planets...

I was contacted by a film maker who plans to do a documentary about Eugen! (I won't spill more about the project yet. It's a guy I way back know from the Short Film Festival this zine often has reported from.) I gave him all the newspaper clips about Eugen and his father Vladimir Semitjov I had collected, some personal memories and all the tips I could come up with, and I wish the project comes through.

Here is BTW Eugen's official homepage (run by his son Jesper, I believe), with some stuff in English and lots of his exquisite art <https://semitjov.se/comics/?lang=en>

This gives me a reason to return to Semitjov material. Eugen is here proudly presented in the big newspaper Aftonbladet, April 12 1962, "Aftonbladet's Space Expert (you saw him in TV's news program) FIRST WITH SPUTNIK":



Eugen Semitjov (right), here with one of Swedish fandom's Founding Fathers, Dénis Lindbohm.

Aftonbladets rymdexpert (ni såg honom i TV:s Aktuellt) FÖRST MED SPUTNIK

Ni som såg TV i går kväll blev informerade om ryssarnas rymdförsök av Aftonbladets rymdexpert Eugen Semitjov. Sveriges radio har uppmärksammat att han är en av våra främsta populärskildrare av rymdforskningen. I förrgår kväll medverkade han också i radions Journalen.

TV I GÅR

I Aftonbladet har Eugen Semitjov sedan år tillbaka medarbetat med teckningar och text om rymden. Redan fyra månader innan ryssarna lyckades sända upp sin första satellit hade Eugen Semitjov döpt den till Sputnik.

Eugen Semitjov har producerat sig i rymdfrågor också i Danmark, Norge, Finland, Tyskland och Argentina.

Han är en av de få västerländska experter som fått följa de ryska rymdexperimenterna på plats. För en

tid sedan återkom han från en tussensmilafärd genom de europeiska och asiatiska Sovjet.

I två månader fick han besöka de ryska raketexperternas laboratorier och experimentverkstäder. Han besökte bl. a. Moskva, Leningrad, Sverdlovsk, Tiflis, Tasjkent och Samarkand.

Hans kunnande och hans förmåga att på lätt sätt förklara rymdfrågor och rymdförsök är välkänd för Aftonbladets läsare. Inför de förestående experimenten på "högsta nivå" kommer han som vanligt att ingående orientera Aftonbladets läsare — och TV-tittarna. SIGVARD LINDSTROM



Eugen Semitjov är en av de få västerlänningar som fått se de ryska rymdverkstäderna från insidan. Här under besöket i Moskva.

You who watched TV last night were informed about the Russian space experiments by Aftonbladet's space expert Eugen Semitjov. The national broadcaster has discovered that he is one of our foremost popular describers of space research. Last night he was also in the radio program Journalen. Eugen Semitjov has since several years contributed to Aftonbladet in illustrations and text about space. Four months before the Russians managed to launch their first satellite Eugen Semitjov had already named it Sputnik. Eugen Semitjov has produced material about space in Denmark, Norway, Finland, Germany and Argentina. He is one of few westerners experts that may follow the Russian space experiments on site. Some time ago he returned from a 10 000 km trip through European and Asian USSR. During two months he was able to visit the Russian rocket experts laboratories and experiment shops. He visited eg Moscow, Leningrad, Sverdlovsk, Tiflis, Taskent and Samarkand. /Swedish transcription of place names. English one may differ./ His knowledge and his ability to in an easy way explain space questions and space experiments is well known for the Aftonbladet readers. Now with coming experiments on the "highest level" he will as usual thoroughly orientate the readers of Aftonbladet - and the TV viewers. (Caption: Eugen Semitjov is one of few westerners who has been able to see the Russian space workshops from the inside. Here from the visit to Moscow.)

This was in time for Yuri Gagarin's first space trip, April 12 1961. But the same newspaper's TV review column "TV Yesterday" wasn't too happy with the TV news (titled "Aktuellt" = "Going on" or "Right now"), "Aktuellt Lost the Grip of the Space Trip", April 13:

Anyone expecting a clear overview on TV of the historic day in world history when the first human was sent into space became disappointed. When the *Aktuellt* extra broadcast came on rather late the highly interesting material was pushed out in one big mess, where all attempts of a clear line or composition disappeared. A long row of experts had been called up. Most of them never got the chance to elaborate upon their probably interesting views before time was up. A single interviewer, and a noticeably inexperienced one at that, made brave attempts to manage his enormous task. The somewhat knowledgeable could perhaps manage to get some interesting details out of this jumble. Eg Eugen Semitjov - well known for *Aftonbladet's* readers - managed to explain the very difficult landing of the spaceship with a couple of drawings.. Laborator Åke Hjertstrand and his colleague Rolf Moore - leading experts on rockets and satellites - gave a concentrated view of the space drama. The medical aspects of the curious voyage was also illustrated by aviation doctor Lars Laurell. But it was worse with the arrangement itself. You can understand the difficulties for TV to hunt for pictures and experts - but the question is if they shouldn't from the start have limited the experts and instead used their own experienced staff to map out the material.

The complaint was more about the TV program's editing and set up. Our friend Eugen did fine. He was also a frequent guest in the TV studios during the American space projects, including the Moon landings. He received the Grand Prize of Journalism ("Stora Journalistpriset") for his space reporting in 1972, well deserved!

Let's move to real skiffy speculations, on something we haven't seen yet - the manned trip to Mars. (Even if we could note a robotic success recently. Good luck to Percy!) Wernher von Braun had in the early 1950s described manned Mars missions in *Colliers Magazine* and would later do a series of similar TV shows for Walt Disney. This was certainly stuff Eugen had studied as he described his own ideas in *Aftonbladet*, January 14, 1955, in "*The Mars Rocket*" (next page):

Aktuellt tappade greppet om rymdfärden

TV I GÅR

Av SVEN HAMMERIN

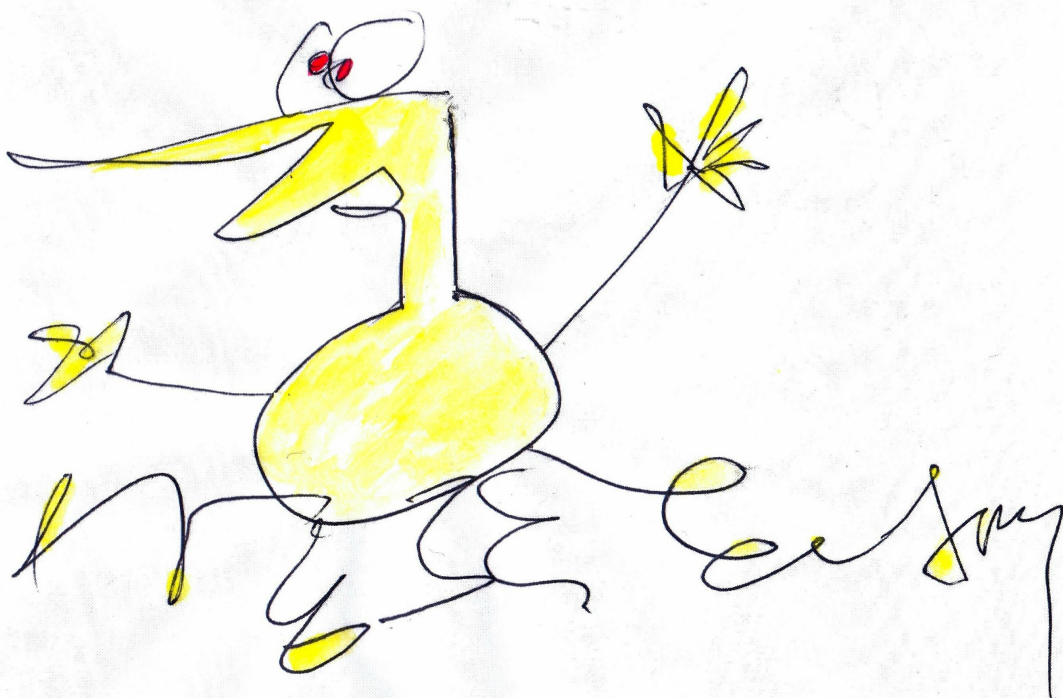
Den som väntade sig en över-
skådlig sammanfattning i TV av
den världshistoriska dagen när den
första människan sändes ut i rym-
den blev besviken. När *Aktuellt*-
extran kom ut sent omsider portio-
nerades det högtintressanta mate-
rialet ut i en enda röra där alla för-
sök till linjer och uppläggning för-
svann.

En hel rad experter hade inkal-
lats. De flesta av dem fick aldrig
chans att utveckla sina säkerligen
intressanta synpunkter förrän ve-
derbrändes tid var ute. En enda
intervjuare, och därill en märk-
bart orutinerad och nervös sådan,
gjorde tappra försök att klara av
sin enorma uppgift.

Ur virrvarret lyckades väl den
något initierade att få ut vissa in-
tressanta detaljer. Bl. a. lyckades
Eugen Semitjov — välkänd för
Aftonbladets läsare — att med ett
par teckningar förklara den utom-
ordentligt svåra nedtagningen av
rymdskeppet. Laborator Åke Hjert-
strand och hans kollega Rolf
Moore — framstående raket- och
satellitexperter — gav en koncis
bild av hela rymddramat. De me-
dicinska aspekterna på den märk-
liga färden tecknades också upp
av flygläkaren Lars Laurell.

Värre var det som sagt när det
gällde själva uppläggnigen. Man
förstår så innerligt gärna TV:s
svårigheter att jaga fram bildmate-
rial och experter — men frågan
är om man inte från början bor-
de ha valt att begränsa experter
och i stället avdelat flera egna ru-
tinerade medarbetare till utform-
ningen av materialet.

Well, that's a great start.



What came first, the hen or the egg? Artist Lars "LON" Olsson speculates.

