

INTERMISSION #114

E-zine by Ahrvid Engholm, ahrvid@hotmail.com, for EAPA, N'APA & other suffering victims. Follow @SFJournalen [sf/f/h&fandom newstweets](#). Bewäre öf typös, they are pricks! Late Oct'21

Editorially: Piff Paff, Aussie Subs, Lapland to space, 66 years of Joyce

I don't have much news about the blasted virus. After a tiny bump over a month ago the little bugger takes it very easy here. While some still catch it, few cases are serious, very few kicks the bucket. It's probably because a high vaccination rate, and most of the few unvaccinated may have natural immunity (claimed to be better than vaccines!) But at the same time we see 100 000's, or more like millions in street protests the world over against lockdowns, virus passports and vaccine mandates. Strangely enough old media mostly refuse to report it, or if they do claim it's just "right-wing extremists" (it isn't) and "vaccine conspirators" (a tiny minority). The protesting crowds are just people who are fed up being pushed around. Why do mainstream media misreport so? A theory, or at a least contributing factor, of why traditional media pump up fear and misreport forced vaccination protests is that reporters, often older ones, are in *personal* virus fear.

The vaccines are just fine. Risks from the corona virus is many times bigger than from the *extremely rare* side effects. So get a shot! But as a very important matter of principle, to respect civil rights and personal integrity, a sensitive medical operation like injecting stuff into your body *must be voluntary*. The individual must have the final say over the body. If you're worried you can protect yourself with vaccine, but don't try to force others. It's understandable why so many take to the streets. Respect personal choice! That's *more important* than trying to push vaccine rates up.

What else? Australia won't leave us alone. Now they've struck a deal with the US and UK about getting atomic submarines. Their present subs are actually a modified Swedish construction. More below!

Oh, this will also have a visit to a Hson sex publisher from the 1960's, a follow up to last issue's porn history. To my surprise one of my regulars worked for Hson in the 1960s and had pictures! We will also hear from Kjell G who wrote for Hson. Call it culture history! To this we have more sf/fan history, event snippets - physical meetings are back! - and mailing comments you can ignore.

But why not become an APA member! New members are needed. Scientific studies show that publishing fanzines both raises your IQ and increases your libido. And it's easy: write something, press "Save as PDF". The mimeograph days, with spurting ink and wrinkling stencils, were harder. Be a trufan. Skip silly masquerading and lazy computer effects, just do a fanzine! --Ahrvid Engholm

Addendum...dum-dum!

First a couple of corrections from Rob Hansen, regarding #112, an issue covering old fanzines and volumes of fanwriting and fanhistory, which Rob has published a lot of. He notes about pub meetings mentioned:

It wasn't the Tun that Asimov visited but the Globe, in fact the very last fan gathering held in that pub before London fandom moved to the Tun. (I was old enough to have been at this but, alas, would not discover fandom for another year.) And Tolkien did not turn up at the 1957 Eastercon to receive his IFA but at a special dinner at the 1957 Worldcon. More at:

<http://fiawol.org.uk/FanStuff/THEN%20Archive/1957Worldcon/LonWorld8.htm#1.NAM>

Also: You seem unfamiliar with Nic Oosterbaan (or was it Osterbaan). He showed up over here at 1953's, CORONCON. There are a couple of photos of him in the report:

<http://fiawol.org.uk/FanStuff/THEN%20Archive/1953Coroncon/Coron.htm>

Thanks for corrections! This Oosterbaan guy was Dutch, but he was presented as Swedish - that's why I tried to interpret the name to something I could recognise. He wasn't an "Österman", so mystery is solved. Rob also mentions he's working on another fandom history book, *BIXELSTRASSE: The SF Fan Community of 1940s Los Angeles*, ie fandom around the LASFS

1940's clubhouse. Sounds interesting! I hope I'm not the only excited one!

In #113 I covered an interview with Robert Heinlein as he came to Sweden in 1955, as a part of a wider European trip. I sent the issue to The Heinlein Society in the US and asked if they had more info. The Society's vice president Ken Walters found this in a Heinlein biography:

"Travel permissions with the Naval Reserve were becoming more and more cumbersome for Ginny. She asked for and obtained an Honourable Discharge on April 21, 1955, the day before her thirty-ninth birthday.

Ten days later, the Heinleins left Colorado Springs for New Orleans to board the Tillie Lykes for stops in Savannah, Georgia; to the Azores; to Genoa; Naples; Rijaka, Yugoslavia; Venice; Athens; Istanbul; Alexandria - and on to Heidelberg where they would camp out with brother Larry and family, making side trips ad lib for four or five months. One of those side trips they initially planned would be to Sweden - "One purpose of this trip to Europe was to look into the possibility to adopting a Swedish child - but for various reasons we have decided against that, so now the trip is just for pleasure and education." Heinlein was now too old to adopt under Colorado law - he would turn forty-eight while they were gone - and in any case, the state of the world was just too uncertain."

But the Heinleins came back to Sweden also in 1960, on the way back from a trip to the USSR (which he has covered in *Expanded Universe*). We learn:

"From Finland they went to Norway, taking a steamer to the Lofoten Islands and a tiny boat through the Göta Canal. In Sweden, where his niece Lynnie was finishing up her year as a foreign exchange student, they stayed on a family farm north of Stockholm - a stopover long enough to sketch out another article, funny-ish, in a gruesome sort of way, an ironic how-to deal with InTourist." Source: Robert A. Heinlein: In Dialogue with His Century Volume 2: The Man Who Learned Better" by William H. Patterson Jr.

Thanks to Ken! They may write something about the travels of the Heinleins in the society journal. I understand. Robert Heinlein unfortunately had no contact with local fandom, neither in 1955 nor 1960.

In 1955 Swedish fandom wasn't too organised, it was a bit better in 1960, but I guess Heinlein had no addresses or



Sam J Lundwall's old address, 19 Storskogs Rd (he's now in an old age home). Dunno ABBA-Tretow's exact address, but it could be one of the surrounding houses.

anything to establish contact. The newspaper interview in 1955 was presumably set up by his Swedish publisher. The Heinlein Journal BTW recently won a design award, <https://locusmag.com/2021/10/heinlein-journal-wins-design-award/> Congrats! Award juries may be a harsh mistress, and sf publications could be seen as a stranger in a strange land...

Finally, I think I forgot when detailing sf connections to ABBA in lastish. It somehow slipped through my fingers that the group's famous sound engineer, Michael B Tretow, was a neighbour to author/publisher Sam J Lundwall in Bromma (a Stockholm suburb). And not only that, he helped Sam doing the EP that came with the Swedish edition of his novel *King Kong Blues*, 1974, ie during the

time of ABBA - who also did a track named "King Kong Song" that year! This has been mentioned here before, as well as Sam J Lundwall as troubadour. (Tretow unfortunately struggles with an effect of a stroke and probably isn't much involved in the new ABBA album coming in November. Review hopefully in #115.)

Piff, Paff, Raff!

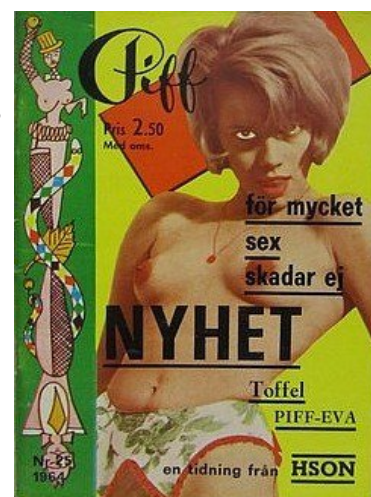
In last issue I did a lengthy review of *Libertine Times*, a new history book about the birth of porn in our little country. One of the main porn publishers back in the days was Curth Hson, doing saucy



magazines like *Piff*, *Paff* and *Raff*. (“Piff” means decoration in Swedish, “paff” means surprised, “raff” refers to raunchy clothes.)

Imagine the surprise of your trusted editor when receiving a series of photos from the office of the Hson publishing house, situated on 37 King's Street! (Kungsgatan 37, Swedish street numbers are placed last). And that came from fan and great illustrator - also appearing here, as you notice! - Lars “LON” Olsson. He worked for Hson for about a year in 1968 when he snapped the pictures, he told me (he OKed to publish it and tell about it).

This is cultural history, maybe a bit spicy cultural history, but still... The publisher Kurt **Hugo Nilsson** (1945-1988, the bold letters probably became “Hson”, and first name spelling varies: Curt, Curth). He began his career working for a social democrat newspaper, edited a comics magazine for a while, but is most known for his erotic magazines. He began with them already in the 1940's, titles like *Pin-up* and *Kavalkad*, vaguely soft porn stuff with bikinis, maybe some nudity and suggestive short stories. In the 1960's as the barriers against porn slowly dropped, rags did the same in his mags, and as we entered the 1970s barriers fell altogether. He also published



A 1964 Piff issue.



From Hson's pre-Xmas Lucia party 1968. Lars LON Olsson in the middle. To the right Curth Hson himself. (Photo by Werner Pöttler, all other ones by Lars LON Olsson.)

paperbacks to which Kjell Genberg contributed (he's portrayed in *Libertine Times* - we'll come back to Kjell). Most of Hson's publishing stopped around 1982. In the early 1980's VHS porn videos began arriving, slowly pulling the rug from under the market. Hson's rather spicy mag *Crime of the Week* continued until his year of death of cancer in 1988. “Crime of the Week” was strangely enough later picked as name for a TV crime show from the national SVT network. Did they consider the juicy background of the name?

LON says Mr Hson himself was very kind: “It was nice to work for Hson, a very sympathetic man. When he for instance saw you were in a

bad mood, he said: Do you want a whisky? Do you want a cigar? And then he gave you that. But my adventures in the porn business ended when I on an occasion became angry with him and handed him my resignation. So I became unemployed which proved fortunate, because the Royal Library suddenly needed someone who a) knew Latin and b) could start at once. In a way I have Hson to thank for my job at the Royal Library.

