

N'APA 252

May 2021



The Official Organ

#252

Next deadline: July 15, 2021

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

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

Procedure: Please Read:

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

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

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

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

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

Fanac.org zine wanted list

Fanac.org, notably Joe Siclari and Edie Stern, is composed of nice people who treat the N3F well. They have a huge set of on-line fanzines and are looking for more. This is a project in support of all fandom. If you can help them with any of the fanzines on this, their want list, please do so. They write:

Begging List: Desired list of fanzines to scan for FANAC.org and articles for Fancyclopedia.org

As of 1/21/2021 here is our list of the fanzines we'd most like to scan. In many cases, these will complete the run of a title. In others, they are on the list because they have some wonderful content we'd like to make accessible. If you have any of these and can scan them for us, or send them to us for scanning, please send email to

-- Joe Siclari

Fan History Project Coordinator

A Bas (Boyd Raeburn), Issues 1, 4, 12
Acolyte (F.T. Laney), Issues 2, 5, 6
Bulletin of the Cleveland SF Society (Harlan Ellison), Issue 15
Censored (Fred Hurter), Issues 1, 3, 6 on
Eight Ball (Beak Taylor), Issues 1, 2
Fanfare (Francis Paro, Earl Singleton, Art Widner), Issue 2, 4, 7
Fanvariety (Max Keasler), Issue 1, 3. Note: #1 is titled Universal Fanvariety 1
Fantasy Advertiser (Gus Willmorth), Vol 1#3, Vol 2#2, Vol 3#6, Vol 4#1, Vol 4#2
Focal Point, Vol 3#6
Niekas (Ed Meskys), Issues 1, 8.9, 10.5
Planet (Allen Glasser), Issue 2
Peace on Sol III (Walt & Madeline Willis), 1950, 1952
Placebo (Moshe Feder, Barry Smotroff), Issue 4
Shangri-LA Issues 2, 9, 28
Spanish Inquisition (Jerry Kaufman, Suzanne Tompkins), Issues 1, 2
Voice of the Imagi-Nation (Forrest J Ackerman), Issue 31
Waldo (Eric Bentcliffe), Issue 3
Wastebasket (Vernon McCain), Issue 4

We also want information on these topics for Fancyclopedia.org

Early history of Philcon
Early history of Midwestcon
History of the Cincinnati Octocon

Begging List: We Only Need One Issue to Complete the Run!
- January 12, 2021

As of 1/12/2021 here is our list of fanzines where we only need one more issue to complete the run. If you have any of

these and can scan them for us, or send them to us for scanning, please send email to

-- Joe Siclari

Fan History Project Coordinator

Banshee (Larry Shaw), #7
Bay Area News (Jack Riggs), #4
Beyond (Charles Platt), #1
Bulletin of the Cleveland SF Society (Harlan Ellison), #15
D'Journal (Bob Tucker), #1
Destiny (Earl Kemp, Malcolm Willits), #3
Drilkjis (Dave Langford, Kevin Smith), #5 Thanks, Kim Huett! 1/11/2021
Fandom Speaks (Rex E. Ward and Jack Clements), #5
Fan Slants (Mel Brown), #2
Gargoyle (David McIlwain), supplement named "Confiteor"
Hurkle (Redd Boggs), #1
I Palantir (Ted Johnstone), #1 Thanks, Ruth Berman!
2/14/2021
Niekas (Ed Meskys), #1
Opus (Max Keasler), #1
Pamphrey (Walt Willis), #4
Placebo (Moshe Feder, Barry Smotroff), #4
Planet (Allen Glasser), #2
Polaris (Paul Freehafer), #5
Prospectus (Eli Cohen), #1
Radio Hero (Jim Harmon), #3
Resolution (Jackie Causgrove), #3
Rosebud (Mari Beth Wheeler), #1
Sanders (David Nee), #6
The Scarr (George Charters), #3
Scientifictionist (Henry Elsner, Jr.), #8
Scientifrication (Mike Glycer), #7
Smoke (George Locke), #1
Space Magazine (Clyde Hanback, David Ingraham), #3
Speculative Review (John Magnus), #1
Trap Door (Robert Lichtman), #20
Vanations (Norman Browne), #2
Viper (Bill Donaho), #8
Voice of the Imagi-Nation (Forrest J Ackerman), #31
Waldo (Eric Bentcliffe), #3
Wastebasket (Vernon McCain), #4
Xero (Dick and Pat Lupoff), #2

SYNERGY 28



May 2021

For NAPA mailing #252

Symbiosis*Soul Fusion*Togetherness

**Edited by John Thiel, 30 N. 19th Street,
Lafayette, Indiana 47904 kinethiel@mymetronet.net**



art, Salvador Dali

Last mailing: Very striking cover by Jose Sanchez. In fact, it looks like what happens when you strike a kitchen match. I'd consider the Centurians a real menace. Ahrvid put a lot of work into his zine INTERMISSION. I'll take five and return in my mailing comments. I've decided to do the same as he's been doing here, and share Synergy with e-APA, now that I'm getting into discussing the meaning of my title. I want it to have more readers, including Garth Spencer, who is the OE of e-APA. Now on to my editorial.

EDITORIAL



Slam Bang Returns on a Good Entrance into Fandom

I'm rather taken with the notion of Synergy. We in fandom need more togetherness and less apartness. What's the good of cold-shouldering everyone? It seems like the opposite of good. I know Will Mayo would have trouble agreeing with this if he wanted to do so, but I think Will often sees two ways about things.

Why has there been a certain number of science fiction *aficionados* developing a high interest in the practice of synergy, having derived word of it from various science fiction stories and found that people practicing synergy were to be found, and what significance might this have for us hearing of it today? It seems to me that their interest in this caused these people to disappear from active science fiction fandom, just as some people had disappeared around Dianetics and scientology, and just as Ray Palmer's crowd disappeared in developing a side interest in flying saucers and Lemuria. Perhaps they became fans of these new things they had found. The Rosicrucians were printing seductive advertising promising insight into the Mysteries in science fiction magazines, and it would seem that they were trying to lure them away from their present interests into new interests. Well, what disappeared when these people ceased being active in fandom? Perhaps it was some of the never-thriving mystical content that was somewhat a part of what science fiction was doing, especially considering their connection with fantasy. [never thriving + doing + {especially} = never minus not doing = doing to the 2nd power (?)] (The prior sentence is indefinite about the word especially. The incompleated equation is an early step in breaking down the structure so it can be rearranged into a more logical or continuous form. Sometimes logic doesn't have continuity either, witness Plato's Cave.) They had not been very notable science fiction

fans, but a few of them were in the N3F and I saw their discussions in N3F-connected zines. (Prominent among them was Richard Lupoff---he's being disappeared at the moment and his name's being erased.) Science fiction was less satisfactory to these people than what they had discovered. It was a matter also of science not liking their presence. But thereafter they (the scientists) lacked the spirit that had been there at one time, and so an element was missing in what they were considering. And so what I am saying is that some further consideration should be given to what they had become interested in. Perhaps a spirit of holding together was disappearing from science fiction during this process. What, in fact, did these people find out or become? Those with a serious interest in the progress of science fiction might want to know. Human interest seems to have dwindled in much of the science fiction that is now being written. This came out in Heinlein's STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND but Heinlein was too much the scientist and materialist and so the spiritual content that had entered his writing was suffering. Some science fiction writing exploded into the preposterous, as in Melko's THE WALLS OF THE UNIVERSE. Or witness the obsession with Oscar Wilde in THE ARCHITECTS OF EMORTALITY by Brian Stableford. I would say that in a restoration process of science fiction as it has been we should not ignore these people.

Cosmic oneness, zen, consciousness expansion and esp study have been a part of the new wave explosion in science fiction and these things are a search for the spiritual and the mystical, which should not become scarce in an imaginative literature. Perhaps we are suffering from the interest being taken in science fiction by scientists who do not like science fiction but are argumentative about it and try to make their argumentation felt. They are up against a spirit and the more trouble they run into the harder they become in asserting their doctrines.

Similarly, there are people involved who are monopolizing spiritual concerns with a philistine disregard for other people where one would expect the contrary, regard for other people, and perhaps a more "liberal" attitude toward them. These try to draw people further into their own viewpoint. That may be part of what happened to all those earlier experimenters with different modes of thought. Here I am trying to recover some of what was happening at the time, and perhaps build a better case for these newer concerns.

So that's my serious-constructive content for this zine. And, true or not, I have always seen the N3F described as a serious-constructive organization, as distinguished from the highly fannish FAPA.

MAILING COMMENTS



Engholm *re* Phillies: You portray a non-communicative fandom, and I think fandom at its most typical would be highly communicative, so noncommunicativeness (nearly as long a term as “antidisestablishmentarianism”) is a condition if my viewpoint is correct. I don’t think joining the N3F would interfere with other fan activities. The organization doesn’t dictate to its members.

Numbered fandoms are whimsical, but they become non-whimsical when their activities commence. Their activities are chiefly building, and there is some distraction from the rest of fandom involved in all that.

On your synergy comments, synergy is a somewhat cultish movement involving “bleshing”, a soul fusion; they say there is an architectural synergy too, and artistic synergy. I’m not putting my shield up to avoid John Benzine, Jr.

re Lubbell: well, not all fantasy is obsessed with royalty, but the Medievalist societies sure are. I kind of like to avoid contact with medievalists. I stood around in a costume with them at a tourney but didn’t find that it contributed anything of literary worth to be there.

Garth asked me to join e-APA, so you might see me there.

A few of Redmond’s stories have had characters speaking, but not many. He likes having an aloof, abstract attitude. These are a series of stories always taking place on the “three-mooned planet”.

Swycaffer: I have never read Dorsai stories, but I have met and talked with SF fans who consider Dorsai to be real and feared them. They wrote of them as real in their fanzines, too, and discussed instances of having dodged them. Perhaps the Dickson fans were taking on a form of synergy in their imagining.

Yes, there’s an automatic synergy among the people in the Dune novels. They crowd and blesh.

I saw a letter in the letter column of one of the pulp-size magazines asking if Tenn might be the real name and that Tenn might be using the pen name Tennessee Williams and writing plays under that name.

Lubell: “Inspiring” is not really a good word for how Sturgeon is. I think he gained my interest and attention with his mesmeric writing approach.

I haven’t even seen the titles of the nominees for most of the Hugo awards. Maybe if the SF Book Club still existed I would have.

Somebody named “Tom” (Weisskopf) is “her”?

Liberals silencing views belies what they call themselves, and they seem to be worse censors than anyone else. *cf* 1984 for a look at the matter.



“Take it easy up there. There’s a more viable one across the street.”

Letters

“Holy ----, did he get mail about the issue?”

WILL MAYO: It’s true that we appear to live in a chaotic time what with all the changes afoot (Future Shock, anyone?) but I’m not so sure that religion is the answer. After all, people have already been waiting thousands of years for Christ’s return and he appears no closer to appearing among us. Perhaps we’d be best to use our imaginations to navigate those chaotic times and create new genres, new reforms, new technological tools to aid us in our confusion. After all, the modern age of science fiction is only a little over a century old, the mystery tale dates back to just a touch beyond Poe and the novel itself is only a few centuries old. What comes next is anybody’s guess. Behold. The age of wonder beckons.

It seems that the controversy over my review of Arthur Machen’s novel *THE GREAT GOD PAN* has continued into another issue of *NAPA*. I don’t know what to say, except that as I told George Phillis, I must’ve had Machen’s novel confused with a totally different novel—though what novel that might be I have no idea. Admittedly, I am not a journalist, never have been one, and have taken great liberties to get where I am now though I have none so glaringly an error as I have made in the case of my review of the Pan novel. Again, I have considered taking a break from reviewing books, though I have just recently sent George Phillis a couple more reviews. Maybe it’s just not my thing.

And you’re right. My town is, by far, not the only haunted town in the world. Perhaps I let

my hometown pride get the best of me. It is a fine place to call home. I'll say that.

Overall, however, I am greatly impressed with this latest issue of NAPA. It has gorgeous artwork. I'll say that.

As far as my reading of that review is concerned, you seem to have reviewed a better story than "The Great God Pan" actually was. The primal manifestations described in your review were much more impressive than the debauchery in the story as it actually exists.



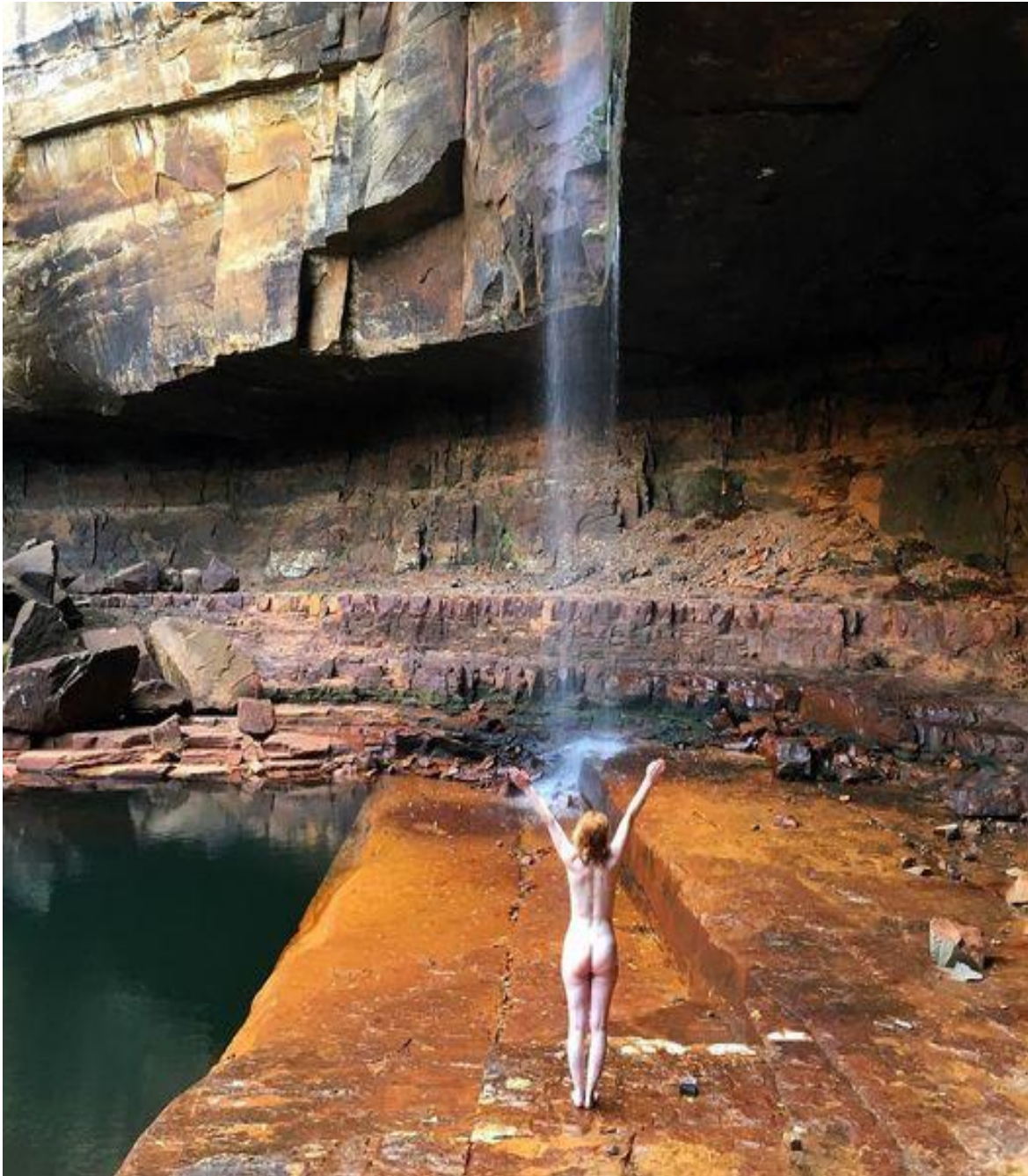
"Now here's an area where a man can call himself a man. There are none of the neurotic disturbances of the peopled city."





end page

THE CONTENTS OF A GOOD LIFE #18



May 2021

For NAPA mailing #252

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



Street cleaning in Frederick

My life got easier when I realized I wasn't the center of the universe. I can think of a lot of people needing that lesson.

