

# N'APA

## 254

September 2021



# The Official Organ

## #254

**Next deadline: November 15, 2021**

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

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

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

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

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

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# INTERMISSION #111

*E-zine by Ahrvid Engholm, ahrvid@hotmail.com for EAPA, N'APA & the usual suspects. Follow @SFJournalen newstweets on Nordic sf/f/h&fandom. Typos vs Me 3-0. Early Aug 2021.*

## **Editorially: PM Rises from the Grave, Eurocon, Footy, a Little Virus...**

There's no reason to dwell too much upon You Know What. +80% of all Swedish adults are now vaccinated and they'll soon begin to jab 16-years old. Deaths hover at 0-1/day. lower than for the ordinary flu (which averages 1.5/day) and Sweden continues to drop in virus statistics, from 35 (lastish) to now 39 or maybe lower (see <https://www.worldometers.info/coronavirus/#countries> ). So despite desperate headlines of continued scaremongering by old-time media pundits, the epidemic is practically over. At least here. The Public Health Agency has even dropped their press conferences.

Lastish noted how Swedish PM Stefan Löfven lost a vote of no confidence. I wasn't exactly surprised that he bounced back a couple off weeks later. If the opposition wished to take over, they'd have only 1 year until next ordinary election, hardly optimal and not enough time to do anything. What made his comeback is that the Left-Former-Communist Party withdrew their No, and that was enough as the Centre Party abstained, though the Liberals switched to the centre-right. There's no need to dig deeper into silly Swedish party politics, so we'll leave it at that.

Great news is that the city of Uppsala (80 km north of Stockholm) has been awarded the 2023 Eurocon. Se <https://eurocon2023.wordpress.com/> GoHs and other details TBA and date will be June 8-11, 2023. Stockholm had the Eurocon in 2011, which was quite successful with 750 attendees from scores of countries, so I hope this will work out well too. The Eurocon began in 1972 in Trieste, Italy, and is usually the size of a US regional con or a British Eastercon, say 500-1500. Honestly, that's preferable to a monstrous 6-7000 attendees Worldcon, where you constantly walk around feeling lost, unable to find anybody and being unable to follow all the parallel prog tracks.

I will not follow the ongoing Olympics very much, except for the Swedish-American pole vaulter Mondo Duplantis, the world record holder who I believe I've mentioned before. And I'll also keep an eye on the Swedish women's football (soccer) team. They shocked everyone by beating the "unbeatable" American world champions by 3-0 in the opening match. The Swedish footy ladies are no pushovers. They won silver in the 2016 Olympics, were #5 in world ranking but are climbing and seems to have a good shot at the gold, though I don't want to jinx their chances... It's more fun to follow the women's than the men's team, since our girls are good enough to always be medal candidates, which the gents are far from. (More news on this last!)

This will also take you to Lapland, where I now earlier in July fed the mosquitoes, as you have seen also in previous summer issues. Papers say that the Esrange space base in Lapland is on track to later launch micro satellites! And in a few years a Spaceport Sweden may open there, for suborbital space tourists. The billionaires already have fun with their rockets. Buying a stairway to heaven, sort of...

#111 will of course offer more skiffy and fandom history. I've also been working on a longer article with thoughts and tidbits on fannish history, but it doesn't feel like finished yet. Maybe in a later issue. I am now for instance re-reading FT Laney's fascinating *Ah! Sweet Idiocy* and might want to add comments on that in my article. Something like: read after a dissertation on the Cuba crisis ASI doesn't come through as an anticlimax...

*--Ahrvid Engholm, fanned, descending from a mimeo*



*Stina Blackstenius scores her first goal on USWNT, a bombshell girl!*

*Ps. I haven't been able to cut down the distribution as much as I've wanted yet (I feel hesitant to deny you this excellent and informative publication...) but I'll try harder. If you want to stay on the list send me a line. I won't publish LoCs so you can say what you want without fear...*



## Lap Dancing in the Midnight Sun

Devoted followers of *Intermission* have the last few summers been with me in Lapland. I was there 2021 too, so let me share some of the adventures. As if it was still an untamed, dangerous wilderness, with wolves howling and you'd run a risk of being trampled down by a stampeding reindeer herd... The only danger are the mini vampires called mosquitoes. My ma's and grandma's village Bellvik is a bit too much south to have real midnight sun, but believe me: the sun is so close under the horizon it's virtually daylight in the middle of the night. As long as the sun is over 6 degrees below the horizon (something called civic dusk or "borgerlig skymning") night is like daytime.

I spent the time reading, working with my computer, being around my brother and two cousins who were there, having an occasional trip to the closest town or on the lake with fire and hot dogs. I won't bore you with everything, but there was no "lap dancing"...unless counting the insects, doing the bug.



*On the way up we had lunch. Beautiful view over the city of Sundsvall, from its Northern City Mountain.*



*Entering Bellvik. It was late but the sun hadn't set.*



*Stayed in grandma's old house, where she operated the village Post Office until 1969. In front my brother's old SAAB, bicycle on top.*

# All Knowledge Is Contained in Fanzines...'

*\*So why not replace Wikipedia with Hyphen!*





Nearby town of Dorotea. The parking lot. Left two supermarkets and Systembolaget liquor shop. Right the municipal council house. In a second hand shop I found ca 20 books by fan and my old pal Denis L (RIP 2006). Beside being a good sf author and a huge BNF from 1952 and on, he unfortunately had strange ideas of reincarnation and such. But tell us Roscoe, how did a stack of his books end up in a small Lapland town?



The books I found by famous fan Dénis Lindbohm. Bevingaren is a good sf novel, the rest psychic esoterica, eg on his "earlier life" on the planet Kvatur Glon (as he believed...).



Cousin Anders by our mailboxes. BTW, the main mail service Postnord will now only deliver mail 3 times/week! Another nail in the coffin for paper fanzines...



A lake excursion. Anders by the outboarder. Me in sunglasses.



Brother Johan (L) got the fire started. Cousin Erik (R) watching. Hot dogs were waiting.





*Me after a swim. The water was warm!*



*Me, Anders and Johan giving dogs what they deserved!*



*Our neighbour Glenn held a flock of sheep.*



*Another neighbour, Margareta (by the bookcase in the back), summertime opens an antiques shop.*



*My cousins have their own cottage. Here by their breakfast table. Note the cosy fire in the fireplace (low to the left).*



*On the way back to Stockholm we stopped for Johan to run in a local competition, the Beaver Race of 10 km. His time ca 41 min. In younger days he'd do it faster, being a former elite athlete (eg running for the national track & fields team). Here he is after the race.*

**Is there a vaccine against a viral tweet?**



# History Corner

Wouldn't our beloved scientifiction, and the fandom following in its tracks, be rather dull without its colourful history! So I'll do my best to serve you stuff out of older times and literary space. All from the Stockholm Royal Library's digital newspaper archive, which I ransacked last spring when it was open

online due to a microscopic bug. Here notes on Yours Truly's first con, an sf exhibition, the leading member of the 1945 Atomic Noah club, an early piece about that loved, crafty rascal Howard Phillips, and interesting news about the sf opera that was sidetracked on its way to Mars. And I'll translate it for you. My first con was the successful Scancon 76, with its 475 attendees the biggest over here until Eurocon 2011 (which had 750). Dagens Nyheter noted 5 June, 1976:

• **DEN TJUGOFÖRSTA** skandinaviska sciencefiction- & fantasy-festivalen äger rum i Tekniska högskolans studentkår, Drottning Kristinas väg 15—19 under dagarna 5, 6 och 7 juni kl 11—24. Förutom programmet, som består av föredrag, filmvisningar, diskussioner, författardialoger m m, pågår under hela festivalen en konstutställning med ett 20-tal svenska och utländska artister representerade, försäljning av nya och antikvariska böcker, musikrum och en hel del annat. Festivalen arrangeras ideellt av sf-intresserade från Stockholm.

foreign artists, sales of new and antiquarian books, a music room and much more. The festival is a non-profit arrangement by sf interested from Stockholm.

I remember it as a very fine arrangement - main organisers JH Holmberg & Per Insulander - with Jack Vance as GoH (his first con for a long time), even if his GoH speech was too long, something like two hours... This con was actually a replacement for the 1976 Stockholm Worldcon bid, which Holmberg & Insulander withdrew from out of lack off energy. They turned it into a smaller event, though they were convinced they could have won the Worldcon if they'd continued the '76 bid. BTW, there was a wild party afterwards (I was too young for it) in the janitor's apartment where Vance entertained on the banjo...

One of the more active clubs in the 1980's was Sigma TC in the Stockholm suburb Nacka. DN wrote about an sf exhibition it opened in a local library in 1987. I remember I helped gather the material, and I probably did the press release that lead to the newspaper writing about it (I usually did PR for events). Date January 21, 1987, "Space Takes Up Space in the Library":

For the first time in world history Nacka's marzipans, ie sf friends, turns to the public. It's done with an exhibition at Fisksätra library informing about everything with the label sf. "We call ourselves Sigma Terra Corps and is a Nacka club that has existed for ten years," says Wolf von Witting who is chairman and lives in Fisksätra. The club has

The 21st Scandinavian sf&fantasy festival takes place in the Technical Institute student house, 15-19 Queen Kristina's Way, the days June 5, 6, 7, 11-24 O'clock. There is, except for the program consisting of lectures, films, debates, author dialogues etc, an art show during the entire festival with ca 20 Swedish and

## Rymden inrymd på biblioteket



ME DU VETA HUR DÄR MÄNSKA MÅTT OCHOMES, FÄRDIG, EGTIDEN, MÅNEN, RYMDEN OCH ESP? SVARAR FRÅN I DEN UTSTÄLLNING SOM WOLF VON WITTING OCH HANS "MARZIPAN"-ÄMÄNNAR I SIGMA TERRA CORPS KÖRER PÅ FISKISÄTRA BIBLIOTEK.

För första gången i världshistorien vänder sig Nackas "marzipaner", dvs sciencefictionvänner, till allmänheten. Det sker med en utställning på biblioteket i Fisksätra där man informerar om allt med etiketten "science-fiction".

Vi bjuder på Sigma Terra Corps och är en Nackalubbe som funnits i tio år, berättar Wolf von Witting, som är ordförande och även Fisksätra.

Bibliotek har ett stort medlemsrum. De första bryt i Nacka kommun öppnades i Stockholm. Den yngsta medlemmen är nio år, nämligen Wolf von Wittings son, som hette är över 10 år.

**Kongress**

Vår är ordnare Sigma Terra Corps och kongress i Fisksätra med inbjudna från Sverige och utlandet. Däremellan hålls medlemmarnas ett par gånger i månaden då man förbereder kongressen, pratar sciencefictionböcker, filmer, skivor m m. Bland medlemmarna återfinns bl a författaren Ralph

Lundgren som gjort åtskilliga "science-fiction"

På möten och sammankomster förekommer även en del del "science-fiction". Under kongressen ordnas bl a mätningstävlingar. "Såsom för författarna liksom "science-fiction" även för en "science-fiction" där stämman diskuteras - även detta efter "science-fiction" från science-fictionvänner.

— Vi har mycket sköna underhållningar Wolf von Witting. Vi ser fram emot att alla möter på det hela. Det är sådana stunder när man kan ha det med rummet. Man kan inte bara sitta och prata om böcker, som vi gör det som följande.

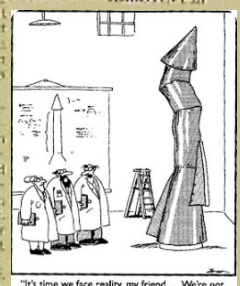
— Men det är litteratur som hjälper på att i vår "science-fiction" ordnare. Vi — och det var en sciencefictionlitteratur — hjälper. Vi har en inte på med medlemmar, det skulle vara en del. Och vi är inte följande som hjälper på med följande medlem. Även om en del medlemmar samlar med både det ena och det andra.

Wolf von Witting tror inte på sfos. I dag är man intresserad om man syftar med sciencefiction.

Säger han. Helt annat var det för 30 år sedan. Föreläsningen börjar på att vi nu lever mer och mer i en sciencefictionliknande värld.

— Verkligheten överträffar sciencefiction. Så var det i ex när det gällde månländningar. De inbjudade följare av en föreläsning sciencefictionkongresser.

Säger denne "marzipan" som jobbar som kreditör på Sallstjärnan när han befinner sig på jorden. KRISTIN PEPERSON





around 50 members... Every year Sigma TC organise a convention in Fisksätra inviting people from the rest of the country. In between there are meetings a couple of times a month where they prepare the convention, talk about sf books, films, records etc. Among the members there is eg composer Ralph Lundsten who has made a number of "space records"... They play meteorball at the convention, "which is stunningly similar to rounders" Wolf von Witting reveals. In addition they read poetry, where the worst poem wins, as inspired from the sf world. /D Adams and Vogons, of course./ "We have a lot of fun," Wolf von Witting stresses. "We don't take everything so seriously. It's easier to do things with humour. You can't just sit and talk about sf books, as we did first. But it is literature we deal with in our association, and the kind of world contained in sf literature. But we're not into space travel, that's something for the Space Movement. /The Swedish Space Movement was another group, which had just been launched./ We're not ufologist believing in flying saucers." /Wolf doesn't believe in saucers and.../ today you are OK if you deal with sf he says. It was different 30 years ago. The change is due to that we more and more live in an sf world, he thinks. "Reality beats sf. It was so eg with the moon landing. It happened earlier than predicted in sf circles." Says this "marzipans" who works as a conductor on Saltsjö Railways when he is on Earth. (Caption: Do you want to know what fanzines, fanac, egoboo, android, cyborg and ESP is? The answers are in the exhibition Wolf von Witting and his "marzipans" friends in Sigma Terra Corps show in Fisksätra Library.)

The club's convention was Nasacon, held for ten years in the 1980's, and once finally in the signature year 2000 (as Nasacon 2000). Sorry that the clip is a bit blurry for Swedish readers, but you can follow the English translation. On to another club's leading member...

En av de mest mångsidigt begåvade i vårt land, fil lic BERTIL STÅLHANE, Stockholm, har avlidit vid 90 års ålder.

Han var son till överingenjör Otto Stålhane och hans hustru Märta, född Ohlsson. Familjen bodde när Bertil var liten i Ludvika, där fadern var chef för växelströmsavdelningen vid Ludvika järnverk. 1923 blev han chef för Elektrovärmeinstitutet, EVI. Vid 25 års ålder blev Bertil Stålhane fil lic i kemi. Forskning hos fadern i EVI resulterade i många patent och 1942 fick Bertil IVA:s guldmedalj. Fadern fick utmärkelsen 1925. Bertil var initiativtagare till Institutet för halvledarforskning, Hafo, som sedermera blev ABB-Hafo. Han var innehavare av Elektrovärmeinstitutet 1945-69. Men om den tekniska sidan må någon annan som bättre behärskar den tala.

SOM DEN SANNE humanisten kunde inte Bertil stillatigande se att demokratin trampades ner av diktaturer och jag vet ingen annan tekniker, förutom Curt Nicolin, som haft samma moraliska mod att säga sanningar högt. Under ofredsåren skrev Bertil Stålhane böckerna "Barbari eller civilisation" (1940), "Tro och övertro" (1940), "Tala svenska" (1941), "Den röda faran och den gula" (1942) och



"Svenska folket undrar" (1943). Att han skulle bli angripen var självklart och som exempel kan nämnas boken "Ni bryter på engelska, hr Stålhane!", skriven av Ikke Ryding 1941.

Tisdagsklubben gav ytterligare "spänning" i tillvaron och sedan 1942 har han varit medlem i Publicistklubben. Han var oerhört beläst och hade ett stort bibliotek. Harry Martinson var god vän med honom och genom föreningen Atom Noak, FAN, där Bertil givetvis också var med, fick han den till "Aniara". DET FINNS mycket mer att berätta om Bertil, men en sak må nämnas som ytterligare belyser hans handlande. Under andra världskriget tillverkade han radioapparater till den norska motståndsrörelsen. Detta skedde i EVI:s källare på kvällstid.

Våra familjer umgicks sedan 1920-talet och för mig personligen är saknaden mycket stor.

It's the archive from the Atomic Noah club collected by Bertil Stålhane I have studied at the Royal Library. Stålhane was a chemist and writer (eg with articles and books against Nazism during WWII) who was active in - perhaps its most active member - what must be considered Sweden's first sf club. That's the group as that in fear of a nuclear WWII, right after Hiroshima, made plans for building giant spaceships, inspired by similar stories in the JVM sf pulp, to rescue mankind from atomic war to Mars. They had internal correspondence between all members on thin airmail paper (almost like a carbon APA!) and summer meetings with spouses, guests and lectures, almost like minicons, going on until the early 1970's. Members unfortunately began to die off, but the last two, Stålhane and Gunnar Dahlby (1906-1995), continued meeting until the early 1990's at Rosendals Wårdshus. Now from the obituary for Bertil Stålhane (1902-1992, Oct 17) in Dagens Nyheter:

...He became chief of the Electro Heat Institute, EVI /where they had space poet Harry Martinson one famous evening/ He became Phil Lic at age 25 in chemistry. Research together with his father at EVI resulted in many patents. In 1942 Bertil received the gold medal from the Royal Academy of Engineering sciences. Bertil took the

initiative for the Institute of Semiconductor Research...As a true humanist Bertil couldn't see democracy being trampled by dictatorships...during the years of unrest Bertil Stålhane wrote the books Barbary or Civilisation (1940), Belief or Superstition (1940), Speak Swedish (1941), The Red Danger and the Yellow (1942) and The Swedish People Asks (1943)...The Tuesday Club /famous anti-Nazi group during the war/ gave further his life further excitement and he became a member of the Publishers Club in 1942. He was very well read with a big library. Harry Martinson was a good friend and through the association FAN /Föreningen Atom-Noak,



"Association Atomic Noah"/ where Bertil of course was a member he received the ideas behind Aniara...during WWII he built radio transmitters for the Norwegian resistance. That was in EVI's cellar during the evenings.

A very active man, as you can see. I guess the "yellow" danger, from one of his book titles, must have been the Mao Tse-Tung communists, on the rise at the time, not Chinese in general (because a racist he was not!). You could almost say he had a Cosmic Mind! I wonder if any of the radios he built for the Norwegian resistance are still around? They should be in a museum!

From one Cosmic Minded to another: Lovecraft. This piece by Lennart Sörensen, who wrote a lot about skiffy, was perhaps first major presentation of HPL in Swedish press, in Aftonbladet August 2,



## I fruktans territorium

The Gothic tradition har alltsedan Horace Walpoles, Lord Dunsanys och Poes dagar varmt omhulldats inom engelskspråkig litteratur. Det är en genre på gott och ont, dock tyvärr övervägande på ont; har man plöjt igenom majoriteten av alla dessa puerila historier om varulvar och vampyrer är det ett mildt omdöme att kalla det hela stereotyp. I synnerhet Poeepigoner är vanligtvis odrägliga i sina desperata försök att efterlikna Mästaren, även om det finns sådana glänsande undantag som Howard Phillips Lovecraft.

Lovecraft dog 1937 vid 47 års ålder men är i överensstämmelse med de övriga litterära lagarna mer känd och uppskattad i dag än under sin livstid, vilket i och för sig inte vill säga mycket. De noveller han själv publicerade uppenbarade sig vanligen i månadstidningen *Weird Tales*, som över huvud var en sällsynt god plantskola för den bättre Poetraditionens värdare. Lovecrafts litterära kvarlätenhet har sedan antologiserats av mer eller mindre lämpliga redaktörer; den otvivelaktigt bästa antologin är August Derleths "Best Supernatural Stories of H. P. Lovecraft", som utkom 1945. Förutom ett initierat förord innehåller antologin samliga Lovecrafts novellistiska mästerverk. Här återfinns man således "Pickman's Model", en delirium-tremensfantasi om en konstnär i förbund med underjordens makter, av Lovecraft själv troligtvis avsedd att vara något av en personlig bikt; här finns den sciencefiction-influenserade "The colour out of space" och sådana ljuvliga gastkramningar som "The thing on the doorstep" och "In the vault".

I Derlethantologin ingår vidare den långa novellen "The Call of Cthulhu", som kom att bilda första stenen i Lovecrafts stora mytbyggnad, ett arbete om vilket han själv skrev: "Alla mina noveller är, även om de förefaller utan sammanhang, baserade på en fundamental saga eller legend om att den här världen en gång var bebodd av en annan ras som utövade svart magi och därför förlorade fotfästet och blev för-

driven, men som nu lever utanför på språng att söka övertaga den här planeten igen." Teorien tillhör allmängodset inom science fiction- och fantasygenrerna men Lovecraft utvecklar den på ett personligt och övertygande sätt och, vilket är det primära, han blir inspirerad av den att skriva utmärkta noveller.

Lovecrafts upptäcktsfärder i det mänskliga själslivets okända regioner är nedtecknade på ett språk som oftast tenderar bli kanslmässigt. Just brytningen mellan form och innehåll ger en intensiv skräckstämning som erinrar om Kafkas novellkonst. På det hela taget är Lovecraft en författare som förtjänar bli mera läst. Visst var han en sjuk störning som älskade natten och skuggan men få författare har som han utan tanke på följderna sökt kartlägga den mänskliga fruktans territorium eller brukat det logiska vanvetet som nyckel till sitt eget jag.

LENNART SÖRENSEN.



1957, "In the Territory of Fear":

The Gothic Tradition has been strong in English literature since the days of Horace Walpole, Lord Dunsany and Poe. It's a genre of the bad and the good, unfortunately mostly the bad. If you have gone through the majority of all these puerile stories of werewolves and vampires it'd be mild to call it stereotyped. The Poe epigones are especially insufferable in desperate attempts to copy the Master, through there are brilliant exceptions like Howard Phillips Lovecraft. He died in 1937 at the age of 47 but is following the usual literary laws more known and appreciated today than when he was alive, which in itself doesn't say much. The stories he wrote himself usually appeared in the monthly magazine *Weird Tales*, which generally was a good incubator for the better parts of the Poe tradition. The literary heritage of Lovecraft has since been anthologised by more or less suitable editors; the without doubt best anthology is August Derleth's *Best Supernatural Stories of HP Lovecraft* that came in 1945. Beside a initiated introduction the anthology contains all of Lovecraft's short story masterpieces.. Here you may thus find "Pickman's Model", a delirium-tremens fantasy of an artist allied to the

powers of the underworld, by Lovecraft himself probably intended as something of a personal confession; here is the sf influenced "The Colour Out of Space" and such sweet scares as "The Thing on the Doorstep" and "In the Vault". In the Derleth anthology we further have the novelette "The Call of Cthulhu", which formed the first brick in Lovecraft's big myth building, a work about which he himself wrote "All my stories are, even if they may seem to be without context, based on a fundamental story or legend about that this world was once inhabited by another race that practised black magic and thus lost its foothold and was displaced, but now live on the outside busy trying to once more take back this planet". Such a theory is common within sf & fantasy but Lovecraft develops it in a personal and convincing manner and, which is important, he is inspired by it to write excellent stories. Lovecraft's expeditions into the human mental life's unknown regions are taken down in



a language which often tend to be bureaucratic. The contrast between form and content makes for an intense atmosphere of horror which reminds you of the story art of Kafka. All in all Lovecraft is an author deserving to be more read. Sure, he was an unhealthy hermit who loved the night and shadows but few authors have like him, without considering the consequences tried to map the territory of fear or used the madness off logic as a key to the self.

From Lovecraft to the Poem out of Space, Aniara by Harry Martinson, mentioned here many times. It was turned into a successful opera, of which we can learn more in Dagens Nyheter May 23, 1959, "New Martinson Poems in the Aniara Libretto".

