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The Gholy Ghible II

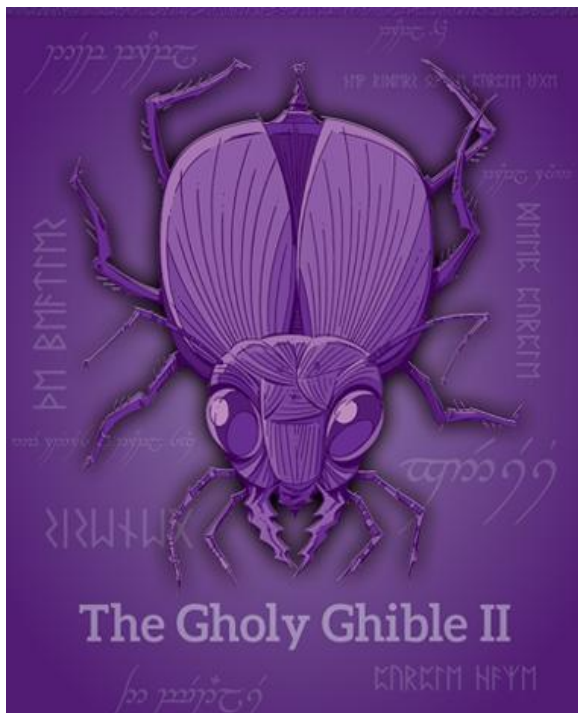
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*I don't know about you, but I prefer to read it, rhyming with
tribble - as "goalie gibble" rather than something rhyming
with "Bible" - that's so boring and mundane.*

*One of the most sincere forms of respect is
actually listening to what another has to say.*

Bryant H. McGill



Cover Art: Nicolas Krizan (Sweden, June 2019)



This issue was intended for June. Then an African heatwave hit Europe and paralyzed me, both me and Aleksandra Wierchowska had to struggle with our parts. I altered the cover to July.

In July a 40-page version of this issue was ready to be sent. I had it in the outbox of my email, only awaiting a permission to use the graphic on page 10. Meanwhile, Anca and I departed for a "Tour de Allemagne" - not on bicycle, but with Flixbus and DB trains. Over Munich and Nuremburg to the hub of Gerfannish fandom-Jedimasters, where living legends such as *Thomas Schlück*, *Rainer Eisfeld*, *Guntram Ohmacht*, *Ronald Hahn*, *Horst Pukallus* and *Uwe Anton* reside. In the hub, we received the mission to convert the material concerning German (speaking) fandom History published in CounterClock into an official *German Fandom History*. I say we, because a project of this magnitude needs its own Han Solo and a Millennium Falcon. This Solo is *Michael Haitel*, who also will be the custodian of the German version. Preliminary project deadline is the OldieCon in Unterwössen in June 2021.

After receiving this mission from the Jedi.masters Obi-One Hahn and Obi-Two Pukallus the journey went on to *Blankenberg*, which is one of the most delightful villages in all of Gerfany.

https://de.wikipedia.org/wiki/Stadt_Blankenberg

The trick with this journey was to do it without a cellphone, smart phone or laptop and improvise every step beyond Munich with the only fix station at the hub of German fandom.

The additional delay proved useful. Upon return I found it necessary to expand on this issue with another four pages. This is why it is ready only late in June. The team Ritter & Stricker have already accepted to take *all the blame* for the delay. If anyone deserves mooning, do it to them.

Ghutenberg's Bhible from 1994 already contained The Enchanted Duplicator – and we don't copy them.

EUROCON 2021 BID EVALUATION

What does it take to get through? CounterClock is being read in Austria, Belgium, Bulgaria, Croatia, Denmark, Finland, France, Germany, Great Britain, Greece, Ireland, Island, Italy, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, Norway, Poland, Portugal, Romania, Russia, Spain, Slovenia, Sweden, Switzerland, Ukraine. I have few or no indication that it is being read in Albania, Andorra, Bosnia-Herzegovina, Czech Republic, Hungaria, Liechtenstein, Moldavia, Monaco, Montenegro, San Marino, Slovakia, Serbia or in the Vatican.

But it is not the countries per sé who read it, but the sf-fans in these countries, who read English.

These sf-fans are often the same delegates at Eurocons who vote on where upcoming events are going to be held. Such as in Belfast this year, when it is going to be decided where the 2021 Eurocon is going to be.

You can't find ANY other publication in Europe, which is better targeted at interested sf-fans. Of course, the bid presentation at the business meeting of the ESFS is the ultimate trial. But in this moment, as I write this paragraph, a team from Italy and another team from Romania is in Montenegro to promote their Eurocon bids. I wonder how many participants from Montenegro will be in Belfast. I wouldn't call it a complete waste of time, because now they contribute to the program of the sf-convention in Bijelo Polje and it may create future interest (and readers) there. I also hope they have a good time and remember that we ultimately all are on the same side.

But seriously. Wouldn't it cost you less time, effort and money to present your bid RIGHT HERE?

I speak to future Eurocon bids. Consider it!

You have a hard time to promote any international European event better than by being visible in Eurosmofs FB-group, on the European SF Portal <http://scifiportal.eu/> and in CounterClock. Nothing prevents you from running the same information in SF² Concatenation.

With this said. Let's compare the upcoming bids for 2021. The Italian Eurocon in Fiuggi 2009 was a disappointment. A thin program, good food, but low attendance. Not the best publicity for Italian fandom. At the time, I decided to oppose another Italian Eurocon. In particular, if they were pitched against a Polish, Croatian or Romanian bid, since these fandoms participate to a wider extent in building bridges across their borders in Europe. Perhaps you recall *Tricon 2010*, which was a Polish-Czech and Slovakian collaboration?

Romanians are making more efforts to be part of the

European sf-community. I was inclined to throw myself into the blend with long smoffing experience, helping the Romanians to make their event a success. What I found was **they don't need me!** More Italians have to realize, that Europe is no longer an archipelago of isolated language islands.

BID COMPARISON

| Bid | Italy - DeepCon | Romania - DistopiCon |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Date | 18-21 March | 13-16 May |
| Location | Roma/Fiuggi | Timisoara/Dumbravița |
| side | west | east |
| Previous | 2009 Fiuggi | 2001 Capidava |
| Expect size | small 250-500 | large > 500 |
| Prog.streams | 2 (90% english) | 2+ in english |
| Team Xp | Very good | Very good |
| IT-Tech lvl | Lagging behind | Highly advanced |
| Global costs | high | low |
| Pro / con | tourism | 2 parallel events* ¹ |
| Municipal backing | no | Community services alerted & prepared |
| FGoH | no | yes |
| Banquet | yes | under consideration |
| Eurosmof | presence | presence |
| English proficiency | off convention: intermediate | excellent everywhere |
| Goes ahead if not a Eurocon | yes | yes |

The municipal of Dumbravița (pronounced Dumbravitsa) is a part of Timisoara (Timis County) It has an immediate border with Timisoara. Fiuggi is about 85 km from Rome.

*¹ SPACERS Electronic Music / SF Short film festival.

* Both teams can be expected to deliver solid Souvenir- and Program-booklets.

* The distance between Rijeka (Croatia) and Trieste (Italy) is less than between Fiuggi and Rome. It is as much *neutral zone* as it can be, but still counts as an eastside event. The east-west alternating choices experienced something of a hick-up in the years 2016-2019 with Barcelona (Spain), Dortmund (Germany), Amiens (France) and Belfast (UK). Traditionally the Eurocon is supposed to alternate between former east and former west-side of the iron curtain. The curtain has lifted, the economic differences haven't. The westside is still considerably more expensive.

* Italian fandom has progressed since 2009. *Gino Lucrezi*, is a rare Italian sf-fan-non-pro who speaks English and participates internationally in the scene. He wrote the presentation of Italy for the W75 souvenir book. Then we have *Francesco Verso*, who is a fan-pro (translated into English & Chinese), but well-versed in fannish endeavours and with excellent understanding of sf-fandoms ways.



Deep Space One is a cultural association promoting science fiction in all of its forms: literature, movies, TV series, role playing games and videogames. DS1 began its activities more than 20 years ago organizing Deepcon, a convention with international guests as writers, actors, screenwriters, producers, as well as Italian Space Agency and NASA scientists, astronauts and science experts. In 2009, we organized a successful Eurocon under the European Science Fiction Society flag.

Deepcon takes place in Ambasciatori Place Hotel in Fiuggi, a thermal city about 60 kilometers from Rome [60 by air, 85 by car]. The hotel is wonderful, boasting excellent conference facilities and food, and the ambience is very friendly. During the years, we had fans coming from almost every European country, USA, China, Canada and Australia.

Fiuggi is a small historic city and has been famous for over 8 centuries for the therapeutical properties of its water. Ambasciatori Place Hotel boasts a modern spa, equipped for many kinds of treatments. Furthermore Fiuggi is at short distance from interesting historic and archeologic sites, including monasteries such as Casamari Abbey, Certosa di Trisulti with its library, medieval manuscripts and an ancient pharmacy, Fossanova Abbey and the famous Montecassino Abbey. Anagni still intact medieval town and Alatri enormous walls dating back to VII a.C. are also close and can be easily visited. The short distance from the international airports in Rome (Fiumicino or Ciampino) allow everybody to reach Fiuggi in a short time. With a modest charge, we are able to supply a shuttle to and from the airport for groups and individuals.

The EuroCon program: 90% of panels will be in English and 10% in Italian, as we will also host Italcon, the Italian SF Convention. Many panels will focus on Translated European Science Fiction and will be supervised by Francesco Verso, multiple award Italian SF writer and editor of the multicultural project Future Fiction, partner of the convention.

The guests that have already confirmed their presence (if we host Eurocon) are: **Ian McDonald** (Northern Ireland), **Lavie Tidhar** (Israel), **Rachel**

Cordasco (USA), **Ugo Bellagamba** (France), **Neil Gaiman** (UK), a Science Fiction Special Guest from China, **David Lloyd**, **Hanne Paine**, **Lolita Fatjo**, **Eric Stillwell**, an actor/actress from a SF TV Show, **Giampietro Casasanta** (Physics, Concordia Research Station, Antarctica). The event will receive the patronage of the Italian Space Agency. Probable guest: **Italian astronaut Luca Parmitano**. The event will receive the patronage of the National Institute for Nuclear Physics. Guest: **Marco Casolino**, **Lead Researcher**.

We consider the atmosphere to be an exclusive feature of our convention. From year to year friendships and relations are made that go beyond a common passion. The comfortable sofas in front of the bar are often used by fans chatting until late at night with their favorite writer or actor. Everyone is invited to take part in it, in the best spirit of Italian hospitality.

- FrV -



On June 1st I landed in Timisoara and took a taxi to Dumbravitsa. The fare for the cab was equal to two TAFF-votes. The currency, a few Lei I extracted from the first cash-dispenser I came across. I didn't know that I could simply flash my credit card in the tram and use it as a ticket. But the cabs have their fare on display on the outside of their cars and thus you are unlikely to be ripped off.

For directions and tourist information, you can use English or German. Both languages seem to be understood by many in this part of Romania (which once had been under Austrian regime). On TV the Romanians watch their foreign programs with subtitles. This creates a generally excellent English proficiency.

Last time there was a Eurocon in Timisoara was 1994. It had an attendance close to 1500. I was going to meet *Darius Hupov*, who was the head of the current Eurocon bid team.



With Adrian Bancu and Darius Hupov. Foto: Adrian Chifu

Darius Hupov was a young man helping out at the Eurocon in Timisoara 1994. A fan of the *old generation* of Romanian sf-fans. Now he is a dentist and a man with a vision for the future of sf-fandom. Romania has, like most European fandoms, an aging population of active fans. But in neighbouring Croatia they seem to have no such problem. There cosplay is the great attractor. Darius is confident he can also attract a younger population. By including what **they** are interested in. He aims at a convention with plenty of variety.

- There should be something for everyone.

Adrian Bancu and **Adrian Chifu** are in charge of one of the parallel running events, *the SPACERS festival of electronic music*. Just to make sure, that we understand electronic music the same way, I had an extensive dissection of *Adrian Bancu's* understanding of electronic music. I met my match. Not only that. He was better informed than I was. This happens rarely and can only be if someone is devoting his entire life to it. But then, both Adrians are electronic musicians themselves and Chifu is also known for his artful photography skills. We agreed that Tangerine Dreams best days were over after Johannes Schmoelling's departure in 1985.

Another parallel running event will be Dumbravița's SF Short Film Festival, which was a pleasant surprise for me, now that I started to cover short films in my review section. Dumbravița is so closely connected with Timisoara that as a tourist you won't be able to tell when you exit one and enter the other part of Timisoara. The mayor of the municipal signed an agreement with Darius

Hupov. Dumbravița will have a reputation outside Romania. For hosting the annual SF Short Film festival, and hopefully also the Eurocon and for being tourist friendly.

The municipal is already known within the country for being the best managed one. Prosperity goes both ways. Make sure you have a prosperous population and you will have a steady income from taxes. Squeeze people and one enterprise after the other shuts down until you have nothing left to squeeze. I can see the opposite right where I live here in Italy and paradoxically enough, the Romanians look better off.

We walked around the site where the convention will be held. On one side, there is a nearby forest for leisurly walks. In front of it an area which would be perfectly suitable for camping. Both German and Dutch convention attendees are known to enjoy camping. It will be investigated if it is possible to set up tents and campers near the convention-building. On crawling distance, should you be so tired after the program that you can't stand anymore.

In the other direction, you'll find a Pizzeria of good repute and a small shop for daily necessities.

Children can be out of their parents hair during the convention. **Simona Hupov**, Darius' wife is a professional in taking care of minors. *And she loves doing it*. She is setting up entertainment for the younger generation, who won't be interested in what we older guys are doing.

Unfortunately it was a bit short notice to meet the entire core team. But I also had the pleasure of

shaking hand with their IT-guy **Daniel Timariu**, recipient of a Chrysalis Award for emerging writers in 2018. The Timisoara/ Dumbravița fan-group is a solid fan-group revolving around HELION SF, one of their front figures being **Lucian-Vasile Szabo** who was nominated for an ESFS Award as best promoter in 2018 alongside *Francesco Verso*. The winner in the category was *Jukka Halme*, Finland.



Daniel Timariu and Darius. Foto: Adrian Chifu

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=co7Qwwmr2Qw&fbclid=IwAR3mfV4LGOuz_5f9WwHizpH2Ljlf9AgJ27UooPx8qJMTzcvDFj7Eh0-Mpl

ROMANIA IN THE GEARS

SF-Fandom in Romania is alive and well. It is not only Timisoara-fandom with HELION. At Eurocons we have in the past often encountered **Eugen S Lenghel** from Bucharest. For some years now, he's been busy with the International Science Fiction Festival Râșnov which this year will be held 19-21 July at the castle Bran, near Râșnov. For those of you who do not know what Bran is famous for, I will here reveal that it was the home of **Vlad Țepeș** (pronounced Tsepesch). In western popular culture his reputation has been totally distorted. Vlad the Impaler, aka Count Dracula is infact a Romanian folk-hero. I can assure you, they are **not** blood-suckers. From Brașov comes *Gazeta SF*, edited by **Alexandru Lamba**. In Bucharest we have **Lucian Cristian Oancea**, publishing a semi-professional fanzine by the

short name *ZIN*. In Bucharest lives also **Roberto Quaglia**, who is not only fluent in Italian and Romanian, but also in English, German and Russian. The only Italian so far, to have been recipient of a BSFA Award.

Let's not forget **Cristian Corneliu Tamaș**, the fan behind the *European SF Portal*. And this barely scratches the surface of Romanian sf-fandom.

And of course, also Romania has a selection of upcoming talented writers, such as Catalina Fometici who wrote *The Empire Made of Glass* (Imperiul de sticlă – not yet translated into English)



Daniel Timariu said this about *Empire Made of Glass*: *Alma, the Demon Slayer, Princess of the Elweise Dynasty in Aakra wakes up after a thousand and two hundred years on a modern hospital bed. Who is she? What unfulfilled destiny has thrown her across time, into a present so different from her world, yet confronted with similar dangers? An intrigue built with craftsmanship, a complex story, in a heroic and at the same time a melodramatic universe. Princess Alma has to face difficult attempts, caught in a web of secrets, plotting and personal ambitions of ancient entities, wizards, demons, and men, in confrontation with the present, just as dark.*

Oh, yes and **Catalina Fometici** is also working with the Timisoara-team. I will not be in Belfast this year, but my hope is to experience a Eurocon in Timisoara/ Dumbravița.

- Wolf -

PROLOGUE TO THE GHOLY GHIBLE II

In the beginning was fan,
and as it was fashionable, fen created ghods in
their own image. The fandom deity *Ghu* has
existed almost as long as sf-fandom itself. It is
believed that the seed of *Ghu* lied in *Donald Allen Wollheim* already when he was born on October 1
in 1914, but was not revealed until 6 August in
1935. Even so, *Ghu* has prevailed until this day.
This means that *Ghu* has been watching over us
for more than 93% of our existence, which is a
devastating number comparing to the Christian
ghod, who even if we grant the Jewish, Muslim
and Christian ghod are all the same, and even if
we grant them their obnoxious insistance on
backdating their ghod for 6000 years, then it is still
no match for *Ghu*. Humankind has been around
for more than 200,000 years, which gives their
deity a presence of less than 3%.