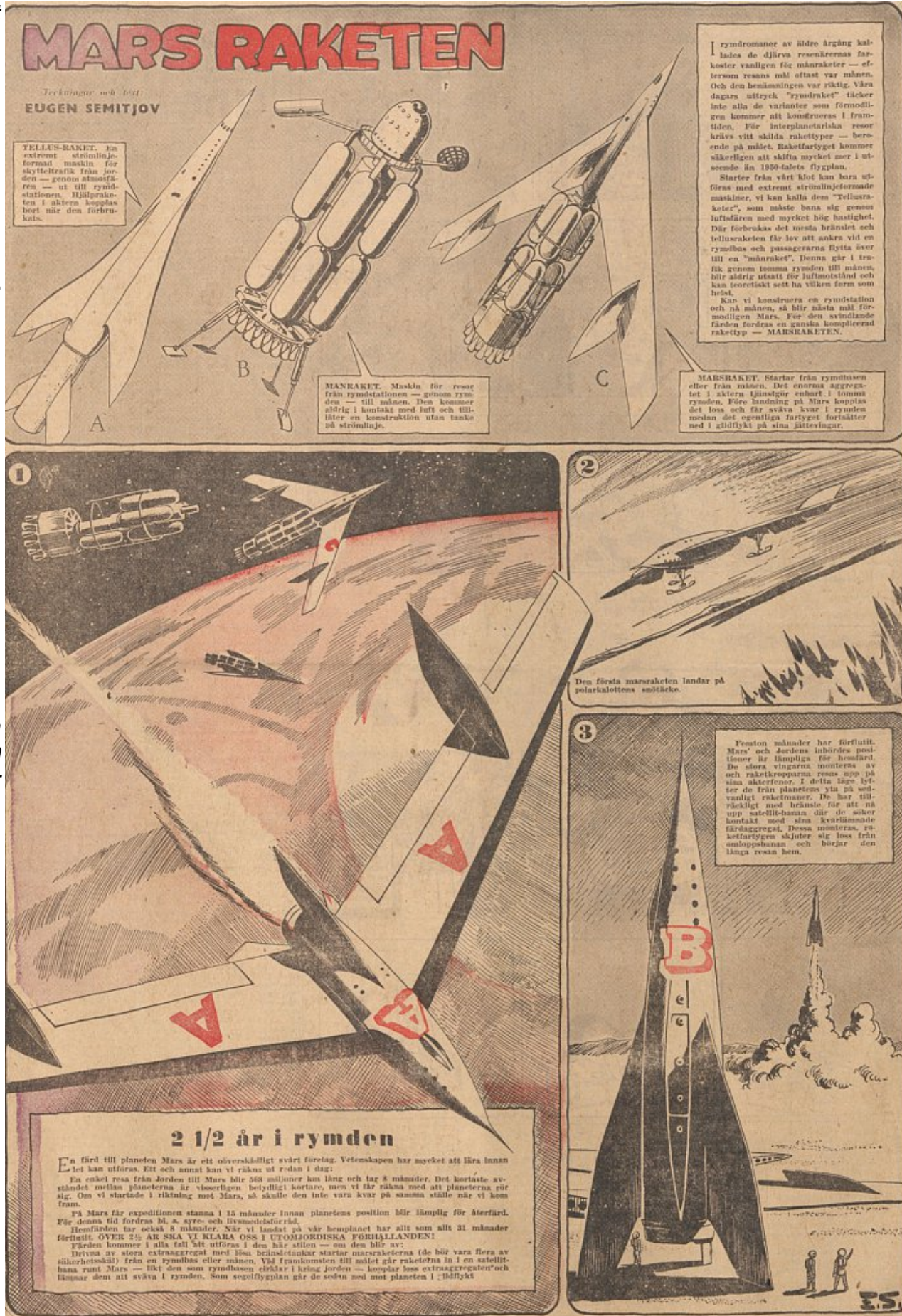
Big box: In older space novels the vehicles of the bold space travellers were usually called moon rockets - since the goal of the trip usually was the Moon. And that designation was correct. In our days the term "space rocket" won't cover all variations that probably will be constructed in the future. For interplanetary trips very different rocket types are needed - depending on the target. The rocket ship will certainly vary as much in look than the aircraft of the 1950s. Launches from our globe can only happen with very streamlined machines we call Tellus rockets, and must push through the atmosphere in very high speed. Most of the fuel will be used up there and the Tellus rocket must anchor at a space base and the passengers move to a "moon rocket". It will travel through empty space to the Moon, will never face air resistance and may in theory be of any shape. If we can construct

a space station and reach the Moon, next goal will probably be Mars. That breathtaking journey requires a rather complicated rocket type - The Mars Rocket.

Box 1: The Tellus rocket. An extremely streamlined machine for shuttle traffic to Earth - through the atmosphere-out to the space station. Auxiliary rockets in the back are dropped when used up.

Box 2: Moon rocket. Machine for journeys from the space station - through space - to the Moon. It never gets in contact with air which allows for a design without thought of streamlining.

Box 3: Mars rocket. Starts from the space station or from the Moon. The huge engine in the back only works in space. Before landing on Mars it is uncoupled and the ship itself continues in a



glide on its giant wings.

Big illlo 1: 2 1/2 years in space. A trip to the planet Mars is an incredibly difficult enterprise. Science has much to learn before it can be done. But we can anticipate one or two things already today: a single trip from Earth to Mars will be 568 km long /Ed: Hm, that will vary!!/ and takes 8 months. While the shortest distance between the planets is far less we must count on that they move. If we started pointing to Mars it wouldn't be in the same place when we reached there. The expedition may stay on Mars for 15 months before the position of the planet will be suitable for the trip back. The return trip also takes 8 months. When we land on our home planet 31 months have all in all passed. FOR OVER 2 1/2 MONTHS WE MUST BE ABLE TO COPE WITH UNEARTHLY CIRCUMSTANCES. The trip will go this way - if it will happen: Powered by big extra engines with external fuel tanks the Mars rockets (there should be several for safety reasons) from a space base or the Moon. Arriving at the target the rockets enter a satellite orbit around Mars - like the one the space base has around Earth - drops extra engines and leave them to float in space. Like a glider they then move towards the planet surface.

Illlo 2: The first Mars rocket lands on the snow of the polar cap.

Illlo 3: 15 months have passed. The positions of Mars and Earth are suitable for travelling home. De big wings are removed and the rocket body is raised on the aft fins. In this position it lifts from the planet's surface in the usual rocket manner. They have enough fuel to reach the satellite orbit where they will reach contact with the engines left behind. These are attached, the rocketship shots itself free from the orbit and begins the long trip home.



This scenario is clearly inspired by but not identical to the one von Braun presented, and its obvious that Eugen knew his stuff. And it's a quite possible and realistic Mars expedition, given that the vessels are given a more modern design.

Beside being a fine artist (for many years drawing the space comic "Allan Kämpe" which sold internationally) Eugen Semitjov was also journalist and author. Writing a long row of popular science and space books he also wrote a number of adventure novels for young readers, with an sf slant of course. Thoughh being a staff artist for the old *Jules Verne Magasinet* (1940-47) he never had any short stories in any of the - not too many - Swedish sf mags. However, I found a short story by him in his regular newspaper *Aftonbladet*. It is formally an article, but is phrased like a piece of fiction, "We Broke the Time Barrier" was the title, published September 8 1959:

I bumped into Peter in the astronauts' mess on my first free evening after the extensive debriefing. I had hoped to find him there. We had followed each other in high school, being of the same age and class in the astronaut school and finally the new photon training. It was the photon rocket that made out ways part. I had applied to and been accepted for the first deep space journey, while Peter had preferred to stay with the atomic fleet.

It took some time before any of us said something. We just stood and looked at each other. Tried to discover any changes. You see, we were not longer of the same age. Peter was now one year older than me. It may sound like science fiction, but is the real truth. We were both at age 27 when I started, but now after the return to Earth I am 30 year and Peter 31.

But that isn't so strange - I and the entire crew of the photon rocket have been subjects of the time dilation that happens near light speed. The mathematician Albert Einstein predicted it in his theory of relativity already half a century ago. We in the photon rocket FR-F 18 are the first to experience it. I and Peter now sit and chat over a drink. The evening rests dark and warm over the rocket field and the heat flows in through the open windows of the mess. Far away in the darkness a few rocket fuselages shines white in the searchlights. It's the streamlines ferries that go to the space stations.

We never came to any conclusions in our discussions. Peter says I have lost a year of my life while I claim the opposite - that I have been given an extra year. Who is right? Perhaps we both are. I'd better tell the whole thing from the beginning.

Photon rockets - driven by light energy and the fastest vessels to travel through space - had already been in practical use for a couple of years when our operation began to be planned. We called it "Operation Einstein" and its purpose was to explore the effects of time dilation during a three year journey. The photon drive was at the time far advanced, and the problem was rather to make the rocket self-sufficient so that the crew's need of nourishment and oxygen could be met during the long journey.

A huge staff of space physicians, chemists, atomic physicists and other specialists in many different areas managed to solve the task and two years

later the spaceship lay readily assembled and anchored to the satellite station B2 in its 24-hour orbit. We bid farewell to loved ones and friends who had gathered by the ferry rocket that would take us to the space station. Peter was there and joked about that they would have to come and get us with an old, trusty atomic rocket when we ran out of photons.

We didn't exchange any words, when we the ten selected embarked the photon rocket through the air tunnel from the space station eight hours later. All went on routine and like other interplanetary expeditions, and yet this was something different from before. A spaceship would for the first time leave the solar system and rush

VI SPRÄNGDE TIDVALLEN!

Text och teckning av EUGEN SEMITJOV

Jag stötte ihop med Peter i astronautmässen på min första frikväll efter den omfattande rapportgivningen. Jag hade hoppats att finna honom där. Vi hade följts åt som jämnåriga klasskamrater i gymnasiet, astronautskolan och slutligen den nyutvecklade foton-kursen. Det var fotonraketen som skilde våra vägar. Jag hade anmält mig och antagits till den första färresan, medan Peter föredragit att stanna vid atomflotten.

Fem steg mot FRAMTIDEN

Det tog en stund innan vi kom oss för att säga något. Vi stod bara och granskade varandra. Fästskotte uppåt i den ljusa rummet. Vi var nämligen inte jämnåriga längre. Nu var Peter ett år äldre än jag. Det låter kanske som science-fiction, men det är bara verkligheten. Vi var båda 27-åringar när jag startade, men nu efter återkomsten till jorden är jag 28 år och Peter 29. Det där är inte så konstigt - jag och de andra besättningarna på fotonraketen har nämnt ut för den tidsfördröjning som uppstår vid hastigheter nära ljusets. Matematikern Albert Einstein förutspådde det i sin relativitetsteori redan för snart ett halvsäkt sedan. Vi i fotonraketen FR-F18 är de första som har upplevt det.

Äldre eller yngre?