It is at the Royal Library this zine lately has done the history digging. (LON was then retired from the library, but he helped me earlier when I investigated the 1682 *Relationes Curiosae* “fantastic” magazine, which I'm sure I covered in *Intermission* some time back.) It's interesting to note how *Intermission* with this moves from a Royal Library to a porn publisher...

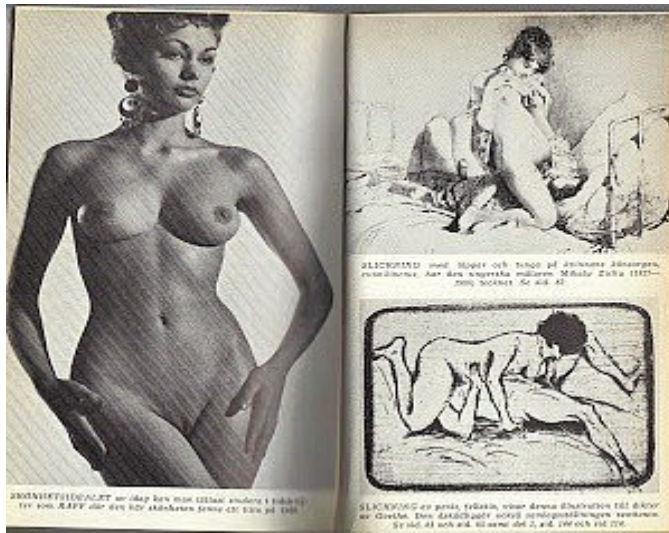
Kjell Genberg wrote erotic fiction for Hson and has a lot to say about it on his site <http://www.keg.se/1960.html> *, from which I'll borrow some snippets (with his permission).

He first encountered erotica as a kid from “French cards”, trickling in via sailors coming to his



Looks like the reception of Hson's office. Very 60ish!

* The same page through Google's automatic translation to English, though I'm not sure it works very well:
[https://www.keg-se.translate.goog/1960.html?_x_tr_sch=http&_x_tr_sl=sv&_x_tr_tl=en&_x_tr_hl=sv&_x_tr_pto=nui](https://www.keg.se.translate.goog/1960.html?_x_tr_sch=http&_x_tr_sl=sv&_x_tr_tl=en&_x_tr_hl=sv&_x_tr_pto=nui)



What the inside of Hson publications could look like.

hometown Hudiksvall's harbour, and nude mags (eg Hson's) at the barbers. Hson had some social and literary ambitions in the beginning, until the porno explosion, which Kjell dates to around 1967-68. Kjell was in the music business as manager for some

(he has many stories, but that's for another day) but could use some extra cash. He'd just survived a very wild and wet party with some pop stars of the days and had self-published a novel about it.

Why not re-write it, longer and with added spicy bits, he thought! It

took him 1 ½ week after which he brought the manuscript to Hson: *It was a magnificent office with mirrors and big windows facing King's Street. The carpeted floors were soft and hinted wealth.*

Henning /book editor/ was a fast reader. While I took some coffee - both two and three cups - he had

time time eye through the manuscript. He then came back with a smile on his face: "Can you write more?"

Kjell could and was given a cheque.

I wanted to know how much material was needed, and how thick manuscripts should be to secure the best pay, and things of that sort, because I was getting really into it. "As much as possible. Porn is glowing right now. Let's go and talk to Curth."

The big-boned publisher's room was as several others of the office put together. It was the first time I met him in person, through I had of course seen



Hson editors conferring, L to R: mighty production boss him in the newspapers. He Elis Olsson, book editor Henning Pallesen leaning over drove around in a Rolls-

corner of his mouth. Henning introduced me and said I had done a novella in about ten days.

"Can you continue with that speed?" Hson asked.

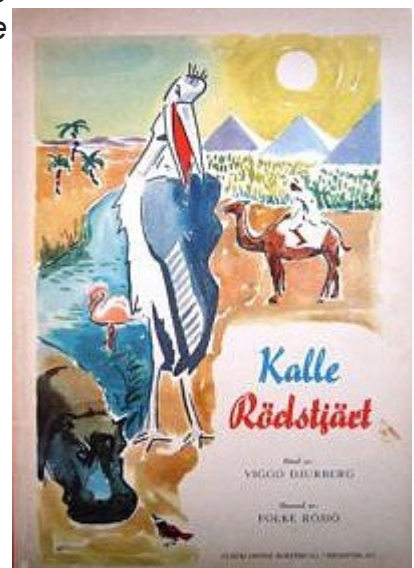
I thought so. He then took a book from the shelves, opened it and went to a giant copying machine by the wall. It rattled for quite a while and then he handed me a dozen sheets. It was the table of contents of a book of intercourse positions he had published.

"Write books with 10-12 chapters," he said. "Each chapter shall be around 10 pages. Of those, seven shall be banging. The other three shall advance the plot. Use the positions described here."

Kjell began to write a number of sexy books for Hson's two paperback series, named Snabbis (approx "Fast-ish") and Fickis (approx "Pocketsized-ish"). His wife thought the extra job sounded good and Kjell began hitting typewriter keys in a small corner room on the second floor, in a summer



Hson's work area! Modern art, not nudes, on the walls. Looks very stylish!

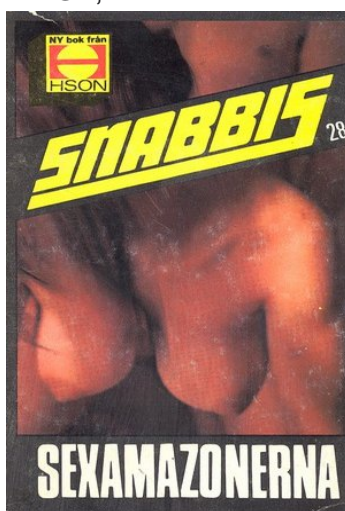


An early book by Curth himself, "Kalle Red Ass", 1947. Non-porn for young readers, though the title has strange connotations...

house they rented. Hson's papers was nailed to the wall. Kjell had constructed the plot while driving to the house: *It was about a mysterious cuckoo clock that made everyone crazy as soon as the cuckoo popped out. When one intercourse was over I crossed out that position with a thick blue marker... That summer I wrote like crazy from dawn to when dusk was so dark you couldn't see. In the autumn I could deliver seven magnificent erotic books to Hson. My eyes widened when I saw one of the books had kept my joking title: Cock, Cock, said the Cuckoo. Another was Way of Lust, about a truck driver's wild life on the road. The texts constantly moved: new places, new women, new conquests. I had made some attempts to create psychological drama, but that was deleted without mercy.*

It was published in 1970-71 and by writing such books they they could afford to move into a better apartment. Kjell tells about later meeting one Lina Boreman (aka Linda Lovelace, known for "Deep Throat") and understood she had gone through hell.

But I was unaware of such things at the time. I then saw her film as an excellent study object for writing for Hson. A couple of other "instruction films" I remember from the time was "The Devil in Miss Jones" and "Behind the Green Door". I wrote a number of books for Hson - Outlaw Heat, Guy on the Go, Bed and Breakfast of Lust, With a Hot Orifice, Porn over the Prairie, Sex Amazons, and The Big Porn Hunt. The worst is I'm guilty of inventing the titles. Writing for Hson brought in others. I was contacted by other magazines - and God knows there were many, most of them short-lived. The owners thought they had a gold mine and paid what you asked. I wrote stories for a lot of them in those days.



Kjell describes how small film companies doing sex flicks popped up, together with porn clubs showing 8 mm films for a groaning audience, with a special section having professional ladies for "private posing". One Sixten Andersson thought films would sell better if they had a plot and asked Kjell to write scripts: *He invited me to a shooting. It was both interesting and comical but not the least arousing. The house looked it needed renovation inside out. In a corner of the industrial site rusty machines rose from the floor and the film team had built something looking like bedroom, with a huge bed having a naked girl, a bookshelf and a window. A man sat by the bed and opened a bag. A poster behind the window showed a sunny sky. On the shelf was a cookbook and some plastic flowers. The rest was filled with mini-bottles of booze of the type you bring home from Mallorca and the Canaries...*

Sixten had a 35 mm camera so he could sell his films abroad. But:

"We shoot all scenes simultaneously with 8, 16 and the big camera."

Uninterested guys stood around and smoked and on a stool behind a camera sat a totally naked man reading a newspaper, without noticing others in the room. The girl on the bed opened her legs and the man by the bed bent down. He began putting colour on her labia. "Take it easy for heaven's sake," she suddenly said and yanked. "It's tickling, dammit."

"It's not my fault your pussy is to bleak that we must use make-up so it looks like something. Now, I'm finished."

The man on the camera stool threw away the newspaper and looked between his legs. He looked worried and Sixten noticed that.

"Lisa," he shouted to the girl on the bed. "Help him, or nothing gets done today."

Kjell wrote six short scripts for them for decent fixed sums. It was easy.

Dialogue was minimal. In ordinary scrips one page gives one minute of film. Here half a page was enough for ten minutes. He often took plots from his own short stories. Kjell would later turn out a number of so called Sexy Westerns and finally turning to "unsexy" westerns. Writing porn had its complications.

After describing fictitious persons rolling around in the bed I lost all lust myself. It took me four



months to become fully functional.

