

INTERMISSION #116

E-zine by Ahrvid Engholm, ahrvid@hotmail.com, for EAPA, N'APA & other socially isolated.. Follow @SFJournalen [sf/f/h&fandom newstweets](#). Trying to scale down we go directly to our traditional Xmas/New Year story, adding just some sf/fan history and MCs. After Delta, the Typo viruss is here, spreading faast and Being VErRy dangerous!! Dec '21. Any comments?

Our 2021/22 Xmas/New Year Story: All About BABA!

Here at *Strolling Bones* magazine we get many questions about a certain somewhat disreputable band: BABA. We usually ignore those letters, on advice from our legal department as well as the fire safety inspector. But after losing a late night bet, on our recent wet and wild Christmas party - *that quart of gin simply evaporated!* - this reporter is forced to stitch together a few words on the subject.

After all, BABA has recently released the Christmas single "Worthless Junk", haunting the charts from Wellington to Murmansk (but perhaps only there). And these by now 70-plussers in early fall shocked everyone by turning out a new album: *Violation*. ("The title is because we used a lot of violins," the press release says.) It's their first studio album after being mercifully silent for 40 years. Chinese threats, war refugees, new Putin pranks, hacker attacks, inflation, this bloody virus, politicians forcing injectables into folks...*and now this!*

But disasters are easier to live through if you know the background. So let's have a look at the rather unique melody quartet of *Anna-Magnetha Forcefield*, *Afrida Underskirt*, *Bosse Carlsson* and *Birger Kanelbulle*, better known by their first name initials AABB...BAAB, ABAB...no: BABA!

Their manager Stig "Sticky" Fingersson first considered using the initials of their surnames, but abandoned it as his dog had enjoyed himself with the applicable letters of his scrabble set. So BABA it was. That there already was a company named BABA, a firm producing condoms, was a potential problem. But "Sticky" contacted them and got permission to use the name, as long as "you won't blame us for any offspring turning up as a result of your tours!". They also sent him a jumbo package of their products to be sure.

When they put the band on hold in 1982 they were the second biggest selling group in history, surpassed only by the legendary Rutles. Critics agree: few has sold out as much as BABA!

All four had already begun their careers when they first met in the 1960s, as they happened to be stuck together in an escalator for hours during a blackout. Birger was a star in the folk band Hotwithnanny Swingers and Bosse was fingering the keyboard in (and the groupies of) the rock group Hip Czars. Afrida had won first prize in a national talent competition, being on the biggest TV channel, the biggest show, with the biggest jerk hosting. Anna M was already a recording artist with several list hits, for instance "I'm so Blonde and in Love", "Blonde Dreams of Love" and "Blonde is Love".

When the dog began to howl in harmony when they tested their voices "Sticky" saw the potential (as well as dollar signs). It was the same dog who earlier saved the group with its scrabble gobbling. BABA's first attempt at stardom, "Knock, Knock", became a minor hit in Europe but failed to take them to the Eurovision Schlager Contest.

But raiding the garage sale of a local theatre company, leftovers from staging "Madame Butterfly", they found the fabrics for renewed attacks. With musical ambitions high as the soles of their boots, they wrote another entry and finally they made it. It was a very memorable evening there in Brighton (or was it Bognor?) in 1974 (hm, 1973 perhaps?) as the foursome entered the stage and sang:

*Mein Gott! At Stalingrad Hitler was defeated
Jawohl! And now my love life is completed
The history book on the shelf
Is always repeating itself*



Their first hit was on this album.

The bewildered BBC commentator, noting that the conductor was dressed like herr H, was drenched by the roaring from the audience.

This forced the European Broadcasting Union to upgrade their 1891 telegraph line to Stockholm to a TV link, as the competition by BABA's win next year would be held there in Switzerland or wherever it was. It wasn't uncontroversial. All universities had at the time given in to French postmodern philosophers who hated everything, said nothing was true and that the music industry was evil capitalist colonialism. The local Palestine scarves were overjoyed: in BABA they finally had an enemy they could trust! They arranged their own Counter Festival where they sang about "doing the immoral schlager festival". This practically saved the alternative music and kitchenware movement, as nobody there could play (or cook for that matter), but in the huge hullabaloo nobody noticed.

But BABA actually had to struggle after their Eurovision win. Many saw them as a one hit wonder. Their next single "OK, OK, OK, OK, OK" barely went OK on the charts. Birger and Bosse decided they must do something. They disappeared to a Stockholm island, Långholmen, from which they reappeared after three months (with good behaviour) having a string of new songs. Particularly successful was the tune "Holy Cow":

*I've been milked by you, you take all my dough
This must come to an end, but I just don't know how
Look at my purse, how much I ever earn
You must reimburse, all the money lost
All the cash that's been flying off
and I hear the teller ring
One more look but there ain't anything
Holy cow, here we go again
Moo moo, don't make it persist, you
Holy cow, you are insane
Moo moo, see the bank blacklist you*

And "Mayday" that then followed was by the fans seen as a call for help:

*So when you're near me, darling, can't you hear me? Mayday!
The cash you gave me, nothing else can save me, Mayday!
If we go broke all we've done will go up in smoke!
Buy this song, hear our plea, no joke!*

Slowly they would win the audience over, even if most critics said they'd rather consume rotten snails while having their feet in a bucket of ice than hearing one more BABA song.

The next album, *Deprival*, had a string of hits, like "When I snogged the teacher" and the classic which landed them their first US #1, "Bouncing Teen":

*Monday morning with a throbbing head
You wonder who's beside in bed
Where am I, what happened last night?
Taking just one drink
A few more in a blink
Soon you are in a stink
The night is late and the DJ's high
from a bit of rock meth
Everything goes sour
You're in the mood for a bounce
And when you get the chance
You are the bouncing teen
A sight to be seen
Young and lewd
Bouncing teen
Feel the beat from the...oh yeah!*

Not to forget their catchy "Dollar, Dollar, Dollar":

*I work all night, I work the street
and smile to every man I meet*



BABA's backup band taking a break in the tradition of their heathen and feared forefathers. Skål!

*Ain't it sad?
 And still there never seems to be
 much of greenbacks left for me
 That's too bad
 In my dreams I have a plan
 If I can dupe a wealthy man
 I wouldn't have to whore at all
 Let's fool around and make a score*

The Australians are as we all know totally nuts, so of course they embraced this Swiss or whatever - who cares! - quartet wholeheartedly. There's only one way to get even lower, and that is to go way, way Down Under. And why not make a film at the same time?

The script was written on the backside of the airline safety instructions during the flight. It involved the group desperately trying to book an interview with a TV station, or radio...or a newspaper, how about a local paper, well, the school rag...

As they landed there must have been some mix-up: somebody had actually booked them limousines from the airport. You see, far away as they are, the Aussies hadn't grasped exactly what BABA was. Or was it that they as descendants of exiled convicts felt a certain kinship? Thousands of innocent young Matildas lined the streets, with their for obvious reasons worried mothers,

All the concerts were sold out before anyone had realised what was going on. It is claimed that a BABA TV show had even more viewers than the Moon landing! It may be because the Moon is just a sterile piece of barren rock, or that the rating company got a thick envelope from "Sticky". From this came the album *The Ransom* with one of their least unpopular songs, "Thank you for the Money":

*I'm rather special, in fact I've become billionaire
 What I sell you just pay up, that's all I care
 I have a talent, I'm so full of greed
 Shiploads of bucks is being my creed
 I'm so wealthy and proud
 I'm not plain or one in the crowd
 So I say
 Thank you for the money, the sums I'm earning
 Now for even more I'm yearning
 Who can live without it? I ask in all honesty
 What would life be?
 Without a buck or a quid, what are we?
 So I say thank you for the money
 For giving it to me*



Their next album, *Coucher Avec Moi*, dragged them up from the gutters even outside Kangaroo land, which smashers like "Does Your Pusher Know?" and "Chick I Cheat Her".