Nu sätter Peter och jag och pratar vid en drink. Kvällen villar mörk och varm över raketfältet och värmen flyter in genom de öppna fönstren i mäsken. Långt borta i dunklet lyser några raketkroppar via i strålkastarljus. Det är de strömlinjerna som går i trafik till rymdstationen. Vi kommer inte till någon slut-sats i vår diskussion. Peter säger att jag har förlorat ett år av mitt liv, medan jag påstår motsatsen - att jag har ett år tillgodo. Vem har rätt? Kanske har vi det båda två. Det är bäst att berätta allt från början.

"Operation Einstein"

Fotonraketer - som drivas med ljusenergi och är de snabbaste farkoster som trafikerar rymden - hade redan använts praktiskt i ett par års tid när vår uppgift började planeras. Vi kallade den "Operation Einstein" - och den gick ut på att under en treårig rymdfärd utforska tidsfördröjningen. Lagar. Fotonraketen var vid det laget långt avancerad, problemen var närmast att göra raketen självförsörjande så att besättningens behov av näring och syre kunde tillgodoses under den långa resan.

En ståtstab av rymdmedicinare, kemiker, atomfysiker och övriga specialister på de mest skilda områden lyckades genomföra uppgiften och två år senare låg det enorma rymdskeppet färdigmonterat och färdigmonterat vid satellitstation B2 i 24-timmarsbanan. Vi tog farväl av anhöriga och vännar som samlats vid raketfärjan, som skulle föra oss till rymdstationen. Peter var där och vittnade något om att man skulle få hämta hem oss med en gammal beklagad atomraketen när fotonerna släcknades.

Tio utvalda

När vi tio utvalda ombarkerades fotonraketen genom lufttunneln från rymdstationen följde vi till en annan, väntades inte ett ord. Allt gick rutinmässigt och likt tidigare interplanetary expeditioner och ändå var detta något helt annat än förr. Ett rymdskepp skulle för första gången lämna solsystemet och rusar ut i det avsnittande tomrummet mellan stjärnorna.

Vi följde bakom från rymdstationen driva av fotonstrålens mjuka rekyl. Accelerationen avspändes från början så att vi erhöi ungefär normal kroppsvikt. Rymdskeppet

♦ JU SNABBARE en farkost färdas, desto längre samman går tiden om bord. Så lyder tidsparadoxen i Einsteins relativitetsteori. Fenomenet blir märkbart först vid hastigheter som närmar sig ljusets - 300.000 km/sek. Det kan verka långt från nutidens raketfarter vars topp är 40.000 km/tim. Men redan nu planeras framtida rymdskepp med fotonstrålmotorer - fotoner är ljusets energienheter - och med denna drivkraft ska man kunna nå nära ljushastigheten. Ljus kan bli drivkraft. T. o. m. en ficklampa ger en rekyl! - fast omåttligt liten - när den tänds.

♦ I DENNA ARTIKEL som utspelas några decennier fram i tiden, möter människor för första gången tidsfördröjningsfenomenet. I den framtida rymddåren får vi vänja oss av med många jordiska begrepp - tiden är ett av dem.

hade formen av en gigantisk stav-lampa med "reflektion" i aktern.

Efter tre och en halv månads färd hade vi nått Einsteintal 0.5 - dvs farten var nu tre tiodelar av ljusets eller 90.000 km/sek. Den hastighetsmängden påminner om luftfartens Mach-tal som beskriver fartens förhållande till ljudhastigheten - Einsteintalet ger förhållande till ljusets hastighet. Solen bakom oss var inte längre någon sol, den var en glänsa bland Vintergatan mil-jarder. Vi höll kurs mot vår närmaste stjärngarn, Proxima Centauri, som ligger på 4,2 ljusårs avstånd från solen. Vi hade resorser för att flyga ändå dit, men det gick inte i "Operation Einstein". Vi skulle inte mycket mer än halvvägs.

Jag ska inte gå in på detaljer - värn arbetsuppgifter, vår frid - jag ska bara säga att trots att allt var ordnat för vår rymdresning och fördröjelse, var dessa tre år en enda fruktansvärd tristess. Inte ens sensationen av att slutligen ha passerat det föreskrivna Einsteintal 0.5 och nått en fart på omkring 270.000 km/sek. Kunde få oss att glömma vår hemlingstan.

Och ändå var det en svindlande känsla att veta att vi nu nätt och hastighet vid vilken tiden gick halften så fort ombord som på jorden. Om vi kunnat se ända TV över detta avstånd skulle de vid morgnarna på jorden se oss som i ultrarapid. De skulle se våra klockor avverka bara 30 minuter under en jordisk timme, hela oss tala släpigt och dovt som ett spelband i för låg hastighet. Medan allt tode sig som vanligt ombord.

Ytterligare sekunder, minuter, timmar - inbromsning under månader. Och så tillbaka igen. Åter acceleration till Einsteintal 0.8 och tidsfördröjningsfaktor 2. Åter färd i månader genom interstellartomrum, men nu åt rätt håll - mot vår sol som sak-

ta börjar växa till den klaraste stjärnan i Vintergatan mönster.

Tidsfördröjningen var svår att beräkna, den skiftade efter fotonrakets accelerationer och retardationer. Den förändrades ständigt, växte eller krympte. Elektronhjärnorna skötte om det - att se till att vi under våra skiftande farter uppnådde en sammanlagd tidsfördröjning av ett år.

En månad från jorden

Efter tre år i evighetens tomrum återkom vi till bekanta trakter, passerade Plutons bana och fortsatte med bromsad fart allt längre in i solsystemet. Solen lyfte oss vänligt till mötet, snu mycket avlägsen. Vi hade en månad kvar till den efterlängta jorden och landningen vid rymdstationen. Under den sista veckan nådde vi radiokontakt och utbytte tidsuppgifter. Vi visste vad som var att vänta och ändå var upplevelsen sensationell. Så här 350 rapporten från oss.

FR-F18 anropar jorden efter tre års interstellär flykt och hastigheter upp till Einsteintal 0.834. Rakettid och datum - 22.01 den 18 augusti år 1987. Kort därefter kom jordens svar.

Jorden anropar FR-F18. Vid er-hållandet av ert anrop hade vi Greenwichid 22.15 den 15 augusti år 1988.

Tidsfördröjningen i Einsteins relativitetsteori var praktiskt bevisad. Tiden på jorden var på åtta minuter när densamma som vår - men ETT ÅR SENARE.

Resa i tiden

Flera kolleger har samlats runt bordet i mäsken där Peter och jag sitter, och diskussionen är livlig. Vad har det blivit av det felande året? Det är en medeltidens astronaut på månfärden som faller det avgörande ordet.

- Ni har fel båda två, postrar. Ingen har varken förlorat eller vunnit ett år. Det har bara uppstått ett års förskjutning mellan era liv. Du som var med på fotonraketen - du har flyttats fram ett år, men din livslängd är oförändrad. Kalla det för en res i tiden.

"...och ändå var det en svindlande känsla att veta att vi nu nätt och hastighet vid vilken tiden gick halften så fort ombord som på jorden..."



"Of course, the real charm of the place is that hole in the space-time continuum."

out into the dazzling emptiness between the stars.

We floated slowly away from the space station, driven by the soft recoil of the photon beam. The acceleration was in the beginning set up so that we obtained normal body weight. The spaceship had the shape of a giant flashlight with the reflector in the aft.

We had reached the Einstein number 0.3 after three and a half months' trip - it means the speed was now three tenths the speed of light or 90 000 km/sec. This way to measure speed resembles air travel's Mach numbers to measure the speed in relation to the speed of sound - the Einstein number does it relation to the speed of light. The sun behind us was no longer a sun, it was a star among the billions of these in the Milky Way. Our course was towards our closest neighbour, Proxima Centauri, at a distance of 4.21 light years. We had resources to fly all the way there, but it wasn't a part of "Operation Einstein". We wouldn't go much more than halfway.

I shan't go into details - our work tasks, our spare time - just say that despite that everything was arranged for our work and entertainment, these three years were terribly boring. Not even the sensation to finally have passed the planned Einstein number 0.8 and reaching a speed of 250 000 km/sec could make us forget our longing or home.

And still it was a dizzying feeling to know that we now had reached a speed at which times moves half as fast as on Earth. /This sentence is also pic caption./ If we had been able to broadcast TV over this distance, the receivers on Earth would see us moving in slow motion. They would see our clocks move only 30 minutes during an Earth hour, hear us talk sluggish and muffled like like a sound tape in a too slow speed. Meanwhile everything would seem normal onboard.

More seconds, minutes, hours - breaking for months. And going back again. More deacceleration to Einstein 0.3 from time dilation 2. More travel for months in empty interstellar space, but now in the right direction - towards our sun, that slowly grows to the shiniest star in the pattern of the Milky Way.

The time dilation was difficult to calculate, it shifted with the photon rocket's accelerations and deaccelerations. It shifted constantly, grew or shrank. The electronic brains took care of it - to make sure than we during our shifting speeds reached a total time delay of one year.

After three years in the emptiness of eternity we came back to recognisable grounds, passed the orbit of Pluto and continued with slowing speed further into the solar system. The Sun shone friendly on us, still very far away. We had a month to go to the Earth we longed for and the landing at the space station. During the very last week we reached radio contact and exchanged time data. We knew what was to expect but the experience was still sensational. This is what the report about us read like:

FR-F18 calls Earth after three years of interstellar travel and speeds up to Einstein 0.834. Rocket time and date 22.07 August 14 year 1987. Shortly thereafter Earth replied:

Earth calls FR-F18. When receiving your call we had Greenwich time 22.15 August 16 year 1988.

The time dilation in Einstein's relativity theory was proven in practice. Time of Earth was within 8 minutes the same as ours - but ONE YEAR LATER.

Several colleagues had gathered around the mess table where Peter and I sat, and the discussion was lively. What had happened with the missing year? It's a middle-aged astronaut on the Moon route who comes with the decisive words:

"You are both of you wrong, boys. Nobody has neither lost or won a year. There has only been a year's displacement between your lives. You onboard the photon rocket - you have moved forward one year, but your life time hasn't changed. You can call it to travel in time."

A nice little story. For us hard-boiled sf fans it may seem trivial, but for the readers of this evening tabloid it must have been quite exciting.

