

INTERMISSION #108

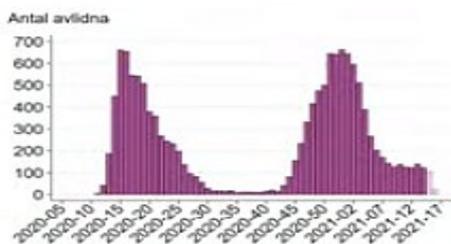
E-zine by Ahrvid Engholm, ahrvid@hotmail.com for EAPA and a few others fannishly smitten. Follow @SFJournalen's newstweets on Nordic sf/f/h&fandom. Skiffy news for six decades! We haven't had our second anti-typo shot yet, so watch out för tyPo5. For Mercer's Day April 31:

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!

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

Antal avlidna per vecka



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

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



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

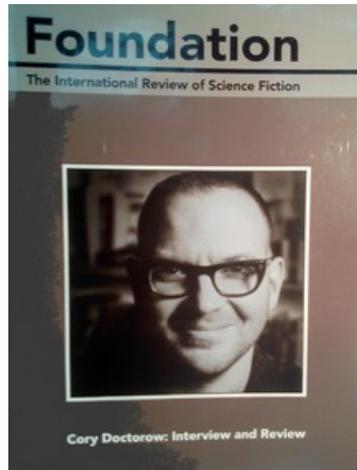
sports

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:

Visste Ni det?

Science fiction-författarna har naturligtvis för länge sedan spekulerat över möjligheten att en elektro hjärna en vacker dag inte bara börjar tänka utan också handla på egen hand, då naturligtvis de besynnerligaste saker kan inträffa. Vi lekmän däremot lever väl i allmänhet tryggt i medvetandet att en maskin förblir en maskin och att det inte kan komma mera ur den än man stoppar in. Men är det så alldeles säkert?

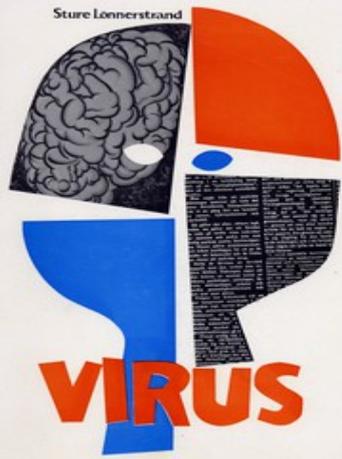
Nej, det är det inte, säger den kände matematikern dr Norbert Wiener, pionjär på detta område och grundare av cybernetiken, vetenskapen om kommunikationstekniken såväl hos djur som maskiner. "Det är min uppfattning att man kan överskrida en del av deras skapares begränsning". Först och främst kan de lära. När de hållit på och spelat "fia" i tjugofyra timmar börjar de klä sina läromästare. För det andra handlar de så snabbt att vår förmåga att kontrollera dem inte tas i bruk förrän vi upptäckt faran och då är tiden för länge sedan försuttet, säger Wiener, som erinrar om att han i sin bok om cybernetiken för tretton år sedan drog "den oroande historiska parallellen med den begåvade grekiske slaven-filosofen hos den

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 läs-drama

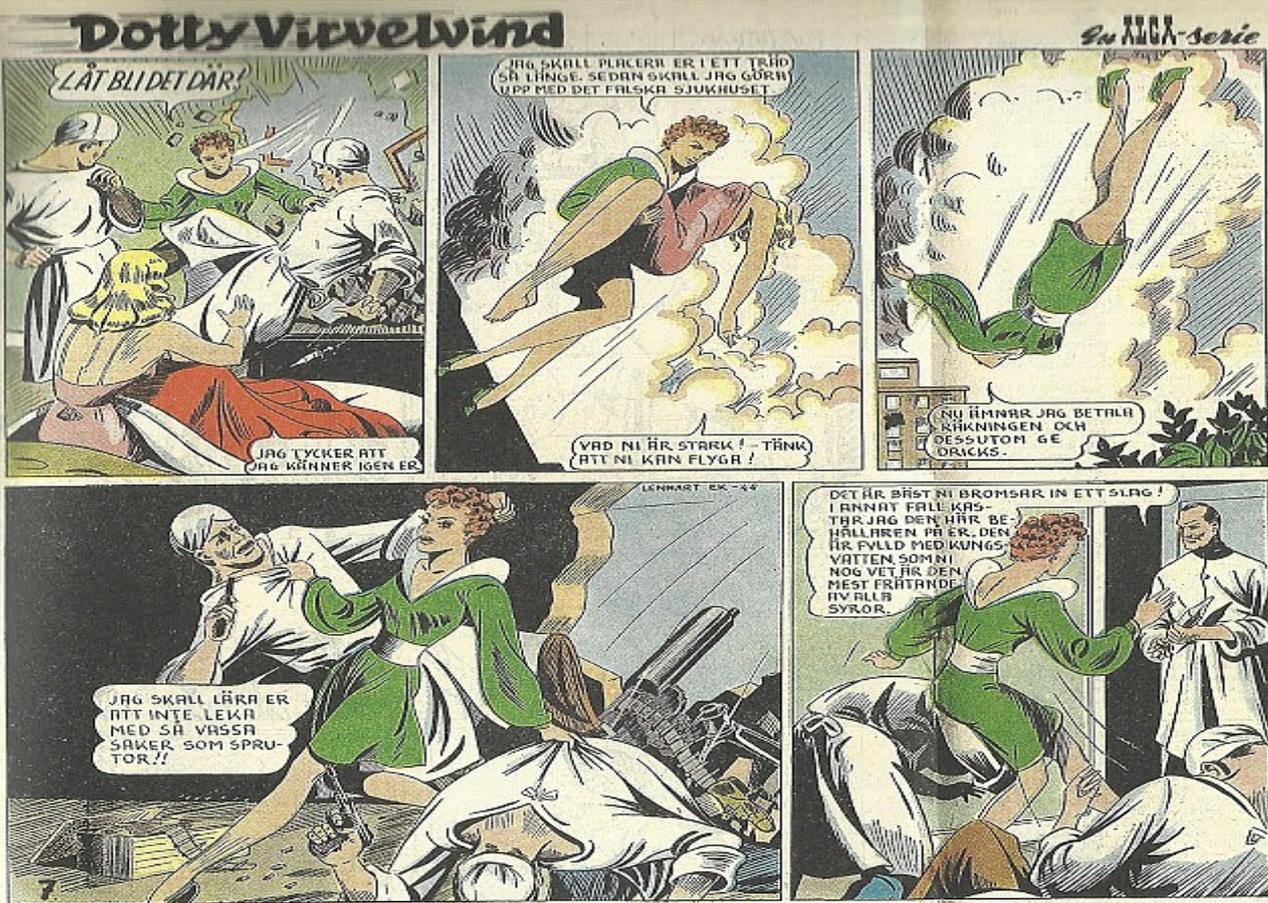
MED MYCKET nöje, det skall vittnas och bekännas, har recensenten läst ett opus, betitlat *Virus* (Förlaget Symb, 15.75) och försatt med varubeteckningen (psy)komedi. Något konstnärligt mycket av det säklynta i att någon gång få något i händerna som liknar ny svensk dramatik som också av saken i sig själv 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 äls inte originell. Men det är roligt när den bekräftar med så friskt humor och med inkapslande av så pass mycken uppfinningsrikedom och beaktlivserfarenhet.