There is the great unknown out there. And some truths are beyond all the myths religions present as they lie in ourselves.

And gods? Why, I hope there are no gods! We humans have a hard enough time tangling with each other let alone any god.

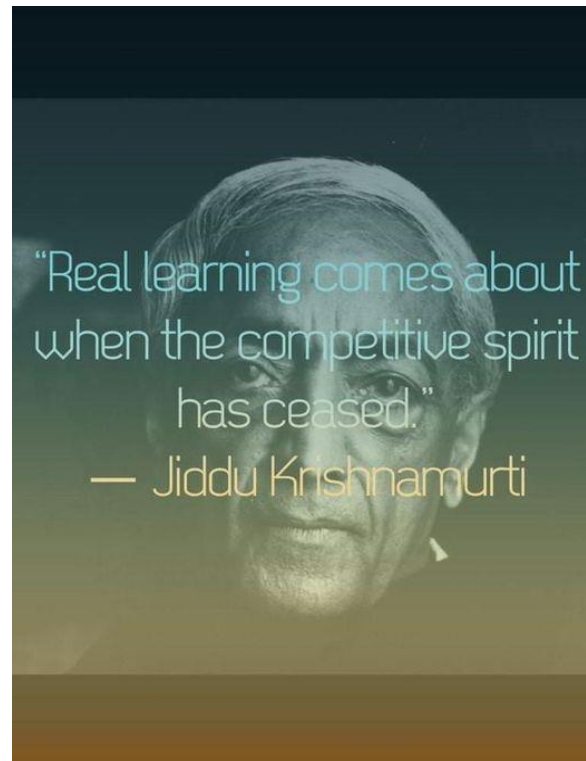
My country is a strange place. Serial killers roam its highways and alleys. Pastors here are found guilty of child abuse and embezzlement. All while the

faithful cry out for more prayers, more guns. Fortune tellers and soothsayers await in the wake of all this, speaking in tongues. No one understands. Ahead in the distance, a choir lifts up its voice, “America, My country ‘tis of thee”. Another day comes to a close. Gunfire marks the evening hours.

As one man said, “It is no measure of sanity to adjust to an insane world.” I have to agree.

The more the days and years pass me by the more I find the world outside my door to be unfathomable. Bizarre, even.

Madmen, bankers and preachers. Do any of us have a clue where we are going? Or do we have to take it totally on faith, a totally unreasonable concept like a used car salesman asking you to buy a broken-down mess based on his word on it? Myself, I listen to old songs as I write stories the night through. It eases my mind and passes the time. And that way I don’t end up buying a broken machine that won’t take me anywhere. I am better off though I’m not so sure about the world outside my door.



REVIEWS

THE GREAT GOD PAN by Arthur Machen. This then is the novel that caused so much commotion around the end of the 19th Century and the beginning of the 20th Century. Its tale of a succubus that ends in a sickening, strange stain oozed of sensuality in a way that shocked Victorians and Edwardians and ushered in a new age of horror. It remains as spellbinding a tale now as then. My words can do it little justice.. For that, friends, the story itself awaits your eye.

TICK...TICK...TICK by Roberta Crawford. Here, Roberta Crawford, already the author of two nonfiction books about the little known condition of iron overload in the human body (three out of four anemias are iron-loading anemias yet doctors continue to recklessly prescribe iron for this fatal condition), also wrote this thriller, so that she might better get the word out about what may well be the most common genetic abnormality (one out of eight people being affected). And what a thriller it is! It features a drug smuggling ring, sex slavery, kidnapping, murder and a variety of other things. Go ahead and read this book. You won't want to miss it. And it might possibly save your life.

SPOOK: SCIENCE TACKLES THE AFTERLIFE by Mary Roach. Here Mrs. Roach, seeking out answers both for her own benefit and that of others, explores scientific explorations of such phenomena as reincarnation (whereby she travels to India and meets what is said to be a four-year-old boy and his grown son from a previous life—apparently a common sight in that country), ghosts, out of body experiences and near-death experiences and, finding at the end that science cannot explain everything in this life, walks away from it all with a belief in something out there. Call it not heaven or hell or other lives but ghosts for want of a better word. My only regret in reading her book is that she finished her tale long before I was ready for her to do so. But then we live in a modern world that expects an answer for everything—and comes up short time and again.

Recommended reading here. I enjoyed this one.

When you're dead af inside
but you find peace and
relaxation in nature



THOUGHTS ON A TOWN'S FUTURE

When last year I visited my hometown's burial ground
I saw the graves stretching away,
seemingly without end.

The named and unnamed of my country's Revolutionary War
and Civil War and all the wars that followed since then.

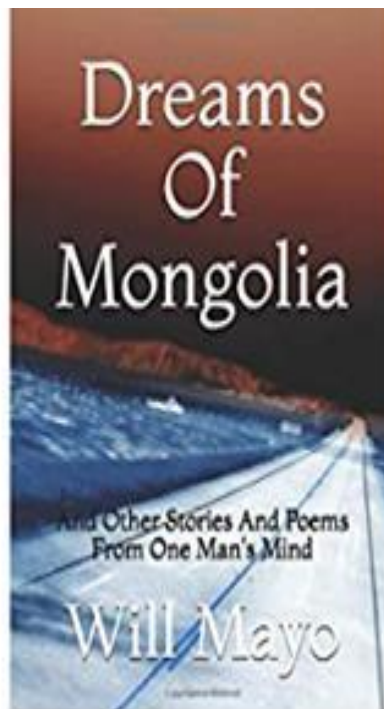
And the dead from the plagues of centuries past
litter the horizon as well.

People have lived hard and died hard
in my town for more than two hundred and fifty years.

And they still live hard and die hard here.

Shopkeepers and slaves have toiled
their lifelong days and

have had little to say for it in the end.
Rich men have perished in agony as well,
their blood purged by leeches
in an ill-reasoned attempt to heal them.
As I stood there and laid another
of our number to rest
I wondered how long it would be
before my name is added to the rest.
In my city of steeples and plagues
time goes marching on
and none of us is the wiser.
Save there is this remaining fact:
in the end, we all belong here.
This piece of ground, this town of souls.
It is ours to the burying day.



Society if MTV would have just kept playing music



Archive Midwinter
a zine for N'APA 252

by Jefferson P. Swycaffer
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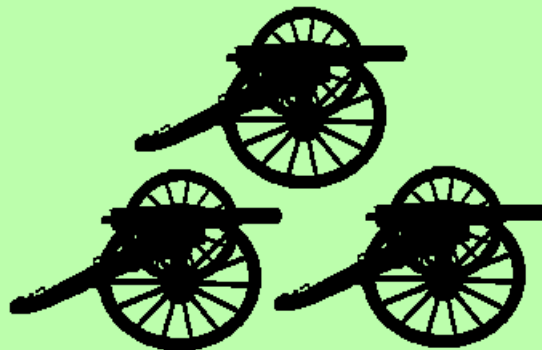
2 May 2021

Comments:

Jose Sanchez: Cover: Delightful pic of the two Cylons, gleaming and lovely and menacing. I love the "shiny" special effects. At this time, DC Comics are doing a new Wonder Woman series, and they've mastered a new technique to show how shiny her armor is. It's a little like your effect here!

Ahrvid Engholm: I envy you the national digitized newspaper archive! If I want old newspaper information, I still have to go to the university library and wrestle with rolls of microfilm. Not even microfiche, which is somewhat well-behaved, but the rolled variety. Fast-forward and reverse. Ghastly! But fun, fun, fun looking through old news reports! We really have learned a heck of a lot, in a surprisingly short time. We're watching Quantum Computing arise from a completely cold start: a whole new science!

rect me, I've "passed close by" many and many a great SF writer! I had the chance, once, to thank Poul Anderson for inspiring my sf style; he said, graciously, "You're very welcome." I met Theodore Sturgeon in a copy shop; he was making copies of his latest ms. Cool! And I've written a good many fan letters. First fan letter I ever wrote was to Keith Laumer, for his "Retief" stories.



I do, most certainly, remember "My Favorite Martian." It was one of a series of rather formulaic "Urban Magic" TV shows -- "Bewitched" and "I Dream of Jeannie" being the other two stand-outs.

rect Samuel Lubell, a friend of mine just finished writing a fantasy novel, and, yes, it is set in pseudo-medieval times, but the kingdom described has all the benefits of today's Parliamentary Monarchies, where the King has strictly limited powers, and several other bodies -- church, trade guilds, nobles, and even a representative of the commoners (!) -- all have a role, to keep the King from being a tyrant. "Division of Powers" is a brilliant enhancement of Representative Democracy, helping keep any one group from becoming too dangerously dominant.

John Thiel: As always, a lovely introductory collection of photographs: the Moon in a cloudy sky is particularly lovely and evocative!

The 20th Century was intended to be an "Age of Reason," but fell short so horribly. Still, "reason" manages to redeem itself, now and then. I can never fully agree with the artist, Goya, who said "The Dream of Reason Produces Monsters." Yes, it *sometimes* does, but it doesn't always. Reason cannot be condemned. Like

Churchill's democracy, it's the worst possible system, except for all the other systems.

Ahrvid Engholm: Again! I loved old DOS, and got a lot accomplished with it. I have a fantasy about "computing" that consists of nothing more than a line editor and a file system. You could do the roughest and crudest "word processing" with a line editor, and you could do a LOT of "cataloging" with a file system. I remember with great joy the day we upgraded to systems where file-names could be longer than eight characters! At that point, I could do "self-indexing" file names, file names that were significantly descriptive of the file contents. Even if we'd stopped short of all progress with DOS -- even if there were no executable binaries -- simply having a "digital filing cabinet" would have revolutionized the world!

George Phillis: Fun segment of your work-in-progress. As I have said to you in separate correspondence, I think your writing style is improving and become both stronger and a little simpler, a bit more straightfoward. Pretty much the ne plus ultra of "bare bones" and "straightfowrd" style would be Isaac Asimov, whose prose was absolutely clear, but also a little...lackluster? Compare this to the "stylists," such as R.A. Lafferty, Jack Vance, or Fritz Leiber, where the style often overwhelms the story, but where the stylistic fireworks are pretty much the whole point of the story.

Will Mayo: I, too -- and probably most of us here -- live our lives rather on the boundary of the larger consensus society. That's a big part of Sci Fi Fandom. We like to "think outside the box." We like to look for the fifth option when presented with a four-selection multiple-choice quiz. Did you ever do "The Lifeboat Game" in school? My school did, and I came up with two different "answers" that weren't conventional to the problem as presented. (One was an "engineering answer," improving lifeboat flotation; the other was simply a declaration that I, myself, will jump overboard and sacrifice myself for others, so that no one has to be put overboard by force.

Perhaps a bit overtly Christ-like, but it's what I believe. If one of us has to be killed to save the others, well, I volunteer.)

I, too, like to hold conversations with persons who aren't actually present. I go on long walks and "chat" with my fictional characters. This is quite useful, as, rather often, they answer my questions!

We are, of course, fortunate enough to live in a time and a place where this modest degree of idiosyncrasy is permitted and tolerated. There have been all too many societies, from the Stalinist to the Incan, where unique individuality was not allowed. One always feel great sorrow for inventive and creative minds living in stifling regimes where their gifts were not recognized.

Some triumph anyway! Sergei Prokofiev managed to compose brilliant music, even under the crushing weight of Stalinism!

Samuel Lubell: I have tried reading Kuttner and Moore, and....they weren't quite right for me. I didn't *dsilike* them, but they just didn't make me happy. The same (alas) for Samuel Delany and A.E. Van Vogt. Fortunately, we are in the presence of a VERY wide variety of offerings, in all styles, formats, genres, and emotional tonalities. I'll also be the first to admit that some of my own favorites -- for instance John T. Sladek -- are not for everyone, and I will readily forgive anyone who dislikes -- or just "doesn't groove on" -- writing that I consider thoroughly brilliant.

(I am a Bertolt Brecht fan, very definitely a writer who is "not for everyone!")

re "Cancel Culture," the only thing I'm gonna say is how sad I am that the Dr. Suess property owners are withdrawing "On Beyond Zebra," which is one of my favorite books of all time! It's brilliant, and celebrates "thinking outside the box." It's fun, and funny, and eerie, and lovely, and I mourn it. (I own a hard-bound copy, which I will treasure all the days of my life.)

Fiction: Prologue or Not?

I learned, not too long ago, that this is a major, hot, sizzling, nasty controversy. Huh? I would have imagined it was a matter of individual choice and taste, such as whether to frame a story in the First Person or to use the more conventional Third Person. But apparently, some people hate prologues with the fiery hatred of a thousand burning suns.

Apparently, some readers refuse even to read them, and skip ahead to the more obvious beginning, "Chapter One." If they see "Prologue," they just leap over it. Again, and most eloquently, Huh?

John Campbell, most famous as an editor, said that a lot of writer's block comes from people starting a story in the wrong place, very often too early. I can certainly see the danger: if you start a story too early, then you have to get through a lot of "ordinary business" before the excitement starts. Too much "going to the grocery store" before "the monster leaps out from behind a tree."

To my mind, a prologue is useful, because it starts you right out, on page one, with the monster leaping from behind the tree. It also is a form of reader advisement. It's one way to show, clearly, "This is a fantasy novel, with monsters." Otherwise, in the course of slow-and-steady development, the genre of the book might not be obvious, and the sudden appearance of a monster, later, might jar the reader.

Prologues, so to speak, are common in TV, such as the "teaser" segment that is so beloved in old original Star Trek episodes. And the opening sequences of James Bond movies are so elaborate, they are almost movies all on their own!

As both a writer and a reader, I like prologues. I also like forewords, introductions, notes, and other preliminaria. I find they help "ease me into the body" of the work, guiding me in slowly, rather than just throwing me into the deep end all at once.

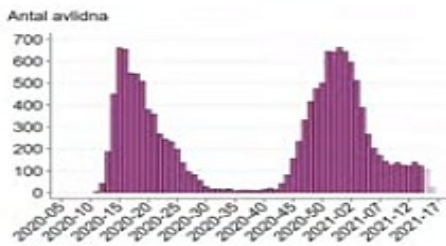
INTERMISSION #108

E-zine by Ahrvid Engholm, ahrvid@hotmail.com for EAPA and a few others fannishly smitten. Follow @SFJournalen's newstweets on Nordic sf/f/h&fandom. Skiffy news for six decades! We haven't had our second anti-typo shot yet, so watch out för tyPo5. For Mercer's Day April 31:

Editorially

Welcome to a new dosis of *Intermission*! Planned this time is a a tour among Earth's most intelligent folks who still behave like idiots sometimes, and some information about how the Eurovision Song Contest may come to America. Too that, sf history with a visit to Ray Bradbury who reveals how he met Ingrid Bergman, how machines may become conscious, Luke's real name, a 1952 survey of skiffy and the modernistic poet's "psychodrama" Virus!

Antal avlidna per vecka



Swe corona deaths continue down. Public Health Agency stats Apr 27.

But we have a more recent virus to deal with. Swedish corona deceased continue to drop (see fig). By the time you read this ca 1/3 of all adults have had at least one jab and spring warmth and sun will reduce viruses even more. But unfortunately the opportunistic government, playing for the gallery, still refuses to ease the latest "restrictions" (ie the Public Health Agency's advices). They haven't

been very tough - no one has ever been forced to stay at home, police don't patrol to check masks, businesses haven't been forced to close, though many have seen customers drop. But there is the ban of indoor public gatherings of more than 8. This has killed sports event, culture, and has hit shops, restaurants and small business hard. When all points to that the epidemic is going down...why?