And they even seemed to claim having been abducted by aliens as they sang "I Have Been Beamed":

*I have been beamed, to outer space
 They took me up, among the stars
 When you see the wonder of a skiffy tale
 You will see the future on enormous scale
 I believe in UFOs
 Flying saucers everywhere I see
 I believe in UFOs
 Small green men reaching to my knee
 Across the space, I have been beamed*

Linguists aired angry protests about the album that then came, named *Super Duper*: "How on Earth can you rhyme 'last show' with 'Glasgow'," they objected. The question remained unanswered. Bosse and Birger just muttered something about that they like scotch a lot and must have had some at the time. That album had one of their greatest tracks ever, a song which seems to illustrate martial problems (though Birger denies it and says he will sue). As you may know, but we forgot to mention,

Bosse had been first engaged and then married to Afrida - to solve a complicated question of alimony - and Birger was married to Anna M. But for tax reasons they had now divorced! Or did the fact that the jumbo pack of condoms was suddenly empty have with it all to do?

Anyway, with a voice full of sadness and disappointment Anna Magnetha now sang "The Wiener Is Too Small":

*I was in your bed
Thinking I belonged there
Figured you're awake
But you were a fake
Building up a hope
Taking off my thong there
My mouth began to drool
But I was a fool
I had thrown the clothes
Is this the way it goes?
The facts are laying bare
You're pathetic down there
The wiener is too small
and hardly stands at all*

It was now obvious they were running low on steam. Surrounded by fans, and creditors, they did their last album, or their last for a long time: *Trespassers*.

After that Anna M developed a fear of flying and didn't get around much. Afrida met a prince to marry (she did indeed dupe a wealthy man!) to become a princess and moved into a huge castle, negotiating with Disney to sell them the rights to her fairy tale, to sort of distract from fact that her father may have been one of those there in Stalingrad way back.

Birger and Bosse spent merry nights on local sex clubs together with stoned British airship musicians, after which the government were forced to ban such clubs. Then the pair relocated to the little town Duvemåla (the name means "pigeon painting" for some reason) and sat there playing chess. Birger soon went into business deals, making gold into sand and having doubts about any God but Mercury, the god of merchants. Bosse started a folk band in which he played the accordion, as he found it hard to understand what all the knobs on a synthesizer did.

But in the long run they couldn't escape their reputation. The record company released a new collection, *BABA Fool's Gold*, which renewed the unhealthy interest in the group. The naughty Australians shot films with BABA songs. (The reason being it was the only music rights they could afford under their shoestring budgets.) And someone thought there was some green stuff to be harvested by doing a musical, inexplicably based on "Holy Cow".

This show for reasons no one understood began to graze the stages all over the world. And it too became not one but two films: "Holy Cow!" and "Holy Cow! Here We Go Again!" BABA's reputation or rather notoriety grew back. It could be due to that their old critics had become senile or simply had died off.

But why didn't BABA return to the studio or the road? Rumours had it that they were offered a billion dollars to do a new world-wide tour. (Unclear if it was US or Zimbabwean dollars.) Other rumours said they were offered *two* Billion dollars to stop even thinking of any tour forever.

But one day they met a producer who had an interesting idea:

"Why don't you go on tour without having to travel?" he suggested.

"But how do you do that?" Birger asked.

"I want to know. What's the name of the game?" Bosse inquired.

"Do you remember what you did on the Australian concert tour?" the producer said. "The girls, and those ropes..."

"Hey!" Birger said. "I though we were alone on the hotel room!"

"No I mean, on stage. That song: I'm a..."

"...I'm a marionette!" Bosse said. "Yes of course!"

"You can do a tour as - marionette dolls!"

They had already dismissed doing a tour as computer generated, virtual avatars. They thought it would only be the Gates to lots of trouble and Jobs they didn't want to involve themselves in. But with marionettes all you needed were some ropes and guys with strong arms.

So they began to prepare their marionette show, which is to open in an especially built arena in London, *BABA Violation*, next summer. But to get the reluctant audience to fall for it, shouldn't they have a couple of new songs?

And in his wastebasket among discarded shopping lists, Bosse Carlsson found a few sheets of musical notes. He couldn't read music, but her cleaning lady could and helped him out humming with her Hoover. This way the thing grew into the whole new album that we have seen now!

Violation, as it was named, has been the best selling album of the 21th Century - in the 78rpm version. And it has been nominated to a Granny (not to be confused with the Grammy) in the category Long Play Records That Took Very Long. Critics applaud this their last album, as long as they can guarantee it really is the last they hear of BABA. On their new album we for instance hear the story of BABA itself in the song "Don't Run Me Down":

*A while ago, I heard the sound of police sirens
Now it's quiet, so I guess they failed to find their man*

*Avoiding them is getting harder by the hour
My mood is going down, I'm on the run
I realise my thirst, so down the throat I pour
As I search for my coming goal
The lights are off, it's time to go
It's time at last to try to pick the lock
I believe it would be fair to say I was bewildered
As the door showed not even to be locked
As so it should, I would*



This is what BABA's coming marionette show will look like.

The album also has their Christmas song "Worthless Junk" and as a surprise hat tip to Irish folk music, "When You Drank With Me":

*I can remember when you drank your Guinness
And you told me "Give me another one!"
I never saw that you could hold your liquor
Glasses went by, you were still not done
Was it good for you this darkish brew?
We got the answer as up it all you threw!
You're just here for the beverage, that's all, or could it be
You miss the good old times when you drank with me*

Now we all wonder how this will end? Will the planning commission revoke the approval for the BABA Marionette show, or will an arsonist make it there first? Will the prosecutor finally find something tangible on "Sticky"? What does the United Nations Human Rights Commission say?

The worst are the fans of the band! Will this highly disorderly, loud-mouthed and rowdy crowd find their way to the show? When they get as bombed as Dresden they are truly scary and dangerous!

Those feared savages we call the...*BABArrians*!

Fandom's Shangri-LA...

Earlier I wrote at length about Francis Towner Laney's famous or notorious memoirs from the 1940's Los Angeles Fandom, *Ah! Sweet Idiocy!* But to get a second opinion on that legendary period, download the British fan historian Rob Hansen's *Bixelstrasse - The SF Fan Community of 1940s Los Angeles*:

<https://taff.org.uk/ebooks.php?x=Bixel> *Ah! Sweet Idiocy!* Is also available on this site for the free TAFF E-books, as well as more Hansen fan history books and lots of other fanhistory titles - a gold mine for any trufan! *Bixelstrasse* is a wider view on the tight-knit fannish community around the Los Angeles Science Fantasy

BIXELSTRASSE
The SF Fan Community
of 1940s Los Angeles



edited by
ROB HANSEN

Society in the 1940's.

It collects texts on what fans of the era had to say about their fannish life, from fanzines, reports, letters and other sources. The Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society began in 1934 as the Los Angeles Science Fantasy League, then a chapter of the *Wonder Stories* SF League. It still exists and is by now the oldest continuously active sf club. In the 1940s they had a clubhouse on South Bixel Street (WWII made that "Strasse", German for street), which became the centre of vibrant activities. Fans were there almost 24/7 using typewriters and mimeographs, reading the pulps of the club library, chatting, feuding, partying... Close to the clubhouse fans lived in "Slan Shacks" of Tendril Towers and Morojo's big flat.

I've always been interested in fannish communities, like LASFS New York Futurians also of the 1940s, 1950s Irish Fandom, the Epicentre and The Flat in 1940s London. (And I like to add the stormy life around the SFSF clubhouse in Stockholm 1977-1981, though we weren't as advanced...). Bixelstrasse housed legends like Forry Ackerman, Morojo, Walt Daugherty, Francis T Laney, Charles Burbee and many others. This book is a cornerstone of the bookshelves of any fan history library! You get fascinating 550+ pages, which must have been a real Daugherty Project that really happened to research and collect. If you are the least bit into fan history, get it! Let me briefly mention some of episodes, among many more:

✂ Many meetings, held every Thursday, are described through excerpts of the official protocols. As I understood those were written after each meeting and read on the next. After that it would be official business (as electing a new officer when an old resigned, which they often did...) followed by a lecture by a guest speaker or a member. Last there'd be a lively discussion about anything, some fuss, fans trying to exclude each other, alliances... Meetings were numbered, and in the book, which ends around 1950, they reach near meeting #500. Normal attendance was from a dozen to ca 30.