Harry Martinson wrote on his poetry epos Aniara and for a long time he didn't really know what he was doing, he said on the big press conference at the Opera before the world premiere of the Aniara opera. Atomic physics for him seemed like a fateful science and he felt a need to interpret the hubris of mankind in relation to matter and a worldview of emptiness. After a while his imagination built the spaceship Aniara and it brought forth the poems and gave it shape. "My poetry is a bit sneaky," Martinson said, "But most is quite clear and the simple meters are chosen to increase clarity. Aniara was written long before sputniks and space rockets began to haunt space. I would have written it even if they were around, it has nothing with such technical experiments to do. It is a situation of disaster I wanted to illustrate with Aniara." Harry Martinson has been around the rehearsals of Aniara and for him the opera stands as an entirely new work. He thinks it is exciting to have been the incentive for the new Aniara. When Erik Lindegren worked with the opera's libretto on the basis of Martinson's poems, there were scenes where new poetry was needed, and he then went to Harry Martinson who added new portions. So in the opera there are poems which are previously unknown and unpublished. Harry Martinson wasn't sure if the twelve note music was his cup of tea and wondered what kind of honking it would be when he came to the first rehearsals. But he left emotional and convinced. Erik Lindegren have had the delicate task of transforming poetry to an opera libretto and that has meant a selection and a dramatic concentration. He wants to call it an interpretation of Martinson's poetry made out of love. When Lindegren wrote the libretto to The Masquerade Ball he displayed a skilled quoting technique and it will show also in Aniara. In the end there will be lines from a couple of Edith Södergran's list poems and they are chosen with an artistic purpose, which Harry Martinson warmly approved.

/STEREOPHONIC MESSAGE/ It took a year after reading Aniara that Karl-Birger Blomdahl had the idea to make an opera. He had for a long time sought a libretto and here he found it. Harry Martinson was kind enough to give his permission and they both agreed that Erik Lindegren, who earlier had cooperated with Blomdahl, would do the libretto. Blomdahl has worked with the music for two years. The opera is of normal length and has the normal crew in the orchestra ditch, only with some extras on percussion. There are sections of electronic music in the opera, but it isn't mixed with the orchestra and is recorded on magnetophone tapes and played stereophonically through two loudspeakers on the stage. The electronic component has purely a dramatic task in the opera

## I "ANIARAS" LIBRETTO

Harry Martinson skrev länge på sitt versepos "Aniara" utan att egentligen veta vad han höll på med, berättade han vid den stora presskonferensen på Operan inför "Aniaras" världspremiär. Atomfysiken tedde sig för honom som en ödesvetenskap och han kände ett behov att tolka människans hybris inför materien och en världsbild som är tomheten. Så småningom byggde hans fantasi rymdskeppet "Aniara" och till det förde de färdiga dikterna och gav dem form.

— Mitt versepos är litet lurifaxigt här och där, sade Martinson, men det mesta är klartext och de enkla versmåttan är valda för att öka klarheten. "Aniara" skrevs långt innan sputnikar och rymdraketer började att spöka i rymden. Jag skulle ha skrivit mitt epos även om de funnits, det har ingenting med sådana tekniska experiment att göra. Det är en katastrofsituation jag ville skildra med "Aniara".

Harry Martinson har varit med om repetitioner av "Aniara" och för honom står operan som ett alldeles nytt verk. Han tycker att det är spännande att ha varit incitamentet till den nya "Aniara". När Erik Lindegren arbetade ut operans libretto på basis av Martinsons versepos uppstod scener där nydikningar behövdes och då gick han till Harry Martinson, som skrev till vissa avsnitt. Det finns alltså i operan dikter som varken är kända eller publicerade tidigare. Harry Martinson var inte säker på att

Blomdahl, skulle göra librettot. I två år har Blomdahl arbetat ut musiken. Operan har normal längd och en normal besättning i orkesterdiken, endast med någon förstärkning i slagverket. Det förekommer inslag av elektronisk musik i operan, men den blandas inte med orkestern utan är inspelad på magnetofonband och sänds stereofoniskt genom två högtalare på scenen. Det elektroniska inslaget har en rent dramatisk uppgift i operan och förekommer vid tre tillfällen, nämligen då miman talar och återger intryck från okända världar eller budskap från jorden. Ljudspelet i högtalarna har både elektroniska och konkreta klanger, men Blomdahl är mycket hemlighetsfull om deras ursprung. Han låter folk gissa.

Från att vara ett versepos har "Aniara" förvandlats till ett polyfont konstverk, där ljus och rörelser och musik utsäger det som finns att läsa mellan raderna. Det är också i sällsynt hög grad en fö-



Harry Martinson i diskussion med "Aniaras" regissör Göran Gentele.

tolvtonsmusiken skulle vara något för honom och undrade smått vad det skulle bli för ett tutande när han kom till första repetitionen. Men han gick därifrån gripen och övertygad.

Erik Lindegren har haft den delikata uppgiften att förvandla ett versepos till operalibretto och det har inneburit ett urval och en dramatisk koncentration. Själv vill han kalla det en kärleksfull tolkning av Martinsons dikt. När Lindegren gjorde librettot till "Maskeradbalen" visade han prov på en skicklig citatteknik och den kommer till synes även i "Aniara". I slutet kommer rader ur ett par av Edith Södergrans sista dikter och de är valda i en bestämd konstnärlig avsikt, som varmt tilltalade Harry Martinson.

### Stereofoniska budskap

Först ett år efter genomläsningen av "Aniara" kom Karl-Birger Blomdahl på idén att göra en opera. Han hade länge sökt ett libretto och här fann han det. Harry Martinson gav vänligt sitt tillstånd och man kom överens om att Erik Lindegren, som tidigare samarbetat med

reställning som tillkommer under samverkan. Sven Erixson underströk hur intimt han och regissören Göran Gentele samarbetat om det visuella, till slut har det blivit svårt att urskilja vars och ens insatser.

Operan har lagt ner mera möda på instuderingen av "Aniara" än kanske på något annat verk, sade Operachefen och man är nu inne i slutfasen av repetitionerna. Åtskilliga föreställningar har ställts in på senaste tiden och andra åtaganden har avböjts för att "Aniara" skulle få all behövlig repetitionstid. Göran Gentele och Sixten Ehrling, som leder instuderingen av det sceniska och musikaliska, har ingen lätt uppgift, men den är fascinerande. Göran Gentele hoppas att föreställningen skall förmedla diktens poetiska vision och skapa rymdkänsla. Det har varit viktigt att undvika karaktären av science fiction, men ge rymd åt Martinsons poetiska vision. Varje antydning till science fiction har omsorgsfullt undvikits. "Aniara" är "ett sorgespel om den moderna mänsklighetens situation", skriver Martinson i programmet till operan.



and is there on three occasions, when the Mima speaks and replay impressions from unknown worlds or messages from Earth. The soundplay from the loudspeakers is both electronic and concrete twitter, but Blomdahl is secretive about their origins. He lets people guess. From being epic poetry Anlara has become a polyphonic artwork, where light and movement and music says what there is between the lines. It is also to a high degree a performance out of cooperation. Sven Erixon emphasized how intimately he and director Göran Gentele cooperated on the visuals, and in the end it is difficult to separate the work of each. The Opera has spent more on rehearsing Anlara than perhaps any other piece, the Opera director said, and they are now

near the end of rehearsals. Many plays have been cancelled lately and other commitments have been rejected to give Anlara the needed rehearsal time Göran Gentele and Sixten Ehrling, who leads the scenical and music aspects, has no easy task, but a fascinating one. Gentele hopes that the performance will convey the poem's vision and feeling of space. Any hint of sf has carefully been avoided. WHY!!! Anlara is a tragedy about the situation of modern man, Martinson writes in the opera program.

(Caption: Harry Martinson discussing with Anlara's director Göran Gentele.)

Yeah, atomic war and a spaceship heading for the stars...avoid sf at all cost! Intermission has

## ANLARA BLEV VIKINGATÅG TILL LONDON

Av HARRY OLOFSSON

LONDON (Blinken)

— Jag har aldrig någonsin sett en bättre föreställning på Covent Garden efter kriget och jag har ändå sett varenda en, skrev Daily Express efter Stockholmsoperans premiär i går på Karl Birger Blomdahls "Anlara". Och en annan av de ledande kritikerna sade i pausen:

— Inte sedan vikingarna tog sig i land här har någonting liknande kommit till England från andra sidan Nordsjön.

● Operan sjöngs på svenska, men publiken hade tydligen ändå inte svårt att följa med. Redan från början var det en förtätad stämning i salongen. Det var som om två tusen barn suttit där och lyssnat till en saga.

● Först sedan Margareta Hallin, den blinda serskan, sjunkit in i sin ordlösa aria brakade applåderna lös.

● Sedan orkestern klingat bort i den sista ändlöst ödsliga stråktonen blev det först en gripen konstpaus i salongen och sedan dånade en applåderask i 15 minuter.

Set Svanholm, som stod i kulissen sa: "Jag tror inte någon operachef i hela världen har upplevt större glädje och lycka än den jag mottagit i dag."

● Naturligtvis var det ändå lite blandade tongångar i recensionerna.

### \* Spännande teater

"Dels imponerande, dels gäckande, men mest gripande", skrev Daily Express.

"Blomdahls musik lyckades inte hundra procentigt hålla uppmärksamheten, men operan är överväldigande, spännande teater. Den inspirerade svenske producenten Göran Gentele drog ut varje dramatisk droppe..."

"Det här är mycket goda sångare", skrev Express.

London Times tyckte inte riktigt om själva operan men lovprisade i stället sångarna.

"Operan stod på den billiga science fiction-litteraturens nivå i stället för att framstå som en slående framtidsversion av en universell myt."

"Kanske är det ett alltför stort ämne för att det skall kunna göras verkligt på två timmar", skrev Times. "Kanske är det för att karaktärerna används symboliskt i stället för att någonsin vinna vår sympati som individer — eller kanske beror det endast på att författarna har konverterat det sublima

Svanholm

rusig av lycka

hos skolgossen (om också inte det löjliga) med elektronisk utrustning och komiskt naiva rymddräkter för männen medan kvinnorna reser klädda som för ett arbetarmöte."

### \* Kören enastående

News Chronicle's kritiker skrev att "jag anser operan felproportionerad. Icke desto mindre hade Anlara iscensatts lysande av Göran Gentele och dirigerades överdådigt av Sixten Ehrling. Körsången var enastående."

"Ingenting liknande har någonsin förut setts på en opera eller teater i London."

Daily Mail fann operan vara "en djärv, tankeväckande idé, som iscensatts på ett nytt sätt."

Daily Telegraph förklarade, att fastän Anlara måste räknas som en musikalisk besvikelse var Kungliga Operans föreställning "enastående". Samtliga londonidningar prisade framför allt sopranerna Elizabeth Söderström som Daisy Doody och Margareta Hallin som den blinda serskan samt Olle Sivall som clownen Sandon.

earlier presented many examples of how Martinson actually liked sf, collected books, read AE Van Vogt, had it in a May 1st speech, etc - so this must come from the Royal Opera or perhaps be something the reporter (sign "Age") has burped up. And director Gentele, can't have been far from sf, as he a few years earlier made the atomic bomb film "At the Gates of Hell", covered in *Intermission* recently. Anyway, the opera Anlara, became big success, and even Londoners had the opportunity to tune in, as told in Aftonbladet September 2, 1960, "Anlara Became a Viking Raid to London":

I have never ever seen a better show at Covent Garden since the war, and then I have seen all of the, the Daily express wrote after the Stockholm Opera's premiere yesterday of Karl-Birger Blomahls Anlara. And another leading critic said in the break: "Not since the Vikings stepped ashore here has anything like it come to England from the other side off the North Sea. The opera was sung in Swedish but the audience didn't seem to have any problems to follow. Already from the start there was a tight atmosphere in the saloon. It was as if 2000 children sat there and listened to a fairy tale. It took until Maragreta Hallin, the blind fortune teller, sank into her wordless aria for the applauses to break out. After the orchestra went down with the last endlessly desolate violin tune there was first an artistic pause in the saloon and then came thundering applause for 15 minutes Set Svanholm who stood backstage said: "I don't think any opera director in the world have experience greater joy and happiness than what I have received today." But of course there was a little more of a mixed bag in the reviews: /EXCITING THEATRE/ "Partly impressive, partly elusive, but most of all gripping," the Daily Express wrote. "Blomdahl's music didn't to 100% manage to catch the attention, but the opera is overwhelming, exciting theatre. The inspiring Swedish producer Göran Gentele caught every dramatic drop...It is very good singers," The Express wrote. The London Times doesn't really like the opera but praised the singers."The opera was on the level of cheap sf literature /HUH!!!/ instead of coming out as a striking future vision of a universal myth. Perhaps the topic is the big for it to be made real in two hours," the



Times wrote. "Perhaps it is because the characters are used symbolic instead of ever getting our sympathy as individuals - or perhaps it's only because the authors have converted the sublime of a schoolboy (if not the silly) with electronic equipment and comically naïve to spacesuits for the men, while the women travel dressed as for a labour meeting," /CHOIR

EXCELLENT/ The critic of News Chronicle wrote that "I think the opera ha the wrong proportions. None the less, Aniaya has been brilliantly staged by Göran Gentele and was directed superiorly by Sixten Ehrling. The choir singing was excellent. "Nothing like it has ever been seen on an opera or theatre stage in London." Daily Mail found the opera to be "a bold, thoughtful idea which has been staged in a new way." The Daily telegraph explained that though Aniaya must be musically be counted as a disappointment the Royal Opera's performance was outstanding. All London papers praised most of all the sopranos Elisabeth Söderström as Daisy Doody and Maragerta Hallin as the blind fortune teller, and Olle Sivall as the clown Sandon.

Svenska Dagbladet covered the London performance the day after, September 3, 1960, "Press Praise for Aniaya, Fascinating Experience"

The Stockholm Opera could hardly ask for better reviews than those from the London press given on Friday after the first performance in London Thursday. Aniaya was on the program as the opera guested

Edinburgh last year /OK, they had done Scotland too!/, but the stage then available was less suitable for the task and critics note overall that this year's performance was better than last year's. The Times talks about a fascinating theatre experience and especially praise Sven Erixon's decorations and Göran Gentele's direction. Sixten Ehrling's conducting is also praised without reservations and of the singer Margareta Hallin's interpretation of the blind poet was something the audience also expressed appreciation of. It's a drama appealing to the imagination, says the music critic of Financial Times, Andrew Porter /Not, the Fan, I guess.../, who thinks this piece becomes more fascinating the more you think about it. It is good, the critic thinks, that

## "Aniaya" får pressrosor: Fascinerande upplevelse

LONDON. (SvD:s Londonred.) Stockholmsoperan kunde knappast begära bättre recensioner än dem som Londonpressen på fredagen ger Aniaya efter det första framförandet i London på torsdagen. Aniaya stod på programmet vid operans gästspel i Edinburgh förra året, men den scen som då ställts till förfogande var mindre lämpad för ändamålet och kritiken konstaterar överlag att årets framförande var bättre än fjol-årets.

Times talar om en fascinerande teaterupplevelse och ger Sven Erixons dekorationer och Göran Genteles regi en särskild eloge i sammanhanget. Sixten Ehrlings musikaliska ledning prisas också oreserverat och av de enskilda sängarprestationerna framstår Margareta Hallins tolkning av den blinda poetissan som publiken också uttryckte sin speciella uppskattning över.

Det rör sig om ett drama som tilltalar fantasin, konstaterar Financial Times musikkritiker Andrew Porter som anser att detta verk blir mer fascinerande ju mer man reflekterar över det. Det är bra menar denne kritiker att Stockholmsoperan tagit över Aniaya till London. Daily Telegraph är liksom andra tidningar inte beredd att ge Karl Birger Blomdahls musik högsta betyg men kan inte undgå att prisa Stockholmsoperans uppsättning. Av sängarna ger denna tidning särskilda lovord åt Margareta Hallin, Elisabeth Söderström och Ove Sivall.

### "SCIENCE FICTION"

Vad själva dramat Aniaya beträffar har Londonkritiken bland annat på grund av språksvårigheterna inte varit beredd att komma med oreserverade lovord. Såväl Times som Daily Telegraph faller för frestelsen att tala om science fiction (Daily Telegraph medger dock att det rör sig om en raffinerad sådan) vilket ju är helt främmande för såväl Harry Martinsons som Erik Lindegrens intentioner. Andrew Porter i Financial Times har större förståelse för det martinsonska dramat. Han riktar emellertid en välbehövlig uppmaning till alla som avser att se denna föreställning under operans Lon-

dongästspel att noga studera program- mets presentation i förväg. Denna synopsis upptar sex sidor och ger också engelsk publik en uppfattning om Martinsons vers som presenteras i en god engelsk översättning.

På fredagen fullföljde operatruppen sina intentioner att poströsta på Londonambassaden eftersom operan kommer att vara i Köpenhamn den 18 september. Ett hundratal personer med operachefen Set Svanholm i spetsen infann sig i två busslaster på ambassaden där fyra valförrättare väntade på att ta emot deras röster. Det tog cirka 20 minuter för alla att fullgöra sin medborgerliga plikt ty ambassaden var väl förberedd och kunde snabbt ta emot alla rösterna.

Set Svanholm och ett par andra i Londongästspelet medverkande operatister spelade efter röstningen in ett intervjuprogram i TV som den svenska TV-publiken får se på lördag.

HANS VON FRIESEN





the Stockholm opera has brought this to London. The Daily Telegraph isn't, just as other newspapers, ready to give the music of Karl-Birger Blomdahl the highest grades but can't avoid giving praise to the performance of the Stockholm opera. Of the singers this paper gives special praise to Margareta Hallin, Elisabeth Söderström and Ove Sivall. /"SCIENCE FICTION"/ When it comes to the drama itself the London critics haven't been able to bring unreserved praise, among other things due to language difficulties. Both The Times and The Daily Telegraph fall for the temptation to talk about science fiction. /What a CRIME!! (but The Daily Telegraph admits it is of an advanced kind) but that would be alien to the intentions of both Harry Martinson and Erik Lindegren, Andrew Porter in the Financial Times has more understanding for the Martinson drama, but he has a necessary message to all considering to attend this performance during the opera's guest appearances, to study the program presentation in advance. It has a synopsis of six pages and will give also an English audience a grasp of Martinson's poetry presented in fine English translation. On Friday the opera group went through with their intentions to cast absentee ballots at the London embassy since they'll be in Copenhagen September 18 /There was an election coming, and here we learn they guested Denmark too./ Around 100 people lead by the opera chief Set Svanholm came in two bus loads to the embassy, where four election officials waited to receive their votes. It took around 20 minutes for everyone to fulfill their civic duties since the embassy was well prepared and quickly could receive all ballots. Set Svanholm and a couple of the others of the London guest group after voting recorded an interview program for TV which the Swedish TCV audience can see on Saturday.

It seems the London press was generally satisfied with the Aniara opera. Despite that they sang in Swedish... But as they say, in opera you never hear what they sing anyway, so maybe it didn't matter! Note how the reviews try to distance themselves from this awful thing called science fiction... As *Intermission* has shown in earlier issues, Aniara was a huge thing, and it still is. In recent years it has been made into a musical, another (different) opera, a comic book, a feature film. The book collection became a bestseller (rare for poetry) and has been translated into over 20 languages, with two separate English translations, and even to Chinese and Esperanto. Forry Ackerman would be happy with that, as he could speak Esperanto as a native.

But now I see a fat lady backstage preparing to sing, so it's time to finish. But before that a special report...

### Sheilas, Lumberjackettes & Vikings Having a Ball

Garth, I know you hate sports. (Said to the EAPA OE.) But, listen here! Not only are the Swedish ladies through to the gold game of Women's Olympic soccer, but Canada is too! Just before finishing this, Canada beat US with 1-0. (The USWNT has perhaps kneeled too much to both pressure on the pitch and virtue signalling.)

The Swedish football ladies have shined on the pitch, winning all their five games this far. Even though the semi against an inspired Australia was tougher than expected, victory was snatched by the ladies, in Blue for the day, by Fridolina Rolfö early in the second half. But the Matildas shouldn't be down under a US looking uninspired and tired, in the bronze medal match.

It's the second Olympic final in a row for the Blue-Yellow dames, having to settle for silver in Rio in 2016, playing 2x45 minutes after which, following Gary Linker rules, Germany won. But the Swedes are probably favourites this time, even if I expect an uncertain, eventful and tough match! Canada has a slight historical upper hand in games won between the teams, but the Swedes have the advantage counting recent years (if Uncle Google is correct).

It's more fun to follow the Swedish women's team than the men's. They are simply better. The gents' national team has won nothing for many years, despite Zlatan. Their greatest moments are ancient history, like the only title, the Olympic gold in 1948 (in London), the World Cup final in 1958 (held in Sweden, so a slight home turf advantage) and the bronze in 1994, a summer all Swedish football fans remember, and all the girls we have forsaken. In comparison, the girls have the last 20 years



Australia got the blues as ladies in blue scored.



won two silvers (finals in World Cup 2003 and Rio 2016) and four bronze medals in the Olympics, World and Euro championships. But the Viking-descendant soccerettes lone international title and gold medal is being 1984 Euro champs. May they now finally conquer the summit of Mount Olympus?



**WHAT IF FLYING SAUCERS ARE JUST BILLIONAIRES FROM OTHER PLANETS!**



## Mailing Comments

*First EAPA mlg 207 comments, then N'APA mlg 253:*

**William McCabe:** As for corona statistics I often go to [www.worldometers.info](http://www.worldometers.info), which I think is just as good as any source. They all take their figures from each country's official statistics. However, those are difficult to compare because the criteria for how each one counts vary a lot! A couple of examples: figures of excess deaths indicates that corona deaths in Russia are *six times* the "official" figures. I guess Vlad Putin wants to seem doing better. And for Sweden, official figures claimed ca 9500 corona fatalities in 2020. But the government's Social Board said excess deaths were only 3200, and figures from the government's Statistics Agency indicates excess deaths were 4700. Whatever figure is right, is is much *less than half* the "official" one. The numbers indicate people were dying *with* but *not from* the virus. I understand that the UK has also had this kind of over-reporting. (But it doesn't change in the very beginning there were big problems with care homes, in the UK as well as in Sweden. Though many there were old and fragile and would die anyway.) "Confirmed infection rates" going up or down is a poor indicator, since it depends heavily upon a) how many you test, b) the underlying principles for who'll take the tests. If media coverage, group psychology, government advice or other factors makes it more likely that those who feel ill take tests, "infection rates" figures go up, while the real infection rate very well could be unchanged. It's called selection bias. "Infection rate" depending on test rate and possible selection bias are muddy statistics, not far from worthless. Example: official curves seem to show that the "second wave" in Sweden was about on the same level as the first. But for the second wave, the level of testing was 3-4 times as high! In reality, the second wave was probably only 1/3 or 1/4 the size of the first. Finally: BBC has - despite your claim - been criticised a lot or heavy left leaning bias!

