COUNTERCL🕗CK

ISSUE 5 AUGUST 1999

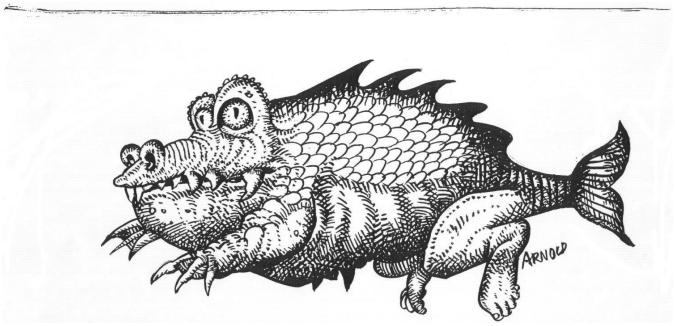
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An occasional fanzine produced by Wolf von Witting, Lakegatan 8, 133 41 Saltsjöbaden, Sweden

Second Edition PDF Convention Special

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TRINITY'99 - carefully revised report * **JUniCon** - highlites * GoHs: HANS ARNOLD * BERTIL MÅRTENSSON * MARTIN EASTERBROOK * Look out for: **NaSaCon 2000** - the SF&F Festival in Stockholm * A Tale of Early Swedish Fandom by Anders Palm * CounterL🕗Cs * Domestic Excavation III - some of the lesser European fanhistory..



Once again, progress has been made. And I'd like to thank everyone for the feedback they've been giving me. Without it, it would be less fun making this fanzine and I would probably have given it up already. Now that I'm approaching the final format and layout, I feel that I will be able to keep up publishing at least bimonthly. I'm also increasing "the output" from 150 to 250 copies. For a couple of issues forward, CoClock-pages will serve as progress reports for our convention next year; NASACON 2000. Have you ever been to Sweden before? Next year is an excellent opportunity.

I hope you have had a wonderful summer holiday!

EDIT🕗RIAL

As a teenage faned I used to make fanzines from cover to cover (beginning with the cover-illustration). That way I never knew just how many pages an issue was going to be. Nowadays I make the cover-pages last. In this case, everything has already been printed except page 1-2 and 31-32. That's how I can tell you that the picture on page 10 is taken by Peter Fleissner and not by J.Vogt. Now, where the blazes did I put the Vogt-photos?

There is also a weight-limit to consider when making CounterClock. It's 50 gram. And 32 pages (A5) including envelope and stamp makes 50 gram. If I had four more pages, the rate for postage would increase considerably. At some point I realized that I had to cut something from my initial ideas about this issue. And the first thing to be postponed was the fifth and final installment of the CounterClock Chainstory. Sorry, guys! Main reason that *"Lost in Space, Time and Meaning"* has to wait is simply because it hasn't been written yet. I have a fairly good idea about the conclusion, but haven't got around to actually write it… yet.

ISSUE # 6 – A FILK SPECIAL?

There is a distinctive possibility that next issue will be thin. That is… unless I go for something like… filk! There we have a controversial topic. Some love it and some just loathe it!

Singing is fun, to make music is fun and to make it *together* is even more so. It is also my impression that filkers in general are a lot more tolerant than fans in general. They have to be, considering what they have to listen to sometimes. It has not yet been my privilege to attend a filk convention, but I know we have a good number of filkers among the readers. So, I guess we can get a glimpse of what it's like. Be prepared for some bold statements about filk and filkers!

LoC me and let me know why you hate filk!

I was also hoping to get something on **RECONAISSANCE,** the SF/Fantasy-Convention in Bergen (Norway) on March 31st to April 2nd of the year 2000. But considering the minimal col-space in this ish left, I guess I have to take it next time. You can at least check out their website: http://bec.fandom.no

GoH: IAIN BANKS * WILLY USTAD and B.ANDREAS BULL-HANSEN.

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INTRODUCTI🕗N TO THE SECOND EDITION PDF 2012

CounterClock # 4-8 were originally made in A5-format. Converting them to A4 is fairly simple when or if I can find the original files. It is a simple question of changing the layout and a minimum of editing will be done.

Obvious and detected spelling-errors will be corrected.

But otherwise all is left exactly as it was written in 1999.