✂ We have the Tendril Towers, a nearby apartment house (you rented by the week, \$1/w) where many fans lived. The landlady like them, perhaps because she was a card-carrying communist and liked odd people... A handful of the fen were even recruited to the commie party, which I interpret more like a folly by naïve youth who is easy prey to utopian silliness (they probably changed their mind later, hearing of Stalin's terror, mass murder, oppression). BTW, member Sam Russell was in the 1950's revealed as writing reports to the FBI about those commies! Tendrilians were also claimed to be homosexuals, though in that regard we hear some exaggerations by Laney.

✂ We have several descriptions of the interior of the Bixelstrasse clubhouse but not many photos. It was ca 6x9 metres in size, with three bookshelves (holding books and mags), a couch, mimeographs, typewriters, a radio, original pulp magazine art on the walls, a rug on the floor, 20 folding metal chairs, a WC in the back and the LASFS coat of arms painted on the window facing the street. We read how it was repainted once, with a brown floor, light green walls and a light blue ceiling, from earlier have had a grey floor and cream coloured walls with a blue rim.

✂ Oh Ghod! The notorious Claude Degler spent some time there writing cruddy flyers and fanzines for his Cosmic Circle. It caused a lot of controversies, but it seems Forry and Morojo tolerated him.

✂ We read about the first time Forrest Ackerman got pissed, drinking like a sponge on a party in the Fran Shack. (Forry usually didn't touch the stuff! It might have been caused by 4SJ and Morojo breaking up.) That was FT Laney's home, which also was the base for the Outsiders, a break-away



40's LA fandom: A) Worldcon '46, Westercon '48, B) W Daugherty, C) FT Laney's "Fran Shack", D) LASFS Bixelstrasse clubhouse, E) LASFS' 1st clubhouse 1941-43 F) Clifton's cafe for LASFS meetings 1934-41, G) Morojo's flat & Slan Shack, H) Tendril Towers, I) Park w minigolf, fen hang-around, J) Sharkey's bar, dito

from LASFS group that existed for a while.

🔪 The Battle Creek Slan Shack fans rode in their car halfway across the continent to reach LASFAS where they were to establish themselves. But they had a lot of trouble, having - if I counted correctly - four flat tires on the way. But fans will always find a way to get through...

🔪 The atomic bombs dropped in August 1945 were of course debated heavily. And LASFAS actually organised Atomicon January 10, 1946 to, discuss the subject. They also collected money to Einstein's campaign to keep atomic power away from the military. (The Astounding/Cartmill atomic incident isn't mentioned. I don't think it was known at the time.)

🔪 Ackerman in early 1947 tried to get 20th Century Fox to pay for using the club house in a film. They refused, saying they already had permission from the landlord. Anyway, it could be the 1947 film "The Homestretch" with is from 20th Century. https://www.imdb.com/title/tt0039471/?ref_=nm_filmg_act_79 Forry was by the way often an extra in many films, sometimes together with other LA fen. (Movies of the era are worth researching!)



Russ Hodgkins and Walt doing some amateur publishing

🔪 In the late 1940's L Ron Hubbard became a regular at the clubhouse for a while. It seems he actually became quite popular, always having an entertaining - but perhaps not truthful - story to tell. Many sf writers, and also artists, frequented the club and several LASFAS members would have stories professionally published (eg E E Evans). Aside from Hubbard you could find Ross Rocklynn there, A E Van Vogt, E Mayne Hull, a young Ray Bradbury, Edmond Hamilton, and many others.

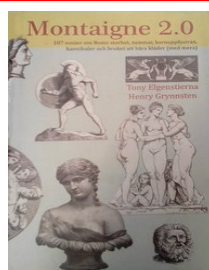
🔪 The feuds were many, but perhaps not as serious as Laney described them - in the form of "WWII becoming an anti-climax"... A curious one was about the club deciding not to send their fanzine *Shangri-L'Affaires* to the *Amazing Stories* fandom column, as the magazine was full of the silly "Shaver Mystery". It was the whacky theory that ancient aliens lived underground, from where they controlled mankind, which some took seriously (perhaps also editor Ray Palmer!). One wonders if Hubbard got some ideas from it. The clubzine editor at the time, Charles Burbee, saw no point in boycotting *Amazing* and resigned over this affair.

🔪 Another famous fanzine of the LASFS crowd was *Voice of the Imagi-Nation*, 50 issues 1939-1947 ("Imagi-Nation" being a typical Ackerman wordplay), which began as the letter column of their original clubzine *Imagination*. The LoCol then broke free under editorship of Forry and Morojo, with the principle that every received letter (738 through the years) would be published verbatim...

🔪 When dissatisfied with LASFS, members would break off into their own clubs or groups, not without some bickering, though most didn't last long. Some of the defectors are the Knaves, the Insurgents, the Outsiders or the short lived Futurian Society of LA. The Outlanders were a group of suburban fans who lived too far from Bixelstrasse to hang around, and thus had their own meetings.

🔪 Other activities of the club would be beach parties, parties for Halloween or other holidays, group visits to plays or movies. Forry eg organised for the club to see his favourite, "Metropolis", and he was overjoyed by at an occasion meeting the great Fritz Lang. In a long report he describes how he almost stalked Lang before finally making contact. Forry could be quite insistent...

🔪 In the end we get a long list of known members and Bixelstrasse visitors, a LASFS filksong and



Wanting to make this issue slightly shorter, just a little plug for a book I'll return to in a later ish. Henry Grynnssten, known from EAPA, and Tony Elgenstierna, a long-time fan, do a new take on the classic essays by Michel de Montaigne. Their own new 107 essays follow the subjects of Montaigne, in *Montaigne 2.0* (in Swedish, publisher Björkmans). The essays are everything from fun and odd to thoughtful and quite clever. See: <https://www.bokus.com/bok/9789187167058/montaigne-20-107-essaer-om-roms-storhet-tummarbarnuppfostran-och-bruket-att-bara-klader-med-mera/> and an interview with Elgenstierna here <https://unt.se/artikel/lz28pypl> Buy it or suggest to your local library that they acquire a copy!

a guide to the shifting, confusing "cliques" of the club. LASFAS moved from Bixelstrasse in April 1949, to West Ingram Street (and today it's 6012 Tyrone Avenue). The reason was increased rent (from ca \$30/month) and also that Walt Daugherty who had shared some of the cost moved his printshop away, so it became too expensive.

I'd better stop here, though I should get back to Bixelstrasse in a future ish. But this is the type of topic university scholars in 30-40 years will study and write learned papers on and have conferences about. Sf fans were and are quite a special group, talking about space and the future, having a rather interesting social structures and traditions and printing a steady stream of their own magazines. In younger days I invented a "Bachelor of Fanology" degree for myself.

But tell you what! In the future you will be able to study for and earn a B.F.



Mel Brown outside the clubhouse. Note the LASFS coat of arms on the window.

History Corner

Time to whip up more dust from the newspaper vaults of the Royal Library, out of my fanarcheological digging in 2020, when the library opened the archive on-line a couple of months (as corona compensation, when physical access was limited). I'll translate and summarise. First a real oldie, talking about life from outer space but without knowing it being the probably first mention in Swedish press of HG Wells' War of the Worlds, "Bacteria of Space" in Aftonbladet, February 27 1903:

Världsrymdens bakterier. I en fängslande bok, »Världarnas krig», skildras, skriver en tysk tidning, huru en annan planets överlägsna invånare besluta att tillintetgöra jordens befolkning, men hindras i utförandet af sin afsikt genom de mikrober, som de under vägen stöta på.

Nu har en vetenskapligt bildad man framkastat den frågan, om det icke synes tämligen sannolikt, att i hela världsrymden förekomma bakterier, hvilka då och då komma in i vår atmosfär och sålunda smitta vår planet. På detta sätt skulle ursprunget till en hel del nya sjukdomar och möjligen också till många andra gåtfulla företeelser få sin förklaring.