I return the word to Lars LON Olsson about Hson's book publishing: *When Henning Pallesen /their book editor/ was on vacation I was deputy book editor. A great novel manuscript arrived on one occasion which I thought we should absolutely publish. But Hson disagreed, so with sadness I wrote a rejection The book later came from the (in)famous French publisher Girodias. It was Sture Dahlström's Cuckoo Man. Another well-known writer with us was Lars Norén. Hson had several imprints: Hsonproduktion. Elephant Press, a series called Pocket Facts. The Hsonproduktion books were sold through the Press Bureau /the almost monopoly news stand chain/ that required some decency. Publications may have nudity but no intercourse. /Ed: I think that policy came after a few years. They sold men's mags like FIB Aktuellt and Lektur with hard core for a while/ The more advanced porn came from Elephant Press, eg Fanny Hill.*

Hson's block buster was the Treaty of Rome (the original EU treaty) with 248 paragraphs! Not a week went by without a conference ordering a few hundred copies. LON ends with saying how Curth Hson a few years before his death took him to lunch, where they talked about poodles, which both owned, the whole afternoon: *I didn't know then that he was seriously ill. I liked him very much.*

Kjell Genberg was far from alone supplementing "normal" writing with saucy stuff. In the US we have for instance Robert Silverberg, said to be responsible for stacks of such books. Surpassing him was Andrew Offutt who according to SF Encyclopedia wrote 375 pseudonymous porn novels, many



More from the Hson office. Looks super. I'd like to work there and edit the stuff by Dénis and Kjell!

with science fiction sex. In Sweden we have Déns Lindbohm, of course sometimes writing skiffy porn. There is "John Norman" with the Gor books, in reality philosophy professor (!) John Lange. We have Barry Malzberg, even Damuel Delany, and several others. You should study the writings of sf fan Earl Kemp who worked with publishing "sleaze" books https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Earl_Kemp - see memoir articles in his fanzine e*1*, <https://efanzines.com/EK/>

Nowadays you'll find raunchy encounters in virtually any novel, even by high-brown writers. The difference is that today it'll be seven pages of plot and just three pages of horizontal jogging.

Atoms and Hot Air

We learn that the people Down Under are planning new ways to get down under water. That is, Australia has struck a deal with the Americans and British about acquiring nuclear submarines. The French say *Merde!* since they saw their Aussie submarine deal torpedoed and sunk.

Submarines have been big in science fiction since Jules Verne's Nautilus. In lastish I complained about Australia, putting their own people in house arrest, treating corona as ebola, with politicians wildly overreacting, police arresting moms with children for being unmasked, thousands of dollar in fines for "non-compliance". But the Crocodile Dundees seemingly can't leave us alone. The problem with their submarine deal is that the new U-boats won't be ready for at least a couple of decades.

Them little atoms are complicated devils, you know.

The Aussies presently use subs of the Collins class, now almost two decades old and an upscaled version of the Swedish Västergötland class, designed more than 30 years ago. (Must be a heavy upscale and re-design: Västergötland was ca 1500 tons, the Collins are double that at 3000!)

Now, instead of trotting along with ageing submarines for another 20 years, do as the Swedish navy: upgrade them with the Sterling/LOX air-independent propulsion system. In the mid 00's two of the Västergötlands were taken to the navy yard, cut in the middle, and lengthened with a new section having Sterling "hot air" engines and cryogenic tanks for Liquid Oxygen (LOX).

What you get for a rather cheap price is an extremely quiet sub, much quieter than water-boiling turbine-spinning nuclears, with a superior endurance compared to diesels. Diesel subs need to gasp for air every day. Sterling/LOX subs can be under water for two weeks, and the Sterling engine is famous for being almost vibration free.

The Swedish navy is right now building new subs of what will be called the Blekinge class, https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Blekinge-class_submarine, probably to be the quietest in the world! The forerunner, HMS Gotland, was leased by the US Navy for testing. And in war games "it" "ran in rings" around heavily defended carrier groups and several times torpedoed (simulated) huge, expensive US carriers. <https://www.businessinsider.com/how-swedish-sub-ran-rings-around-us-aircraft-carrier-escorts-2021-7?r=US&IR=T>

Stirlings are a whisper compared to nuclear reactors, that constantly boil water, run cooling pumps and spin turbines at high speed. And they are much cheaper to run and maintain. The Swedish subs are smaller, with a smaller crew, which also cuts cost, but can still throw a good punch with six torpedo tubes. Nuclear also means handling radiation, fuel and waste, which is complicated and costly, while handling LOX is a breeze these days.

Atomic submarines can be underwater for months, but a Stirling/LOX sub has a "good enough" endurance while being stealthier and cheaper. The Royal Australian Navy would do well to have their old submarines upgraded while waiting for atomic ones (could be done in 3-4 years if ordered now). The phone number to Kockums, the Swedish navy submarine shipbuilder (owned by SAAB, BTW, who does fighter jets too), is +46 455 68 30 00. More on the Swedish Sterling/LOX submarines:



"Sweden's carrier killer": <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hcfPOmG4V2g>

"How a single Swedish submarine defeated US Navy", <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=saCdvAp5cow>

"Sweden's new submarine is probably the world's stealthiest", <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GWYjQPp2QCU>

"Swedish Submarines a silent, powerful new engine" <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=l2L8WRfuyOs>

"Sweden's ghostly super sub of the future" <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lj3yUkWHHMw>

Satellites from Lapland

From below the waves to up in space. News are that satellites may be launched from Swedish Lapland's Esrange base (pic above) on the Arctic circle, *already in 2022!* Through increased government funding and securing an investment loan of €12m, the northern space research base Esrange will be upgraded for orbital launches, with the aim of a first satellite launch in 2022.

The loan is part of an extensive modernization of Esrange that has been ongoing since 2015 - a total investment of around € 50m (\$57.8m). The loan will finance completing the construction of a new spaceport capability, aiming at a first satellite launch in 2022. With more than 50 years of experience from launching rockets and balloons, Esrange Space Center is already one of the most active and versatile launch sites in the world. And with the new spaceport capability it will likely become the first launch site on European mainland.

...not counting Russia, that is. Esrange aims for micro satellites, with weights from a few kg up to perhaps 100 kg. There's a growing market for that as improved electronics today let you do a lot with much lesser weight. Esrange is especially well placed for polar orbits, by which satellites can sweep all of our planet's surface, ideal for observation and certain IT services.

Let's hope they'll be able to make it in 2022. Space is hot! NASA and SpaceX prepares a Moon landing, using the huge Starship system, which may later go to Mars. William Shatner (Cpt Kirk) has made a space jump. The Chinese are building a space station. Russia is making a space movie shot in orbit. And a little country of 10 million souls will launch satellites! Grand days for space.

Religion Critic Dead

The Swedish artist Lars Vilks became globally known in 2007 after being threatened to death. When he made a religious satire by portraying Islam "prophet" Muhammed as a dog, Islamic religious leaders put a price on his head. He was since then protected by body guards from a special unit of the Swedish security police. Terrorists at one time tried to burn down his house. Other terrorists

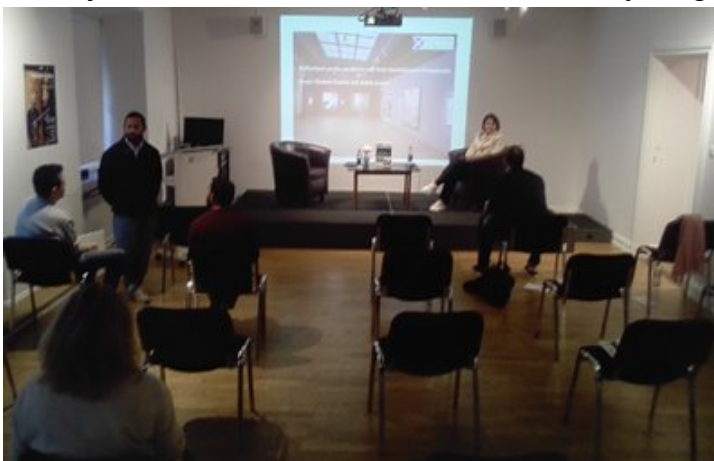


The drawing that so infuriated religious fanatics.

struck when he appeared on a conference in Copenhagen and one bystander was killed. Now it breaks my heart to tell you that Mr Vilks was *killed in a road accident* in south Sweden October 4, together with two bodyguard policemen. Their armoured SUV slipped over to the wrong side of the road and collided with a lorry, whereupon the remaining fuel started a violent fire. <https://www.bbc.com/news/world-europe-58783998> No terrorist involvement is suspected, but it doesn't make the news less worse. Freedom of expression means you must be free to joke about, criticize, make satire of any religion, and we must defend those rights.



One of the last pictures of Lars Vilks. He tests a contraption resembling a G-force tester for space projects, which was a part of an art installation.



Sept 3, a Romanian Culture Institute evening, called "Reflections on the mediated self from contemporary Transylvania". But it wasn't on vampires - they have no reflections. Note "social distancing" chairs.

Zooming Out...

Before the shitty pandemic I had event reports in every issue. They had to be paused when the bloody virus arrived, because most physical meetings were canned. But they have since early autumn begun coming back, as the government skipped most "restrictions", vaccination and immunity is on a high level and all curves are bobbing at a low level. I have never liked Zoom and



My vaccine jab in early Sept. Showing the band aid from it. No problems! Vaccines are OK - but they MUST be voluntary!



Oct 6 the Romanian Culture Institute opened the exhibit "Spirituality in Watercolour" with work by artist Ligia Podorean-Ekström. The sparse virus chair placement was now over and it was well-attended. In the middle the artist herself, on screen a video showing her at work. She had impressive handling of colour and being able to catch a scene with a few light strokes. She's been living in Sweden for decades and is widow after P-O Ekström, who wrote the novel "scandal" hit movie "One Summer of Happiness" was based on (see #113's sex history).



At nachspiel, me speaking with Kenth Nedergård of the Stundars open-air museum in Finland which the artist Ligia P-E has often visited, worked and had exhibitions at. Nice chap, mid picture, of the Finland-Swedish part of the country.

digital "meetings" (but I forgive ABBA for going virtual), but now I can present some stuff I've attended in person, the last couple of months. *Free at last! Thank Roscoe almighty, we are free at last!*

So here let's unzoom what's been on.



4 Oct the Polish Culture Institute opened the exhibition Lem's Beastiarium according to Mroz, where artist Daniel Mroz illustrated strange monsters in works by Stanislaw Lem. It is 100 years after this sf writer's death and the Polish parliament has declared 2021 to be a "Lem year". Myself, I remember as I visited the Polish Eurocon in 2000 that Lem wasn't too popular with local fans, who thought of him as a snob sitting alone in his Ivory Tower.



