

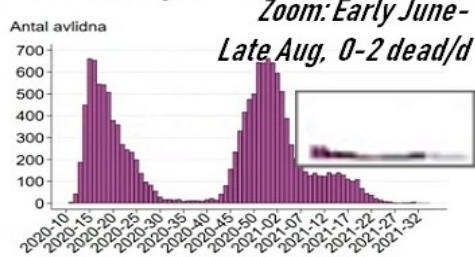
INTERMISSION #112

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

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

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

Antal avlidna per vecka



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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

--Ahrvid Engholm

Ah, Sweet Fandom History!

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

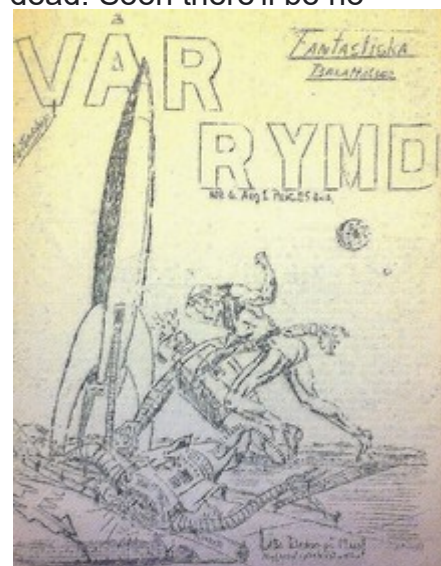
I'm also aware of that the fandom I have always known and cherished is dwindling down. One reason is new technology, with games replacing books, lots of new movies full of silly SFX, and superficial, chatty E-communication replacing printed fanzines and paper mail. Fanzines used to be the very backbone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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

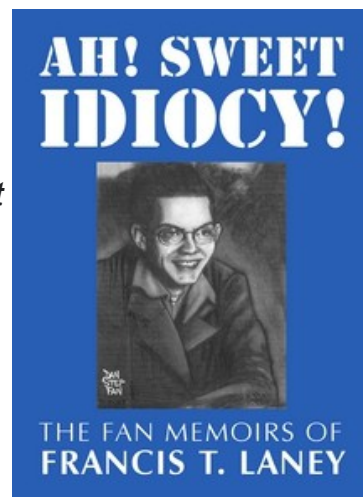
One of Rob Hansen's books struck a special chord with me, the war history *Homefront 1939-1945*.,

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



Francis "Fran" T Laney

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

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



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

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



think they only managed to get one in).

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

LASFS from the time of ASI, having a Halloween party.

While FTL seems to despise fandom deeply - he is still so fascinated by it that he can't live without it! Fandom is Laney's guiltiest of guilty pleasures.

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

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

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



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

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

Forry Ackerman in the 40's.

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fanzine & Fandom History Resources:

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

<https://efanzines.com/>



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

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

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

TAFF E-books (free collections of fanzine writing)

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

Ah! Sweet Idiocy!

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

Rob Hansen collections and fan history:

Then (Hansen's UK fan history)

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

https://fanac.org/Fan_Histories/Then/

Then Again (a UK fanhistory reader)

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

Faan Fiction

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

Homefront 1939-1945

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

Rob Hansens Fanstuff

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

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

https://archive.org/details/The_Immortal_Storm_A_History_of_Science_Fiction_Fandom_1954_Sam_Moskowitz_siPDF

Greg Pickersgill

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

Harry Turner (his fanzines)

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

Harry Turner's footnotes to fandom:

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

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

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

1960s fandom history outline

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

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

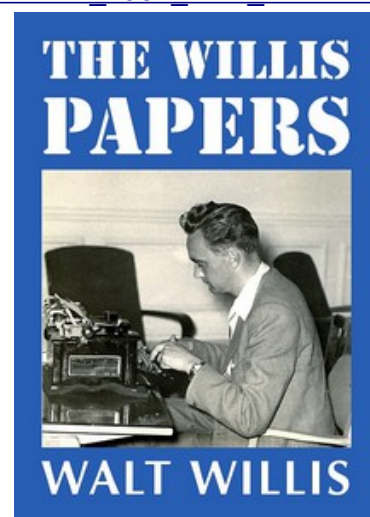
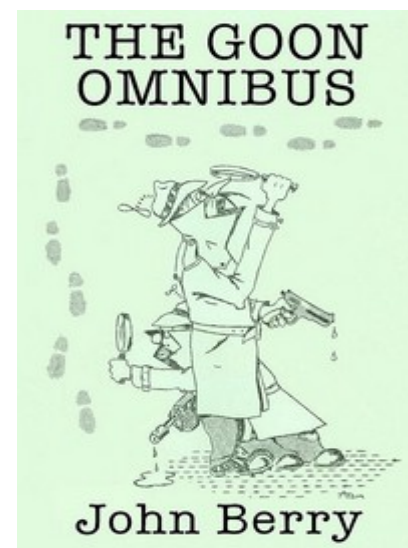
<https://esseffesseff.wordpress.com/sf-forum/>

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

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

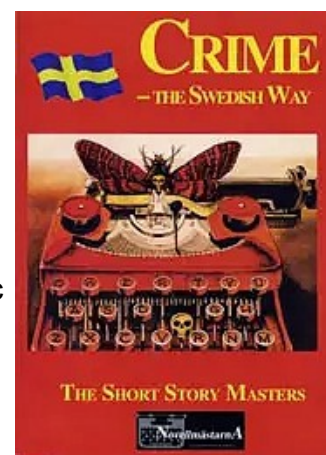
Francis Towner Laney:

https://fancylopedia.org/Francis_Towner_Laney



Masters of Short Stories

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



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



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



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



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

HISTORY CORNER

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

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

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

Skatt foreslås på tidskrifter.

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

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

Motionärerna vill göra gällande, att en skatt på tidskrifter i viss mån kan jämföras med den 20-procentiga omvärtningsskatt på radiogrammofoner som riksdagen i fjol godkände samtidigt som den avsåg omvärtningsskatten för radioapparater. Anledningen till att radioapparater frätogs var radiens egenkap av nyhetsförmedlare men inte dess egenkap av kulturspridare och förtärlighetsmedel. På samma sätt är det nu med veckotidsningarna, liksom radiogrammofonerna skänka de förtärlighetsmedel men inte nyhetsförmedlare, som t. ex. radiostationerna och dagspressen. Vidare anförer man i motiveringen till nöjesskattpropositionen och påpekar att sådan skatt utsläpper även vid teaterföreläsningar av högsta kvalitet.

Motionärerna anse den inskränkning av tidskriftsläsningen som en ölad beskattning med högre pris skulle medföra, enbart av goda. Man talar om "den nuvarande hejdlösa konsumtionen av veckotidskrifter" och anser den vara "ett minst lika viktigt moment som filmen i den andliga tillfredsställelse som under den sammanfattande beteckningen "amerikanisering" anses som en allvarlig fara för vårt folks andliga utveckling".

Motionärerna fråga också varför tidskrifter som inte innehålla en enda rad av religiöst, kulturellt, politiskt eller estetiskt värde skola i skattbörda; behandlas mildare än livsmedel som dock beläggas med vanlig oms.

I utlandet tryckta tidskrifter beläggas här med allmän oms. denna finner motionärerna alldeles för låg för dessa tidskrifter. Om den nu föreslagna inländska tidskriftsskatten godkänns bör den tillämpas även på de utländska tidskrifterna.

Till sig påyrka motionärerna att skatteinsamlingen på tidskrifter bör till en del brukas till en fond för ungdomsvård, vetenskap och forskning.

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

Mimans död

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

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

Så vackert dör ingen modern dator.