Detta förefaller vid första ögonkastet som en äkta amerikansk idé och är det också så till vida, som den verkligen formulerats af en amerikan. Men likväl är den ej så alldeles ny. Den, som först gifvit uttryck åt ifrågasättande teori, är en man, som allt fortfarande anses såsom en af naturvetenskapernas främsta mästare, sir William Thomson (lord Kelvin). Denne uppställde den teorien, att lifvet nått fram till vårt jordklot genom meteoriter. Han antog, att frön, som drejvo omkring inom vår egen eller någon annan planets atmosfär, så småningom kunde komma upp i allt högre regioner, där enligt vår vetenskap mäktiga luftströmningar äro rådande, hvarpå de kommit utom tyngdkraftens område och vandrat ut i världsrymden, för att slutligen dragas intill någon annan himlakropp och där finna betingelser för en ny utveckling. Vid bedömandet af denna intressanta teori är det genom fysikens senaste framsteg konstaterade faktum af stor vikt, hvilket ger vid handen, att icke ens den allra starkaste artificiella köld kan utrota bakterier.

Det tyckes alltså, slutar den ofvannämnda tidningen, icke omöjligt, att nya smitofrön kunna tillföras jorden och sprida förut okända sjukdomar bland dess invånare.

In a captivating book, War of the Worlds, a German paper writes how the superior beings of another planet decide to obliterate the people of Earth, but are stopped by the microbes they encounter. Now a scientifically minded man has suggested if it isn't quite probable that the whole of space could have bacteria which now and then enters out atmosphere and thus contaminate our planet. This would explain the origin of many deceases and other mysterious phenomenons. At first this would seem like a real American idea and it is in a way, suggested by an American, but still it isn't new. The first to suggest this theory is one still considered as one of the most prominent in science, Sir William Thomson (lord Kelvin). He had the theory that life had come to Earth on meteorites. He assumed that the seeds floating around in our or other planets' atmospheres would after a while reach high, where to our knowledge mighty air currents are, coming outside gravity and wandering into space, to finally be attracted to another heavenly body and there create foundations for new development. To asses this interesting theory it's according to the latest known facts of physics important knowing that not even the strongest artificial freeze can extinguish bacteria. It thus isn't impossible, the paper says, that new seeds make come to Earth and spread hitherto unknown diseases among its population.

How about if this was the story of a certain virus called corona... This article seems unaware of that *War of the Worlds* is a novel by HG Wells, but then the first Swedish translation of it didn't come until 1906. The theory about life spreading through seeds drifting in space is known as the panspermia hypothesis. Another proponent of it was the Swedish Nobel chemist Svante Arrhenius, talking about it in 1903 - maybe he got it from this article? See

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Panspermia>

From drifting space seeds to space travel. One of those popularising sf over here, and also an expert on Harry Martinson and *Aniara*, was professor of mathematics Tord Hall. He wrote books on *Aniara* and sf, many articles, held lectures (I heard him guesting the SFSF club). Here's an early farsighted article, "Interplanetary Traffic", Svenska Dagbladet, April 21 1953, talking about the Arthur C Clarke book *The Exploration of Space*:

the atmosphere that air resistance is negligible the centrifugal force and gravity will cancel themselves out. Free of weight the rocket will circle Earth like a second moon about every ca 90 minutes. This speed seems not impossible to reach within the next 10 years by constructing multi-stage rockets, which means that several rockets are connected in a series: when the first has burnt out it is dropped and the remaining system starts with the speed of the old, etc. As an example of a multi-stage rocket we have eg the German wartime project A9/A10. The rockets originally only equipped with scientific instruments will then have crews, with the fantastic task of building the first "space station" ca 1000 km above Earth. /Clarke doesn't go into details. Experiments are military secrets. But.../ He emphasise the science and technology benefits: meteorology gets a superb weather station, astronomy an observatory free from atmospheric disruptions, the nuclear scientist an ideal laboratory to study cosmic radiation, radio and TV engineers elegant solutions to many of the difficult technical and commercial problems on Earth, etc. The space base will be a platform of astronautics towards the planetary system. Because it is here the real space rockets will start after they have in parts been brought there by other vehicles and been assembled in the free space in comfortable freedom from weight. (Every object floats free where it is dropped.) The rocket begins its flight with 8 km/s and therefore only needs to add 3.2 km/s compared to its base to reach escape velocity. While the rockets that will penetrate the atmosphere must be streamlined due to air resistance (the prototype ought to be the German V2) that spaceship that now flies in vacuum gets more free contours. Equipped with detection sprouts like radar antennas and other devices to communicate with Earth a spaceship may perhaps more resemble a giant, metallic beetle. Among the many and very instructive illustrations in the book there is a colour plate giving this impression. The first moon rockets will probably be unmanned. Instead they'll have rich scientific equipment, especially radar and TV. If such a rocket is launched the right way it can be made circling the Moon as a satellite and send pictures and data. not only from the near side but also from the far side, that no human eye yet has seen. Another

alternative is to aim the rocket so that it takes a tour around the Moon and then returns to Earth about a week after the start. After the conditions of a voyage thus has been explored the first manned rocket could be on its adventurous way. The commander on this first spaceship to the Moon will only have to take a fraction of the risks of Columbus when he - with relatively less knowledge and equipment took off for a journey where he knew neither the course, goal or the dangers en route. /The Moon lacks air and soil but has the same elements as Earth. But a base may produce oxygen and fuel to be self-sufficient. A central base on the moon would benefit further trips in the solar system due to its low escape velocity. / To get to Venus only 3.1 km/s is needed due to the weaker gravity, while a trip from Earth would need 11.6 km/s. Comparing this figure and the mentioned start speed from Earth to the Moon, 11.2 km/s, shows a surprisingly little difference, and this throws a clear light on the most difficult and costly problem of astronautics: to break through the gravity field of the starting point. Out in space you can travel practically free. The closest coming goals for interplanetary traffic are of course Mars and Venus. The first would be to prefer, as we there can repeat the Moon base in a much bigger scale, under better conditions. Together with an utopian colour picture of a city on Mars Clarke tells about the problems and work that may occupy future pioneers. The outer planets will hardly invite colonisation. One of the Saturn Moons, Titan, is strange not only because it is a giant, but because it has an atmosphere of methane, which from what we can judge should be an excellent fuel for atomic powered rockets. It's possible that Titan will be a service station for exploring the outer parts of the planetary system. /Clarke then talks about economics. Space stations are expensive but won't cost more than a minor war. But we could end up in a war anyway. / Because space stations a few 1000 km above Earth will probably be excellent strategic bases, from which rockets can be launched to any place on Earth.

Odyssé

är fortfarande den enda verkligt stimulerande avantgardistiska tidskriften i landet. Nr 6-7 är dock långtifrån dess framgångsrikaste chock: det är förtungt av en besynnerlig artikel om science fiction av Lönnerstrand. Stilistiskt förefaller den dikterad av en rymdhund.

Lönnerstrand bidrar också med tre dikter, språkligt uppfinningsrika och av en viss rytmisk suggestion. Dock kan han knappast i något avseende måta sig med Odyssés lyriska galjonsfigur, Öyvind Fahlström, vilkens i tidigare nummer offentliggjorda poesi ibland når överraskande och hisnande effekter — som om orden brast under en och man hjälplöst föll genom galenskapen.

Per Lindström, Lukianos från Samosata och Cyrano de Bergerac (originalen) bidrar i övrigt med underhållande och föredömligt kvälande berättelser.

LARS FORSELL

AFAIK this article was spot on, except that space bases (stations) took longer than envisioned to build, while manned trips came faster - in a decade!

Now a little note on skiffy in cultural light.

Lars Forsell, a heavyweight and later Academy member covers sf in the culture magazine "Odyssé", in Dagens Nyheter, December 13, 1954, which is...:

...still the only stimulating avant garde magazine in the country. But No 6-7 is far from its most successful shock: it is laden with a strange article about sf by Lönnerstrand. Stylistically it seems written by a space dog. /The Space Dog was Sture Lönnerstrands prize winning sf novel! Lönnerstrand also contributes three poems, linguistically

inventive and with a certain rhythmic suggestiveness. But he can hardly measure up to Odyssé's poetic frontman Öyvind Fahlström ... Per Lindström, Lucian of Samosata and Cyrano de Bergerac (the original) else contributes with entertaining and exemplary strangling tales.