Both the Polish and Romanian Culture Institutes treated us with liquids and snacks - here a comparison. Romania had better snacks and wine, but the Poles had a great blue "rocket fuel" which was mighty potent!

**There should be
a vaccine against
autocratic politicians!**



In early September, the full-size wooden replica of the East India trader Götheborg visited Stockholm. A very impressive ship!



8 Oct we had the annual Space Rendezvous at the Royal Technical Institute. Astronaut Christer Fuglesang (two missions) introduced it, here talking about space projects connected to the Institute, eg students building a micro cubesat for later launch. Due to virus scare (I guess) only ca 25 turned up. Before the pandemic the event was almost full. Program: "Tangent Room" (interesting film touching quantum physics and cosmology), lecture "Music in SF", space quiz. I won (!) last space quiz, but this time I only scored 8 of 22 points, maybe because many questions were about film and TV which isn't my strongest area.



16 oct Sweden's smallest gallery Örhänget ("Ear Piece") exhibited strange beasts art by Inger Edelfeldt (centre, in the stairs) and had book release of A for Alice (=the Wonderland girl), which author Jonas Ellerström here presented, standing in the stairs outside the actual one-room gallery. Packed with people. Both Jonas and Inger are well-known also in sf fandom.



Afterwards there was coffee and cakes (what we call "fika"). Behind me the director of "Tangent Room", Björn Engström, who I chatted with a bit. A well-made film out of a small budget. It was about four scientists being in a locked room trying to solve a mystery involving quantum leaps and parallel realities. Shown on some international festivals. <https://www.imdb.com/title/tt4230078/>



A week later Oct 23 Jonas Ellerström again (bass, far left) played with his band Blago Bung, in picturesque Bonehus (a former morgue). Middle Martti on guitar, right Kamilla, song. The band name is from a dadaist poem by Hugo Ball. Way back zine editor Jan Fornell was also a band member, as on this 1981 record, "Wittgenstein", <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RpS9aVlyNm4>

HISTORY CORNER

It's a mixed bag from my Royal Library finds in this issue: con, poetry, genre name, unknown film, Joyce... If you know Nordic lingo I hope you can read the clips, for others I'll translate or summarise. As I remember Bacon in Lund, June 1978, was my third con, after Scancon 1976 and the Sam J-con 1977. Bob Shaw was GoH and presented in the program through a funny "This Is Your Life"

show. I talked a bit with Bob and came to know him a bit through the years, meeting him on several cons. I eg especially remember the fun we had with him on the Norwegian roomparty on an Eastercon. Anyway, here's a fat report from Bacon in Dagens Nyheter June 11, 1978, "Not a Single Little Green Man":

Full of delusions as we humans tend to be it was a terrible disappointment to arrive to Lund on Friday; not a single little green man with three heads, not a flying saucer. Not a Raygun. Not even the slightest hint of spooky self-replicating plasma. Was this really the day to register for the 23rd Scandinavian sf&fantasy convention? Yes it is and we're sorry that the delusions is rather common among those who don't even know what sf is, Tommy Ljungberg said, treasurer of the organising committee and just as the over 150 attendees from all Nordic countries and in all ages - from 2-year old McKinney to 80-year old P Adolf Herrlin - a quite normal and human being "The green men, plasma and all that is Hollywood's view of sf and is rather bad entertainment fiction. What we're dealing with is the type of literature that broadens the horizon, based on existing activities, eg genetic manipulation, and extrapolates it into the unknown but within certain frames." Does it mean you no longer count on writers like Jules Verne? "Of course he is highly respected. But honestly, he's in the past. Generally the type of sf dealing with technology easily obsolete since development is fast. It has happened that such books are surpassed already before they are printed. Serious sf can be compared to futurology with social, political and human relations, representatives

coming forth from 'The Fandom' tell us, people interested in sf. Bob Shaw has expressed this very well in an interview where he talks about how he began writing sf, Richard McKinney says in the convention's program book. Shaw saw a magazine cover with a drawing of a giant spaceship. At the bottom of the spaceship there was a small hatch and looking like a little line there was a person. "How does this individual, a human being in a far future, think of the existence? What do he think of Earth? What's his relations to other humans? Those are the questions that most of all interests the sf fans of today? Well, but what kind of people are Bob Shaw and Richard McKinney, I ignorantly ask and is almost seen as a green little man with three heads by those who know. Bob Shaw is a soon to be 50 Irishman with 12 published novels and numerous short stories and articles and one of the big names in modern sf literature. He is Guest of Honour for this convention, which he has also been on other cons around the world and on Saturday he'll be asked questions. Richard McKinney is an US-born Lundian doing a PhD thesis in sf. He'll making a study of 'intelligent artificial beings'. Sf is so far from the strange delusions, in other words, and this convention is thus a quite normal convention. A meeting place for writers, publishers, film makers, artists and all who are simply interested in sf, with debates, lectures, films and book tables with many otherwise hard to find books are for sale. The only thing making a bit sf-ish, at least for an old Lundian with memories from AF and Håkansson's cafe, is that it takes place in Sparta's futuristic sf-inspired concrete surroundings.

I've never been rich, so on cons I tend to "crash", ie the old fannish tradition of finding shall we say "alternate sleeping spots". And during Bacon I stayed in a...phone booth. But it was an indoor facility where you could expand space by opening door to a cleaning cupboard on the side, so don't worry. (My Buddy BAGS - as he is known - offered floor space another of the nights, if I remember.)

I just can't get novelist Harry Martinson and his *Aniara* off my mind! Dagens Nyheter's legendary

Inte en enda grön liten man

□ Fylld av vanföreställningar som vi människor är blev det för mig en fruktansvärd besvikelse att komma till Lund på fredagen: inte en endaste trehövdad grön liten man att skåda, inte ett flygande tofat. Inte en strålpistol. Inte ens skymten av läskig själv- alstrande plasma. Var detta verkligen dagen för registrering till den 23:e skandinaviska science-fiction & fantasy-kongressen?

Jo, det är det, och vi beklagar mest att den vanföreställningen nog är rätt allmän bland dem som inte vet vad sciencefiction verkligen är, sa Tommy Ljungberg, kassör i organisationskommittén och liksom de drygt 150 registrerade kongressdeltagarna från hela Norden och i alla åldrar - från tvååriga McKinney till 80-åriga P Adolf Herrlin - en högst normal och mänsklig varelse.

— De gröna små männen, plasman och allt det där är Hollywoods bild av SF och väl också en rätt dålig underhållningslitteratur. Det vi sysslar med är den typ av litteratur som vidgar vyer, som går ut från redan befintlig verksamhet, tex genmanipulation, och drar ut konsekvenserna i det okända men inom givna ramar.

Betyder det att ni inte längre riktnar med en författare som tex Jules Verne?

— Det är klart att vi högaktar honom. Men uppriktligt sagt är han passé. Överhuvudtaget blir den SF-litteratur som sysslar enbart med det tekniska mycket lätt föråldrad så fort som utveck-



Jules Verne — rätt passé.

lingen går. Det har hänt att sådana SF-böcker är övertruffade av verkligheten redan innan de hunnit tryckas.

SF på allvar är mer att likna vid framtidsforskning med sociala, politiska och mänskliga relationer, får vi lära av andra tillskyddande representanter för "the Fandom" som folk intresserade av just SF kallas.

Bob Shaw har uttryckt det där mycket bra i en intervju, där han berättar om hur han började skriva SF, säger Richard McKinney i kongressens programbok.

Shaw såg ett magasinomslag med en teckning av ett jättelikt rymdskepp. Längst ner på rymdskeppet fanns en liten lucka och som ett litet streck skymtade en människa. "Hur upplattar den individen, en människa i en avlägsen framtid, tillvaron? Hur ser han på jorden? Vilka är hans relationer till andra mänskliga varelser?" Det är framför allt sådana frågor som intresserar SF-fans idag.

Jaha, men Bob Shaw och Richard McKinney, vad är då det för figurer, undrar jag okunnig och blir nästan betraktad som en trehövdad liten grön gubbe av dem som vet.

Bob Shaw är en snart 50-årig irländare, som med tolv publicerade romaner och ett otal noveller och uppsatser är en av den moderna SF-litteraturens stora. Han är hedersgäst vid den här kongressen liksom han varit vid åtskilliga andra runt om i världen och på lördagen skall han utfrågas.

Richard McKinney är en amerikafödd lundensare sysselsatt med ett som den förste här i landet doltorerna i sciencefiction. Han gör en ematisk studie av "intelligent artificial beings" — intelligenta konstgjorda varelser.

Så långt från de världsfrämmande vanföreställningarna är sciencefiction alltså och därför är kongressen en högst normal kongress. En mötesplats för författare, förlagsfolk, filmare, konstnärer och alla som sysslar med eller bara är intresserade av SF, med debatter, föredrag, filmvisning och ett stort bokstånd med många annars svåråtkomliga verk till salu.

Det enda som gör den något sciencefictionbetonad, åtminstone för en gammal lundensare med minnen från AF och Håkansson's konditor, är att den äger rum i Spartas futuristiska sciencefictionbetonade betongmiljö.

CLAES STURM

editor-in-chief Olof Lagercrantz had in an article accused a reviewer of dragging this space poetry in the mud by *daring* to call it science fiction! Ivar Harrie, founder of - and editor, almost equally legendary - gives a reply in Expressen Oct 15 1956, "*Does Expressen make Martinson Profane - Virtue of Horror on Culture Page*":

...Olof Lagercrantz is upset because Expressen has a picture spread about a major event in Swedish literature: Harry Martinson's epic about the spaceship Anlara, the only genuine and spontaneous epic in contemporary Swedish poetry. The page has a construction drawing of how the spaceship is built - every

Profanerar Expressen Martinson? Dygdig fasa inför kultursidan

Av IVAR HARRIE

DYGDIG FASA kan Expressen fortfarande framkalla, nu senast hos Olof Lagercrantz, diktare och kulturredaktör. Han är ense med Erwin Leiser i regeringsorganet om att Expressens kulturredaktion förnedrar kulturen och sänker allmänbildningen genom att framställa händelser i kulturlivet så som journalister brukar framställa alla slags händelser, med tonvikt på vad som är nyhet, alltså ovanligt och ägnat att väcka uppseende, kanske också förargelse.

