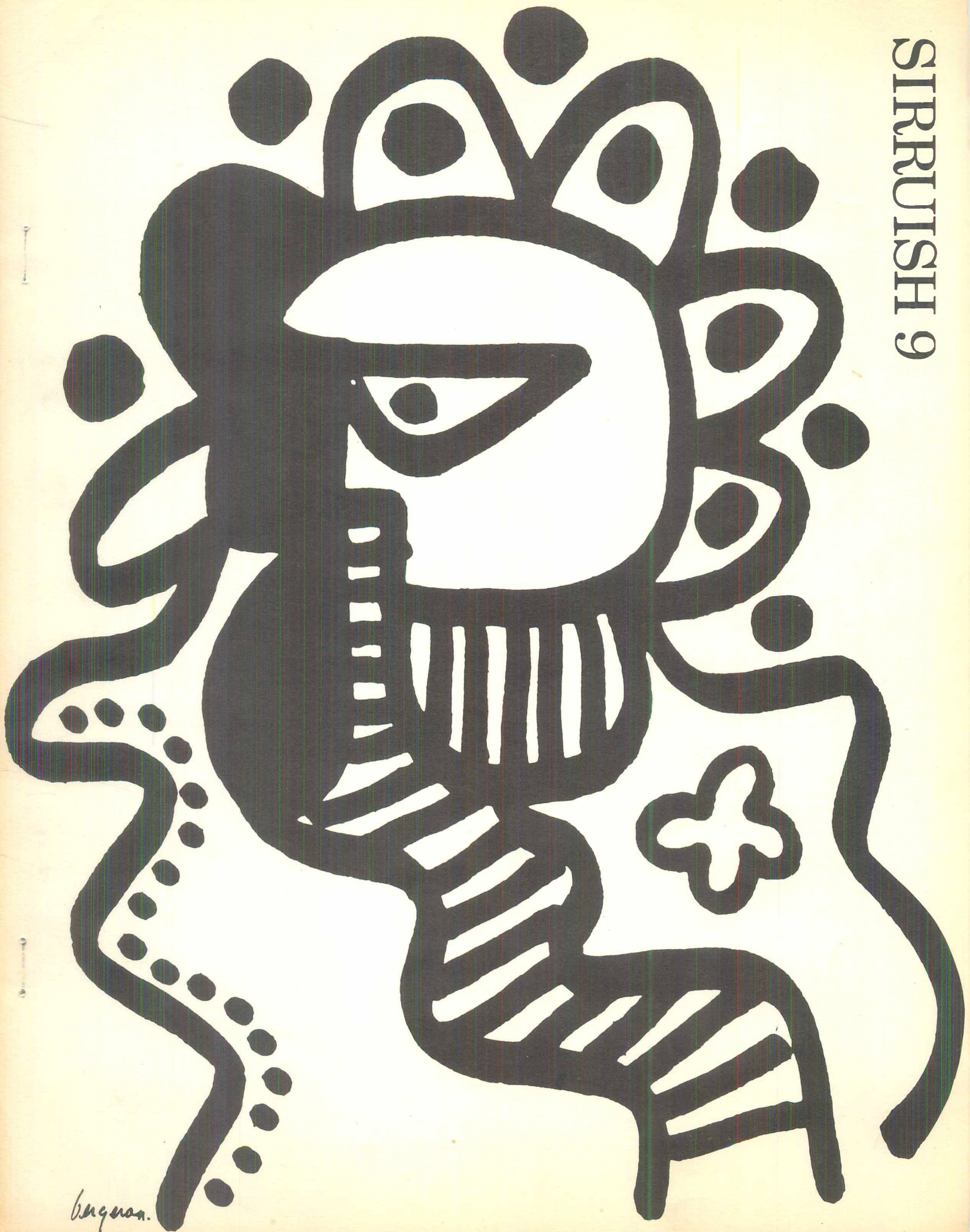


SIRRUISH 9



Anguon.

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OPUS 4 BY JON YAFFE

I USED TO BE
UPSET
AT THE THOUGHT THAT
IT WAS DIFFICULT TO SAY THE SAME THING TWICE

AFTER I REALIZED
IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO SAY THE SAME THING ONCE
I STOPPED WORRYING

YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE
THE CHANGE
THIS HAS BROUGHT ABOUT
IN US

WE ARE COMING BACK

The last issue of *SIRRUISH* was published in the summer of 1969. By fan standards, that's a long time ago. St. Louis won the Worldcon bid, and after September of that year the paper blizzard abruptly stopped. All St. Louis fanzines died or moved, except *OSFAN*. We were a mere shadow of our former selves.

It has been a very protracted convalescence from a very severe case of gafia. But resurrection seems to be upon us again. Life is change. And to mix a metaphor - if life is change, fandom is the folding stuff.

We have been four months in getting this issue together. After flipping through it, you may think the elephant labored and brought forth a mouse. We hope not, but recovery is never easy.

What do we plan? Issue #10 for one thing. What will *Sirruish* be like in its present incarnation? Hard to tell for now. A lot of that depends on you.

It will be a genzine, with the emphasis on Science Fiction because that seems to be the interest of this present group - the staff.

A certain amount of fannishness will be welcome because we are interested in all of you, your life and times, and we hope to hear from you.

In this present issue there is material which should have seen print long and long ago. For that, our apologies to the authors. We think it is all very good. If you disagree, tell us. Better yet, send us something created out of your own beautiful heads.

Now that we're on our feet again (with the help of a cane, perhaps), we have some catching up to take care of. Do we owe you issues? Do we owe you money? (Nothing over a dollar now; we have no treasury.) Do we have any of your material? Tell us. We are anxious to get right and stay right with fandom.

We have a backlog of material, a very small one to be truthful, and if we have something of yours, it will probably be in issue #10, or be returned. No hard feelings?

If you are in contact with other fans and you get this, would you please hand it around. Spread the word that *Sirruish* is shaking its scaly tail again. Many fine fans have gotten away from us, and we would like to make contact again.

So there it is, a very predictable editorial for a fanzine which is being revived. But what would you?

The "we" is really we, not editorial we. This is a group effort with no one person in charge. We think it will work out.

ATTIC ADDICT, OR THE FLIES DIED BUT I LIVED



BY GENIE YAFFE

Long, long ago, when I was in second grade, I learned to Read. Oh, I'd read before, but Reading is different. Reading is what happens when something interesting happens in a book - when one mind connects another mind with an Idea! It certainly had nothing to do with Dick, Jane, Sally, Spot, Puff, Etc. O.K. The library was where I learned to Read. In the library were *lots* of interesting books and quite a few Books. Some of the Books were by a man called Robert Anson Heinlein, and some were by Paul French (who turned out to be Isaac Asimov), and some by Andre Norton.