**Henry Grynsten:** Another amazing issue of *Wild Ideas*! It was very interesting to read the alternate interpretation of "2001" as a musical about film making! The arguments seem not that implausible. On a subconscious level those elements could very well have played a role. To me it seems that Kubrick has always been very careful with what film music he selects. I won't go into all details, however. The shuttle docking with the space station to "An der Schönen Blauen Donau" was a central scene. "2001" was a great film! More: I stand by that consciousness of the kind we'd recognise in humans must be a gradual thing before it awakens. If we really think hard about how it appeared during our childhoods I'm sure most will remember it was something that came gradually. I'm not sure that animals seeming to "mourn" other animals are a sign of consciousness (except with apes perhaps, I keep the door open there). Animals living in herds and flocks have an instinctive attachment to those in the herd. If a member stops moving, that instinct makes them stay with the body as inbuilt herd-programming - for a while at least. There have been many bids for the "number of possible plots", Heinlein thought they were only three: the little tailor, the man who learned to know better, an boy meets girl (go to the Heinlein essay in AL Eshbach collection *Of Worlds Beyond*.) Georges Polti thought there were 46 "dramatic situations", [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The\\_Thirty-Six\\_Dramatic\\_Situations](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Thirty-Six_Dramatic_Situations) But one could argue that there are anything from just *one* basic plot ("How to deal with a problem") to an *infinite* number ("On the other hand, there are an infinite number or possible problems!"). Anyway, the basic thing is that a plot must deal with something that develops, a number of actions where one thing leads to another. A "story" where basically not much happens (which is too common...) isn't a real story, but what is called a vignette. Finally: you put so much of work into these issues of *Wild Ideas*, it seems almost incredible! I commend you for that, Sir!

**John Thiel:** Interesting observations about the trends that began in the 1960's - alternative culture,



environment, and much more. Sf had a heavy taste of it through what was called the New Wave. On music: Have you made recordings of the music pieces you've written, that one could listen to? If so, give me links to where to find them. Has any of it been what we call filk songs?

**Garth Spencer:** Thanks for the link to your piece on "Creative Planetology". You mention a lot of things there that many writers ignore. I have at times noted how fantasy authors - in particular - are too lazy in creating their "worlds". They will usually give the worlds 100% Terra conditions. But if the gravity varies ever so slightly, the biosphere will be very different. The size of plants and animals will be different, and a heavier planet will have a thicker atmosphere, the chemistry will be different, and so on. A lighter planet will probably have less metals. The oxygen content of the atmosphere plays a huge role! If there is just slightly more oxygen fires will take off much more easily, and forests will be impossible - they will just burn up. Atmospheric pressure will change cooking temperature and weather. Lazy fantasy authors just assume all is 100% as on Earth. There's a good book on World Building (Stephen Gillett/Ben Bova) [https://www.goodreads.com/book/show/1992184.World\\_Building](https://www.goodreads.com/book/show/1992184.World_Building) I still think that political leaders are much more powerful than business people. Politicians have: a) the right to instigate laws, unlike private companies, b) in principle endless amounts of money (by taxing, by printing money - it may create inflation and other problems, but in principle they have a bottomless cashbox), c) a monopoly for using violence (the police and military), d) and they have a much wider access to media and influencing the general public. The corona pandemic, for one thing, has shown the scope of the power of politicians, locking up entire populations in their homes - folks innocent of any crimes! I can make *Intermission* smaller, as small as you want, by simply changing the compression ratio when I convert the file. Just ask me, but the drawback is that illustrations will become more blurry, in my case newspaper articles some may want to read (those who know some Swedish).

**Jefferson P Swycaffer:** One must conclude that the "restrictions" in the society have had very limited effect on the spread of corona infections. Sweden has had very light restrictions and has fared better than (at the time of writing) 38 other countries, counting deaths/million, and all those had tougher restrictions (source <https://worldometers.info/coronavirus/#countries>). It may even be that restrictions of the type house lockdown could have *increased* infections, as some studies claim, since people mandated to stay at home in a limited space are more likely to infect each other. What has



A tip to the billionaires on how to reach space, from artist Lars LON Olsson: Try a very strong spring!



been of importance are things like people's private behaviour, willingness to keep social distance, vaccination speed and the structure of the society (work at home, multi-generation families, medical system, health, age pyramid, etc). If masks have been "massively successful" why do 38 (!) mask-mandate countries have worse deaths/million than Sweden? (Worldometers.info above.) We've only had a *recommendation* to use masks in public transport at rush hours, for a short time, now skipped - and most ignored it anyway. I think politicians just want people to wear masks as walking symbols, a constant reminder of corona. A mask won't stop the virus, it's too small and passes through. It only stops outgoing droplets, from coughing and sneezing. Masks don't protect you, they to a limited degree protect others *from* you. If you're not coughing and sneezing a mask makes no difference, since there are no droplets to stop. At the same time, however, you constantly handle your mask's outside, where virus may have stuck, and then you put your fingers in your eyes and ears. And in a mask you may feel false security and forget distancing... Any limited protective effect seems to be outweighed by infections from non-distancing and faulty mask handling. There have been studies showing their very limited efficiency. Anyway, the epidemic is virtually over here. In Sweden "people are still dying" at a rate of a couple *per week*. Over 80% are now vaccinated here, something like 95% of the risk groups and elderly, so the virus has fewer and fewer targets. It will continue to exist, on a much lower level like the measles or mumps. Corona vaccines will in the future be included in standard multi-vaccine mixes that eg children get, but cases will pop up from time to time.

**Samuel Lubell:** Yes, I agree that restrictions on big gatherings had an effect against the virus. But I think the Swedish limit of 50 was enough. This limit of 8 during the winter and spring was too restrictive. 50 made it easier for some culture activities, small businesses etc to keep afloat. But big concerts, sports events etc weren't a good idea. I agree that the sf books were better before. Activist politics, like we see besieging the Hugo lists, is one explanation but the introduction of word processing has also played a part. To write with a computer is very fast, and you can edit and re-write with ease. You don't painstakingly have to do several "drafts". Books become longer and longer and get more unnecessary "padding". Novels used to be 200-250 pages, but now they are 500-700 pages! And for the publisher it costs only marginally more to print 700 instead of 250 pages, so they go along. And it's only extra, tedious work to go through a manuscript to cut out all junk. But "junk" isn't a term we should apply to Cordwainer Smith, which I have read much of (not sure if I have read everything). He was one of the old, fine writers. As for the aftermath of the corona thingy... Far fewer things have been affected here, but the few general advice we've had from the Public Health Agency are being eased. The unnecessary, as far as I can see, 8 rule was in spring increased to 30 and now I believe it's 300, and outdoors 3000. Masks are basically only worn by medical staff. All over 16 are about now (when you read this) eligible for vaccination. Deaths are in single figures per week, less than for the ordinary flu! I guess the virus will continue to be around, popping up here and there, but vaccination will keep it down.

*Time to sign Oscar-Foxtrot-Foxtrot...OFF! So until Nextish!*

*--Ahrvid E, editor on the loose*

**THIS TRANSLATION PROGRAM STINKS.**

**I ASKED FOR FISH AND CHIPS,**

**AND GOT MICROFILM AND BOATS!' ★**

*\*Courtney's perhaps?*



Archive Midwinter  
a zine for N'APA 254

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18 July 2021

### Comments:

**Alan White:** Cover: Very nice! Thank you kindly! I like it; a good bit of science-fantasy cheesecake. I'm easy to please!

**Ahrvid Engholm:** Just gonna say I don't quite agree with you, re social restrictions and protection from the Covid pandemic. No need to go into detail.

re Hyperlinks, I'd love to make better use of hyperlinks in text, not only in pdf files, but in Word files, and in the files that Amazon converts Word files into for Kindle e-publishing. I already use "Table of Contents" links in e-publishing, but having hyperlinks for things like footnotes would be even nicer.

I hadn't heard of "The Staple Wars," but I have, myself, made a game of protesting staples in official N3F publications. But, actually, at home, I use staples a \*lot\* in my home archiving!

re Henry Grynnssten, I quite agree with you: "Consciousness" can exist on a spectrum, from zero to one. (And...beyond? It is very easy to imagine a development of consciousness beyond what we, as humans, experience today. Just as one example, have you ever lost



your temper? Just flared off and said something angry when you didn't



want to? That is a failure, of sorts, of our consciousness. A "more conscious" person might not suffer from such a failure.) I also agree with you that Neanderthals probably had a consciousness level around 0.9, and conceivably higher. To say they had none at all is, I think, belied by the evidence of their having funeral rituals and wearing decorative necklaces. Someone with no consciousness at all wouldn't do those sorts of things.

re the Parliamentary form of government, it certainly has some strong advantages, although, as with everything human-made, it has a few drawbacks as well. The U.S.'s system has some very notable drawbacks, but, too, a handful of rather brilliant advantages. I wonder if a hybrid form might be possible...

Fascinating history of the translation of Lord of the Rings into Swedish, and the rather glaring shortcomings of Ake Ohlmarks' version.

**John Thiel:** I remember Sturgeon's "The Skills of Xanadu," and I recall that I found it haunting and disturbing, as, alas, I find most



utopias. I have too much of "Captain Kirk" in my makeup, believing that we, as humans, just aren't made for the Garden of Eden. I had much the same experience reading *Walden II* by B.F. Skinner: I couldn't quite manage to admire the institution. It, frankly, gave me the creeps. All it needed was for *\*one\** kid to re-learn the ancient art of school bullying, and he'd be dictator for life inside thirty years.

I do, however, quite agree with the psychological and spiritual advantages of nudity, and, in fact, I am usually unclad when I am at home, at the height of my comfort, lying at ease with a soda, a bowl of grapes, and a good book!

As always, your zine is wonderfully decorated with truly remarkable photographs! I admire your skill at selecting these!

**Will Mayo:** I've never been to Maryland, but visiting Fort McHenry in Baltimore has always been high on my list. I'd also love to tour the USS Constellation, a sailing ship kept up as a museum.

What makes a good life? I actually have a pretty good life (one must not boast of this in the hearing of the gods!) but I suffer from clinical depression, which pretty much kills life's pleasure. Still, I live in luxury that would have been undreamable four centuries or more in the past. Take, just as one trivial example, recorded music. I can listen to Mozart or Vivaldi, any time, at the push of a button. People in the lifetime of those composers could only hope to attend live performances, and only a very few people really had that option. As Humpty Dumpty might have said, "There's glory for you!"

**George Phillies:** President of your wargaming club too? Cool! I very much miss wargaming! Just a few days ago, I opened up my old set of SPI's "Prestags," "Pre-Seventeenth Century Tactical Games," just to study the rules, sift through the counters, and admire the maps. I never played those games enough to "get" the intricacies. My old wargaming buddies were, frankly, dolts, and their only "tactics" were to stack units to the limit and bulldoze straight ahead.

They had no concept *\*at all\** of declining or turning a flank, etc. I mentioned last issue, I was able to use Gordon Dickson's "Tactics of Mistake" against such mule-headed and simplistic tactics.

rect me re the Lifeboat Game, you hit on one of the solutions I proposed, back when the game was given to us as a moral exercise when I was in high school. "Take Turns" in the water, raising the boat and helping the group. I guess I was just a bit of a socialist even then, but "kill one to save the others" is not my cup of tea. I rather prefer Bertolt Brecht's poem, "All of Us or None," except below...

Slave who is it who shall free you?  
Only those in darkness striving.  
Only they can hear you crying.  
Comrare, only slaves can free you.  
All of us or no-one, everyone or none.  
One alone his lot can't better.  
Either gun or fetter.  
Everyone or no-one, all of us or none.

I quite adore Brecht's writing, although I have learned that he was a bit of a stinker in real life.

Interesting segment of Adara's Tale, a fun tour, so to speak, of the school for magic. I always enjoy the details of economics you put into your fiction -- I very fondly recall the first book of yours I read, about the girl who built up a line of cargo ships by wise investment - - and also the details about laws and regulations you present. You are one of the best "world builders" I know. I'm thinking specifically that you are better than David Drake, who *\*attempted\** in one of his non-series novels to present a world with a very high "law level" and only ended up describing a world of dueling and individual "justified murder." At one point a banker made a loan without the protagonist's permission, and the protagonist just killed the banker. That isn't "respect for the law," that's simply terrorism. You're better



than Drake at describing believable worlds. (This may qualify as damning with faint praise...)

### **Samuel Lubell:**

I think science fiction today is as good as it was in the great old days -- just *\*different\**. Some ideas, some tropes, have come and replaced others than have -- perhaps blessedly! -- faded away. The depiction of aliens -- true aliens who simply *\*think differently\** than we do -- is better than it was in the old "John Campbell" days. The actual writing is often better than it was in the hey-day of the past. Robert Heinlein, famously, eschewed re-writing, but modern writers know the importance of improving a first draft. (Heinlein's story "The Unpleasant Profession of Jonathan Hoag" was fun, but if Heinlein had sat down and re-written it, just once, to make it make sense, it could have been brilliant!)

Oooh, yes, Cordwainer Smith! I admire him! I read an old paperback collection of his, titled "You Will Never Be The Same," and that was literally true. Those stories changed me, and, quite seriously, my life could meaningfully be divided into BC (Before C'Mell) and AD (After D'Joan.) One of the haunting things about Smith's writing is that it is extremely difficult to deduce what order the stories were written in! About half the stories refer in some way to the other half! Often, he referred to events in a story he hadn't written yet! This "wholeness" makes his universe feel all the more real.

re Jim Butcher and the Harry Dresden books, I read the first eight books in the series and then kinda lost interest. I felt as if he lost control, in some sense, and the scale, the "entropy level," of the stories got away from him. I lost my ability to "suspend disbelief." I kept wondering where were the high-level authorities? Why hadn't the FBI picked this guy up for questioning? Why wasn't the existence of vampires front-page news, for everyone, world-wide?

(I had the same problem with the movie *\*Aquaman\**. You have this beautiful, stunning, massive, super-high-tech underwater city, and we humans are totally unaware of it. We've never seen a glimmer of their glowing lights or sensed the slightest hint of their vibrations -- even after they fire off their "Hydro Cannons" and have gigantic explosions in their wars. I loved the movie -- but I couldn't "buy it.")

Sad agreement that a very large portion of our country's population does not believe in evidence-based truth, but, rather, in misinformation they read on social media. Truth is of the highest importance to anyone who loves science -- or philosophy! -- and our system's pollution by blatant liars is one of the saddest symptoms of our nation's ill health. It's rather creepy to see religious people -- "And then you will know the truth and the truth will set you free" -- deliberately lying.



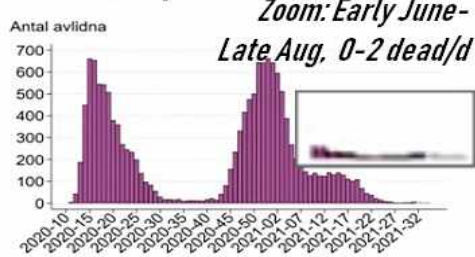
# INTERMISSION #112

E-zine by Ahrvid Engholm, [ahrvid@hotmail.com](mailto:ahrvid@hotmail.com) for EAPA, N'APA & usual suspects. Follow @SFJournalen news on Nordic sf/f/h&fandom. Give me vaccine against typos! Late Aug 2021

## Editorially: Aussies Bonkers, PM Going, the Names of the Horses

I don't see much point in rambling much about the corona virus. The virus deaths (albeit the majority is *with but not from* corona) are 0 here for days in a row, some days 1 or 2. Most are vaccinated, and in the few cases the jab doesn't fully work - we knew from start that it would be "only" 90-95% effective - the vaccine makes the disease much milder.

### Antal avlidna per vecka



0-2 deaths/day, Publ Health Ag'y Aug 26

But at the time I'm writing this I bang my head and wonder what the heck Australia is doing! As an island they have been able to close all borders efficiently. They have thus been able to stop much virus imports, so their epidemic has been very mild (#168 out of 220 in deaths, see worldometer.com). Yet they treat it as ebola! One case and whole cities and states lock down. And the same goes for New Zealand - one case, and everyone in the country is in house arrest. Madness!

To think you can forever and completely stop the little bugger is a fantasy. Their measures are totally out of proportion. They put the army on the streets. Helicopters fly overhead to keep people in check. Ministers order people to drink with masks on. Dogs are shot in animal shelters so folks won't be tempted to adopt any, to stop them from travelling. Their politicians have made Australia into a penal colony again again! Get the vaccine out. Wash your hands. Keep a little distance (not essential if vaccinated). Limit crowds. That's all you need, as eg Sweden has proved. Don't destroy non-corona health care, economy, civil rights. Don't boost crime, domestic violence, mental illness. Australia has become the laughing stock of the world.

What else? A few days ago Swedish Prime Minister Stefan Löfven, who earlier this summer made a comeback with a new government after losing a vote of confidence, unexpectedly announced he'll resign at the Social Democrat convention in November. Has he maybe lost confidence in himself? The present red-green minority cabinet is very weak in the Riksdag. Expected to take over is finance minister Magdalena Andersson. She seems reasonably competent so no major upheaval is expected, but she'll find it difficult to get a budget through the chamber. All that and the virus too.



Swedish PM Löfven having fun with then prez Obama, on an earlier occasion

I'll have some event pictures, at least from the Short Story Masters summer meeting, and also from the release of a history of "Swedish sin," co-authored by fan Martin Kristenson (of Salafandom, together with David Nettle doing some of the funniest fanzines 40 years ago!). And I'll have a long article on fandom history, incl some comments on FT Laney's legendary fan memoirs. That's not a part of the History Corner, the newspaper articles from the Royal Library, which in this probably have some on eg Sam J Lundwall. I'll squeeze in some mailing comments last, only really of interest to the members of those APAs. If you want to become relevant, both accept new members! We need more fan to do more fanzines more often!

In lastish I asked if the Swedish women's soccer team could climb Mount Olympus. The answer was unfortunately no - for the third major final in a row! So sad. The Canucks didn't score "in play", they only did penalties in the final. I've always hated the evil lottery of penalty shot-outs. Let ordinary play



continue! Olympics pain was however somewhat softened by the fine pole-vaulting gold - to *Armand Duplantis* -, double in discus - gold *Daniel Ståhl*, silver *Simon Pettersson*-, and the unexpected equestrian team jumping gold medal. Here I must confess I missed the names of the horses...

--Ahrvid Engholm

## Ah, Sweet Fandom History!

I have lately been surfing around to read fanzine and fandom history stuff on the 'net. Last you'll find a list of some of the sites where you can find this kind of material - it's fascinating stuff! I'm aware of that I'm one of probably not too many who cares about things like this. It's a pity that young sf folks today - some may call themselves "fans", but all aren't *fans* as we know it - are ignorant of fandom's history and don't seem to care.

I'm also aware of that the fandom I have always known and cherished is dwindling down. One reason is new technology, with games replacing books, lots of new movies full of silly SFX, and superficial, chatty E-communication replacing printed fanzines and paper mail. Fanzines used to be the very backbone of fandom! That you had to sit down and via a typewriter fix thoughts on paper, and then find a letterbox and wait, meant you really reflected upon what you said, and you phrased things in more than half a sentence - unlike now w msg U h8 & dont underst&.

Another reason real fandom is on the decline is that the "old guard" of fen are becoming...well, old. Many of the great BNFs of yesterday are 70-80 years old, even older...or dead. Soon there'll be no one left to carry on with real fandom's traditions. We will only be able to read about what fandom was. so it's very valuable what the the Hansens, Jacksons, Siclaris, Burns, Cronholms and others do! Historic records will at least be saved and many old fanzines will still be available. A few people will maybe discover them and be charmed by their unique fannish style? Trufandom may perhaps go on as a small little group, a few fen who remember and value what slanlife used to be and keep the propellers turning...

I have myself done what I can in this department. I've researched, written and published *Fandboken* ("The Fandbook"), a Swedish fancylopedia, done *Swede Ishes* fantologies with history material, I've collected old fannish films on the *Filmfandom* VHS, old filksöngs in *The Filksöngs*. I've researched the 1945 Atomic Noah club, the 1952 *Vår Rymd* fanzine, dug deep in newspapers and published 15 and counting *Intermission* issues with my sf and fandom finds. To this there are misc articles here and there, on Dénis Lindbohm's first club, early Swedish Tolkien fandom, an unknown Viking society (quite fantasy-like!) - and I've even tried the field of faaanfiction.

My interest in fandom history came early. I came home from my very first con in 1976 with a 15-20 cm stack of old, mimeographed fanzines, including old Swedish ones, some ishs of the UK *Skyrack* newsletter, material from old cons etc, all from a freebies fanzine table. Before the 1970's was out I had read the basic history stuff by Warner, Moskowitz, knight, Pohl, and to that of course TED. From different sources I acquired more old fanzines (like from Kjell Borgström, Sture Hellström, not to forget the second-hand bookshop where I two bags of 1950's fanzines, including a run of *Wröfvel!*), but after a while it became difficult to find more fannish history material. While Internet has been responsible for killing off paper fanzines, it has now on the other hand now also made more fandom and fanzine history material available. There's so much fandom history and old fanzines digitalised today that if you'd begin reading it full-time I doubt you'd could ever get through everything.

In this article I'll say a few words of what I have recently read. I sometimes have this period when I crave fandom history! For a few days or a week I read only old fanzines and other fannish stuff (nowadays from the net). I remember I did some reading up on the 1939 first Worldcon and collected it in a PDF on the subject in time for the 2017 Finnish worldcon. In 2019 I spent a week



1st zine in Sverifandom. It was actually Yours Truly who found it!

at the Royal Library going through five boxes of Atomic Noah material, donated there by the member Bertil Stålhane. In the spring 2020 I spent two months and more than 200 hours going through sf and fandom articles in Swedish newspapers, as the Royal Library for a limited time opened their archives on-line (as mentioned before, but I repeat it for occasional new readers).

When I haven't gone through the newspapers clips *Intermission* has presented, I have studied most of the on-line resources listed last, for instance the TAFF books: the William F Temple collection was interesting, Archie Mercer's *Meadows of Fantasy* was nice but not a history source, Vince Clarke is always interesting, there's Walt Willis and Bob Shaw's serious scientific talks, John Berry's *Goon* stories are hilarious, and Rob Hansen's stuff is impressive. His faanfiction *Fiawol, my lovely* was fun, especially for me as I have myself written something similar (in Swedish, title in translation "Brotherhood of Blood"). Of course the main course was his UK fandom history works.

*Then* is his very impressive UK fandom history! It starts at the beginning, 1930 with the Ilford Science Literary Society, and continues till ca 1980, basically ending with Seacon '79, at a time when I myself had begun to see and meet some of the people mentioned. (I attended Seacon '79.) One little thing mentioned in *Then* is a note on unnamed Swedish fen and fanzines: "*there were a number of fanzine auctions at which the frenzied bidding of Swedish fans pushed prices beyond the pockets of US and UK fans.*" I'm pretty sure I'm innocent! As I remember, I came home from Seacon with only all free fanzines I could pick up, a total catch much less than from Scancon 76. Airlines wouldn't allow too much weight and I didn't have much money on the con anyway, so I doubt I went into bidding duels. (The

*new*, but could have been needed in the 1970's... culprit could be the guy who a few years later helped himself to the money of a fan fund. He and cash...) Other things Hansen mentions is that Swedish fan rune forsgren was briefly an OMPA member, but didn't produce anything for the APA. Worth mentioning is that rune was a buddy of Stieg Larsson of Umefandom. What if rune and Stieg had made an OMPAzone! That would have been something for them to brag about...

Hansen also mentions Sam J Lundwall being on an 70's Eastercon, but misses Sam J being on one in the late 1960's where he did interviews for his 1969 sf TV series (covered in *Intermission*). Neither is it mentioned that Sven Christer Swahn, leading local sf author, went to Eastercons around the same time, later covered in his faanfiction *SF Galaxen*. In fact Sverifen went to British cons from the 1950's and on.

We learn how the long London series of First Thursday meetings have progressed. The earliest seeds was Ted Carnell having editorial meetings in a cafe in 1937. Later people visiting Arthur "Ego" Clarke and Bill Temple at The Flat around 1938, afterwards went to the pub Red Bull around the corner. Meetings of course became more difficult and fewer during the war, but after WWII they re-emerged, first at the White Horse, then the Globe, following the popular landlord Lew Mordecai as he switched pubs. And as late as 1974 they moved to The One Tune (I have been to at least one One Tun meeting) and there have been some moving around since. That they now for 1.5 year have been forced to try keeping the tradition alive digitally must annoy the hell out of Britfandom.