Sådant får inte förekomma, kulturhändelser ska förbli interna angelägenheter kulturpersonligheter emellan, det är helgerån om de framställs så att de kanske väcker intresse hos "plebs", den stora enkla dumma allmänheten.

Olof Lagercrantz har just nu blivit upprörd över att Expressen har en bildsida om en stor händelse i svensk skönlitteratur: Harry Martinsons epos om rymdskeppet Anlara, det enda genuina och spontana epos som finns i nutida svensk diktning. På bildsidan finns en konstruktionsritning som visar hur rymdskeppet är byggt - varenda detalj är belagd med citat ur Harry Martinsons dikt, som redovisas omsorgsfullt.

Usch, säger Olof Lagercrantz, där ser man hur en sensations-tidning vulgariserar och banaliserar stor dikt. Harry Martinsons dikt är ju inte "science-fiction" om hur samfärdsmedlen ska kunna tekniskt utvecklas. Hans dikt handlar om människolivets eviga villkor. Rymdskeppet ska fattas symboliskt, som sinnebild av hur hopplöst det är att söka ändra människolivets villkor med maskiner, med teknik.

Ja tänk, det är just vad som står i Expressen - i Bo Strömstedts utförliga och genomtänkta analys av Harry Martinsons dikt på kultursidan.

Men sen tillkommer det märkliga, det unika, det med rätta uppseendeväckande: Harry Martinson har inte bara skissat upp ett rymdskepp som symbol för teknokratiska framtidsdrömmar - nej han råkar dessutom vara intresserad av det tekniska problemet hur människor ska kunna färdas i världsrymden. Den frågan har engagerat allt som finns inuti honom av ofördärvat, nyfikenhet barn. Han slukar, harnsligt, allt han kommer över av "science-fiction". Han har lärt sig allt man kan lära sig om hur ett rymdskepp ska konstrueras, och det har roat honom, och varit en ärsak för honom, att när han nu behöver ett rymdskepp som sinnebild i en dikt, så ska det rymdskeppet vara riktigt, stämma in i detalj med vad han lärt sig i många lärda tekniska skrifter men också i "science-fiction"-tidningen Håpna.

Detta unika, detta som gör Harry Martinsons symbolik olik alla andra, är vad Expressens

medarbetare Lars Widding har tagit fasta på. Det är en poäng som han har ovanliga förutsättningar att fatta, eftersom han är både journalist, diktare och flygare. Han kände sig hemma på rymdskeppet Anlara.

Och den poängen har Olof Lagercrantz dessvärre inte märkt alls. Vad som har hänt är att Expressens nyhetsredaktion har upptäckt och åskådliggjort en komplikation i Harry Martinsons diktning som kulturredaktören i Dagens Nyheter inte tycks ha en aning om.

Till allra sist en upplysning åt herrarna Lagercrantz och Leiser: den redaktör som bär ansvaret för Expressens kultursida menar att där ska tillgodoses de två väsentliga kraven: ge nyheter och väcka debatt (alltså inte söva ner debatten med schablonklyschor). Längs den linjen kommer Expressens kulturredaktion att fortsätta. Personnamn är oväsentliga i sammanhanget.

Men väsentligt är att vi också framgent hoppas kunna framkalla dygdig fasa.

detail is presented and backed by quotes from Harry Martinson's poem. Yuck!, Olof Lagercrantz says, look how they vulgarise a great poem and make it banal. Harry Martinson's poem isn't "science fiction" about how vessels may technically evolve. His poem is about the eternal terms of human life. The spaceship is symbolic, showing it is hopeless to try to change the terms of human life with machines with technology. But behold, that's what Expressen says - in Bo Strömstedt's extensive and thoughtful analysis of Harry Martinson's poem. But then comes the remarkable, the unique, that which has caused a stir: Harry Martinson hasn't sketched the spaceship only as a symbol for technocratic dreams of the future - no, he also happens to be interested in the technical problem of how humans could travel in space. That question has engaged all in him which is left of a undamaged, curious child. He childishly swallows everything he finds of "science fiction". He has learned everything there is about construction a spaceship, it's been a matter of honour that when he needs a spaceship as a symbol in his poem that spaceship should be real, correct in all details he has learnt in many learned technical magazines, but also in the "science fiction" magazine Håpna. This unique thing makes Martinson's symbolism unlike everything else and is what Expressen's Lars Widding has concentrated on..he felt at home on the spaceship Anlara. And that's the point Olof Lagercrantz unfortunately hasn't noted. What happened was that Expressen's newsdesk found and illustrated a complication in Martinson's poetry that Dagens Nyheter's culture editors never suspected was there.

I have earlier covered how Martinson was genuinely interested in both space (mingling with the Atomic Noah club, that speculated on how to construct a big spaceship going to Mars) and sf (in an interview he showed his shelf of sf books, among which he liked AE Van Vogt best).

MARG'S SPRÅKSPALT

I vårt tidningsspråk ha tvenne anglosaxiska ord arbetat in sig, vilka illa passa till god svenska och därför borde ersättas med inhemska uttryck.

Det ena är *science fiction*. Skulle man ej efter ordet *vetenskap* kunna bilda ordet *vetenlek*, lek med vetenskapliga begrepp?

Krämligare är det med *science fiction*. Ordet *vetenskap* täcker icke betydelsen av engelskans *science*, och för *fiction* i denna användning ha vi ingen svensk motsvarighet. Det stundom brukade ordet *dikt* passas ej i detta sammanhang. Närmast ligande svenska översättning vore väl *vetenskapsdiktning*, eller mer exakt *naturvetenskapsdiktning*, men slående är den inte. Om man vill undvika pressning av svenska ordbetydelser, är man i själva verket hänvisad till nybildning, och då är *vetenlek* onekligen ett fyndigt förslag.

Till formen liksom till innehållet är det just den blandning av *vetenskap* och *vittelek* som kallas *science fiction*.

Ett annat förslag har för ett år sedan framförts i denna tidning av Tord Hall, som i en streckare (5.1.60) kallar SF-litteraturen för *vetesagan*. Är det fråga om en enskild roman eller novell av SF-karaktär är ordet *saga* utmärkt, men gäller det hela genren, så är *vetenlek* bättre. Förleden *veten-* för också mera bestämt än *vet-* tanken till vad som avses, vilket ju icke är *vetenskap* utan *vetenskap*.

Svårigheten är att få vårt mot svensk nybildning mycket avoga folk att verkligen knäsetta ordet *vetenlek*.

It was in 1953 that "science fiction" became a buzzword in our newspaper, first used in Swedish print in 1945 (see an earlier issue). Several of them thought it was clumsy to use and launched contests to find a Swedish word for it. Despite creative suggestions like *teknovision*, *teknodikt*, *faktasi*, *vetesaga* and more, the Swedes in the end preferred the English original. Here's from a later discussion in the "Marg's Language Column" in Svenska Dagbladet January 2nd 1961:

Two Anglo-Saxon words have worked our way into our newspaper language. One is *science fiction*. Couldn't we from the word *science* construct the word *sci-games*, a game with scientific concepts. /Trying to create sort of translation of Swedish "vetenlek"... (Word #2 was "pool", but:)/ It's more difficult with *science fiction*. The word "vetenskap" doesn't cover the same as the English *science* /ie "vetenskap" also includes social sciences/ and for *fiction* in this sense there's no Swedish equivalent. /Rather, Swedish has several words for "something fictional" depending on form and circumstances./ The sometimes used word *dikt* doesn't fit in this context. Closest Swedish translation would be *science-fictionising* or more exactly *natural-science-fictionising*, but it's hardly something striking. If you want to avoid pressing the meaning of Swedish words you'll in reality need something newly constructed, which makes *sci-games* an ingenious suggestion. To its form and content it's exactly the mix of *science* and the scholarly that is called *science fiction*. Another suggestion came a year ago in this newspaper from Tord Hall in a "streckare" column (5 Jan 1960). If it's a single novel or short story of sf type the word *saga* fits very well, but for the whole genre, *sci-games* is better. The prefix *sci-* /in Swedish *veten-* from *vetenskap*/ is more distinctly than *sci-* /vet-/ and more distinctly points the thought to what is intended, which isn't knowledge /vetskap/ but *science*. The difficulty is to make our people intolerant to new constructs to really embrace the word *sci-games*.

So many words wasted on replacing the term science fiction, all for nothing...

And sf had really made an impact in the 1950's! Here's an article from 1953,

Aftonbladet June 28, asking "Will the Crime Fiction Be Defeated by Science fiction?":

Ska deckaren slås ut

SCIENCE FICTION är här — den tekniska fantasidikten, forskarvisionen, uppfinnarnörens. Det är en genre, som i Amerika har hunnit bli en litteraturgenrens nästan förskräckande dimensioner. Noveller, romaner, magasin och serierhäftan med science fiction bländar och förbländar miljoner läsare i Väster. Radio och television predikar teknisk fantasidikt. Lärda professorer tvättar manus och skriver intyg att denna boks drömmar kan mycket väl en dag bli verklighet osv. Jules Verne har återupptäckt, skriver kritiken. Lär känna framtidens värld genom snillrika författares ögon, ropar förläggarna.