One day I wandered (*escaped* - oldest of eight children) to the attic of our house. Gosh! Wow! Whoppee!! a large bunch of books. I looked.... they were Books! By Heinlein, Asimov, Norton, and others I hadn't heard of (I was only nine, for heaven's sake). Since I had a modicum of caution I read about ten or so before I casually mentioned them at the dinner table. Utter silence. After dinner my father took ~~me~~ aside and explained that those books were Science Fiction and I wasn't allowed to read them until I was twelve. There has never been any future in arguing with my father, an Annapolis man. Being reasonably intelligent, I didn't tell him I could get some of the very same books at the library - I didn't want the library placed off limits, too. I jes' laid low an' said nuffin'.

The attic in our house would get up to about 120° F in the summertime. My father had about three to four hundred books at that time. I read every book that summer, hidden behind a trunk, under a rug, with just enough light to see by. Flies were dying like flies all around.

Why, why, why had he said I couldn't read those books until I was twelve? *Certainly* not sex. Pre-1952 SF isn't known for its pornography. Maybe because it was paperback? Dangerous fumes from the yellowing, crumbling pages? After lots of mature (my husband says I cannot use the word mature) thought I've decided he didn't want me to get hooked on SF. It obviously didn't work.

On my twelfth birthday I took him down to the drugstore with me and made him watch me buy three mags and one book (all my birthday money). He made a feeble attempt - "Maybe not 'til you're fifteen?" - but it was obviously too late. Not only did I know what it was, I knew *Where To Get It!*

After that he cooperated - I'd used up all my babysitting money on books and mags, and when I was broke he'd buy the books for ten cents apiece, which was four times what the bookstores were paying for used books. After all, where had all those books in the attic come from originally? (Maybe SF is hereditary?) ((But ~~and~~body else in the family has it - yet))

Science Fiction, with the help of National Geographic, and Scientific American, and insatiable curiosity got me through high school biology, physics, and chemistry. Asimov's damned little fact pieces in S&SF convinced me I was good in math. So off to college.

Well, enjoying Asimov isn't enough to be a math major, though being acquainted with relativity did get me through Physics 10. What a trip - all those sophs and juniors (freshmen were about 10% of the class) sitting there with puzzled looks on their mugs and me jumping up and down in my seat saying Yeah! Yeah! Especially since the second semester it was the other way around. Oh, well. Met my husband, the famous G.J. Yaffe himself, at college. What we had in common was that we were both utterly horny. I knew how to handle his records (thumb on little hole, fingertips on rim, never touch grooves) and he'd read Science Fiction! And he didn't think I was crazy to read the stuff. One of the things I did after getting married was to buy back all the books I'd sold to my father, and he was magnanimous enough to give me what was left of his collection. (He gave away about 150 to some friend, including a book that I'm still looking for - let me tell you about it sometime).

All this time I didn't really believe that other people read SF -- note -- I married the first man who actually admitted he liked SF and wasn't ashamed of it. Oh, I knew there were Fans, sort of like the way I knew there was Australia, heard about and read about but never seen.

Then F&SF did an Isaac Asimov Issue. Did you know that the Good Doctor lived in West Newton, Massachusetts (probably still does) right next to Waltham, Mass., where we were living at the time? And he has a listed phone number?? My God, Isaac Asimov is HUMAN!!! So I wrote him a note. Three days later the phone rings. I was halfway through diapering the baby; I thought it was probably a wrong number; I answered the damn thing gritting my teeth. "Is this Genie Yaffe?" "Yes". "Well, this is Isaac Asimov..." I was too busy picking my teeth and the baby off the floor to say anything sensible but I must have sounded reasonably rational because he sent me an autographed copy of a book. I think I was up for a month. I still get up when I think about it. Isaac Asimov, you ever want a favor from me, you got it.

Then I came to St. Louis. Actually, my husband came to St. Louis - Wash. U. Grad School - and I came along, seeing as we were married. I read in IF about a St. Louiscon. So I joined us up and we went. I found out about OSFA. The rest is history. (So you've never heard of me - so neither have I.)

My major ambition is to live in a library surrounded by science fiction and lots and lots of other books. My husband is getting damned tired of building shelves. What do they call it when a person is psychologically incapable of throwing out a book, any book, even utter trash? Well, my husband has the same problem, and there is a solution. We're both insane and we'll build more shelves.

CLASSIFIED AD BY JON YAFFE

POSITION AVAILABLE: EXQUISITE CREATIVE POTENTIAL, REALITY TESTING
NEED NOT APPLY, RESUME OF EXPERIENCE MAY ACCOMPANY APPLICATION,
BUT NEED NOT BE FULLY FLABORATED, WRITE THE OLD PHILOSOPHER BOX 666



Nostradamus

from "The Path
Beyond the Stars"
by Emil Petaja

July 14, 1968

NOSTRADAMUS REVISITED

BY ART RAPP

PART I - THE PAST

One of the many legends regarding Adolph Hitler which circulated in this country when World War II broke out in 1939 was that he consulted various occult oracles in making his political and military decisions. It was further rumored that he was confident of eventual victory because he had found the triumph of Germany prophesied in various obscure ancient writings. The principal prophetic work of this kind had been written during the 16th Century by a Catholic physician of Jewish ancestry, a Frenchman named Michel de Nostradamus.

Capitalizing upon the upsurge in interest in the works of Nostradamus, Random House in 1940 as part of its Modern Library series, reprinted the only recent translations into English of Nostradamus' prophecies, a book titled *ORACLES OF NOSTRADAMUS* written in 1891 by a British author named Charles A. Ward.

Ward's book is exasperating to a modern reader, for he is what the English term an eccentric, or as we would say, Some Kind Of A Nut. He mentions in his preface that he had lived the life of a hermit for 30 years while compiling the book. Fearing that the topic of Nostradamus' prophecies and instances of their fulfillment may prove boring to the reader, he resolves to digress whenever an interesting but non-relevant topic occurs to him -- and does so. His first footnote, in the third paragraph of his preface, is a full page of fine print praising the poetic excellence of Coleridge. A long appendix at the end of the book is devoted to discussing the anatomical accuracy of various portraits of Oliver Cromwell.

More seriously open to criticism is Ward's interpretation of a wholly disproportionate number of Nostradamus' quatrains as pertaining to *English* history. From the quatrains themselves it is obvious that Nostradamus was as fiercely nationalistic as Charles De Gaulle, interested in the world outside France only insofar as events affect French destiny.

Ward quotes, translates and interprets 145 quatrains, plus 9 other verses. It should be explained that Nostradamus published his prophecies as a series of ten Centuries, each containing 100 quatrains (the term *Century* referring to the number of verses in the group, not a chronological era). Interestingly enough, three of the quatrains appear twice in Ward's book, with different interpretations. Apparently he was a bit absent-minded in addition to his other failings. Thus he presents, in total, 142 of the 1,000 quatrains.