We don't care about backdating our divine muses,
no matter how omnipotent we consider them to
be. Speaking of lesser deities, let's speak of the
devil. Because *Ghuism* has its own devil.

FooFoo was conceived in 1938 by *Jack Speer*
and his sole purpose was to oppose *Ghu*. Does
that sound like another character we know? His
sacred color is black. Need I say more? We have
learned from *The Left Hand of Darkness*, that one
can not oppose something without supporting it at
the same time. In this manner *Jack Speer* only
consolidated the power of *Ghu*.

Note that we *do not* parody monotheistic dualism.
Fannish spirituality has to be like fandom itself, a
multiple plurality beyond good and bad.
However, it should endeavour to be as eloquent,
accurate and entertaining as humanly possible.

*Confront a corpse at least once. The absolute
absence of life is the most disturbing and
challenging confrontation you will ever have.*

David Bowie

Not surprisingly, the deity *Roscoe*, who first
appeared to *Art Rapp*, *Rick Sneary* and *Ed Cox* in
1949 has popularly superseded his predecessors
in US, UK (and Scandinavian) fandom, while *Ghu*
remained ever so strong in Gerfany and parts of
Sweden. *Carla Mötteli* of Luzern, Switzerland was
the spiritual front-figure (High Priestess) of *Ghu*
throughout the 60's, 70's and 80's.

Fandom deities and demi-ghods have come and
gone through the years. I don't know if *Herbie* or
the Great Spider are still alive today, but there's

no recent mentioning of either. The ghods are not
immortal. They live and die with their first and last
faithful believer.

The pantheon of sf-fandom is incomplete. From
the Norse mythology, we've allowed *Thor* to join
the ranks after the Asgard has been abandoned
and disempowered. *Thor* was even rejected entry
to the *Kalevala*. Valhalla was destroyed by NASA.
He had nowhere else to go. And now there is a
fraudulent comic-book-character trivializing his
name. Fortunately he has a long experience with
disorganized (as fandom tends to be) spirituality.
The claim that he also should have his own
publishing house is *false*.

The *divine daughter of Ghu* still walks around in a
mortal shell on Earth and publishes science
fiction. We have had contact on Facebook for
several years. I don't believe she ever knew that I
was a *Ghuardian of the faith*.

The authorized Rise of ALBALUPUS I
on April 14th – 2019 . How the “Pope of Fandom”
was appointed. Whose motto it is:

*“Dei non malitiam sed ignorantiam castigant”
(The Gods don't punish evil, but ignorance!)”*

I don't know if the High Priestess of *Ghu*, *Carla Mötteli*, was self-proclaimed, but if I was going to
teach the gospel and *the Gholy Ghible of Ghu*,
then I'd better make it entirely official. Which was
possible, since the divine daughter of *Ghu* still
walks among mortals. I boldly approached her on
Mons Libro a Facies. Upon my request, in her
infinite wisdom, she replied with a four-letter-word,
as ingenious as the biblical tetragrammaton.
She didn't say “YHWH”, which today is no other
than gibberish. She said: “S-U-R-E”, which only
can be interpreted as; “Say You Are 'E!'”

Why the last word came across in an East-
Londoner dialect escapes me, but we have to
bear in mind that the message travelled through a
cable across the Atlantic. Perhaps she also knew
that Italians have “H” in their alphabet, but don't
know how to pronounce it.

But based upon the merit of living in Italy, I was
now legally and officially *the pope of sf-fandom*.
All of this happened on April 14th in the year of
another divinity 2019.

To celebrate I poured myself a wee glass of
whisky. Perhaps two wee. I might even have said:
- *Wee!!!* out loud.

And there was music. It may or may not have
been a piece from an almost 20 year old French
musical. This one...

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WL8mxzkNk98>

- *Frakk it!* I may or may not have said, and in the spirit of the moment decided to go for a psalm of Ghu. Deep Purple is known to have written a few. Know that the divine color of *Ghu* is *deep purple*..

Now hear psalm 84 – *Sail Away*, written by *Blackmore/Coverdale*, from the album *Burn* 1974.

The album *BURN* (1974)! Is my favourite. So I was cheerfully dancing around in the living room The next day *Notre Dame in Paris* went up in flames.

- *Oops!* That was absolutely a very, very weird coincidence! First of all, let me reassure you. I had *nothing* to do with that. Nonetheless I realized that as spiritual leader suddenly I was obliged to watch my mouth and remember my responsibility at all time. As a title for my office I have therefore chosen to use the term “*Big Ghob*” and not *pope*. The word *pope*, meaning “father” should remain a Christian title and only be used to explain to mundane people what the *Big Ghob* (big mouth) is. It was so much easier to be a mere *Ghuardian* of the faith. Now more faithful *Ghuardians* like *Rolf Strömgren* and *Garth Spencer* are needed to step forward and make themselves known. For example, by LoC-ing.

I will appoint nine (seven more) *Ghuardinals* to the Council of 10, the next *Ghob* will be one of these nine. According to a famous satirical masterpiece of world literature, written in 1726, the *Big Ghob* (aka *Ghub*) must as an early initiation rite embark on a pub-crawl in a foreign country. Foreign in the sense that it is not the same country as the one he lives in.

The *Gholy Water* I found superiorly preferable was called *Augustiner* and is served in the former kingdom of Bavaria.

Nobody there drinks *Löwenbräu* these days.

Trust me – you haven't tasted decent bheer until you have had a pint of *Augustiner*.

It is as the Germans often say: “*In wine you find the truth, in beer strength and in the water you find bacteria.*”

Of course, the American approach is equally safe: “*Don't drink water, fish fuck in it!*” they allegedly say. I don't know if that is true. LoC me on it.

This pub-crawl (aka *Ghub-crawl*) is to satisfy the *Gholy Organ* – The Liver. *Best to deliver.*

Sins cannot be undone, only forgiven.

Igor Stravinsky

Psalm 144 - *Big Time* - Peter Gabriel:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PBAI9cchQac>



Since it would look silly to swear on a sheet of paper (like the Goly Ghibble) and have no impact or significance what-so-ever to swear on a Bible, the trufan should swear on Warhoon#28 and all that is sacred to sf-fandom.

Deep Purple and the Beatles were Ghuish bands.

Do not under ANY circumstances press a button without knowing exactly what will happen if you do so. Not even on your shirt.

Gholy Proverb 1:4

The Bee Gees were a Ghibblical band.

The Arrival of Grendeline

Spiritual assistant to the Big Ghub [aka Ghob].

But in the night before the third day after the *Notre Dame* fire, my scary godmother *Grendeline* came to me in a dream. She does not appreciate being called a fairy, but nevertheless that is what I believe she is.

Her countenance and garments were a fair sight darker and sexier than the fairy who touched *Jophan* with the wands of *fanac* and *contact*.

(fanac.org/fanzines/Enchanted_Duplicator/Enchanted-00.html)

She looked quite a bit like the *Farscape* actress *Claudia Black* (but more like that totally gorgeous waitress I spotted in a Nottingham restaurant little over four years ago). She was completely dressed

in black, with black nylons and knee high boots.

I must have met Grendeline before, because she certainly didn't need to introduce herself. I knew who she was. I have always known her. (She was my RPG-character in Fantasy-adventures from the *Pool of Radiance*, over *Baldur's Gate* and the *Dark Grimoire*, *Forge of Empire* (on the Internet) until *Neverwinter Nights*.)

I just had not seen her in the leather mini before and she had a beaver sitting on her left shoulder.

- Great legs! I said, noticing such things.

- Spare me your sexist remarks! I have been instructed by the ghods of sf-fandom to inform you, that you from this day forward shall assume the authority of first pope of European sf-fandom.

- Erm, is it not a little late for that? In case you haven't been informed. I was already appointed by the daughter of Ghu three days ago.

Grendeline rolled her eyes and slapped me over the back of my head with her magic wand.

[..smack..]

- I know, dimwit! That's why I am here.

It is fascinating, how she always seem to have the need of insulting me.

- What do you mean first *pope of fandom*?

- How should I know what the gods were thinking, if they did. It's beyond me, why they should pick a dork like you and not someone venerable like Dave Langford or at least someone intelligent of your age, like Vince Docherty.

Again she rolled her eyes and it was beginning to annoy me. Her posture clearly indicated that she would rather be somewhere else.

- No, but why pope? Why not king or emperor? Is it because I live in Italy?

For a moment she seemed to think about it, but then she pointed menacingly at me with her wand clutching it the way one would hold a fly-swatter.

- That must be *it*! She gave the hint of a smile. Okay, perhaps not as dense as I thought. She hit me over the head again with her wand.

[..smack..]

- Will you please stop hitting me, I howled. What's that wand anyway?

- It's the wand called *humor*, she claimed, again hitting me with it several times while rhythmically asserting it was necessary because I [...smack...] had [...smack...] absolutely [...smack...] none [...smack...] of it! [...smack...]

- Will you stop it!!! I roared at last.

The beaver on her shoulder chattered and moved closer to her ear, whispering something in it.

- Ah, yes! she said. There are a number of things you need to keep in your puny little mind.

- Do the gods really approve of you insulting me

repeatedly?

- Approve? Of course, you imbecile, they not only approved, but *instructed* me to use as many forms of humiliation, as I was capable of.

- Oh, that's lovely! So they sent their most creative asset. I said glancing at her well rounded hips.

[...smack...]

- You animal!

Hear psalm 42, *Spitting Image* song: "My God is Bigger Than Your God!"

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bRwXrcz-F9M>

- Ouch! C'mon, I said asset, not...

- I know exactly what you said and what you were thinking. Grendeline interrupted me.

- You shall go forth and preach the gospel of Don Wollheim and the gospel of Art Rapp.

- Those were different ghods, Grendeline.

[...smack...]

- I know. Shut up! You shall go forth and revive the gods of fandom *now*, here in the endtime before the 200th fandom! [...smack...]

- You enjoy this, I can tell.

Grendeline picked up a scroll which materialized in front of her, unrolled it and read it.

- Beware the beast Man, for he is the Devil's pawn and this is the wrong sacred scroll...

She dropped it and a second scroll materialized in front of her.

- You shall allow the ways of Ghu, Roscoe, Foo, Walty Klackton, Chtulu, Snafua and all the other ghods of fandom.

- Walty Klackton!? A god of fandom? Since when? Surely you must mean Walt Willis!

The wand of *humor* came again swishing through the air, targeting my left ear.

[...smack...]

- Since now. Shut up!

- Hold on! Wait a minute here. Who is Snafua?

Grendeline shuffled through a few pages in a notepad she kept tucked away in a back-pocket.

She stopped at a hastily scribbled page, took a deep breath and frowned.

- As recently appointed as you are. She is the new patron goddess of inexperienced con-runners.

- Aha, the name says it all.

I tried to catch a glimpse of the sacred notepad she was reading from, but could only make out a few runes of the *elder futhark*,

- Who wrote that? Thor?

- Quiet! Pay attention! You shall support the EFF initiative on Eurosmof. You will receive a manna-script, to be published in CounterClock#35, with an outline of how to proceed. You shall re-instate

COUNTERCLOCK SF # 36

Mercer's Day.

- April 31st, was it?

- Right! [...smack...] Good boy!! You always have to remember, when it comes to European sf-fandom, that you talk about individual beings, not countries.

- Yes, yes, Gren. I recall *Bjørn Tore Sund* saying something very similar almost twenty years ago.

- Good! Secondly, you shall encourage the Eurosmof group to decide...

- Hold on there! Isn't that *your* name there, written in runes?

- Yes, it is. So what?

- How did *you* make it into the fandom pantheon?

- We're understaffed! *Duh!!!* Her tone implied that I understood less than I actually did. I knew sf-fandom to be notoriously theophobic. Ghods!? No, oh my ghods!! Religion is bad, bad, bad, if it is any other than the true followers of the force and Muad'Dib.

- Muhammad adh'Dhib, the shepherd boy who found *the Dead Sea Scrolls*?

- No, *Frank Herbert, Dune*, dimwit!

I let all the air out of my lungs in a prolonged, thespian sigh. Grendeline had lost where she was at, in her runic list of proclamations. She began flipping back and forth in her notepad.

- This is all good and fine, but are there benefits for me in this? Anything? Do I get to travel? Do I have to scale the mountains of Inertia again? You know I live in sycofandom itself, and ignorance is more popular here than knowledge.

- We're not living in the 50's anymore. It's easy and relatively cheap to cross the Atlantic. If the North-Americans wish to meet the pope, there are two ways. 1) come to Italy - that's where he lives. One can also try to win an Eastbound TAFF-race and be granted an audience with the pope.

2) the pope will humbly accept any invitation he gets. Don't worry, simpleton, you get to travel.

Again, the beaver on Grendeline's shoulder chattered something in her ear and she went pale.

- No, noo! You can't do this to me, she yelled. Her eyes wide.

The beaver on her shoulder unzipped a pouch on his belly and brought forth a huge skyrocket, so enormous I couldn't see how it ever could have fitted under his fur without the hint of a bulge. He signalled to Grendeline to borrow her wand and mounted the rocket on it. Then he bid us both farewell with a cheerful salute, ignited the fuse and climbed onto the rocket as if it was a horse.

[...pchchcheewww...] Off he went, straight up towards the sky, leaving us behind.

I looked after it, wondering...

- That was... erm... Wasn't it?

Grendeline still seemed stunned by what the beaver had told her, but nodded faintly.

- Yes, that was Roscoe himself.



Roscoe as he appeared in Canada 2003
Artwork by: Athena Jarvis

She grinned as if she had been asked to pick up a turd with her bare hands.

- What did he tell you?

He asked me to stay at your side, as an invisible guide and keep you on the right path, tell you when and what to do, say and write.

- Oh, no. Noo!! He can't do that to me! I yelled.

Grendeline picked up her slightly scorched wand and hit me over the head again. Twice.

- [...smack...] Thirteen, she counted.

[...smack...] Done! If people don't think you are funny now, then I don't know what to do either.

- What?

- Such a shame, to deplete all charges of this wonderful wand on a single such boring character, she sighed. But we have to do the will of the gods.

- Oh, do we? I said, with no feeling of anything having changed inside me. Before Grendeline, my scary godmother suddenly vanished into a puff of smoke, she uttered some magic mumbo jumbo in an obscure language I didn't quite understand (could have been Albanian). I can only recall the final three words: "Nnn.. in come Pope!" [...interlude..]

"Too many pieces of music finish too long after the end."

Igor Stravinsky

GHOLY GHIBLE II - Manna-script 1:
The Nine Commandments of Ghu
One Meteor Short of A Shower.

1) You should have no other ghods & ghodmothers than Ghu, Roscoe, Foo, Walt Willis, Grendeline, Cthulu, Bheerena, Thor, Snafua or other ghod, demi-ghod, real or imagined intellectually superior non-corporeal entity who is not liked, approved and acknowledged, (concealed, obscured or added in fine print) by and in sf-fandom.

2) The scarab is an attribute of Ghu, a purple beetle doubly so.

3) Thou should not write the names of the Lords thy ghods on a van.

4) Remember Mercer's Day and keep it gholly.

5) Do not worry.

6) Do not hurry.

7) Do not argue.

8) Be good

9) Do Not distim the doshes, so you do not become gostak yourself.

Note: The 5th-8th commandments shall be known as the TETRALOG to perfect happiness.

Why only nine? Why **that** many? Really, one should keep it simple and avoid all complications, since the majority of us are simple people. The *Tetralog* is all you need to remember. The rest is of far less importance. Mere formalities.

Mercer's Day: - The 31st of April. Archie Mercer once absentmindedly set a voting deadline, in OMPA (A legendary APA: Offtrails Magazine Publishers Association), for 31 April, and Walt Willis, noting that he as OMPA President had power to deal with all emergencies decreed that thereafter the 1st May would be known as 31 April, to be followed immediately by 2 May [Fancylopedia 3].

The Three Evil Witches of Foo

The Three Evil Witches of Foo met at a cross-road coming from different directions. Each was wearing a magic bag of holding on her back. The first witch was filled with delight. "What did you take? The others asked her. "I took a faans entire wealth, his fanzines, his books and magazines.

Now he is sad and destitute."

The second witch was almost as pleased with herself as the first. "I took a faans health and creativity. Now he is sick and miserable."

But the third witch seemed very unhappy.

"What's wrong? What did you take?" the first two inquired.

"I took a faans wisdom. And now he is all happy, dancing and singing!"

I don't say we all ought to misbehave, but we ought to look as if we could.

Orson Welles

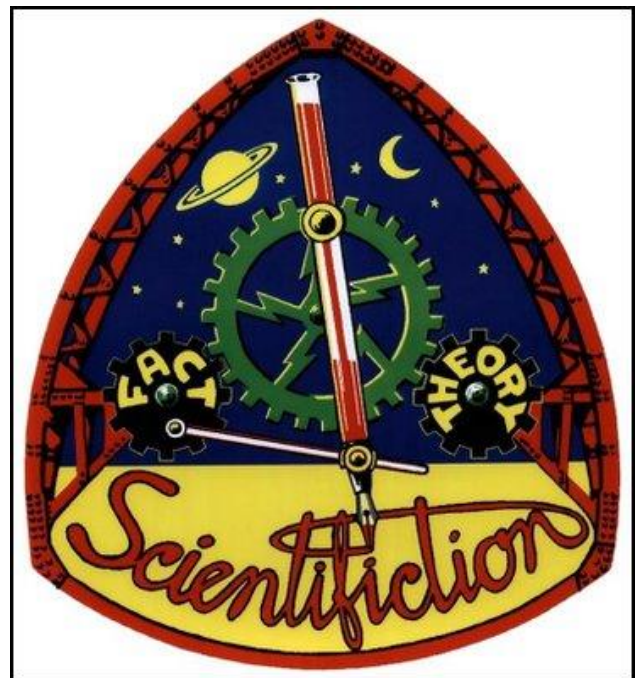
 - Did You write Donald *Alien* Wollheim there?