Natur och Kultur har med vanlig vakenhet översatt och utgivit "Morgondagens äventyr" — en antologi naturvetenskapliga framtidsskildringar sammantäckt av E. N. Tigerstedt. Det är säkerligen ett väl gjort tvärsnitt ur den övre halvan av området och passar bra för en principdiskussion. Är detta den nya stora förordelshabilliteten? Skall deckarna slås ut eller åtminstone få en

jämbördig konkurrens? Det finns de som profeterar det. Så svag som detektivgenren är, kunde ju saken a priori tänkas. Vad man skriver i Norden, Eng-

Av JOSEF ALMQVIST

land, USA och Frankrike när förr eller senare hit, och utanför denna rayon brukar föga vara att hämta. Nåväl, ur en sådan kittel med en kvarts miljard folk borde det kunna droppa ett ganska aktningvärt antal goda kriminalförfattare. I verkligheten torde det vara ett bra år, om man förmår bärga in så mycket som fem riktigt förnåmra, strama, spännande, heiljutna deckarböcker. Oftare är det en åt två, ibland kanske ingen.

Vad är orsaken? Mest väl att motiven måste börja bli släpna efter sextio års överproduktion i spåren av Sherlock Holmes. Därtill kommer att en framgångsrik kriminalskribent mycket snart blir jagad av förläggarens påtryckningar, folkets åtra och mänskligt eget vinstbegär. Följden blir brådska, slarv, trötthet, leda. Man

tar till de enklaste tekniska medlen. Ett enda tunt motiv, som lagom kunde bära upp en novell, byggs ut till ryggrad för en hel bok. Handlingen görs krystad och laboratoriemässig, stängs in bland några få timmar eller minuter. Typ: vem hade tillfälle på cocktailparty att hälla gift i mr Birchwoods glas mellan klockan 15.38 och klockan 15.43? Till sist kommer det naturligtvis fram att den snälla tant Annie kunde ha flyttat på den extra barvagnen

detta broderi enödig, eftersom den vane läsaren redan på femte sidan vet att brottslingen måste vara tant Annie i hennes egen skap av den minst sannolika och alldeles omotiverade personen — det är nämligen offret som skulle ha ärt henne och inte tvärtom.)

Tyvärr kan nu detta att deckarböckerna är undermåliga inte födda en förfallen läsare från hans last. Liksom vasesuparen hellre lär en unken whisky eller en aromlös eau de vie till sängförsärra än en kopp ångande söt och vit mjölk, sveper den deckarsjuke hellre en usel kriminalhistoria än en aldrig så välskriven misroman. Endast kryddan

bara flyttad lite längre fram i utvecklingen! Efter den idén skrev Jules Verne. Hans visioner har blivit verklighet. Om science fiction är en fortsättning härpå, betyder den intet nytt. Har kanske inte all världens press åtminstone sedan den första atomsmällen redan profeterat tonvis med framtidslärdom och framtids teknik! Det står oss nästan i hälen.

Sanningen är nu, att den modärna tekniska fantasidikten på intet sätt motsvarar sitt namn. Den slyssar reellt med helt andra ting än uppfinningar som kan bli verklighet. "Morgondagens äventyr" berättar visserligen om underliga atomkrafter, rymdresor

uppfinna nya världar men en liten anknytning till verkligheten skadar aldrig som känt är. Science fiction har lånat lite utsmäckning, lite broderier från vetenskapen. Med verklig vetenskap har den intet som helst att skaffa. Noveller av detta slag hör inte till teknisk diktning utan till den genre som brukar kallas "sällsamma och övernaturliga berättelser". Precis som detektivromanen är de fullständiga eskapism och precis som den har de sin urfader i den fenomenale Poe, född hundra år före sin tid. Hade Edgar Allan levat nu, borde han ha haft royalties som en Somerset Maugham.

Har genren sällsamma historier inte förrut lyckats slå ut deckarna, så lär den inte heller göra det i sin nya utformning. Det hindrar naturligtvis inte, att den så kallade tekniska fantasidikten skulle kunna bli en schlager vid sidan av kriminalromanen. I så fall krävs dock uppenbarligen goda författare. I "Morgondagens äventyr" är "Ått öppna dörrar" — historien om överbegåvade ungdomars kamp för att hjälpa varandra till utveckling — en smula för hurtfrisk och snusfornuftig. "Mannen", som handlar om en Kristusgestalt på en avlägsen planet, är ett menlös publikfriari, och "Odjurets torn" har så massiva sällsamheter att läsaren gaspar. Men "Fem år i Marmeladien" äger trots sin lilla platta dialog (ett nästan genomgående drag för bidragsgivarna) en graciös idé, "Monstret" har något av trevligt solid stämning från old England, och vårt favoritstycke, "Hurkeln är ett lyckligt djur", är inte bara lustigt utan rymmer även ett litet slink demoni. Sådana ting är bättre än de flesta detektivnoveller.

Science fiction är här och åtminstone till en tid kan denna diktning säkert vara en välkommen förnöelse för dyrkare av onyttiga och lekfulla ting.

av science fiction?

med den förgiftade tonicflaskan och skjutit honom den precis kl 15.40 när mr Fool gick på händerna, och det med vagnen kunde ingen höra därför att den hade blivit smord på fredagen och gick ljudlöst, vilket ingen kunnat ana emedan tant Annie inte hade haft någon olja, men hon hade tagit lanolinkräm för händerna ur sin väska och det kunde förstas inte polisen utan bara gamla Mrs Hickory, som själv var en kvinna, fundera ut. (Till på köpet är hela

av ett mystiskt och spännande problem brukar räcka till att försänka den inbitne i den rätta angämnade däsighet som förebådar sömnens njutning. Atakilliga gånger i livet har man väl sökt lägga undan de färgiga volymerna för alltid, lätt generad över ett sådant beroende, men man återvänder! Skall man över huvud spänna av, samla sig och slumra in vid s. k. sköpn litteratur (det kan en passant sagt dock i stället och ännu hellre vara filosofiskt, matematiskt eller schack), så skall det vara en deckare.

Att genren skulle befördra sadism är åtminstone vad vuxna beträffar en mycket fri fantasi — så hemskt raffinerad blir vi inte av vare sig Christie eller Stout eller Gardner. Däremot är det naturligtvis sant att kriminalhistorien utgör en flykt undan verklighetens värld där alla spännande konflikter och situationer tyvärr brukar betyda reell grymhet åtminstone mot någon. Deckarläsaren köper sig jaktens och äventyrets vikt i all ockuld och är slundad i dessa ögonblick en flykt undan ansvar, en eskapist — illa tåld och förföljd av alla våra sociala söndagskollare, för vilka lek och fantasi är en styggelse och nedrighet.

Indignation hjälper emellertid ej — en liten dos eskapism är och förblir i vår förtorkade värld en god stimulans. Har då science fiction samma mått av flykt från vardagen? Man skulle inte tro det, när det sägs, att här finns bara naturvetenskapliga drömmar, prövade av fackmän. Intet annat än praktisk teknik alltså.

och utforskning av fjärran planeter. Men iderna är långt borta från fakta. Man reser i smärakter ensam genom rymden och inte bara det utan även fram och tillbaka i tiden — vilket Einsteins världsbild ingalunda tillåter vad nu folk än må tro. Den som vill besöka fjärran världar förser sig med en storleksindikator, som automatiskt ökar eller krymper honom så att han alltid har lämpliga mått bland de varelser han påträffar — bra idé men med vissa svårigheter vid utformningen. När en läkares anhöriga har dött, skapar han dem på nytt (men lyckas inte få dem att växa till i ålder). Sällsamma väsen blir osynliga, så fort någonting skrämmar dem. Monstra sitter instängda i torn, som är låsta med lejs-strålar och som kan öppnas bara med hjälp av det största kända primatet...

Allt det där kan vara lustigt som lek och kurios. Som framtidsdrömmar är det nonsens. Allt tal om naturvetenskap är här en ren förevändning. Skribenterna vill ha frihet att



Science fiction is here - the technical imaginative tale, the scientist vision, the inventor dreams. It's a genre which in America has grown to almost horrible dimensions. Stories, novels, magazines and comic books with sf dazzles millions of readers in the West. Radio and TV preaches technical fantasies. Learned professors review manuscripts and certifies in writing that the dreams of this book could very well become a reality one day. Jules Verne is born again, critics say. Know the world of the future through the eyes of brilliant writers, publishers shout. Natur och Kultur has with usual alertness translated and published Morgondagens Äventyr ("Adventures of Tomorrow") - an anthology of scientifically produced future tales compiled by E N Tigerstedt. It is probably a well-done sample of the upper half of the field and well suited for a discussion of principles. Is this the big, new entertainment literature? Will crime fiction be defeated or at least get competition from an equal? There are those who predict that. As weak as crime fiction is, it could be a foregone conclusion. What's written in the Nordic area, England, USA and France sooner or later arrives here, and outside this there's usually not much to find. Well, from such a cauldron of a quarter of a billion we should get drips of a substantial number of good crime writers. In reality it'd be a good year if you can harvest as much as five really fine, tight, exciting, cohesive crime novels. More often it's one or two, sometimes none. What's the reason? /Article says overproduction, laziness, silly plots - they are good sleeping pills, and escapism./ But indignation is no use. A small dose of escapism is and remains stimulating in our dried up world. But is sf the same sort of escape from reality? You could hardly believe that, when it is said it is scientific dreams tested by professionals. Nothing but practical technology, just a little further in development! That was the idea of Jules Verne. His visions have become reality. If sf is just continuing this it has nothing new. Hasn't the press all over the world since at least the first atomic bang already predicted tons of future knowledge and future technology. We're full of it. But the truth is that the modern technical imaginative tale in no way honours its name. It deals with other things than inventions that may become real. Adventures of Tomorrow does talk about strange atomic power, space travel and exploration of alien planets. But the ideas are far away from facts. You travel in small rockets through space, and not only that, also back and forth in time - which the worldview of Einstein won't allow, whatever people think. If you want to visit faraway worlds you equip yourself with a size indicator which increases or decreases your size so you always have the suitable size for the beings you encounter - a good idea, but with practical problems to design. When the relatives of a doctor have died he recreates them (but fails to make them grow in age). Strange creatures prove to be invisible, as soon as they are frightened. There are monsters locked in towers, closed with tractor beams that can only be opened with the biggest known prime number... All this may be a funny game and curiosity. As dreams of the future it's nonsense. All talk about science is just a pretext. That writers want to be free to invent new worlds with little connection to reality shouldn't harm anyone, as you know. Sf has borrowed a little bling and embroidery from science. It has nothing at all to do with real science. Stories of this kind don't belong to technical fiction but to the genre which is usually called "strange and supernatural tales". Just as crime fiction they are total escapism and just as them they have their founding father in the phenomenal Poe, born a hundred years before his time. If Edgar Allan was alive now, he'd earn royalties like a Somerset Maugham. If the strange stories of this genre hasn't earlier had stories to defeat crime fiction, it's unlikely it will in it's new form. But that doesn't of course stop that the so called technical imaginative tale could become a hit alongside crime fiction. In that case it obviously needs good writers. In Adventures of Tomorrow "To Open Doors" - about super-talented youngsters struggle to help each other develop - is too hasty and smartass. "The Man" about a Christ-like figure on an alien planet, is pointless play for the gallery, and the "Tower of the Beast" is so massively strange that you yawn. But "Five Years in Marmaladia", despite a flat dialogue (an almost common feature among the contributors), has a grand idea, "The Monster" has a bit of solidly fine atmosphere from old England, and our favourite piece, "The Huckle is a Happy Beast", isn't only funny but also contains a dash of the demonic. Such things are better than most crime stories. Sf is here, and at least for a while its imagination could very well be welcome entertainment for those who yearn useless and playful things.