In a supplement to Ward's book the Random House editors quoted 138 quatrains which seemed possibly relevant to the international situation as it looked in 1940. These quatrains are accompanied by translations, but no effort is made to interpret them. Twenty-two of the 138 duplicate quatrains in Ward's section of the book. Thus, *ORACLES OF NOSTRADAMUS* as a whole gives us altogether 258 different quatrains out of the 1,000.

Fortunately for English-speaking readers who know not Romance French, an American named Henry C. Roberts grew interested in Nostradamus and independently translated and interpreted, in numerical sequence, the entire 1,000 quatrains. His work was published by American Book--Stratford Press, Inc., New York, with a first copyright date of 1947, and is titled *THE COMPLETE PROPHECIES OF NOSTRADAMUS*.

Like any interpreter of the prophecies, Roberts displays after two decades a few limitations of attitude and perception. While his interpretations are far more objective than most of Ward's, he is too close to the events of World War II to see which events will be remembered by history and which are comparatively minor. Also, he espoused the then-popular theory that Hitler had not really died in the ruins of Berlin, but had secretly escaped to another country. Roberts finds several prophecies which he fits to this theory, even to making a flat prediction that seven years after going into hiding, Hitler will reappear on the political scene. Despite its 1947 copyright date, Robert's book was perhaps written a few years earlier, since he makes no reference to the United Nations, though the UN Charter was adopted in 1945.

Now, a characteristic of prophecy, particularly Nostradamus' prophecy, is that its accuracy can be determined only after its fulfillment. Nostradamus hints that this is a necessity, in order that the prophecy itself may not influence coming events. Consequently, his meanings are couched in a labyrinth of metaphor, ambiguity, obscure classical references, and anagrams formed according to the medieval rule which allowed one false, or changed, letter in the word. Just to add to the confusion, the hand-set printed copies of the verses which are the earliest versions available to translators are said to be riddled with typographical errors. In spite of all this, there seem to be considerable grounds for granting Nostradamus prophetic ability.

For example, consider Century I, Quatrain 85, which was fulfilled soon enough to give Nostradamus a seer's reputation in his own lifetime:

*Le lyon jeune le vieux surmontera
En champ bellique per singulier duellie:
Dens cate d'or les yeux lui crevera,
Deux classes une, puis mourir, mort cruelle.*

Translation (W)*:

The young lion shall overcome the old
On the field of war in single combat;
He will pierce his eyes in a cage of gold.
This is the first of two loadings, then he dies a cruel
death.

The foregoing lines of French appeared in print in 1555. On July 1, 1559, the reigning monarch, King Henri II, proclaimed a tournament to celebrate his daughter's marriage. During a joust with the young captain of the royal guard (both contestants bearing lions on their coats-of-arms) an accident occurred. The captain's lance splintered on

* The source of translations is indicated by (W) for Ward; (RH) for the unnamed Random House editors who prepared the supplement to Ward's book; (R) for Roberts; and (X) where I compared one or more versions and utilized a composite translation. (Differences are slight)

the King's armor and pierced King Henri's eye through the gilt visor of his helmet. The injured King died after ten days of agony. His son, Henri III, was later assassinated (thus becoming the second lopping of the dynastic tree).

Or consider Century IX, Quatrain 34:

*Le part solus, mary sera mitre
Retour: conflict passera sur le thuille,
Par cinq cents: un trahyr sera tittre
Narbon: et Saulce par contaux avons d'huile.*

Translation (W):

The husband alone afflicted will be mitred on his return. A conflict will take place at the Tuileries by five hundred men. One traitor will be titled Narbon; and (the other) Saulce, grandfather oilman, will (hand him) over to the soldiery.

Translation (R):

The separated husband shall wear a mitre.
Returning, battle, he shall go over the tiles.
By five hundred, one dignified shall be betrayed,
Narbon and Saulce shall have oil by Quintal.

On June 24, 1791, King Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette fled from the Tuileries (a palace not in existence in Nostradamus' time) to escape the revolutionary mobs. The royal couple stopped at the grocery shop of the Mayor of Varennes, a man named Saulce, who betrayed the King to the populace with the aid of the Count de Narbonne, Minister of War. Saulce was the third generation of his family to operate as chandlers and grocers, or oilmen, at Varennes. Later the King alone, without his wife, was crowned with the red mitre or Liberty cap, emblem of the Revolution. On June 30, 1792, five hundred Marsellais attacked the Tuileries with the object of deposing the King.

As you can see, Ward and Roberts disagree in the details of how the French words should be translated in this case; nevertheless the principal facts and many unique details are undeniably set forth more than 200 years prior to their occurrence!

Let's look at Century V, Quatrain 57:

*Istra de mont Gaulfier et Aventin
Qui par le trou adventira l'armee
Entre deux rocs sera prins le butin,
De SEXT mansol faillir la renommee.*

Translation (W):

When a (French) army shall go from Mont Gaulfier
to the Aventine,
There will be a man advising them from under the hole.
The booty shall be seized between two rocks,
And the glory of the sixth celibate shall wither.

France was fighting a war with the Italians and Austrians in 1784. Mont

Gaulfrier does not exist. The Aventine represents Rome, or, by extension, Italy. In the course of the war a secret weapon was introduced: the hot-air observation balloon invented by the brothers Montgolfier in 1783. These early balloons were made with an open neck at the bottom of the bag so that the passenger was, literally, *under the hole*. The treaty of Tolentino in February 1797 ended the war and resulted in the exile of Pope Pius VI.

Ward and Roberts cite hundreds of further instances of correlation between Nostradamus and subsequent history, the majority neither as striking nor as unambiguous as the three examples above. All in all, we are forced to the conclusion that Nostradamus must have had a genuine pipeline to the future. (Nostradamus stated in the preface to *his* book that the quatrains covered the period from the time of writing - 1555 - to the year 3937). He further stated in a letter to King Henri II that they contained nothing superfluous.

The implications are disturbing: If events can be predicted with such exactitude, down to minor details and the names of people not yet born, then humanity must be a bunch of marionettes carrying out a fore-ordained pageant. Or how do *YOU* explain Nostradamus?

PART II - THE PRESENT

Since Roberts did his interpreting in 1947, a lot of history has taken place in France, or elsewhere and affecting France. After all, in 1947 guided missiles were nonexistent except for Germany's V-1 and V-2; France still owned and operated the Suez Canal and had a far-flung empire of colonial possessions, including Africa and what is now Viet Nam. The Iron Curtain was just beginning to close down on Europe, and no one outside of science-fiction readers and a few crackpot scientists would have any idea what an astronaut might be. The H-Bomb hadn't been perfected, the U2 had never flown over Russia, and Apollo, Jupiter and Saturn would ring more of a bell with classical scholars than aerospace engineers (who did not yet exist).