From mentioned content we see there was a lot of skiffy in that issue! Our genre had a certain cultural status in 1954. Aside from a poet, Sture Lönnerstrand was one of the first sf prophets in our country, and the mentioned Per Lindström an early sf author and publisher of the mimeoed literary magazine *Pan* (1953-54). Another early sf propagator at the time was Lennart Sörensen, who wrote many articles about sf, including here, taking a look south on "Niels E Nielsen - Denmark's only sf author", in *Aftonbladet* August 5, 1957:

While we in Sweden now have begun organise sf clubs and publish stencilled sf magazines of more or less acceptable contents, Denmark is as yet strangely lightly infiltrated by this genre, which has been such a success in the USA in later years. But there is a Danish author who does sf, namely Niels E Nielsen, born in 1924. Aside some articles, short stories and novels in traditional style he has through publisher Hasselbalch come out with three sf novels: It's Reported from Sahara (1953), Smith of Luck (1953) and Tree of

Niels E. Nielsen — Danmarks ende science fiction-författare

MEDAN DET I SVERIGE numera har börjat organiseras sf-klubbar och utges stendellerade sf-tidningar av mer eller mindre acceptabelt innehåll är Danmark än så länge märkvärdigt litet infiltrerat av denna litteraturart, som blivit en sådan framgång i USA de senaste åren. Dock finns det en dansk författare som sysslar med sf, nämligen Niels E. Nielsen, som är född 1924. Förutom diverse artiklar, noveller och romaner i traditionell stil har han på Hasselbalchs förlag publicerat tre sf-romaner: "Det meldes fra Sahara" 1953, "Lykkens smed" (1953) och "Kundskabens træ" (1955).

Den första av dessa romaner laborerar med tidsbegreppet och skildrar hur mänskligheten nästan fullständigt tillintetgörs av ett slags kräftsjukdom, den s.k. "vita Döden". Den innehåller ganska mycket osmält läststoff, och utbroderingen av det i och för sig intressanta ämnet är en smula omogen. Betydligt mogenare och stilistiskt sett vida överlägsen "Det meldes fra Sahara" är "Lykkens smed", som berättar om några marsianers konfrontation med jordisk byråkrati. Den växlar mellan burlesk och tragik och dess sens moral är att mänskligheten än så länge befinner sig på ett föga utvecklat stadium.

Bäst av Nielsens romaner är otvivelaktigt hans senaste, "Kundskabens træ", den fascinerande och gripande historien om hur ett atomkrig framsläpper vildriga mutationsformer. Det är en mardrömsartad, skräckslagen vision av vad som kan hända oss, vi som experimenterar och leker med saker som vi ännu inte behärskar. Av Nielsens sf-noveller finns det skäl att nämna två som varit publicerade i den svenska månadstidningen *Häpna*: "Purpur-natten" och "Aftonbesök". Den förra, som i inledningen lätt erinrar om Bradbury's "Mars is Heaven", är i likhet med "Kundskabens træ" en predikan för upphörandet av atom- och väle-bombsexperimenten innan det är för sent; den senare är en bitter

anklagelse mot människorna, det djurslakte som — vara omständigheterna hur gynnsamma som helst — aldrig kan hålla fred. Ett genomgående drag i Nielsens författarskap är hans sympati för marsianerna, dessa kultiverade, intelligenta pacifister. Det låter kanske en smula egendomligt och fordrar en förklaring: allt det som Nielsen högaktar i människokaraktären har han projicerat på sina marsianer och alla de mänskliga karaktärsdrag han avskyr saknar hans marsianer. Det är ett nästan banalt enkelt sätt att illustrera sina teser men oenkligen verkningsfullt. Nielsen rubricerades vid ett tillfälle av Roland Adlerberth som "Nordens i särklass finaste sf-författare". Det är inga överord; Nielsen är djupt engagerad i sitt ämne och medveten om ansvaret att skriva sf. "Science fictionen har från första ögonblicket varit djupt allvar för mig" skrev han i det brev som upplästes vid sf-kongressen i Lund i fjol. Han koncentrerar alltid sin blick på mänskligheten, han vill skriva om "människor som kan gråta och le, förskräckas och missa sig" och inte om "känslösa stjärnvandrare som aldrig, aldrig blir förkylda eller faller i förundran över skapelsens ofattbara mångfald", för att citera ett annat avsnitt ur det nämnda brevet.

Eftersom svensken i gemen har en egenartad förskräckelse för danska apråk får man hoppas att åtminstone "Kundskabens træ" inom en inte alltför avlägsen framtid blir översatt till svenska. Nielsen är en författare som det finns all anledning att hålla ögonen på; med det utgångsläge han nu har förefaller det möjligt, gränsande till troligt att han kommer att kunna skapa genial sf i stil med Orwells "1984".

LENNART SÖRENSEN.



Knowledge (1955). /Titles translated. Note on headline: the other Danish sf author Niels Meyn had died a few months earlier, so Nielsen may have been alone in sf at this time.../ *The first of these novels experiments with the concept of time and describes how humanity is almost completely wiped out by a sort of cancer, the so called "white death". /Interesting but a bit immature. More mature and stylistic is.../ Smith of Luck, telling about some Martians' encounter with Earth's bureaucracy. It moves between the burlesque and tragic, with the moral that humanity as yet is on a low stage of development. The best of Nielsen's novels is his latest, Tree of Knowledge, a fascinating and touching story of how an atomic war creates disgusting mutations. It's a nightmare vision of terror of what could happen to us, we who experiment and play with things we yet lack control over. Of Nielsen's sf stories there's reason to mention two which have been published in the Swedish monthly Håpna!: "Night of Purple" and "Evening Visit". The first which initially slightly resembles Bradbury's "Mars is Heaven" is like Tree of Knowledge preaching for a stop to experiments with atomic and hydrogen bombs before it's too late. The latter is a bitter accusation against the humans, the branch of animals - despite very favourable conditions - that can't keep the peace. A constant tendency in Nielsen's writing is his sympathy for Martians, these cultivated, intelligent pacifists. It may sound a bit strange and needs explaining: everything Nielsen admires in the human characters he is projected on his Martians and everything in humans he hates the Martians lack. It's a banal way to illustrate your message but without doubt effective. Nielsen was once proclaimed by Roland Adlerberth as the "without comparison finest Nordic sf author". It's no exaggeration; Nielsen is deeply engaged in his topic and conscious about the responsibility when writing sf. "Sf has from the beginning been deeply serious for me" he wrote in a letter which was read at the sf convention in Lund last year. His gaze is concentrated on the human, he wants to write about "people who can cry and smile, be scared and make mistakes" and not about "soulless star wanderers who never catch a cold or are overwhelmed by the sense of wonder over the incredible diversity of creation", to quote another part of the mentioned letter. Since the Swede in general has a strange fright for the Danish language we may hope that at least Tree of Knowledge in a not to far off future will be translated to Swedish. Nielsen is a writer it's every reason to keep an eye on. With the starting point he now has it seems possible, bordering the probable that he'll be able to create genius sf like Orwell's 1984.*

That novel wasn't translated, but a later one, *The Rulers*, 1976, about artificial slave people rebelling. See the Danish wiki piece: https://da.wikipedia.org/wiki/Niels_E._Nielsen In reality, with just a little extra effort Swedes should be able to read Danish. Hearing it spoken may be another matter, but Danish text should be relatively easy. But people are lazy. Nielsen (1924-1993) appeared quite often in *Häpnat!*, submitting stories in Danish

and getting their first, original publication in translation to Swedish.