Earlier *Intermissions* have covered Eugen's early life, born in Sweden in 1923 in a Russian immigrant family, having the father Vladimir who was already an acclaimed author. The father wrote a lot in newspapers and weeklies and had several books published in Swedish, becoming a respected and well-known name in Stockholm's cultural life - even appearing in national radio! Here you see the radio program for August 21 1927, the relevant part reads "*Vladimir Semitjov and his boy Valdemar play the balalaika and guitar*". The "Valdemar" mentioned

Riksprogrammet för veckan 21—27 aug.

Stockholm (454,5):

Följande förkortningar användas: St. = Stockholm, Mo. = Motala, G. = Göteborg, Må. = Malmö, Su. = Sundsvall, B. = Boden och Ö. = Östersund. Då ingen bokstav förekommer, går programmet över alla stationer.

Varje dag (då intet annat angives): 12,35 St, Mo, G, Må och Su: Väderleksrapport. 12,45 St, Mo, G, Må och Su: Riksbanks- och fondbörsnoteringarna. 12,55 St, Mo, G, Må och Su: Tidssignal. 9,15 Dagsnyheter från TT. 9,30 Väderleksrapport.

Söndag: 11 Högmässa från St Peterskyrkan. — 12,45 Väderleksrapport. — 5,10 Barnprogram: Ebbe Lieberath berättar pojkhistorier, Hekarna Zedig sjunga visor och Vladimir Semitjov och hans pojke Valdemar spela balalaika och gitarr. — 5,55 Klockspelet från Stadshustornet. — 6 Aftonsång från Jakobs kyrka. Predikan av kyrkoherde Eskil Andre. — 7,15 Konsert av Siljansbygdens körörbund. — 8 "En nyck", Proverb av Alfred de Musset. — 8,45 Militärmusik av Upplands infanteriregementes musikkår. — 9,35 Su: Idrottsnytt. — 9,40 —10,30 Gamml dansmusik från "Polketten" på Liseberg (Göteborg). — 10,30 G: Idrottsnytt.

LÖRDAGENS PROGRAM.

Motala (Riksprogrammet):

7,20 Gymnastik.
7,45 Morgonandakt.
8,00 Väderleksrapport.
12,00 Klockspelet från Stadshustornet; dagens dikt.
12,10 Väderleksrapport och dagsnyheter.
12,25 Musik av Skansenkvartetten.
12,50 Valutakurser o. fondb.-noteringar.
12,55 Tidssignal.
13,00 Forts. på musiken av Skansenkvartetten.
13,25 S. M. i skidloppning: 50-kilometersloppet (Örnsköldsvik).
15,45 På audiens hos en jazzkung. Käseri med grammonofonillustrationer av Claes Livijn.
16,15 Ett besök på planeten Venus. Ur "43,000,000 mil i världrymden" av Vladimir Semitjov. Uppläsning för ungdom av Fritiof Billquist.
16,45 Sång till luta av Vilhelm Julinder.
17,00 Väderleksrapport.
17,05 Kompositioner för violin och piano spelade av Charles Barkel och Nata-nael Broman.
17,35 San Marino — Europas äldsta stat. Käseri av James Dickson (Göteborg)

must be Eugen's - he was only four at the time - older brother Volodja, making the name sound more Swedish. It was only two years since the national radio monopoly had started, and having only one channel everyone who owned a radio set would listen. Beside being talented with words, the Semitjovs knew their way around music too!

Father Vladimir would hit the ether more times, like having his books read on radio, as March 5 1937 (see right), time 16:15 (4:15 PM): "A visit to the planet Venus. From 480 000 000 in outer

Mänresenärer in spe på supé

Svenska Interplanetariska Sällskapet skulle egentligen hålla sin första stora jubileumsfest 1960 — när SIS fyller 10 år. Men eftersom 1958 blivit det nykläckta rymdflygets stora år, bråkade det löst redan i går på Flygrestaurangen i Bromma.

Efter piccata milanese och klingande bägare överräckte ordföranden Åke Hjertstrand — han som brukar höras i radiolocket så snart det hänt något i rymden — ordförandeklubban till sin efterträdare ing. Lars Henrik Ågren. Hjertstrand avgår för att få tid att förbereda den internationella rymdkongressen i Stockholm 1960. Som tack för det stöd hon varit frö fru Gun Hjertstrand en guld-länk med Världsfederationens symboler av sin make.

Och så kom man förstås in på rymdflygning. SAAB-chefen Lars Brising sa att astronautiken (så heter rymdflyg fackfolk emellan) är mer beroende av mänsklig samverkan än av tekniken. Civ-ling. Björn Bergqvist från Flygtekniska försöksanstalten ville få astronautiken bättre respekterad och dir. Lars Garielsson ansåg att sputnikarna och påvens väl-signelse betytt mest för rymd-forskarnas kontakt med allmänheten. Docent Carl Reuterswärd tog upp frågan om pressen och rymdnyheterna, och AB-teckna-ren Eugen Semitjov berättade hur det går till att rita månkrak-ter klockan 5 på morgonen.

Fru Märta Bergqvist talade om att det finns skolor som tänker lägga hembygden på hyllan och gå in för rymdläran i stället.

— Jag vet inte ett dytt om astronautik, men är rysligt intres-serad, sa den nyaste SIS-medlem-men, piloten Ulla Du Rietz i marsröd klänning.

Och så drog rymdsällskapet hemåt medan stjärnorna blinkade — kanake inte fullt så avlögna som förut.

space" by Vladimir Semitjov. Read for the youth by Fritiof Billquist." By the way, speaking of skiing, the radio program for this day also offered, 13:25 (1:25 PM) "Swedish Championship in cross-country skiing: the 50 km race (Örnsköldsvik)".

To finish withy the Semitjovs, for now, let's note that Sweden's top space reporter of course lectured when the Swedish Interplanetary Society held its 10th anniversary, due to time dilation two years in advance, "Moon travellers in Spe having Supper", Aftonbladet, October 17 1958:

The Swedish Interplanetary Society should have had its first big anniversary party 1960 - when SIS is 10 years. But since 1958 has become the newborn aerospace big year, it came about already yesterday at the Airport Restaurant in Bromma. After Piccata Milanese and ringing toasts the chairman Åke Hjertstrand - who is heard in the radio news as soon something is on in space - the chairman gavel to his successor engineer Lars Henrik Ågren. Hjertstrand resigns to have time to prepare the international space convention in Stockholm 1960. As thanks for the support she has been Mrs Gun Hjertstrand was given a gold bracelet with the symbols of the World Federation by her husband. And they of course came into talking spaceflight. The SAAB boss Lars Brising said that astronautics (that's what spaceflight is called between the experts) is more dependent of human cooperation than technology. Civil engineer Björn Bergqvist from the Aeronautic Experiments Agency wanted to have more respect for astronautics and director Lars Garielsson thought that the sputniks and the blessings from the pope has been most important for the space scientists' contacts with the public. PhD Carl Reuterswärd raised the question about the press and space news, while the AB artist Eugen Semitjov told how you can draw moon rockets at 5 in the morning. Mrs Märta Bergqvist told us that that there are schools that plan to can local history and replace it with space science. "I don't know one bit about astronautics, but am terribly interested," the newest SIS member Ulla Du Rietz said, in a dress red as Mars. And then the space society went home while the stars twinkled - perhaps not as distant as before.

The Swedish Interplanetary Society still "indirectly" exists, since it in 1968 joined the Aerotechnical Association ("Flygtekniska föreningen", name "Interplanetary" was unfortunately dropped)) which still exists, and has always been a much bigger group due to the quite important Swedish aircraft industry (building all those advanced jets: J29, J35, J37, now J39 Gripen). Here a presentation of the old Swedish Interplanetary Society, through Google Translate:

[https://translate.google.com/translate?](https://translate.google.com/translate?sl=auto&tl=sv&u=https://www.zenker.se/Space/sis_hjertstrand.shtml)

[sl=auto&tl=sv&u=https://www.zenker.se/Space/sis_hjertstrand.shtml](https://www.zenker.se/Space/sis_hjertstrand.shtml)

Nothing Happened In 2020...

Intermission usually has an events calendar, showing and reporting from maybe half a dozen events the last month. I often attend lectures, seminars, art show openings, press conferences, literary events and so on. But virtually *all* of that have been cancelled since March last year. I did go to Lapland with my brother for a little vacation last summer, but I save that for a later issue - I have made Lapland reports before - and I have already reported from the small sf con Ökon2 we managed to do in the autumn, the sole Swedish 2020 con. As the virus is *clearly receding* with vaccines and warmer weather, I hope that opportunistic politicians and snug "experts" will confess their sins and let us have a normal eventful life, with a calendar once more filled up...

However, after the summer and much of the autumn the damn virus kept reasonably calm - until weather became colder and the virus yelled "Horray!" as people moved more indoors to infect each

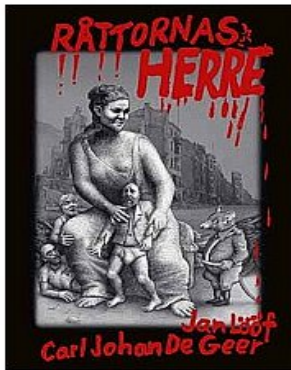
Välkommen på release för nya böcker av Carl Johan De Geer och Lena Andersson!

Kom till Lilla Nygatan 10 i Gamla Stan och fira tillsammans med Lena Andersson och Carl Johan De Geer. Torsdag 24 september kl 18.30-20.00.
Möt författarna och hör dem berätta om sina böcker i ett samtal modererat av Nina Hemmingsson.

Inbjudan är personlig och gäller för en person.
OSA senast 21/9 till: thomas@kaunitz-olsson.com eller 0704 32 10 44

När: Torsdag 24 september 18.30-20.00
Var: Kaunitz-Olssons bokhandel samt Gamla Stans Cykel,
Lilla nygatan 10

Välkomna önskar bokförlagen Kaunitz-Olsson och Polaris!



other in all friendliness...

One publisher dared to hold a book release, for a social novel by columnist Lena Andersson (one of the best ones, in the Svenska Dagbladet paper) and the dystopian sf novel *Lord of the Rats* by Carl Johan De Geer, about people and mutated rats struggling underground after the Big Disaster (see left). They held it September



Me with CJ De Geer signing his new, k apocalyptic novel .