Let's see if we can find anything in Nostradamus that earlier interpreters missed for the very good reason that it hadn't occurred until after they wrote their books. Century V, Quatrain 45:

*Le grand Empire sera tost desole
Et translate pres d'arduenne silue:
Le deux bastards par l'aisne decolle,
Et regnera Aenodarb, nes de milue.*

There is a significant difference in the quatrain between Ward and Roberts: Roberts gives the name in the last line as shown above, while Ward, apparently correcting a supposed misprint, shows it as *Aenobarb* (trans: Bronze-Beard).

Translation (RH):

*The great Empire shall soon be laid waste and
translated near the forest of the Ardennes: the
two bastards shall be beheaded by the eldest
son, and Bronze-Beard, Hawk-Nose, shall reign.*

Roberts applies this to the partition of Germany at the close of WW II

and interprets the last line as meaning it will be ruled by strangers. However, to me it is remarkable that Aenodarb is the anagram of Adenauer. Konrad Adenauer became Chancellor of West Germany in 1949, and his hawk-like appearance is apparent to anyone who has seen a picture of him.

Century VI, Quatrain 61:

*Le grand tapis plie ne montrera,
Fors qu'a demy la pluspart de l'histoire;
Chasse du regne loing aspre apparoistra,
Qu'au fait bellique chacun le viendra eroire.*

Translation (R):

The great carpet folded shall not show,
But by half the greatest part of the history,
The exiles of the kingdom shall appear sharp afar off.
In warlike matters everyone shall believe.

I think the folded carpet might be an Oriental one, the quatrain meaning that eventually there'll be some interesting exposes of the Nationalist Chinese on Taiwan.

Century X, Quatrain 16:

*Heureux au regne de France, heureux de vie,
Ignorant sang, mort fureur et rapine,
Par nom flateur sera mis en envie:
Roy desrobe, trop de foye en cuisine.*

Translation (W):

Happy in the kingdom of France, happy in life,
Free from blood, violent death and angry rapine,
He will have a flattering name, and be an object of desire:
A King retired, with too much faith in the kitchen.

Ward notes that the literal meaning of *desrobe* is withdrawn, or shut up. This seems to pretty well characterize De Gaulle, whose name is of course as flattering to a Frenchman as Mr. America would be in the U.S.A. I'd guess that *mis en envie* might be translated *object of envy*, and certainly many another statesman must envy de Gaulle's ability to survive the vicissitudes of politics. *Too much faith in the kitchen* might be as close as Nostradamus' vocabulary could come to saying *too much reliance on the products of his nuclear research laboratories*.

Here's an interesting one: Century IV, Quatrain 49:

*Devant le peuple sang sera respandu,
Que du haut ciel ne viendra eslongner;
Mais d'un long temps ne sera entendu,
L'esprit d'un seul le viendra tesmoigner.*

Translation (R):

Before the people, blood shall be spilt,
Who shall not come far from high heaven,
But it shall not be heard of for a great while,
The spirit of one shall come to witness it.

This could pretty well be applied to the death of Vladimir Komarov, the Soviet astronaut who died when the re-entry gear of his space capsule malfunctioned on 24 April 1967.

Of course, the USSR isn't the only nation that has had a spaceflight tragedy. Century II, Quatrain 70:

*Le dard du Ciel fera son estendue,
Morts en parlant grande execution,
La pierre en l'arbre la fiere gent rendue,
Bruit humain monstre, purge expiation.*

Translation (R):

The dart of heaven shall make his circuit,
Some die speaking, a great execution,
The stone in the tree, the fierce people humbled,
Human noise, a monster purged by expiation.

The stone in the tree is the rocket on the launching pad (or even more accurately, still connected to the gantry), which was the situation when, after having successfully orbited several astronauts, the monstrously-bureaucratic projects of NASA were given a setback by the deaths of Grissom, Chaffee and White in the Apollo capsule during a practice countdown. As a result, the engineers who had been fiercely urging manned shots to the Moon or Mars now became somewhat more humble and admitted that a program developed step-by-step might be sounder in the long run.

Century II, Quatrain 75:

*La voix ouye de l'insolite oiseau,
Sur le canon du respiral estage;
Si haut viendra de froment le boisseau,
Que l'homme d'homme sera Antropophage.*

Translation (R):

The noise of the unwanted bird having been heard,
Upon the canon of the highest story,
The bushel of wheat shall rise so high,
That Man shall be a man-eater.

After the revelation of the U2 flights has disrupted the proceedings of the summit conference (in France, by the way), and after the failure of his ambitious plans for Soviet agriculture, Krushchev will be removed from office by men whom he had placed in positions of power.

Century II, Quatrain 48:

*La grand coppie qui passera les monts,
Saturne en l'arc tournant du poisson Mars,
Venins chachez sous testes de Saulmons,
Leurs chefs pendus a fil de polemars.*

Translation (R):

The great army shall pass over the mountains,
Saturn, Aries, Mars turning to the fishes,
Poisons hidden in the heads of Salmons,
Their captain hanged with a string of the polemars.

When the Army turns to air mobility rather than relying on the Navy for transportation to the battlefield, the Navy will concentrate on scientific research to improve the art of sea warfare. (Aries, the Goat, is, of course, the symbol of the U.S. Navy. Mars is the God of War; and Saturn with its rings represents the gyroscope, heart of most navigation systems). *Poisons hidden in the heads of Salmons* are guided missiles launched from submarines, and even the type of missile, Polaris, is obtained by taking the anagram of *polemars* which is otherwise a nonsense word.

And perhaps the Czechoslovakians would appreciate Century IX, Quatrain 47:

*Les soub signez d'indigne deliverance,
Et de la multe auront contre advis,
Change monarque mis en perille pence,
Serrez en cage se verront vis a vis.*

Translation (R):

The undersigned to a worthless deliverance,
Shall have from the multitude a contrary advice,
Changing their monarch and put him in peril,
They shall see themselves shut up in a cage.

PART III - THE FUTURE

It's a pretty risky thing to try to interpret Nostradamus in advance of the fulfillment of the quatrain - as I remarked at the beginning of this article, Hitler thought the victory of the Third Reich was predicted. But some of these are too interesting to pass up.

Since we had a quatrain up above for the Czechoslovakians, here's one that might show what's in store for the Romanians:

Century IV, Quatrain 82:

*Amas s'approche venant d'Esclavonie,
L'Olestant vieux cite ruynera;
Fort desolee vera sa Romaine,
Puis la grand flamme estaindre ne scaura.*

Translation (X):

A great troop gathered shall come from Russia,
The old Duke shall ruin a city,
He shall see his Romania very desolate,
And after that, shall not be able to quench that flame.