- No, that's a fly-dropping above the second "L" of his middle name.

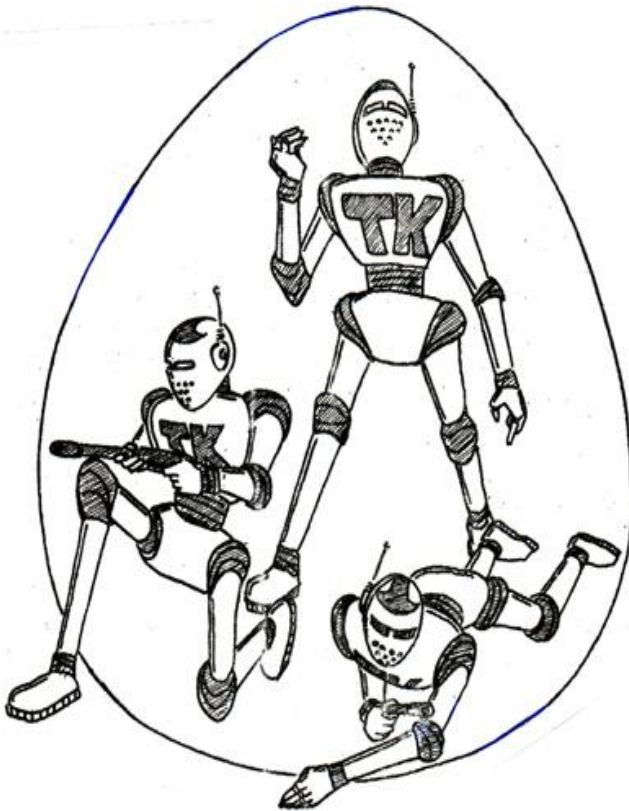
Some say Fandom began in 1929

The Scienceers was founded December 11, 1929, a date some consider the beginning of fandom. Its first "official" meeting was January 4, 1930. It held irregular meeting until April 26, 1930 when it reorganized and held regular weekly meetings until September 27, 1930 when it split into two factions.

Sigma TC celebrated the 50th anniversary of sf-fandom on 11th December 1979 in Sweden. We will continue to celebrate it on 11th Decembers to come until we hit 100 – in only 10 years.



This year sf-fandom hits 90.



Artwork: Wolf von Witting, 1979

GHOLY GHIBLE II - Manna-script 2:

The big and gholly Ghob shall hold his office for no longer than 8 years. At spring equinox after 99 full moons shall a new gholly Ghob be appointed. The Ghob may accept no wampun for his service.

Durga and Lakshmi of the *Hindu pantheon* have been accepted in a spiritual exchange program between Hinduism and Ghuism to temporarily serve in place of Foo and Bheerena, who benevolently in their place protect their sacred shrines and temples in India. Foo will just have to behave for the duration of his assignment.

We have our own *saints*, except we do not call them *saints*, we call them sf-authors who died, or sf-authors who have passed on. *Isaac Asimov, Robert A Heinlein, Arthur C Clarke, Philip K Dick, A.E. Van Vogt, Clifford Simak, Harry Harrison, Iain Banks, Brian Aldiss and David Kyle*. They're all there as kind of demi-gods, or assistant gods in our pantheon. Everyone except *L.Ron Hubbard*.

Spirituality is no laughing-matter and we do not want to create a parody of religion, like the Catholic Church. Nonetheless, the highest of them all in our metaphysical realm is *Walt Willis*,

who has been added to the fandom-pantheon equal to the ghods themselves.

The Enchanted Duplicator is as spiritual as any fan-writing gets and should be one of the books included in the Gholy Ghible II. If we ever have a con at which the canon is decided.

- A canon con? I think we had lots of those in Sweden! At least I have heard a lot of Sverifans claiming that this or that convention was a *cannon con*.

Grendeline, my scary ghodmother keeps feeding me ridiculous notions, such as suggesting to write an "How to boil" -trilogy, 1) How to boil water 2) How to boil an egg and 3) How to boil spaghetti. If successful in sales, I should continue with the trilogy "How to fry", part 1) How to fry an egg.

Sometimes I see cavemen sitting in their 21st century vehicles and I ask myself when we ever became so arrogant to name our species *Homo Sapiens*, as if we were particularly gifted. Not only that, but expecting a Homo Superior to rise from our thick midst.

- I am a girl, born as a boy. Hen*¹ said.

- Yeah, I am an animal, born as a human.

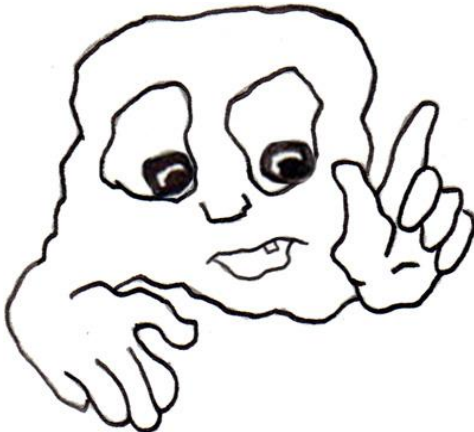
I don't know why, but hen was offended. I was being serious. I don't see myself apart from nature but as a part of it. It would be great if we as a species at least would achieve sapience.

*¹ *hen is a swedish gender-neutral pronoun.*



You want me to believe that we monkeyed around for 250.000 years or more, and then suddenly we started building pyramids and going to the moon? Nothing and absolutely nothing has changed about our history since the Sumerians, who we knew about before the science of archaeology was introduced, some 200 years ago. We don't really want to know about forgotten civilizations, do we? Wouldn't it ultimately fuck up the story of our precious bible, if we discovered one? It would also fuck up every schoolbook on history. And more or less every exhibition at museums of

our ancient history. We're so used to, and in love with, the one story we have to tell. It goes Sumer, Egypt, Greek, Roman. Bang and here we are! Of course, the Sumerian writing system is more similar to Chinese than to our alphabet. Details.... We have spread our gospel with swords and smoking guns, and that's the only way we know. That's the only thing we are good at, because we have no superior virtues or ethics. We're still the cavemen as soon as we step into our cars. Grendeline is not here for the moment, but it is very, very hot. Difficult to keep a focused mind in the heat. Is this the end of times?



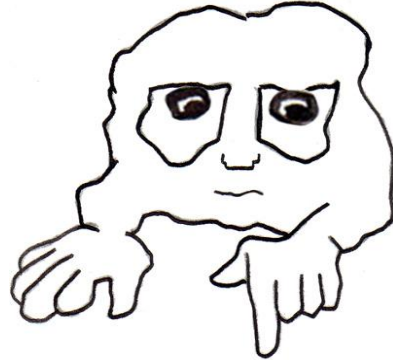
One hundred years ago, we were two billion naked (not so hairy) monkeys on this planet. Now there are more than 7.7 billion of us. What has changed apart from our sudden increase in numbers? Some jungle and rainforest has been converted into farmland and with it we killed off a bit of wildlife, an island made of plastic garbage the size of Texas floats around in the Pacific. But the Earth is still round. Mostly.

Because I have had this discussion before (and again):
Celtic – do you read it as “seltik” or as “keltik”? If the former, then you are American or think you are in America. If the latter, then you are British or prefer the British language. As for the Scottish football team, be aware that Scotland is still part of the United Kingdom.
 - WoF -



Incazzato nero – sich schwarz ärgern – is an Italian and a German expression. It means to be very pissed off (the

italian expression actually translates as black-cocked). If you are reading this, it means the Taurid meteor swarm missed us (Europe) in late June. If it didn't miss us altogether, then you probably aren't going to read this..Am I worried? Nah! Not yet.



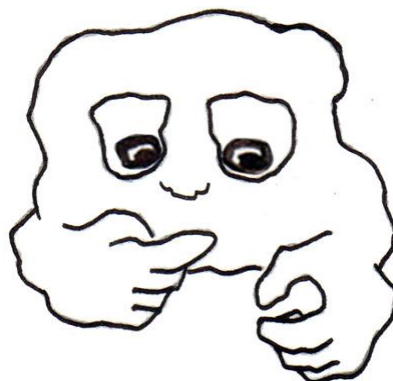
*He wrote it down on the outer arch of his left foot.
 - Why did he write it there?
 - It was a footnote.*

As you get older, the questions come down to about two or three. How long? And what do I do with the time I've got left?

David Bowie



to take it with the click of the heels – Swedish idiom, “ta det med en klackspark” - means to take it lightly, to not look at it so seriously



“Where was I?”

Lila Ghu-Ben Kenobi

Having Grendeline hanging invisibly over my left shoulder is a constant nuisance while writing.

I turned to her.

- On a scale of zero to ten, how much do you wish to kiss my ass?

- Minus four.

- Minus 4 is not on the scale, Gren.

- Yeah, but even if I said zero, it wouldn't reflect the fact, that the mere thought of it is entirely repulsive to me.

- Look, now I spelled sense with a "c". That's your fault, distracting me.

- Common sense is always spelled with a "c".

Now it was my turn to roll eyes.

- What books should we include in the Gholy Ghible? The Ferengi Rules of Acquisition? No, huh? What about that book where one of Ghu's internal organs makes a journey on its own some two hundred years before Ghu was born?

Finally I had Grendeline speechless. She had no clue what story I might be referring to.

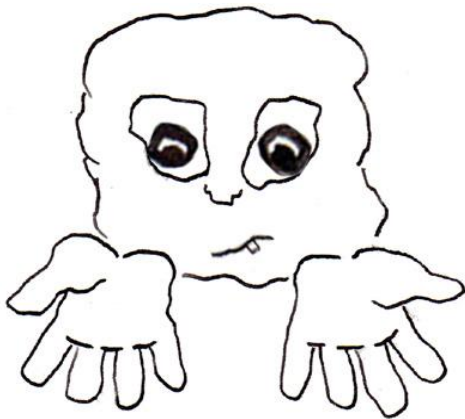
- Which book might that be?

- A famous satirical masterpiece.

- Sounds absolutely suitable, but I still have no idea which book you are talking about.

- Ghulivers Travels.

- Oooh, aaah, you are sooo Swedish! Get out of here, Lila Ghuben! (only *vaguely funny* in Swedish).



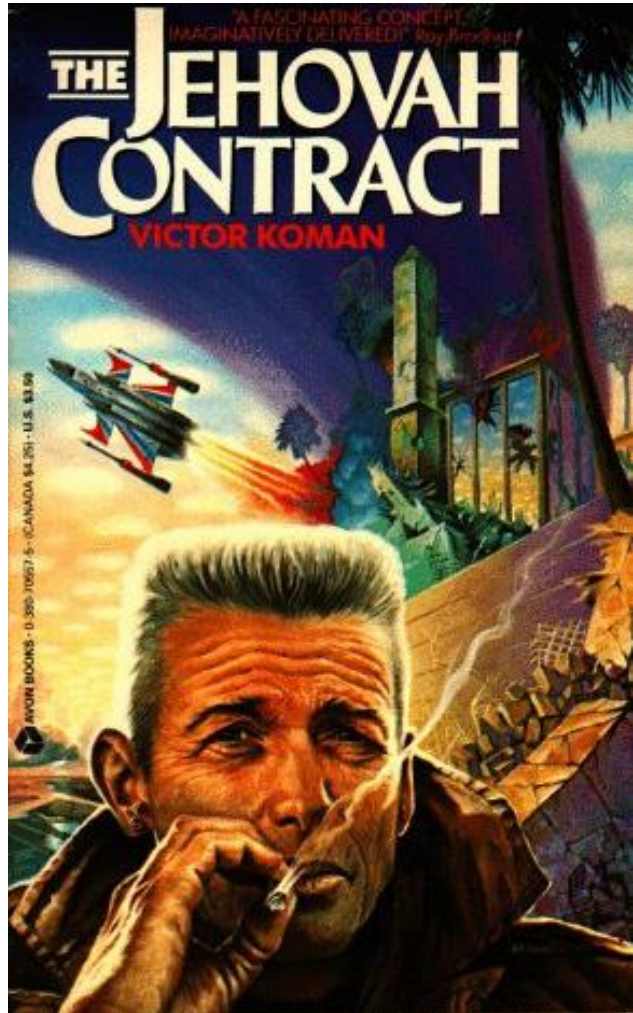
I was hoping to have some profound monologue here, but it is just too hot in Europe now. You have to consider all following issues of CounterClock extensions to the Goly Ghible II. This is not the end, this is only the beginning.

Yesterday is not ours to recover, but tomorrow is ours to win or lose.

Lyndon B Johnson



Victor Koman – The Jehova Contract



Originally published April 1987

Received the Prometheus Award for Best Novel

"A dying assassin is given one last assignment and one last chance for survival. The job: to find God Almighty and destroy Him. The payment: eternal life. With the aid of a beautiful lady gambler, an ancient Hollywood witch, and a telepathic smartass of a girl, Dell Ammo breaches the gates of Heaven and Hell to pull the Cosmic Trigger."

How does one kill something one doesn't believe in? The protagonist doesn't believe in God, but the assignment he gets is good money, so he goes about it in a *professional hitman* kind of way. If God doesn't exist, maybe what he has to kill is the idea of God's existence? I loved this book!

- Wolf -

Henry Söderlund's portraits from Åcon X

Åcon was held in Mariehamn, 29 May to 2 June on the small island of Åland between Finland & Sweden. It's a small relaxacon where sf-fans from both countries meet.

For me, who experiences these conventions only by watching the pictures and reading the reports, the most sensational surprise of Åcon are *Henry Söderlund's* way above average photography.

https://photos.google.com/share/AF1QipQ75XFgC4-MRfkPCI54BiA1rQiv6KvZL_Gvh_LD2A5TUz2v_OTZHS-DwiuXOZnhog?key=Q2dfU1VvKQXQ5U1BTv1I4cUIHaHdEZ3JxUTNyWXJn

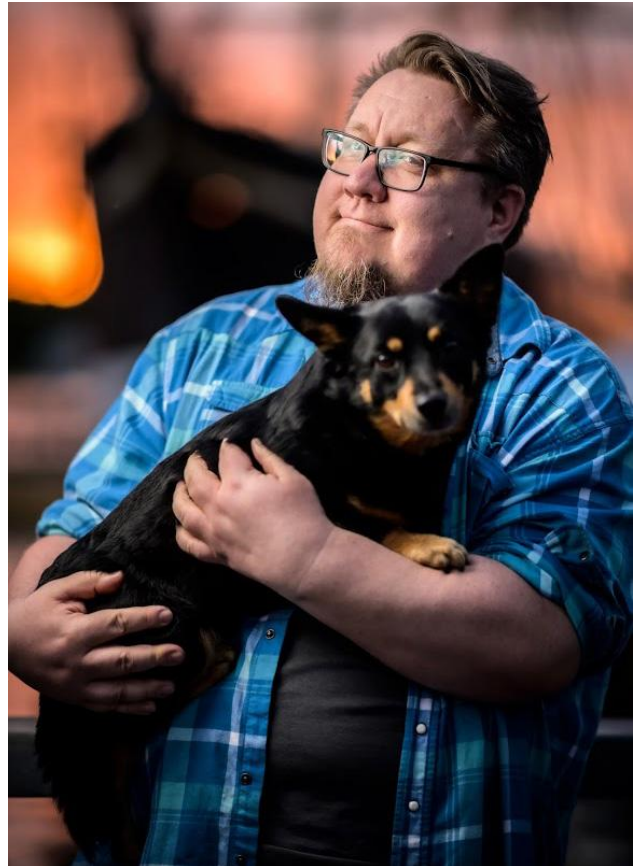
Perhaps it is just as much *Ninni Aalto's* light direction which has contributed to these totally fantastic portraits which were taken at Åcon.



Ben Roimola

Foto: Henry Söderlund

Ben Roimola is one of the oldest (longest time in fandom) finnish sf-fans around. He is från Åbo/Turku and editor of the fanzine *Enhörningen* (The Unicorn). We met first time in the 80's in Stockholm, but he is old enough to recall the very humble beginnings of sf-fandom in Finland. He speaks Finnish, Swedish and English.



Jukka Halme

Foto: Henry Söderlund



Tero Ykspetäjä

Foto: Henry Söderlund



Johan Anglemark

Foto: Henry Söderlund



Johan Jönsson

Foto: Henry Söderlund

Johan Jönsson is one of the Swedish fans who claims he doesn't care what happens outside the Nordic countries.

To the right: Ninni Aalto



Michael Pargman

Foto: Henry Söderlund

I remember Michael best for being among the volunteers to get lost in our Stockholm suburb, carrying a piano. But he has been a solid help at many Swedish conventions since the mid 80's. He has also occasionally been spotted at Eastercons. A champion in frozen methane hockey and always and for ever a good friend.