Culture workers have written open letters of protest and

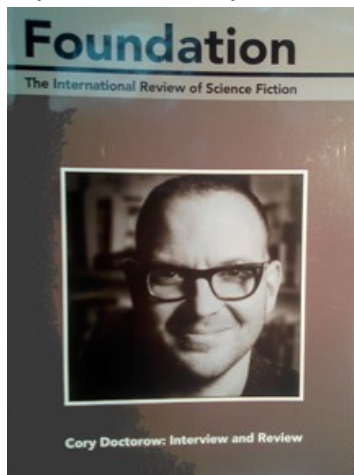


sports *Restaurants with outdoor seating go through the epidemic more unscathed. Here full party under canvas roofing at Stockholm's Citizen's Square, mid April.*

federations demands a meeting between four eyes with the responsible minister. Some bigger businesses with much floor space can scrape by (they are allowed one customer per 10m²) as well as big restaurants with outdoor seating (rules don't apply there), but most others suffer. Just because the politicians want to pretend to be "in charge"! Resign, you bunch!

Meanwhile, Sweden drops even further in Worldometers.info stats, to place 31 in virus fatalities/capita, despite our death definitions being very wide and many countries placed lower certainly have worse health care (=more deaths) and statistics (=many are uncounted).

When this crap is over by summer, there will be a very tough debate and there must be a very thorough analysis of events. I'm certain that the softer tactics used here will get thumbs up and that "tough" measures, masks and lockdowns, will show to have had no or at best *marginal* effect. All 30 worse off that old Sweden have had lockdowns, to no avail. In the US closed California and open Florida have had the same outcome.



I'm in here, though the face isn't mine, but Cory D. I cover the Bomb and Harry M - see start of if overleaf.

The Atomic Bomb and Early Swedish Fandom Ahrvid Engholm

During April and May 2020, when physical access was limited to appointment only, the Royal Library in Stockholm made their huge, digital newspaper archive available online. The archive consists of Swedish newspapers from the 1600s to the present day – some 900 titles and about 80 million pages! This was a great opportunity for me to research the early history of fandom in Sweden, some of which I have already described in my e-zine *Intermission*. In researching the archive, some points had to be taken into consideration. Firstly, magazines and small, regional newspapers are not yet included in the archive so, for example, while the first appearance in a national newspaper of the word 'fanzine' seems to be as late as 1970, the word had often been used in the sf magazine, *Höpsel*, from 1954 onwards. Secondly, although Optical Character Recognition works very well, it can still misread words. For instance, I got a hit from 1893 (!) for 'fanzine', only for it to turn out to be another word entirely. In this extract from my researches, I shall focus on the role of the atomic bomb in the development of Swedish fandom.

Although there were several sf stories in the 1910s that dealt with the possibility of nuclear weapons, including H.G. Wells's *The World Set Free* (1914) and Arthur C. Train and Robert W. Wood's *The Man who Rooked the Earth* (1915), the first mention of an atomic bomb in the Swedish press comes from an article in *Aftonbladet* dated 10 June 1936. Titled 'Reality in Crisis Fantasy', the article focuses on Harold Nicolson's 1932 political thriller, *Public Faces*, in which the invention of nuclear weapons is central to the plot. Nicolson's novel was translated into Swedish and reviewed in the morning paper *Svenska Dagbladet* (July 8 1939) under the appropriate headline 'The Atomic Bomb'. The popularity of the novel can be explained not only by pre-war anxieties and political disenchantment but also by how it echoed the scientific discoveries in the 1930s of Otto Hahn, Lise Meitner and Leo Szilard. (Meitner, whose discovery, with Hahn, of nuclear fission went uncredited due to her Jewish identity, fled to Sweden from Germany just before the war.)

The Swedish press remained remarkably well informed about the potential threat of nuclear weapons. On 24 November 1943, *Arbetartidningen* carried a most accurate description of the clandestine raid in February by British-trained Norwegian commandos against the heavy water plant in Rjukan, headlined 'Was It Hitler's Secret Weapon?'

The German experiments were said to aim at letting atomic power loose. People said that a small 'atomic bomb' would be more devastating than the English four-ton bombs, and that the new explosive would...

Unrelated, interesting news is the recent issue (#132) of the SF Foundation's journal *Foundation* which carries my article "The Atomic Bomb and Early Swedish Fandom". It covers Atomic bomb speculations in Swedish press before 1945, the Atomic Noah club from 1945 and how Harry Martinson was inspired by all this to write *Aniara*. All of it has been covered here in *Intermission* recently, but this article is a more concentrated summary. It's my second piece in *Foundation*, the academic research journal for sf literature, so I'm becoming a real sf historian! In the late 1990's *Foundation* issue #82 I wrote about the fantastic 1682 magazine *Relationes Curosaes*, with "fantastic" stories and weird stuff which I think borders or in some cases is sf. Now I have lots of more stuff from my Royal Library research for other articles, if they are interested and I find time and the right angle.

--Ahrvid Engholm

"TAKE OUT THE TRASH OR I'LL SHOW YOU FLYING SAUCERS, ERICH!" MRS VON DÄNIKEN SAID.

Amerivision Is Coming...

Even non-Europeans should have heard of the Eurovision Song Contest, ESC, also known as just "the Eurovision", the world's biggest TV event broadcast all over Europe, Australia and now even in some cable channels in the US and China (and anyone interested can BTW easily find the broadcasts on the 'Net). It seems there will now be a "Amerivision" coming, the American Song Contest, modelled on the ESC. It threatens to arrive in 2022, just as you thought the virus ordeal was over...



This could hit your TV screen when you least expect it!

The Swedes have for a long time taken very ESC seriously. With six wins in total, trailing only behind Ireland with seven, one of them ABBA (!) with the Best ESC Song Ever polls say: "Waterloo". The national song selection process is now a six week long affair every Saturday in February-March. Our 2021 entry is "Voices" sung by Tusse, a young immigrant boy who came as a refugee from Congo as a kid. A fine song, perhaps not winning but I'm sure among the top five.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5P1uel9j6gk>

But the *real* winner this year is Molly Sanden, an earlier ESC contestant, who is the voice behind the hit song in Will Ferrell's comedy *Eurovision: The Story of Fire Saga*, titled "Husavik (My Home Town)" *nominated for a Best Original Song Oscar!* Enjoy a coming international star: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UamELF1MyN0> It's the Oscars performance *from* Husavik!. Kids choir in wool sweaters, fishing boats in the harbour, violins, fireworks, even the aurora. Magic!

They should have Molly on the ESC finals in Rotterdam in May!

The main producer behind the Swedish selection shows, called Melodifestivalen ("The Melody Festival"), is one Christer Björkman - himself a contestant in ESC in 1992. He is the driving force behind the American Song Contest, see

<https://escextra.com/2021/03/23/christer-bjorkman-almost-everything-agreed-on-for-american-song-contest-2022/> Mr Björkman says:

"It's moving closer and closer as we speak. We have agreed on a lot of things, almost everything, and the last little details will be put into writing by

Monday" late April/, he says. "It will happen, I'm very very sure now. We have a pandemic, there are things

that can happen that we can't foresee but if things develop the way they are right now, it should be on air next year. It will be a mix of Melodifestivalen and Eurovision because the qualification period is probably something like five weeks to cover all the states and that will be very similar to what we do here in Sweden. Then it goes into a Eurovision mode which is two semi-finals and a final. And those will be upscaled looks-wise."

ESC is sort of the "original" talent and music show, beginning in 1956 as the European microwave TV network was established which made live multi-national broadcasts possible. Only seven countries took part the first year. Sweden entered the next, as we weren't linked-up in 1956. It then slowly grew and grew. In the 1980's there were about 25-30 countries taking part and the audience could be counted to half a Billion (!) since it was before widespread cable and satellite TV.

With more media competition from lots of cable channels, the show is now watched by 200-250 million, and the number of countries participating has increased to 40+, after the fall of communism 30 years ago, and the break-up of Yugoslavia. Those countries joined the European Broadcasting Union (up to then a Western Europe affair) which is the criterium for being able to partake in ESC. This is why Israel is in the show, she is EBU member. Even Morocco, also EBU member, has participated once. Australia is crazy about ESC, maybe because they are also crazy about ABBA which made their first international tour down under. So the Aussies are now honorary Europeans and invited every year. (I think they've also become an EBU member.)

What will happen with "Amerivision", the American Song Contest, in 2022 is that all 50 states will be invited to contribute an act doing an original song. The song could be selected in different ways, a local show for the state, by a jury of experts, the public could be invited to send entries or composers could be invited. The selection is different from country to country in the present Eurovision too. The local TV company decides what it wants to do.

Then there will be two semi-finals with 25 states each and the best songs (in ESC selected by 50% popular E-voting and 50% juries) from 20-25 states go to the Grand Finale. It may be a great opportunity to find new song stars or a chance for fading stars to get a new boost in their careers. Established singers with ongoing successes seldom appears. ABBA weren't too big stars at the time, only having had local hits, but they certainly did not face *their* Waterloo!

Let's see if the American Song Competition will work. The energy US show business can release is well-known, but there are hurdles. The European original really had to work a long, long time - and could afford the time - to become a household item for TV. "Amerivision" has to be a reasonable hit at once or merciless TV bosses will scrap it. And of course, the competition on TV and in media in general is much, much fiercer today. Up to the 1980's most European countries had 1-2 TV channels (I think the UK had 3; Sweden had 1 up to 1969) not 150. There was no Facebook, Youtube, video games, no whatever to distract the audience. Could "Amerivision" find a new ABBA? Who knows.



Swedish singer Molly Sanden did the vocals to Oscar nominated "Husavik (My Hometown)" in the Eurovision film. Rachel McAdams (right) lip syncing.

(BTW, ABBA will probably go on a "virtual" tour when the pandemic is over. I.e. concerts with original backing musicians, choir etc, but the group itself being computer generated "abbatars". They have recorded a couple of new songs, not released but said to be in real good old ABBA style. It would have started two years ago, a bit delayed to sharpen the "abbatar" technology. And then the virus crashed the party. I'm rather expectant to see if they can create a big splash after being away for almost four decades... Can't wait!)

Strange Mag: Mensa - "Bloody Idiots!"

I have happened to stumble upon a strange magazine, *Legatus Mensae* #2/2021, which is the member magazine of Swedish Mensa. You know, the club for people who think they are so smart. I also happened to find the Mensa Sweden rooster booklet, covering if I remember a 6-7000 members.

I'm very sceptical to groups like Mensa. First of all, I'm not sure they *really* are so smart, and secondly I think there is a connection between being smart and being a smartass. They claim you must be among the 2% most intelligent to be a member, and this is established through IQ tests which are primitive, narrow and something you can *train* to get better results in. I've seen many examples of tests: you are to analyse geometrical objects, sequences of symbols, do maths, play around with words, and things like that. So you prove yourself good with theoretically juggle meaningless, naked symbols - does that make you smart? I doubt it.

Also, intelligence isn't *one thing*, it's something multidimensional. You can be smart with words and yet dumb as a post when it comes to maths. There's certainly a separate kind of intelligence when it comes to art, the ability to interpret something in a drawing or a painting. There is musical intelligence. There's a special intelligence in being able to understand others and connect to people. There's an intelligence for understanding space and dimensions and constructing stuff. And so on. Sitting by a table and filling in a form isn't even close to catching all this!

So, you pass the Mensa test, which mostly deals with manipulating symbols, and become a member. And since you're good with manipulating symbols you think other people are symbols and they are there for you to manipulate...

That's why I believe many who think they are so smart really tend to be assholes. One of my favourites, Isaac Asimov, was a member of Mensa for a few years in the 1960's before leaving. In his memoirs he said the experience of Mensa wasn't entirely pleasant. Many members were arrogant, constantly trying to flash their (claimed) IQ, often single-minded and overall rather boring. He also found they were just as likely to believe in pseudoscience and conspiracies as anyone. He quit

That Mensa-people aren't much different from folks in general is shown by a scandal a couple of years ago. Hundreds of Mensaites had gathered for a convention in the Swedish town of Eskilstuna, which late at night ended in binge drinking and fighting in the corridors. The police had to come and stop the turmoil, as the Mensaites were killing off their brain cells through alcohol and fists. The Mensa chairman's verdict about the high-IQ geniuses: "Bloody idiots!"

Anyway, the magazine I found contained among other things brain puzzles, notes about cats by a very young Mensaite, an sf short story ("A Trip through Many Borders", a rather boring planetary travel thing), finalists to vote for in the design of a new membership card, a page about sports, short pieces about the pandemic, many pages of member comments from social media, book notes, an article about language, an article about feminism.



Swedish Mensa's mag. "Theme: Borders of us and others / Election info" cover says.



Scandal headlines from Mensa's drunken convention. Eg "The party of the geniuses ended with a police raid", "Mensa meeting a drunken battle - police called", "After the drunken battle on the hotel Mensa's chair says members are 'Bloody idiots'".

that made you say "Wow!". There's no humour in it, nothing challenging. The Mensa magazine fails to convince me that this club is anything special. Mensa is probably mostly harmless - except in a convention hotel - but nothing special.

Their rooster booklet is BTW *confidential!* On the first pages it explains it is because "many members don't want to be open with their membership". It may be an effect of Mensa having a reputation of being for smartasses. If you show the rooster for outsiders (so I won't say how I got it) *you may be expelled*. Leafing through I find a handful of names I vaguely recognise, half-celebs you haven't heard of, but none worth noting. I find no fan names I recognise, but *one* sf author. I won't embarrass him by giving out the name, but it's one of the more recent writers who is known for rather apocalyptic tales. On the other hand, everyone tend to write apocalyptic these days...

But I have a humiliating confession to make: I may be a smartass myself. There's a special National University Test you can take ("högskoleprovet") to give you extra merit points when applying to uni courses and programs. When I took it many years ago I scored 1.9 points (max was 2.0) which placed me among the top 2% in this test. I suspect it's for all practical purposes a broader, longer, more strictly managed test than the Mensa version, with more abilities covered, more serious and under more pressure. So I could be one of those smartasses. But then, I was aware of that already since I've been an sf fan since teenhood. After all, we all know that...

Fans are slans!

The first time I saw a fanzine I fainted!

HISTORY CORNER

In the History Corner I'll continue to round up interesting stuff remaining after the previous ten massive History Issues of *Intermission*. But it'll be on a smaller scale as a cosy little corner. It all comes from the digital newspaper archive of the Royal Library in Stockholm, which has digitised close to 1000 Swedish newspapers from the 1600's up to now (80+ million pages). I spent hundreds of hours roaming through it when it was temporarily panic...eh...pandemic opened on-line last spring. I'll do fast translations of and/or summarise my findings about sf and fandom, for your pleasure.