And here's one for the black militants to ponder: Century VI, Quatrain 33:

*Sa main dernière par Alus sanguinaire,
Ne se pourra plus la mer garentir;
Entre deux fleuves craindre main militaire,
Le noir l'ireux le fera repentir.*

Translation (R):

His last hand bloody through all U.S.
Shall not save him by sea,

Between two rivers he shall fear the military hand,
The black and wrathful one shall be repentant.

(Roberts interprets *Alus* as *all U.S.*; it could equally well be *L.A., U.S.*)

Here's one that should interest Pope Paul: Century VIII, Quatrain 46:

*Pol Mensolee mourra trois lieues du Rhone,
Fuis les deux prochains Tarare destrois;
Car Mars fera le plus horrible throsne,
De coq & d'aigle, de France freres trois.*

Translation (R):

Paul Mensolee shall die leagues from the Rhone,
Avoid the two straits near the Tarara,
For Mars shall keep such a horrible throne,
Of cock and eagle, of France three brothers.

In connection with another quatrain, Ward tells us that *Mensol* is an abbreviation of the Latin *Mens Solus*, or man under vows of celibacy. It appears to me that the first line of the above quatrain should translate *three leagues from the Rhone* although Roberts gives the reading shown.

Anyone interested in the Democratic nominee for 1972 might ponder this, which I quote from Roberts without comment: Century VIII, Quatrain 97:

*Aux fine du var changer le pempotans,
Pres du rivage, le trois beaux enfans naistre,
Ruyne au peuple par age competans
Regne au pays charger plus croistre.*

At the finish of the war, to change the glory,
Near the shore shall three fair children be born,
Ruin to the people, by competent age,
To change that country's Kingdom and see it grow no more.

"The entire course of a Kingdom shall be changed by the appearance of three brothers, who shall enter into and take over the branches of government."

Or, look at Century III, Quatrain 41. Would you believe Nostradamus tells us, too, that Hubert Humphrey will win the election, probably by being chosen in the House of Representatives? Furthermore, he will be an unpopular President, and his term will be marked by an incident wherein the Soviets shoot down one of the U.S. spy satellites.

*Bossu sera esleu par le conseil,
Plus hydeux monstre en terre n'aperceu;
Le coup volant prelat crevera l'oeil,
Le traistre au Roy pour fidelle receu.*

Translation (X):

Hump shall be elected by the council,
A more hideous monster I never saw upon earth,
The flying blow shall put out one of his eyes,
The traitor to the King shall be admitted as faithful.

(The last line might have something to do with Martin Luther King's

assassination - you can have lots of fun looking through Nostradamus with its many references to royalty relating to that incident, particularly when you notice that James Earl Ray could also be translated as *Earl, King, etc.*)

And to select one more fascinating prediction of the future, Century X, Quatrain 72:

*L'an mil neuf cens nonante neuf sept mois,
Du ciel viendra un grand Roy d'effrayeur,
Resusciter le grand Roy d'Angolmois,
Avant apres, Mars regner par bon heur.*

Translation (R):

In the year 1999 and seven months,
From the skies shall come an alarmingly powerful king.
To raise again the great King of the Jacquerie,
Before and after, Mars shall reign at will.

Roberts speculates that this might mean an invasion of E-T's from Mars. It is interesting to note that Criswell, a modern-day emulator of Nostradamus, predicts that the world will come to an end on August 18, 1999, according to an article in the *Baltimore Sun* of 4 August 1968.

And to conclude this examination of Nostradamus' remarkable prophecies, here is one which could probably be applied to any one of a hundred different occasions since it was written in the Sixteenth Century:

Century VIII, Quatrain 2 bis:

*Plusieurs viendront, & parleront de paix,
Entre Monarques & seigneurs bien puissans:
Mais ne sera accorde de si pres,
Que ne se rendent plus qu'autres obeissans.*

Translation (RH):

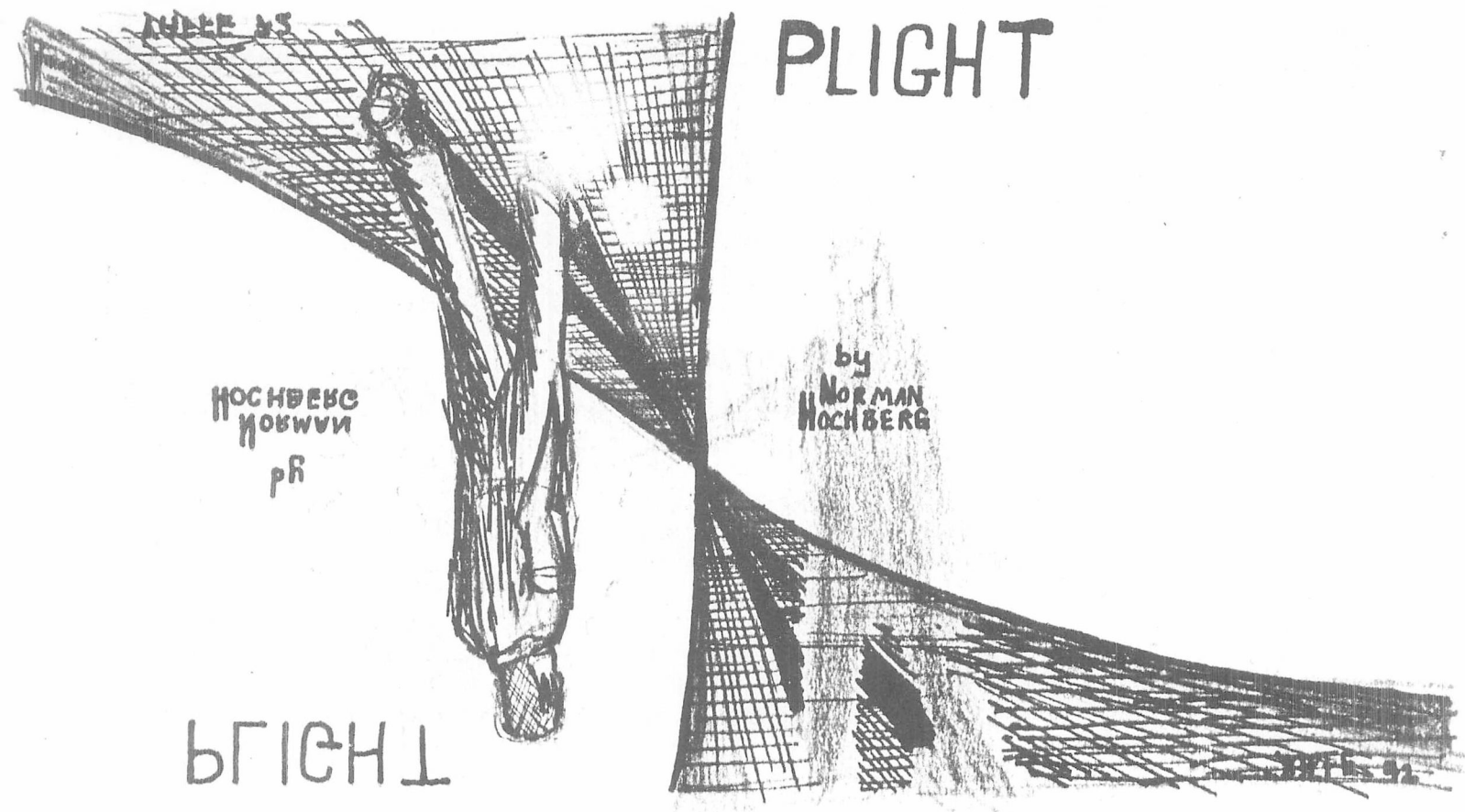
Many shall come, and shall speak of peace between
Monarchs and very powerful lords: but it shall not
be granted them so soon, unless they show themselves
more obedient.