COUNTERCLOCK SF # 36



Amal El-Mohtar
Canadian GoH at Åcon

Foto: Henry Söderlund



Regina Kanyu Wang

Foto: Henry Söderlund



SF-Convention in India:

International Interdisciplinary & Multidisciplinary Conference on Science & Science Fiction

Sponsored by ICSSR, New Delhi, Government of India

Organized by: Indian Association for Science Fiction Studies, Bangalore, Karnataka, India & Shri. Muktanand College, Gangapur, Aurangabad District, Maharashtra State, India (Host College) In Collaboration with Vignyan Prasara, A-50, Paramahansa Yogananda Road, Institutional Area, Sector 62, Noida, UP, India; Indian Science Fiction Writers' Association, Faizabad, UP; Marathi Vidhyan Parishad, VN Purav Marg, Sion, Chunarbhathi Mumbai, Maharashtra state; Marathwada Shikshan Prasarak Mandal, Aurangabad, Maharashtra State, India; & Deogiri Institute of Engineering & Management Science College, Aurangabad;

Dates: 16 - 18 October 2019

Venue: Deogiri Institute of Engineering & Management Science College, Deogiri College Campus, Railway Station Road, Aurangabad, Maharashtra State, India. **Theme:** *Science & Science Fiction: Interdisciplinary & Multidisciplinary Perspectives.*



The Indian Association for Science Fiction Studies (IASFS) Bangalore, Karnataka, was established on January 2, 1998 which, as they happily point out, coincided with the birthday of Isaac Asimov and the completion of one hundred years of the publication of "Agosh" by Jagadish Chandra Bose.

[Bose is considered the father of Bengali SF - In 1896, Bose wrote Niruddeshar Kahini (The Story of the Missing One), a short story that was later expanded and added to Abyakta collection in 1921 with the new title Palatak Tuphan (Runaway Cyclone). It was one of the first works of Bengali science fiction. It has been translated into English by Bodhisattva Chattopadhyay. - Wikipedia]

The association aims to promote research in the

field of Science Fiction. It also provides a platform for the members who are from all walks of life to express their views during the conference in the way of presenting papers, discussions, and interaction with other members.

The association has organized 14 National and 3 International SF conferences. It conducts Science Fiction writing workshops for all ages and levels. It publishes biannual journal Indian Journal of Science Fiction Studies.

Thus, historically the present conference is the 18th Indian Science Fiction / 4th International Science Fiction Conference organized by IASFS. in collaboration with the host College and other organizations mentioned above.

The Indian event has an age restriction. To attend you need to be at least 18 years of age.

The previous event, the 17th Indian Science Fiction Conference was held 15-16 December 2018 at Benaras Hindu University, Varanasi, Uttar Pradesh, India organized by the IASFS.

"The theme of the conference was "Technology and Science Fiction". Presentations dealt with myth and technology in the post-colonial era, Indian SF in the vernacular languages, the impact of science fiction on future technology, interaction with Korean Science Fiction writers, the release of two SF books, a session on the introduction to SF, a session on the method of writing SF scripts for radio broadcast, an interactive session of Indian writers with Korean writers, a celebration of the bicentennial year of Frankenstein by Mary Shelley, a show on mentalism and SF, the screening of a Tamil Science Fiction short movie, and others.

The inauguration of the event began with a prayer to the goddess of knowledge, Saraswati, and lighting the lamp in Indian traditional style."

(Mysore Srinihari)

https://locusmag.com/2019/04/sf-in-india-report-of-the-17th-indian-science-fiction-conference/?fbclid=IwAR2Ng-6MEKjv64aey1PT6n7DrOBWkLa-LoWPY-92ccknAC7BDyZ_uGMA6Y

The Indian Association for Science Fiction Studies, Bangalore also have a Facebook page.

<https://www.facebook.com/Indian-Association-for-Science-Fiction-Studies-Bangalore-India-310309799905572/>

It is safe to assume that you can communicate in English (being the 2nd official language of India). We thank Frank Roger (Belgium) for having pointed us to this sf-world-news.

It's a damn poor mind that can only think of one way to spell a word.
- Unknown -



NOFF – The Nordic Fan Fund 2019

has chosen *Patrik Centerwall* from Gothenburg to represent Swedish fandom at Fantasticon on 20.22 September in Copenhagen, Denmark.

Johan Jönsson sent his best wishes and said that he expects Patrik to embarrass Swedish fandom at the convention to an extent that every Swedish fan absent would have accomplished combined.

Patrik acknowledged the huge responsibility he has been burdened with and promised to make his best effort.

- SFL -



Replicon was held on 14-16 June 2019

SweCon, which now has been running for more than 20 years, has been held in Västerås, some 100 km west of Stockholm. By car between one and 1½ hours journey. GoHs were two Americans:

<http://fantasticon.dk/>

Fantasticon 2019 will once more take place in the house of *The Order of Serapion*. It's a nice venue, but unfortunately without an elevator.

GoH: Nisi Shawl & Tade Thompson

Address: Haveselskabetsvej 3A, 1823 Frederiksberg C.

The oldest and strongest emotion of mankind is fear, and the oldest and strongest kind of fear is fear of the unknown.

H. P. Lovecraft

Replicon continued:

Annalee Newitz and *Charlie Jane Anders* as well as the Swedish RPG-writing couple *Gunilla Jonsson & Michael Petersén*. Attendance: 184.

The Alvar Award for 2018 went to Anna Bark Persson, who in the past three years has made a name for herself as a smof and panelist. Johan Jönsson covered the event as photographer.

https://photos.google.com/share/AF1QipOU4RF1Rhoy4lBa0L3vr mHU6UgAxs_2D5v5rRadMj2KnTL9Rj_MU7IRIWpiOVXrbA?key=dl9YQTZ1a1l5T2VsZzJHYXp2QjJXbFR0c3Jsc2pB

Foto below: Rosie Alm



THE SWEDISH ACADEMY FOR SF

Previously mentioned in CoClock#19. Page 12

Once upon a time John-Henri Holmberg wrote some 100.000 words on a fandom-encyclopedia for Sweden. He recently found it in an old fanzine.

About the Swedish Academy for SF he wrote: *Ingvar Svensson* inaugurated already in 1963 a sort of *Nobelprize* for the realm of SF & fandom in Scandinavia. In the following year he decided to go for a more serious approach by founding the *Swedish Academy for SF*. As founding members beyond Ingvar Svensson himself, who assumed the role of secretary, were *Leif Andersson*, *Christer Landergren*, *Sam J Lundwall* and *Lars-Olov Strandberg*. 1966 *Roland Adlerberth* was also chosen as a member. The purpose of the academy was to care for the literary and scientific value of science fiction and to encourage to research into SF and its fandom.

The idea was to hand out an annual award and to publish a *Scandifandom Yearbook*, but no subsequent issue were published after the first two volumes of 1964 and 1966.

Note 2 things about early Scandinavian fandom:

1) Because sf-fans were so rare, the fans from Denmark, Norway and Sweden did not consider themselves separate entities. Fanzines were traded and could contain articles and LoCs in any of the three languages. Danish, Norwegian and Swedish are similar enough to each other.

2) From the start emphasis was on both SF and its fandom. Being a fan was not considered being less than a pro. The Scandifandom unity was still intact in the late 70's as Sweden's 4th fandom emerged. It didn't begin to break up until the 80's. [WolfEd]

In 1973 the academy was relaunched after a few years with minimal activity. *Christer Landergren* and *Sam J Lundwall* resigned and instead *Göran Bengtson*, *John-Henri Holmberg*, *Mats Linder* and *Bertil Mårtensson* were appointed. Due to contributions from SFSF (Scandinavian association for SF) and a number of economically successful Stockholm-conventions in the early 70's, the award of the academy was a man in a space suit, who shook hands with an every year differently designed extra-terrestrial being.

The academy was inactive after 1976.

The 2 main contributing factors to this were:

1) ScanCon 1976 which gathered the then huge attendance of 450-500 members. This record was not beaten until the Stockholm Eurocon in 2011.

2) The inauguration of the Alvar Award made the SF Academy Award more or less obsolete. It was

also both costly and increasingly unlikely to motivate the artist behind the design and execution of the award-statue, who I assume was in Urban Gunnarssons skilled hands. [WolfEd]

The award was in 1963 given to: *Sam J Lundwall*, for bibliography of sf and fantasy but also for his novels and his quality fanzine-publishing.

In 1964 to: *Dénis Lindbohm*, for his contributions to Swedish sf-literature and because he since the dawn of Scandinavian fandom brought a head-strong, inspiring and original flavouring to fannish life. 1965: No award.

1966: *Jannick Storm*, for his extra-ordinary work as a critic and promotor of SF in Danish media. A contribution of long-lasting value and effect.

1967: *John-Henri Holmberg*, for his extensive and multi-faceted pursuits within Swedish fanzine-publishing and for his work within SFSF and his role as a critic of SF.

1968: *Bertil Mårtensson*, not only for his professional writing, but also his merits in form of contributions to Swedish fanzines with analysis and critics, as well as having produced fanzines of his own.

1969: *Mats Linder*, foremost for his solid work as editor of Science fiction forum, but also for his other writing in Swedish fandom.

1970: *Jon Bing*, for his significant contributions to science fiction in Norway, both as an editor and as an author.

1971: No award.

1972: *Hans Arnold*, for his many years of arduous work in transforming attributes from the realm of horror, imagination and sf into images addressing a broad audience.

1973: *Göran Bengtson*, for his serious, insightful and significant work both for radio and TV programs about science fiction, and as sf critic in newspapers, magazines and fanzines.

1974: *Carl Johan Holzhausen*, for the quality of his writing and meaningfully utilizing symbolism of science fiction in the Swedish literature and in its tradition. Also as a competent science fiction critic in newspapers.

1975: *Tor Åge Bringsvaerd*, for his significant contributions to Norwegian science fiction, both as an editor of book series and anthologies and as a writer who combines the best of Norwegian literary traditions with modern Anglosaxon SF.

1976: *Sven Christer Swahn*, for his unique and diverse contribution to Swedish science fiction as an analytic, critic, lyricist, editor, publisher and author.

- JHH -

After 1976 we hear no more from the Swedish Academy for SF. Instead we have the Alvar Award.

Oldie-Con Unterwössen

on 14-16 June 2019

by Jörg Ritter and Martin Stricker

Once upon a time, in a village far, far away...

This is how one could start the report about Oldie-Con 2019 ...and would totally miss the point. For those who have gathered (mostly in Unterwössen) since the year 2000 are often still active in the SF&F genre. Be it as agent, author, con organizer, reviewer, publisher or simply as a fan (one could perhaps introduce a graduation from ordinary to intergalactic über-fan, if so desired).

This meeting of makers as well as fans (who had left their mark on the genre since the mid-50's) are now open to every SF&F enthusiast. The "old rule of 55" (anyone born before 1955 was allowed to participate) is long gone. That's why this year seven Samurai from the Frankfurt area (who don't fulfill this criterion by far) had set sail for the Alps to "sit at the feet of the ancients" or to contribute to the program. Your correspondents truly were part of this troop.

Not everyone who intended to attend showed up, but the list of participants on the meeting's homepage reads like a Who-is-Who of German SF&F. Some names of note:

- Franz Rottensteiner, first-generation sf critic and sf or fantastic editor for publishers Insel, Paul-Zsolnay, and Suhrkamp;
- Thomas R. P. Mielke with his partner in crime, Astrid Ann Jabusch
- Rainer Schorm, who coordinates the PERRY RHODAN NEO series together with Rüdiger Schäfer;
- Ronald M. Hahn, author, editor and participant in last-century fan wars (who was it again that wanted to take over the SFCD from within?)
- Werner Fuchs publisher of books as well as roleplay games, agent of George R. R. Martin and connoisseur of wines.

Those people were approachable, always willing to sign a book or to part with a tidbit of information that might have triggered a "so THIS is what happened" in the listeners mind. Some (Werner Fuchs and Thomas R. P. Mielke) even sat down with SFCD member Martin Stricker for a chat, where (in continuation of a tradition started by Waldemar Kumming (1924-2017) a recorder ran along. Anyone who is a member of the SFCD

(Science Fiction Club Germany, will soon be able to obtain these recordings from the club's "Phonothek".

These two interviews revealed that German-language fandom's past sometimes was rather turbulent. In the early 1970s the SFCD had problems finding volunteers to publish its fanzine / magazine "*Andromeda Nachrichten* (AN, Andromeda News)", so the team of the left-wing magazine "Science Fiction Times (SFT)", among them Werner Fuchs, tried to install SFT as the new fanzine of the SFCD. This was viewed as an attempt for a left-wing*¹ "coup d'état" by some conservative fans. These mobilized others to thwart it. Had things worked out differently, SFT might still exist instead of AN.

We all know that there was only one Science Fiction WorldCon in Germany: HeiCon 1970 in Heidelberg. Few people know that there were two additional attempts to get WorldCon to Germany, more precisely to Frankfurt am Main and Berlin*² (West). There are many rumors about these attempts and vanished money. Now Thomas R. P. Mielke, involved in both attempts, was able to set things straight in his interview. He also shared that a bootleg translation of one of his novels into Russian led to a great friendship with the translator and his son and an additional, now properly authorized and paid-for translation of another novel.

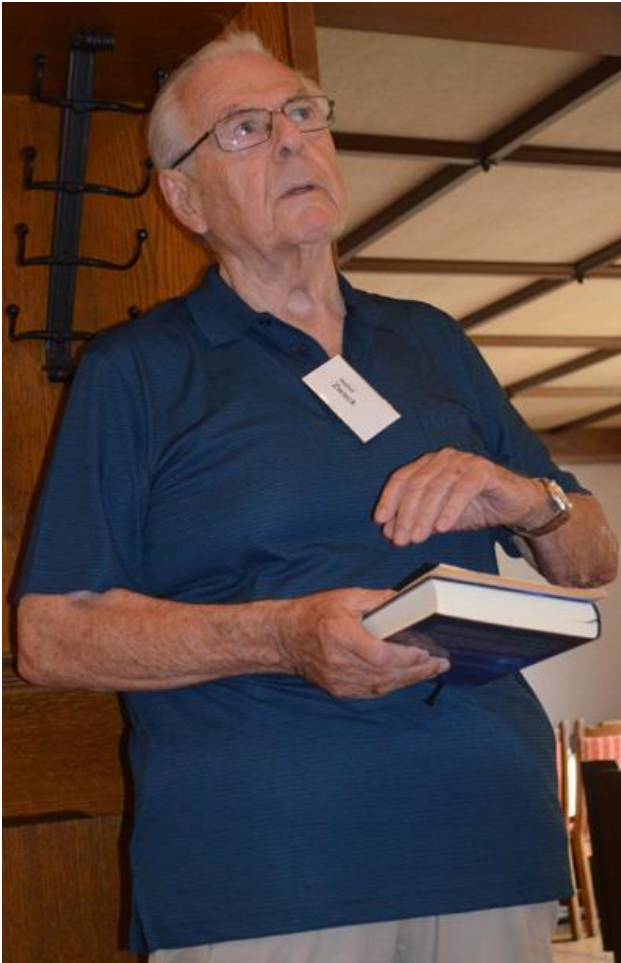
An interesting tidbit that Franz Rottensteiner remarked upon during the Con: Since 1963, he has been editor of the »Quarber Merkur« critical magazine. As we learned, this was named after the small village Quarb in Lower Austria, where he lived at the time.

There was a program that ran from mid-Saturday 'til late in the evening. Let's just go along and inconspicuously introduce some more of the con participants.

Heinz Zwack has (under his alias Heinz Nagel) translated roughly 500 novels. All this alongside a career that culminated at the senior industry executive level. As the most senior con member present, he was appointed "Uber-Oldster" by con organizer Gustav Gaisbauer and sentenced to give the opening speech. Which he of course also used to advertise the reading of his new book at a later hour.

*¹ The left-wingers (aka AST = Arbeitsgemeinschaft für Spekulative Thematik) were a bunch of young men, including Alpers, Hahn and Pukallus, who discovered how fun and easy it was to infuriate SerCon fans.

*² A third attempt, Berlin 2003, was spearheaded by Eckhard D Marwitz in 1996. He found little support.



The Über-Oldie Heinz Zwack. Photo: J. Ritter

The Zwack-praised Gustav (who is not exactly unknown to ISFDB then held a counter-speech ... and had the honor to award a prize.

Since 1979, the EDFC (First German Fantasy Club, has awarded the German Fantasy Prize) This year, Alfred Vejchar had been singled out “for decades of work in fandom”. Vejchar, who had joined Science Fiction Group Vienna at the tender age of twelve in 1957, is reportedly co-responsible for the creation of PERRY RHODAN. For *Walter Ernsting* had taken him along as a fan to the decisive meeting with publisher *Moewig* in Munich, much to the consternation of co-author *Karl-Herbert Scheer*. At some point, Alfred was asked: “As a fan, do you think a series like that will prosper?” and answered: “Well, I guess you could get 100 dime novels out of it.” At that moment, Scheer began to sport a radiant grin, because that was exactly his projection. And that was how *Jörg Weigand* briefly introduced his new book “Abenteuer Unterhaltung” (roughly “The Entertainment Adventure”, containing 60 years of memories as a reader, author and critic. The few copies he had brought were quickly sold out,

because quite a bit of the other Con participants wanted to check whether the darned guy had dug up more truths regarding those wild fandom and genre events of yore (all in good fun, we hasten to say).