I have had some inspiration from pub meetings myself, eg reading and liking Ego Clarke's *Tales from the White Hart*, based on The White Horse meetings. In the 1990's we were a group of Stockholm fen who had our regular meetings inspiring me to a series of pub tall tales in the Clarke tradition, *Tales from the Binary Bar*. ("Binary" referring to computers, which use binary numbers, not LGBTQalphabet. The fen of our meetings were all into Electronic Brains, though we also organised sf cons. BTW, the non-binary folks everywhere on the net must be awful with computers...)



Site of legendary SFSF clubhouse, and 1st SFBookstore, now. The windows steel grids are the new, but could have been needed in the 1970's...



The London pub meetings have had some interesting guests, all registered in a guestbook held by fan Frank Arnold (also in one of the TAFF collections). I didn't know, for instance, that Doris Lessing turned up on one meeting. She liked skiffy, we know, and also lowered herself to write it. It was logical she was the 1987 Worldcon GoH. Personally, I found her sf boring, but i did like her cat book!

It's sometimes difficult to make some latecomers understand that blog and fandom go together. Pubs and pints and roomparties are important. The latter are today often rather stiff stuff in official hotel space and not in hotel rooms. And it used to be that when someone made a bid for a con, the first and most important question was: "And how is it with the bar?" Oh! - the sad decay of traditions! I'm not too impressed with today's "convention fandom". Many of them are pure bureaucrats from hell who just like to "organise" things just for the sake of organising. And on top of it they invent hypocritical "code of conducts" just to push people around and oppress opinions they don't like. Several have been kicked out of cons *for airing non-PC views*, based on this conCoCted invention. It's of course only used selectively. It's for instance not only OK but even commendable to insult one history's greatest sf mag editors.

I wish I had been around when Isaac Asimov turned up at the Tun to have a pint of bitter, though I would have been too young - and Asimov didn't drink. Asimov was an early hero of mine, and had a background in the NYC Futurians group, which knight and Pohl has told us about. CS Lewis once also turned up on a London pub meeting, Hansen tells us, and no less than JRR himself turned up on the 1957 Eastercon to personally receive the 1957 (the last) International Fantasy Award. Speaking of that, I knew that Sigvard Östlund of Sweden was in the jury of the International Fantasy Award, eg turning up on the 1951 Festiventon, which must be the first Swedish fan going to a foreign con. Östlund was a great bibliophile and probably knew his way around the IFA nominees, at the same time as he was a tramway driver in Jönköping That was the city of the Kindberg brothers who in 1954 started the *Häpna!* sf magazine (so Östlund must have been involved, though he later disappeared from the fannish horizon).

Another thing on early Swedish visitors to Britfandom. In the Frank Arnold papers in a piece from 1954: "*Our European neighbours came over to the Conventions in a solid phalanx...followed soon by Jan Hillden and Nic Oosterban, and Sigvard Ostlund from Sweden*". There were more than Östlund there in the early 1950's! Jack Hillden is a name that makes a tiny bell ring for me (but he never made much of a name for himself in fandom, if I'm correct) but "Nic Oosterban" is a mystery. It seems like a misread signature from Arnold's guestbook, where names were hand-written. "Oo" could be an "Ö" written as "Oe", and the full name "Österman" (b=m) - but it's not a name that causes bell-ringing. "Nic" could be an attempt by the person to anglicise his full first name, which could have been "Nicklas". But bells remain silent for any "Nicklas Österman". Maybe Tomas Cronholm who has around in the 1950's knows more? (There's a later fan by the name Per Österman - a relative?)

I have touched upon it before, but I think that fandom is rather unique in several ways. First of all, it does have long history with many and rather complex traditions. Fandom has an international structure, its legends, its own sort of language and - of course - it's own press, the fanzines, which is or was fandom's backbone. Fandom really needs its own historians and researchers and experts to cover it, the Warners, Moskowitzes and Hansens.

Secondly, fandom has recursive properties, ie to a degree fandom is a "fandom about fandom". While its formally about sf literature (not so much about movies, games, etc - that's fringe interests) a lot of it is about fanzines, fanac, cons - fandom in itself. You can sit a whole evening in a convention bar talking only about fandom - provided a neofen concom haven't forgotten fandom's Need of Pints - not mentioning science fiction at all. Fans often take a step back and discuss their own mindsets and activities from a meta position. Take the single most famous piece of fanwriting, Willis&Shaw's *The Enchanted Duplicator*, it's a meta-discussion of what it's like being a fan. But TED is also a fine example of how fans often make parodies of their activities and use a lot of humour.

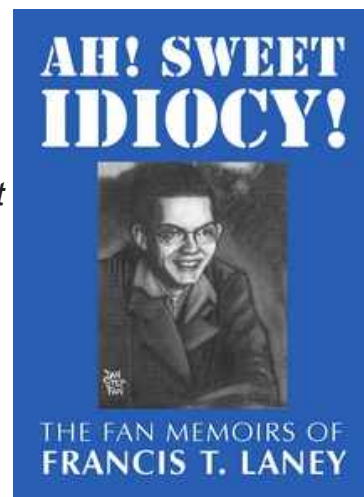
One of Rob Hansen's books struck a special chord with me, the war history *Homefront 1939-1945*.,

Here he has collected pieces from the fen themselves involved in fanning - or trying to - during WWII. It wasn't easy. The Germans bombed London (and Red Bull of early pub meetings was destroyed, one or two fen had near misses, a whole warehouse of pulpmags went up in smoke), and fans were called up and dispersed and on top of everything there was rationing. Paper was difficult to find for faneds. The British government stopped all import of foreign magazines, so US pulps were hard to find. Sympathetic Amerifens, like 4e Ackerman and others, began support projects collecting sf mags and sending them to Britain, free of charge.

Despite all problems, which are fascinating to read about, they kept some activity going and nurtured a lot of hope. All was held together by one Michael Rosenblum, himself a conscientious objector (so instead of the army he was called up for other homefront civilian war work, but as he stayed home he could do fanac) who published some 40 issues of his *Futurian War Digest* - the NYC Futurians got their name from him - with news and stuff for keeping fandom together. Each issue would also have fen's minizines included, one or two sheets each, making it a sort of mini-APA. His fanzine was nicknamed "Fido" and the extra fanzines co-distributed with it of course became "Fido's litter". Rosenblum may be the most important fan in early UK fandom history. He saved fandom in the toughest of times!

One reason I was extra taken by *Homefront* is that I'm a buff for WWII history. Not necessarily military stuff but in general. But military tech and science stuff of WWII is fascinating: computers, radar, rockets, penicillin, jetplanes - and the Bomb. I have read shelf-metres about life during WWII, particularly in Sweden. Though not being active in the war she was far from unaffected. This blasted war was in many ways a break between different eras and mindsets, and maybe that it was times of huge changes is why the period is so interesting.

The WWII info I have consumed has for instance been used in my faanfiction "The World of Yesterday Today again", about fans coming together to start a Swedish "Jules Verne club" in the 1940s, inspired by the *Jules Verne Magasinet* pulp. That never happened, but some time after writing the story I stumbled upon how a group began their first sf activities at the time, the engineers founding the Atomic Noah club in 1945, right after the news about the atomic bomb. They toyed with the idea of building a giant spaceship to save humanity and take us to another planet (Mars is the obvious candidate) in case Earth was destroyed. And lo and behold! That's exactly what one Elon Musk plans right now. Sometimes I think skiffy does really predict the future!



WWII was the background for one of the most famous - infamous perhaps? - pieces of fanwriting. I'm talking about Francis Towner Laney's fannish memoirs *Ah! Sweet Idiocy!* depicting the wild fannish life in Los Angeles fandom and its Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society during a few years in the 1940s. In the 1980's I had the possibility to read it, a bit fast, skimming parts, being fascinated by other parts which I read slower. It has lately been published in E-form (see list last) and I have now re-read it more thoroughly.

*ASI*, as it is called, has been denounced since it depicts LASFS as a bunch of conspiring misfits and fanatics, BTW also full of those deplorable homosexuals (occupying a place called Tendril Towers near the clubhouse). On virtually every page FTL, as he is called, is faster than light in bursting out against us anti-social fannish maniacs. A typical quote from when the at the time well-known fanne "Pogo" gaffiated:

*Pogo quit the Outsiders almost at once. She has since gotten her divorce, remarried, and apparently gotten into a satisfactory life-groove which has no reference to fandom. More fans should do the same.*

When FTL on occasion connects to more mundane groups of literature or film he shuns being seen with fen, who he thinks are and behave like bums. One wonders how he could stand being in LASFS for even five minutes! Still, he would hang out in their clubhouse daily for long periods. This is how he describes it:



Then as now, the LASFS occupied the 14x16' storeroom in the Wellman Apartments, with a street entrance at 637½ South Bixel. The room is a blend of pigsty and monk's cell. When I first saw it, it was even worse than it is now, since many of the members were using the place as an office, and their personal papers and other impedimenta were strewn around in careless abandon. There was an austere and extremely dirty couch in one corner, and a rickety old square table covered with typewriters and loose papers. A large mimeograph sat on an upended fibre-barrel, and another similar barrel was pecked to the bursting point with wastepaper. A couple or three ramshackle home-made bookcases filled with tattered magazines, and 25 or 30 uncomfortable folding chairs comprised the remainder of the furnishings. The shortcomings of the room and contents were made even more apparent by the pitiless glare of six or eight naked light bulbs set in sockets around the wall. The floor was a welter of cigarette butts and other trash, not the least of which was the filthiest and most badly worn out rug I have ever seen.



Francis "Fran" T Laney

We get detailed descriptions of all the internal conspiracies and plots within the club. How people constantly backstab each other, how they gang together in groups to control it (oh! to have the power over a club of immature losers, numbering as much as 20-30 active members!), changed the constitution to their own benefit, threatened to exclude each other, slung mud in the fanzines, and much more. But what we read between the lines is that FTL himself was the one most active in all this conspiring. That's why he can describe every detail of it. For instance, he and a few co-conspirers were so fed up with LASFS (probably because they were unsuccessful in taking it over attempts) that they for a period formed their own club, The Outsiders, which met in the converted garage where Laney lived, called the Fran Shack ("Fran" being his nickname) They later returned to LASFS and things went on just as before.

Laney also tried to take over the National Fantasy Fan Federation. Together with others, incl Bob Tucker, he formed the Order of the Dagon, a secret group that would bloc vote in the N3F election to take over the board (I



Francis T. Laney, Mike Fern, Phil Bronson, Sam Russell, Jack Rhodes  
Laney with...eh...friends. (Names in original caption.)

(standing:) Jim Keuner and Mel Brown: Halloween, 1943



think they only managed to get one in).

From introductions and comments included in the later ASI edition we learn that FTL was the one taking internal club politics this seriously. Most other members had a much more relaxed attitude. What fan said or did, who would be elected to this or that office, what groups were formed and such didn't matter - except for FTL. Comments also note that the many notes of anti-social behaviour, homos, and other stuff were much exaggerated or misinterpreted and sometimes several vague incidents from many years strung together.

LASFS from the time of ASI, having a Halloween party. While FTL seems to despise fandom deeply - he is still so fascinated by it that he can't live without it! Fandom is Laney's guiltiest of guilty pleasures.

He /l/o/a/t/h/e/s loves it. Why else would he spend half a year, as he confesses, writing this vibrant, colourful description of it? It's a hate-love relationship. He edited a leading fanzine of the time, *The Acolyte* (later nominated for a retro Hugo) and is today seen as almost as a Lovecraft scholar, being behind the first comprehensive dictionary of the Cthulhu universe in the 1940s. "Francis Laney Lovcecraft" gives around 500 000 Google hits.

I'm fascinated by ASI. One thing is that it is actually quite well written. He for instance have very

sharp, psychological portraits of all fen involved. He says both positive, flattering things about most, but also go into what he thinks are their bad traits and habits. I wonder if those portraits are generally correct, or if he just elaborates on more superficial impressions. Anyway, it's good writing. One example is how he describes Forry Ackerman, who takes on a central role in the events as he also



did in sf and fandom for a long time - until the end of his life. Laney gives a very mixed description of 4SJ. Sometimes he is the most brilliant, friendly guy, sometimes an intolerant demon pulling all the threads from behind for his own dark purposes. (I met Forry several times, so I'll go more for the friendly, brilliant description.) Here's a long example:

*Forrest J Ackerman is a household name in fandom, but you have to live around the LASFS quite a lot to know him, really know him. In connection with someone else, Don Wollheim once spoke of the "necessary monomaniac", and that is Forry. He has made an adjustment to life which postulates that fandom is life, and with one or two very minor lapses has lived that life from about 1930 until the present time.*

*Forry Ackerman in the 40's.*

*Well, it's his life, and probably from the want of anything to contrast it with he seems to derive a reasonable amount of satisfaction therefrom. His interests are excessively narrow; being limited to stf and fantasy, fandom, stf and fantasy, and fandom, with a rather slight side-interest in the motion picture. He also has a fabulous collection of photos of nude women, and enlargements of certain portions thereof. But I believe I'm safe in saying that 95% of Ackerman's interest in life - vocational and avocational - centers around stf, fantasy and fandom. He loves to be with fans, has certain rather closely defined standards which he feels fans should live up to, and is rather deeply hurt when they fail to live up to this code. He is not always successful in hiding his feelings along this line. He imagines himself to be a poor speaker in public, not realising how well he can talk to an informal group; this of course makes him a poor speaker in open meeting, particularly if the subject is somewhat controversial. Thus he has developed a technique of seldom showing his true feelings at the time a question comes up, and usually going along with the majority. His true feelings often do not come to light for months. One would not think offhand that such a person could be a leader, but nevertheless, Forry is the true leader of the LASFS and don't let anyone tell you differently. Forry's leadership might be termed the domineering of extreme passivity - it is a far cry from the tactics of the outspoken and aggressive Yerke or the sly connivings and subtle sophistries of an Ashley - but it has moulded the LASFS almost from its inception, and no doubt will continue to do so. In the first place, Forry has a most winning personality, and always commands a block of votes among the less politically minded members. Then it must be remembered that he has missed not more than a half dozen meetings in eleven years, while at least 300 people have been in and out of the club during that time. His star is now and then on the wane, when some particularly aggressive director and his supporters get in the saddle, but though perhaps momentarily vexed he knows that they will move on sooner or later, that the things they have done or tried to do will soon be as though never thought of, and that Forry's Club, the LASFS, will be back on the same plodding path, with the same mores and traditions, that he has more or less unconsciously set for it. Whatever the reason for his ascendancy, it is an eyeopener to compare the club with Ackerman, and see how much they are alike. Right here I'd like to interject the remark that I like Forrest J Ackerman immensely. I may have been harsh with him in that last paragraph, and I may get rough with him again before I'm through with these memoirs, but I don't want him or anyone else to feel that I have any feeling towards him other than that of friendship. The fact that so hypercritical a person as myself can like a man with whom so much is wrong should be a pretty strong indication that this man has a tremendous number of good features in order to counteract the bad ones. I do think Ackerman would be, once he was over the hump of making such a drastic change, a far happier man if he quit fandom to quite an extent and lived a more mundane life. I think that there is an awful lot of man being squandered on fandom out there at 236½\*. But it is his life and I recognise his right to use it as he sees fit, even if my attempt at realistic and factual reporting may treat it roughly now and then.*



*Myrtle "Morojo" Douglas, Bruce Yerke, Corinne "Pogo" Gray, LASFSites from this time.*

*has missed not more than a half dozen meetings in eleven years, while at least 300 people have been in and out of the club during that time. His star is now and then on the wane, when some particularly aggressive director and his supporters get in the saddle, but though perhaps momentarily vexed he knows that they will move on sooner or later, that the things they have done or tried to do will soon be as though never thought of, and that Forry's Club, the LASFS, will be back on the same plodding path, with the same mores and traditions, that he has more or less unconsciously set for it. Whatever the reason for his ascendancy, it is an eyeopener to compare the club with Ackerman, and see how much they are alike. Right here I'd like to interject the remark that I like Forrest J Ackerman immensely. I may have been harsh with him in that last paragraph, and I may get rough with him again before I'm through with these memoirs, but I don't want him or anyone else to feel that I have any feeling towards him other than that of friendship. The fact that so hypercritical a person as myself can like a man with whom so much is wrong should be a pretty strong indication that this man has a tremendous number of good features in order to counteract the bad ones. I do think Ackerman would be, once he was over the hump of making such a drastic change, a far happier man if he quit fandom to quite an extent and lived a more mundane life. I think that there is an awful lot of man being squandered on fandom out there at 236½\*. But it is his life and I recognise his right to use it as he sees fit, even if my attempt at realistic and factual reporting may treat it roughly now and then.*

One of the controversies was when Laney got so angry at Forry that he tried to suspend his LASFS membership (in periods he was in the board, even chairman), which didn't go through:



*She and I agreed, however, that Forry was badly in need of psychiatric care, that he was harming the club with his fanatical puritanism and other actions, but disagreed violently on what to do about it. She emphasized that if the club suspended Forry he would commit suicide, a possibility that had never occurred to me since I could not envision anyone becoming wrapped up in fandom to that extent.*

Laney semi-gafiated after ASI, staying out of personal contacts, but staying in FAPA and keeping some correspondence up. He sadly died in 1958 of bone cancer. One special thing that makes ASI extra fascinating for me is that I can recognise the general situations and feeling and circumstances. The 1940's LASFS seems to have been very similar to the Stockholm club Scandinavian SF Association ("Skandinavisk Förening för Science Fiction", abbreviated SFSF, so I'll use that) for a few years in the late 1970's, early 1980's.

In 1977 SFSF acquired a clubhouse (held until 1981, when this legendary era ended), with meetings sometimes practically every evening. We also had perhaps 20-30 active members. (But several hundred passive, many just to buy books, since SFSF started an sf book club and soon a bookshop which now is - after several address changes and transformations - today's Stockholm SF Bookstore.) We also had a group of young fanzine publishers, in the late teens or early 20's. We had wild debates in the famous blue sofa in the cellar, we had plenty of intrigues and plots, legends were made (eg the Marvyn de Vil death hoax, which I've described in an issue of *Mimosa*), there was the clash around the feminist group, we had the The Tea Drinkers' Party fighting against Lipton's yellow teabags, there were bizarre incidents like the guy who fired a so called starter pistol (a legal thing, just gives off a bang) outside the club house attracting the police, and much more.

One of several climaxes was the 1978 business meeting, centred around who'd be editor of the clubzine. The clubzine threatened to skip the fanzine review column (since many zines were so bad, especially one named *Gräs*) which we younger faneds wouldn't have anything of. To keep the fanzine reviews we had to control the board and get our preferred editor - we championed a guy called BAGS, leading fanzine publisher at the time. I started a campaign, "BAGS for Fanac", with its own newsletter (#1 was actually done on hectograph!) and we began collecting proxies to take over the board.

It all culminated on the December business meeting, where the board had collected their own proxies (we have later seen how this J-H Holmberg forged such things, so it was possibly done here too) and the BAGS campaign narrowly lost. He was still later offered to do the clubzine anyway, did one issue and left - he was never really interested. But the fanzine reviews stayed, when Eva Gabrielsson took over together with Stieg Larsson. There is no Laney-style memoirs of those wild SFSF club years, but much of it is chronicled in the weekly *VÄ* newszine, from December 1978 when it started and on. *VÄ* was often in tough opposition to the evil board, with memorable headlines like "DICTATORSHIP IN SFSF!!!". Those were the days...

So, having lived through times similar to Laney and 1940s LASFS, I find *Ah! Sweet Idiocy!* being a most gripping tale. I'd recommend anyone curious about fandom to read it (but know that some may be exaggerated or misunderstood) for it's intensity and the contradictory sweet fascination you get out of it.

I know of many things on a much higher level of idiocy than fandom.

### Fanzine & Fandom History Resources:

*eFanzines* (the giant, main fanzine source, maintained by Bill Burns!)

<https://efanzines.com/>



*Our closest equivalent to 1940's LASFAS, in the cellar of the SFSF clubhouse, late 1970's. Unknown foot, Ted Forsslund, Marvyn de Vil (?), David Nessle, Kjell Borgström. Ack, ljuva idioti!*

*The Hevelin collection* (of University of Iowa, ca 750 scanned out of a donation of 10 000 - they claim they'll eventually scan *all*, which would be great!)

<https://digital.lib.uiowa.edu/islandora/object/ui%3Ahevelin>

TAFF E-books (free collections of fanzine writing)

<https://taff.org.uk/ebooks.php>

*Ah! Sweet Idiocy!*

<https://taff.org.uk/ebooks.php?x=ASI>

*Rob Hansen collections and fan history:*

*Then* (Hansen's UK fan history)

<https://ansible.uk/Then/>

[https://fanac.org/Fan\\_Histories/Then/](https://fanac.org/Fan_Histories/Then/)

*Then Again* (a UK fanhistory reader)

<https://taff.org.uk/ebooks.php?x=ThenAgain>

*Faan Fiction*

<https://taff.org.uk/ebooks.php>

*Homefront 1939-1945*

<https://taff.org.uk/ebooks.php?x=HomeFront>

*Rob Hansens Fanstuff*

<http://www.fiawol.org.uk/FanStuff/>

*The Immortal Storm* (SaM's early fandom history, read it after a history of World War 2)

[https://archive.org/details/The\\_Immortal\\_Storm\\_A\\_History\\_of\\_Science\\_Fiction\\_Fandom\\_1954\\_Sam\\_Moskowitz\\_siPDF](https://archive.org/details/The_Immortal_Storm_A_History_of_Science_Fiction_Fandom_1954_Sam_Moskowitz_siPDF)

*Greg Pickersgill*

<http://www.gostak.org.uk/>

*Harry Turner* (his fanzines)

<http://www.htspweb.co.uk/fandf/romart/het/fanzine.htm>

*Harry Turner's footnotes to fandom:*

<http://www.htspweb.co.uk/fandf/romart/het/footnotes.htm>

*Mimosa* (multiple Hugo winner, lots of fandom history, incl by one Ahrvid E...)

<http://www.jophan.org/>

*1960s fandom history outline*

<http://www.jophan.org/1960s/>

*SF-Forum* (Swedish, including No 1 from 1960)

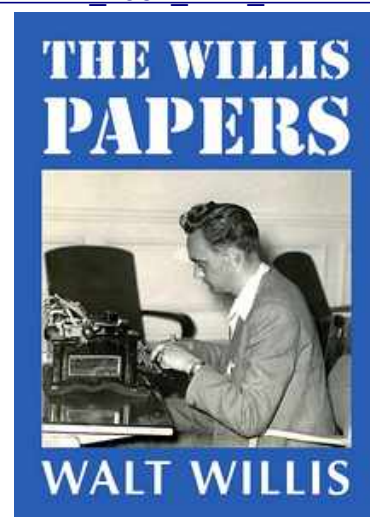
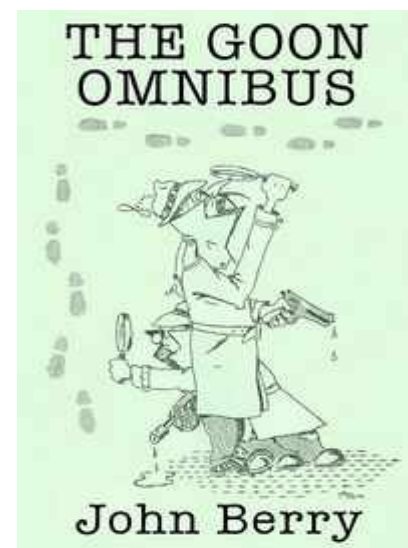
<https://esseffesseff.wordpress.com/sf-forum/>

*BEM's blog* (old Swedish fanzines scanned by Tomas Cronholm - do more, man!)