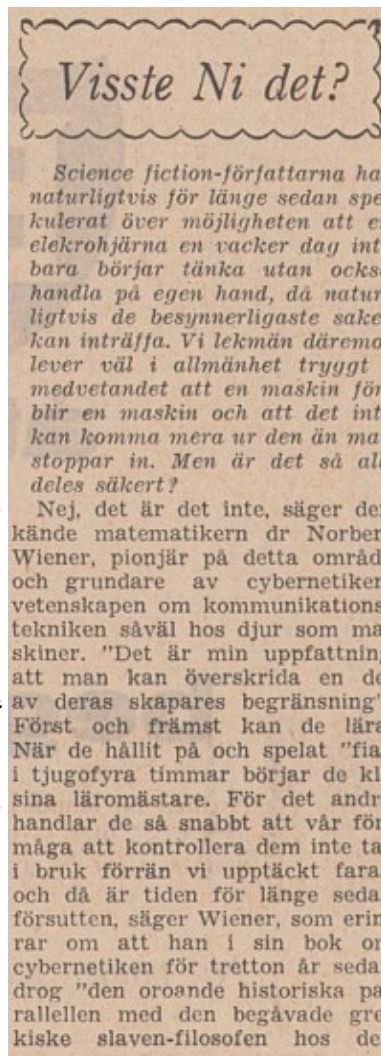
Everybody talks about AI, artificial intelligence, these days. (As opposed to human stupidity, when opportunistic politicians continue epidemic restrictions that hugely damage health, economy, education and civil rights, though virus curves drop to the bottom!) We sf fans have of course talked about AI for ages, from the days of Asimov's robots and on. Here's a farsighted newspaper piece about it in Sölvesborgs-Tidningen, 16 January 1960, "Did you know that?":

Sf writers have of course since long speculated on the possibility that an electronic brain one day not only awakes but also begins to act independently, and strange things may then happen. We laymen should on the other hand live secure knowing that a machine remains a machine and that nothing more can come out of it than you put in. But is that really certain? No, it isn't says the well-known mathematician Norbert Wiener, pioneer in this area and founder of cybernetics, the science of communication technology among both animals and machines. "It is my opinion they they can overcome some of the limitations of the creator. First of all they can learn things. When they have played a board game for 24 hours they begin to beat their teachers. Secondly, they act so fast that that our ability to control them can't act until we've seen the danger, and then it will be far too late,"

Weiner says, who recalls that he in his book on cybernetics 13 years ago made "the worrying historical parallel to the Greek slave-philosopher with the less intelligent Roman slave-owner, who dominated the acts of his master rather than following his wishes. It may be that Wiener somewhat exaggerates, but we have to remember that the electronic brain right now has hardly left the baby stage. Those who deal with with these mathematical behemoths are convinced that their mentioned ability to play games only is a simple beginning. Within a generation, an electronic brain will beat the chess world champion. In Chicago music devotees could recently experience a sensation. They could hear a 25 minute long suite for a string quartet composed by a machine called Illiac, at the University of Illinois. The piece was rather uninspiring, and made composers of flesh and blood shake their shoulders, but at least it had been composed by letting a music professor and mathematician feed it equations that then were translated into musical terms. The music professor A Hiller is convinced that the machine one day will help composers to express processes of thought, that are far more complicated than the one expressed in music today.

Not only do they worry about machines taking over the world - something guys like Bill Gates warns us of...after Microsoft's machines *did* take over the world - but they will also invade the music charts. But as we know, machines doing music are already here. Computers today play a central role in the typical pop music studio, making it a disaster. Just listen to the radio, all the stations, playing all the latest "hits" - *all sounding more or less the same!* That's what happens when machines do it. Today's music scene is proof that things were better in the past.

Speaking about virus... That was also the title of a work by one of the Grand Old Men of Swedish skiffy, Sture Lönnerstrand (1919-1919). He has been covered a lot in earlier issues, eg how he in 1950 founded one of the first sf clubs here, named Futura. But we haven't mentioned his play *Virus* - a "psyco-medy" published in 1960. He called it a "reading drama" because it was written as a theatre play, but aimed at just being read. Aside from being a rather important sf writer (a long series of short stories in the weeklies in the 1940's, winning a major novel contest in the 1950's) he became reasonably well-known as a poet and modernist. The big morning paper Dagens Nyheter reviewed *Virus* 7 February 1961, (Psy)comical reading drama:

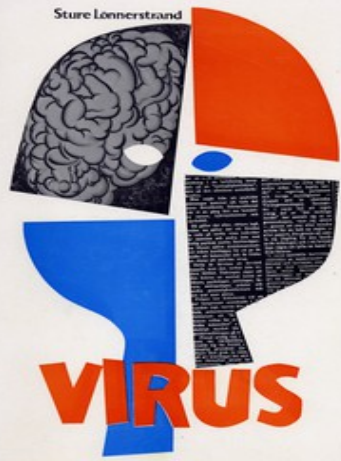


mindre intelligente romerske slavägaren, som dominerade sin herres handlingar snarare än åtlödde hans önsknigar".

Det må vara att dr Wiener överdriver en smula, men man bör hålla i minnet att elektro hjärnan ännu knappast trampat ur barnskorna. De som sysslar med dessa matematiska vidunder är övertygade om att vad ovan sagts om deras förmåga att spela

"Fia" bara är en enkel början. Om någon generation kommer en elektro hjärna att slå världsmästaren i schack.

I Chicago upplevde musikinresserade häromdagen en sensation. Man fick nämligen höra en 25 minuters svit för stråkkvartett komponerad av en maskin kallad "Illiac" vid universitetet i Illinois. Det var en ganska andefattig historia, som kom kompositörerna av kött och blod att rycka på axlarna, men den hade i alla fall tillkommit så att en musikprofessor och en matematiker matat in formler i maskinen, som sedan översatt dem till musikaliska termer. Musikprofessorn A. Hiller är övertygad om att maskinen en gång kommer att hjälpa kompositörer att uttrycka tankeprocesser, som är långt mera komplicerade än de som uttrycks i musiken av i dag.



The reviewer shall confess he has read an opus named *Virus* with much enjoyment, labelled "psy-comedy". The enjoyment also comes from the rareness in getting your hands on something that resembles new Swedish drama, both from that and being curious about a relatively new name, Sture Lönnerstrand. That he doesn't work in 19th Century realism is obvious at once, but how many do that these days. To torpedo the Ark is a modern sport, but in itself not original. But it is fun when it is done with freshness and embedded with such a lot of inventiveness and bitter experience of life. Anyway, the psychocomedy or traumadrama, or what to call it, is about a strange delegation coming to study a unity-social, culture-organised and very psycho-sanitary reform society, model A-X, and about the underground, rebellious and reactionary structures of revolt of partly erotic nature, which we may sadly note. The scenes are such that you remember literature like Aniara, Kallocajn, and Ann-Margret Dahlquist-Ljungberg's *The Beam* above all, but also Jollier

work. Thurber, Mayakovsky's "The Louse" and Bernt Eriksson (sometimes). It's perhaps not so very original, but it is witty and sharp and definitely (psy)comical, for as long as you are reading, if someone asks if this would be possible to stage on the theatre, the answer must be no. The very complicated and utopian set descriptions could perhaps be realised by a set director, as it usually goes. But there are more people than you'd imagine and lectures as long as seventy years of hardship, though spiked with merry satire in every second or third line!? Impossible. If Sture Lönnerstrand has intended this work for the theatre, he has like many debutants overestimated what it can handle and are willing to do. That's a pity.

(Psy)komiskt läsdrama

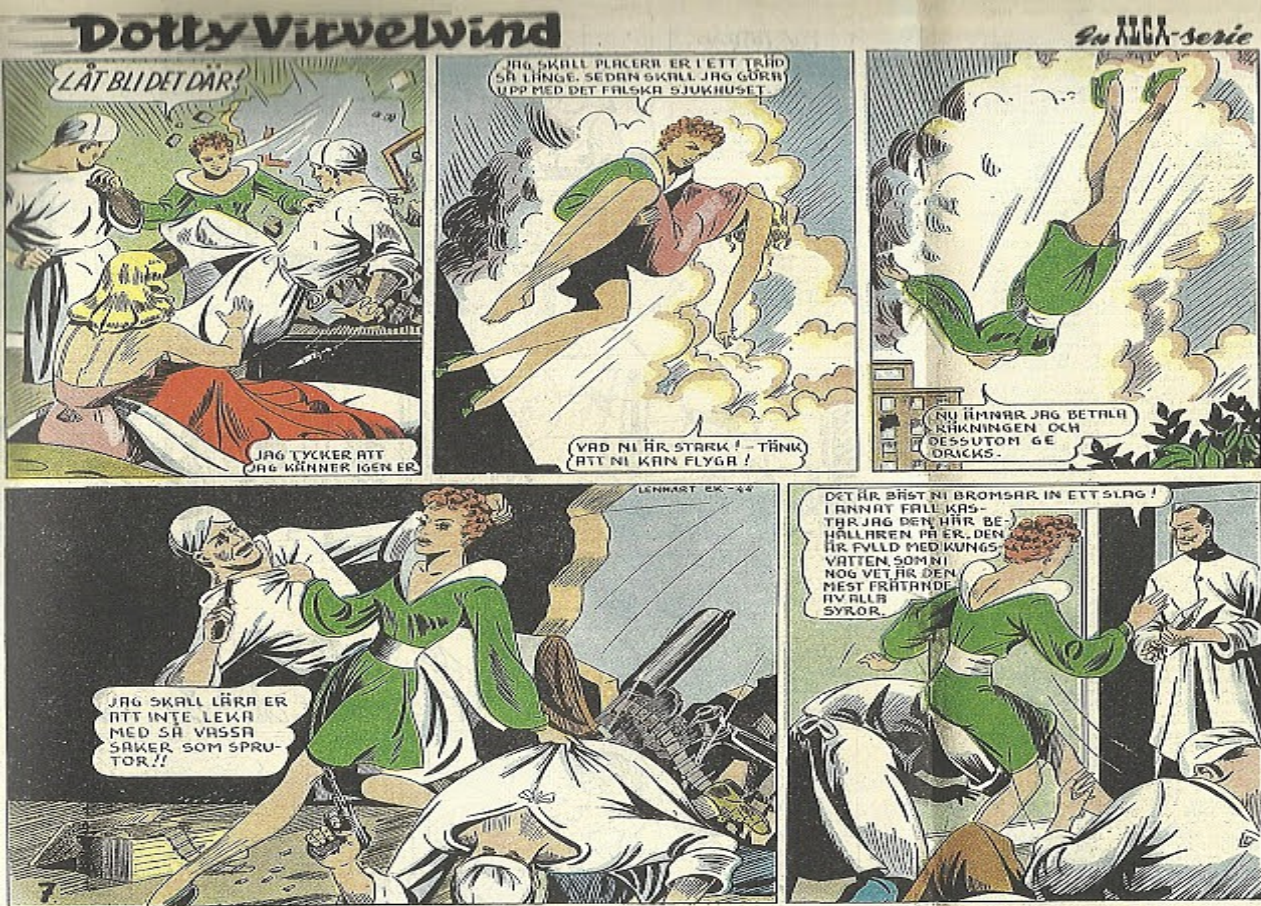
MED MYCKET nöje, det skall vittnas och bekännas, har recensenten läst ett opus, betitlat *Virus* (Förlaget Symb, 15.75) och försatt med varubeteckningen (psy)komedi. Något konstnärligt mycket av det säklynta i att någon gång få något i händerna som liknar ny svensk dramatik som också av saken i sig själv och den nyfikenheten som ett relativt nytt namn alltid skitstr, här Sture Lönnerstrand.

Att han inte går några realistiska adertonhundratalsvägar står ganska klart, men hur många gör det nu för sidsen? Läggs torped under arken är modern sport; i och för sig inte original. Men det är roligt när den bekräftar med så friskt humor och med inkapslande av så pass mycken uppfinningsrikedom och beaktlivsferenthet.

Psychokomedin, eller dramotraumet, vad vi skall kalla det, handlar här som helst om en främmande studielegations besök i ett enhetsocialt, kulturorganiserat och högst psykosanitärt reformsamhälle, modell A-X, och om de underjordiska, rebelliska och reaktionära revoltstrukturer av delvis primitivt erotisk natur som därunder helt oförhoppandes och mycket beklagligt just låter sig konstateras. Insceneringen är sådan att man minns litteratur som "Aniara", "Kallocajn" och Ann-Margret Dahlquist-Ljungbergs "Själens" först och främst, men också uppeluppore tings Thurber, Majakovskis "Vägglusen", och Bernt Eriksson (ibland). Så höjoriginellt är det således kanske inte, men kvickt turnerat och bäsakt och svejort (psy)komiskt, så länge läsningen varar.

Frågar någon om nu detta inte är tänkbart för uppförande på teatern, så måste svaret däremot tyvärr bli nej. De mycket komplicerade och utopiska incenetranspositionerna kunde väl en intresserad regissör emancipera sig ifrån, så brukar det ju. Men hur många personer som helst och föredrag långa som sju svåra är, låt vara spökade med upp-aloppen satir, i varannan och var tredje replik? Omöjligt. Här Sture Lönnerstrand allvarigt avrett sitt stycke för teatern, så har han som många debutanter överkastat vad den kan och är villig att underkasta sig. Det är synd.

EBBE LINDE



A complicated piece, it seems, but over all a positive review, by one Ebbe

Linde, a well-known poet, playwright, translator and friend of Karin Boye. Sture Lönnerstrand had an interesting life - partly covered earlier in this zine - dipping his toes in modern poetry, Indian philosophy and of course science fiction, becoming a prolific short story writer who for many years in the 1940's, writing stories the popular pulp *Levande Livet* under the title "Between Fantasy and reality". He then invented the superheroine Dotty Virvelvind ("Whirlwind"; see illo), appearing in both short stories and comic strips, being AFAIK the first Swedish superhero figure ever. Read more:

<http://www.internationalhero.co.uk/d/dottyvirvelvind.htm>

I met Sture several times in the 1980's, when there for a period was a re-start his 1950's sf club

Futura and we for instance produced Radio Futura, low-power so called "community radio". He read his poetry in our shows. He began early with it, in the 1940s self-publishing the poetry collection *Där* ("There"). It got a not a particularly favourable review in Svenska Dagbladet, December 9 1941 (Lund being a town and Ofvandahl an infamous Vogon-style poet), "*Lundian (?) Ofvandahl!*":

"Your ed usually receives at least one real collection of 'pekorall' /Vogon-style poetry/ poems with every Christmas book flood. Last year it was a gentleman in Råsunda who had published a couple of thousand Xmas present rhymes, but this year the volume is named simply 'There' and Seelig & Co has kindly enough distributed this work of poetry, created by Mr Sture Lönnerstrand, member of the 'Society for Good Reading in Lund'. From all the mysterious words we found in the poems, your editor would suppose that Mr Lönnerstrand is also qualified to become a member of the illustrious textual society in Lund. What do you say about trylid, gryfar and spaloj, dyranner and dridonger, gryfar and durander /nonsense words/. Our senses became more and more confused while reading The Door to There and The Way to Where - yes, not even the poem 'Tage's Song on the first Poet', a poet who BTW was named Vindurand and lived in Vindulör, made the concepts clearer for us. But the readers should themselves understand how difficult to comprehend it is if we quote a part from the tenth song of 'The Town There in the Country There':

*I took a seat
I the cylider-shaped
tryl
and in swishing rings
I cut through
vanilla.
I said
to the driver foremost,
the known trylist
Midas and Mon
- What a lovely krokan!
Cream! Vanilla!*

Lundensisk (?) Ofvandahl.

Varje julboksflojd brukar marg-red. få åtminstone en verklig pekoralsamling. I fjol var det en herre i Råsunda, som gett ut ett par tusen julklappsrim men i år heter volymen kort och gott "Där" och Seelig & Co. har varit snälla nog att distribuera diktaralstret, som till upphovsman har hr Sture Lönnerstrand, medlem av "Sällskapet för god läsning i Lund". Av alla mystiska ord som vi hittat i dikterna, skulle marg-red. förmoda att hr Lönnerstrand även är kvalificerad att bli medlem i det illustratextikava samfundet i Lund. Vad sägs om tryl och trylid, spalid, spaleja, dyranner och dridonger, gryfar och durander.

Vårt sinne blev mer och mer förvirrat under läsningen av Dörren till Där och Vägen till Var — ja, inte ens dikten "Tages sång om den första skalden", vilken poet för övrigt hette Vindurand och bodde i Vindulör klarnade begreppen för oss. Men läsaren förstår själv hur svårfattligt det är om vi citerar en bit ur tionde sången av "Staden Där i landet Där":

*Jag tog plats
i cylinderformad
tryl
och i susande ringar
genomskar jag
vanilj.*

*Jag såde
till föraren främst,
den kände trylisten
Midas med Mon:
— Vilken ljuvlig krokan!
Gräddel! Vanilj!*

The critique of the use of invented words was for some reason very mild when Harry Martinson a decade later did it in *Aniara*. Was he inspired by Mr Lönnerstrand, perhaps? It is clear that Sture Lönnerstrand was a very modernist and brave poet, in a nonsense tradition that goes back to Lewis Carroll...and today kept going by eg Comet-Johan Benzene jr, my misunderstood friend who imagines he is in line for a Nobel prize. From trylids, gryfars and spalojs to another Master of words.