Sven Christer Swahn, sf author with tight fannish connections, had a series of sf articles in 1981. January 31 that year he covered fandom and tuckerisms or faaan fiction, in Göteborgs-Tidningen, "*Playful, harmless, nonsense*" (I cut away the headline and most of L Ron's beautiful face to save space, and below skip the in-text section headlines):

A thing worth saying about sf: it's a playful genre...It happens that sf writers appears in the novels and stories by others...to place a colleague as manic mass murderer from the satellite Sodom can't hurt. Sometimes I think that it's the playfulness of sf that makes it mature. As I already said it's not unreasonable to think of sf fandom as topic for a novel and looking around you see so much is

Det är en sak som förtjänar sägas om sf: det är en lekfull litteraturgenre. Man byter ogenrat idéer och vet att man har lov att låna och bygga vidare. I bästa fall kan sf-magasinen likna ett fortsatt och stimulerande meningsutbyte.

Det händer också att sf-författare dyker upp som personer i varandras romaner och noveller, bland annat för att författare alltid är på jakt efter bra personnamn, och om man samtidigt kan placera in en kollega som manisk massmördare från satelliten Sodom skadar det ju inte. Ibland är jag böjd att tro att det är det lekfulla draget i sf som är genrens verkliga mögenhetsförklaring.

• DET JAC REDAN sagt visar att det inte vore orimligt att tänka sig s-fandom som romanämnade, och ser man sig om finns det redan så mycket skrivet att man kunde tala om en hel subgenre. Många sådana romaner är måttligt roande.

SCIENCE FICTION

Farmer gav muntligt sammandrag av på en sf-kongress i Köpenhamn för två år sedan. Jag hoppas han ger sig tid att skriva ner den en vacker dag. Det var härresande förvecklingar.

Dantes Inferno

Annars är min favorit i denna sällsamma litteraturart den korta upptakten till Larry Nivens och Jerry Pournelles "Inferno", där sf-författaren Carpenter på en sf-con beslutar sig för att upprepa det dumma vadet i Tolstojns Krig och fred, sitta i fönstret och tömma en pava. Han gör så, och alla sf-fans hurrar, men till sin grämlöse märker han att de redan glömt bort honom eftersom Asimov kommit in i rummet.

Fandom på svenska

... Som sagt morron efter första nattens. Hela hotellst som ett enda ostädad roomparty. Osorberade fäns distribuerade till fel hotellrumms fel sängar. Kall rökigt som en aladab. Fälsk morron, äka morron; dag redan och obegränsat nytra steg över trottoarerna omkring. En s-förfullare som

långsamt och smärtsamt bullrar
huvet mot väggen när han minns
att han har berättat hela intrigen
i en påbörjad afroman för för-
tjust lyssnande kolleger och andra
demoner. Men medan af-barnen
högljutt ropar på nya rullar i
filmsalongen samlar sej redan
Mottram och kommitterade och
förboreder nästa steg i framtids-
spelet."

Så nog finns det fandomromaner på svenska också. En annan sak är att jag kanske aldrig bryr mig om att publicera den som ovanstående rader hämtats från, "Sf-galaxen". Jag har inte råd med böttorna.

Skämt åsido är det klart att en rörelse som sf-fandom, hur rand- eller frinze-betonad den är, kan spegla samhället stort, rentav erbjuda särskilt tacksamma möjligheter, erbjuda ett pilotexperiment för det framväxande samhället i stort med grupperingar, konfrontationer, klassmönster, ekonomiska villkor

Sherlock Holmes

• PARAI ELLER? Givetvis har deckargen sinna möten, kongresser och belöningar på samma sätt som f. Holmesianerna har sitt att sköta. "Vår Sherlock Holmes kvinna" etc i det oändliga. Dagens deckarförfattare har också genomskådat och under tiden att bevakna och sluta sin samman. Det ligger dock i sakens natur att deckarfans måste vara, hur ska jag säga, dels lite normalare, dels lite mer förlöst utstyrda.

• SF-FANS diskuterar rymden in i tota och bortom alla dimensioner medan deckarläsarna väljer att inte veta om rymden alls. Jag iaktas hellre bland helginsla stjärnvandrar än i trossen till The Baker Street Irregulars.

Vill man leta efter det direkt vådliga i det annars harmlösa nonsens som sf-fandoms inre värld bjuder på, kan man ju inte förneka att några av de grupper som bröt sig ut från sf-fandoms käder, bildade kultliknande enheter där det sjuka inslaget kan bli mer markant.



Lafayette Ron Hubbard, scientologikyrkans ledare. En gång en habil sf-författare. Mot slutet av fyrtio-talet fällde han sin odödliga replik: "Jag är trött på att skriva sf för en penny ordet. Nu ska jag bli rik på en ny sorts religion."

• EN MÖNSTERGILL-framställning finns i Evans' *Cults of Unreason* från 1973. Han är experimentell psykolog, när boken skrevs knuten som sekreterare till Brain Research Foundation. I tur och ordning går han igenom Hubbard och scientologerna, UFO-religioner, "gösterländska" visbetsrättor. Det ögonblick lekmomentet faller bort blir det hela olustigt.

Evans belyser initierat hur medvetet inte minst UFO-troende pusslar med skenfakta och halvsvanningar. Så brukar i allmänhet två sina händer och avsvära all släktskap med kulterna, men det är hårt jobb.

Att få kongresser avhandlar flygande tefat och gröna män är något som resten av mänskligheten vet, och då är det dröckt att komma och påstå motsatsen.

Shaverianism

• DET HELA komplicerades av att en del av de här företeelserna oenkligen har ursprungskontakter med s-fgen och s-fsdom. Jag kan t ex nämna en rörelse som Evans inte tar upp, Shaverismen.

Shaver var en man som under andra världskriget fick telepatisk kontakt med en underjordisk grotta. Han tappade Mansfird i golvet av häpnad. (Han satt nämligen och listade lord Byron när kontakten skedde).

Shaver fick på dolda tankevägar besked om att en gudomlig ras behövde honom, ibland besökte oss igen och höll ett öga på utvecklingen, och att de efterlämnat hemlighetsfulla inrättningar – klippböcker, kallade Shaver dem – där man kunde hitta bevis på deras existens. Deras maskinerier fanns fortfarande kvar i underjordiska grottor.

Scientologie

Shaver fick en tid järja frött i sf-tidskriften Amazon men förlorade kontakt med sf-fandom och fortsatte mera på egen hand tillsammans med fd-sf-fan Ray Palmer. Shaver och hans "rock-books": där någonstans kunde sedan von Däniken haka på tjugo år senare

när Shaver redan var gammal och glömd. Han dog 1975.

• INGEN SF-LASARE kan heller förneka att Lafayette Ron Hubbard (född 1911) startade som sf-författare och faktiskt åstadkom några riktigt bra historier innan han mot slutet av 40-talet föll in i sin odödliga replik: "Jag ska göra en förmögenhet på en sorts ny religion, jag är trött på att skriva sf för en penny ordet."

Maniska metafysiker

Hubbard gick sina egna vägar. Andra sf-författare var mer intresserade av metafysik än av pengar och några av de mest maniska sf-metafysikerna möter vi nästa gång: Dick, Sheckley, Vonnegut och andra. Under tiden lägger vi på en lämplig skiva:

"Har ni glömt Haldanes lag? frågade han. Universum är inte bara konfigurer än vi föreställer oss, det är konfigurer än vi KAN förstå oss. Det är Haldanes lag. Det är ganska givet att sådant som utvecklas till en internationell organisation, som det här skett här på jorden, då måste det finnas andra världar med minst lika många bebyggda världar som grunden till det stora rymdspelet ... Det är en gylljälk sak, bröder, att det finns en sandom i skyn, en sfpublik som spränger alla jordiska gränser. Där, i oavgränsade rum, varar ett evigt spel. Det är inte bara som kött och blod utan upphylla till berättelser och sagor, avsnen, porträtterade av sf-författare med fjälliga scensar eller äggen på skaff, penier som vi inte kan förstå men som vi känner igen - utan att veta om det."

På det viset är vi inte bara objekt för våra egna fattiga förmodningar, insändiga i vår brist här på en bristfällig jord. Vi rör oss fritt i världerymden tack vare helt andra solars och raseras skapande fantasi. Vi behöver egentligen inte färdas genom världerymden, vi finns där redan, det finns pocketböcker om oss på planeter som ligger miljoner ljusår från vår egen anspråklösa hemvärld..."