24 in the Old Town's quaint alleys outside the publisher's bookshop. Echoing through the alleys you could hear New Orleans jazz played by a small band brought in for the occasion. Nice! Had a

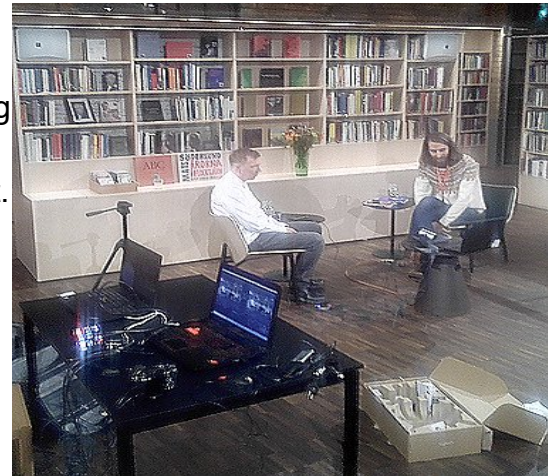


little chat with Carl Johan, who I have known for many years, but was very, very careful to keep six feet away, since he is in a risk group. Had some bheer, krisps and a good time.

And the Tranströmer Public Library, named for Nobel laureate Tomas Tranströmer (unless some activist mob thinks he said something bad in 1962 and demands the place to be de-named...) had live following of the Nobel prize announcement for literature to poet Louise Glück, with just a small audience present October 8 (below, left). Later, the same library, which has recently got new renovated space in the Citizen's House - where they were before, in another wing - held an on-line seminar on writing about love, December 3. No

audience present or allowed, but I took a shot (below, right) of them setting up their gear before they closed and kicked us all out. That's about all I have to report for now. Lapland in next ish, perhaps. There have been a lot of on-line events through Zoom or Loom or Doom or what-the-heck-it's-called, but I'm not

interested in such. Sitting in front of a computer to stare at a talking head isn't for me, unless it's something funny on Youtube. I of course also went to Katarina Street above the Stockholm harbour for the best view of the New Year's fireworks, and I noted that there were just about as many people out as usual there. Quarantine? Distancing? Lockdowns? Don't kid us!



Sailing Cometh

R Graeme Cameron: Come back, all is forgiven!

William McCabe: According to all experts I've heard the corona flu vaccines do make you immune, ie if the vaccine takes hold, if it works on you. They give an efficiency of a vaccine, which for most seems to be in the range 90-95%. If you are in those 90-95% you are immune, but if you still are infected a vaccine will make it less severe. The best info we have also says you are immune if you have had the virus, "for at least 12 months" (says our chief epidemiologist Dr Tegnell, adding "Re-infection seems to be extremely rare", single cases among millions or so). The vaccines also seems to work well on the new "mutations". Stockholm has seen lots of snow in January and February, and it's been rather cold. (Hear, Greta!) But we're used to it. It seems it has been worse in the US, even in many of the states that hardly ever see snow. You're right about RE Howard! He imagined his stories set in on pre-historical Earth. As for the Tentacles, I just found it through Google. Yes, there have always been "unknown" groups of fans; it's something I have sometimes found out, like the Atomic Noah club.

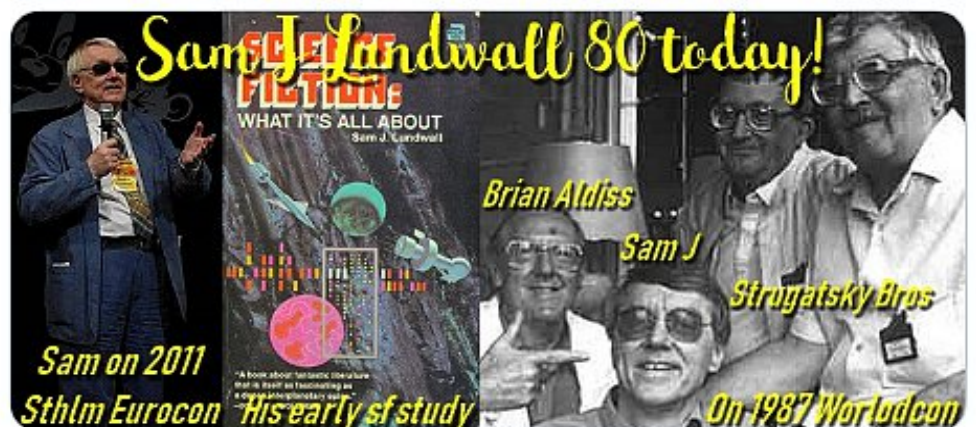
Henry Grynsten: Good that you found and liked and was inspired by Clloev! Interesting about Mozart, that he didn't write all the works ascribed to him. I must say it does sound a bit odd that he should have written his thirteenth three hour opera shortly after he was out of the womb... That other members of the family wrote some, that they "borrowed" pieces etc sounds possible. Many of the things and evidence you present looks compelling, but I don't know enough about classical music to say much. Personally, I'd like to see more off the strange hobbies of Arnold Layne...

Garth Spencer: What were the mistakes in the Official Guidelines? As for making PDFs, it also works very well to do them in Open Office Writer. Just select Save As PDF in the menus. BTW I've heard rumours that a group of 8 or possibly 9 unknown fans will congregate. Have you heard of it...?

Finally, congratulations to Sam J Lundwall, who turned 80 February 24! No one has done more for the sf genre over here than him. Intermission has earlier covered eg his music and TV career, and from what I heard the virus hasn't gotten to him yet. To the right what I posted on Twitter about him. And also the links, in short form, if you want to read more on Sam J:

<https://t.co/x1Bj74m4GG>
<https://t.co/U3Yomt1BjO>
<https://t.co/CtHJth4ZPb>
<https://t.co/6pBeNB2v3L>

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SWE SF GIANT SAM J LUNDWALL 80 TODAY! Congrats from SFJ! Author, editor, expert, con organiser, TV producer, etc Wiki: en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sam_J_Lu... SFJed: translate.google.com/translate?hl=&... Bibl'y Jules Verne Magasinet: docplayer.se/197987432-Jule... Launching Finnish cons in 82: efanzines.com/Ahrvid/KingCon...



Doing fanzines is like a virus! So join EAPA and get that bug instead of Another Notorious One...

Ye Murthered
Master Mage

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

Comments on issue 250

**It Seemed Like a Good Idea at the Time.
And it still does, actually.**

In any event, last issue I called for clever ideas for new things that the N3F could be doing. A newszine was one. Then I urged that members reach out to whatever electronic social groups they are in, to find people who might be interested in joining us. The other national hobby club of which I am President has since started doing this, and been remarkably successful, though they have a much easier sales line.

My list of electronic groups is short, so I listed them. At this point several non-members threw fits, and two current members quit (A third recently expired person also quit.) On the other hand, a half-dozen non-members paid up and joined. I have deliberately not mentioned it in any of the N3F zines I edit, in particular not naming the folks departing, because it would stir up a ruckus and make it less likely that the people who departed would return.

Of course, one of the groups I mentioned was defunct, meaning no one could use it for recruiting anything. With respect to another group, our Treasurer assures me that it has substantial politics-free zones in which SF fans may be found, notwithstanding the foofaraw in the national media.

The call for members to publicize the N3F

remains in force on whichever electronic groups you use. As a few of you may have heard, national politics has led to many sites being overrun with crazy people of all political persuasions. In recruiting for the N3F, please try to avoid recruiting people who are interested in mundane politics rather than the higher plane of sfnal fandom. As we now say on ours web site:

“The mission of N3F is to help members enjoy and discuss science fiction and science fiction fandom in all media. The N3F welcomes the membership of fen of all nations, backgrounds, and political persuasions. We are here united in our love of science fiction and fantasy, broadly defined. Just as you take off your muddy shoes at the door when you come into the house, so also here you take off your real-world politics and leave them at the entrance, because we are not here to discuss real-world politics.”

There was a ruckus anyhow, primarily on File770.com. I asked that our zines – meaning TNFF, Tightbeam, and the old eZine, as our recent zines weren’t listed – be taken down from one web site, where the owner was a bit upset with me, and he did.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, I redid two web pages, one for the N3F and the other for AHIKS, formerly “The Avalon Hill Intercontinental Kriegspiel Society”. AHIKS is the board wargaming analog of the N3F. It is the oldest international club in its area (founded 1966) and now has closing on 700 members. The AHIKS web page was hand-coded; no one knew how to maintain it, so I started from scratch. You can see the result at AHIKS.com. The N3F web pages had been at Greengeeks, but David Speakman, who had set things up, wanted – before the ruckus began -- to shut down those pages and asked that they be moved,

which I did. The structure of the new site is much like that at the old site, for which all credit goes to David Speakman. Thanks for the new N3F seal go to Alan Warner.

On the bright side, by moving the web pages to the new host I mostly solved the problems with emailing our fanzines.

NeffCon, the N3F Electronic Convention

I have discussed this idea already, and will now lay out what I see us doing: We advance to some internet social space. I am inclined to say MeWe.com, because ConCellation is already in place on Facebook. On one hand, we do not want to get into a fan feud with them. On the other hand, the Facebook algorithms for detecting bad behavior and banning the guilty parties occasionally give interesting results, and I would rather not by accident upset the nice people who run FaceBook.

We would then have several groups. NefferCon would be a guide. NefferCon Dealer's Row would let dealers in sfnal products list their wares. NefferCon Fanzine Row would let Fanzine Editors exhibit and discuss their products. These would all be moderated. NefferCon Author's Row would let authors show off and discuss their books. Jason and Mindy Hunt, who give us their wonderful site SciFi4Me.TV have discussed doing panel videos – this is a bit outside my zone of competence.

The groups would need to be moderated. There are no physical costs for the groups – the videos are a separate issue. No one would need to be charged admission. I am not sure how you would do a virtual con suite.

As an addition, via Discord we can do audio or video zoom-like meetings. I do not understand this topic beyond its name. So today I formatted an issue of Tightbeam and an issue of The N3F Review of Books, sent the first to my co-editor Jon Swartz, and created this modest fanzine entry.

Comments on Last Issue

We got up to 65 pages! As always, Jose Sanchez gave us a fine cover. I am reminded of another novel with group consciousness via evolution, though all I really remember of it is a young lady hovering in mid air above the Grand Canyon. Your reference to Claude Degler goes back a while; many younger fen will be thinking 'who?'.

Jeffrey Redmond: Well-written bit of pseudohistory. For what you describe there is a Babylonian precedent, though it was a bit differently arranged.