The writer here, Josef Almquist, was a prolific translator (Biggles, HG Wells, also John Steinbeck) and worked for a juvenile fiction publisher, Google reveals. He wasn't totally negative but a bit narrow in his assessment that sf must be totally scientifically plausible (think...Star Trek!). Sf hasn't stabbed whodunnits in the library for the sleuth to investigate, but both genres have grown (I believe) and I think an important reason is that they have real storytelling in common, ie real plots, an ambitions to catch the reader's attention and less of pretentious muttering. At the very best both sf and crimefic are far from slow, self-absorbed, introspective lull.

Now, on to another unknown Swedish sf film. (See also what I wrote about "By the Gates of Hell", 1948, in *Intermission* #109, with nuclear research and alt history.) It comes from finding this little note (right) in a newspaper, Dagens Nyheter January 8, 1955:

★ Science fiction, populärt i amerikansk film, kommer nu i svensk. I den nya filmen om "Janne Vångman", skall hr V. möta marsmänniskor och andra rymdens vidunder...

Sf, popular in American films, now comes to a Swedish one. In the new film about Janne Vängman, Mr V will meet Martians and other monsters from space...

The reason I've missed this film may be it hasn't been on Swedish TV (scrutinizing numerous net sources finds no trace of that) but I do find more info about the film and Janne Vängman. The hero based on an existing person, Johannes "Janne" Vänglund (1858-1945), was a clever, colourful character living alone in the woods, becoming a legend and character of a series of books by author JR Sundström, and also a number of film comedies. This film was titled "Janne Vängman and the Big Comet", and I find a poster for it in fine sf style as well as a short summary, <https://mubi.com/films/janne-vangman-and-the-big-comet>

Pastor Efraim Andersström declares that a large comet is approaching Earth. To meet this threat of doom, penance is required. Janne Vängman shows up at a revival meeting calling the pastor a liar. That night Janne dream of aliens from space inviting him and his wife on a tour of the planets.

The premiere was October 10, 1955. Despite the space aliens being declared being a "dream" there's also something about a big comet and a threat to Earth, so overall I have no problems labelling the film as skiffy. Another connection to "our" field is that the screenplay was by the notorious Åke Ohlmarks! - trashy translator of JRR Tolkien and in the 1980's in a wild feud with local Tolkienists (see *Intermission #110*). I wonder why the film has been given an English title and summary, since I doubt it was ever exported. It was hardly Cannes material. But since the film is rather unknown, I'd be glad if any of my readers have more information! And Swedish TV, both SVT and TV4 who gladly through the years have shown hundreds and hundreds of old Swedish films in the afternoons, why not try to dig up this gem and run it! Me wanna watch!

Finally a newspaper piece not from my Royal Library archaeology, since it's new. It is about the ever resourceful and amazing Bertil Falk finally publishing his *Finnegans Wake* translation! Or rather, since this James Joyce book is the Mount Everest of translating, he says he has done an "equivalent-making" of it. Only the first chapter of this, as most critics agree, central work of 20th century literature have before existed in Swedish. The text is a labyrinth of associations, folklore, puns, riddles, history and all you can imagine - and that's why Bertil has worked on it for 66 years! Not 66 years 9 to 5 of course, but off and on through the years when he has felt the inspiration. Bertil is of course well-known in our little skiffy world. A retired journalist and himself an author (crime fic, but also sf and fantasy, eg stories about the Viking age detective Gardar the RiddlerSolver!), re-launcher of *Jules Verne Magasinet* in 1969, pulp magazine expert, recently author of a grand history in three parts of Swedish language sf (ie no translations) titled *Faktasin*. I know him well since the early 1980's when he ie worked for *Teknikmagasinet*, and later from *DAST Magazine* (which he edited) and the Short Story Masters. If there's anyone who had the tenacity to tackle *Finnegans Wake* it's Mr Falk! Beside that he recently was interviewed in national radio and big morning rag Dagens Nyheter had a piece, his local Trelleborgs Nyheter wrote September 9, *Mission Impossible. He Took 66 Years to Translate the Joyce Classic*:

It has been called impossible to translate, Irishman James Joyce modern classic Finnegans Wake. But now we have Finnegans Likvaka in Swedish for the first time, produced from 66 years of hard work by Bertil Falk from Västra Alstad. The key was to let all hope of understanding go. The giant job began during the Xmas break 1954 on Sigtuna Folk College School, a spare time project with seemed endless. The coming author, journalist and crime fiction aficionado Bertil Falk was 21 years. Now he is 88. "I was very interested in avant garde poetry, read TS Eliot, Ezra Pound and such. And I had read James Joyce Ulysses which is difficult, but possible to understand, Bertil Falk says. Finnegans Wake from 1939, James Joyce's last book, is with its experimental labyrinth of dreamlike streams of consciousness, dialects and onomatopoeia one of the most impenetrable novels written. The lack of an identifiable plot is a big obstacle for the reader, who must be very stubborn to get through the modernistic, experimental work. Many saw the book as a joke, mocking serious literature and critics. But Joyce himself, who worked off and on with the text for 17 years, claimed that every syllable in the





"Läser man en obegriplig text högt hör man klanger och rytmer. Det tryckta ordet ligger platt på en boksida och har inte samma liv", säger Bertil Falk som tycker att James Joyce

Omöjligt uppdrag. Tog 66 år på sig att översätta James Joyce klassiker

VALSTAD

Den har kallats omöjlig att översätta; irländaren James Joyce moderna klassiker "Finnegans Wake". Men nu finns "Finnegans likvaka" för första gången på svenska, framtagen efter 66 års hästjobb av Bertil Falk från Västra Alstad. Nyckeln var att släppa allt hopp om att förstå.

Mastodontprojektet inleddes redan i slutet av 1954 på Sigtuna Folkhögskola, som ett fritidsprojekt utan skönjart slut. Då var den blivande författaren, journalisten och deckarfantasten Bertil Falk 21 år. Nu är han 88.

– Jag var väldigt intresserad av avantgardistisk lyrik, läste TS Eliot och

Ezra Pound och så där. Och jag hade läst James Joyce "Ulysses" som är svår, men begriplig, berättar Bertil Falk.

Finnegans Wake från 1939, James Joyce sista verk, är med sin extrema snårlag av drömlika medvetandeströmmar, ordlekar, dialekter och ljudhärmanden

en av de mest svårnomen-trängliga romaner som skrivits. Inte minst är det avsaknaden av en greppbar handling som får vara bra en vis för att ta sig igenom det experimentella, modernistiska verket.

Många såg boken som ett skämt, en drift med seriös litteratur och kritik.

Men Joyce själv, som jobbade på texten av och till under 17 år, hävdade att varje stavelse i boken var berättad. Och han skrev den första mening som en fortsättning på den sista, så att boken blev en oändlig loop.

– Reaktionen från Joyce egen bror var "vad är det för mening med detta fylle-

Från början ville jag också förstå och skriva på normal svenska. Men det går inte. Många har försökt tolka boken, men det har de inte kommit långt med. Joyce själv sa att "det kommer ta 300 år innan de förstår". Och det har ju bara gått 82 år, eller hur?

Bertil Falk,
författare och journalist

snack", skrockar Bertil Falk.
– Joyce drev säkert med

oss, många tror ju det. En del tycker att boken är rolig, andra tar den på djupaste

allvar. Oavsett hur man ser den har Joyce verkligen fått folk att tycka. Det ska bli intressant att se om översättningen får folk att också läsa den.

Värdet, som Bertil Falk ser det, ligger i den rytmiska, lekfulla hanteringen av språket, som knådas som en deg och får läsa fritt från första sidan till sista. Bäst upplever man "Finnegans Wake" som högläsning, menar översättaren.

Hur skulle du sammanfatta handlingen?

– Vilken handling? svarar Bertil Falk med ett skämt.

– Den kan tolkas på många olika sätt, fortsätter han. Men den är i stort sett ogenomtränglig. Så jag gav upp att försöka förstå. Jag bryr mig inte om mening utan koncentrerar mig på det lingvistiska, på författarens språk. Många gånger har jag frågat mig "vad fan håller jag på med?". Men jag har också haft väldigt roligt.

Bertil Falk är ovillig att

kalla sitt jobb en översättning, utan har uppfunnit ordet "motsvariggränd" för att beskriva sin presentation av "Finnegans".

– Från början ville jag också förstå och skriva på normal svenska. Men det går inte. Många har försökt tolka boken, men det har de inte kommit långt med. Joyce själv sa att "det kommer ta 300 år innan de förstår". Och det har ju bara gått 82 år, eller hur?