Jürgen vom Scheidt is a psychologist by profession and has founded the Institute of applied creative writing. At this convention, he presented “From *Sun Koh* via *Jim Parker* to *Perry Rhodan*, or: How we grew up”.

He started with the classifieds in the Jim Parker series; the expander pictured there—acquired from pocket money—made slim Jürgen stockier, and even today he is still a workout fan. These early volumes of the Utopia-dime novels brought him to Science Fiction, and he even wrote stories in this universe on his father’s portable typewriter as a boy. The cover page was illustrated by the neighbor’s boy. He still has a box with these stories somewhere in the basement.



Dr Jürgen vom Scheidt, Photo: J. Ritter

Sun Koh, the heir of Atlantis, was the 2nd part of his lecture. One tidbit: The author, Paul Alfred Müller, held a normal day job and dictated the 150 novels in the evenings to his wife, who typed them straight up. No proof-reading necessary! No errors. And *Perry Rhodan, heir of the universe*? Well, Jürgen ran out of time.

25% of the Fantastic Quartet or, in other words, Christian Hoffmann was sufficient to give an interesting lecture on “Fantastic Literature from Africa”. For us correspondents, as visitors to the African-SF-themed EuroCon Nemo 2018 in Amiens, it was a welcome refresher.



Thomas R.P. Mielke & Astrid Ann Jabusch in Unterwössen.

Roger Murmann, one of our Frankfurt group, organizer of Cons and round tables then held a talk about “Cape Canaveral—Heroes and Legends”. It helped that he had recently visited the place; which was the Space Center with attached visitor facilities in the late 90's had been totally revamped. Of course, there are still launches by NASA as well as SpaceX. Do you want to know more? There's a bevy of pictures by Roger at

<https://www.flickr.com/photos/starcadet/albums/72157699318032790> and <https://www.flickr.com/photos/starcadet/albums/72157675094258157>. DO leave a comment!

Heinz Zwack then made true on his threat and read from his latest novel “Galaxy Challenger”, a romp through several parallel universes involving a certain Elton Rusk. Available via Amazon. It represents part two in a series of three, with novel #3 already partially outlined. If you want to know more about the alternate history in this parallel world, have a look at

<https://utopiawelt.wordpress.com/2013/07/01/ein-paar-woerter-von-bernd-lukas/>.

As a blast from the past, *Robert Ernsting* showed films and slides by, with and about his father Walter, one of the fathers of post-WWII German SF.

What happens at Oldie-Con, stays at Oldie-Con: The director of a sketch filmed at the practice of *Franz Ettl* insists that his production will never be shown on the interwebs. What's so special about it? Well, Franz Ettl, hyperfan of yore and inventor of the infamous Vurguzz, lived in Unterwössen.

It is the reason why his friends chose this location for their Conventions (it also helps that many a long-time visitor hails from Austria or Switzerland). Some of us visited his grave at the local cemetery.



Jörg Ritter's view from a mountainside near the con.



Alfred Vejchar receiving the Galactic Fan Award.

Then it was Rita's turn. *Rita Grünbein* is a well-regarded fan of the RAUMPATROUILLE series and is always willing to shed light on new details that emerge about this decades-old German TV series (there's even a German stamp celebrating the 50th anniversary. She presented a slide show named "The truth behind the flat iron (knowns and unknowns about the Space Patrol)".

Last but not least: Monika Ripota-Fischer & Peter Ripota presented "Männer führen, Frauen folgen? [Men lead, women follow?] Gender Relations in Real Life and Tango" They read and dramatized dialogues, and danced some tango pieces in between. Photographers (this includes your correspondents) were exempt from the closing "Let's all do the Tango; it's quite easy" act.

Well, that's it for the program, which ended at 11 p.m. Since the local weather god had created a hot and humid microclimate within the Con venue, the participants were exhausted (and the Con organizer vowed never to accept that many items for the program again).

But there's always breakfast. And goodbyes. And leisurely behavior by those who had decided to stay a day longer. Con Blues. And excursions.

Speaking of excursions, Unterwössen isn't exactly located at the end of the world. And just the travel there is impressive: When you come from the north on the Autobahn as your correspondents, shortly after Munich you begin to see mountains. And you see them grow. And grow. And GROW! When you finally reach the feet of the mountains, you're in Unterwössen.

If you want to attend the 2021 Con, add a few more days and climb a mountain (there are also cable cars), traverse the Chiemsee, visit a castle, buy local produce (C₂H₅OH-infused and otherwise), see churches, castles and palaces, visit Salzburg with a lovely inner city and an exciting "Hangar 7", visit Kufstein and the largest outdoor organ on earth (and a magnificent view over the city on the way there) ... or just enjoy a few days gone away from it all.

OldieCon Link:

<http://www.gustav-gaisbauer.de/01oldiecon/index.php>

Lyricists play with words.

Paul McCartney



Tais Teng (born 1952 in The Hague) is a pseudonymous Dutch fantasy fiction and science fiction writer, illustrator and sculptor. His real name is Thijs van Ebbenhorst Tengbergen.

Tais Teng has written more than a hundred books both for adults and children in the Dutch language and he has won the Paul Harland Prize four times. His books have been translated in German, Finnish, French and English. [wikipedia]

CounterClock reader's have had the pleasure of viewing his art before. The cover of issue #23 was made by him, as well as the illustration to this story, Clock #36 - page 18

Ilonka and Lord of Time's Coachman

by Tais Teng

The first time she saw him the lovely Ilonka was not exactly impressed. The coachman rattled along on an open carriage, a landau, filled with a wobbly stack of cuckoo clocks. At every swerve and jolt the clocks produced a loud cuckoo, although some only hiccuped or uttered a dismal croaking. The fat coachman sang loudly, a rather sentimental song about the Moldau and a broken heart. Despite that he didn't appear to be intoxicated.

"Who is that?" Ilonka inquired. "The village idiot?" Her friend Jenna, who was seldom ogled by the boys and didn't even have curls of her own, sighed. "That is the coachman of the Lord of Time. He sings so loud to drown out the cuckooing of the clocks. Such a big collection invariably attracts minute-hunters, or even hour-devourers."

"I take my words back," Ilonka sniffed. "You are clearly the village idiot. Not him."

However, now that she had become aware of him, he seemed to be driving past every time she wanted to cross the street. He wasn't ugly and fat at all, she decided. That had only been a foolish first impression, perhaps caused by his loud singing? The coachman was solidly built perhaps, but definitely not fat. And whatever the reason for his singing, it proved that he was at least good-natured. The kind of guy that would serve well as a husband.

Not that Ilonka was shopping for a husband. Well, in time she would have to marry, every girl did, but not before she had fallen for every interesting and definitely wrong man in the village

When she stepped from the coffeehouse Graf Werner that Wednesday, she saw him standing in

front of the bombed-out Nicholas church, with a glum face. An over-sized grandfather clock was lashed to the Landau.

"Flat tire?" she asked. It was a singularly stupid question, because even a toddler could have seen that there was nothing wrong with the tires. No matter, lovely women like Ilonka simply have the right to ask stupid questions, certainly of coachmen.

"Not really. The clock was a lot thirstier than I first thought. He sucked all the time from my horses." Now Ilonka saw that the horses were standing stock-still and that the stiff breeze didn't even ruffle their manes. *As if they have been carved out of amber and jet*, she thought.

"And now?"

"A bit of a problem." He rubbed his chin, which one could quite well call strong willed, especially with that little dimple. "My own time is all used up. And fresh seconds only start to flow the moment the sun rises."

"Take some of mine," Ilona heard herself say. "I am just window shopping. I have nothing that urgent to do."

"That's so kind of you!"

It was suddenly night. A moon shone through the last remaining stained glass window and in the distance a church bell began to toll. Ilonka counted the strokes involuntarily: twelve. Midnight. What the fuck? as they would say in America.

At home she found a note on the doormat. It looked rather creased. As if someone had crumpled it in anger and then smoothed it out.

"Where were you? You stood me up. I have spent an hour shivering under the lime tree in front of Oblomov's."

Dietrich. I should have dined with him tonight and then gone to a recital at the Morena-house. Something about songs by the famous soprano Josephina Schumacher. Whoever that was.

Well, Dietrich had already begun to bore her. This was the perfect way to get rid of him.

"Sorry," a voice said, a meter or two above her. The coachman leaned down. "Once you said take my time. The horses, they were so thirsty. Before I knew..."

"Could have happened to anyone," Ilonka said.

He jumped from the box of the coach, and came down all smooth and athletic. Like a cowboy, she thought, although she had never seen a real cowboy.

"Let me offer you a mug of hot chocolate with a dash of rum," he said and rubbed his hands.

Suddenly Ilonka realized that she was still frozen to the bone. The glass of vodka in the bar hadn't warmed her at all. Yes, hot chocolate and a pretzel. One of those pretzels sprinkled with crushed candy and just a little snuff of cinnamon.

"And a delicious pretzel," he nodded. "With candy and cinnamon."

"How do you know that I love those pretzels?" she asked. Had he been stalking her, interrogated her friends?

"Oh, you told me next week. But then I knew it already, of course."

You told me next week. Maybe Jenna hadn't been talking nonsense after all?

"Is the pay any good?" she asked, which of course was a kind of useless question. No matter what men earned it was always enough to buy Ilonka something nice.

"I can't complain. For each hour of work he pays me three."

On their second date they kissed. Just kissed. It was weird, but for some reason Ilonka didn't feel like hurrying things.

"A real gentleman," Ilonka's aunt had called him. Normally such praise would have led to Ilonka dropping her coachman like a lead brick, but now she only nodded. "He is, eh?" She felt a tiny, almost secret smile tugging at the corners of her mouth.

I don't need to jump in right away, she realized. We have all the time. All the time in the world.

He had a very special way of looking at things. Perhaps it was because of his profession?

"That Jenna," he once remarked. "She's lucky she isn't as beautiful as you."

"Why?" asked Ilonka. She frowned. "What do you mean, lucky?"

"She's not ugly, but only someone who really loves her would ever find her beautiful." He rubbed his chin. "Not many people get a platinum wedding."

"Are you talking about Jenna?"

"Certainly. And your daughters, yours and Jenna's, they will be each other's best friends."

At their fifth date, the night Ilonka was wearing her special underwear because right now felt like the right time, it almost went wrong. Just after the dessert in the Grand Imperial Hotel he handed her a picture.

"A handsome woman," Ilonka said politely. "Especially for her age." She pursed her lips.

"Who is she? Your mother?"

"No, no. That is you. When you are eighty-four. "

She cursed him, strode away fuming. How could he? Wrinkles and white hair. Of all the idiotic tricks...

The moment she stepped from the revolving door, the ice cold wind slapped her face, a harsh blow that promptly made her stone-cold sober.

He meant well. He always means well. And then she realized what a wonderful gift it had been. *I will get to be eighty-four at least. And even then, even then I will still be so beautiful that a stupid little goose like me will call me "handsome" and mean it, too.*

She turned, squeezed through the revolving door that suddenly seemed slow as molasses. She hugged him. Held him like she never would let go.

"Thank you," she said. "O, thank you so much!"

The end

A scenery from real life.

In the mountains of Romania a car stops. The driver can't believe what he sees. Some tourists have stopped their cars and are filming a bear less than five meters away.

- Are you aware that the bear is dangerous? The driver asks them.

- Yes, but we don't go very close. And this is the small one. The mother is more dangerous.

- You know that if the bear bites you, it will say in the papers that it was the fault of the bear.

- Yeah, yeah! At least one of the tourists then had the wisdom of being ashamed and backing off.

Reality will prove again and again, that there is no limit to stupidity.

- Wolf -

Unfortunately the video is in Romanian without subtitles.

https://adevarul.ro/locale/pitesti/video-ursihraniti-palma-turisti-inconstienti-transfagarasan-daca-musca-ursul-e-vina-nu-i-asae-1_5d11cc16892c0bb0c6c5989d/index.html

Overdosed on Sci-Fi

I am possibly the last person I expected this to happen to. I have always been interested in watching another science fiction TV show. I have them all in my collection. (Well... almost...)

But the recent (last two decades) explosion in SF- and Fantasy TV-show production makes it not only impossible to follow them all, but it also managed to largely burn out the pleasure from my viewing-eyes. It may come back, but for the time being I need a rest from all the shit on offer. It is just too much. And it's too ghuddamned hot for the projector, for me or for you to sit and sift through this mostly-drivel. I'm taking a break from it.

- WOLF -

Frank Roger from Belgium is seen at mostly all major events in Europe. It took me a couple of years to find out, that he is not only a big sf-fan but also a writer. It took me a couple of more years to find out, that he is not only a writer, but a fairly successful one. Why Frank is so low-key about his success, he explained in a way that I can sympathize with; he rather let's the quality of his work speak for itself. "Beyond Help", was originally published in an obscure and short-lived magazine Shadowgate SF. It's one of his most translated stories, also published in Dutch, German, French, Spanish, Galician, Catalan, Romanian, Greek, Polish, Slovenian, Russian, Estonian, Hindi, Chinese and Volapük. In October this year, you may run into Frank at an sf-convention in India (see page 17) and in November, he is a guest at the 5th International Science Fiction Conference (November 22-24), 2019, in Chengdu, Sichuan, China. - Wolf -

BEYOND HELP

Frank Roger, Belgium

Chapter 1

I went out into the garden to see if the hedge perhaps needed some trimming, as a red-haired man appeared out of the blue. As soon as he noticed me, he yelled:

"Help me, Eric. Come on, man, this may be your last chance! Don't fail me!"

I just stared at him, too surprised to say a word. Who was this man? How did he know my name? How did he turn up in my garden like this? And what was he talking about?

"Don't just stand there, Eric!" he screamed, his voice panic-ridden, his face contorted with rage. "God, man, how many times do we have to go through all this? Don't you remember me?"

"Remember you?" I blurted out. "I don't think we've met before. Who are you?"

"What do you mean, we never met? Oh God, I get it. If this is your first time we meet, that means it's my last swing and it may be too late already. There's no way you will be able to..."

He was cut off in mid-sentence as he winked out of existence, as mysteriously as he had come. My garden was as it had always been. Had all this really happened? Had I been daydreaming or hallucinating? I waited a few seconds, but the situation remained normal. Now, the hedge. Cecilia had asked me to check if it needed cutting. I strolled towards the back of the garden, enjoying the spring sunlight and the warm breeze.

Chapter 2

The hedge needed some work all right. I turned around and was about to head for the garden shed as the red-haired man appeared again, out of the blue, "as usual".

"Eric," he cried out, "thank God you're still there. You have to help me before it's too late."

"It's you again," I replied. "You were there a few moments ago. Who are you? How do you pop up and disappear like that? And why in my garden?"

"I already told you all that," he replied, gesturing furiously. "There's no time to go into all that again. I need help, and you seem to be the only one around."

"I'd like to have some explanations first," I said.

"This happens to be my garden and I'd like to know what you're doing here."

"For God's sake, Eric, we're losing precious time like this. Can't you simply accept the situation as it is and help me before it's too late?" He was clearly losing his patience and getting all wound up, even if not quite as panicky as the first time around. But what the hell was this guy up to?

"Well all right then," I said. Maybe I should give this man a chance. After all he might be a decent person who really needed help. "What can I do for you?"

"Look," he said, finally sounding a bit relieved. "I would like you to..." He was cut off in mid-sentence again. I stared at the empty air and thought, Well, this man seems to have a problem indeed.

I turned around and trudged to the garden shed. It looked as if I would get to work on the hedge in a moment.

Chapter 3

I was on my way back to the hedge with my garden tools as the man popped into view for the third time.

"It's you again," he cried out as he saw me.

"You take the words right out of my mouth," I replied. "Aren't you in need of help?"

"That's the idea I'm getting all right. I seem to be jumping back and forth from my point of origin. I'm not sure what went wrong, but I think I'm beginning to grasp the nature of the situation."

"What's your point of origin?" I asked. "And what do you mean by jumping back and forth? How should I understand your predicament?"

"I'm oscillating between temporal co-ordinates. The experiment must have backfired in a spectacular way. If I fail to control this effect, I may well end up torn loose from my anchorage in space and time and dwindle into nothingness,

implode, as if I had never existed!"

"I'm afraid I have no idea what you're talking about. Could you rephrase that in layman's terms?"

"Sorry, there's no time for all that. Anyway, there's no need to fully understand my situation just to help me out."

"Then tell me what I'm supposed to do. And quickly. You tend to appear and disappear before you can finish more than one sentence."

"Really? Do you mean I turn up here on a regular basis? And for just a few moments?"

"Exactly."

"My God! In that case..." The man was gone. I shrugged and picked up my garden tools. I'd better get to work on the hedge before I was interrupted again.

Chapter 4

The hedge was halfway done when the man appeared for the fourth time.

"Eric! Nice to see you again, although I hadn't expected to drop by once more."

"Now look, let's not lose precious time. Tell me what I need to know, and especially what I need to do to help you."

"Help me? I may have made a few unexpected jumps in time, but I suppose I'll get the problem sorted out myself. What makes you think I need help?"