The Fanac project is at Fanac.org, and should be accessible with a normal browser. Nice and quite different art!

Will Mayo: Spooky artwork, interesting references. An eldritch fog-shrouded graveyard. And you recruited a poet! Good work!. The ghost photo looks well done for its period. Tesla in his later years was, alas, quite daft. Were you able to re-read *The Great God Pan* for that review?

Jefferson Swycaffer: In defense of Bywater, 1925 aircraft carriers were not stunningly effective. The Japanese navy until close to the end of the war wanted a definitive giant battle, ignoring that if the US lost a fleet we would just build another one. Or two. Or six. While there were occasional submarines passing back and forth between Nazi Germany and Japan, the Japanese were

never interested in the German use of submarine warfare. There was a Battle of the Atlantic, but the Imperial Japanese Navy did not wage a submarine 'Battle of the Pacific' to interfere with American communications. They could have, but they did not.

Ahrvid Engholm: Welcome to N'APA! Please stay. As it happens we have other Swedish N3F activists, at least on FaceBook. Fascinating long piece on Swedish Fan history. Please consider editing it into an article for the Fancyclopedia. Wasn't *Aniara* turned into an opera?

Lorien Rivendell: 2021 will not be the same as 2020. "Better" would also be nice. Thank you for going back to 217. I am happy to see that NAPA has indeed revived. Fine zine comments. We indeed live in a strange world.

Samuel Lubell ... good point on not describing Larry White. Excellent question on fantasy novels. I agree with your answer. In the L Sprague de Camp fantasy novel, at the very end the nobility was voted out and replaced with some sort of republic. That seemed to be a discontinuity. Chris Nuttall's *Schooled in Magic* appears to be advancing in that direction..the young lady from our world not entirely deliberately introduces all sorts of reforms that lead to civil wars; his latest cover is the young lady crossing the barrier at the storming of the Bastille, except that on the safe for work book cover she is better dressed. Thanks for the Review of *A Memory Called Empire*, another novel I will never have the time to read.

First Exams

I reached the first month exams. They were actually spread over Sixday and Eightday, even-hour classes on one day and odd-hour classes on the other, so that exams could all last for two hours, with many students going home as soon as they had finished. The Fundamentals of Magic exam began with the Gentleman's Pass question. A considerable number of my fellow students wrote the answer to that question, stood up, and left. The second and third questions matched more extended discussions of diagram and gesture magic.

For the discussion of diagram magic, I dutifully gave the paper whitening spell, the well-known variation House Triskittenion uses, and noted the Lecture I'd attended on spell cycles. The question on gesture magic was much more challenging; I've rarely used it. Unless you are very good indeed, gesture magic tends to be imprecise; our trading partners look to us for precision objects.

Then at the end there were the two nasty questions. "Why did I not set out any reserve books?" and "In reading about sand magic, what did you learn?" I described mapping the library, where I had searched, and finally confessed I had found nothing useful about sand magic. I listed a series of sources I had consulted, none of which mentioned the topic, at least under any synonym I could guess. The index volumes to the *Encyclopedia Arcana* – that's ten volumes – reference all sorts of uses for different sands, but none of the ones I had checked resemble Master Aduriel's sand magic. My conscience poked me in the ribs. I'd spent several hours checking the *Encyclopedia*, had other things I needed to study, and never got back to finding out what sand magic is. I could point out it was unlike diagram magic. If you have a diagram and cast its spell, the diagram is

still there afterwards. Some of the sands in Master Aduriel's diagram vanished when his spell ignited. There are spells where things disappear, but the disappearing things are material components. If you combine iron ore, coal, and limestone in the right amounts with a bit of this and that, and summon – it's at its heart a fire spell – heat you end up with liquid steel.

GAPS HERE

Brothers

Your sister destroyed a combat golem.

She what? She's going to be billed a fortune in weregild.

Fortunately for her, no.

No? How not?

It was sent to kill her. Instead, she killed it.

MORE GAPS HERE

Trial Session 1

This was a formal trial, in the Dorrance Judicial Theater. A dozen troopers of the Order of the Axe, their bodies and faces entirely hidden by blackened plate armor, stood in a line against the front wall. They were on a stage, well above the audience. The front of the stage was formed by the desks of the Court officers, three of polished and oiled teak for the three judges, flanked on each side by wider but lower oak desks for the two clerks. At each side of the stage, curtains hid doors leading to adjacent rooms.

Bells clanged in the distance. Three justices in pure-white robes tiptoed from behind one of the curtains, taking their places at their

desks, to be followed by the clerks. The Lead Justice struck the gong that hovered above her desk. "Be at peace," she chanted. "Be at peace." Moore had warned me to stay rooted in my seat, so that's what I did.

"We are here gathered to settle multiple legal claims, some with requests for damage. First, there are weregeld claims against Harold Fourbridge for attempting the murder of Adara Triskittenion. In order of seniority of the complainant: Dorrance Academy claims damage to the Campus Martius, and asks financial recompense from Harold Fourbridge, Adara Triskittenion, and their houses. House Fourbridge and Harold Fourbridge both complain against Adara Triskittenion that she caused Harold Fourbridge to be expelled from Dorrance Academy, that she destroyed a valuable combat golem, and that she stole an ancient *trelldiar* belonging to House Fourbridge. Adara Triskittenion alleges that Harold Fourbridge thrice attempted her murder, first by attacking her with a combat golem, second by attacking her with spells, and third by attempting to attack her with a *trelldiar*. She asserts that he further made against her an insult that made this a death-pride honor duel. She asks *weregild* from Harold Fourbridge for these acts. In all these charges, only one *trelldiar* is under consideration." The murmur in the courtroom had become larger and larger but was suddenly still when the attempted murder charges were reached. "Are their other, related complaints?"

"Your Excellency?" That was the Academy's lead counsel, Michael Flaxhammer. "We wish to add additional complaints asking weregild against Harold Fourbridge, based on this list of complaints that were continued on the promise of future good behavior by Harold Fourbridge, a

promise he has broken.” He waved a thick stack of papers.

“Your Excellency!” Brother Moore, seated at my side, could be quite emphatic. “Noting the intervention of House Fourbridge in this matter, the claims against my client being on the part of House Fourbridge in addition to Harold Fourbridge, we also ask *weregild* be levied against House Fourbridge for the attempted murder. Furthermore, noting that Harold Fourbridge may yet be sent to the Headsman, depending on the outcome here, we ask that House Fourbridge specify his House heirs, that they may be summoned to pay.” The Fourbridge barrister turned beet-red. “Furthermore, as the suits against my client are a continuation of a Death-Pride Honor duel between Harold Fourbridge and my client, my client being the abused party, we ask that all claims against my client should be dismissed.”

There was more noise behind me. It was very much not generally known that there had been a Death-Pride Honor duel. Moore had explained to me: Notwithstanding all the romance novels in the world, none of which I had ever read, most of which culminate in at least one Death-Pride Honor duel, Death-Pride Honor duels are actually extremely rare. However, he’d viewed the image recording from Violent House. You could easily hear Harold Fourbridge use the two words I’d named, a considerable number of other objectionable words, and incidentally watch him try to kill me. My Death-Pride Honor challenge was clearly valid.

“Your Excellency?” That was an elderly gentleman sitting almost behind me. “Anthony Milano. Additional party’s claim?”

“Yes, Counselor Milano?” The Chief Justice said. “And your claim is?”

“I speak for the Army,” Milano announced “We assert that the golem in question was a Class IV-A device, somehow removed from Westfort, its absence from stores not being noticed because it had been switched with a House Fourbridge golem, which we have in our possession. We ask *weregild* against Adara Triskittenion, perhaps by reflection against Harold Fourbridge and House Fourbridge, for the destruction of our extremely expensive high-power combat golem.”

Now the courtroom became quite noisy. Stealing weapons from the Army, not that they had many of them to steal, required circumventing multiple solid sets of wards. How, I wondered, had it been done?

The Lead Justice struck her gong again. “Counsel Milano,” she ask, “to repeat what I think I heard you say, the Army is claiming that someone stole a Class IV Golem out of storage in Westfort?”

Brother Moore scribbled a note to me. “New claim,” he wrote. “Novel. Scrambles claim priorities.”

“Yes, your excellency,” Milano answered. “And powered it up completely, and set it to kill Miss Triskittenion here. Also, as these are Army claims, they take priority over all claims other than those of Dorrance Academy, to which they are equal.”

The Chief Justice looked at the ground. “I see. Are there any other parties wishing to press a claim? Speak now, or suffer separate trial.” The courtroom was quite quiet.

Grandpa Worrow cleared his throat. “Intervention for clarification?” he asked.

“Might simplify matters.” The Chief Justice nodded politely.

“Counsel Milano,” Grandpa asked, in that sweet tone he used as he was preparing to gut an opponent, verbally, of course. “Did I hear you say that the Army had had a Class IV golem in its possession? Before it somehow left Westfort? And reached here?”

“Absolutely. The serial number on the seal, recovered from the wreckage, matches the serial number in Westfort records,” Milano said.

One of the Justices looked up sharply. Grandpa held up a hand and smiled meaningfully at the bench.

“So, just for completeness,” Grandpa said, “what was that serial number? One? Two?”

“Thirty-seven,” Milano answered.

“So, did the Army audit the other thirty-six golems,” Grandpa asked, “to confirm no one had switched the seals, so that in discussing damages that might hypothetically be paid by House Triskittenion the exact value of the golem in question can be determined? After all, they’re unlikely to be exactly identical to each other.”

“We can certainly do that,” Milano said. “It may take a week or two.”

“Is this digression truly needed?” the Chief Justice asked. “This is the sort of thing we usually resolve in the damage phase...”

“Darn straight it is!” the attentive Associate Justice interrupted. “Counsel Milano, I believe I heard you state that the Army has in its possession thirty-six Class Four golems.” His voice rose to a shout. “Is that

correct? Let me remind you that you are being questioned from the bench, and the penalty for lying to the bench is death by hrordrin.”

Milano wilted. “Ummh, I believe that’s not the exact number,” he said.

“What is the number?” the Associate Justice shouted.

“Is there some issue here, Merritt?” the Lead Justice asked.

“The Commonality Union Treaty, Milady,” Associate Justice Merritt answered.

“Auxiliary provisions.” Madame Lead Justice looked baffled. “And now, Counsel Milano, the number?”