<https://bugeyedmonsters.wordpress.com/fandom/>

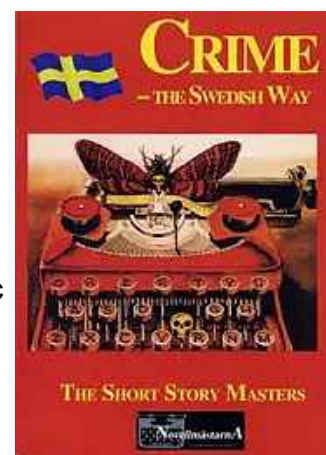
*Francis Towner Laney:*

[https://fancylopedia.org/Francis\\_Towner\\_Laney](https://fancylopedia.org/Francis_Towner_Laney)



## Masters of Short Stories

If we really are masters of it can be discussed, but the Short Story Masters (Novellmästarna) is the name our society has adopted. Of course we do write short stories and publish them. Some of our anthologies have emerged from printing presses, like *Crime the Swedish Way* (probably the first Swedish crime fiction anthology in English, 2008), and nowadays our efforts come electronically through Saga Egmont. We're also sponsors of the over two decades old Fantastic Short Story Contest. Anyway, August 7 we had a summer meeting hosted by member Ulf Broberg in Sotvreta, outside Uppsala. Beside exchanging gossip, we discussed next anthology, the story contest, possible other projects and had a barbeque, while the Broberg cat Svante purred and charmed us.



***Write! Write as if your  
LI(F)E depended on it!***





*We began with a more formal meeting: Cecilia Wennerström, Kjell Genberg, Ulf Broberg, my empty chair, society Chair Helena Sigander. Ulf explaining something, perhaps from his radio days.*



*Then it was time for nutrition. Me, Ulf, Cecilia, Kjell. It rained felines and canines, but Ulf's porch was glassed in.*





Kjell, Helena, Ulf's wife Gullan, guilty of a tasty potato salad. In the very low right corner, adorable cat Svante.

## HISTORY CORNER

I'm not through with skiffy history yet, not for a long time. There's much more from the newspaper vaults of the Royal Library in Stockholm. Don't worry, I'll translate and summarise. Today: the surprising origin of Anlara's supercomputer Mima, more about our own Mr SF, Sam J Lundwall, who turned 80 earlier this year. But first: *Jules Verne Magasinet*. Bertil Falk re-started it in the late 1960's and Sam J took it over after a couple of years and pubbed it until the late naughties. The forerunner in the form of the 1940's pulp *Jules Verne Magasinet/Veckans Äventyr* wasn't too popular with high-brow people. To counteract the bad influence from those darn "colourised weeklies" an MP suggested an extra tax on them, as we read in Aftonbladet January 21, 1942, "Tax on magazines proposed":

CEO Åke Wiberg (conservative) et al today proposes a motion for a tax on magazines /expected to raise 11m Crowns/year, ca 2m 1942-Dollar. They claim such a tax can be compared to the extra VAT on gramophones: Neither present news, unlike radio sets which weren't taxed, magazines have no news, and if readers left due a increase in price it would/ ...only be for the better. They talk about "today's endless consumption of weeklies" and see it as "just as important as the movies for the spiritual decline, which in the overall term 'Americanisation' is considered as a serious danger for the intellectual development of our people"...magazines without even a single line of religious, cultural, political or aesthetics value...motion has a list of magazines seen as suitable for taxation. It has such different publications as *Jules Verne Magasinet*, *Bonniers Litterära*, *Filmjournalen*, *Röster i Radio*, *Solvännen*, *Världspresen* och *Levande livet*.

**ABBA to release first newsongs in 40 years!**  
**Talk about canned /f/i/s/h music...**

**Skatt föreslås på tidskrifter.**

Motion i riksdagen i dag. — Del av skatten till fond för ungdom och forskning.

Deputerad Åke Wiberg (h) m. fl. har i dag väckt motion om införande av en skatt på tidskrifter. Motionärerna beräkna intäkterna av en sådan skatt till mer än elva miljoner kronor om året.

Motionärerna vill göra gällande, att en skatt på tidskrifter i viss mån kan jämföras med den 20-procentiga omsättningssteuern på radiogrammofoner, som riksdagen i fjol godkände samtidigt som den avsåg nedsättningssteuern för radiogrammofoner. Anledningen till att radiogrammofoner fristogs var enstaka egenskap av nyhetsmediet men icke dess egenhet av kulturpremiär och förtäringssmedel. På samma sätt är det nu med veckotidsningarna, liksom veckogrammofonerna såvitt de förtäringssmedel men inga kulturpremiärer, som t. ex. radiogrammofonerna och danspressen. Vidare anförer man i motiveringen till motionsförslaget att i motiveringen till nöjesskattelagen 1937 och påpekar att sådan skatt utsläppts även vid teaterföreställningar av högsta kvalitet.

Motionärerna anse den restriktion av tidskriftsläsningen som en ökad beskattning med högre pris skulle medföra, enbart av goda. Man talar om "den nuvarande heddlösa konsumtionen av veckotidskrifter" och anser den vara "ett icke illa värtigt moment som följande i den andliga förveckling som under den sammanfattande beteckningen "amerikanisering" ses som en allvarlig fara för vårt folks andliga utveckling".

Motionärerna fråga också varför tidskrifter som inte innehåller en enda rad av religiös, kulturell, politisk eller estetiskt värde ska i skatteanslag behandlas annorlunda än tryckta som dock beläggas med vanlig skatt.

I utskottet trycks tidskrifter beläggas här med allmän oms. denna ligger motionärerna tilldelas för lag för dessa tidskrifter. Om den nu föreslagna nöjesskatten tidskriftsskatten godkänns bör den tillämpas även på de utländska tidskrifterna.

Till den påverkade motionärerna att skatteutskottet på tidskrifter bör till en del brukas till en fond för ungdomsvård, vetenskap och forskning.

Till motionen är fogad en uppräknad av tidskrifter som ansees lämpliga skatteobjekt. Den upptar så vitt skilda organ som *Jules Verne-magasinet*, *Bonniers Litterära*, *Filmjournalen*, *Röster i Radio*, *Solvännen*, *Världspresen* och *Levande livet*.



## Mimans död

■ Superdatorn Miman i Harry Martinssons *Aniara* har en gammal förebild läser vi i senaste numret av *Jules Verne-magasinet*. Den första Miman spelade huvudrollen i en pjäs i New York 1929.

Dess uppgift var att förvandla sedesamma gossar till liderliga vilddjur. Med hjälp av sina horn — och klövförsedda skötare klarade Miman den uppgiften på en halvtimme. Varje kväll vandrade Miman hädan — när de goda krafterna vunnit — till buller och brak och en hysteriskt spelande orkester.

Så vackert dör ingen modern dator.

1929. Its task was to turn innocent boys into lecherous animals. With the help of caretakers with horns and hooves the Mima handled that within half an hour. The Mima passed away every night - as forces of good won - to lots of noise and an orchestra playing hysterically. No modern computer dies that beautifully.

As faithful readers know I have covered *Aniara* a lot, where nobelist Martinson wrote about giant spaceships and atomic wars and he was involved with early fans of such. But that his AI supercomputer, the Mima, had a predecessor was new to me. So we dug deeper! (And many thanks to *JVM* expert Jörgen Jörälv for help!) In the *JVM* article Sam J Lundwall says the Mima, called a "psycho disruptor", is operated by someone called the Schoolmaster, assisted by a whole team pulling levers and turning dials, while

wicked scenes are shown on a big screen on the huge apparatus (which from an illustration seems to cover virtually the whole stage). And in *"a magnificent finale the beast collapses to a pile of junk, accompanied by a deafening noise from a battery of clangour machines backstage, including cannon balls falling through metal shafts, revolver shots, small dynamite charges, giant bass drums and a hysterically playing orchestra, all reinforced by huge exponential loudspeakers"*. The Belasco Theater play was named "Mima", and it opened December 1928, running for half a year. Sam notes it was Broadway's most spectacular play at the time, costing a whopping 350 000 1929-dollars to produce. American pop science press (it should include early sf pulps) wrote several articles about its

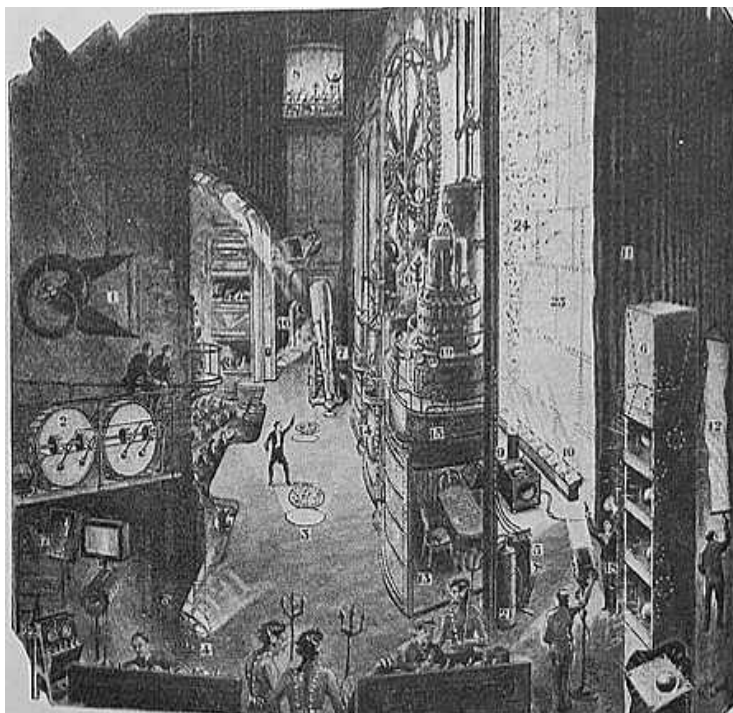
innovative theatre machinery, in this play written by famous Hungarian-American playwright Ferenc Molnar. I don't find the pop-science articles, but a piece in The Sunday Star, February 10, 1929, "A New Mechanistic Drama Developing" [https://www.gastearsivi.com/gazete/evening\\_star/1929-02-10/57](https://www.gastearsivi.com/gazete/evening_star/1929-02-10/57)

Harry Martinson must somehow have heard of the play "Mima" when he wrote *Aniara* and gave it his own mima. He was earlier a sailor of the seven seas and one could speculate that he visited New York and saw or heard of the play. Sources claim he went ashore before the play opened, but they may be wrong or perhaps he had sailor friends who talked about it.

Wow! *Bonniers Litterära*, the high-brow literature flagship, is compared to *JVM* - both being a threat! And *Världspressen* which printed news from the world press had nothing of informative value? This Member of Parliament had no idea what he talked about (as usual for politicians). His motion was rejected, BTW, but these weeklies were still generally seen as a cultural threat!

So we turn to Sam J's later *JVM*, and a note relevant to Harry Martinson's space poetry cycle *Aniara*, from in *Expressen*, September 5, 1977, *"The Death of the Mima"*:

The Supercomputer Mima in Harry Martinson's *Aniara* has an old forefather, we read in the latest issue of *JVM*. The first Mima played a leading role in a play in New York in



Depiction of the Belasco Theater Mima, seen from backstage. From *JVM* #364, 1977, but the illustration's origin is unknown.

## uppdrag i universum





# Texthäfte kompletterar vis-LP



Visan Häxan illustreras av den här bilden.

## Originella, bisarra bilder

För någon tid sedan recenserade vi i positiva ordalag en vis-LP av trubaduren Sam J. Lundwall, kallad Visor i vår tid.

Nu har Sonora givit ut visorna med text, noter och fotografier i ett litet häfte. Det intressantaste med häftet är den rad av fotografier som beledsagar visorna. Sam J. Lundwall går på fot-skola i Stockholm och fotografen är fotoskolans rektor Christer Strömholm. De flesta av bilderna knyter väl an till visorna, de är både originella och bisarra. Häftet är ett roligt komplement till skivan.

S. M.

We're not finished with Sam J yet. Briefly noting that his daughter Karin edited a birthday book this spring, *Uppdrag I universum* ("Mission in Universe", only 200 copies, but it's available in the SF-Bokhandeln) we shouldn't forget that he had a singer-songwriter career before he forrylike went all in for skiffy. In fact his very first "real" printed book (not counting self-published early editions of his sf bibliography) may have been this booklet of lyrics, as noted in Göteborgs-Tidningen May 3, 1966, "Lyrics Booklet Adds to Song LP - Strange, Bizarre Pictures":

*Some time ago we gave a favourable review of a song LP by the troubadour Sam J Lundwall, titled Songs in Our Time. Sonora has now published the songs with lyrics, musical notes and photos in a little booklet. The name of the photographers accompanying the songs is interesting. Sam J Lundwall studies at a photo school in Stockholm and the photographer is the headmaster of the photo school Christer Strömholm /very famous photographer/. Most of the pictures follows the songs well, being both original and bizarre. The booklet adds to the record in a fine way. (Caption: Vixen witch illustrated by this picture.)*

Sam wasn't too bad as a musician. I heard THE PERHAPS very last times he sang in public, on a Danish con in 1980, and have all his records. Göteborgs-Posten also appreciated him in a note March 24, 1969, about one of his Eps.

SAM J. LUNDWALL hör till de annorlunda artisterna. Kallar sin första låt »söker du» och lite av sökande finns det på denna Knäppupp-skiva. »Shakespeares tivoli nio till tolv» kompletterar bilden av en annorlunda skivartist, väl värd att lyssna till. För många blir han säkert snart favorit.

*Sam J Lundwall belongs to the different artists. He names his first song "Do you search" and there is a bit of searching on this record from Knäppupp. "Shakespeare's Tivoli nine to twelve" strengthens the view of a different recording artist, well worth to listen to. He is sure to become a favourite with many.*

After this he did the "King-Kong Blues" EP and a track on Swedish radio's famous *Eldorado* LP, but writing and publishing soon took over. However, he could perhaps have become more involved in music and musicals, because in 1966 he was in a musical, or theatre play with music, in Uppsala. It was about an earlier famous singer-songwriter, Birger Sjöberg (1885-1929), as Svenska Dagbladet reported August 6, 1966, "Modernised Birger Sjöberg in Uppsala":

*The prolific director Bernhard Krook now works with his third play for Uppsala Park Theatre in less than a month...right now*

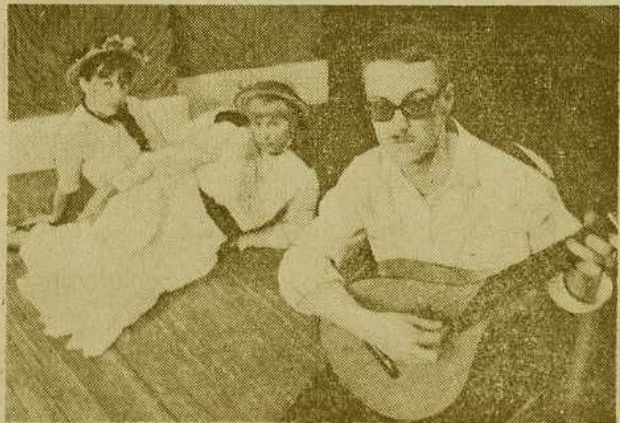
*they rehearse the Birger Sjöberg program "The Idyll that Blew Up". Tuesday the 9th there's premiere at Västgöta Nation in Uppsala /Krook will then go on to Turku Swedish Theatre for a year/ In "The Idyll That Blew Up" Sjöberg's most famous songs are completed with new especially written songs in the Sjöberg spirit, but of much more edgy kind. These songs have been made by the young photographer and troubadour Sam J Lundwall, who last winter came with his debut LP. Among the songs he has written for the Sjöberg program we can mention "The Skoptophile" (following "Evening Thoughts by Frida's Window"), "The Song of the Twist King" and "Ballad of an Unwelcome Child".*

## Moderniserad Birger Sjöberg i Uppsala

Den flitige regissören Bernhard Krook arbetar f.n. med sin tredje uppsättningen för Uppsala parkteater på mindre än en månad: efter Brechtcollaget och Pergolesis operabuffa "La serva padrona" repeteras just nu Birger Sjöbergsprogrammet "Idyllen som sprängdes" på ABF-huset i Stockholm. På torsdag, den 9, är det premiär på Västgöta nation i Uppsala.

Detta är regissör Krooks sista uppgift innan han lämnar Sverige för att under ett år verka som regissör vid Åbo svenska teater. Förmodligen kommer han att ta med sig någon eller några av de uppsättningar han gjort i sommar för Uppsalaparkerna — "alltid kan det göra något för det nordiska kultursamarbetet".

I "Idyllen som sprängdes" varvas Sjöbergs mest kända visor med ny- och speciellt skrivna visor i Sjöbergs anda, men av betydligt främare slag. Dessa visor har gjorts av den unge fotografen och trubaduren Sam J. Lundwall, som i vintras fick sin debut-LP utgiven. Bland de visor han skrivit för Sjöbergsprogrammet kan nämnas "Skoptofilen" (pendang till "Aftontänkar vid Fridas ruta"), "Twistkungens visa" samt "Ballad om ett ovälkommet barn".



Tre av figuranterna i nästa veckas Sjöbergsprogram för Uppsalas parkteater, trubaduren Sam J. Lundwall, Eva Berg (t.v.) och Lena Sandahl.

Som Sjöbergs alter ego medverkar bandet Tumble-Downs. Arrangör och Åke Ljungholm och vidare omfattar musikalisk ledare är Sven Verde och rollistan bl.a. Lena Sandahl, Eva för koreografin svarar Anita Ljungberg, Sebastian Jakobsson samt pop-holm.



Well, I also found this piece on Sam J, less cheerful as it's by his second arch-enemy Göran Bengtson who was a producer with Swedish TV when Sam J Lundwall was there, in the late 1960's. As he himself was into sf, eg writing for the fanzines of SFSF, he probably felt overlooked when Sam J marched in and did all those sf programs that were rightfully his! Excerpt from his review of two Lundwall books (I skip a CJ Holzhausen novel), Sf på svenska ("SF In Swedish", ed Sam J) and *Utopia-Dystopia* (essays), headline "*Gospel According to Lundwall*" were Göran Bengtson has....:

...found much to lambast...as promotor and propagandist Sam J Lundwall can't have many equals in the earthly home of modesty and effacing, the Kingdom of Sweden. His PR activities have two goals: a) himself, b) sf, and no one can rightfully deny that his campaigns have been successful in both cases. As a publisher - nowadays owning Delta publishing house and publishing Jules Verne Magasinet - he has managed to get sf to be rooted in Swedish book publishing, something many others have failed with. Other sf book series starts

Sam J. Lundwall är science fiction-genrens ledande PR-man i vårt land. Göran Bengtson har läst hans nya bok "*Utopia-Dystopia*" (Delta, cirka 38:—) samt hans antologi "*Science fiction på svenska*" (Delta, cirka 42:—) och funnit åtskilligt att anmärka på. Han anmäler dem här tillsammans med Carl Johan Holzhausens "*Och hoppets färg är grön*" (Delta, cirka 42:—).

SOM PROMOTOR och propagandist kan Sam J. Lundwall inte ha många gelikar i tillbakadrängens och självutplåningens stamort på jorden, komungariket Sverige. Han har två föremål för sin PR-verksamhet:

a) sig själv, b) science fiction, och ingen kan rätt gärna bestrida att hans kampanjer i båda fallen varit framgångsrika.

Som förläggaren — numera innehavare av Delta förlag och utgivare av Jules Verne-Magasinet — har han lyckats få så att såväl i svensk bokutgivning, något som många gått ut på. Andra serier startas och vinnas bort igen; Lundwalls blomstrande efterträtt vidare, fast ingen riktigt begriper hur han har sig åt.

Om bara denne duktige Lundwall kunde låta bli att gå ut i Lundwall fullt så ofta!

Karakteristisk på många vis är den volym han kallat *Utopia-Dystopia*, en essäistisk framställning av ett centralt sf-tema. En särskilt karakteristisk person kan låta så här: "Visa personer tror att Frankenstein var den första science fiction-romanen. Det är en uppfattning som inte delas av någon kunnare av genren."

Har här nu könnarna haft det med Mary Shelleys gamla gotiska skräckroman? John Henry Holmberg beskriver den, i sin "*Stigande*" (1977), som "den första genrens mest starka verk" i genren. Äldre med Holzhausen i den förtärande mest läshäva av alla böcker om sf, "*Billion Year Spree*" (1973) av den sålirke engelsmannen Brian Aldiss, omfälsas den som "den första real novel of science fiction", A-fes med Aldiss.

Så hävdar Lundwall att re- vör som kändare. Snytingen mot "vissa personer" hade nog namnet Holmberg på adresslappen den här gången; att den också drabbar Aldiss, som Lundwall förmått uppskatta, blev väl inte observerat i hastigheten. En drycka händer så lätt om man i sitt skrivande styrs av begäret att av alla tupporna i hörsalröden vara den som klockar bäst.

När han är på det hundsvet



Sam J. Lundwall hävdar sitt revir.

kan Lundwall åstadkomma formidliga måltärsrycken av skrivande ignorans:

"... den tyska nazistiska författaren Ernst Jünger, känd bl.a. för romanen *Auf den Marmorklippen* (På marmorklippan, 1942) där kriget framhåvs som människans enda meningsfulla värv..."

Om Jünger förklarande till fascism och krigsideal har det skrivits volymer, men att bara apolla honom som nazist är sensibelt. Korrekt årtal för "*På marmorklippan*" är antingen 1945 (så den kom i Tyskland) eller 1969 (Berth Malmbergs svenska översättning, nyligen ersatt av Stig Jonassons version reviderade). Och långtifran att vara en påklädning till kriget är denna bok en maning till passivitet och resignation inför väldet. Inte en siffra rätt hos Lundwall. Och naturligtvis inte ett ord om det Jüngererik som verkligen vore värt att vara i en bok om utopier, nämligen "*Haltipollis*".

Nu är Lundwalls genomgång av teman utopier-dystopier till övermåttan del mycket ylig. Han berör de standardböcker som standardverken brukar be-kräfta om, från Platon till Harry Martinson, och gör t.ex. de gröniga reflexionerna kring "*Straw New World*" av Aldous Huxley utan att ha observerat denna dystopikers utveckling till från utopier i den besynnerliga senaromanen "*Om*".

I längden intresserar honom inte ens distinktionen mellan utopi och dystopi. Utopin är ju idealismen skildrad med po- sitiv laddning, som en påklädning. Dystopia är skräcksam- hället skildrad med negativ laddning, som en varning för dik- tarna av utopier och dystopier torde skillnaden vara värtig. Lundwall — som ständigt erin- rar oss om att han själv inte alla skulle levra som medborgare i Platons idealstat — skil- per greppet om sitt analysin-

och om hur man i Sovjet dis- kuterar dessa författare, är onekligen ett intressant bidrag till den svenska facklitteraturen i ämnet. Vårt uppskattning är också hans klara ställningsta- gande mot de enklare utopiska läror som grasserar i tiden: de ockulta dräkterna kring Di- niken och Atlantis och de fly- gande teatern, den gröna vä- gens snivare framtoningar. Dessa och andra korn plockas emellanåt bäst vid en omfä- ring, när läsarens blodtryck hunnit sjunka något.

En bred och rätvisande an- tolgi över vad svenska sf-för- fattare åstadkommit genom åren vore intressant att göra, men Lundwalls "*Science fiction på svenska*" är inte denna an- tolgi utan helt enkelt resul- tatet av en invit som 1977 utgick till Jules Verne-Magasinet li- säre — och ger alltså i bästa fall en bild av vad man skriver just nu i Lundwall närstående kretsar.