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

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

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

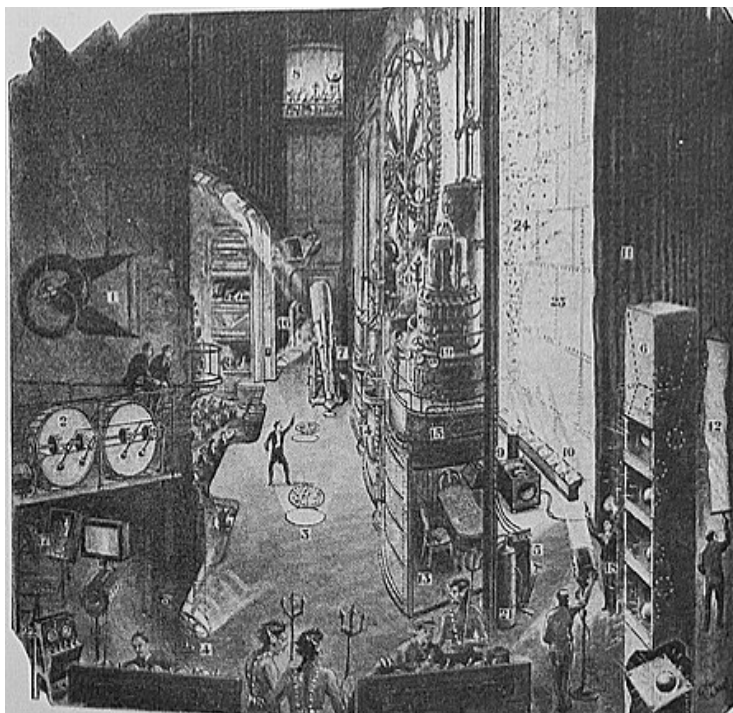
innovative theatre machinery, in this play written by famous Hungarian-American playwright Ferenc Molnar. I don't find the pop-science articles, but a piece in The Sunday Star, February 10, 1929, "A New Mechanistic Drama Developing" https://www.gastearsivi.com/gazete/evening_star/1929-02-10/57

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

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

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

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



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

uppdrag i universum

av den store Rolf J. Lundwall



Texthäfte kompletterar vis-LP



Visan Häxan illustreras av den här bilden.

Originella, bisarra bilder

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

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

S. M.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Moderniserad Birger Sjöberg i Uppsala

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Om bara denna duktige Lundwall kunde låta bli att ge ut Lundwall fullt så ofta!

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

Hur har nu könnarna haft det med Mary Shelleys gamla gotiska skräckroman? John Henry Holmberg beskriver den, i sin "Stigande" (1977), som "den första penodiska enkla verket" i genren. Ajäs med Holmberg, i den fortfarande mest läsbära av alla böcker om sf, "Billions Year Spree" (1973) av den så kallade engelsmannen Brian Aldiss, omtalas den som "the first real novel of science fiction". Ajäs med Aldiss.

Så hävdar Lundwall sitt revir som kunnare. Snytingen mot "visse personer" hade nog namnet Holmberg på adresslappen den här gången; att den också drabbar Aldiss, som Lundwall normalt uppskattar, blev väl inte observerat i hastigheten. En olycka händer så lätt om man i sitt skrivande styrs av begäret att av alla tupperna i hörsalarna vara den som klockar bäst.

När han är på det hemmet



Sam J. Lundwall hävdar sitt revir.

kan Lundwall åstadkomma formidliga måstärtycken av skriande ignorans:

"... den tyska nazistiske författaren Ernst Jünger, känd bl.a. för romanen Auf den Marmorklippen (På marmorklippan, 1942) där kriget framhålls som människans enda meningfulla värv..."

Om Jüngers förklaring till fascism och krigarideal har det skrivits volymer, men att bara spola honom som nazist är sensibelt. Korrekt årtal för "På marmorklippan" är antingen 1939 (så den kom i Tyskland) eller 1959 (Berth Malmbergs svenska översättning, nyligen ersatt av Stig Jonssons varmt reviderade). Och långtifrån att vara en påklädning för kriget är denna bok en munter till passivitet och resignation inför våldet. Inte en siffra rätt hos Lundwall. Och naturligtvis inte ett ord om det Jüngerverk som verkligen vore värt en vers i en bok om utopier, nämligen "Hellipollis".

Nu är Lundwalls genomgång av temat utopier-dystopier till övervågande del mycket yttlig. Han berör de standardböcker som standardverken brukar beröra om, från Platon till Harry Martinson, och gör t.ex. de gängse reflexionerna kring "Brave New World" av Aldous Huxley utan att ha observerat denna dystopikers utveckling till från utopier i den besynnerliga sena romanen "On".