“Please let me think for a moment.” He looked like a rat, cornered by a terrier, and facing imminent dismemberment. “Ummh, I have not seen an Audit Count, nor did I expect this question, but the largest number I recall hearing for the number of Army Class IV golems was, I think, one hundred and twelve. From the context I only vaguely recall, I do not believe that’s a current count.”

“Madame Lead Justice?” Grandpa Worrow asked. She nodded. “The construction of Class Four golems, then a hypothetical creation, was explicitly forbidden by the Union Treaty. Their manufacture is a Dissolution Ground. I ask as a start that the Army claims against my House be voided, on the grounds the damage occurred as a result of High Crimes admitted to have been performed by the Army, namely possession and perhaps construction of Class IV golems. I ask that the Army pays to each injured party – that is all of the other parties here, I believe -- the statutory ten-fold damages for a Dissolution Crime, and you

form a Committee of Inquiry to determine who-all is to be summarily executed as required by the Union Treaty for this crime.”

The courtroom became extremely noisy. “I believe the Court needs to consider these issues,” the Chief Justice announced, “and to consult with higher authorities. We stand recessed until...”

“Objection!” Michael Flaxhammer was remarkably fast off the mark. “There is only one higher authority here, the Dorrance Academy Law Faculty.”

“Surely I may consult with higher courts?” Madame Chief Justice was now thoroughly confused.

“Esmeralda?” That was Associate Justice Merritt. “Mister Fourbridge here? His mother is a High Justiciar of the Supreme Judicial Court. We can’t consult with them or any of their subsidiary courts. That’s almost all courts. For acts on Academy Grounds, we consult with the Law Faculty.”

Grandpa Worrow cleared his throat again. Madame Chief Justice raised her hands in desperation. “As Union Treaty violations have been specified,” Grandpa said, “the High Treaty Court must be convened. That’s thirty Capital Days notice. As Counsel Milano is also perhaps through no fault of his own a witness, I ask that he be detained on Academy grounds.”

A smile crossed Milano’s face. “I propose the Guest Quarters at Barrister House, if they will have me, with access to their Law Library, me to remain on Barrister House grounds until summoned.”

The Contents of a Good Life 17



N'APA Mailing 251

March 2021

Will Mayo, Apartment 9B, 750 Carroll Parkway, Frederick, Maryland 21702. wsmayo@yahoo.com .



Greater than any heaven or hell, death or karma are the things a man has to live within himself. It takes a lifetime.

I've lived my life along the edge of what passed as society, never one of the so-called normal majority and never really a genuine outlaw either. And just being myself and doing my own things as all the world got crazier than I could ever claim to be. I do well here with my cat and books, mind me, I sure do. But what a man would give for just a little respect. I tell you, that is something else now.

There will always be unknowns in this world for which there's no answer. And there will always be those that go looking anyway, kind of like that old song about a lady building a stairway to heaven.

Some people talk to gods. Others have imaginary friends all their own. Myself, I talk to my computer and my black cat. I find that they make much better company.

Some say there are gods, some say there are other universes, other dimensions tucked within this one. I know none of those things. I know only this now, this still night, this word on the screen. No more.

It's interesting that several times a year I make statements which some people find controversial, since I am just a mild-mannered man who rarely leaves his apartment building and is more at home with his books and his cat than anything else. Perhaps I am just at the time of life when I consider the important questions of life and in the end I am just as clueless as everybody else. Unlike the preachers that claim all the answers can be found in their holy books, I claim no answers whatsoever. But early on I learned that questions are a lot more important than any answers. And I stand with the questions.

It's good to get the latest NAPA and reflect upon the fact that I have at last gotten away from talking about politics and religion and have instead gotten back to what concerns me most—namely my hometown and what goes bump in the night. There are, after all, mysteries which await us still.





Across the street from me — Carroll Creek Bridge

Reviews

I think of Jorge Luis Borges' statement that "I would like to think of heaven as a kind of library" and if indeed Borges was right and heaven is a kind of library then I think surely there must be a Life Reviewer on hand to review all the lives available. His reviews such as "Mixed review. You take the good with the bad", "Boring. Don't try this life" and "Bang up performances by all concerned. Don't hesitate to try this life out" would then be published and all the patrons of heaven's library would choose among the lives recommended and live again for a spell...such as we are said to do on Earth in our day and age. Never a dull moment.

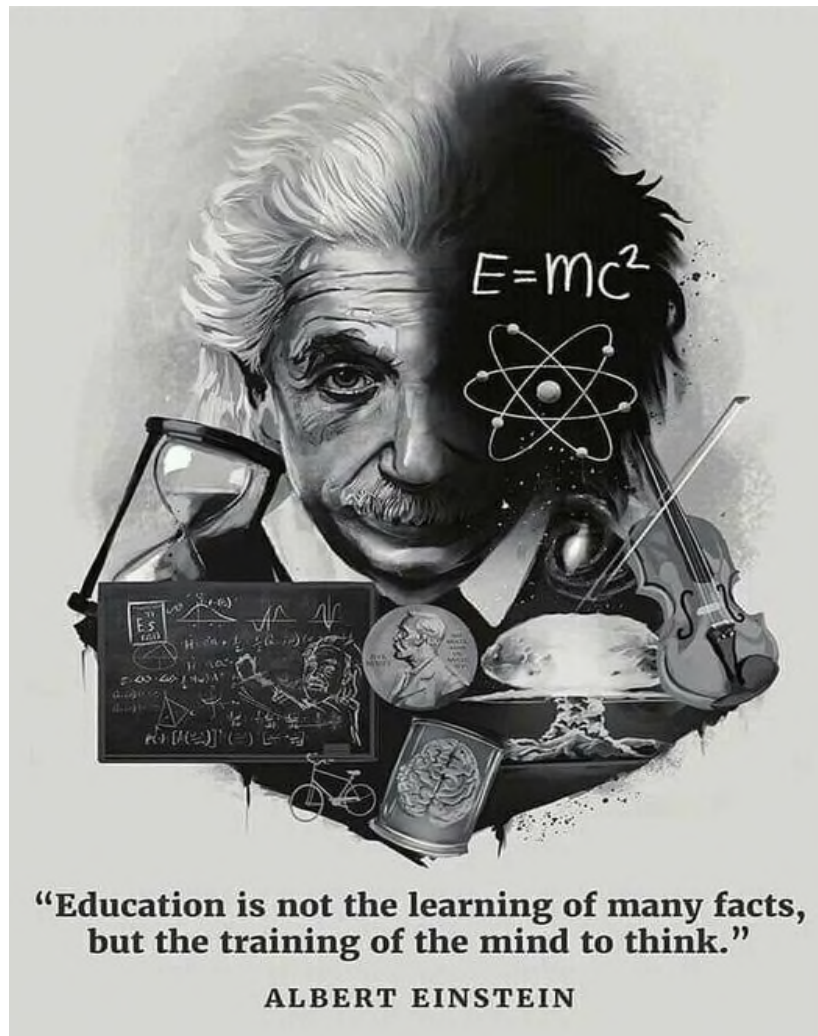
I Am Legend by Richard Matheson.

Richard Matheson paved new ground in this vampire classic about one man alone in a world of the Undead. Other vampire books and movies have come along in the decades since Matheson penned this thriller but none have done it with the same attention to detail as he did. You have to read it to know it. Five stars. Recommended.

Sex and Rockets: The Occult World of Jack Roberts.

This was a different kind of book about a man active in rocketry, science fiction and the occult, and so I feel that it necessitates a different kind of review. See as follows—

I think often of Jack Parsons, the man whose rocket fuel would send men and their machines to the Moon and beyond but also the man notorious for the black masses and orgies held at his house in California. When L. Ron Hubbard, founder of the Church of Scientology, stole his girl Betty, something died in Jack right then and there and when Parsons' life ended in a mysterious explosion a few years later it was said that Jack rode that rocket for all it was worth. To this day, you can hear people say, "Ride, Jack, ride." And all look at the stars in this night sky in wonder.



A Town That Refuses To Give Up Its Dead

Every now and then residents of my town will report seeing an army of soldiers fill its streets and fields. A cadaverous drummer boy will beat his instrument with worn sticks, a fog will rise from the ground and just as quickly as the army appeared it then disappears into thin air as the screams of the long dead fill the residents' rooms and fade away...Gone...Gone once more....

Getting Ourselves Gone

When I was coming up in this world I had great aunts, great uncles
and a great grandmother that told the best ghost stories.

Then they all got themselves gone.

Oh, I had parents as well. They fed me, schooled me
and lent a hand to all my affairs.

And then they got gone as well.

In time you and I will get gone as well, giving ourselves to the earth and sky
and the world around us. But for now, we stay, telling tales in the passing.

Before they too get gone.

Getting gone.

You might say it's our own way of life.



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happened.

Ye Murthered Mage. A Newszine sounds like a good idea but it would have to do something that *Locus* and *File 770* are not already doing especially as we'd be coming out monthly and blogs would be able to produce content daily. This is what weakened newsmagazines like *Time* and *Newsweek*. By the time they came out, everyone already knew the news from TV and newspapers. So what the magazines did was shift to providing more commentary on the news. It didn't save *Newsweek* (which was sold by the *Washington Post* after circulation dropped from 4 million to 1.5 million by 2010 and may be down to just 100K since then) but it is working for *Time Magazine*.

...Mostly Neglected Writers: Henry Kuttner and C.L. Moore

Henry Kuttner and C.L. Moore had impressive solo careers before their marriage and even more impressive careers afterwards. Catherine Luucille (C.L.) Moore was known for her stories of space adventurer Northwest Smith (doubtlessly an ancestor of both Han Solo and Indiana Jones) and one of the earliest female sword and sorcery characters in *Jirel of Joiry*. Henry Kuttner had become a mainstay of *Weird Tales*. In 1937 he had nine stories in *Weird Tales*, counting collaborations and pen names. He was extremely prolific in 1939 he had 20 stories published and in 1940, 23.

Once the two married, virtually everything they wrote, under both their names and their enormous number of pseudonyms, was a collaboration to some degree. Friends said if one left the typewriter in the middle of a

... Letters of Comment on N'APA 50

Synergy 26: I'm a big fan of Ted Sturgeon so think it great that he inspired you. "Substitutions" again feels more like background than an actual story. The characters are described rather than shown. Lots of good art in this issue.