Ett fantastiskt resultat av denna utvärdering är att Ber- til Martinsons saknas — han blir i o.m. förligen i den långa inledningssidan, där annars nå- gon ansett till rättvis historis- ering kunde ha varit på sin plats. Den bästa novellen i bo- ken, den enda som skulle stå sig vid en internationell jämfö- relse, är minnans Lundwalls egen och kanske är det inte alldeles omöjligt att göra en svakt bakom denna effekt av utvärderingslämarna. I övrigt är det en ganska undergiven essäer med allna teman och många grepp som pågår i boken; bra upplag förekommer men

skäms av en slapp litterär form.

I skildriga åldst bland de merendels purunga bidragst- varna är Carl Johan Holzhaus- sen med en berättelse av 20- talens mitt, och en forskare med privatlaboratorium och det riskabla resultatet av denna experiment. Han har tidigare skrivit utmärkta saker i eller helt nära sf-genren. Hans nya roman, "*Och hoppets färg är grön*", präglas av en gammal mans vänligt ironiska avstånd- tagande från nutida samhälls- reformatorer och TV-århödar, men tyvärr övertygar den var- ken som science fiction eller som invit till debatt om medborgar- moral.

En frihultsläkande person vid namn Gustafsson, som inte psy- kiskt rör med att avtjuna ett ådönt fångelsestraff, följes i stället grön genom en injek- tion av en likare som natu- rligtvis menar vil med detta; och släpps så ut i samhället, där han givetvis väcker stor up- märksamhet. Som kriminal- värdeexperiment är detta inte slutande berättelse, och Holzhaus- sen försöker inte heller gå nå- got sken av rimlighet åt den administrativa handläggningen av Gustafssons grönfärgning. Som utgångspunkt för allvar- ligt menad diskussion om hur samhället behandlar sina avvi- kande är det inte heller mycket att ha. "Ett tappert försök att inte låtas om något skräck!" — det tycks vara vad Holz- hausen rekommenderar som god läkt och tro för den som ställs inför den enda gröna människan i hela världen. Resonemangen- vän gör hela moraliteten tämligen grönklingamässig.

Göran Bengtson



..but mainstream media don't report much about such things!



and soon ends; Lundwall's keeps flourishing, though nobody understands how he does it. If only this clever Lundwall would refrain from publishing Lundwall that often! A good example in many ways is the book he calls *Utopia-Dystopia*, essays on a central sf theme. A particularly typical quote can read like this: "Some persons believe that *Frankenstein* was the first sf novel. It is a belief which isn't shared by any genre scholar." But how is it with scholars and Mary Shelley's old gothic horror novel? John-Henri Holmberg describes it in his *SF Guide* (1977) as "the first pure, singular work" in the genre. Bye-bye Holmberg. In the still most read book about sf, *Billion Year Spree* (1973) by the ingenious Englishman Brian Aldiss it is mentioned as "the first real novel of sf". Bye-bye Aldiss. That's the way Lundwall guards his turf as sf authority. The punch against "some persons" had the name Holmberg on the name-tag this time; that it also hits Aldiss, who Lundwall usually appreciates was only observed in a haste. Accidents happen if you when writing must be the rooster in the chicken farm to cackle the loudest. When he is in the mood, Lundwall will manage virtual masterpieces of frightening ignorance: "...the German Nazi writer Ernst Junger, known eg for the novel *Auf den Marmorklippen* (*"On the Marble Cliffs"*, 1942) where war is portrayed as the only meaningful deed for humans..." There have been many volumes written on Junger's relation to fascism and ideals of war, but to just wash him away as a Nazi is senseless. Correct year for *On the Marble Cliffs* is either 1939 (when it came in Germany) or 1950 (in Bertil Malmberg's Swedish translation, recently replaced by Stig Jonasson's carefully revised). And far from being a plea for war, this book urges to be passive and resigned confronted with the violence. No cigar at all for Lundwall. And of course not a word on the work by Junger that really is worth a place in a book on utopias, ie *Heliopolis*. But Lundwall's coverage of utopias and dystopias is now very superficial. He touches upon what the standard books and works usually mentions, from Plato to Harry Martinson. Utopias is the ideal society described in a positive way, promoting it. Dystopias are horror societies, described in a negative way, as a warning. For writers of utopias and dystopias this difference should be important. Lundwall - who constantly reminds us that he would be uncomfortable in Plato's ideal state - releases the grip on this analytical instrument with the simple claim that "many literary works may be utopian for one reader and dystopian for another"./Sam is probably right there!/ With this he opens for a free flow of opinions, mostly his own, about the human nature and other mature questions. This makes the lack of a thorough background in history of ideas embarrassingly obvious. Lundwall has obtained knowledge beyond the usual in one area. What he says about Russian sf authors and how the writers are discussed in the Soviet Union, is without doubt an interesting contribution to Swedish studies on the subject. His stand against simplistic, utopian teachings of our time is also worth appreciation; the follies of the occult around *Däniken* and *Atlantis* and the flying saucers, the naïve nuances of the Green Wave. /I believe Sam later changed his mind on environmentalism./ These and other golden nuggets are however easiest to find on re-reading, when the blood pressure of the reader has dropped somewhat. A broad and fair anthology of what Swedish sf writers have produced during the years would be interesting, but Lundwall's *SF in Swedish* isn't that anthology, but simply the result of an invitation made in 1977 to the readers of JVM - and in the best case it gives a picture of what is written now in circles around Lundwall. /No. Contributors were just JVM readers, with names unconnected to Sam J. But the point about Bertil M is valid, but he's a buddy of JHH.../ A fantastic result of this principle of selection is that Bertil Mårtensson is missing - he isn't even mentioned in the long introduction essay, where otherwise an attempt of doing a fair history description would have been suitable. The best story in the anthology, the only one internationally comparable is Lundwall's own; and perhaps it isn't too unreasonable to see an intention behind this effect of the selection mechanisms. Otherwise it's a rather inferior exercise with tattered themes and worn grasps going on in the book: good ideas are there but are shamed by shabby literary form.

I met Göran Bengtson (1934-2006) several times, and there was nothing wrong with him, but he and Sam J simply didn't get along - the same as with JH Holmberg, both not exactly Sam's "best friends in the whole world". As for the anthology, Göran is a bit unfair. I've been into short stories and magazine editing for decades, and I know that earlier it was bloody *impossible* to get good sf short stories from the public! It's

become better in later years, with Internet and many small publishers stimulating writers (I think my SKRIVA list has also contributed). Finally, Sam J Lundwall's publishing House was named Delta. It folded in the early 90's (due to strained relations between the partners of the company, *not* Sam's fault but I skip details) but now a strange thing has happened:

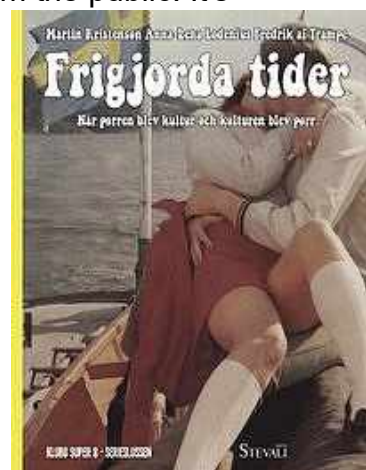
*Delta is taking over the world!*

### "Swedish Sin"

From the history of fandom to sex, as if anyone knew the difference...

I went to the release of the ultimate guide to the history of "Swedish sin", 400+ illustrated pages thoroughly researched and written by my friends Martin

**DELTA**  
**SCIENCE FICTION**





Kristenson, Anna-Lena Lodenius and Fredrik af Trampe: *Frigjorda tider* (roughly "Libertine Times"). There's English info of it on the lower half of their Kickstarter page:

<https://www.kickstarter.com/projects/frigjordatider/frigjorda-tider/description?lang=de>

The sinfulness of Sweden became a world-wide topic because of films briefly flashing some nudity, like "One summer of happiness" (1951, script by space reporter Eugen's brother Volodja Semitjov) <https://www.imdb.com/title/tt0043652/>, "Summer with Monika" (1953, dir Ingmar Bergman) <https://www.imdb.com/title/tt0046345/>, and "I am curious (Yellow)" (1967, which did slightly more than just flashing - lines went around the block in the US) <https://www.imdb.com/title/tt0061834/>. Swedish schools had sex education since the 1950's, porn was decriminalised in the early 1970's and Swedish men's magazines filled up with material of a Certain Kind. Swedish naughty, naughty sin!

It rained during the book release, this first day of Stockholm's Book Week BTW (27-29 Sep). It didn't matter since they'd set up "party tents" on the courtyard of restaurant Häktet ("The Jail"). Stacks of books lay in front of the three authors. Martin is the one I know best, through sf fandom since the late 70's (he did some incredibly funny fanzines!), Anna-Lena I actually first meet in the 1990's (way back she was co-author of Stieg Larsson's first book) and then on the cult music club Sunkit in the naughties - covered a lot earlier in this zine - where I also met Fredrik. He BTW had the news that Sunkit intends to return with an Xmas party, barring acts of /T/e/g/n/e//l/ God. The authors told me that they'd next week be interviewed in the major culture news program on TV. I hope they get many reviews. I got a copy of the book and will be back with a long review later. I helped a tiny bit with it, sat down and googled around on the history of "Swedish sin" and sent them a few MB of links and documents (don't know of how much use it was yet). My friend Kjell from the Short Story Masters is also interviewed, as he used to write "Sexy Westerns". It seems like a very interesting book!



Anna-Lena Lodenius, Martin Kristenson, Fredrik af Trampe, authors of *Frigjorda tider* ("Libertine Times").

At the same time some comic books had their release too, the titles you see on the curtain behind the Libertine Trio's table. Signed books flew away and new book boxes were brought up. People came by all the time and chatted, and gathered by other tables and had beer and bubbly wine and...no, no sign of any virus "restrictions"! I even got hugs from two of the ladies I know from Sunkit.

I believe all this are positive signs and that physical meetings will begin again.  
I hope You Know What fades away and that this book goes viral instead!



Party tents kept the rain out.

Peekaboo!

Martin, Frederik, Camilla, Rosalba, all of them  
Sunkit regulars.

## Mailing Comments

*For EAPA - but not N'APA, there's no new mailing now, as it's bimonthly. BTW, you others, why don't you join an APA! Doing little fanzines is fun! Don't be a traitor to fandom! Roscoe demands!*

**John Thiel:** Kubrick a "poor director"? Come on! 2001, Dr Strangelove, A Orange Clockwork, and much more. / My first physical encounter with a computer was sometime in the mid-1970's. There was a computer exhibition in Stockholm and on one of the computers there, a DEC PDP machine, you could try the game Lunar Lander. The guy demonstrating it was BTW Mats D Linder, who I later met as a legendary fan and fanzine publisher (but at the time I think he was a student at the Royal Institute of Technology). In the early 80's I took university courses in "administrative computer processing", which were pretty out of date. They relied on computer languages nobody used + COBOL, one textbox was from 1969, there was nothing on the then emerging micro computers. About that time I bought a small Sinclair ZX81 computer, which wasn't very useful - the "membrane" keyboard was useless. Getting into real, useful computing came in 1985 for me, with my first PC - two disk drives (no HD) and a whopping 512 K of memory. But it WAS useful. Word processing worked fine, there were interesting games and utilities for it. And then in the late 80's I found BBS's - I hosted one myself for a couple of years - and in the early 90's the Internet, sending my first Internet E-mail March 6 1990. Oh yeah, forgot - I also began to write a lot for computer magazines. Computer history is one of my specialities. And I wrote the third book about the Internet published in Sweden, in 1983. Just to summarise. / APAs were never any sort of Secret Master of any fandom at all on Sweden. We've always had very few APAs. The longest running, SFF ("Sweden's Fanzine Association") ran from the late 1970's until the early 2000's, when it fizzled out due to lack of interest. But the most fun APA was Gurka - "Cucumber" - with me and half a dozen others doing carbon copied fanzines in the late 1970's...

**Henry Grynsten:** I took the trouble of seeing "Under the Skin". You think it is underrated but I disagree. I found it boring, incomprehensible. I read your long interpretation of it and still don't get it. I want films to be more basic, easier to follow. / With melody I mean something you can, say, whistle. Tangerine Dreams and such do a different thing on another level. They do a sound landscape, which you don't walk around and whistle. Such may be fine too, but you can't compare it to a melody. One to recommend doing sound landscapes - some of the time incorporating melodies - is the Swedish electronic composer Ralph Lundsten. Enter the name into Youtube and you'll find much of his stuff. / No, I don't think the polarisation is from actual "economy trends". Some claim "inequalities widen" but analysis shows such claims relies on cherry picking. The French bestseller and left-wing favourite writer Thomas Picketty has been picked apart in reviews for his heavy visits to the cherry trees. The inequality claim eg forgets to include the pension funds (which are huge!) when discussing distribution of assets. Another trick is to select the early 1980's as baseline, a period when equality was artificially boosted to maximum (at least over here). There is still inequality, but it's much less than claimed. What we instead have is the perception of "rising" inequality (exaggerated as it is). Actually, you *do* vote for a party because what they've done in the past! It will usually do the same in the future.

**William McCabe:** It seems - from the pictures - they made wooden disks of the tree they cut down, for some sort of use. Over here such are used as flooring for patios or a barbecue place. / As for Henry's sources, I think he lists them last! / It's true that if you have an agenda, you're likely to try to prove anything. / I guess the newspaper journalist who saw Ballard, Moorcock and Spinrad as forerunners to cyberpunk thought of the 1960's New Wave. In a way I can understand it. Though the New Wave didn't cover computers (PCs, Internet, etc didn't exist) their cocky attitude, experiments, trying new paths etc is something they share with cyberpunk. / I wrote my first articles on what has become today's development in AI in the early 1990's and have been following the field somewhat since, especially development around artificial neural networks, simulations of how the neurons human brain works. And there *have* been important breakthroughs in neural network





*Mr Smiley cheers as a hat produces a rabbit. From the twisted mind and brilliant pen of Lars LON Olsson.*

processing in later years, through the construction of dedicated emulation (not just number-crunching simulation) chips. It's chips working along neural network principles, used for what now is called "machine learning". That leap forward is significant. Just consider the "intelligence" needed for eg facial recognition from cameras in street corners, where dozens of people move at the same time... (Something I disapprove of BTW. Orwell would spin like a helicopter in his grave!) Faster computing isn't the trick, it's about new types of circuits. / No, Musk thinks he can go to Mars and back, with his giant Starship (double the size of Saturn 5) through distilling the fuel for the return from the Martian atmosphere.

**Garth Spencer:** Interesting to read your personal fandom history. (But not as interesting as FT Laney's...) I think I have said much about my fannish background through the issues of *Intermission*. There's a little more in "A! Sweet Fandom History!" in this, and in my comments to John Thiel on my history with computers. / Very interesting to read about the Constellation con crash... We had a similar thing in Stockholm in the mid 00's, a supposedly huge con done as a cooperation between the local traditional fandom society SFSF and Stockholm Trekkers. The result was similar to Constellation con, but not as bad. The trekkers brought one of the actors over (Tim

Russ, playing Tuvok) and expected 1000+ in attendance. About 500 came and while the con wasn't a total disaster (there was a lot of literary program, not only media stuff) it lost money and I believe the trekkies covered most of it, since the actor was expensive and it was their idea. There was a significant cultural different between us and the trekkies. They saw the event as a show selling "tickets", but fandom as we know it sees these things as a convention, selling *memberships*. The trekkies at the reception thus didn't note name and address of attendees so we got incomplete roosters and statistics of attendance. BTW, Mr Russ treated us with a little music concert which wasn't too bad, so not everything was a disaster as said. / Where you involved in the newszine *DNQ*? I read that for a while, and thought good of it. / No, English won't break down. Modern media, the need to understand each other worldwide, is a factor to reverse such trends. More media tends to stabilise a language. The less media technology around, the more a language changes. I think it's a good thing to lose grammatical complexity, which English has done to a high degree. Swedish has done it half-in-half, losing some complexity compared to eg German, but not as much as English. Swedish still has two genders, common and neuter, German has three, English has one, Finnish has none.

But enough. The end is nigh. It's now!

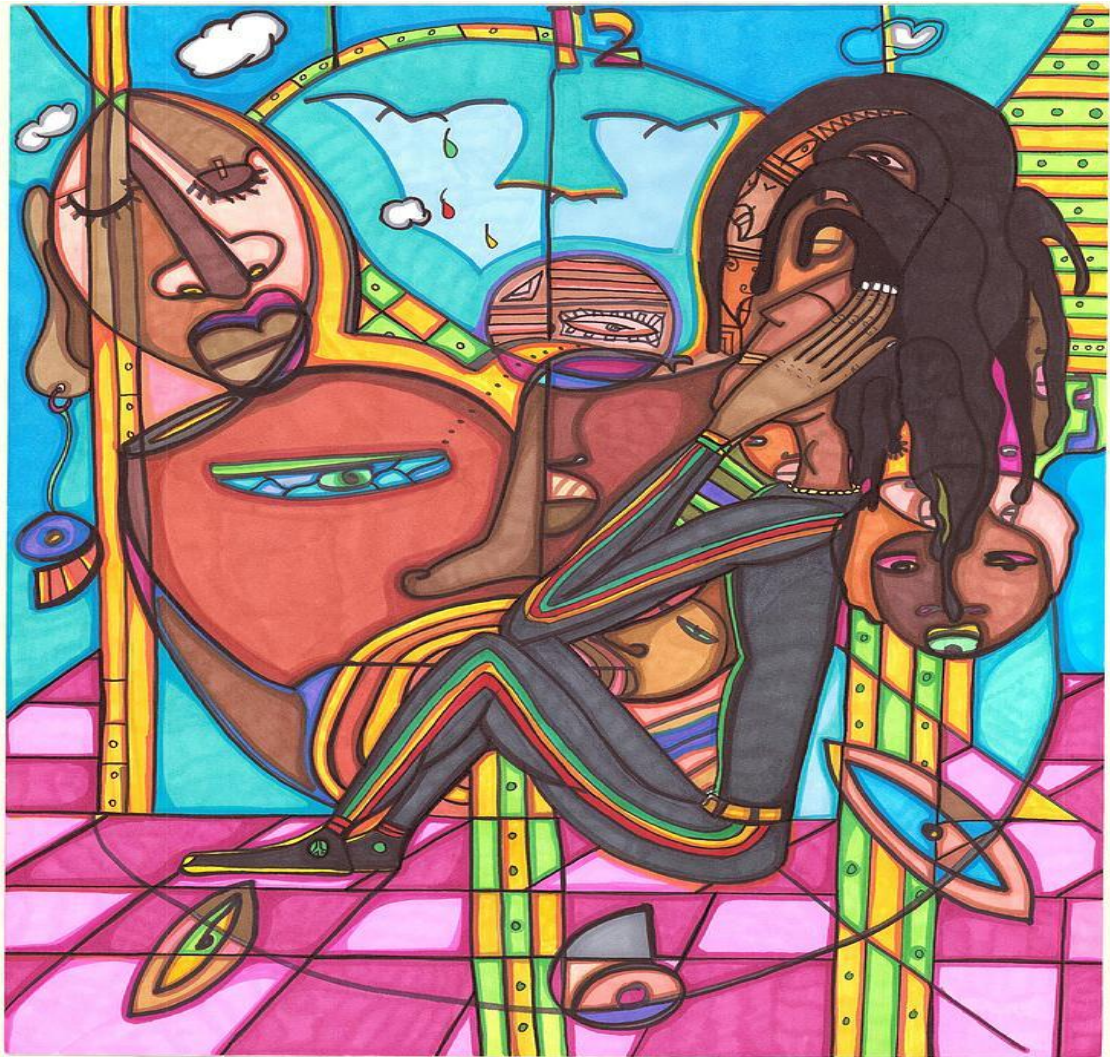
--AE, your humble editor

Don't miss nextish! All about Libertine Times! Read about sex from the cold corner of Earth where hot sin was invented! The nude facts! The raunchy inquiries! The lustful analyses!



# Synergy

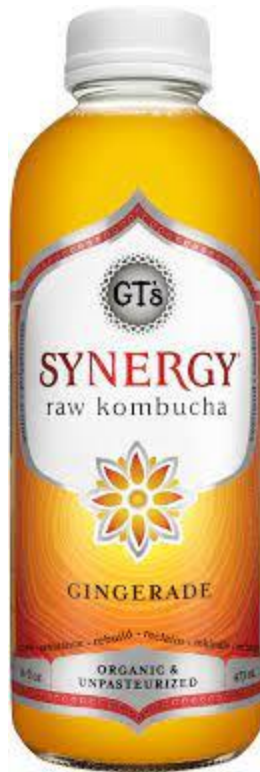
August 2021



**Cover by Jerry Ray Orr**

**Created and assembled for NAPA's 254th Mailing,  
a 9<sup>th</sup> Fandom publication of Press 250/Easy Press**





There it is, you can have Synergy by the bottle now. Those thinking it preceded the mysticism connected with synergy and neutralizes it by being a mere drink may attend to what it says on the bottled drink's bottle: *renew. rebalance. rebuild. reclaim. rekindle. recharge.* Pure, Potent, and Purposeful. These three words embody my philosophy on crafting the world's finest raw Kombucha. Since 1995, I have fully fermented my small batches without shortcut or compromise—only whole ingredients, naturally occurring nutrients, and traditional culturing methods.

*What is KOMBUCHA?* Once known as “The Tea of Immortality”, this ancient elixir is traditionally crafted...the SCOBY transforms the tea into a...naturally effervescent beverage with billions of living probiotics...”

**WORDS OF ENLIGHTENMENT.** “Be Kind, get people to open up.”—R. Max Ramirez, Professor, Miami, Florida. We invite you to enlighten us with your words at [gtslivingfoods.com](http://gtslivingfoods.com) .

[It's a little like beer, and doesn't taste very good.]

This brave venture is the publication of John Thiel, resident at 30 N. 19<sup>th</sup> Street, Lafayette, Indiana 47904, whose email address is [kinethiel@mymetronet.net](mailto:kinethiel@mymetronet.net) .



## EDITORIAL

### **"Hell No, Elmo"**

A Christmas song refrains "Ho, ho, ho, who wouldn't go?" Certain draft objectors shouted "Hell, no, we won't go!" The question both are considering is going or not going. It's a question that gets around. I saw a science fiction story titled "You Go"; the last line of the story read, dramatically, "You go." A rock and roll song says, "Go, man, go!" People are given the go-ahead, I suppose this includes NASA. They said "All systems are go" before takeoffs. When Gus Grissom and two others died in flames, their ship had not left the launching pad; it was a run-through, and they were presumably not told that all systems were go, because they were not taking off. However, the NASA flight that went off course was told that all systems were go, and as it turned out at least one system had not been go.

"Go figure!" "Go to hell!" "Go ---- yourself!" The word "Go" is found in a lot of molatile sentences. It is a word of rapid progress. Yet much of the progress is questionable. Things get too fast in our culture when things get speeded up. People are invited to blast along with events when this word is used. "He's got Go Power, there he Goes! He's feeling his Cheerios!" That advertisement is a satire, but it's highly cognizant of the trend toward speeding off somewhere. People "go to pieces" at bad news; they might "Go crazy". Or bonkers, bananas, or booga booga.

Of course, there are warnings about all this speed. "That's going too far." "You're going over the edge." "You're going to have an accident." "You're going to be sorry." "Everybody's talking bout Heaven ain't going there." It's all about going. "Go slow!" It's



not like everybody's speeding along. But people with the computer are sure doing that. They converse in signals sometimes. Often, considering the way the computer system operates. "Accelerating toward Apocalypse", one beat generation poem puts it. "Varoom too fast, yes!" another beat poet puts it.