Tidigare artiklar i serien införda den 10, 14, 18 och 25 januari. Nästa kommer den 9 februari.

written that you could talk about a sub-genre...the fandom novel to beat everyone else is one that the well known sf author Philip José Farmer gave an oral summary of on an sf con in Copenhagen two years ago. I hope he'll take the time to write it down one day. It had hair rising complications. Else my favourite of this strange genre is the short intro to Larry Niven's and Jerry Pournelle's *Inferno*, where the sf author Carpenter on an sf con decides to repeat the stupid bet in Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, about sitting by the windows emptying a bottle. He does and all the sf fans cheer, but is annoyed noting everyone has forgotten him as Asimov enters the room. The applause aren't for his achievement. Drunken and angry he falls down into the darkness. "I don't think a saw me falling". He wakes up in Dante's *Inferno*. But they can't be any stories about fandom in Swedish? Don't be so sure.

I quote from a newly published Swedish novel: "As said, the morning after the first con night. The whole hotel as one big untidy roomparty. Unsorted fans distributed to the wrong beds in the wrong hotel rooms. Cold smoke compact as aspic. False morning, real morning; already day and incomprehensibly sober steps on the pavements around. An sf author who slowly and painfully bangs his head against the wall when he remembers he has revealed the whole plot of an sf novel he has begun for colleagues and other demons happily listening. While the sf kids loudly yells for new reels in the movie saloon, Mottram /a character?/ and the committee already prepares the next step in the game of the future." So there are fandom novels in Swedish too. Another thing is that I may never care to publish what the previous quote came from, *The SF Galaxy*, I couldn't afford paying damages. But joking aside, of course a movement like sf fandom, despite being in the fringe, can mirror the larger society, even offer good possibilities, a pilot example for the emerging society in general with groupings, confrontations, class patters, economics. Parallels? Crime fiction of course also has its meetings, conventions and awards in the same way as sf. Holmesians have things to do. "Was Sherlock Holmes a woman?" etc in eternity. Today's crime writers have economics and other interest to guard and gang together. But in the nature of things crime fiction fans must be, how to say it, a bit more normal and also a bit more meagre. Sf fans discuss space and beyond all dimensions while crime readers debate about Peter Wimsey's ancestors. I'm rather discovered among crazy star wanderers than in the rear guard of the Baker Street Irregulars. If you're looking for the risky in the otherwise harmless nonsense that the inner world of sf fandom offers, you can't deny than some of the groups that broke away from the codes of sf fandom formed cult like entities where the crazy contents become more noticeable. /The book *Cults of Unreason* mentioned, discussing scientology, UFOs, Eastern teaching. It.../ illuminates on how especially UFO believers consciously juggle with faike facts and half truths. Sf usually washes its hands and rejects any connection to such cults, but its a difficult job. It is complicated by that some of these things without doubt have their origin in sf and sf fandom. I can eg mention a movement Evans doesn't mention, Shaverism. Shaver was a man who during WWII made telepathic contact with a cave /...and/ through hidden mental routes learnt that a divine race had lived on Earth, sometimes visited us again and kept an eye on the development, and that they left behind secretive engravings - scrapbooks he called them - where you could find evidence of their existence. Their machinery is still around in underground caves. Shaver roamed free in the sf magazine *Amazing* but lost contact with sf fandom and continued more separately together with the ex-fan Ray Palmer. Shaver and his "rock books" - there somewhere *Däniken* was able to hook ond 20 years later when Shaver was old and forgotten. He died in 1975. No sf lover can deny that Lafayette Ron Hubbard (born 1911) began as sf author and and in fact created some really good yarns before he in the late 1940's said his immortal line: "I'll make a fortune from a new kind of religion, I'm tired writing sf for a penny per word." Hubbard followed his own path. Other sf authors were more interested in metaphysics than money and we'll met some of the most manic sf metaphysics next time: Dick, Sheckley, Vonnegut. /in a coming article/ While waiting we start a suitable record: "Have you forgotten Haldane's law?, he asked. The universe isn't only stranger than vi imagine, it is stranger than we CAN imagine. That's Haldane's law., It is rather obvious that if fandom develops into an international organisation, as we have seen here on Earth,there must exist other worlds with fan movements at last as powerful. That's the basis for the big space game...it's obvious, brothers, that there is a fandom in the sky, an sf audience that crosses all earthly limits. There in faraway worlds, we people walked around not only as flesh and blood, bur raised to tales and legends. Portrayed by sf authors with tails full of scales or eyes on shafts, geniuses we don't know but who already know us – without we knowing. In that way we're not only objects of our own poor abilities, locked into what we lack here on a deficit Earth. We move freely in space thanks to the creative imagination of other suns and races. Inreality we don't need to travel through space, we are already there, there are paperback books about us on planets millions of light years from our own insignificant homeworld..."

SF Galaxen was later published in the *Nova SF* mag. Another mag with rockets and rayguns was of course *Häpna!* so let's finish with a little story about the other brother Kindberg behind it. (KG was covered in an earlier issue.) While editor Kjell Ekström did text editing, translations and such, the technical production of the magazine was the responsibility of brother Kurt Kindberg at their printshop down south in Jönköping. It has been said that Kurt had an unfortunate traffic accident in the mid 1960's, and it was the injuries he obtained that made it impossible for him to continue - and that was



Kurt Kindberg
direktör
Stockholm, 65 år

why *Häpna!* folded, early 1966. He later moved to Stockholm (to get better treatment?) and took a big stock of every issue with him that he sold cheaply (ca € 0.5/issue) through small adverts. I answered one of those ordering all issued I lacked, a huge bundle! It resulted in a phone call home for me, from Kurt! I lived with my mother (& brother) but there weren't too many Engholms and he had my address so he could easily look up (08) 388019. "Since it was a heavy package, collect it in person and save the postage..." he suggested. I got an address near Skanstull (southern downtown) and met a person at the door to some sort of office facility. I'm almost certain it was the person of the picture here, which is from a small Happy Birthday note in Dagens Nyheter, June 6 1984: "*Kurt Kindberg, CEO, Stockholm, 65 years*". It was around the year 1980 and at the time I didn't know much about their magazine, otherwise I would have taken the opportunity to interview him a bit about the inner workings of *Häpna!* Sadly I missed that, but I did get that huge collection of the magazine, and now had it complete. AFAIK you could buy a full set of *Häpna!* for a very reasonable sum well into the 1990s. BTW, I have also met KG Kindberg, on a minicon in the early 1990s.

Mailing Comments

Garth Spencer: Will those missed contributions appear later? 🚫 It seems difficult to get people interested in joining APAs. People writes on Twitter, Facebook etc today, instead in the form of little fanzines - but we need fanzines! They used to be the backbone of fandom, our "Internet on paper" powered by mimeographs and typewriters. 🚫 Yes, Intermission is a lot of work, but I will *try* to scale back. The issues became at least 1/3rd thicker in the spring 2020, as I got the newspaper archive clips to cover, and at the same time began writing about this virus shite. 🚫 About languages... First a definition: *primitive = low level of abstraction, it takes more effort to express some things*. Take computer languages, there're definitely more primitive ones. The most primitive is to feed in 0s and 1s directly, as with the console switches on the Altair 8080. Then follows assembler on a higher level, where codes represents 0/1 switches. And from there you rise in abstraction level to C, BASIC... Things like spreadsheets or "game engines" are on an even higher level of abstraction. Since computer languages have different levels, the same should go for human languages. There *are* languages that are more primitive. Take for instance colours. There are languages with only words for dark and bright. If you mean green you have to take a linguistic detour, saying something like "looking like a leaf". (The third colour languages add tend to be red.) Of course all languages can describe the same things, but with less abstraction you have to struggle to say some things and the description won't be as efficient. That's the same as being more primitive. 🚫 On Alberta and the bloody virus, tough "restrictions" have shown to be inefficient. Lockdowns may help marginally, but people huddling together at home may also infect each other. Masks tend to infect hands as you touch it and you don't bother with distancing. Vaccines make the real difference! 🚫 Careful! Make the slightest hint that you find Marilyn Monroes or Betty Pages a sight for sore eyes and you are "sexist"!

