

Fredric Nord.

Photographer, writer, adventurer and successful living consultant from Filipstad, Värmland (Sweden).

Nord had a major breakthrough with his debut novel *Camping in Sumatra* (1967), about a young man's journey towards rebirth, and the sudden, unexpected, appearance of a shortcut. The novel received bland reviews but are still considered important in laying the ground for the much hailed follow up *"Another life: born again"* (1973). A novel that is widely considered to have created a new genre of its own, the "whiskey romance". Nord, however, was not strong enough to withstand the pitfalls of success, causing him to "drown in a sea of drugs and female beauty" (*"Nord. Also a life"*), although he has at several occasions firmly claimed to "regret nothing", saying that his experiences made him a wiser and significantly humbler person. Today Nord considers himself a sober materialist.

Following the release of his autobiography *"Nord. Also a life"* (1987), at present date his last literary body of work, the author vowed never again to put his fingers near a typewriter. He did, however, leave us with some hope in a subsequent interview: "perhaps, if something looking like a large calculator might be invented, softer to the touch, filled with the joy of life and the finality of death, with a TV-like viewing thingy allowing for simple modification of text before it hits the irrevocability of paper. That would be neat" (*Organic Dance*, #3-88) The biography has been translated to 38 languages and is loved by generations, commonly viewed as a beacon of light in a dark and sticky world. Worthy of note is the "non-review" of Mr. Hai Yamamoto, executive editor at Japans leading culturary magazine "Akari". Instead of actually reviewing the book, readers received a sheet of paper containing Mr Yamamotos tears, which were shed upon reading the masterpiece. Readers were left unaware of whether their specific sheet carried tears of joy or the fallen fruit of salty sorrow.

In later life Nord has been focusing on visual beauty, trying desperately to grasp the evasive characteristics of the photographic tool. "I like the fact that it's not so much hard work and I hardly ever sweat" he told Britain's *Half-Pint Magazine* (#4-06), adding with a wily smile and mischievous pair of eyes – slyly gazing through those infamous bangs: "and it is a great way to meet surprised women". His photographic career, though, has yet to reach the heights of the literary. Critics have been less than impressed with the life suppressing two-dimensional character of the images and their demanding absence of celebrities and female nudity. Perhaps famed writer of *Sockiplast Culture* (#2-11 – rounding up *Münchenbiennales Not So Young Anymore Photography 2011* in a way that may justly be called semi-extensive), Yann Gilles, most poignantly summed up critical ambivalence in his famous utterance: "I'm losing my will to smoke". Nord has always reacted to criticism in a Dylanesque manner (Bob Dylan 1966, not Dylan Thomas 1934, or even Dylan McKay 1995), vividly illustrated in his last appearance

in Swedish televisions legendary show Den Rödare Duken: "knitting is the new nude", "two-dimensional, schmu-dimensional, string theory is soo 90's" and, alluding to August Strindbergs famous delusions of grandeur, "my fire is the greatest dimension in Sweden".

This text is an excerpt from Encyclopaedia Epsilon Orionis / © Victory Rock Publishing Inc. 2012