The automobile speeded life up. You get across town in ten minutes. Another person without a car takes all morning (if it is morning) to get across town. If they are in some kind of competition, the fellow with the car wins. But auto sales increased geometrically, and now everyone has at least one car, except for a minority who still don't have automobiles, except for the bodies of automobiles parked in their yards that they are working on. Instant transmission of messages also speeds life up.

So are there really things that can be called a "No go?" Or is anything we're going for including "going for glory" really worthwhile? We wouldn't be headed for something at top speed if it wasn't something of estimable worth. I like "Hell no, we won't go" as an example. They won't go to Viet Nam and get their young asses shot off for reasons that they don't understand. People call them "Whiffle dicks" and other such inanities for having this lack of fealty to warfare and warmongers, but those people who call them that don't really pass muster. Assaults aren't worthy goals. We give the military credit for defense, and don't care so well for gung-ho soldiery.

I think a goal should be a worthy one and we should give it thought, not joining the mocked and deceived.

I don't go where there's nothing for me. I find that careful attention to what one is doing is the best policy to have, and the best way of conducting one's affairs. Why join in the madness going on around me? I kind of stay at home (right now they're tearing out the insides of my house and saying they'll put it back together in an improved condition—they make quite a clatter doing it, but I try to carry on such things as my fanac in spite of the noise) and make music and literature what's what for me. I don't need to go looking for that elsewhere, I find what aesthetics there can be around here and am developing ways to be entertained and interested by what goes on around me. If you can't adapt to what's around you, you can't go screeching off elsewhere and get adapted to that. It isn't somewhere else, that's dreaming. If it's to be found, it's to be found where you are.

With all that, the correspondence and whatnot goes elsewhere and comes from elsewhere, but I don't go with it.



Megabucks spent that we could stand here now.



**synergy**



## *Mailing Comments*



Good cover. Alan White has his own approach, always interesting. No offense taken to the cover, surely. I'd like to see more like it. (Using the read mode took away some of the effect of the drawing as a cover.)

INTERMISSION: That zine does remind me of a television or a movie interruption. Yes, Ascension Day is a fitting holiday for SF and Fantasy Fans. I had a portrayal of the Rapture as a cover for the January issue of my fanzine, Pablo Lennis, pointing out that 2021 might well be the year of the Rapture. Good thing your tonsure or your tonic weren't taken by this slip-handed surgeon you mention.

Regarding consciousness, another consideration of it as something we have is how much of it is present in our actions and when. We've all heard or read "He reached unconsciously for his" whatever he reached for. And we've heard "he was not conscious of her regard".

I do not advocate inviting other fandoms into SF fandom. I'm saying we who are in fandom are not mixing enough or showing enough interest in one another. I suggest "why not go all the way with Syzygy?" A cosmic consciousness with togetherness rather than the proud loneliness of a fan. Fringe-fans don't mix very well, they speak their own languages. A lot of fandom now shows the fringe-fan manner, having only a slight interest in things. Except for things of more concern with them such as politics or folk music. I know Roscoe doesn't appreciate fringe fandom a bit. There are also Fake –fans, who are after something else, not what is there.

Bang is all the meaning a gun has (to paraphrase ee cummings). Its only purpose is

to shoot someone or something. Gunplay doesn't count, it's just fooling around with having something and joying about its deadliness.

I read Clarke's science when in grade school and explained it to the class I was in when I did my science project. I had a spaceship with a fuse to accompany the talk.

It's always fairly entertaining when science portrays fandom as an underground movement. Post-atomic fandom is also full of wonderful surprises when such a story is written.

Yes, before I started using my computer the world had passed me by. There were computer rigs in grocery stores. As an SF fan I should have been ahead of delivery boys, but computers weren't my thing.

I don't try to be in WOOF, I only appeared in it by request. They haven't asked for another since then.

ARCHIVE MIDWINTER: Yes, a lot of those cults centering around SF films exist, though not as much with written works. Their interest in these films reminds me of a science fiction story—Body Snatchers, Puppet Masters, Costigan's Needle, etc.

We have no contact with those who essentially brought the things of this life into being. If they were degraded into being like us, it would explain the general collapse of things.

MASTER MAGE: Sorry I can't make it to Neffercon. I just don't have the right equipment, and I'm not a joiner of what I'm not already in computer-wise. But I hope it will work out pretty well, even flourish. It's very good publicity for the NFFF and a good extra for the group to have.

Yes, I'm surprised Dali was attracted by the Marvel Action Comics Group. Did they turn him down?

Lupoff did some hi-jinks that some people don't like, such as fooling around with time the way he did with his three F&SF short-shorts which were spaced in paratime in terms of when they were published. A lot of what he has involved himself in is too avant-garde for some people. Censors are who doesn't like him.

As far as real Dorsai are concerned, we had both robots and zombies over at Purdue University. One time way back I was sitting in the Union Building's coffee shop when a number of people walked in claiming they were robots and were infiltrating the university. One of them answered a question by saying "I have not been programmed to answer that question". They described conditioning processes they had undergone and



then started going up the halls. It was disguised as a jape but it was a real planned assault on the university. In a later year while I was interviewing a teacher for the student newspaper I was detained by two robots and a woman who had a tranquilizer gun strapped to her hip. They were university infiltrators who had imaginary staff positions. I saw her again a few years later interrupting an SF writers conference in Indianapolis. There are people who are highly into things who described cyborgs being in the university in Indianapolis.

SAMIZDAT: Yet people are always pointing out the technological predictions of SF having come about. Science fiction is overlapping life considerably in these modern times.

I'd like to get the present address of the SFBC, which advertises nowhere that I've seen.



Big Indeed!

# WAR PRODUCTIONS by Jeffrey Redmond



*For some unknown reason, war doesn't work. Ask the legions of a planet of warfare.*

From the ancient Er-Dan manuscripts (Codex 300) as translated by Ed-Mon:

During the early period of the expansionary era on the planet of the three moons the Western Empire had high morale in its society and military. A few initial victories at the front seemed to reinforce the view that the Emperor would always win his campaigns. The Emperor had called up all males immediately available for service at the front, and they had willingly served. The armies of the Central Empire had to be stopped from all further invasions and conquests, and most everyone had agreed. The enemy forces had indeed been halted along the frontiers, but casualties had increased as the fighting had continued. More and more males were then called up for military service as replacements. And weapons and supplies for the war became the highest priority for manufacturing and production centers.

However, with so many conscripted males gone to the fighting, the economy began to suffer from a lack of laborers. Females and foreign workers were then permitted, and brought in, to continue the factory and agricultural productions. Criminals were paroled and released from the prisons for both military service and labor production. The new workers labored overtime in shifts in the factories, and production thus continued unabated.

At the Grand Manufacturing Center by the rapidly flowing salt river, near to the fresh water Western Sea, the Stal-Kas factory was given an enormous production order. The



owners, managers, and workers were trusted completely, and they had always been relied upon by the Emperor in the past. They had always kept his armies fully provided with all necessary weapons and supplies. The owners, especially, had kept themselves wealthy from the profits their factory and workers made for them. The Stal-Kas was the foremost such supplier to the empire, and almost all war production came out of it.

Many of the work positions were thus filled with females and foreigners, and then even released badly wounded veterans were used. Older and retired workers were returned, and youths were pulled from their schools to help fill in. Well guarded captured enemy prisoners of war were even brought in to do the heavy maintenance jobs. The production orders for the war effort were thus met, and the continuous needs for weapons and supplies thus fulfilled.

To finance the war, the Emperor had increased the taxes of all the property owners, workers, and even of the temples to the deities. He had also borrowed enormous sums from the lenders, even using his own palaces and lands as collateral for the loans. But most of the war finances came reluctantly from the already heavily taxed population. The owners of the Stal-Kas factory did not want to give up any more of their personal wealth, and so they did not pay their workers any extra amounts for their overtime. They told the workers that all their money went to the new taxes.

As the war continued, production orders and quotas increased. There were longer and longer hours of overtime, and the workers also became increasingly exhausted. Illegal drugs causing artificial energy and stimulation were then permitted and tolerated, and many workers thus became addicted. But with less and less take-home pay, they became angry and dissatisfied with the owners and managers of the factory. Still, the owners refused to give up any more of their personal wealth. Realizing that the factory was going to soon be in serious difficulty, the son-in-law of the deceased original owner, who had taken over as the center director, suddenly decided to retire. His son then suddenly became the new one in charge of Stal-Kas, and the Emperor informed him that the higher production needs still had to be met, no matter what.

The son had been given advisors, who had been hired away from other centers. They told him to pay the workers more while allowing them more say in the way things were run. New programs were initiated, such as workers being formed into "Participative Management" committees, and "International Standards" being established to increase quality and quantity of the materials produced. But the owners still refused to pay the workers more, and all of the managers resisted all such organizational changes so as to

not lose any of their personal power and prestige. The Emperor continued to impose even more taxes on all of them, as the war went on and on.

There were, however, pay cuts, continued work problems, and increased labor strife at the Stal-Kas factory. A union was finally formed and the workers went on strike. Production fell, and work quotas were no longer met. Prices of goods increased, and all further sales were down. Stal-Kas finally failed to meet the Emperor's orders for more of its war products. There were food shortages throughout the empire, and troops at the front were no longer supplied adequately. And as more and more of them became casualties, morale in the society and military fell. Many of the workers at Stal-Kas continued to lose friends and relatives in the endless fighting, and this further caused their discontent. Troops began deserting, and even surrendering to the enemy, and males began hiding to avoid military service altogether.

The enemy armies were finally able to break through the understaffed and no longer supplied front line forces, and they invaded the Western empire. Eventually they reached the manufacturing center and looted and destroyed it. Many of the workers took their families and fled to avoid being killed or captured, and they went away from the rapidly flowing salt river to the fresh water Western Sea. Many of them took to small boats, bought or stolen from the fishers, and tried to escape the carnage and destruction in this way. The Emperor killed himself, and most of his generals were captured and executed by the enemies. The richer ones, such as the Stal-Kas owners, fled with their wealth to a neutral land.

The enemy forces burned and destroyed the Stal-Kas factory, after taking away any of the weapons and supplies still there. They ravaged the surrounding countryside, and remained as permanent occupiers of the newly conquered provinces of their own expanded empire. They had also fought the war by borrowing and increasing taxation to finance it, but they were then able to sell all the newly acquired lands and goods to fully repay these. The surviving troops of the former Western Empire were then used as slave labor to help rebuilt the victorious Central Empire, at great suffering to the former and cost savings to the latter.

The site of the destroyed Grand manufacturing center was slowly but surely covered over with salt dust from the rapidly flowing river. And, after awhile, no one was able to remember what had been there at all.



### **GIANT EELS by Cardinal Cox**

Giant eels wallowed in the final pool  
Gills gasping in puddle, water and mud  
Wriggling down into the muck to keep cool  
To maintain temperature of flesh and blood

The audience feels woozy—a dog faints  
People pull back from the black-lipped foul pit  
While some suggest chains and stronger restraint  
Bird in a cage pushed forward to test it

The giant eels—it appears—stun their prey  
With gas given off by curious glands  
So unconscious victims can't get away  
And now they are stranded on drying land

They writhe in the pond—these monstrous beasts  
Ancient curse of the fens here in the east

### **THE GIRL AND THE GIANT EELS by Cardinal Cox**

They each have to pay 2 pence admission  
To gaze briefly into the muddy pit  
Nosy housewives, students with ambition  
Retired gents moan, “There's nowhere to sit”.

One day, party included a young girl  
Who slipped when too close to the crumbly edge  
(She was not pushed, tripped, nudged, shoved, pressed or hurled)  
Ended upon a precarious ledge

She fell! Giant eels writhed and squirmed around  
They churned in pool to get a better look  
She fell into the hole dug in the ground  
What happened next filled a popular book

Using their tails the eels then pushed her out  
The people present gave a mighty shout

### THE GIANT EEL-ENGLISH PHRASE BOOK by Cardinal Cox

Bap-Dep-Gip-Pop-Excuse me, which way to the sea?

Dap-Gep-Madam, does this pappy belong to you?

Gap-Pep-Dep-Gap-Pap-Could you please set me free?

Pap-Bep-Dip-What do you think the weather will do?

Bop-Dap-Would you happen to know the cricket score?

Gap-Pap-Can you direct me to a policeman?

Bap-Dap-Gip-Pop-Bap-Dap-(When playing golf) Fore!

Gep-Pip-At what time do you start the busking ban?

Bap-Dop-Gip-Pep-How much is a train ticket please?

Dip-Gep-Pap-Bop-Do you sell trousers in my size?

Gap-Pop-I appear to have misplaced my door keys

Pap-Gop-Dip-Bep-Pop-Gip-These rumours are all lies!

Op-Do you know of the wonders that lie below?

Dep-Gip-Pop-Bap-Dap-Gep-Pip-Bop-Dap-Gap-Hello

### PRISONERS OF THE GODS by Will Mago

I met a man of elegant manner

In a drab but elegant house.

"Who am I to you?" I asked him.

He merely shrugged and said,

"We are all prisoners of the gods."

I protested this, saying,

"But aren't the gods all dead?"

And he replied, "No, they are merely sleeping.

Careful lest you wake them."

I lowered my voice

and asked the man

"But who are you to know the comings and goings

of gods in our world?"

"Howard Lovecraft at your service," he replied.

"Ah!" I said. "But I thought you long dead."

"Aren't we all?" Mr. Lovecraft said with a chuckle. "Aren't we all?"

And, with that, our meeting came to a close.

Sadly, I wished to know more.

But perhaps I will learn. Perhaps we all will. It all depends on those gods, doesn't it?



**THE WORLD IS ORANGE (BUT NOT FOR EATING) by Gerald Hegder**

Holy Moly, what has happened?!!  
I look out my parlor window and the world outside is totally colored orange, deep sun ray orange!  
I see people out there and they are orange, some are even the color tangerine, what a scene.  
I see a couple of dogs and they too are as orange as the fruit in the supermarket.  
The sky, clouds, trees, grass,  
everything is the color of a citrus bin in a grocery store.  
Everything in my house is original color,  
including me and the clothes I wear.  
I am going to tempt fate  
And exit my domain  
to see if I will change  
Or will I be the exception of the rule and remain  
the way that I am?  
I am outside but I am not turning orange.  
Great, I am unscathed.  
Something strange is happening,  
I haven't turned orange but I am developing a different hue  
a cobalt blue  
from head to foot.  
I feel like Santa Claus wearing a navy suit.  
Now I am blue and my house is a deep sea hue.  
People are gawking at me, I'm the freak of the week  
and I seek refuge, but where can I go?  
Perhaps if I take a shower, the color will come off? Yes, that's what I'll do.  
It is fruitless, I am still blue, boo hoo!  
I am going to go to sleep, and I hope I awaken to see  
this is all a nightmare dream.  
Okay Rip Van Winkle,  
I open my eyes for an earth-shattering surprise.  
I am purple as a plum!  
I give up and eat a banana.  
Let's see if I turn yellow?!  
"I dreamed I ate an apple, and awakened with seeds in my mouth!!!!"

**THE SINGING EARTH by Joanne Tolson**

The wind blows around the earth,  
Through mountains, canyons, caves  
And crevices, making music throughout the earth.





# *The Contents of a Good Life*



EDITED BY WILL MAYO, Apartment 9B, 750 Carroll Parkway, Frederick, Maryland 21702 . [wsmayo@yahoo.com](mailto:wsmayo@yahoo.com) .

The Bible has it that come Judgment Day all the dead shall rise from their graves to be judged before their Good Lord. The Buddhists, on the other hand, have the belief in the transmigration of souls in a cycle of birth and death while skipping the part about bodies and Good Lords. While in Haiti those that practice voodoo have their own peculiar belief in the undead. Myself, I have no real opinion on the matter. Save this. I have seen the living and the dead come and go in my life. And in that twilight period of waking I could almost swear there's little difference between the two. Almost, anyway.

I picked a strange time to be alive. A lot of rock and roll, that's a given. But a lot of strange people in power as well.

We picked a strange time to be born into the cosmos. Madmen and artists and giants walk the earth. Who's crazier? No one knows.

We're all just doing time here on Planet Earth. In the end, we'll be free to join the rest of the cosmos.

I find people hard to deal with. They are all so frustratingly human, given to temper tantrums and fits of laughter as well.

People aren't anymore real than the stories I tell. Every day they fill their heads with things like gods and riches and become less real.

Yes, people are definitely strange and not just in the clothes they wear or the gods they worship. It's all in how they put off living farther and farther into the future in some imaginary neverland while never living the life they have while they have it. I doubt I'll ever understand people. And I doubt seriously they'll ever understand me.

It's each man's destiny to live his own life, die his own death. Never should he turn away from his destiny.

I find it easier to imagine things than to be things. Being things is a lot harder.



Oh, I'm a nowhere man. Daily, I write to folks across the nowhere land. While my black cat scouts the horizon. Nothing rings all. Nothing and nowhere.

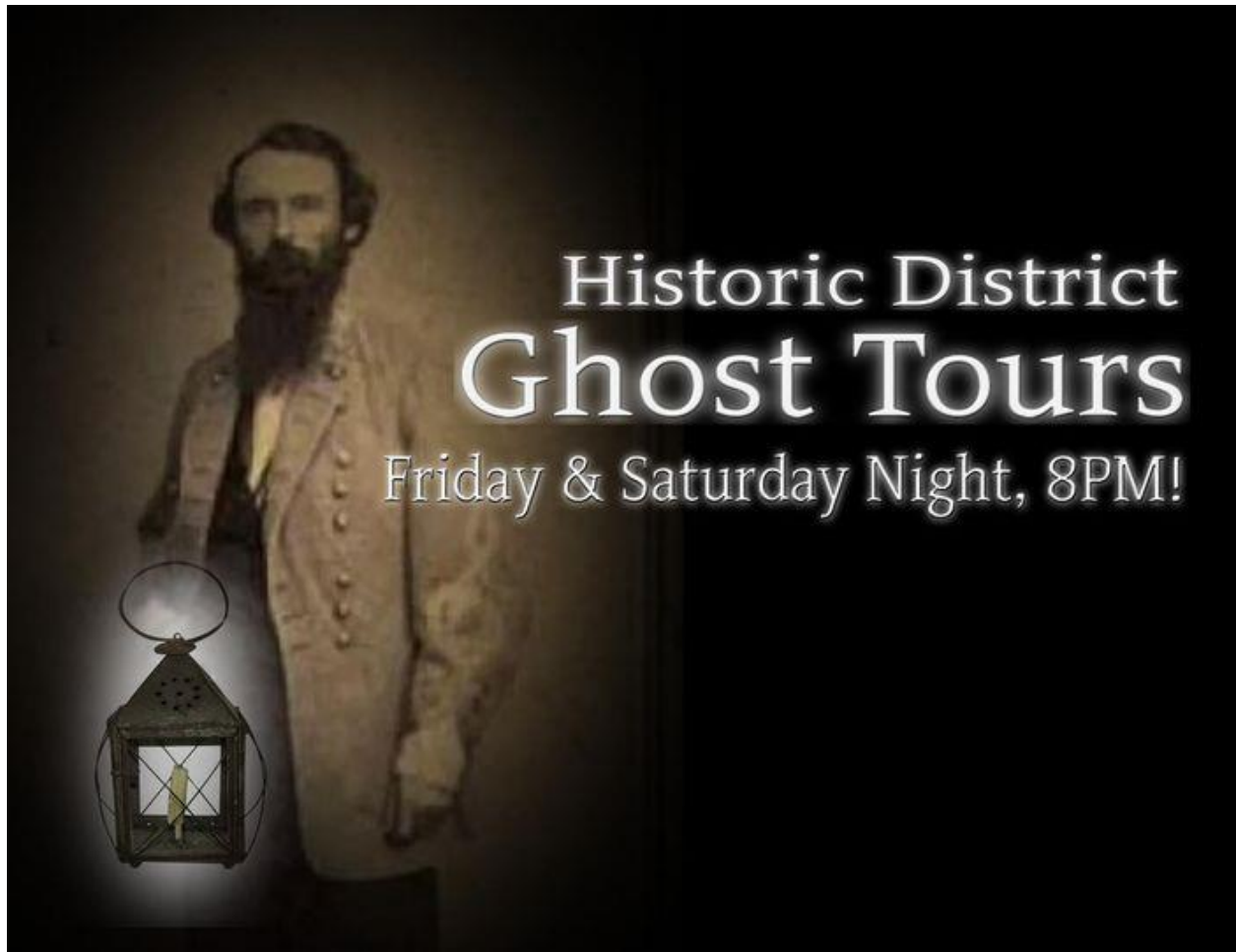
I wish that I could impress upon all of you how little time there is for each of us. Nothing is forever, you see. That includes all of us. No heaven. No hell. No other life either. Nothing is guaranteed. There are no tomorrows. You can only be sure of this moment, this now, nothing else. So make it worth your while and don't waste it on gods or cash. Live it up in a way that is meaningful to each of you. Get naked with your friends. Write a poem. Live a little. For as sure as dawn breaks on the horizon all our lives will come to a finish. Try to enjoy that now while you can. You hear?

There are some things worse than death. Among these is not being understood.

True. I go a little crazy sitting here by myself all these years with just the can and the words. But the people I know in these parts only want to "do" things. They want to go shopping or else take in the latest concert. Maybe even head out for a walk in the park. None of them seem to understand that it is not necessary to "do" anything at all. Sometimes all a man needs is for someone to just be with him, sit there beside him and exchange words on a few things they share in common. There is an art to being there as there is to few other things. Shame that so few seem to realize that.

These are simple bachelor's quarters littered with the castoffs of one man's days. My black cat noses her way through the parts to a new bookcase, the latest in a lifetime of buying and reading books. A screen hides my room from a half-open window. Though I left all modesty behind years ago, I dare not disturb the neighbors with the sight of my saggy, old ass. A computer sits atop this desk and makes it not only possible for me to write random thoughts such as these here, but also to connect to thousands online. A welcome of refuge for a recluse. Behind me and to my left is a couch. There, I eat and drink and sleep through nights disturbed by the

passage of many dreams.s It is one man's life. Take it or leave it. I claim it as my very own.



My town and a lot of old ghosts.







“Is all that we see or seem but a dream within a dream?” Poe asks in a famous poem. So it seems to me. Our waking moments come and go in a shadow of footsteps and in a blink of an eye we return to that eternal sleep from which we once emerged. We are distant dreams in the heart of a loner and the landscape is bleak and unaccounted for. Only in words of a forgotten art may a man find himself. And then it’s back to that eternal silence all over again.

“The doors to the world of the wild Self are few but precious. If you have a deep scar, that is a door, if you have an old, old story, that is a door. If you love the sky and the water so much you almost cannot bear it, that is a door. If you yearn for a deeper life, a full life, a sane life, that is a door.”~

~Clarissa Pinkola Estés



After the death of their son from some unknown disease in my town, his family held a combination of funeral and auction of his belongings in one of my hometown's parks. It was a festive occasion with bright lights strung across the area. A white-bearded man in robes wandered about the proceedings, chanting incoherently in Hindu. Dancers wandered here and there, shaking their hips. Above all, the voice of the auctioneer/preacher could be heard over the intercom. "What do I hear for the Book of the Dead?" he called out. And then, "Sold to the man in black!" In between it all, the family of the deceased could be heard. "When this is over," said the dead man's father, "I'm going, too. Going to Florida, that is!" The auction moved on. "What do I hear for the body of the deceased?" the preacher asked. "I'll take it for a ride," said the lady in red. "Sold!" the auctioneer said again.

Slowly the effects of the dead man dispersed among the crowd and they they dispersed as well. The family in grief moved to Florida. The white-bearded man went on to sample some sushi in one of my town's restaurants. The lady in red took a ride. The man in black remains to be seen, The march of the dead continues to this very day.