- END -

DEPARTMENT OF TRIVIAL FACTS ... #1 "SO FLAKE OFF"

It is well known that the outer surface of human skin is meeting a hostile environment with thin, dead, keratin-filled cells that flake off when the going gets tough. Since we humans are six-foot hollow tubes our stomachs meet the problem the same way with their hostile environments. The lining mucosa normally sheds about one-half million cells per minute, repeat, *per minute!* New cells keep moving up from below to join the battle against stomach acid, peanuts, Pepsi, tacos, you-name-it. The stomach surface lining is *completely* renewed in three days. Therefore, friend, you are not the same person you were three days ago. And where do these millions of dead cells go?

THE END



-0-

Sometimes I feel like I'm beating my head against the wall.

-1-

He experiences naught; he understands naught.

They cannot experience each other; they cannot understand each other.

-2-

Somewhere, within the confining co-ordinates of a specific matrix where specific people meet at specific times, there are two paths that intersect; crossing and dancing a delicate pirouette about each other, in alternating attempts to touch and evade.

Along one path comes a man. He sings to himself as he walks; humming love songs, funeral dirges and nonsensical ditties. There is a bounce to his step, subtly hinting that he is amassing fine thoughts in his head and elsewhere, and ignoring the meager concentration needed to control his foot-

falls (he does not). He is not unaware that his path crosses in the shadows of the other, or even that they must eventually meet (as they have already done). But he flows forward, his candle flickering at his side; exuding an air of naivete about that other path.

A shadow looms large over him.

Picking his way along the second pathway is another man. Slowly and, above all, deliberately the man searches out the future way in the darkness ahead. His flashlight traces out a wide arc - back and forth, back and forth, in a futile attempt to illuminate the road. The light beam crosses the other path many times, yet the man does not notice this, nor does it occur to him that the other lane is approaching his.

Then their shadows meet, their paths cross, and the men face each other's source of light. They become aware of each other.

Momentarily, the first man stops humming and waves his hand. The second man answers: "Hello."

There is an interminable, oppressive silence and both men shuffle their feet. The first man begins to hum again.

His partner speaks first, realizing (after a moment's reflection) that the first man has travelled a similar path to his. "Did you travel a hard or easy road?" he says.

The other man shrugs, swinging his arms in a high arc over his head. "It was a bit of both and a lot of neither." And he begins humming loudly to himself.

"What did you do on your travels?" the second man tries again, not comprehending.

And the first man begins a story. He forms an "O" with his lips and a pair of film projectors appear inside, throwing a series of images on a nearby cloud. The reel changes occur nearly flawlessly and, with only minor adjustments, the four-channel stereophonic sound system operates to his satisfaction.

"But I fail to comprehend," the second man says at the show's conclusion (the carbon arc lights of the image throwers disappearing behind lips closing on each other), the beginnings of a whine tinting his polished speech. "What do you really mean?"

And the first man opens his mouth again, allowing the same images, sounds and lights to illuminate the chosen cloud.

With a barely perceptible shrug the second man indicates his ~~continued~~ non-comprehension of the show.

"Oh...", the first man sighs. "Did you enjoy your voyage?"

The second man smiles, opens his mouth and causes a detailed explanation of his trip to issue from within it. The words indicate the many components of his journey: first he saw this, then he heard that, then he touched something else; it was hot, it was cold, it was high, it was low. And now, he concludes, he is here; doing this, talking with another man about his travels.

"Experiences," the first man argues.

"They are the same thing," the second man points out, then hesitates.

"I must leave," he says then, and feels relieved when the first man nods his head and mumbles (almost hums), "must be gone."

So they are gone; the first man humming and singing to himself, his seemingly uncertain and visibly irregular steps barely discernible in the flickering light of his candle. Heading diagonally away from him, already as unaware of the other man as the first man is of him, is the second man. Picking his way slowly along the path ahead of him, he arcs his flashlight about, the beam disappearing into the black emptiness a mere four and one half inches in front of his face.

At an appointed time, in two appointed places, either one or both of these men leave the matrix; still twisting about one another's paths.

-3-

They will meet again.

-4-

They cannot experience each other; they cannot understand each other.

He experiences naught; he understands naught.

-5-

END



A science fiction fandom has existed in Sweden for about twenty years. However, sf-fans existed before that, as is indicated by the very wide circulation of the magazine JULES VERNE MAGASINET, which was published in the early forties. This weekly magazine published space opera by Edmond Hamilton, Nelson Bond and other American authors. Later the quality of the material declined markedly; other types of suspense stories (crime, wild west, etc.) began to dominate, and the magazine folded in 1946, not really an sf mag anymore. Some of the older still active Swedish fans started reading sf in JVM; several of these now make up the *Kapten Frank Klubben* (Captain Future Society). It is rather likely that small fan clubs existed in the forties, inspired by JVM, but there is to my knowledge no record of them.

Around 1950 sf-clubs were formed in some Swedish cities; the first one was *Futura* in Stockholm, with Sture Lönnerstrand and Roland Adlerberth. The Gothenburg fans founded *Cosmos*, and in Malmö a social club named *Meteor* was transformed into an sf club with Denis Lindbohm as leader. It is customary to speak of *Club Meteor* as still existing, but for long periods between flashes of activity the only member was Lindbohm.

The number of clubs soon multiplied. In Lund, Örebro, Jönköping, and other towns, fans organized themselves, and factions in older clubs formed new, competing clubs. The main inspiration for this surge of activity was provided by the magazine HAPNA! (which means 'Be amazed!'), the first issue of which appeared in April, 1954. This magazine published book reviews, club news, and fiction by the best English and American sf authors, as well as stories by Scandinavian writers like Lönnerstrand. HAPNA! appeared monthly, and soon reached quite a high level of quality; however, around 1962 the quality declined, the schedule became irregular, and the magazine folded in 1966. In the meantime it had for a short time (1958-60) a competitor, a Swedish edition of GALAXY.