While the sf genre by many reviewers went from being something jolly interesting and new in 1953, to something even the cat would hesitate to drag in a some years later, one certain Ray Bradbury was still praised by most, even mentioned as a Nobel prize candidate. Torsten Jungstedt, someone very knowledgable in fantastic literature, thus took the opportunity to visit the young genius. The report in the local Sölvesborgs-Tidningen 22 September 1961, is most likely passed through a news agency so the article probably appeared in many newspapers. Headline "*The Monster Maker from Los Angeles 64 - at the Home of Ray Bradbury*" (there's also a smaller second part of the clip):

He is tall, tanned and constantly smiling. In some way he seems childish and harmless. He is known by the name Ray Bradbury and lives on Chevlot Drive in Los Angeles, district 64. You're welcome to write him a letter if you wish after reading his books. He loves mail of all kinds, and when the postman passes which his bag along this most quiet of all Californian suburban streets, he dashes out and and digs into the mailbox on its pole. He then resembles an eager sea lion that always emerges with fish - Bradbury always have mail to collect. The French thinks he is a genius, the Japanese that he belongs to the most mysterious in our prosaic world, Swedish capital newspaper critics thinks he is worth long columns of analyses of the respectful essay type, the Americans that he is a damn' good adventure writer though a bit on the morbid side. If someone bothered to calculate who of the now producing authors is most frequent in international anthologies, the answer would surely be Ray Bradbury. He is fraudulently easy to place in short story collections. I know that from personal experience, I have published several of this kind. /as well as hosting the radio show "The Man in

Monstermakaren från Los Angeles 64

HEMMA HOS RAY BRADBURY

Han är storvuxen, solbränd och ständigt leende. På något sätt verkar han barnsligt ofarlig. Han är känd under namnet Ray Bradbury och bostad på Cheviot Drive i Los Angeles, stadsdel nr 64. Skriv gärna ett brev till honom, om Ni får lust efter att ha läst hans böcker. Han älskar post av alla slag, och när brevbararen vandrat förbi med sin väska utefter denna den stillsamaste av alla californiska förortsgator, är han snabbt ute och rotar i brevlådan på dess vita stolpe. Han liknar då ett energiskt sjölejon, som alltid kommer upp med fisk — Bradbury har alltid post att hämta.

Fransmännen anser, att han är ett geni, japanerna, att han tillhör det mera mystiska i denna prosaiska värld, svenska huvudstadsresencenter anser, att han är värd spaltlänga analyser av typen högaktningssvår essay, amerikanerna, att han är en förbannat bra äventyrsförfattare fast litet väl lagd åt det morbida.

Gjorde sig någon besväret att räkna ut, vilken nu producerande författare som oftast förekommer i internationella antologier, så skulle säkert svaret bli Ray Bradbury. Han är bedrägligt lättplacerad i novellsamlingar. Jag vet av personlig erfarenhet, jag har gett ut flera av den sorten. Det finns alltid något lättöversatt av Bradbury, som passar mellan två andra författare, som inbördes inte passar ihop.

"Han har en medryckande rytm, en blåsigt storslagenhet, en effektiv och stundom lätt parodisk stilisering... Bradbury är en mästare i förrädiska glidningar och gradvisa scenförändringar... Det är som om Bradbury försökte förena två amerikanska traditioner, den från Poe och den från Mark Twain," skriver Artur Lundkvist i en samling amerikanska författarporträtt.

Los Angeles författarkoloni från 1930-talet och början av 40-talet kommer att förbrylla framtida forskare. De skulle egentligen inte få komma in i litteraturhistorien alls — de hade alldeles för roligt på sin tid. Ray Bradbury är ett typfall. Han föddes i augusti 1920, föräldrarna från Waukegan i Illinois, modern var född i Stockholm och tog sig in i USA 1890. Bradbury läste Edgar Allan Poe, Wilkie Collins, Tarzan-böcker och teknade serier som ung. (Han älskade ambulerande nöjesfält, cirkusar och salongsmagiker.) När han var 15 år gammal, började han skaffa sig mera avancerad läsning, men kunde inte glömma sina första böcker, så att när han på 30-talets slut inledde sin författarträning var Tarzan-böcker, serier och Edgar Allan Poe en kompost, varifrån underliga idéer spirade. Han tänkte först bli skådespelare men sadlade om, skaffade sig en skrivmaskin och hamrade under flera år mellan ett och tvåtusen ord per dag.

Han träffade en skara andra författare i samma situation, Kuttner, Henlein, Asimov, Van Vogt. Samtliga levererade till den tidens billighetsmagasin, tidskrifter tryckta på dåligt fräblandat papper. Några namn i högen: Weird Tales, Amazing Stories, Astounding Science Fiction. Dessa tidskrifter betalade ytters låga honorar, men pengarna räckte till mat, skrivmaskinspapper och lite fika, när Los Angeles Science Fiction-klubb sammanträdde på ett café och betalade rummet med förtäringen.

Mycket av vad dessa herrar producerade de åren kommer att i framtiden ställas lika högt som Edgar Allan Poes produktion, och deras noveller sätter redan egendomliga spår. De bildar bl. a. grunden till Harry Martinsons inspiration i Aniara.

Bradbury blev snart den mest framgångsrike av alla medtävlarna. Han kunde lämna de billiga tidskrifterna och placera sina alster i de glättade magasinerna av typ Harper's, Collier's och Esquire. Honoraren där räckte till giftermål och villa. Snart kom filmbolagen sticande med små uppgifter, och Bradbury fick ett litet men dock bankkonto.

Jag träffade honom i källaren under villan på Cheviot Drive, troligen hade det stora rummet tidigare varit mencentral och kulplugg, men oljeeldningen hade befriat slavarerna

Av Torsten Jungstedt

och lämnat utrymme åt Bradbury. Han hade kiätt väggarna med hemmagjord omlade trähyllor, och på hyllorna hade han radat böcker och tidskrifter av det slag, som hemmafruar alltid försöker damma ihjäl. I taket glödde ljusrör, mitt på golvet fanns ett stort bord med ett dockhus. Bordskivan var fläckad av vattenfärg och modellerade Bradburys döttrar lekte här ibland. Framme vid ett av fönstren hade han författarbordet och intill det ett handtextat plakat:

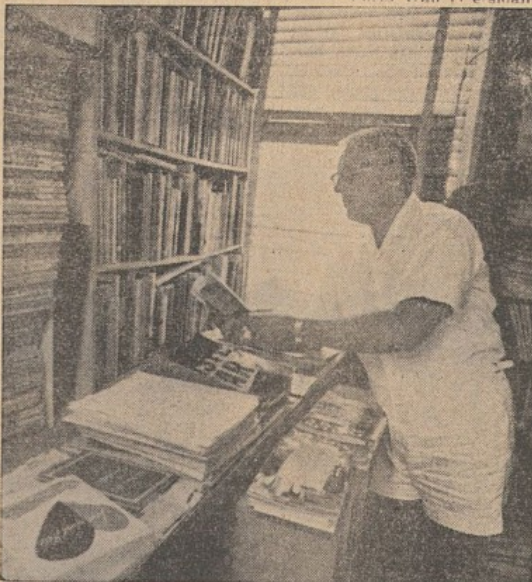
— Vilken fruktansvärd olycka har inträffat idag?

— Säg mig: Har pesten gått över?

Bradbury såg min blick och förklarade: — Det har jag satt där för att pigga upp mig när det går trögt att skriva.

Jag hade samlat Ray Bradburys noveller en längre tid och till slut funnit, att Bradbury i nyare upplagor av sina äldre novellsamlingar plockade bort vissa skräcknoveller, bl. a. noveller av en viss typ, där förfärliga saker händer små barn. Jag ledde samtalet dit, och Bradbury förklarade, att de flesta berättelserna av den typen hade han skrivit före sitt giftermål. Nu var han gift och hade själv små barn. Plötsligt blev honom en hel del i skräckarsenalen motbjudande. Så han smugglade bort den delen av sin ungdomsproduktion.

Vi tittade på hans bokhyllor



Ray Bradbury.

ett slag. En bok om "Det onda ögat" skriven av en ögonexpert. En serie böcker om häxförföljelser. Klassiker i kompletta upplagor, frånvaron av skinnband och ett överflöd av ljusa lätta billighetsupplagor. Den läsande mannens bibliotek.

— När jag var omkring 14 år gammal, sade Bradbury, brukade jag stjäla tidskrifter från en drogstore i närheten, där vi bodde. Jag smugglade hem dem, läste dem och smugglade sedan tillbaka tidskrifterna och lade dem, där jag tagit dem. Det var lika spännande att ta dem som att lägga tillbaka dem.

Vi talade film. Bradbury ond-gjorde sig över tidskrifter av typen Time och New Yorker, som hade en världslos inställning till film och skrev med en blandning av alltför sträng kritik och en förödande lust att göra sig kvicka.

— Jag älskar filmer, även dånga, sae nan, jag iar mig mera från en dålig film än från en bra. De fulländade filmerna är så lägmålta, att man måste se om dem flera gånger, innan man får ut allting från dem. En dålig film däremot har en lättfattlig öppenhet, dess misslyckande är lättare att minnas i alla dess detaljer, och därav lär jag mig personligen mera än från en bra film.

Vi begrundade science fiction-filmerna: Bradbury skulle vilja vara med att skriva några verkligt avancerade sådana, men han hade få chanser. Däremot hade han fått arbeta på manuskriptet till "Moby Dick". Slutligen hade han ett älskingsmanus, byggt på novellen "The rock cried out", som han bl. a. erbjudit till Ingrid Bergman. I filmen och novellen beskrivs ett amerikanskt äkta par på turistresa i Sydamerika, när Ryssland och USA drabbar samman med alla tillgängliga atomvapen. Två världsdelar utplånas, och de två amerikanerna på turistresa är plötsligt medlemmar av en jagad och utfattigt folkstam. De måste ta tjänarsysslor för att överleva — dvs. när det hela slutar är man inte klar över om de verkligen skall överleva.

Ingrid Bergmans svar kom inte. En dag när Bradbury vandrade fram längs en gata i Rom och råkade titta in i en restaurant, fick han se Ingrid Bergman vid ett bord. Han tog mod till sig, gick in och hockade artigt:

— Jag tror, att Carol Reed sände mitt filmmanus till Er nyligen sade han.

Forts från 11:e sidan

Black" with horror and sf stories/. There's always something easy to translate with Bradbury, which fits between two other authors, who in themselves wouldn't fit together. 'He has a catchy rhythm, a stormy greatness, an effective style sometimes including parody...Bradbury is a master of the deviant twists and gradual shifts of the scene...It is as if Bradbury tries to merge two American traditions, the one from Poe and the one from Mark Twain,' Artur Lundkvist writes in a collection of American author portraits. The author colony of Los Angeles from the 1930's and early 1940's will befuddle future researchers. In reality they wouldn't be allowed into literary history - they had too much fun in their time. /He probably refers to that most were pulp writers, beside some writing movie scripts./ Ray Bradbury is typical. He was born in August 1920 with parents from Waukegan, Illinois, but the mother was born in Stockholm and came to the USA in 1890. /Sam J Lundwall once told me Ray B did "secret" visits to Sweden, to look up relatives. If local fandom had only known.../ Bradbury read Poe, Wilkie Collins, the Tarzan novels and comic books when he was young. (He loved travelling tivolis, circuses and saloon magicians.) He began to acquire more advanced reading when he was 16 years old, but couldn't forget his first books, so when he in the late 1930's began his writing exercises Tarzan books, comics and Edgar Allan Poe was the mix from which strange ideas emerged. At first he intended to become an actor, but he re-saddled and got himself a typewriter that he hammered on for several years, between one and two thousand words per day. He met with groups of other authors in the same situation /no doubt through LASFS/, Kuttner, Asimov /on Nycon '39, which he attended/, Van Vogt. All of them wrote for the cheap magazines of those days, magazines printed on bad pulp paper. Some of the titles: Weird Tales, Amazing Stories, Astounding Science Fiction. These magazines paid very little, but the money was enough for food, manuscript paper and some coffee. Much of what these gentlemen produced will in the future regarded as highly as the production of Edgar Allan Poe, and their stories already leave peculiar traces. They for instance form the basis of the inspiration for Harry Martinson's Aniara. Bradbury soon became the most successful of all the competitors. He could leave the cheap magazines and place his work in the slick paper magazines like Harper's, Collier's and Esquire. The pay from them was enough for getting married and buying a house. Soon the film companies arrived with little tasks and Bradbury acquired a small but still bank account. I met him in the basement under the house at Cheviot Drive, the big room had earlier probably been heating central and coal cellar, but oil heating had freed the slaves and opened space for Bradbury. He had covered the walls with homemade unpainted shelves, and on the shelves he had books and magazines of the type that housewives always try to dust to death. In the ceiling were

fluorescent lamps and on the middle of the floor table with a dollhouse. The surface was covered with water colour and playdough. The Bradbury daughters would play here sometimes. By one of the windows he had the writing table and near it a handwritten sign: "What terrible accident has happened today?" "Tell me, has the plague passed?" Bradbury saw my gaze and explained: "I have put it there to give me inspiration when writing goes slow." I had collected Bradbury's short stories for a long time, and found that Bradbury in newer editions of his older short story collections has removed some horror stories, among them stories of a certain type where terrible things happen to small children. I directed the conversation there and Bradbury explained that most of the stories of that type were written before he married. He was now married and had small children of his own. And suddenly he found much in the horror arsenal repulsive. So he smuggled that part of his younger production away. We looked at his book shelves a while. A book about 'The Evil Eye' written by an eye expert. A series of books of the witch hunts. Classics in complete editions, not many leather-bound volumes, and a multitude of light, easy cheap editions. The library of a reading man. "When I was around 14 years old," Bradbury said, "I used to steal magazines from a drugstore near where we lived. I smuggled them home, read them and then smuggled the magazines back and put them where I had taken them. It was just as exciting to take them as to put them back. We spoke about movies. Bradbury was negative towards magazines like Time and New Yorker, that had a careless attitude to films and wrote with a mix of too strong criticism and an urge to be witty. "I love the movies, even bad movies," he said. "I learn more from a bad film than from a good one. The accomplished movies are so subtle that you must see them several times before you get everything out of them. A bad film on the other hand is open in an easy way, the failures of it are easier to remember in all details, and thus I personally learn more from a bad film than from a good." We pondered about the sf films: Bradbury would like to be writing some really advanced ones of that type, but he have had few opportunities. But he was to be involved in wiring the script to Moby Dick. He finally had a favourite script based on the story 'The Rock Cried Out' which he had offered to among others Ingrid Bergman. In the film and the short story we follow an American couple on a vacation trip to South America when the US and Russia clash with all available nuclear weapons. Two continents are obliterated and the Americans are suddenly members of a hunted and poor tribe. They must take up employment as servants to survive - when it all ends you can't be sure of if they really will survive. Ingrid Bergman's answer never arrived. One day when Bradbury walked along the street in Rome he happened to look into a restaurant, and he saw Ingrid Bergman at a table. He collected his courage and went in and politely bowed: "I believe Carol Reed sent you a movie script recently," he said. "That's right, but unfortunately I can't fathom it," Ingrid Bergman said, "because I don't like sf and such, it's one of my blind spots." Bradbury answered: "I thank you for your frankness, it saves me a lot of trouble. May I add that I have always been one of your great admirers," he finished, bowed and left. And so we lost a Bradbury film with Ingrid Bergman. Soon Bradbury was on his way home from Rome with the daughters Susan and Ramone and wife Marguerite, coming to the cleaned-up basement, where he with prolific writing has become the monster maker number one of modern literature. But the monsters have been fewer lately, and Bradbury has instead dealt more with the town of his childhood, where there was a deep ravine between the houses. The children could play as Tarzan down there between the bushes and boulders. Just one step from the well-dressed town and you where in a wild adventure, and it has become one of the leading motifs in the imagination of Bradbury. May I finish by translating a few lines from Bradbury's /here bounce-back translated.../ most known book with childhood memories. The book is titled Dandelion Wine; "It was this mystery which captivated Douglas, the mystery where people took from the land, the land took back, year after year. He knew that the town almost never won. You lived in a sort of quiet danger, armoured with lawnmowers, insecticides, hedge cutters. You cruised along as long as civilisation permitted it. But every house was ready to drown in the green river water and be hidden there forever, when the last human stopped being around and his trowel and lawnmower were destroyed in flags of rust. The town, the wilderness, the house, the ravine. Douglas saw it all. Back and forth. But how to find a meaning, a context here...!" And down in his cellar the monster maker hunts for the modest context of his childhood. I tried to tell him that I missed the monsters, but we were hardly in communication on that. Artur Lundkvist expressed that in this way: "With Dandelion Wine Ray Bradbury completes his descent to real literature. Something he he

— Det stämmer det, men jag kan tyvärr inte med det, sade Ingrid Bergman, för jag tycker inte om science-fiction och sådant, det är en av mina vita fläckar.