The Covid virus looks to become an ongoing part of our lives for years to come. Though how it will change us beyond making us hermits even more than we already are is up for grabs. I guess we'll have to wait and see.

These are the dying days of summer in the year of the plague in the 21<sup>st</sup> Century. Many come and go. The homeless want a home. The sick want to be cured. The rest, by and large, want to be left alone. In my town, the Mayor rallies his troops, a new police chief comes on board. The cries are out there against the days and nights. I can hear their call from my book-lined chamber. But I do not go to them. This world is not kind to the strange, the different, those whose time has come and gone. I turn a page, write another word. Beyond here, the chaos reigns...

"Bring out your dead!" the town criers called in the days of the plague centuries ago. "Bring out your dead!" Will we hear those cries again? Parades of



people with loyalties to opposing nations walk the streets of our country, many of them infected with the contagion and spreading their germs. And, again, I hear that cry, “Bring out your dead!” as, one by one, friends and strangers pass away before me. These are the plague years of the Third Millennium and no god or army can keep the Reaper away. All fall away...

I think sometimes of the 19<sup>th</sup> Century sculptor Auguste Rodin’s sculpture for the entrance to the then new art museum in Paris. Titled “The Gates of Hell”, it showed every possible agony in the abyss. And the French loved him all the more for it. We could use a work of art like that now to conjure up all the hell that is present on our living earth. It is there every day. All you have to do is open your eyes.

## REVIEW

There was a short-lived science fiction TV show of the 70ss that went by the name of UFO and had to do with the Earth’s military and scientists on guard against those pesky UFOs in the sky, ready to shoot them down on a moment’s notice. It didn’t last long, no, but I clearly recall the ever-vigilant men and those Go-Go dress-wearing women with the weird hairdos standing guard at the threat from those outer space invaders. Following head on the heels on the fact-based TV show OPERATION:BLUE BOOK, concerning our government’s inquiry into extraterrestrials, it was all too typical of the time.

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Master Mage

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### **It Seemed Like a Good Idea at the Time. And Half of It Got Better**

After a contest, *Nameless News* had been renamed *Fanactivity Gazette*. It now has four major parts: Justin E. A. Busch's *Fanfaronade*, Mindy Hunt's *Convention Listing*, Cathode Ray's *Rabid Ears*, and on occasion Jason and Mindy Hunt's *Fanac Newsletter*. Naturally, on preparing issue 4 I failed to notice that *Fanfaronade* had not yet arrived and been inserted, so I mailed the issue without it. Issue 4B of *Fanactivity News* will be mailed before this issue of N'APA hits the internet.

The novel readers for *The N3F Review of Books* are all having slow periods. Worse, and far more sadly, regular contributor of interviews Tamara Wilhite passed away. She was only 44. I must either find more reviewers or lower the publication frequency, perhaps to quarterly.

I still urge members to reach out to their electronic social groups and find people who might be interested in joining us. An alternative approach to recruiting members is perhaps advancing and will be discussed if it gets someplace.

### **NeffCon, the N3F Electronic Convention**

NeffCon is still up and running, albeit with limited activity.

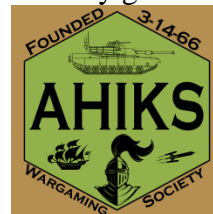
## **Writing**

*Stand Against the Light* is now out in paperback on Amazon. I am about to reset the prices of all my paperbacks, probably to \$14.99.

I have several scientific papers back from journals that are still in need of revision before being sent off for more reviewing. I found others that need submission. I finished the first chapter—admittedly a short one, of my next physics book, working title *Phenomenology of Polymer Simulation Dynamics*.

On the fiction side, I am making modest progress on first Adara novel, *Practical Exercise*, and there are a bunch of other somewhat incomplete works.

I also have work for my SF club here and my wargaming club there ... I am President of both of them. Neffer Cedar Sanderson recently gave AHIKS a new club logo:



### **Comments on the previous issue:**

**Intermission 109:** Your description of the Rikstag hypothetical majority or lack thereof is most interesting. I look forward to additional information on the missing parliamentarian. I was a bit puzzled that no part of the opposition, in particular the Sweden Democrats who are not attached to the right or left party coalitions, complained about the situation. I actually am aware of your country's partisan politics, and your different approach to votes of confidence and the like...the opposition must actually get an absolute majority of the parliamentary



seats, meaning part of the opposition can effectively support the government by abstaining.

Your Tolkien hobbyists are allegedly a bit less tame than ours. A shame you could never find any of these bizarre events.

As you mentioned the Society for Creative Anachronism, note that it allegedly started with N3F connections, but then went on its own way.

I am not aware of an American newspaper as opposed to news magazine that uses staples. There is a trick to reading the Times and the like...you fold it several times so that you have perhaps a sixth of a page visible..it is then quite rigid.

The American UFO report surfaced. It was somewhat like the old reports...about 5% of the sightings are entirely unexplained. However, it was much more positive in the sense that the people doing the report said something like... 'the 5% are completely solid reports using multiple observation methods at the same time of gunmetal gray metallic objects with flight characteristics we cannot duplicate. They are quite real, but we do not know what we are observing.'

**Archive Midwinter:** Arms and the woman is an amusing pun. If the young thing waving the swords is not careful, she will cut off one of her own arms.

Your point on hobbies is good, though I dropped two of mine. I almost never do politics any more. I quit teaching and retired – college professors have respectable fringe benefits. I have science fiction fandom, wargaming fandom, wargame collecting, and writing, fiction and non-fiction. That is quite enough.

**Synergy:** Going about without clothing? Locally we have weather, hot or very cold, mosquitos and dear ticks...clothing is protection. Jeffrey Redmond's description of postwar problems as seen in the Er-Dan chronicles are very well thought out. After WW2 the Russians had this problem, namely there were now far more women than men left. One Soviet Army Marshal gave speeches saying that it was the patriotic duty of every Russian man to take a mistress. His advice was not widely followed. *Moments Frozen in Time* is a fine poem with good images in support. Ditto on Betty Streeter.

**The Contents of a Good Life:** Will, I congratulate you on having actually lived the good life, a life the philosophers of the ancient Greeks would praise you for having lived. I hope the rest of your life is as excellent.

**Samizdat:** Thank you for your analysis of Hugo winners of last year and decades past. I recognize many of those books as fine books that I had read. I don't have an opinion as to whether writing became better or worse with time, though I am inclined to say that Murray Leinster would not do as well under modern circumstances. In the books of his that I remember, he was to my taste too fond of very short declarative sentences. Thank you for the book reviews. I do remember Cordwainer Smith when his tales came out, some of which I liked more than others. The local non-college SF club, NESFA, has many members who dote on his writing.

Adara is on the next page.

## **Adara's Tale – Practical Exercise continued**

Finally I was called as a witness. Flaxhammer spent a remarkable amount of time asking me about my second encounter with Harold Fourbridge. He asked question after question, very quickly, about 'oh, look, firsties.'

Finally, I got in, edgewise, "Actually, that was my second encounter with him."

"Why didn't you mention this earlier?" he managed. "We have very strict rules about honesty here."

"You didn't ask me," I answered.

Moore started shouting. "Threatening a witness! Threatening a witness! Disqualify him!"

The Lead Justice struck his gong. Repeatedly. "Miss Triskittenion," he finally said. "Do you remember when Counsel Flaxhammer said..." and he repeated Flaxhammer's remarks as I reached the witness podium.

"Was there a question in there?" I asked. "I didn't hear one, not then, not now."

"Why do you think," Lead Justice Merritt asked, "Counsel Flaxhammer made those remarks?"

"I have absolutely no idea," I answered.

"Didn't your History and Morals Class discuss Polugarsky?" the Lead Justice asked.

"My History and Morals grade is pass with credit under Rule 317a," I answered. The Lead Justice hesitated. "Rule 317a – I was thrown out of class at the start of the first

lecture, Instructor did not say why, but gave me credit for passing the course and satisfying the ethics requirement. He appeared not to like my answer to one of the pre-term homework problems. I have no idea what they discussed after that."

"Did you mean 317b?" Flaxhammer asked me.

"No, 317a," I answered. Attorneys started shouting at each other and at the bench.

"Miss Triskittenion?" That was the Associate Justice closer to me. "Do you have any idea what rule 317a says?"

I shook my head. "No," I answered. "My advisor – that's Junior Professor Jackson -- told me it says that I got credit for satisfying the Ethics requirement and could take another course instead. So I did. Schools of Magical Thought under Serene Master Reading." The Associate Justice gave me a somewhat odd look. I made a note to myself to look up rule 317.

"We seem to be off topic," the other Associate Justice said. "When did you first meet Harold Fourbridge?" I described the arrival events. "And when you next met each other, later that day, did he recognize you?"

"He didn't seem to," I answered. "Of course, he appeared to be quite drunk, so I might have missed the cues."

"And after the first day, but before the event on the Campus Martius, did you bear enmity toward Harold Fourbridge?" the other Associate Justice continued. "Why or why not?"

"No," I answered nonchalantly. "Why should I? He'd been drunk. He was



reported to a Proctor. I knew the school would deal with it. I was worried a bit about Dairen Charlemont, who knew no combat magic and was also threatened, but Harold's friends dragged Harold off first."

"Were you aware that Fourbridge had been expelled?" Justice Cyn continued.

I thought back. "I don't remember," I said. "Who would have told me? I remember someone saying that would happen to him, but I don't remember who said it. I had lots more important and interesting things to think about."

"Counsel Flaxhammer, do you have more questions for the defendant?" Lead Justice Merritt asked.

"I do not," Flaxhammer answered. He looked at me and shrugged.

"Lead case attorneys!" That was one of the Army people. "We wish to establish what the defendant..."

"Objection! Moore shouted. "Not a criminal case!"

"Apologies, what the litigant actually did to our golem," the Army attorney continued.

"Counsel," Justice Merritt said, "you will absolutely not make that mistake again, or you will be sanctioned. Severely."

"I hear and obey, Your Excellency." The Army attorney turned on me. "Returning to this fine recording of your combat, precisely which spells did you cast in your first defense?"

Brother Moore and Michael Flaxhammer both objected. There was a rapid fire exchange about personal security rules, most

of which I did not understand, except that I was entitled to keep secret precisely which combat spells I keep at my fingertips.

"Continuing," the Army Attorney finally said, "Why didn't you retreat out of the circle? Was continuing the combat a conscious decision on your part?"

Brother Moore had warned me about that 'conscious decision' phrase. If I'd consciously decided to smash their toy, I might be held liable for damages.

"I couldn't retreat," I answered. "The circle was in the way."

"How not?" the Attorney asked. "All you had to do was speak the safe word and trigger the release hex."

That was going to be extremely embarrassing. I would never hear the end of it from Grandpa Worrow. "I somehow got it wrong," I answered. "I thought it was 'salt marsh', tried that twice, and nothing happened. I was stuck and had to fight." There was a titter across the room. I heard the Lead Justice's gong. "Not that retreating would have worked, given the golem was set to kill me."

"But you didn't know that, did you?" the Army Attorney asked.

I shook my head.

"Intervention!" That was Michael Flaxhammer. "I am assured by the Marshall-at-Arms that 'salt marsh' was indeed the safe word, it being the same word that was used to raise the circles."

"Well," I said, "*salt marsh* didn't work. I don't know why."

“We now reach the point where you set ward eaters on the golem,” the Army attorney continued, seemingly unperturbed by having lost the exchange. “If the recording is to be believed, as opposed to being a clever hoax, you appear to have set five of them at the same time. Is this true?”

“Six,” I answered. “I set six at the same time.”

“I see five,” he countered.

“One is off on the far side. If you advance the recording a bit you can see part of it.” He did as I asked. There it was.

“And you are claiming to have set six ward eaters, all at once?” he challenged. “That seems impossible. How did you store that much power and not have burned through it earlier in the combat?”

“I didn’t store it,” I answered. “I pulled the limit stops on my void nodes.”

There were some moments of silence. From the faces I could see, the audience thought that pulling limit stops was a bit drastic.

“You pulled your limit stops?” the Army Attorney continued. He sounded not to believe me.

“Yes. And got serious burns, now healed,” I answered. “The Academy Infirmary should have the confirmatory records.” The Army Attorney looked befuddled.

“Counsel, do you have further questions?” Justice Merritt asked.

“Indeed, your Excellency,” he answered. “Mistress Triskittenion, let us return to the moment you first saw you were facing a combat golem. How did it not occur to you

that combat golems are extremely valuable, belong to the Army not the Academy, and therefore should be neutralized and not damaged during combat?”

“No, no, no, and no,” I answered. I hoped I had counted his implicit questions correctly. He looked baffled.

“Would the witness please clarify?” Merritt asked.

“I’ve heard people claim it was a combat golem,” I said. “I never said that it was. I’ve never seen anything like it, before or since, and have no idea what it actually was. Nor do I know who owned it. Nor did I have any reason to suppose whatever-it-was was not supposed to be there. The specified objective of the combat arts practical exercise is ‘destroy’, not ‘neutralize’, the construct. I succeeded. It’s not my fault the Army didn’t protect its allegedly-valuable property.”





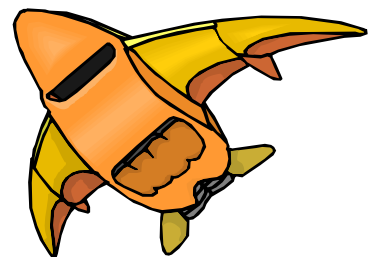
### ...Letters of Comment on N'APA 253

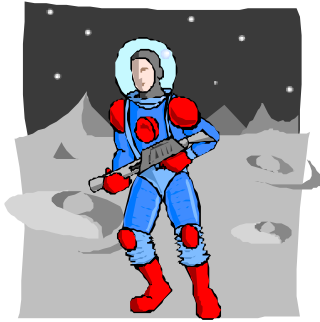
Intermission #109 - I don't know what the death rate is in Sweden, but the different policies in the various states of the United States shows that vaccinations and other steps to reduce COVID-19 transmission have resulted in a much lower death rate in states that are taking measures to require masks and encourage vaccinations. You mention comparing Florida and California. Florida has 16,174 cases per 100,000 while California has 11,669 cases. Maryland has 8,523 cases as of early September 2021. Masks are also a key part of preventing the spread of Covid-19. A cloth mask can prevent the virus from spreading every time someone coughs. People are still dying so we shouldn't say attempts to stop the spread are merely symbolic. Your article was the first I've heard of an American version of Eurovision. Thanks for the glimpse into European fandom. So you are saying it was okay to have all male Hugo ballots in the past because 90 percent of the successful writers were male, but it is not okay to have all female ballots today even though that's who the voters nominated? But even assuming successful = award winning quality, which I don't

believe, in the past the industry blocked female writers in many ways (including cultural, saying that SF was a male genre.)

Intermission #110-The parliamentary system has many advantages including the use of coalitions which means voters can vote for minor parties without wasting their vote (unlike the U.S. where any vote not for Democrats or Republicans doesn't count), no divided government, and better representation of the people. But, as you show, it does create instability as a vote of no confidence can bring down the government. In the U.S. the problem isn't that people are scared off from medical procedures, it is that the hospitals are so full of Covid patients (nearly all unvaccinated) that there aren't enough beds for people with other problems. If nearly everyone recovers from the virus, why have nearly 4.7 million died worldwide? And many of those who survive will have lifelong problems. In the U.S. a con of 100 is tiny, even small local conventions can usually bring in around 500 or so and regional conventions can yield a couple of thousand. Large conventions like Dragoncon and the various comic cons can easily break 10,000 people (of course all these numbers are pre-Covid.)

Archive Midwinter - On multiple fandoms, I think you are ignoring the time and energy factor. People with full-time jobs might only have time for one fandom, especially if they have a family and non-fannish social life. Covid





deaths went down but then up again due to Delta (Have you seen the tweet with the airline complaining about that name only to get a mocking tweet from Corona beer?) I don't think democracy is doomed but I think we cannot take it for granted and need to work to maintain it. Interesting comment about Grant but I think most generals would rather have the extra troops and the greater chance of winning.

Synergy 29-Predicting change in the future is always a safe bet. Motivations is another "story" that reads more like a sociological essay or background notes.

Good Life 19-Good question about what makes a good life or a meaningful life. I'd say helping to make the world a better place and doing thing you enjoy. For Star Trek movies my favorites were II and IV. My favorite Trek show was Deep Space 9 which never made it to movies.

Murthered Mage-Congrats on your new book. I like your glimpse of how a legal system might use magic with careful questioning to ensure the magical recording of an incident was not altered.

### ...Author Spotlight: Peter Beagle

Peter Beagle is Guest of Honor at Capclave, the DC-area science fiction convention where reading is not extinct. I'm doing the program book so wrote brief introductions to both authors.



Photo by Jonathunder under the terms of the GNU Free Documentation License

Author Peter Beagle is best known for *The Last Unicorn*, his second book, published in 1968, when he was 29. The fantasy novel frequently appears on all-time best lists. It was turned into a movie (based on a screenplay Beagle wrote) and a graphic novel.

Beagle grew up in New York City, attending the Bronx School of Science, and graduated from the University of Pittsburgh with a degree in Creative Writing (after a poem he wrote in high school won him a scholarship.) Three of his uncles were painters and his father taught history; he writes.

Beagle wrote his first book, *A Fine and Private Place*, about a man who lives in a graveyard and sees ghosts, at the age of 19 and saw it published at age 21. His first work of nonfiction, the autobiographical *I See By My Outfit: A Cross-Country Adventure*, about a road trip that ended his childhood, came out in 1965. Other novels included *The Folk of the Air*, *The Innkeeper's Song*,

*The Unicorn Sonata*, *Tamsin*, and *Summerlong*. He also wrote the text for a few photo/art books.

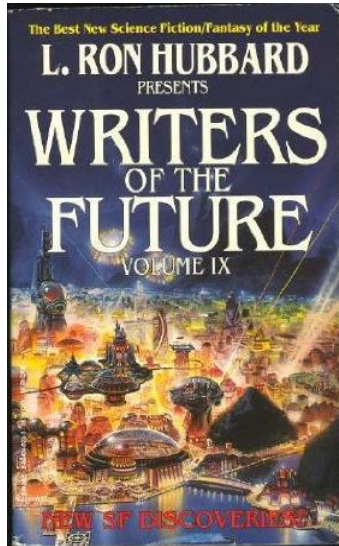
In addition to writing books, Beagle wrote screenplays including co-writing the screenplay for the Ralph Bakshi's 1978 animated *The Lord of the Rings* and writing the original script for the "Sarek" episode of *Star Trek: The Next Generation* in which Picard meets Spock's father. He even wrote a libretto for an opera, *The Midnight Angel*.

Beagle has spent most of his life as a freelance writer of which he has said, "You learn that you don't sit still, you make something up, you tell a story - you have something out there to sell. You have to write a whole lot even if most of it never sells...you also better love what you're doing because that's going to be your major reward." He also is a musician and songwriter.



He has won numerous awards including a World Fantasy Award for Life Achievement in 2011, was named a Damon Knight Memorial Grand Master by SFWA in 2018, and, most importantly, the very first WSFA Small Press Award in 2007 for the short story “El Regalo”.

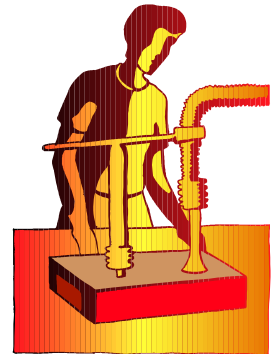
### ...Author Spotlight: Eric Flint



Eric Flint writes long multi-volume series. In fact, only his first novel, *Mother of Demons* (1997), is a standalone; all his other books have at least one sequel. Despite this tendency towards sequels and series, Eric Flint also has a long history with short stories. He began his fiction writing career with a short story, "Entropy and the Strangler" published in 1993's *Writers of the Future Volume IX*, edited by Dave Wolverton. He edited the Ring of Fire anthologies set in 1632 universe (starting in 2004) and the magazine *The Grantville Gazette* (2004). Outside of 1632, he edited the electronic magazine *Jim Baen's Universe* from 2006 to 2010. He is also a fan of the Golden Age of Science Fiction and has edited volumes of short stories (and some novels) by Christopher Anvil, Tom Godwin, Keith Laumer, Murray Leinster, Howard Myers, and James Schmitz.

Born in California in 1947, Eric Flint did not sell any fiction until age 45. Before that he was a political activist and labor organizer for the Socialist Workers Party. Believing that a socialist should be active in the trade union movement he quit his PhD program in History (after earning a Master's degree) and worked “as a longshoreman, truck driver, auto worker, machinist, aerospace worker, oil worker, meatpacker and (for a short stretch in West Virginia) a glassblower.” When Baen Books published his first novel, *Mother of Demons* in 1996, editor Jim Baen, a known conservative, asked Flint about his political views. According to a [post by Flint](#) to his website, “we discussed politics for another couple of hours. At the end of that, he told me he was going to buy my novel and said, “I guess if John Campbell could get along with Mack Reynolds, I can get along with you.”

Eric Flint is known for his alternate history. He collaborated with David Drake on the Belisarius sequence, which Flint has said was his apprenticeship as a writer. He then wrote 1632 as a standalone novel. Standalone ha! It has generated at least 50 other books plus a magazine *The Grantville Gazette*. It even led to Eric Flint starting his own press, Ring of Fire Press that now originally published works in the 1632 universe but now puts out other works of science fiction and fantasy.



### ...(Political) Alternate Realities

A frequent trope of science fiction is the idea of alternate worlds. Sometimes, the world is very different like the Star Trek Mirror Universe where the good characters are evil (and Spock has a beard). In some books, technology allows people to see augmented realities so people walking in the same sidewalk could be seeing totally different realities and maybe even different people.

Now though, our current reality has fragmented. In the United States people are experiencing different realities. Some people are living in an alternate reality in which a senile usurper has become President by cheating, where patriots were merely touring the Capital building on January sixth, where COVID is a fraud



and an excuse for the government to expand its powers, and where the government (and doctors) are suppressing the real cures, where people don't trust approved vaccines but turn to horse dewormer. A few even believe that Trump will somehow return to power on a date that keeps changing and the Democrats are all evil child molesters and cannibals.

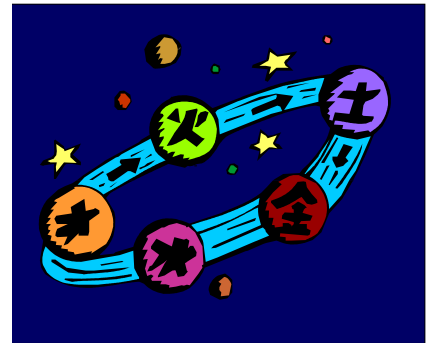


Why? Part of it is the different media diets. Due to the demise of the Fairness Doctrine, which required media to present both sides, some media's political slant has shaped their reporting. So those who watch Fox News and read the

*Washington Times*, see a very different reality from those who watch CNN and read the *Washington Post*.

As a result, it has become increasingly difficult for politics to function normally when followers and leaders of one political party believe the others are Evil and illegitimate. This has slowed Congress to a standstill and the government closer to running out of funds and even a shutdown.

Also, due to living in alternate realities, things that once used to be non-partisan have become political issues. Schools have required various vaccines for generations. In the American Revolution, George Washington required his troops to take the smallpox vaccine. Now though, we have states where governors are forbidding schools to require masks and maps of the percentage of vaccinations resembles strongly the political maps of Biden vs Trump voters.



Most SF stories and shows about alternate realities end with the realities safely separate and everyone (with, sometimes a few exceptions) in their proper reality. Unfortunately, currently, we have people living in different realities but existing in the same world. We either need to learn to coexist or provide more education to get everyone into the same reality.

*Samizdat is the work of Samuel Lubell and all opinions expressed here are his own, not those of any current or former employer, government, or client.*