"That's what you keep telling me. The first time I saw you, you were even downright panicking. Now, can we get to brass tacks?"

"Do you mean I popped up here more than a few times?"

"Yes, you do keep coming back here."

The man frowned. "Well, that's not good news. This can only mean that..." His voice trailed off as he appeared lost in thought.

"You mentioned an experiment that went awry. There's no need to go into all the details, but if I'm to help you, I'll have to know at least enough to go by. Now please, tell me what this is all about."

The man stared at me, dumbfounded. "I'm not allowed to divulge anything. But if I told you that much already, I must have been really desperate."

"You said something about jumping back and forth."

"Yes, well obviously you only witnessed the moments that I spent in this particular time frame, scarcely enough to grant you a full picture of this operation, which is a pretty secret affair. So for understandable reasons I can't tell you anything about what happens at the other side of my swings..."

The man disappeared, taking his secret and his plea for help along with him. The way this guy kept jumping back, on each occasion arriving at a point earlier in time, was not ideal for conducting normal conversations, explaining complex situations or offering help. Still, there was little I could do about it. I might as well try to finish the hedge.

Chapter 5

I took a final look at the hedge, trimmed to perfection, and was about to bring back my tools to the garden shed as the man appeared once more.

"There you are again," I said. "Now, how can I help you?"

"Do you know me?" the man asked, astonished. "Where can we possibly have met? And what would you like to help me with?"

"My name's Eric," I said. "You're a regular visitor here. You seem to be jumping back and forth in time, and you're desperate for help. Well, you were the first time you turned up here. From your point of view, that was the last time. Or rather that will be the last time. It's all a bit confusing."

"I have no idea what you're talking about," the man said, eyeing me suspiciously. "And I'm sure we never met before. Now, please, I would appreciate it if you left me alone and stopped talking about this so-called time problem."

"You can't ask me to leave you alone when you pop up like this in my garden," I countered. "But wait a minute, wait a minute."

I started to grasp the situation. "When I first saw you, you had already talked to me on a series of occasions, and you were desperate to sort out this terrible problem of yours. No doubt by then you had figured out what had gone wrong and how serious it was. But for you, this is now the first time, and you have no idea what you are going to tell me the next few times about secret experiments that fuck up in a big way, and you're probably wondering who I am and why I'm telling you all this."

The man shot me an angry look and said: "Frankly, I don't know what to say. This is going way too far. Now please, if you'll excuse me, I have to make sure I..."

He was cut off again, and I was alone once more. Now if this had indeed been the man's first jump, I might never see him again. I waited a few seconds, and when nothing happened I went to the garden shed to store away the tools. Apparently I had been right. The man probably wouldn't turn up anymore.

I went back inside and ran into Cecilia, straight out of her bath.

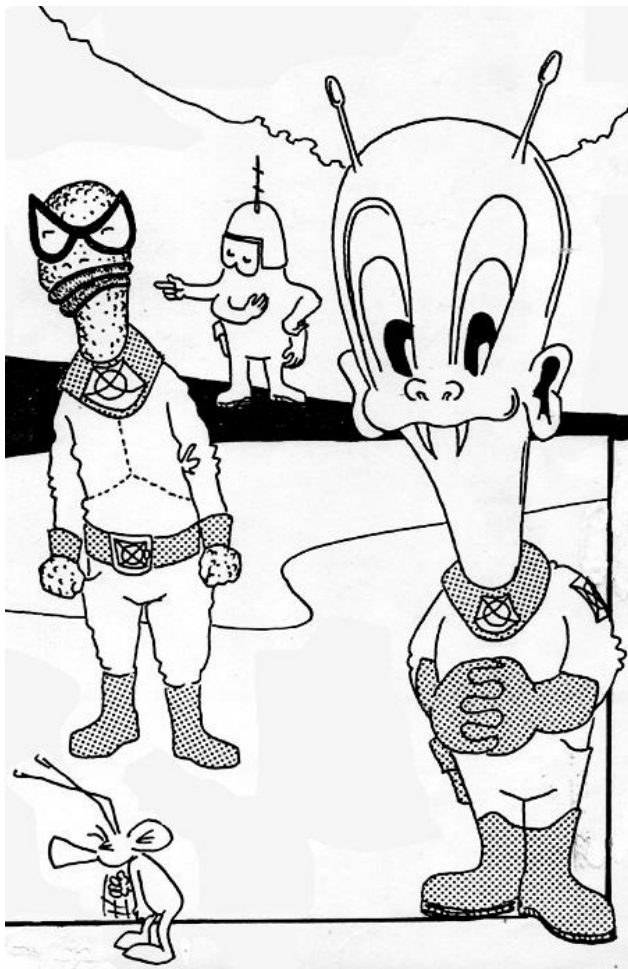
"I heard you talk," she said, her voice edged with worry. "Was there someone in our garden? Who was that man?"

"Never mind all that," I replied comfortingly. "There was no problem. Just a guy who was beyond help. He's gone now. Don't worry."

- You look angry!

- Yes, I have to. I've been appointed Defender of the Frown!

- WoF-



Artwork: Wolf von Witting, 1983

You Are in Good Company

More and more of my writer-friends are lamenting the fact that their books don't sell any more. (None of the ones here published though). The latest example surprised me more than ever, because she didn't write science fiction. She is a well established author in Sweden, translated and popular also in Germany. Now she can no longer live off her writing. Not even if the book gets good reviews. People just don't read enough. *Umberto Eco* (1932-2016) lamented about this already before he died.

He said: "We have arrived in a time when people write more than they read." I'm guilty as charged. - Wolf -

Bojan Ekselenski is something as unusual as a Slovenian Bestseller-author. This doesn't mean he is selling thousands and thousands of books. You have to bear in mind, Slovenia has only a population of two million. But to test his reputation in Slovenia, I went into a random bookshop in their capital, Ljubljana. They had a huge assort-ment of books in English language.

- We don't have many Slovenian writers. The girl who was selling books explained.

- What about Bojan Ekselenski? I asked.

- Oh, I haven't got around to read him yet, but he is high up on my list of must-read! She answered.

I considered it prudent not to tell her, that Bojan was a friend of mine.

- Wolf -

DVD of Life

by Bojan Ekselenski

I consider myself a lucky puppy. It would be extremely rude to fate, if I were to claim otherwise. If God has all of life stacked according to genre in a DVD collection, I belong in the genre of fairy tales for alpha males.

The day started with good sex and a fine breakfast. Then I jump into the Beemer, hit the gas and the machine leaps onto the road. Did I have the right of way? Who cares? Everything lies in power and boldness! I race to the skyscraper of the Medicommerce firm.

The firm itself lays the golden eggs on its own. It sells medicines and medical gear to public health institutions. The old man spent a few grand on buying favours from the right public officials. There is nothing more pleasant than milking the public sector with its greedy officials in decision making positions! The position of the owner of such a company as the one at the top of the skyscraper delivers plenty of bonuses. Do you itch with curiosity, to find out how I got hold of the highest office in the city? Here we go!

* * *

The story is a fairy tale for adults. Fate placed the position of alpha lion into my cradle. I successfully ditched, cheated or simply bought my way through elementary school and high school. Luckily the world is divided into predators and their prey.

The University of Economics is a tremendously entertaining institution. When they found a few politicians with pirated academic products they

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tightened up all the way. Of course, it's not true that memorizing will get you to pass the exams. At least it wasn't for me.

I found a way to bypass the system completely and comfortably steered the wild years of student life. Again, thank God for the poor public sector. It gives you wings!

I gathered up my final thesis from all over. During the time of my pre-graduation partying, my old man decided to depart from this world. One afternoon his disk died and my stepmother formatted it to dust. But the old bastard fucked her over good. Despite his almost annual exchanges of official mistresses, she stayed with him for eighteen whole years. My real mother went to the angels when I was four years old. Apparently she just collapsed and the doctors said, "Game Over."

Well, let's get back to the point! I, his angelic son, and not the stepmother, inherited the entire firm. She had to settle for crumbs. There is no better graduation gift.

I hung my university degree in the old man's office at the top of the skyscraper and hired a juicy fuckable secretary. I fired the old one. I like milfs, but not during business hours.

* * *

So today, I drove into the garage. I rode almost to the door of the office in my private elevator. My lovely secretary Helenca was waiting there for me. Oh, her intoxicating neck and the low neckline of her dress. Yummy, how delicious! Following the regulations, she smiled at me. I returned her smile and walked into my heavenly directorial sanctuary.

I admired the panoramic view of the city, through the big glass windows of my office. Below me crawled little people, cars and other traffic junk. They are all so small from this height, so tiny in their insignificance. I admired my view of the world. An endless river of racing people rushed past on their ways of survival. The invisible hand of the higher program of life broadcast the scenes of their unconscious life. Each of them hurried to get their meager pot of food, a pinch of pleasure and a fragment of games. The only real driving force of the world is greed. Infinite and absolute greed is the basic algorithm of the application of life. What is love? The wrong question. How much for a quickie? Honesty? Yes, but only with a good lawyer. Wow, that was some deep thinking. You

can quote me for free.

At that moment, a bunch of business suits enters the office. My subordinates must be neat. Especially the women must never wear skirts that are too long. I like to rest my eyes on a pair of beautiful thighs. My company, my desires, my rules. My triple M.

They speak one over another and don't pay attention to my presence. I try to stop their bickering:

"Hey! I'm here! You're like a bunch of market sellers!"

It takes a while for them to settle down, then the Personnel director spoke, looking a little embarrassed:

"I'm sorry, I did not see you."

The others began scattering the ashes of poor sight on themselves too.

I waved my hand at them dismissively.

The meeting that followed was held in a strange sort of atmosphere. Every so often odd things happened. I also felt a bit empty. Something was missing. But what?

During the lunch hour I left the office. In the hallway, I noticed that no one paid attention to their god, who cuts their precious bread. I addressed Helenca. But she didn't respond. No smile, no showing her low neckline. You know, breasts are a gift from God to children, but its mostly adults who play with it.

I want to grab her bare shoulder. Fuck! My hand goes through thin air. What's going on? I loose it and scream:

"Hey you!"

Nothing! Nyet! No response. Everyone is pretending not to hear me. I begin to sweat. Where am I? What is this madness? I stand still in the middle of the hustle and bustle of people leaving their offices. Then I'm mowed down by the last shred of common sense. Filip walks right through me. By all the virgins of the worlds, it's a really scary scene. My head spins. Totally. I'm starting to lose the ground under my feet. Where am I? I want to get to my sanctuary. I insert the card into the slot. It falls to the ground. I bend down to pick it up. A soft hand beats me to it. Helenca. She peers at the card then sighs quietly:

"What is the boss's card doing here? I'll go look in his office."

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The card is pushed into the slot and the door opens silently and Helenca looks around curiously. I walk into the office. I went right through Helenca. Really crazy. She becomes attentive:

"Hmm, a strange draft."

Shit, the director is a draft for her. She closes the door and I'm left alone. At least I thought so. I turn to my royal chair and see a tanned man in a fine suit sitting there. Between his heart-shaped mouth and crooked nose, he had a thin impeccably cut mustache. Together with his dark, teased and combed back hair he looked just like a gangster from the 1930s.

I managed to stammer:

"What are you doing in my chair?"

The man grins and stands up sovereignly. He pulls a cigar from his pocket, lights it and grins at me:

"Let me introduce myself. My name is Elci Svet, the librarian of the Library of Lives."

My blood pressure rises. What is he doing on my God's throne?

I furiously reply:

"Oh, so you can see and hear me. Fine. You know, this is a non-smoking office. Some ganja here and there, sure, but tobacco? That's for gypsies and the homeless."

The man casually inhales and blows the smoke out, then lazily replies:

"Sir, smoking in this room is the least of your problems."

I step up to the table. I had a desire to punch someone in the face:

"I'm calling security! "

The man remains ice-cold:

"I'm here on business."

"You need something for your nerves?" the questions bursts from me. He just smiles:

"Funny question. You know, there has been an unpleasant mistake in our library. I would like to explain to you about this unwelcome matter politely."

I cross my arms and lift my chin:

"And how does your library concern me?"

The man nods:

"It might. I'll be brief. The DVD of your life unfortunately falls into the genre of fairy tales."

"And?"

Elci casually blows out more smoke:

"There is no system support at the Library of Lives for the fairy tale genre, although this genre is clearly derived from the Slovenian political sewer. Your life will be deleted in 3, 2, 1. Now! Game over!"

* * *

The little boy looks at the plush panda bear. He wipes her mouth. She eat the boy's apple so messily.

Mommy caresses his hair:

"Janez, did she have enough to eat?"

"Yesss!" He exclaims.

"Excellent!" his mother says and stares out the window with a tense expression. Worries gnaw at her again. How will the new reduction of her already pitifully small teacher's salary allow her to buy the expensive medicines for her three-year-old son? And the arrogant politicians can eat pigeons!

THE END

Has the World always been upside down...



Artwork: Wolf von Witting, 1980

...or have I merely failed to notice it before?



The History of Polish SF-Fandom - Part 2 (of 3)

by Aleksandra Wierchowska.

Early Polish fandom years (1981-1989)

The 80's are sometimes called "The Golden Age of the Polish SF". Even though this opinion seem to be an exaggeration, the popularity of SF was growing and every issue of "Fantastyka" would disappear from the stores very quickly, so some fans had to make special deals with salespersons (which was quite a prevalent way of buying some goods in the shortage economy).

Why was the magazine so much in demand? Many fans would answer: "World SF". Harry Harrison, Nancy Kress, Tanith Lee or Gene Wolfe, as well as the authors from Czech Republic, Italy, Hungary or Germany were presented to Polish readers by their short stories and novels – novels were usually published in few parts, month by month, with cover included. Since the official market was ineffective and many books were published few years after the announced date, "Fantastyka" was an important way of getting access to international SF, both new and classical.

As for the Polish authors, besides publishing short stories by popular writers, the continuous writing competition of "Fantastyka" was launched in the very first issue of the magazine. Its first edition was won by Feliks W. Kres, who wrote a fantasy short story Mag ("The Mage"). Later he became a popular author, still active nowadays. The second edition of the contest had a great impact on the Polish literature. It was won by Marek S. Huberath – apart from being a scientist, Huberath became a SF writer as well. But his psychological post-apocalyptic novel Wrocieeś Sneogg, wiedziaam... ("Yoo Retoont, Sneogg. Ay Noo")

didn't get as much fame as the 3rd place winner – Andrzej Sapkowski's Wiedźmin ("The Witcher") enchanted thousands of readers.

Clubs

June 15th, 1981, as the collapse of OKMFISF (All-Poland Club of Fiction and Science Fiction Lovers, established 1976) became a fact, some of its members, together with other fans, founded a new organization – PSMF (Polish Fiction Lovers Society). Jacek Rodek, who was among OKMFISF and PSMF founders, said: "it was a new generation that wanted to do everything according to their own ideas – better (they thought) than everything made by the previous generation". Unlike OKMFISF, it was not a branch of a student organization, but a separate one, uniting fan clubs in the whole country. And it was to be a fan society – writers were expected to set up a local branch of World SF. But they did not, since the state authorities found it not necessary. In a communist state only one all-Poland organization for every field of human activity could exist: one all-Poland society of photographers, one all-Poland society of chess players.... etc, one all-Poland society for SF lovers. Science fiction authors could only join either Polish Writers' Union (as writers) or PSMF (as SF fans) and no other SF clubs could be registered.

But there was one exception. September 1981 marked the founding of Śląski Klub Fantastyki (Silesian Fantasy/Science Fiction Club, ŚKF), though its history is a bit longer, starting in 1978. Despite legal restrictions it was officially registered – as a local organization only, but its importance and range was definitely much wider. For almost four decades ŚKF has been one of the biggest and the most active clubs in Poland, famous for popular events and conventions, workshops, a fan award "Śląkfa" and high quality magazine "Fikcje". Though their competition was noticeable, the relationships between ŚKF and PSMF were more or less correct or neutral.

The quantitative growth of organizations was paused for a while by the martial law – there were no clubs registered that time, no conventions etc. But the next years have seen a spectacular expansion of fandom. PSMF had its units and clubs in many cities, big and small. Some of these units were already existing clubs that joined PSMF and got official registration (eg. "Orbita", a club from Poznań, established in 1978), some were newborns. There were also many local clubs

that did not join PSMF and remained unregistered, being authorized as hobby clubs of libraries, high schools and universities, community centers or companies. Little of their traces preserved until now, so we cannot say for sure how many clubs (in PSMF and outside that organization) existed in Poland that time. Some of them collapsed after few meetings, some had been active for a long time, but only by chance we find any mentions about them.

The relations in PSMF itself were a kind of "it's complicated" sometimes. Local clubs were complaining on PSMF Main Board's exaggerated ambitions and its attempt to manage the whole fandom, while the Main Board accused the local branches of breaking the statute, demanding attitude and lack of activity. In July 1985 many clubs were expelled from PSMF in quite a controversial and disputable manner. It happened shortly before the first all-Poland Polcon, while one of those clubs, "Orbita" from Poznań, was the main organizer of Polcon. Despite all of these problems "Orbita" succeeded in that project, Polcon went more or less according to the plan. The next success came in 1987: "Orbita" got an official registration as an independent club (like SKF).