Bradbury svarade: — Jag tackar Er för Er uppriktighet, det besparar mig en massa bekymmer och besvär. Får jag tillägga, att jag alltid varit en av Era beundrare, avslutade han, bockade och gick.

Därmed gick vi miste om en Bradbury-film med Ingrid Bergman.

Snart var Ray Bradbury på väg hem från Rom medförande döttrarna Susan och Ramone samt hustrun Marguerite, hem till evighetsstolen i Californien och hem till den städa källaren, där han flitigt skrivande blivit den moderna litteraturens monsternummer ett. Fast på sista tiden har det blivit glest mellan monstren, och i stället ägnade Bradbury sig mera åt sin barndoms stad, där det fanns en djup ravin mellan husen. Nere i ravinen kunde barnen leka Tarzan mellan buskträd och stenbumlingar. Ett steg från den tuktade staden var man ute i det vilda äventyret, och det blev ett av ledmotiven i Ray Bradburys fantasiliv.

Får jag avsluta med att citera några rader översatt Bradbury, från hans mest kända bok med barndomsminnen. Boken heter: "Maskrosvin" Dandelion Wine, på svenska "Blommande vin": "Det var detta mysterium, som fångslade Douglas, detta mysterium där människan tog från landet, landet tog tillbaka, år efter år. Han visste, att staden knappast någonsin vann. Man levde i en slags stilla fara, rustad till tänderna med gräsklippare, insektsmedel, häcksaxar. Man kryssade fram så länge civilisationen tillät. Men varje hus var redo att drunkna i det gröna flodvattnet och där döljas för evigt, när den sista människan upphörde att verka och hans murslevor och gräsklippare förintas i flagor av rost.

Staden, vildmarken, huset, ravinen. Douglas såg allt från det ena till det andra. Fram och tillbaka. Men hur skulle man få en mening ett sammanhang här...!"

Och nere i sin källare jagar monsternummers sin barndoms blida sammanhang. Jag försökte tala om för honom, att jag saknade monstren, men vi fick knappast någon kontakt på den punkten. Artur Lundkvist uttryckte samma sak på det här viset:

"Med Blommande vin har Bradbury fullbordat sitt nedstigande till den riktiga litteraturen. Något som han för övrigt både förlorat och vunnit på..."

daydreams, the ice-cold winner in a thousand dangerous situations. The merging of these incongruent personalities isn't as unreasonable as it may seem at first; Einstein is the brain, Superman the hand. Together they are a new combination, well-suited to challenge the natural forces. No tragic myths of downfall are created in the optimistic American tales, since even if Earth, the third planet, is left desolate because of the brute madness of the inhabitants there is always a possibility for a handful of wise, strong people to escape to their stars in a comfortable spaceship. Or there are non-terrestrial worlds, where creatures live in harmony, like Voltaire's inhabitants of Sirius, Micromegas, and they visit Earth to study it and philosophise over that its wit goes against everything. /Among the stories/ Clive Cartmill's "Deadline" which gave those involved a shock when it came in March 1944 in the American magazine Astounding SF, since it contain, missing just one detail, a correct description of the Atomic Bomb such as it more than one year later would explode over Hiroshima. Errors certainly intentionally put there was regarding the amount of uranium which didn't have the minimum size necessary for a chain-reaction to start its all-destructive avalanche. - But it was acted with usual American speed. A few hours after the short story magazine had begun to be sold in the newsstands, it was seized by the police and the publisher, Mr Campbell, had a visit from a couple of agents of America's "Military Intelligence" who with a sinister gleam in their eyes asked: "Who has told it?" But they were soon convinced of the innocence of of both Mr Campbell and the author and the seized magazines were released wisely enough as fast as it had taken place. That this literary vision of the future was so close to reality didn't come from treason or loose lips. The reason was that enough technical and theoretical facts for the construction of an atomic bomb were available to anyone in the scientific papers published before 1940, when the curtain for the time being fell for atomic research. Everything thus needed was a writer somewhat knowledgeable in the principles of nuclear physics. /Sf authors tend to know technology and science. Kallocaian and 1984 also mentioned. Then/ "Killdozer" by Theodore Sturgeon, is about an originally sound bulldozer that during operation frees evil electrons, a remaining memory from earlier geological eras. These small, evil devils soon intrude into the machine, kill the driver, and then begin to flatten the other workers to pancakes. It's not entirely a success for them, but on the little isolated island where the work is happening a nameless horror spreads. It isn't broken until the knight-engineer mounts his war-stallion, a super tractor, which on wide tracks rolls out to meet the alien monster. / becomes a memorable duel, like S:t George fighting the dragon, or if anyone hasn't seen that fight in their childhood, in class with a fight for the heavy-weight world championship in boxing, as seen from ringside. All is portrayed with superior technical expertise and in a frenetic style, and you understand it better when you learn that Sturgeon is an engineer who during the entire latest war was occupied with digging out airfields on the islands of the Pacific. The story is also symbolic: it emphasise in an eerie way the lack of feelings in machines, being enemies to all human values. /The writing style discussed. More stories:/ Mr Theodore Clews is a kind and timid man, oppressed by his wife and the people at the office. He is also turning deaf. He seeks out an ear specialist, who is obsessed by a bizarre, scientific humour. He replaces Mr Clew's unusable inner ear with an incredibly sensitive hearing apparatus of a certain species of bats and then disappears on a scientific expedition in the Amazons jungles (probably to collect bats). The poor Mr Clews has in the beginning difficult to find his place in his new world of sounds. The autumn leaves begin to fall he is affected by an irresistible urge to sleep. He goes to a cupboard in his home and hibernates there through the winter hanging upside down from his knees. This modest living ends in the spring, when a strange career begins or Mr Clews, ending with that he becomes a boxing champion, winning the lightweight title blindfolded. The very fat Henry Lanson at the Columbia University has without going into details manipulated atoms and constructed a dimensionless screen which can't be penetrated by any energy form. He is the only one knowing its scientific theory. General Darius Thompson, US Army Air Corps, of course becomes interested in this unsurpassed bomb protection and after some initial shooting exercises an experiment on big scale is ordered. All of Manhattan is covered by a dimensionless cheese cover and the bomber fleet of the general is ready. Lanson is then crushed by his own machine through an accident. The inhabitants of Manhattan are cut off from the world and in horrible scenes they die from hunger and lack of oxygen. Not until 62 years later when the research of Lanson is repeated can the cover be lifted. - On unexplored highland of Pern there is a being that lives an unusually bright life in four dimensions...explorer Barch Patterson manages after some mathematical magic catch the four-dimensional being in a three-dimensional trap and brings it home for the scientists to study. The adventure ends badly since the animal escapes and brings Patterson along to the fourth dimension. No one has since heard from this intrepid explorer again.- The spaceship must, so the grand children of the travellers won't grow beards before reaching the destination, defy Einstein himself and go in several times the speed of light. It is done with magic in several dimension, they easily direct the rocket from eg the 6th to the 8th dimension. As we see in the latest examples, the borders of today's physics are broken from the start... By this there is a psychological foundation for reviving in a grand scale the mysterious-heroic epics from the childhood of humankind...versions of Hercules' deeds done by Superman and his fellows...flying through space is the most popular theme for the sf authors, the saga tellers of the golden age of technology.



Tell us NASA, did we see a beanie fly ion Mars?

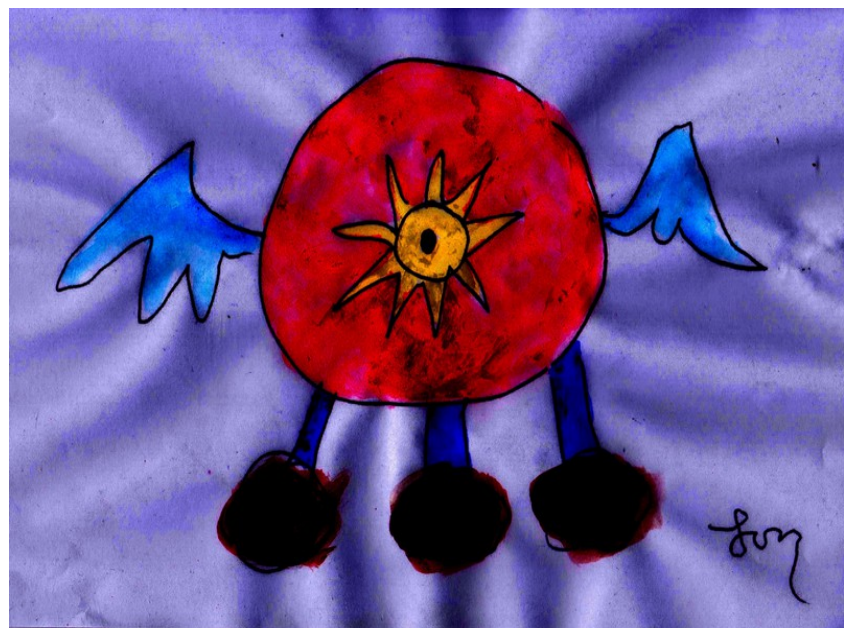
☐ "Luke Stjärndödaren"
 Nu är det emellertid slut på "Hollywood-olyckorna" och i stället satsar filmproducenter både i USA och England på framtidsvisioner av olika slag. George Lucas, regissören bakom orgien i 60-talsnostalgi, "Sista natten med gänget" håller på för fullt med att spela in "The Star Wars" (Stjärnkrigen) som har en budget på 50.000.000 kronor. Det här är berättelsen om framtidens "Rymdraggare". Hjälten heter Luke Starkiller och han upplever sällsamma äventyr i främmande solsystem. Luke spelas av nykomlingen Mark Hamill och i en annan stor roll ses sir Alec Guinness. Undras om filmen kommer att döpas till "Sista natten med rymdgänget" på svenska?

Tord Hall (1901-1987, who I met in the legendary clubhouse basement of SFSF and heard lectures by on my earliest cons) would continue to cover the sf genre in newspaper articles long into the 1980's.

Finally, an interesting clip Henry Grynsten sent me, which may reveal that Luke originally was to be named... Everyone are welcome to send me interesting stuff, BTW! Exact day unknown, but it was June 1976 and probably the first mention of this coming film in Swedish press. I suspect the unsigned piece was by fan Hans Sidén, who was the film expert of the paper it's from, Göteborgs-Posten, headline "Luke Starkiller":

Now it's the end of Hollywood disasters and film producers in both USA and England instead go for future visions of all kinds. George Lucas, the director of the 60's nostalgic orgie 'American Graffiti' is now busy shooting 'The Star Wars' with a budget of 50 000 000 crowns. It is a story of the spaceship rednecks of the future. The hero is Luke Starkiller and he has strange adventures in alien solar systems. Luke is played by the beginner Mark Hamill and in another big part we see Sir Alec Guinness. Wonder if the film will be titled Galactic Graffiti in Sweden?

ONE eye. TWO wings. THREE legs. A FOUR-dimensional being, perhaps! See the ripples in space-time spreading. (Idea from artist Lars "LON" Olsson.)



*It's great for in-
 FLU
 -encers right now!*

Mailing Comments

No comments to N'APA, as a bimonthly there's now new mailing. Only EAPA. As you notice, few contributions, so I want you all to really consider joining! It's easy to make a short PDF with some hopefully interesting stuff. EAPA needs new blood. Remember that Robert Heinlein wanted all fens to be blood donors...

Garth Spencer: Congrats for getting Corflu! As for April Fool's Jokes we had an especially racy one over here from a very unexpected source. April 1st we had an ad (below) from cross-country skiing star Charlotte Kalla, voted Sweden's most popular sports star, with 22 int'l medals - most ever among Swedish skiers - promoting lubricated condoms. Naughty girl! Interesting list of Mad Science forums. Could be useful when fandom decides we too need the Bomb. When it comes to sports, I only follow it on a limited basis. It's basically only cross-country skiing, and the Swedish national teams in icehockey and football (soccer). I don't follow clubs, and for the Olympics I only follow the skiers. (Well, in the next! I'll probably follow speed skating with Nils van der Poel and pole vaulting with Mondo Duplantis, since both seems to be very cool guys!) Sf and fandom comes first. But the thing is I come from a sporting family. My too early deceased father ran the Vasa ski race. My brother Johan was a successful runner in the national team, and so is my nephew Elmar, both on medium distances. Every summer there's the track & fields Finn Challenge ("Finnkampen") where Johan and Elmar both have raced for Sweden. So I haven't been able to avoid all sports. Sorry.

THERE IS NO GHOD BUT ROSCOE, AND ART RAPP IS HIS PROPHET!

Nu blir det åka av!



"För mig är det viktigt med bra glid för en säker målgång."

- Charlotte Kalla



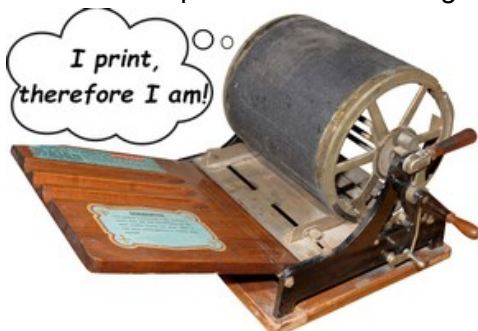
April Fool's for "Wax by Kalla... Now it'll be a top race!" with ski star Charlotte Kalla: "For me it's important with a good glide for a safe finish" as if talking ski wax. "Fits both classic and free style."