The first real fanzines appeared in 1954. Since then a very considerable number of fanzines has been published, to date more than 500 issues of over 100 zines. Their

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quality, size, and schedule has been very varied. Notable publishers have Alvar Appeltofft (Sweden's "Mr. Science Fiction"), Sam J. Lundwall (SF-NYTT, an excellent news and review zine), Denis Lindbohm (CLLOEV, originally the official organ of *Club Meteor*, famous for its wild humor), Ingvar Svensson (serious studies of the scientific element of sf, as well as fictitious science and "academic" humor; Svensson is a Ph.D. at Uppsala University), and John-Henri Holmberg, who already has published more fanzines than any other Swedish fan, though he is younger and joined fandom more recently than the fans mentioned before. Most of Holmberg's zines have appeared under the pseudonym Carl Brandon Jr. (for instance the newsletter FANAC).

The first Swedish sf convention was held in Lund in August, 1956. Since then there has been approximately one con every year; since 1964 this schedule has been quite regular. The program items are the usual: panel discussions, lectures, a banquet, auctions, movies, readings of recent fiction, and general socializing. Usually a survey of the current clubs and fanzines is presented. Normally the cons are held in a meeting hall in a school or similar locality; a whole hotel is never occupied. This is because the number of fans attending is only 30 to 50; from this it can be seen that Swedish fandom isn't very numerous. It should be pointed out that we have no marked subdivision in convention fans, fanzine fans, and local-club-fans; most actifans belong to all these categories. Another characteristic (and a very deplorable one) is the small number of female fans.

1960-62 saw a decline in fannish activity. Fewer fanzines than usual were published, and only one con was held. But continuity was upheld by *Skandinavisk Förening för Science Fiction* (Scandinavian Association for Science Fiction), which was founded in late 1959. It started as a purely local group (in Stockholm) but has grown and has by now more than 60 members all over Scandinavia. During its nine years of existence it has held fairly regular meetings, and its fanzine SF FORUM is acknowledged as the best in the history of Swefandom. SF FORUM's latest issue is no. 40, which is the thickest fanzine issue ever in Sweden (and possibly the world) with over 250 pages. Most issues are, of course, much thinner: 30-40 pages. The contents are varied: good artwork, sometimes excellent fan fiction, book reviews, and official SFSF business. Editors of SFSF have been, among others, Bo Stenfors, Mats Linder, and John-Henri Holmberg. A main reason for the stability of this club has been long-time fan Lars-Olov Strandberg, at present the president of the SFSF.

A number of attempts have been made (especially at the conventions of the early years) to form an organization of fans all over Scandinavia, including both local clubs and individuals. All these "unions" have failed, usually within a couple of weeks. Fandom in our neighboring country, Norway, has had a history largely intertwined with that of Swedish fandom. The number of fans in Norway has constantly been very small, though they have published many fanzines. Some clubs have existed; there is at present one active at the University of Oslo.

As one may guess from the English-sounding names of many clubs and fanzines, the foreign contacts of Swedish fandom have mainly been made with the English-speaking fandoms. Some fans have published fanzines in English (Sam J. Lundwall, Ingvar Svensson, Bo Stenfors, Carl Brandon Jr.). More recently some fans have established contact with the fandoms on the European continent, and there is in Sweden enthusiastic support for Germany's bid for the 1970 World Convention.

After a high mark in 1965-66 fannish activity has abated somewhat in the last year. Local activity is at present taking place in Stockholm, Gothenburg and Lund. In Stockholm SFSF and SSFS (Swedish Science Fiction

Society, a new group of younger fans) coexist peacefully. In Gothenburg *Club Cosmos* (a descendant of the early club with the same name) meets now and then; it is a rather formless group of some two dozen members. In Lund *Lunds Fantasy-Fan-Förening* (LF3, Lund Fantasy Fan Association) meets fairly regularly; this group, made up by about twenty members, all students at the University of Lund, will arrange next year's convention, which is advertised as "the most fannish con ever".

Swedish fanzines at present are SF FORUM, already mentioned, and Per Insulander's newsletter DEGLER. SSFS publishes MENTAT, and there are two or three new personal zines



CANNED OCTOPUS BY DONN BRAZIER

There's one thing I can't omit in the morning, and that's my orange juice. I throw open the refrigerator. Ah, there's milk, a plastic bowl with some lettuce shreds, a black crusty hamburger. No orange juice. I slam the door. I stride to the sink and fill a glass with cold water. I take a big swig. It is hot! I spew the mouthful into the sink, and with that expectoration another expectation down the drain. I stare at the faucets - had I turned on the hot by mistake? Is this the start of one of those horrible days full of mistakes? Or is it something more than that? A chilly uneasiness flows through me.

The refrigerator door is gaping open. I'm sure I closed it. I give it a real bang and head for the garage through the utility room. On the way past the table I grab my lunch bag. I'm really in such a hurry that I don't think until later that here's one thing that's right. Gloria has remembered to put the bag in its usual place.

On the expressway the cars are jammed bumper to tail, and I crawl along, craning my neck at all the cars stalled in the median or off in the ditch to the right. What the hell is happening?

Is this one of those times when random laws permit water to freeze on a burner, all air molecules in the living room to congregate in the closet, and allow the sun to rise in the west? Oh, hell, the sun can't rise in the west. There's such a thing as carrying probability too far. Surely there are some things that are simply impossible. But my brain feels a little woozy as I add up the clockradio, the throw rug, the missing orange juice, the open refrigerator door, and the Triumph that rammed the junk.

Then I touch the brake to slow up for the car ahead. My engine roars and carries the car into the one ahead of me. Its trunk pops open and laughs at me! Then he, the car's driver, pops out and charges back at me. "You idiot!" he hollers and takes a swing at me. I duck, and he goes down. I think, ah, the laws of momentum are still working.

"It's one of those days," I say calmly, reaching down for his arm to help him up. The sleeve of his coat comes off in my fist. "See what I mean?" I add.

After work and at home again I meet my wife at the door. That doesn't sound unusual, but it sure is: she never meets me at the door. She's always glued to the TV, oblivious of the pan that's burning on the stove.

I look at Gloria again, a re-run. "What did you do to your hair?"

"I combed it," she says.

Acid gnaws my voice. "You found a comb, great, and it worked, great, but how come my raven siren is now goldilocks?"

She primps. "How do you like it?"

"Let me guess," I say, "is that my early birthday present to you? You did expect a present, didn't you? It's getting so I don't know what to expect next."

She smiles her cat-smile. "I'm glad you said that." She just goes on smiling.