The story of Gdański Klub Fantastyki was even more complicated. After the breaking with PSMF science fiction fans from Gdańsk, Gdynia and other Pomeranian cities made many efforts to legalize a new club. Because of its territory range (not only one city) it had to be registered for the whole voivodship, which was not acceptable for the local authorities. But the fans just did not care. As many of them were working in the navy or studying at the Polish Naval Academy, they just asked for the support of the army VIPs – and they got it. Since the orders came from Warsaw, the local authorities had no choice and that's how Gdański Klub Fantastyki – a federation of Pomeranian clubs – got the legal registration.

PSMF was still a big organization, but many fans were now wondering if there was any sense in PSMF membership, since the independent clubs could fight – and win – the battle for the official registration. The organization made some attempts on so-needed reform: in June 1988 the all-Poland congress of PSMF passed a resolution that changed the structure trying to make it more "user-friendly". But it was too late probably. As the time was passing and great events in Poland's public life took place, PSMF was gradually

disintegrating and decaying. The political change was coming and the fans were moving to other activities – social, economic or political. Many clubs (including PSMF or famous "Orbita" from Poznań) just died about 1989 while the rest lost majority of their members. Books by international authors, VHS movies and computers became widely available, so people could enjoy them at home, without going for a club meeting.

It is not easy to evaluate PSMF in its entirety. On the one hand, its promises often did not come to reality and there are many controversies about the organization management. On the other hand, it had some real achievements, like "Biblioteczka Fantoma" – a series of books by young authors, 8 issues altogether, published 1986-1988 in cooperation with Almapress (a student publishing office). Most of these authors had close ties with another interesting initiative: Klub Tfurców (The Club of Aphooerz). Its origins go back to 1981, when few ambitious class- and schoolmates started regular meetings, reading, criticizing and sometimes praising each other's short stories. Piotr Staniewski – mathematician, translator and critic – was the mentor and leader of this informal group, called TRUST. At first it was linked to Warsaw club "SFan" and in 1985 the group – now bigger and renamed as Klub Tfurców – became officially a part of PSMF structure. It was a real school of writing and many popular Polish authors remember attending these workshops, discussing with Staniewski and Tadeusz Lewandowski (critic and journalist) and never-ending adjusting words and sentences.

Conventions

In 1983 the martial law in Poland was lifted which meant going back to (more or less) normal reality – fandom reality as well. It was not long before the first convention after the long break – in September fans attended SF Days in Dzierżoniów, organized by the local library, "Fantastyka" and PSMF (some of PSMF founders and Main Board members were working in "Fantastyka", so cooperation was quite smooth). This event was dedicated to both clubs members and "normal" people who could meet critics, translators and popular writers – including Janusz Zajdel who got PSMF literary award at the convention. The next year, at SF Days in Staszów, the award was given to Marek Baraniecki.

There was an important decision taken at Staszów reunion: a dozen or so clubs (not only

PSMF club members) that took part in SF Days, decided to organize an all-Poland convention together so that it could be an enterprise of the whole Polish fandom. "Orbita" club from Poznań (that time a member of PSMF yet) was a main organizer and the other clubs declared taking up some assignments, according to their own abilities and human resources.

At one of following working meetings fans decided to set up a new literary award – Sfinks, granted by all fan associations for the book of the year. It was to be presented every year at Polcon. The first book awarded was "Paradyzja" by Janusz Zajdel, but the author died in July 1985. To commemorate him, the prize was renamed for Janusz A. Zajdel Award and until now it has remained the most important literary award of the Polish fandom. Every year the prize is presented at Polcon and Jadwiga Zajdel, the honorary patron, gives the statues to the laureates. Since 1990 the prize-winners are chosen by all-Polcon voting; since 1991 there are two categories: the novel of the year and the short story of the year (few times won by the same author).

Despite some problems caused mostly by PSMF Main Board irrational activities (expulsion of "Orbita" club from the organization; announcing that Polcon would be illegal or even cancelled) and breaking of promises given by the others (many clubs did not met their liabilities), the first Polcon took place 10-12 October in Błazejewko (a village near Poznań) and went well. There were no international guests apart from Paul and Karen Anderson, invited by Wiktor Bukato.

Polcon 1986 was organized by Śląski Klub Fantastyki (combined with Silcon – SKF own convention). Many guests visited Katowice, including James Gunn and Franz Rottensteiner. About 600 fans attended its attractions: author meetings, film screenings, computer games, discussions, book fairs and SF paintings exhibition. The convention, grew even bigger the next year: about 1000 SF lovers came to Warsaw for Polcon '87 to meet Kir Bulychev and popular Polish authors and editors, watch the movies, visit the exhibitions and take part in discussions. In 1988 Polcon went to Katowice again, with John Brunner and Charles Brown as the guests of honor. Brian W. Aldiss was to be a guest of Polcon '89 (the convention took place in Gdańsk and was organized by GKF), but in the end he didn't come.

Polcon was the most important convention in 80's,

but not the only one. Yearly SF film festivals were organized in Świnoujście and some single festivals took place in other cities. Many clubs were organizing bigger or smaller events. Since 1986 GKF has organized Nordcon – a convention for the clubs of Northern Poland, famous for its entertaining, fun-loving character. One could feel a similar atmosphere at Bachanalia Fantastyczne by "Ad Astra" club – not surprising, since Zielona Góra is a Polish capital of wine. Members of "Ubik", a club from Białystok, were all-Poland specialists in outdoor live action role play games and off-road events that included camping at the lake, DIY boat sailing, singing and... well, a lot of fun.

Fanzines

"Fantastyka" was not enough for the fans – they wanted to present their own activities as well (and sometimes seen the magazine as too official and linked to PSMF Main Board). Despite the censorship, shortage economy and many problems of everyday life, most of clubs took the attempt of editing and publishing their own fanzines.

The first fanzines were set in 70's. "Somnabul" edited by "Sokibus-F" from Bytom – a local club of OKMFiSF – was publishing short stories and varia written by club members and some stories reprinted from the official magazines. By the end of 70's the club was dissolved and the story of "Somnabul" ended. "Materiały" (by "Orbita" from Poznań) had only 6 issues, consisting of reprints from the official press, until the fanzin was cancelled for financial reasons. But "Orbita" came back to publishing soon and in 1980 "Kwazar" was presented. Interesting covers and graphics, short stories, essays and columns made the fanzin very popular, though it was criticized for breaking copyright (some stories by American authors were taken – without any permission – from their Russian issues). Despite the controversies "Kwazar" became widely recognized and was awarded at Eurocon 1983 (Ljubljana).

The same award was given in 1986 (Eurocon in Zagreb) to "Fikcje" edited by SKF. It was more similar to "Fantastyka" than a typical fanzine, issued in 3000 copies and even being sold in some newspaper kiosks in Silesia. It was no worse inside: short stories and translations (including the novelizations of "Star Wars" and "The Empire Strikes Back", published in several

parts), reviews, conventions accounts, news, interviews, biographies, glossaries etc. A pinch of sarcastic remarks towards "Fantastyka" and PSMF Main Board were observed there from time to time – but definitely not so many as in "Kurier Fantastyczny" a satirical and spiteful fanzine edited by "Phoenix", a club from Łódź.

Some societies had several fanzines. Apart from "Kwazar", Poznań club "Orbita" was publishing "Fandomas" dedicated to fandom life itself (news, convention reviews, invitations for events, fandom discussions etc). "Ubik", a club from Białystok, was editing "Wizje" (short stories, essays, critics) and "Fandom News". Gdański Klub Fantastyki was a federation of clubs, so there were plenty of issues: short stories, graphics, comics and essays were published in the fanzines by associated clubs while GKF Main Board had its own "Informator" for news and information. There were also two magazines edited by PSMF Main Board: "Sfinks" (essays, reviews, short stories etc) and "Sfera" (fandom activity). Due to censorship rules fanzines were usually issued in less than 100 copies (at least officially – which was not always to be true, as many other things in the communist Poland).

Fandom DIY included not only fanzines – Gdański Klub Fantastyki edited three issues of comics by A. Azpiri and A.C. Lobo, five episodes of „Wampiurs Wars” by Jan Plata-Przechlewski and three albums of artworks: by Jean Giraud (Moebius), Frank Frazetta and Jerzy Szyłak. Other clubs published books by foreign authors. Since they were not published by the official publishing agencies (due to delays, other priorities, lack of paper, censorship etc.), some of them were translated and edited by clubs and printed in a fanzine way. Of course not all the translations were of good quality, some were very poor, but for many fans it was the only way to read these long-awaited stories.

ROADS NOT TAKEN IN LIFE

Recently I was reminded of one of the roads I once considered, but didn't go down in the end. It would have created an entirely different me.

1984 I went by bicycle down to Germany, near the border to France and Luxembourg. My host, Hans-Jürgen Mader took me on a daytour to the neighbouring countries. We went to Luxembourg to buy coffee and petrol and then to France, to visit a pub. Near this French pub was a recruitment office for the *Foreign Legion*. I heard

that after 4 years of service one could get a new identity. It sounded extremely valuable to me, because I could easily have held two separate identities, and nationalities. It was a distinct possibility that such a choice would have led to a criminal life. Fate directed it otherwise. I started working at the railway, to gain funds until I had enough to seek out the next high *adventure* in life. A Tunisian colleague of mine, *Zayane*, had some experience he rarely talked about. *Legionnaires* don't talk much about where they've been. But you can point them out, because every now and then they hum that song by Edith Piaf. "*Non, rien de rien, non, je ne regrette rien*". Also *Zayane* pretended generally to be a simple camel driver. Anything but. Swedish was his third language after Arabic and French. He talked me out of joining the Legion. There are memories, we would rather not have. There are images I could project into your head, which you are only grateful for not having to imagine. I was in good shape back then. I would still have been in good shape after four years in the legion. Physically. Probably in an even better shape. But I would also have been a far stretch more cynical.

Zayane, who I knew as a *man of honour* was framed by colleagues for a misdeed he didn't commit, and dishonourably discharged from duty. Since then I have been aware that innocent men *can* be condemned. Aware that it can happen to me as well. And it doesn't matter if one is later acquitted by a retrial. The damage can already be done in the accusation itself. He lost his job.

Zayane also taught me, that carrying a gun is like painting a crosshair to my forehead.

In the long period which followed his departure and struggle for justice, he did what I do. He published his *ish*. In Arabic. It was a magazine called *Al-Hadara* (Civilization) and debated issues and the *history of ideas* in philosophical articles.

This way he regained not only his self-respect, but also gained the respect of many scholars. My own respect he never lost. He was a good friend.

- WOLF -

I Am Legend, No, Wait! I Am Living History...

Most rock journalism is people who can't write, interviewing people who can't talk, for people who can't read.

Frank Zappa

FANEWS

Published weekly by
Frank Robinson
6636 So. Sacramento
Chicago 29, Illinois

WEEKLY

2¢ @, 13 for 25¢
Whole number: 52
July 8th, 1944.
First Anniversary

FANEWSCARD CHANGES PUBLISHERS —

As announced in the last issue, Fanewscard Weekly changes hands with card #53. Editors Frank Robinson and Ed Connor will then bow out and Walt Dunkelberger will take up the reins where we left off.

The reasons we are giving up the card are numerous and varied. We have never had regular "reporters" who would dash off weekly summaries of the news in their section of the country and send it to us. All the news we have printed has been culled from personal correspondence. All the news calls to local midwest fans---a rather expensive way of getting information.

While Ed Connor was in town, the card was less divided up. Since then, it has been more or less a

FANEWS WEEKLY

Published weekly by:
Walter Dunkelberger
1443 4th Ave., So.
Fargo, North Dakota

2¢ @. 13 for 25¢
Whole Number: 53
July 31st, 1944.

Your New Editor Speaks —

It is customary for every new editor and publisher to state or to restate the policies of the paper. I would like to take this opportunity to inform all of the readers of FANEWSCARD of my intentions.

FIRST: The NEWSCARD will continue to be published exactly as Frank and Ed have conducted it in the past. On a purely democratic basis.

SECOND: FANEWSCARD will remain the same. There will be no change in the format or the content. It will be printed on mimeo'd paper instead of mimeo'd paper.

THE FANEWS

July 9, 1945 ----- "NEWS WHILE IT'S STILL NEWS" - 2¢ per copy; 55¢/51
Walter Dunkelberger & Earl Kay, Editors. Published at: 1443 4th Ave So.
Fargo, North Dakota. Published whenever the news warrants it. No. 173

GALLET NAZI ??

It has been called to the attention of your Editors that we made an erroneous statement in FANEWS #169 or rather that the way our statement was worded that incorrect conclusions would be drawn from our statement that Georges Gallet had just been released from a Nazi Concentration camp. We were incorrect in this conclusion, arrived at from Forrest Ackerman's editorial in VOM telling of Georges release from prison. Which is definitely a different thing entirely as we have since discovered. Several fans have been calling the facts

FANEWS (CARD) WEEKLY

The first known weekly sf-fandom Newsfanzine was started by Wilson "Bob" Tucker on the 3rd of July in 1943 on a postcard, roughly this size:

#1 Tucker's 7/3/43
FaNewscard Weekly
Fan news in capsule form; 2¢
per ish; no exchanges; no dead
heads; no free copies after #1
maximum subscription 10¢; add-
ress upside. Try us 5 wks.
.....
Ashleys buy house; SLAN SHACK
exists; Wiedenbeck, Liebscher,
Coger, also moving in soon.
.....
Wollheim's POCKETBOOK of STF
now on stands @ 25¢. * McQueen
loses \$2000 stf stuff in fire.
.....
Pfc. Fred Pohl, ex ed SUPER SCI
in air corps Rantoul, Ill. **
Len Moffatt in Navy. **Fortier
camped Mississippi. *90 fans in
.....
Fanzines out: June FAPA pkge ;
Ronsenblum's FIDO, May, (Eng.)
and LEZ #53. (*) Fanzines due:
Widner collecting material for
next FANFARE; LEPRECHAUN #4
dummied and ready--52 pp; Sha
expects army July 24.
.....
May we have your subscription ?

Bob Tucker kept it up for 13 issues until October 14th 1943 when he handed over its publishing to Ed Connor & Frank Robinson, who together finished the first year of its publishing.

In the 2nd and 3rd year of Faneews 1944-1945, the publishing duo was changed to Earl Kay and Walt "Dunk" Dunkelberger. It was still published on a postcard, with exception for a few issues which were made in regular fanzine format.

You find the entire library here:

<http://www.fanac.org/fanzines/FaneewsCard/index.html>

Under Dunk & Kay, the Faneews (Card) more and more often became a regular newsletter. With issue 214 in September 1945 Walt Dunkelberger continued as sole editor, which he kept up until issue 343 in October 1948 (containing the FANEWS story). Last issue #345 December 1954.

Fandom researchers (historians) find not only FANEWS, but a whole lot of old fanzines on:

http://fanac.org/fanzines/Classic_Fanzines.html

Note: Ron Ellik's & Terry Carr's FANAC 1958-63.

Ted White, Jim & Greg Benford's VOID 1955-62

Walt Willis' SLANT 1948-53 & WOZ 1954-58

Rob Hansen's EPSILON 1976-85

All of the above complete, and there is more...

24 issues of Richard Bergeron's WARHOON

A lot more. Possibly next to efanzines.com the largest collection of fanzines on the internet.

The two most significant ones, for sure.

What's the difference between the two?

On efanzines.com you'll find the pdf-fanzines, which are mostly newer, more recent productions. There you would also find CounterClock.

On Fanac.org you find fanzines which used to be on paper scanned to jpg or in html-format. Hence mostly older fanzines, but also fanzines as recent as Fiona Andersons' Babel-On from 1997 or The Australian Science Fiction Bullsheat newsletter by Edwina Harvey & Ted Scribner 2002-2010.



Georges GALLET, the first French sf-fan features repeatedly in Faneews Weekly. First it is reported that he survived the war (#155). Then Donald Wollheim raises a couple of reasonable questions about Gallet (#173), which Gallet himself finds so outlandish imaginative, that *no one can believe it*.

- Was Georges Gallet a Nazi collaborator?

- No, of course not.

In #188 he answers in a letter to FANEWS and in issue #202-203 it is finally announced that Gallet had been cleared of all suspicions.

Don't take my word for it – read it for yourself.

And I have to thank Rob Hansen, for pointing me at this treasure trove of sf-fandom, and Joe Siclari for keeping up the good work as Fan History Project Coordinator. There is more where that came from.

- Wolf -



Lloyd Penney

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CANADA M9C 2B2

May 12, 2019

It is Mother's Day in North American, and because all of our parents are now gone, the day is filled with good memories and other activities. We will be meeting with some British fanzine fans Cas and Paul Skelton later today, they are in Toronto right now, visiting with Susan Manchester, Mike Glicksohn's widow. That's on this afternoon, but right now, there is the time to respond to issue 35 of CounterClock.

I have always liked the Aztec calendars, and I used to have a sheet of them as stickers; they were used and appreciated. Special thanks...you are most welcome. The most important part of fanzines, IMHO, is the communications part. We trade ideas back and forth, and often, friendships rise from them. We wouldn't be visiting with the Skeltons today if it wasn't for that. I there are some who would call you unfannish if you revealed that you faunched for, or dreamed of, a Hugo nomination. The silver rockets are the best of the best, and even though their lustre has been diminished over the years by political machinations, to me, they are still the top award. I have won a few awards over the years, and I treasure them all, but in 2010, last time the Worldcon was in Australia, I was indeed nominated for a Hugo and appeared on the final ballot. That cemented my great relationship with Australian fandom. And while I did not win (I lost to Fred Pohl), I did receive an engraved cocktail shaker marking my nomination. I may never use it as a cocktail shaker, but I will treasure it always. Indeed, a grand goshwow experience.