Vad skulle James Joyce ha tyckt om ditt arbete, tror du?

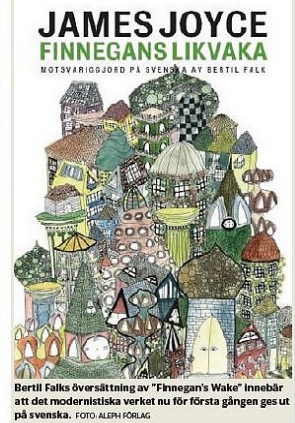
– Han skulle säkert ha varit nöjd med att någon ger sig på romanen. Men det är inte säkert att han skulle varit lika nöjd med resultatet.

Lars Thulin
Text
lars.thulin@trellborgsguide.se

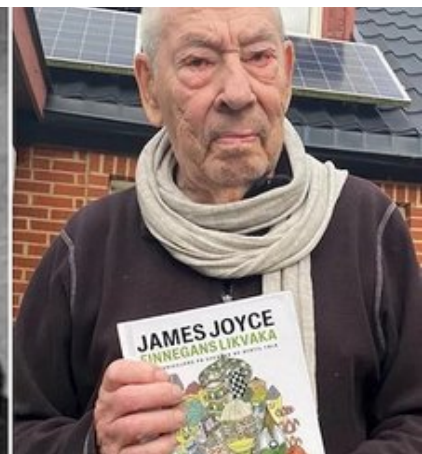
Fakta
Utdrag ur "Finnegans likvaka"

Flodhåde, förbi Eva och Adams, från strandens sväng till bak- tens båg, för oss via en behändig ström av återvändande till- baka till Howth Castle och Ewings. Sir Tristram, violer d'ama- res, från över lömskärs, hade än en gång återanlåt från Nord Armoric på denna sida av Mindre Europas skrovliga nds för att omkämpa sitt peninsulära krig: inte heller hade topsawyers klippor vid Ocones ström överdrivt sig själva till grevskapet Laurences georgie medans de fördrubade sitt tiggande hela tiden: inte heller en öst ur en öst fångtransporter- terad mishe mishe tilltautauft tuestpatrick: ännu ej, fast myck- esnort efteråt, hade ett killintrick avslutat en blind gammal bok; ännu ej, fast allt tilldelat i fångna, var med tvärra twi- lingsyster Nathaniel. En sköpa ruttet av pappas mail hade hem eller Shen bryggat vid blöplampa och regnbrynets röda ända var att bli sedd som ring på vattenytan.

(Bokens inledning. Aleph Förlag, översättning Bertil Falk.)



Bertil Falks översättning av "Finnegans Wake" innebär att det modernistiska verket nu för första gången ges ut på svenska. FOTO: ALEPH FÖRLAG



Bertil as he began in 1954 (left) and today holding the result.

read an incomprehensible text aloud you hear sounds and rhythms. The printed word lies flat on a page and doesn't have the same life in it," Bertil Falk says who thinks James Joyce is best read aloud. And: Bertil Falks translation of *Finnegans Wake* means that the modernist work now for the first time is published in Swedish.)

The article also has an short excerpt of the book, but that's *impossible* to translate... *Finnegans Likvaka* comes from small press publisher Aleph, with fannish connection through Rickard Berghorn who runs it, earlier ed of essay/sf/horror/etc zine *Minotauren*).

Mailing Comments

MCs only for EAPA , since N'APa as bimonthly has no new mailing. BTW, why not join these APAs! Ask me for info. Just write something interesting and choose "save as PDF" command. World needs more fanzines!

John Thiel: Yes, unfortunately EAPA has had problems finding new members for a long time. I've tried myself doing some PR and urging people to join, but it has been very difficult to get any reaction. / The thing with FT Laney was that he to a degree misinterpreted some things and exaggerated other. Though, there was probably also truth in what he wrote and I think he is very entertaining. / I've read *A Clockwork Orange*. I didn't think the style was avant garde. Maybe you are just thinking of the interesting "future slang" he used?

Henry Grynsten: That married couples could have similar dementia situation doesn't have to be explained by drinking coffee... We have what is called the Connected Third Factor. People who are similar in personality tend to fall in love and marry. Personality is a mental factor, so being similar in personality means they could have other similar mental factors, like the risk for dementia which is also a mental factor. No coffee needed. Other factors may also play a role. It is claimed dementia is slowed by living an intellectually active life, and a married couple similar in personality will both if they are intellectually active stimulate each other to such a life. Again, no coffee needed. / Interesting idea that the myths of trolls could be memories of Neanderthals inherited through thousands of years. On the other hand, the long timespan makes it sound a bit far fetched. Homo sapiens has more recently cohabited with mammoths. Neanderthals disappeared perhaps 20 000 years ago, mammoths only about 5000 years back - but still, we have no myths about hairy elephants! Anyway, it is very understandable that myths about trolls and other supernatural beings have come about. We've been living in the woods and among the bushes. Our eyes are especially adapted to notice movement and our brains to try to create explanations for what we see.

Trees and bushes flutter in the wind, we think we see...what is it...could it be...a troll! / I'm not sure I understand your time travel metaphor and its possible connection to myths. / As for robots, I believe that we sooner or later will build robots similar to the ones Asimov described. Our society is adapted for the human form and our abilities, so human-like robots would be very practical. I especially think of how fine it would be with robots for space colonies. Those fellows could work for us without need for food and atmosphere and can stand extreme temperatures. / What connects fandom is, I think: 1) *Science fiction* - somewhere, sf is always around! 2) *Text*, reading books and stories (of sf, of course), but also writing, fanzines, your own attempts at stories, articles. I think text and not visual media (like film, TV, comics, computer games) is a core value of fandom. Text engages your imagination more that visual stuff, because it doesn't present everything, you have to visualise and think for yourself. 3) *Humour*. You



"Asteroid king" is what artist Lars LON Olsson calls this...

can't be serious all the time, you need to relax with lighter stuff too, and here the need to be funny and appreciate humour comes in. Even the very earliest fan of the 1930s went into humour, wrote parodies, shared jokes and so on. Humour is connected to creativity, because you need to be creative to be funny. My observation is that fringe fans engaged in media fandom have a deficit of humour. They can't see the funny, absurd side of what they are doing. They are too busy trying to copy and imitate ready-made stuff, copying other stories with "fanfiction", copying looks with dressing up as figures from comics or films, copying "worlds" when making and playing games. Trying to become part of their object of desire means they can't get away from it, take a step back and watch from the outside. 4) *Fandom's history and traditions*. Things that have been with us for a long, long time. Fannish legends. Ways to do things. Fanspeak. Recursiveness belongs to this - going into traditions is to recursively go into fandom itself. Sadly, a lot of that is dying, as there are few new fans of the Right Stuff, only costumers and gamers and film buffs. / Of course Piketty refutes the criticism, but if you evaluate what critics state you'll find a lot of sense in it, and that Piketty is wrong in major points. That there are two opinions doesn't mean that both are on an equal level of truth - one of can be right, the other wrong. Yes, inequality exists, of course. But my point is that it in itself isn't a problem! The problem is only to try to make it better for those worse off, *not* to at any cost obliterate any inequality at all levels - the end result would be that everyone is the same. It's a scary idea that everyone must be forced to be the same. It can't be done without heavy oppression. People aren't the same, so you must apply pressure (oppression) to try to force them to be that. As I believe I said before: suppose we have a society where 9 out of 10 own one Rolls-Rolls (I use that as a symbol for "being decently well off"). One out of 10 own 10 Rolls-Royce. Now, do those with 1 RR get a worse life just because there's someone else with 10 RR? The answer is no. It wouldn't matter if 1 out of 10 own 100 Rolls! The others are still pretty well off. The only problem is if there is a poor fellow somewhere who only has a wheelbarrow with a flat tire. That's something that should be fixed, not that there's someone having more Rolls than others. Applying oppression to take the Rolls from someone and "redistribute" it creates much bigger problems, the oppression itself, the suppression of individuality and that resource growth will slow down, which makes everyone poorer.

Garth Spencer: Good that you give a good explanation of APAs and fanzines for the open mailing, and I hope it may interest new members! (Come on guys!) I do some recruiting efforts myself. We must get more folks! Why are people today too lazy doing fanzines? / You talk about "the fashion for privatizing essential public services" as if that would be bad. I'll just want to comment on what is done in Sweden and schools (which has been in the debate). What the "free school" reform here meant was that the government introduced a sort of voucher ("skolpeng") which followed with the pupil, whether he/she went to a council school or a free school. Both got the same "skolpeng" for their services, so in cost it was no difference. Both council and free schools have to follow the same standards for schooling, and this is checked by school inspectors. What we get is just alternatives for those who want it, where school entrepreneurs can work *under supervision* without costing more. About 85% of schools in Sweden are still run by the local councils, 15% are free schools, but



studies have shown that competition between schools types improves council schools in municipalities where both exist. The council schools have to improve to keep pupils, which of course is good. Critics claim that "millions" are "embezzled" by shameless school capitalist and sent to the Cayman Islands. But the average profit margin of the free schools is only 6%, which is *much lower* than generally in business life. The 6% only comes from that entrepreneurs tend to be more efficient than bureaucratic politician's councils. There are less than a handful of examples of free schools attempting to squeeze out huge profits, and that's what critics pick from their cherry garden... (But I agree with critics taking a shot at schools with too much religious affiliation.) Letting

We're "Under Attack" by a robot in this ABBA song! entrepreneurs try things, giving competition with new ideas is good. / I had some contacts with Taral and DNQ in the early 1980's. / Time to sign off. More history stuff in nextish, and probably something about the coming ABBA album "Voyage"! While we are waiting for that, one Brian David Gilbert has in almost folksong tradition done clever horror-inspired ABBA covers:

https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCakAg8hC_RFJm4RI3DID7SA

(See ya! – Ahrvid E, E as The Ed)