Psychokomedin, eller dramatraumet, vad vi skall kalla det, handlar här som helst om en främmande studie-delegations 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 upplappare ting Thurber, Majakovskis "Vägglösen", 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 speckade med uppåppen satir, i varannan och var tredje replik? Omöjligt. Här Sture Lönnerstrand allvarigt avsett 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 svårattligt det är om vi citerar en bit ur tionde sången av "Staden Där i landet Där":

*Jag tog plats
i cylindermålad
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 brevbarären 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 två tusen 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 Aniaya.

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:

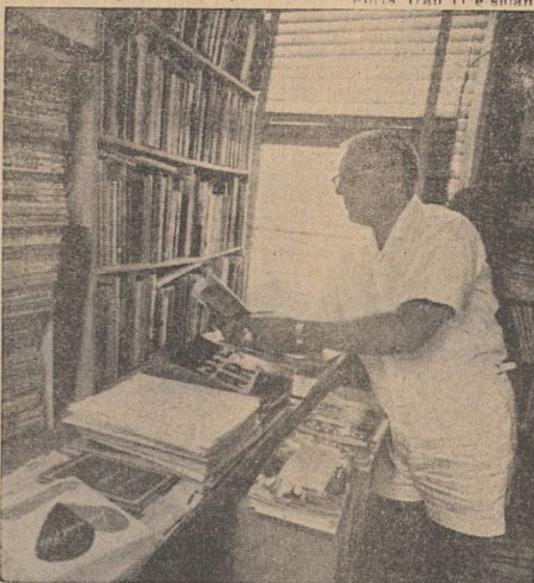
— Vilken fruktansvärd olycka har inträffat idag?

— 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 värdslös 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 lägmälta, 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 Aniaya. 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 Amazon's 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 for 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 Pattersson 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?

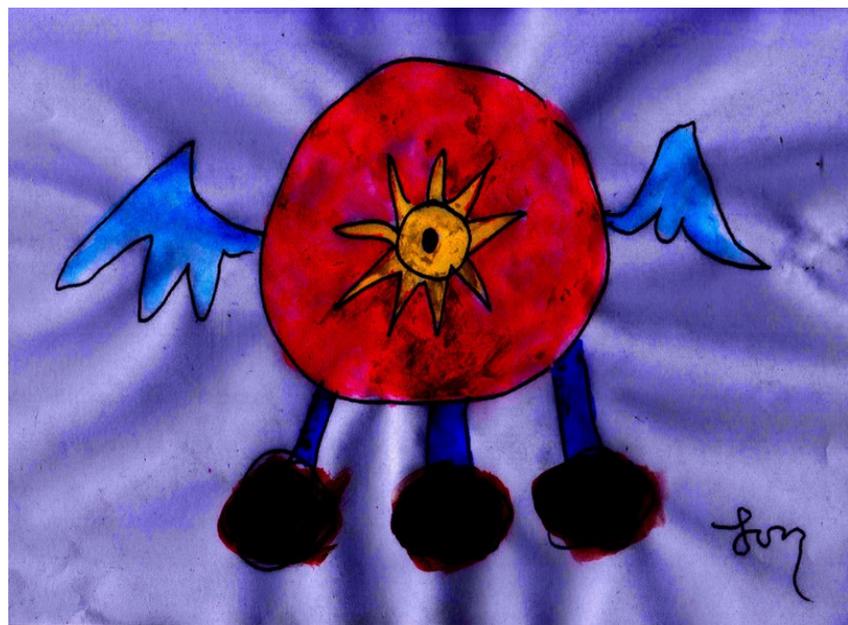
☐ "Luke Stjärndödaren"
 Nu är det emellertid slut på "Hollywood-olyckorna" och i stället satsar filmproducenter både i USA och England på framtidsvisioner av olika slag. George Lucas, regissören bakom orgien i 60-talsnostalgi, "Sista natten med gänget" håller på för fullt med att spela in "The Star Wars" (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...



Fandom would be saved if mimeographs developed Artificial Intelligence!

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.

--AE