I längden intresserar honom inte ens distinktionen mellan utopi och dystopi. Utopin är ju idealsamhället skildrat med positiv laddning, som en påklädning. Dystopia är skräcksamhället skildrat med negativ laddning, som en varning. För dikterna av utopier och dystopier torde skillnaden vara väsentlig. Lundwall — som ständigt ertar oss om att han själv inte alla skulle trivas som medborgare i Platons Idealstat — släpper greppet om sitt analysin-

och om hur man i Sovjet diskuterar dessa författare, är onekligen ett intressant bidrag till den svenska facklitteraturen i ämnet. Vårt uppskattning är också hans klara ställningstagande mot de enkla utopiska läror som grasserar i tiden: de okulta dårskaperna kring Däniken och Atlantis och de flygande teatern, den gröna vågens naivare framtoningar. Dessa och andra korn plockas emellertid bäst vid en omkänning, när läsarens blodtryck hunnit sjunka något.

En bred och rättvisande antologi över vad svenska sf-författare åstadkommit genom åren vore intressant att göra, men Lundwalls "Science fiction på svenska" är inte denna antologi utan helt enkelt resultatet av en inbitt som 1977 utgick till Jules Verne-Magasinet "läsare" — och ger alltså i bästa fall en bild av vad man skriver just nu i Lundwall närstående kretsar.

Ett fantastiskt resultat av denna urvalsprincip är att Bertil Mårtensson saknas — han blir t.o.m. förtigen i den långa inledningsessén, där annars någon ansett till rättvis historisk skrivning kunde ha varit på sin plats. Den bästa novellen i boken, den enda som skulle stå sig vid en internationell jämförelse, är minnsam Lundwalls egen; och kanske är det inte alldeles orimligt att påstå en avsikt bakom denna effekt av urvalsmekanismerna. I övrigt är det en ganska undergiven exercis med släta teman och några grepp som pågår i boken; bra upplag förekommer men

skäms av en slapp litterär form.

I skräddiga åldst bland de merendels purunga bidragstvarna är Carl Johan Holzhausen med en berättelse av 20-talensmätt och en forskare med privatlaboratorium och det riskabla resultatet av denna experiment. Han har tidigare skrivit utmärkta saker i eller helt nära sf-genren. Hans nya roman, "Och hoppets färg är grön", präglas av en gammal mans vänligt ironiska avståndstagande från nutida samhällsreformatorer och TV-skådisar, men tyvärr övertygar den varken som science fiction eller som inbitt till debatt om medborgarmoral.

En fruktansvärd person vid namn Gustafsson, som inte psykiskt rör med att avtjina ett ådömt fängelsestraff, färgas i stället grön genom en injektion av en likare som naturligtvis menar väl med detta; och släpps så ut i samhället, där han givetvis väcker stor uppmärksamhet. Som kriminalvärdeexperiment är detta utslutande karvigt, och Holzhausen försöker inte heller ge något sken av rimlighet åt den administrativa handläggningen av Gustafssons grönfärgning. Som utgångspunkt för allvarligt menad diskussion om hur samhället behandlar sina avvikelande är det inte heller mycket att ha. "Ett tappert försök att inte låtas om något skräck!" — det tycks vara vad Holzhausen rekommenderar som god takt och ton för den som ställs inför den enda gröna människan i hela världen. Resonemangslösheten gör hela moraliteten tämligen grönsköpingsmässig.

Göran Bengtson



..but mainstreammedia don't report much about such things!

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

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

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

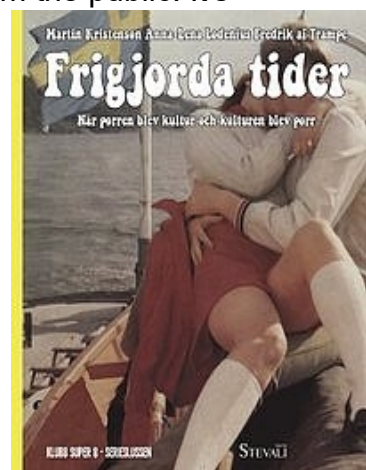
Delta is taking over the world!

"Swedish Sin"

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

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

DELTA
SCIENCE FICTION



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

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

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

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



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

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

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



Party tents kept the rain out.

Peekaboo!

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

Mailing Comments

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

--AE, your humble editor

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