I think the EFF is a great idea. You will definitely need a dedicated administrator to guide it through its initial years, plus sufficient funding to get it started, through the Fan Fund auctions, or a chunk of money from a successful Worldcon. Right now, I think CUFF (Canadian Unity Fan Fund) has gone dormant once again, and many groups are salivating over the remaining funds.

Reading a good book rather than chasing girls? I found that in fandom, you can do both. J Well, it

least, it worked for me. I remember in my initial years, so many people were so much into fandom, particular SF books or TV and movie properties, they weren't really all that interested in the opposite sex, unless they shared the fannish interest. We were all closer to the characters in *The Big Bang Theory* than we ever wanted to admit.

There's a question that has gone through my mind, and I am sure many others...why should we be remembered? This is a pleasant little hobby we've all had, this SF fandom thing, and it hit its 80th birthday recently. We have fanhistorians to argue over our own points of history, but will anyone care about what we did other than us? I can see my own copy of Sam Moskowitz's on my own reference shelf, plus a number of other fanhistory books, and we can also debate hotly how accurate various accounts by Moskowitz, Warner and others are, but I suspect we are large frogs in a very tiny pond.

We do need to remember our gafiated fans, even if they don't care to remember us. Who knows what they've gotten up to, or even if they are still alive.

Thank you kindly on the history of Swiss fandom. I knew little of it, other than the presence of *Maison d'Ailleurs*. It has benefited from various collections of fans from the past. It does remind me of what to do with my own collection of fanzines and books. We may have to divest ourselves of our collections if we are forced to move. Rental housing is rare and quite expensive in this city, so we may have to be easily moved if need be.

I think I would like to get myself a copy of Rob Hansen's *Then...* I've seen it mentioned so often over the years, but I will have to scrape up some pounds to actually get it. I have seen Thomas Benjamin Wild's video on YouTube...quite entertaining.

Of all the movies and TV shows you list, the only one I have seen, and that we follow, is *ST:Discovery*. Honestly, we tried *The Orville*, and it felt like a parody of *The Next Generation*. Both shows have been renewed for a third season, but I think we will stick with *Discovery*, for next season, it will be more than 900 years along the timeline, so they will not have to worry much about canon.

YouTube is indeed their own channel. On my cable service, there is a YouTube channel, but it requires a 4K television, which I do not have or

want. There is also various par TV services which have amazing programming, I am sure, but I really don't want to pay for it. If I recall, Earth: Final Conflict was shot in the Toronto area, possibly in the same set of studios Discovery is shot in.

More on Stieg Larsson...is this more of the chapter excised from the book on Larssen, or additional information and research? This definitely should go in the next edition of the book on Larssen. If not, it could be the anchor of a set of essays on Larssen, which could sell just as well.

My loc... There has been the announcement of several new Star Trek series, including at least one animated series. Give it a decade or so, and Paramount and CBS will offer The Star Trek Channel. All Trek, 24/7. I've read there is already over 750 episodes of Trek, in all it incarnations, plus 14 movies, and who knows how many hours of fan movies, which could easily be included in this service as well. I did not get to vote for TAFF, and Geri Sullivan has won it. My work on Amazing Stories continues. I picked up paper copies of issue 3 recently, and I gather issue 4 will soon be at the printers.



Artwork: Wolf von Witting, 14 December 1982

The graphic on June 1959 may be rubbish, but it does apply to me, with my 60th birthday coming up in June of this year. In just over two weeks,

Yvonne will take me on a grand trip, three weeks in England, two weeks in London, and one week taking side trips to Liverpool, Lincoln, Bath and Stonehenge. While in England, we will celebrate our 36th wedding anniversary and that 60th birthday. Some have asked if we will be going to the Dublin Worldcon and Belfast convention, and the answer has to be a resounding no.

So, the big news is that to increase the influence of CounterClock, you've taken on a new co-editor. Greetings to Darius Hupov, and I have high hopes of a spectacular issue next time it arrives. Best of luck with this old yet new venture, and we will see you then.

WAHF: Anders Bellis (Sweden)

"Shit happens! It always will. But not the shit you worry about. Other shit will happen. Shit you didn't think about."

THE FINAL WORD

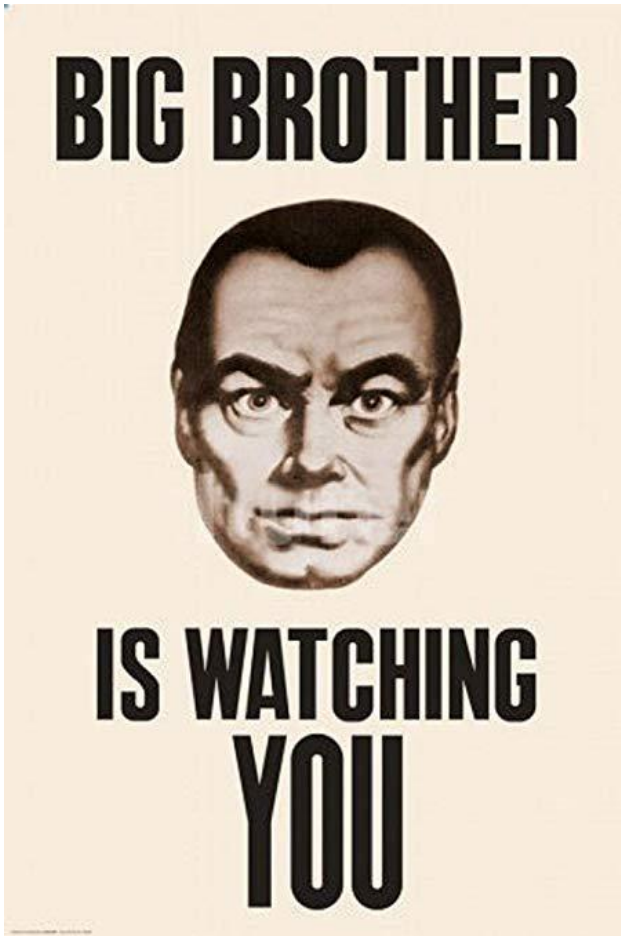
EPILOGUE TO THE GHOLY GHIBLE II

This morning as I woke up, there was no halo around my head but dark rings around my eyes. I looked more grim than pope Benedictus XVI. I'm glad I don't have to stay in office longer than he did. Am I not supposed to have a halo, or is that only in portraits of me? Wouldn't it be cooler and more *politically correct* if I had a rainbow around my head instead? Or a horizontal ring like Saturn. The thing with Saturn-like rings is, my nose could impede their orbits. I should definitely have a propeller on my cap, so that I am not mistaken for a mundane pope.

Here a little etymology lesson. About "Ghu-ben": the word 'ben', sometimes pronounced 'bin' is Arabic and means "son of", so "Ghu-ben" means "son of Ghu". Lila is the Swedish word for purple. The pronunciation on "lila" is how you would say "Leela". You know, the one who was companion to the 4th doctor. Swedish people use this expression a surprisingly lot. Even the ones who are completely mundane and know nothing about fannish endeavours.

This issue has Francesco Verso's presentation of DeepCon 2019 (Italy), my trip to Romania recaptured, a cover and a brilliant fan-photo gallery from Sweden, short stories from the Netherlands, Belgium and Slovenia, a Polish fan-history, word on the first French sf-fan, dug up by Rob Hansen, UK and a LoC from Canada.

A rather international issue this time, I'd say.



IF BIG BROTHER INDEED WAS WATCHING ME
...he'd know. He'd know that I hate advertisement
and the more he throws at me, the less I look at it.
If Big Brother was watching me, he would read
CounterClock. It's the only safe way to get to
know what really is going on in my head. I could
not care less about mundane affairs. Every sf-fan
is a VIP in my book. The so called *celebrities*, I
don't know who they are. I know there are people
famous for being famous, but I can't name one.

When I lived in Sweden, there was this dentist
who counted as a celebrity (I don't recall her
name). When I asked what she was famous for,
no one could tell. Apparently not for being a just
that, a dentist.

Big Brother would know that I abhor violence and
the use of force. He already knows I don't vote.
I do not support fake democracy.

If Big Brother was watching me, he'd be bored.
My interests are not his interests, my world is not
his world. My values are not his values.

If Big Brother was watching me, he'd know how
silly I think he is. All the irrelevant nonsense data

he gathers on people. It's silly, really. As if you
could deduct anything about a person from what
they publish on Facebook!? Well, perhaps you
can, about the really stupid ones. You can gather
data on exactly how stupid they are. The few that
are even less intelligent than Big Brother.

If Big Brother was watching me, he'd know that he
never can make me submit by using his trickery.
Against me he can only win by using his force.
...since I never will stoop to his level.

If Big Brother was watching me, he'd know that I
don't do as he says and never will (other than by
coincidence). Since he sees fit to change the
rules of the game, while the game is going on,
that I reserve the right for myself to do the same.

I don't pray because I don't want to bore God

. Orson Welles

To the Dark Side of the Moon

Music trad. Irish: Rising of the Moon

Words: Wolf von Witting - 1 June 2019

What to do with loathsome gentry

Bankers, lawyers and their kin

What to do with ghastly people

Which then wouldn't be a sin

We could lure them to a rocket

By a piper's merry tune

And we launch them all together

To the dark side of the moon

CHORUS: To the dark side of the moon x 2

And we launch them all together

To the dark side of the moon

Have you ever gazed at someone

Who you wish'd was far away

Have you ever been so furious

That you wish'd there was a way

We could dance them to a rocket

By a fiddler's jolly tune

And we launch them all together

To the dark side of the moon

CHORUS: To the dark side of the moon, etc

And suddenly it is JULY 12th...

I have to say, after almost 12 years in Italy I ought
not to be surprised by the summer heat. But I
was. It came early.

I had bigger plans for this issue, but now I realize that I can be content with hitting the tree-tops compared to what I intended.

The weather knocked me out completely. I can't even think properly with temperatures above 32 degrees Celsius.



Coat of Arms: Perry Rhodan/SF-Club Terra Corps
Designed by Wolf von Witting, 1979

I can't say when the next issue of CounterClock will come. At the moment I have a couple of things which are better to use for catching up with Clockwise, the annual special. There, I am an entire three years behind. I have not abandoned the publication of annual specials.

I might use one entirely for European short stories; a theme started in this issue with stories from the Netherlands, Belgium and Slovenia.

They were short ones, but I have longer contributions incoming from Romania and from Gernsback, where the "short story" as such appears to be slightly less dead than in many other places. In particular among the buyers of books. There is an industry in crisis. People read much, much less. Globally. It is safe to assume that the internet and social media may have something to do with it.

In JULY I went on a journey.

To Munich, Nuremberg, Cologne and to a town in Gernsback which is still a strong fortification for sf-fans. From there, the trip went on back to my old stomping grounds around Hennef (Siege) and I stomped on paths I neglected when I was there in

2017, before the EuroCon in Dortmund.

THE MUNICH ROUND TRIP

The city has so much to offer. We had only 3 days in it. We chose to go for the Botanical Garden and the Technical Museum. One problem was, that the Botanical Garden is not *the Old Botanical garden* right in the center of town. That is only a small park where you can sit down and have your first Augustiner, if you come to Munich.

The real botanical garden is a large section adjacent to the palace Nymphenburg, the biggest palace I've seen in all my life (*and I have seen Peterhof in St Petersburg*). It was the summer residence of the House of Wittelsbach. Once again, it shows how insanely rich one can be when rich. I wouldn't be surprised at all, if the palace with surrounding land, part of the palace and its garden is bigger than the Vatican.

The Technical Museum is not called technical museum either. It is infact the Deutsche Museum. We were there. And it is so big that you have to come in the morning and stay all day until they close at 17:00, if you wish to see all.

We had time to go through the section about *Mining Operations* (Bergbau – which roughly translates as *building mountains*). In a way they do, because the stuff they have to excavate to arrive at the ore build hills of gravel. Human arrogance may consider these hills mountains).

- Hey!!! You just discovered a novelty way of spelling mountains. Grendeline interrupted me from behind. Pity that the word *mountance* already means something else, sum, quantity... Extent.

I corrected the typo immediately.

- Will you shut up, please!? However, I have to admit that her interruptions also can be useful.

It was one of the most impressive exhibitions I have ever seen in a museum. I would say on par with the Wasa Museum in Stockholm.

But not only went a lot of work into visualizing the danger and value of digging for the treasures of the Earth, it also entered my mind *finally* how important mining was (is) for the quality of our lives. A little known fact, is that beside the most used resource of the Earth *fresh water*, also the second most used resource *sand*, is increasingly coming in shortage. Sand? Yes, not the sand you find at the beach, but the sand you need to make glass. Quartz sand. Look around you! How many things around you involve something which has to be dug out of the Earth? Everything containing any kind of metal or glass. For hundreds of years men risked their lives to dig it out for us.

Munich and Nuremberg turned out to have become very bicycle friendly. An ideal German city street now has a lane for pedestrians, a lane for bicycles, a lane for trees and a lane for cars. On each side of the road.

Germany has become very environmental friendly. You see Windturbines all over the country. You do not smell the traffic (much). Solar panels come in huge fields and on more and more rooftops.

Nature is allowed to thrive where it can. There is so much green everywhere. Even in the heaviest populated area of Europe. It appears Germans feel the most important thing one can do with an empty spot is – to plant a tree there. That is what it looks like.

Saddening was the fact that 90% of the old town in Nuremberg was bombed to ruins during World War II. When you see what they have rebuilt from ruins, you have got to be impressed. So much love and care for ancient art must have gone into the restoration of churches and buildings. But tears come to my eyes when I think of how much beauty and art was destroyed beyond recovery. Even as I write this. I do so with heavy heart.

You can't go to Nuremberg without being reminded of the war. For the first time in my life I took a city tour with a cute, red little tourist street train. Like a tourist. To my own surprise I only felt half as silly as I expected to. It was a hot, sunny and perfect day. At home I drink no beer at all. Only in pubs or restaurants – only draught beer. And for the first time in my life I wish I could go back for another pint as soon as possible. German draught beer has the best.

"The only condition of fighting for the right to create is faith in your own vocation, readiness to serve, and refusal to compromise."

Andrei Tarkovsky

THE HISTORY OF GERMAN FANDOM

When I first typed these words for Clock#14 – I felt what an utterly futile attempt it would be to do something of such scale in a fanzine.

That's why I softened it with adding the words: "...Flipping Casually Through..."

But there are other ways to approach the task.

Rolf Heuter did it his way in *the History of the SFCD* (1982), different from the way in which Hermann Urbanek presented *the History of German Fanzines* in his series of articles from 1981, again different from Rainer Eisfeld's brilliant *Die Zukunft in der Tasche*, 2007.

The CounterClock/Clockwise Edition will be a synthesis between different styles. I am pleased that I don't have to do it alone.

But being such a huge topic which *can't* be fully covered even in the thickest book of thorough Eisfeld-style. I believe the title will remain:

"Flipping Casually Through the Pages of German Fandom History".

Two Years. We can do it.

In the beginning God created Heaven and Earth. Inscription above a dressed window of nature in the cloak room of the Deutsche Museum in Munich.

What it actually means is, *we don't know. We don't replace one myth with another.* One has to stand humble before nature, even as a scientist. To believe we can control it is human arrogance. If we don't give back to nature, it will take back what we owe.

- Wolf -

I realize this is far from the best issue of Clock, but at the moment it is what I could do. I hope it will help you to decide which Eurocon to vote for in Belfast and which fandom deity to avoid or create. Because fandom has a need of spirituality in these times of bleating herds of consumers.

SF-fandom as such has in its 90 years of life gone through a full circle. I hope we make it the full 100 years, but near the end it will be as it begun, with very few active trufans scattered across the two continents on which it all began. I don't know if I should be proud to be there at the end. I was not born when it began and I experienced the peak. I would have liked to be around perhaps 10-15 years earlier, but not more. I have lived through the best of time. This I am happy for.

And as we go. Perhaps we ought to be proud of what we accomplished. What would the state of science fiction be today, if it had not had its fandom? And it was not a short temporary or even trendy thing. Mostly, the struggle was uphill and in spite of our parents and peers. Did we make a difference? As Randy Byers noted in one of his final monologues; It feels like we were part of something bigger. Though I am not certain that we will be remembered beyond those who lived to make our volatile acquaintance. History may go back to kings, prime ministers and presidents and wars. What did we ever change?

This time one LoC. I don't know if I ought to interpret it as a bad sign. I never much fished for LoC's and I was bad at writing LoCs myself. Sometimes I get a fanzine and it is half full of them. Communication still flourishes in fanzine-fandom, what is left of it. Don't take this as a call for more participation. I am more of a turtle than a pope. Sometimes I just want to crawl back into my shell and hide. Or go to Wetzlar and research something in the fanzine-library.

End of page, end of this issue! - Enjoy!

Bee seeing you,

Wolf

COUNTERCLOCK SF # 36

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