Henry Grynsten: A very interesting issue of *Wild Ideas*, about alien life, intelligence and all that! I have actually read that Stephen Webb book. It was among required reading when I took a course on exobiology at Stockholm university. (I have taken a number of courses relating to astronomy, just to become oriented in space stuff.) The Fermi Paradox - "Where is everybody?" - is indeed baffling. There are a couple of cases of very short, strange signals being picked up by radio telescopes, though probably natural in origin since they don't show any obvious signs of being artificial. My own idea about the Fermi paradox is that it seems that *life must be much rarer in the universe* than many thinks. I still think it exists, but it may be very rare. Humanity could very well be the only civilisation in the Milky Way. One thing I learned from the exobiology course is that not only is there a "goldilocks" zone around stars (where the temperature is suitable for life), but there is also one for every galaxy, a galactic ring zone around the centre. Black holes and high activity makes areas around galaxy cores ridden with dangerous radiation that may kill off life, and the outer parts of galaxies have too little "metals" for life to have the necessary elements to form. There's almost only hydrogen and helium there. (Astronomers call all elements above H and He "metals".) Heavier elements comes from exploding stars but they haven't had time to migrate too far outwards. Double goldilocks zones makes life less likely. But there is more! It's possible that advanced life needs a planet to have a moon of a size similar to our Moon, since constant tidal shifts imay be necessary for life to evolve. It gives molecules and primitive cells the possibility to migrate between oceans and land. And even more! It may also be possible that a solar system to harbour life also needs to have outer planets like Jupiter and Saturn, since those with their big gravity sweeps the orbits and protect against meteorites and comets that may hit Earth. A planet that every million year is hit by a dinosaur killer may be difficult for life. So, double goldilock zones, the need for a big Moon and a Jupiter, and to that the right mix of elements and water, and the right kind of star, plus a little but of luck - life may be very rare! Anyway, this is a reason why exploring Mars is important. If we find traces of life there, existing or fossilised, we may lower the odds. If we don't find it, odds increase. About your discussion on intelligence: I believe consciousness is an effect of very strong processing power and huge complexity. It may be like human's neural networks (mimicked in machine learning) but we can't rule out other designs. The important thing is for it to be very powerful and complex. I don't think there is anything divine, magical or supernatural with consciousness. We could thus in the future build conscious computers and robots. Read Asimov! Also, it's possible that we in the future will be tempted to use genetic technology - which we already are beginning to master! - to improve our own intelligence, for good or bad. That will be the downfall of gangs like Mensa...

William McCabe: As for the vaccine side-effects I saw an article noting that eg the Astra-Zeneca vaccine is calculated to give one blood clot for every 100 000 patients. This just means that the benefit of the vaccine by far outweighs risks! If you take 100 000 people randomly you'll most likely find far more than one blood clot every 14 day period, so if anything the A-Z vaccine may *reduce* blood clots... In statistics, this is called a "signal smaller than the noise". Your computer back then was probably an IBM PC clone, which dominated the business market (and still does). App is short for application, but the term "app" became popular with the Apple iPhone (I follow trends of computer lingo!) so I think it is from Apple. From what I know the SF Bookstore in Sweden usually doesn't interact with publishers but with book distributors, which are different (they may occasionally deal directly with publishers). Automatic updates for Windows have been here a long time, but updates *you can't turn off* came with W10. And I and many others hate it...



My nephew Elmar (left, No 6) in the yearly athletics games against Finland.



Fandom would be saved if mimeographs developed Artificial Intelligence!

--AE

... Letters of Comment on N'APA 51

Intermission #105- You are lucky that Sweden has had so few deaths. Lots of interesting fannish history. We Americans mostly know our own fandom and a bit of British fandom and that's about it. So it is interesting to see what other cultures thought about travel to the moon.

Synergy March 2021 - Great art! If the 20th century was the Age of Reason, is the 21st the Age of Unreason? On hobbies I disagree with you; writing and correspondence count as hobbies. A hobby is anything done for pleasure without the goal of making money. So gardening is a hobby for some although it is similar to farming which is a job. Similarly, writing is a hobby if you give it away (such as fanfic writers or zines) even though some writers make a living at it. "Passers By" would be better if characters had names and did things, rather than have everything described. This is telling not showing.

Archive Midwinter - What is the novel with five lands and five political systems? It sounds interesting.

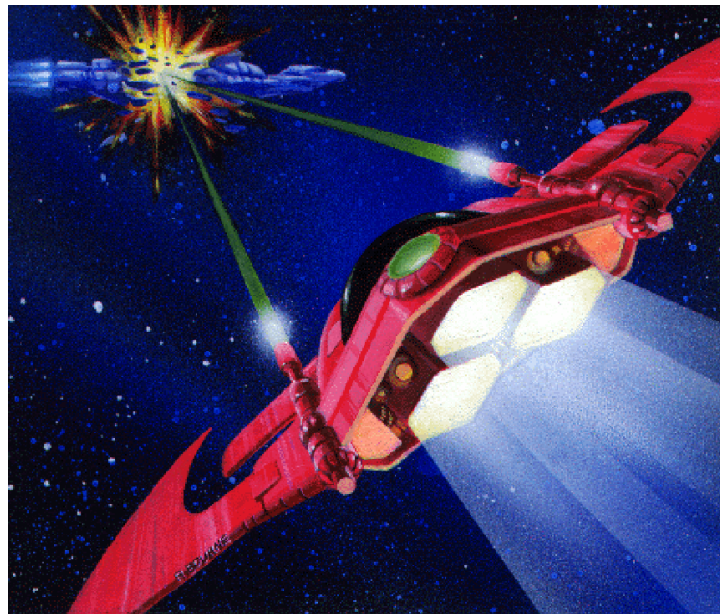
Intermission #106 - In America most things have been closed and people have been working from home when possible for over year now. It sounds like Sweden is trying a different strategy. I hope it works for you but it seems to me that it would result in many more deaths in the long run. I agree that many things were easier in the old DOS days but a graphic interface like Windows makes it much easier to do layout. I had not heard of Eugen Semitjov, but he sounds fascinating.

Master Mage - It is sad that efforts to promote N3F got caught up in the U.S. political divisions and the Baen's Bar incident. I like the idea of a N3F convention in cyberspace. One of the few good things that happened in the pandemic years was how so many conventions were able to happen online. We could continue that tradition after other cons have returned to being in person. I like your courtroom scene. It paints a picture of a different type of legal system than the American.

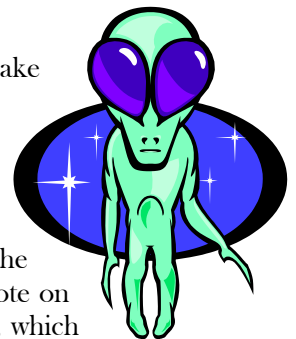
Good Life 17 - I doubt the existence of a normal majority. I think everyone has bit that make them unique or different from most.

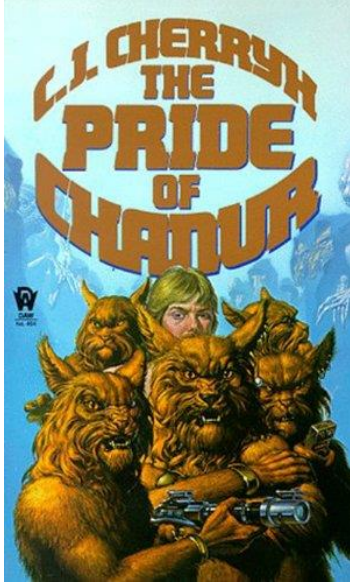
...Author Spotlight: C.J. Cherryh

C.J. Cherryh is a pen name for Carolyn Janice Cherry. She is another example of a female SF writer using initials to disguise her sex, far more common among writers who started in the 1960s and 70s than today. She is a former high school Classics and Latin teacher who wrote on the side. In 1976, when she was 33, DAW books published her first novel *Gate of Ivrel*, which became the first of four featuring Morgaine, an agent of the Union Science Bureau with a mission of closing ancient time-space gates, sometimes to primitive planets where her appearance and abilities leads the inhabitants to believe her a magical being. So while the background was science fictional, the novels have the feel of fantasy (like Anne McCaffery's Pern or Marion Zimmer Bradley's Darkover).



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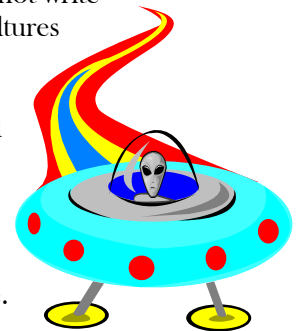
Cherryh is best known for her Alliance-Union series, an elaborate future history with at least 27 books including her Hugo winning *Downbelow Station* (1981) and *Cyteen* (1988). Many of these books revolve around the conflict between Earth's Fleet and the Union of former Earth colonies and then between the Merchants' Alliance and the Union. The series has a number of sub-series including *The Company Wars* which include *Downbelow Station* and *Finity's End* (1997); the *Chanur* novels (1981-92) about the interactions of humans and several alien species, including the catlike Hani; the Morgaine novels described above; and others. Her Foreigner/First Contact novels (beginning with *Foreigner* in 1994) focus on the descendants of the crew of an Earth ship lost in space who settle on a planet already inhabited by the less technological advanced atevi, who have an instinctive loyalty to a strong leader but have no concept of love or like. Before the series opens, human lost a war to the atevi and now live on one island and share their technology. The books focus on Bren Cameron, diplomat/translator, who is the one human allowed to live among the atevi. These rather anthropological novels focus on a slow understanding of this alien culture with lots of politicking.

She also has written fantasy including *Fortress in the Eye of Time* and her Russian trilogy beginning with *Rusalka*.

At age 78 she is still writing. Her most recent book, *Divergence* (in the Foreigner series) appeared in September 2020 and *Resurgence* in January of 2020. C.J. Cherryh has three Hugos (one for short story Cassandra in 1979) and one Locus Award (*Cyteen* in 1988). She won the John W Campbell Award for Best New Writer in 1977 and was made a SFWA Grandmaster in 2016. But she rarely appears on award ballots these days (except the Locus Award).

Reading C.J. Cherryh takes more patience than reading many other sf writers. She does not write action novels with explosions every other page, but instead enjoys the slow buildup of cultures and elaborate backstories.

Note: I will be leading an online discussion of the works of C.J. Cherryh at Virtual Balticon on Memorial Day Monday May 31st at 1pm. I am also scheduled to discuss the Compton Crook Award for best first novel on Friday May 28th at 4pm, Seanan McGuire's books on Saturday May 29th at 2:30, and Hugo finalists on Sunday May 30th at 2:30. The Virtual convention is free although registration is required (and contributions are welcome). You don't have to have read all these books to participate. Visit www.balticon.org.



...Openings that Render the Rest of the Story Unnecessary

Contrary to the claims of my enemies, it was not until I was nine that I first came up with a foolproof plan to destroy the universe.

Even though Huwuvi freely admitted that his alien race was here to conquer the Earth and use its people as food, for some odd reason humanity did not fully trust him.

"I'm terribly sorry," said the farmer's apprentice. "Even though you've shown I am the secret son of the king and have sky-high magical potential, trying to overthrow the usurper and save the kingdom sounds rather dangerous. I'm staying right here on the farm where it is safe."

After the fifth time the crew of U.S.S. Explorer barely escaped death from aliens, traitors, monsters, space anomalies, and killer colonists, Captain Qword concluded that either he was the subject of a poorly written TV show or he had a suicidal reality warper on board.

Humans found the destruction of Earth and the relocation of the remnants of humanity to be slaves on the planet Xeifgo somewhat upsetting; but the actual rebellion did not start until the aliens insulted our music.

After the wizard Goldof had studied long, mastered the wisdom of five different elder races, and helped heroes defeat seven different Evil Tyrants, he was at last ready for the ultimate test of magical ability - pulling a rabbit out of a hat.

Although rival countries spent millions of dollars and dozens of spies trying to infiltrate Project Top Secret, they were totally unaware that the real work was done, completely unnoticed, in what the military labeled Project Decoy.

“Thank you for inviting me to join your magic school,” said the newly discovered wizard. “But if it won’t help me get into Oxford or prepare me to earn a living as anything other than broom rider or dark wizard chaser, I’ll go to Eton instead.”

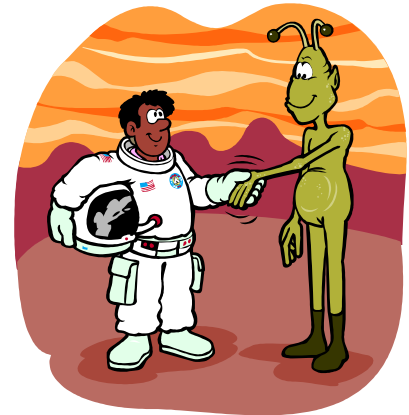


...Diversity in Science Fiction

This year, for the second year in a row, all of the Hugo finalists for best novel were written by women. No one is calling for a revival of the Sad Puppies just yet, but this is raising a few eyebrows. People are asking if the Secret Masters of Fandom are nominating based on gender, not quality. How can it be that all the best books were written by women? However, I doubt that many of them questioned it when the ballots were all full with male writers.

Science fiction and fantasy readers frequently claim they like these genres because it allows the author great imaginative scope; authors create entire universes and worlds with different physical and magical laws. Yet at the same time, readers gravitate to series and works that are rather similar with stock settings like medieval England (except with women soldiers allowed) and the space empire. I’ve lost count of the number of variations I have read on the rightful king regains throne, Earthlings are superior to aliens, and formerly disgraced soldier/brand new ensign winds up saving the day.

But diverse writers have the potential to truly innovate, to create societies based on non-European cultures and to use their own experiences as people who have had to struggle more than have most white males. Most non-Western cultures are more different from the normal experience of American whites than are many so-called alien cultures in fiction. Even though white women grow up in the same culture as white males, they experience it from different vantage points, and so write about power and control in different ways. More diverse writers mean more unique and different books.

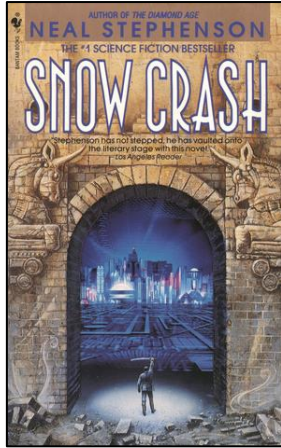


In addition, more diverse writers can bring in more diverse readers. This is important because the non-Hispanic white males who dominated SF in previous generations are a shrinking percentage of the

population. For science fiction and fantasy to remain relevant, the genres must attract a more diverse reading base or the number of professionally published books will shrink along with the audience.

...Short Reviews of Favorite Books

I read a lot of books, but every once in a while I return to an old favorite. Here are some of my most loved books.



Neal Stephenson's *Snow Crash* is superb. It starts with cyberpunk and virtual reality, adds a very developed background world, an exciting plot, and even characters that are not quite cardboard (I'll admit the characters are the weakest part of his writing.) The main character, called Hiro Protagonist just so the reader isn't confused for a second as to who the book is about, loses his job delivering pizza for the Godfather literally in the first chapter, which must be the most exciting pizza delivery in print. Fortunately the pizza is actually delivered, by a skateboarding Kourier named YT (for Yours' Truly) and the two form a partnership to discover some of the weird happenings.

One of these is a mysterious drug, Snow Crash, that affects people even in the virtual reality world for which Hiro programmed the sword fighting routines. Another is the mysterious motorcycle rider / killer called Raven who is protected by the police for a very rational reason. And then there is the Godfather's special interest in YT, a link back to the tower of Babel, Babylonian mythology, the notion of religion as a virus spread by temple prostitutes and the possibility that humans themselves can be programmed biologically.

Equally fascinating is the background world. The United States is essentially dead, defeated by the libertarians who have allowed different regions to be virtually independent from each other. So there are lots of borders and separate jurisdictions for police and even the courts. Similarly, the virtually reality world is not an anything goes place but has rigid rules and limitations.

The language is loose and colloquial; not quite Hemingway but close in spirit. The entire book is written in the present tense:

“Well, since you put it that way,’ YT says, and grabs the mask. It's a big rubber-and-canvas number that covers her whole head and neck. Feels heavy and awkward at first, but whoever designed it had the right idea, all the weight rests in the right places. There's also a pair of heavy gloves that she hauls on. They are way too big. Like the people at the glove factory never dreamed that an actual female could wear gloves.”

Critics have charged that Stephenson has problems ending his novel. However, while the ending section is not quite as good as the preceding 400 pages, it ties up everything and ends with a bang. I did find the sections with the electronic librarian summarizing Sumerian/Babylonian culture to be wearing and wish the author had not summarized his research so blatantly. Still, this is a small quibble in an excellent book. This is one you will re-read and discover more in it.