Henry Grynsten: You made a convincing argument that Mozart wasn't such a Wunderkind music history made him, with a PR dad, getting "help" with and "borrowing" compositions, etc. Your interview with the music historians is here interesting, but I don't have anything to add. 🚫 Asimov had interesting ideas on robots, psycho history and science and was right concentrating on that, and if characters of fiction are deemed "shallow" is secondary. Since humans aren't telepathic and can go into the mind of others, *fictional persons will always be different aspects of the author him/herself* - it's the only thing possible. But the very narrow exploration of just one (1) person isn't very interesting. Use your characters the way they're needed for the story, but don't treat them as any thing special beyond that. They are only the author in shifting disguise. Ingmar Bergman is a clear example. In Bergman scripts the major characters are the same neurotic Bergman himself, just facets of one and the same man. 🚫 I'm not sure that Finns have the highest dementia rate. Could be that Finland's medical system is better in picking up and diagnosing it. Finland also has a high life expectancy and dementia is connected to age. - your coffee/alzheimer statistics table is also a good one for lifespan! And could using saunas be a possible dementia factor? Sitting in a steaming hot hut, then to throw yourselves into ice-cold water can't be healthy! 🚫 As for conscious robots, I wouldn't call it "slavery" to have organisms with built-in urges. If you give a robot the urge to eg follow the Asimovian Laws the robot will do *what it wants*. It *wants* to not harm humans or through inaction...etc. We humans also have built in urges. We have the urge to eat, to find mates, to protect ourselves. I would define slavery as using force to make someone do what they *don't want*. Another point: I think machines can be very flexible and useful without consciousness. Dogs may be very useful but aren't conscious in any human sense. 🚫 "Equality" is worse for everyone as it denies we all are different individuals with shifting interests. Forcing everyone to be the same ignores individuality and means oppression: you must use pressure to squeeze everyone into the same mould. Sherry-picking Piketty has fingers are all red from his heavy picking. A source among many: <https://www.svd.se/thomas-piketty-trivs-bast-hemma> (sorry, in Swedish). He eg make faulty use of income before taxes, ignores benefits, treats investment and housing the same, ignores pensions, slashes incentive for growth, draws conclusions about the future confessing he has no idea of the outcome. Just some. Mr Norberg has covered the merry cherry party more detailed elsewhere, and he's not alone in critique of this berry farmer. You ask: "What if some people get 100 dollars a day for food and all expenses, and some get 1 dollar a day" Me: the worst off should of course be helped! You mention education levels, but that's not the

same as wealth. I'm all for improving education levels for all, but "equality" paid by high taxes *wrecks education!* Get more education to be high-paid and you'll be thanked by higher taxes. The payout from years and years of studying is slashed. Higher taxes for more "equality" counteracts education. In Sweden we now have a shortage of civil engineers. The tough (lots of math and equations!) typically 5-years long engineer training attracts fewer. (BTW, I generally think studies should be more math and science, less social science.) The best for everyone in the real world is economic growth, which the poor benefit most from. The plan saying "If you produce more we'll take the surplus, and if you produce less we give you extra" *can't possibly stimulate a growing economy!* "Redistribution" also *requires more bureaucracy*, which eats and kills resources. You need forms and paper clips to check everyone to see who gets what. I'm not against taxation, just think it should be lower but enough to pay for services like education, health, rule of law etc. (Majority of Swedish taxes today goes to "redistribution" in the shape of benefits. You can cut in that and keep services.) The ideal tax level seems to be ca 30% of GDP, which we had when the economy grew most, before the 1970s - when that level rose, growth dropped. Mexico's real problem is corruption, crime and poverty (1/8th GDP/c off the US). That tempts many to make fast bucks in the drug trade, creating insecurity and corruption. We see now with the pandemic, how the top-down governed society "equality" requires, lessens trust. Politicians who now are bossing people around with lockdowns, forced vaccinations, mask mandates etc have caused huge demonstrations, from Australia to Switzerland. Polarisation of society has to a substantial degree come from stupidity like postmodernism, at the universities from the 1970s and on. Students are fed corny ideas like "there are no truths", "you're guilty of forefathers' sins", "anything goes" etc - gender studies, race theory, identity politics and everything. The brainwashed will of course become activists. Forced "equality" and "diversity" means quotas - it gives uniformity and *decreases* free choice. It discriminates all who are "included" out. Your 7 year old OECD paper means education, not wealth issues, is possible growth obstacles ("main mechanism through which inequality affects growth is by undermining education opportunities for children"). As said I'm all for good education for all, but trying to do that by *generally* flattening things is off target and inefficient. But schools are often run the wrong way, and *that can be fixed*. Give pupils more facts, less opinions, give them grades and feedback, no "you are good as you are", give them challenges and structures.

John Thiel: From where is that Disney photo? A film set? 🚫 I too wonder where fandom is heading. Have no good answer. 🚫 To me it seems politics is creeping more into sf lately: Political Correctness, the fight around the Hugos, LGBTQ alphabet, etc. We note that *all person-Hugos 2021 went to women*. Feminism is "inclusive in a very odd way... 🚫 You mention some books I'd better check, could be interesting.

William McCabe: This new Omicron variant luckily seems to be very, very mild. At the time of writing only one (1) is said to have died in the UK, but five consecutive sources I checked refused to mention age or any pre-existing conditions, so presumably the patient died *with* and not from the virus and was 80+ years. Generally, hardly anyone is hospitalised by Omicron. Lockdowns ruin Xmas, making even more companies go

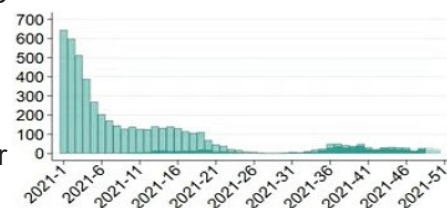


bust during their most important sales season. 10 000 UK pubs are said to be near bankruptcy. It's crazy for what is mild flu! 🚫 Yes, *Playboy* paid way better than other mags, but that was when they used to sell 7 million copies!. Now they have lost almost all to 'net porn and has now also gone all digital.

Roger Sjölander: Nice to see a contribution finally! Fanned often find crazy zine titles, but Bunkum would be a good name for a fanzine. Bosh too, a nickname for Bob Shaw. Zymurgy would also be appropriate. Rust works too - we oldfans are a bit rusty. You're good with finding fanzine names! 🚫 I haven't counted how many books I have read (these days I read some on my small E-book reader), but I guess it's 1-2/week. If we say 1.5/week it'd be 75 this year. I seldom reread books, a waste of time and I'd just be irritated by knowing how it ends. But I have read Asimov's original *Foundation* trilogy twice, and Tolkien's *LOTR* trice. 🚫 You too like Lars "LON" Olsson! A genius, he is! See "Blixt Gordon" ill! 🚫 No, I don't know any skiffy about divorce. But <https://www.quotev.com/stories/c/Science-Fiction/Marriage+And+Divorce> is supposed to be list - thanks

Ungle Google! - though haven't read any of it. 🚫 Maybe you could give us some memories on Stockholm fandom in the late 1970s, early 1980s, from the very special SFSF clubhouse years? You were there!

Finally: Swedish curves continue to be low. Infections go up as we know the Omicron variant spreads more easily, but ICU cases are few as well as deaths - it even drops, as this bug is very *mild*! Vaccinations in Sweden go well, lighter "restrictions" have given herd immunity from natural infections. We should question politicians pushing hard-line measures. Scientists say the very, very mild Omicron may give universal herd immunity, killing of Delta with a light flu... Yet we hear of "lockdowns" and panic from medically illiterate, opportunistic polittrucks. They want to seem "in charge" but damage economy, other healthcare, schools, society, trust, civil rights and much more, for the mild flu of Omicron! Go suck an egg!



Swe Public Health Agency, virus deaths Dec 22. Low and dropping!

--Ahrvid E, your local leditor