Good Life 16: I think fandom naturally attracts misfits and those who do not fit in with normal society.

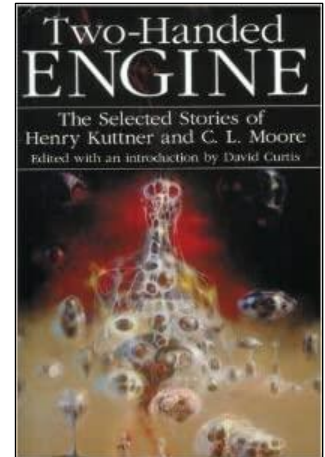
Archive Midwinter: I've not heard of *The Great Pacific War*. It is interesting that an author in 1925 would write a book set just a few years in the future, but maybe it was meant as a warning.

Intermission 104: The Hiccup Virus story seems to be satirizing our reaction to the coronavirus. But I don't think a virus that has killed half a million people in the U.S. alone and left many more with long-term effects is something that is "only dangerous for the elderly and those with underlying medical conditions." Thanks for the glimpse of Swedish fandom's reactions to nuclear power and the space race

Notes from a Galaxy 24. I agree 2020 seemed slow, to take forever, but also fast as nothing

story or even a sentence, the other would sit down and pick up where the other left off. They are probably best known for “Mimzy Were the Borogoves”, published as by Lewis Padgett, in which toys from the far future educate two siblings in non-Euclid geometry. Don’t judge the story by the movie, *The Last Mimzy*. “Vintage Season” published as by “Lawrence O'Donnell,” but almost certainly mostly by C.L. Moore, is about Time Travelers who visit periods of Earth’s history right before great disasters take place. “The Proud Robot” by Lewis Padgett (Moore later said this one was totally Kuttner) is about an inventor named Gallagher who only invents things when drunk and his sober self then has to figure out what the invention does. Their Baldy series is an early example of mutants hiding from their gifts from humanity (in contrast to the many, many stories about mutant supermen conquering (or saving) the world).

Sadly, their writer careers were short. C.L. Moore’s first professional publication was “Shambleau”, about Northwest Smith and space vampires, in the November 1933 issue of *Weird Tales*. Kuttner’s first story was “The Graveyard Rats” for *Weird Tales* in 1936. Both mostly stopped writing in the mid 1950s, as Kuttner went to college for a Master’s degree and Moore began to teach writing. After Kuttner died in 1958, Moore wrote scripts for Warner Brothers television, before retiring from writing after her second marriage.



Most of their work is out of print, although ebooks of some of their stories are available. Amazon has *The Best of C.L. Moore & Henry Kuttner* available for the Kindle for \$2.99. *The Henry Kuttner Mega Science Fiction Collection* has four novels and a few short stories for 99 cents. If you prefer print, haunt used bookstores or seek online for the out-of-print *Two-Handed Engine: The Selected Stories of Henry Kuttner and C.L. Moore* edited by David Curtis (Centipede Press) with 900 pages of their stories. Most collections of great stories of the Golden Age of SF contain at least one of their stories.

...Hugo Nominations 2021

As the nomination ballots for the Hugo Award are being counted for the DC Worldcon I was able to sneak a peek at the list for best novel. I’m scooping *Pile 220* with this. You read them here first.

British Gods by Hail Amen – In response to complaints that he had become too American since moving to the States, Amen wrote this sequel to *American Gods*. It has the same plot, but substitutes British Gods like Maggie Thatcher and Henry the Eighth for the American ones, everyone drinks tea, and the author inserts ‘u’s into words randomly.



The Ministry of Magic Futures by Him, Robin Stanleyson – Set in the Harry Potter universe, can the Ministry of Magic solve climate change by having wizards cast freezing spells before the melting ice caps drown London and most of the rest of the world?

The Network Affect by Martha Sickly – In an age where everyone has a camera phone broadcasting their lives on MeTube, causing everyone to act cool, Cancelbot “cancels” those with low ratings.

Ancillary Justice League by Annie Lucky – With the regular Justice League sidelined by the latest Crisis/retron/movie rights lockup, it’s up to the second stringers to save the day. Novelization of the DC Comics event.

The Calculating Stars by Marty Batmanette Powal – In Hollywood, the devil makes a deal with aging actresses to get them leading roles in the new blockbuster movie.

The Last Good Boy Rex by Johns Scuzzy – As the currents in space allowing travel between the different planets of the Codependency collapse, the characters are reduced to cursing their fate. Only the last good dog in the universe, Rex, can save everyone if only they will stop cursing long enough for him to somehow tell them that Timmy has fallen into a well.

Note: *Dead Flies Streaming* by Harlie Boss was ruled ineligible. Considering the whole continuing Brexit mess, judges still think the idea that Cthulhu runs the British bureaucracy is plausible so the book may be non-fiction.

Oh, if you haven't guessed. April Fools!

...Cancel Culture and SF

The estate of Dr. Seuss (yes he counts as a science fiction/fantasy writer) has withdrawn six of his books, including his first book, *And to Think That I Saw It on Mulberry Street* saying “These books portray people in ways that are hurtful and wrong.” This year's Worldcon has disinvited its publisher Guest of Honor, Toni Weisskopf (of Baen Books) after a blogger accused Baen Books' online forum of advocating (or at least tolerating) racism, sexism, and promotion of violence. Although Weisskopf shut down these forums, some people said it was not enough and Discon3 removed her from being a Guest of Honor. (Note: although I am a member of the organization sponsoring the Worldcon and am on the convention's staff I was not involved in this decision.) Disney removed actress Gina Carano from her role in *Star Wars: The Mandalorian* due to her social media posts comparing conservatives to victims of the Holocaust, among others.



Conservatives have accused liberals of trying to silence conservative voices and imposing a cancel culture on those insufficiently “woke.” But at the same time they are ignoring their own long history of conservatives trying to censor liberal content such as children's books with gay couples and nontraditional gender role, even a picture book, *And Tango Makes Three*, about two male penguins in a zoo who adopted an egg. There was a fairly large movement in the comic book community objecting to the increasing number of minority and female superheroes. Gamergate attacked women in the gaming community. And of course no football team has been willing to hire football star Colin Kaepernick after conservatives attacked him for kneeling during the national anthem. So conservatives are being completely hypocritical when they attack liberals for doing the same thing.

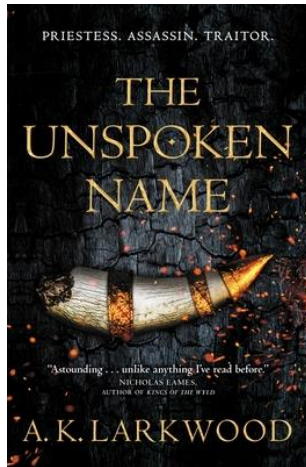
Of course two wrongs do not make a right and saying the other side does it too is hardly a valid defense. But note that much of the so-called cancel culture is people adapting their own content. For instance it was the copyright owners that discontinued the Dr. Seuss books. And Disney, as the owners of Lucasfilm, decides who can appear in their movies and TV shows. And certainly movie studios are reluctant to hire actors and actresses whose personal notoriety (for whatever reason) overshadows the roles they play.

This is not an issue of free speech, which only applies to the government. People naturally form their own opinions of others based on what they say and with whom they associate. And as society changes what is acceptable behavior also changes. We should acknowledge that the past was different from today without locking the present into the mold of the past. So while museums and history books need to show what happened in the past; this can be done without lionizing past figures whose behavior is now unacceptable by present day standards. Also, tastes and styles change and popular entertainment changes to match the times. For instance look at the Batman of the 1960s TV show compared to the Batman of *The Dark Knight*.

Similarly, science fiction has grown and changed. For instance the work of much of early science fiction would not be publishable today due to the flat characterization and lack of literary polish. Science fiction

has grown and evolved past this base. Even works of hard science fiction and space opera need strong characters and inspiring writing, not just intriguing ideas.

...Short Reviews by Sam Lubell



The Unspoken Name by A.K. Larkwood. Csorwe, an orc, is supposed to die for the god known as the Unspoken One. Instead she escapes the House of Silence with the help of Belthandros Sethennai, a wizard looking for a partner to help him achieve his revenge. He arranges for her to be trained as a fighter (and spy) and they have adventures until Sethennai wins control of his city. But the real plot is the growing relationship between Csorwe and Shuthmili, a Qarsazh adept. I found the first half better than the second half but the characterization of the two leads and the way both break free of others expectations kept me reading.

Redshirts by John Scalzi. This is a very meta book. It's about ensigns on a starship much like the Enterprise who discover that the reason why everyone on the ship except the top officers is afraid of away missions is that the non-officers keep dying. And that's because a poorly written *Star Trek* show in the early 21st century takes them over, except during commercial breaks when they can think for themselves. The solution is to go back in time and stop them. The book seems to be light but the novel ends with 80 pages of codas with different present day characters influenced by the time travelers. This makes the book deeper than one would suspect with some philosophy on the nature of reality. Still a quick read with not as much staying power as some of Scalzi's other books.

Remake by Connie Willis. A love story to the movie musical. In a future Hollywood where movies are an endless stream of remakes using digitized actors of the past, a man who has the job of digitally altering classics to remove the smoking and alcohol (science fiction then) falls in love with a woman who wants to dance in the movies. But no movies are being made. Then he starts seeing her in the chorus line and even leading roles of classic movies. A wonderful short tale with lots of the Connie Willis humor that was mostly missing in her *Blackout/All Clear*.

The Kinsman Saga by Ben Bova. This is the story of an astronaut who in a cold war space dispute kills a cosmonaut only to discover that she is female. This sets him on the road to reject military uses to space and when he becomes administrator of the U.S. moon base, makes peace with his Russian counterpart and tries to make the moon an independent state. It is amazing how much older SF resembles alternative history. I don't think I'd trade lunar colonies by 2000 for the dismal future and cold war in the book. There is great characterization of Kinsman and his best friend Colt, but not for the female characters.

To Say Nothing of the Dog by Connie Willis. This is a very funny book about time travel. I loved all the literary references and the fantastic characterization. The descriptions of being time-lagged were great. Hopefully the author's *Blackout/All Clear* has allowed her to get the WWII blitz out of her system as it kept popping up here even though this is mostly about the 19th century.

Note: All articles and opinions in *Samizdat* are those of the author, Samuel Lubell, and not any employer or client.