Replay by Ken Grimwood is a very intriguing twist on the time travel story. The central character dies in the opening sentence and then finds himself back in college, as a young man with all his memories of his older self, but no idea where this younger self left his car. He does the sort of thing a SF reader expects a time traveler to do, try to prevent the assassination of JFK, place bets at sporting events, buy stock in the right companies to become a multi-millionaire. But the woman he loves, his wife in his past life, refuses to have anything to do with him and he ends up marrying unhappily. Then, at exactly the same age as before, he dies again and wakes up back in college. He is literally a replayer and nothing he does can have any meaning since, come October 1988 he dies again and reverts back to square one.

The author manages to vary these lives considerably, and shows Jeff's anger at the meaninglessness of it all. Then, midway through the book, after several of these repeating lifetimes, he sees a blockbuster movie which he had never even heard existed, because it hadn't. There is another replayer, a woman, who also can remember these repeating existences, allowing a continuing relationship. There is also a new threat, the two realize that they don't go back to the exact same day. When they die and restart their life each time, they restart their life a little closer to the day they die. The remainder of the book is their efforts to find other replayers, to find a cause/cure for their repeating, and to find a way of ending their slow loops towards a final death.

There are several philosophical points that are brought up as to what happens with these worlds the replayers have changed once they die and return back to their earlier lives, making new changes in the world. There is also the question as to the responsibility that comes from knowing about future disasters, serial killers etc.

The author does a successful job with the non-linear nature of the book's central idea and throws in enough surprises that the reader doesn't think he is reading the same story over and over. There is a slight flaw, at one point it appears that Jeff cannot make major changes in history (the idea that history corrects itself) but in another life he radically alters the future of the world. There's also the unanswered question as to why this is happening, although the characters do meet someone with his own, unusual, theories.



Is this fantasy or science fiction? Either way I highly recommended this book to anyone who likes time-travel books and does not insist on strict plausibility and hard science fiction.

Tim Powers is known for his everything but the kitchen sink fantasies and *The Anubis Gates* is my favorite of his works. This book manages to combine Egyptian magic, 19th century poets (including a brainwashed Lord Byron), gypsies, clowns, thieves, a bodysnatcher, a fake Hindu whose other identity is still a disguise, a magician who has to be tied down to prevent him from flying off to the moon, and time travel. This is one of those books that goes nonstop and that, even after reading a few times, you still aren't sure you understand everything.

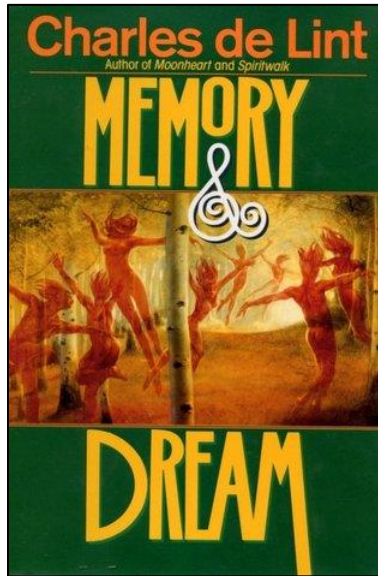
Brendan Doyle, an academic expert on the poets Samuel Coleridge and William Ashbless, is invited to participate in lecture by Coleridge, traveling by the means of mysterious gaps in time discovered by a millionaire with cancer. While in the 19th century he is attacked and left behind. He then discovers that none of his skills can help him buy food except by joining an alliance of beggars and thieves. Ashbless is missing and the clown who rules the beggars thinks Doyle knows magical secrets. Worse of all, someone is whistling old Beatles tunes, a hundred years before they are written. Doyle finds himself being chased by three different groups, he even finds out that he himself is not who he thought he was, at least, not anymore.



There's no way the reader can predict what will happen next in this novel, but the ride is always worth it. It is exciting, speculative, and enjoyable. This is a fun book that is nearly impossible to put down. Make some popcorn, clear your schedule, and just start reading. Highly recommended.

I like *Memory and Dream* so much that I bought the hardcover (admittedly remaindered) despite already owning the paperback. While some people think that *The Little Country* is de Lint's best novel, I

greatly prefer this one. (However, he excels at the short story and *Dreams Underfoot* is probably his best collection if you don't count the SFBC omnibus *Newford Stories* collection.) This book is quite different from *The Anubis Gates'* nonstop rollercoaster. There is less action and deeper characters. The story is as much about the heroine taking charge of her own life and confronting her past as it is about the magic and defeating the villain.



The artist heroine starts the book by receiving a letter from a long dead author friend and is then asked to illustrate her stories. For years, Isabelle Copley has only painted abstract art and has literally been afraid to use the techniques taught to her by the strange genius Vincent Rushkin, who could create art that could come alive literally. The story alternates between this present and her artistic training 20 year earlier. Rushkin is a strange ugly man, prone to fits of violence and very strange demands. But as they work together he seems to grow taller and stronger while her art becomes better and better. Then, as she reads a story her friend wrote, she recognizes its main character as a figure she had painted from imagination, but which her friend claims to have seen. Then she meets an Indian who could be the model for one of her early paintings, one of those that Rushkin says has a soul, except that the painting was finished before she even met the man.

The story of what is going on in this novel, and the resolution of the story started in the past through the events in the present is part of the fun of the novel. The other part is the quality of the characters. De Lint has a knack for making interesting street people, artists, writers, and others at the margin of society. If you read too much of his work at once, you begin to notice that he never almost writes about any other type of people, but in small doses this is not a problem. It is worth mentioning that *Memory and Dream* takes place in Newford, the imaginary city where many of de Lint's stories take place and so some of the minor characters who appear in this book, have their own stories in *Dreams Underfoot* and other collections. I find that this adds to fun, creating a bigger world than a single novel alone can do. It is not necessary to read any of these stories before reading *Memory and Dream*.

Note: All articles and opinions in *Samizdat* are those of the author, Samuel Lubell, and not any employer or client. Graphics from PrintMaster and Sci-Fi & Fantasy Clipart and are not used for profit.



Ye Murdered
Master Mage

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

In any event, two issues back I called for clever ideas for new things that the N3F could be doing. A newszine was one. Mindy Hunt's Convention Notes are a good step in that direction. A newszine would actually be the ninth or tenth N3F zine currently being published.

Then I urged that members reach out to whatever electronic social groups they are in, to find people who might be interested in joining us.

I still think these are good ideas.

NeffCon, the N3F Electronic Convention

I have discussed this idea already, and will now lay out what I see us doing: We advance to some internet social space. We would then have several groups. NefferCon would be a guide. NefferCon Dealer's Row would let dealers in stfnal products list their wares. NefferCon Fanzine Row would let Fanzine Editors exhibit and discuss their products. NefferCon Author's Row would let authors show off and discuss their books. These would all be moderated.

Jason and Mindy Hunt, who give us their wonderful site SciFi4Me.TV have discussed

doing panel videos – this is a bit outside my zone of competence.

However, I can't say I have made much progress with it yet. More volunteers would be good.

Comments on issue 251

Another truly fine cover from Jose Sanchez.

Intermission: Your history of Swedish SF is most interesting, though I can't read most of the newspaper clippings.

Professor Goddard was real. He lived in Worcester, MA, where I am now, and was at Clark University. Clark's real claim to fame other than Goddard is that Michaelson of the Michaelson-Morley experiments did his first speed of light measurements there. The more or less current administration is more impressed that Clark (which at the time was purely a graduate program) was the only American university at which Sigmund Freud deigned to give a lecture.

The actual American moon rocket had a detachable lander section, so most of the remaining pieces of the moon rocket stayed in orbit about the moon. That was a very late innovation in the design.

Once upon a time, Amazing magazine ran a science article about moon travel, and why it was impossible. The fellow writing the article did a competent design of a multistage rocket, ending up with something very much like a Saturn V, only about twice as large. Mindful that cryogenics was much less well developed, so taht the stages were powered by liquid oxygen and gasoline, and electronics were bulkier, this was a good estimate, especially when you remember that the large crew of people controlling each stage had to be *on board* their stage,

and somehow fly back to earth after their stage burned out. His key issue was stability. This ship was about the size of a period Navy heavy cruiser, and it had to be balanced on its tail while in flight. The control problems were viewed to be insoluble with period technology.

Continuing well forward in your zine, the Soviet notion that Huxley was the darkest of reactionaries is ... different.

Your proposal of a Sun Landing is not quite being put into effect, but NASA is working on a solar orbiter that will get quite close to the Sun. I'm not sure what the probe in question is called.

Gernsback's WRNY in New York in 1923 did the first TV broadcast. There was a technical limit. They could not broadcast picture and sound at the same time. There was actually a decent amount of pre-WW2 TV. The 1936 Olympics were televised in Germany. The 1939 New York World's Fair was open with a television address by President Roosevelt. A local radio firm, Atwater-Kent, also built televisions based on the flying spot method. Flying spot had one huge advantage over CRTs. You could very easily build huge TV screens for use in a television theater.

Synergy: As always, fine artwork. Interesting thoughts on progress and its nature. When N'APA was down to almost nothing, only the participants saw it, or so I am told. e-distribution of fanzines is a recent innovation for the N3F.

Passers By: The knives of war's handles are very pretty. An interesting tale in a deliberately slightly odd archival voice. Well done!

The rear cover was excellent, especially the Moon's reflection in the water.

Archive Midwinter: I agree with your praise of Jeffrey Redmond's style. It's a scene and the characters in it, what they do and perceive. After all, the real world may have plots, but it does not have plot.

Amazon paperbound inputs can be a bit annoying, but they do a fine job with printing and binding.

Intermission. Yes, if the computer system does what it is supposed to, leave it alone. A fine idea. The change must indeed be like moving from a DC-3 to a Boeing 747. (One can go farther back; I may be the only N'APA contributor to have seen a Ford Trimotor in commercial operation.)

Fine coverage of skiing. When I was much younger I did ice skating. I was never very good. I had snowshoes which in my life I used a few times. Very good aerobic exercise...very tiring.

Amusing note with time dilation. With better clocks, the effect has been measured on earth, mounting an atomic clock in a Boeing 747 that flew back and forth between New York and someplace in iirc Pakistan.

The Contents of a Good Life: Nice photographs. I hope you and your cat are well. Great poem at the end on getting gone.

Samizdat: Interesting ship image. Your thoughts on the newszine are most appreciated. There is current news, and there is news whose importance will not fade after a few days. A paper news zine must focus on the latter. Amusing prediction of Hugo nominees for novel.

Tony Weisskopf suspended the Baen forums, but they are back in operation.

Thanks for the short book reviews. I'm not sure I would want to read any of them after reading your reviews, but that's part of writing a good review: You communicate to people who would not like the books as well as the people who will like them.

Adara's Tale (continued)

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

Madame Chief Justice pointed at the rear of the Hall. She clearly knew someone back there. A brilliantly clear young adult voice, a beautiful soprano, someone I did not recognize, rang out. "As First Speaker of Barrister House, we would be honored to guest one of our most famous members, High Counsel Milano, this Honorable Court so permitting."

"So permitted. Are there other issues?" Madame Chief Justice asked. "In that case, Court and all attorneys will advance to my chambers for consultation on procedural issues. Master First Speaker, please come with us. All rise."

We rose. "Adara," Gramps said, "just wait here." Harold Fourbridge's Lictor escort marched him from the Hall, the Brothers of the Axe following. The one at the rear, who had to be their officer, tapped their Sergeant on the shoulder, made a hand gesture I do not know, and sent his men – or perhaps women; their plate mail hides that – on their way. The Hall was now deserted. The officer slipped off his helmet, turned in my direction, stopping a good ten feet away.

"Alan Alanson, a Captain General of the Order," he said. He was a very large man, with a gentle, quiet voice. When you are that large you do not have to shout to command someone's attention.

"Adara Triskittenion, Heir-Third of House Triskittenion," I responded.

"There are many questions I would like to ask, but may not, not until the trial is over," he said, "at which point I suspect the Order will owe you its thanks. However, the Violent House video appears to show you plastering the golem with ward-eaters, starting with six at a time. If it is not a House secret, how did you get off six at a time, and then another four so quickly?"

I blushed. "Brother Moore – my attorney – said I'm going to be interrogated on that at length on that, so I can answer. Um, it was actually six at a time, and then another six one at a time, except – and Gramps is going to have pointed words with me, eventually — two of the last six didn't bite. Sorry to disappoint you, but there's no house secret there. That was brute force."

"I'm trying to imagine doing that," he said. "It seems challenging. But if someone has a hundred of these constructs, I might be happier knowing how."

"I cheated," I said. "Gramps always taught me. In combat, if I'm not cheating, I'm not trying. And – Harold may have friends – maybe I'd better not say how, not until all this is over."

"Wisely said. You're joining one of the Army houses?" he asked. "Advancing to us or the Imperial Guard? Or perhaps the Army?"

“That was my old career path, inherit the House militia from Gramps. I chose not to follow it.” He gave me an odd look.

“Triskittenion is an Outremer Associate, not part of the Commonality.” He nodded. “We have friendly neighbors, but our unmen associates need a lot of attention. I mean, almost all of them are fine, almost all the time, but there are a lot of them, so almost every month something happens.”

“You’ve actually seen combat?” Alan asked. “My younger people haven’t.”

“Bunches of times,” I said. “Part of my training was being the spearhead. Usually the post-ops, all the things I did wrong, were much more vigorous.”

“But what can unmen do against real people?” Alan asked. “they lack the Fire of the Presence. They must see us to be gods.”

OK, I thought, I hear where he stands on that question. “We have House rules,” I answered, “designed to better our wealth and their wealth. Our trades are fair, never to wreck their systems. Our clients all think we are fellow people, from far away, who have a few secrets, just like they do. So we are very cautious in using the Presence when we intervene. They think we are master swordsmen, extremely clever craftsmen, and remarkably lucky, but not immortals. The plain-steel sword in my bedroom back at home was a gift, a beautiful ten-thousand-stroke waterfall pattern, but it’s just steel, handhammered into shape and sharpness. They make those swords one at a time, by hand. We can’t, and don’t ask how. Instead, we pay for those. A lot.”

“But if they profit by a transaction, that must reduce your gain. How can that work for you?” He looked puzzled.

“Our gain on the first transaction is reduced,” I answered. “Read Antoninas of Pergamon. But that transaction means we have a second, and a third, and a fourth... For some spices, we have been trading with the same city through the last several ice ages. Of course, our presence means that the city has lasted that long. Plagues, thanks to their gods, they think, do not transmit. Truly corrupt governors have heart failure. Barbarian hordes fall into disorder. The people in that city only see their good luck. However, it is centuries between interventions of this sort.”

“Antoninas? Don’t know him.” Alan Alanson shrugged. “I’m more worried about the golems, especially if these is more than one. Anthony Milano thinks there are a fair number of them, but he may have been fed a line, not understood what he was told, or simply be wrong. I’m just as happy if there was only one, the one you destroyed.”

I shrugged. “I’d probably better not say more, not that I have much to say.”

Adara to Lunch

“Adara, dear,” Grandpa Worrow asked, “have you been practicing double shielding the way I told you to?”

“Not the last couple of weeks, grandpa,” I answered. “I had some more important things I had to do first.” At this point the two fellows from Violent House started looking back-and-forth between me and Grandpa, their eyes bulging slightly.

“More important than what I told you to do?” Grandpa Worrow said. He didn’t quite sound annoyed, but he was clearly not happy with what I had just told him.

“Void nodes,” I answered. “I went sufficiently all-out against that stupid golem that I had real presence burns on my wrists from my regular nodes. The next day, I started having that scratchy sensation again, this time someplace else, so I had to get my new nodes up and stable. But I’m lucky. You taught me exactly how to do it, and let me do it myself, okay, with you watching, when I got my second node.”

“I think there’s some things your parents didn’t tell me,” Grandpa Worrow said. “You had presence burns? You are a very careful young lady. Exactly how far did you power up against the golem?”

“All the way,” I answered. “Just like you taught me. In a really serious fight, you pull all the limit stops and hope you survive. I did. If I hadn’t pulled them, I would have died. I don’t want to do that all the time, thank you,” I finished.

Jaws dropped on the two fellows from Violent House.