"Before I ask you why," I say, afraid, "let me inform you that what I thought was my lunch was a bag full of egg shells, bread crusts, and something brown and greasy. My hand hasn't recovered yet. Now I want you to know that the foregoing information is a capsule comment for my whole day. Knowing that, will you now be kind to me, and please let me know gradually, I repeat, gradually why you're glad that I said I don't know what to expect next."

Gloria's little white teeth clicked around her lips. "You started off the morning, remember, with a crack about expecting, right?" I nod. "So I made up a little game." I groan. "I have removed all the labels from the vegetable cans. Our game is that you pick a can for supper, and you open it, and you eat what's inside - whatever it is."

I stare at her. "And that way," she continues, "you expect nothing in particular, and you can't possibly be upset."

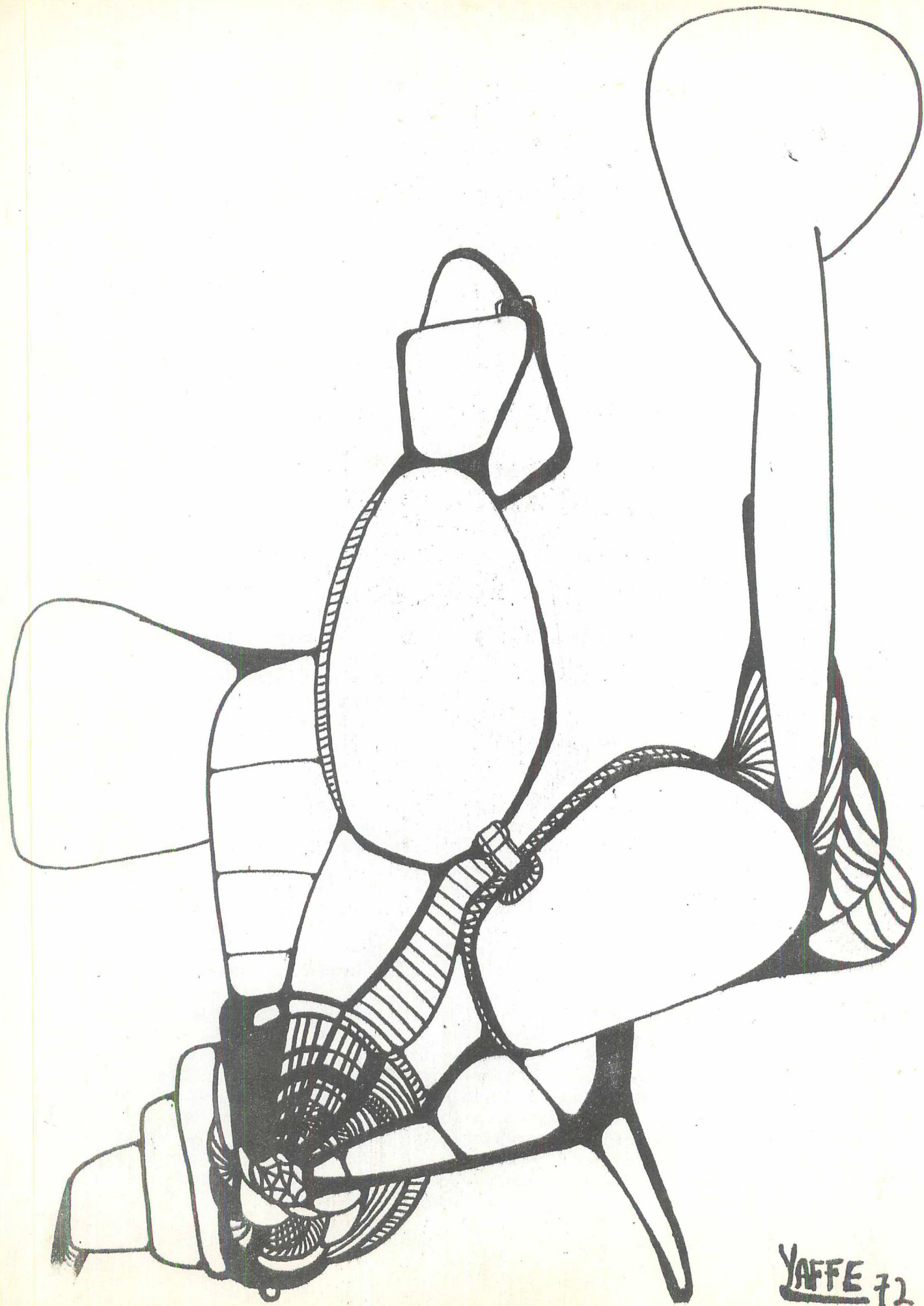
I feel slap-happy. I'm giddy, and I start to giggle. God, this is funny. "Okay, Blondie," I manage to say. "Let's be surprised. Only one thing, that whatever's in the can I hope it's not canned octopus or anything like that."

I experiment after supper. What? Oh, it was a can of peas. Well, I flip light switches, run hot and cold water, try TV, make a paper airplane and fly it, squirt water out of my barbecue squirter. I am very careful, deliberate, and all my expectations come true. I conclude that if there is something screwy that it's not one-hundred percent. Life would be chaos, I think, if all our conscious and unconscious expectations were disappointed. You couldn't do a damn thing, not even tie a shoelace, or wipe your nose. Maybe, though, five percent of our expectations were switched today. A series of foul-ups gathered together in one day in some cosmic jest.

Lying in bed, safely through the evening of braving Gloria's amused glances at my experiments, I begin to read Damon Knight's anthology of science fiction, ORBIT 5. Brand new SF Stories - that's what the jacket said. I not only had certain expectations; I anticipated. The first story by Kate Wilhelm, was so dull I went to the next without finishing it. "Roads, Roads, etc." - the beast with relevant cycle rebels daring to use the shiny highway - couldn't relate. "You've Got Troubles" - social. "Winter's King" - looked as if it were a Norse sword and sorcery so I skipped it. "Time Machine" - Kafka love affair in a chicken coop with freedom from jail as reward for memory's romanticism - no science fiction there. "North Shore" - a psychological nightmare from case record number 5676 - no science fiction. Another psychological nightmare without any science fiction - "Paul's Treehouse". So the kid throws rocks at the rioters. Ah, "The Price", very interesting, though a trifle too realistic, for the legal problems of spare body parts is upon us. "The Rose Bowl-Pluto Hypothesis" has strong SF gimmicks, though they peter out at the climax. "Winston" - no, not really SF in its plot-theme. Social, again. "The History Makers" has a time discrepancy idea that's good, but the whole story is again more social than science. "The Big Flash" explores psychology, too, but has some science-fantasy elements, maybe like, was it Wallace West's "Phantom Dictator" and was it Kuttner's "Gingerbread Left"?

Canned octopus! I put the book down with a sigh. Science fiction, huh?

What a day!



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