Only one fillo (illustration which has the purpose to fill an empty space) needs to be replaced. The following had a RECONAISSANCE related fillo, which I can't relocate:



Illustration: Virgil Finlay

NASACON 2000, July 7th - 9th

"The Final Convention"

Science Fiction & Fantasy Festival Writer GoH: Brian M Stableford
Expert of the genre and a brilliant author
Fan GoH: John-Henri Holmberg
A fan of the past, present and of the future

Perhaps it is not the GoH's that will awake your urge to come to Sweden. I don't know what interest **you** in particular. But if you ever had the notion to come and see Stockholm, this is an excellent opportunity
to do so. And if you do - make sure that you can stay for a couple of days before or after the convention. While you're here you may as well take a look around. The archipelago around Stockholm is one of the most beautiful sights to be seen in the summertime. Or go and see the "Wasa", it's another thing that only can be seen in Stockholm. It was the Flagship of the Royal Swedish fleet, built in 1628. But it sank in the harbor when sailing off on its maiden voyage. Swedish engineering skill has improved since then (or the ability to say no - when the king or the powers that be demand to "make it bigger"). And since there also will be a fair number of other fans in town - you'll destined to have some fun. The people who live in Stockholm rarely go and see their own tourist attractions. Only when we have guests. We'll be happy to help you find a suitable accomodation.

Why is it called "the Final Convention"? Because Nasacon was made by a team that began running cons in 1980. Some of us, like Ahrvid Engholm, George Bobjörk and I, have been running cons for 20 years now. Many others have jumped aboard along the way. This Nasacon concludes the series of Nasacons - it's the last one! It is also the end of the road for me as a con-runner. At least for the next 10 years or so. I intend to focus on writing in the future.

The convention itself will have a number of unusual events and a certain number of the usual *obligatory* events. Among the unusual events is the Saturday Stage Show, including a *Masquerade Special*: "a **Miss Universe Competition**" with competitors from all over the Universe. Just imagine! "Miss Cardassia, Miss Gorx, Miss Blob..." And while the members of the honoured jury try to decide who the winners will be, you will be entertained in different ways.

From the UK comes one of the finest filkers, **Chris Malme "the Minstrel"**, with the filkband **Patchwork**. Together with some of the best Swedish filkers and sf-fan actors you will be presented with a show you never forget.

Fan History Special: Meet **the Dinosaurs of Swedish Fandom**! We will attempt to gather as many as possible.

Have a look at our website for monthly updates. You will also be able to look at and download pics from our previous Nasacons. **http://www.sigmatc.se**
As soon as we have decided about the definite location of the convention, we will recommend a number of accomodations in every price-range. Before September we will also add a link to the Stockholm Tourist Information Center.

Infinitesimalcon 3, Dec 4th - 99.
FGoH: Anna Åkesson, the brightest rookie star in the sky above Sverifandom.
The shortest reoccurring sf-convention. The first was 4 minutes 56 seconds, the second was 7 minutes 21 seconds. We aim at a 5 minutes program. The idea is to do everything that is done at a regular convention. But everything is kept short, including the GoH who is no more than 156 cm. And to be quite honest - It is all an excuse to have a nice Dead Fish Party afterwards! Attending: 20 SEK at the door.

(WvW)

Trinity'99, report of the 1999 Eurocon in Dortmund - also 11th SF-Days of NRW and German National SF Convention in the HARENBERG CITY-CENTER & Astron Hotel

by Wolf von Witting

PREFACE TO TRINITY
"I'm not going to Dortmund. Leave me alone! I don't want to speak to anyone."
In my ears, the door closing behind me with a thud, sounded like the closing of a tomb. The words were spoken by me... However, my wife knew how much I had been looking forward to this event. She knew how many hours and hours I had spent by the computer to finish CounterClock#4 in time and to get it printed and to prepare everything else I thought necessary for the Eurocon. She knew. So she simply disregarded my request and entered the lair of the Wolf.

I was really not in the mood for a debate. The necessity of her and her daughter going to Moscow (because of her father's 60th birthday) kept me on a slim budget and I had come to the point were going to Dortmund just wasn't within established parameters anymore. She is the minister of finance in our family and I don't argue about that. My budget just went down the drain. "I'll divorce you, if you don't go to Dortmund!" she said sincerely. That's when I knew (again) that I had married the right woman. Not just that she *forced* me to go, it also ment that I had to go on our wedding day.

Another minor technicality that made the trip possible was solved by CoClock's correspondent in Ancient Greece, Sidney W Hage. Thank you, for helping me to find my way to Dortmund. It was worth it! The day just before departure I was utterly convinced that my Trinity-experience had been cancelled. Suddenly it was made possible. It's the kind of miracles that I believe in. That's why they occur.

First curiousity, the cheapest flight I found to Düsseldorf was with British Airways and it was going over London. Two hours on Heathrow on my way there and on my way back. Interesting. But now I've seen all three of them in London, having bounced over the runway at Gatwick on my first and Stansted on my second visit to London. Is there yet a fourth airport in town? Should you ever consider to visit Stockholm (perhaps next year), know this: BA from Heathrow or Finnair from Gatwick to Arlanda, or Ryan Air from Stansted to Skavsta. Plenty of choices. Surely you can get a flight under 100 GBP. Now all you need is a con for an excuse, so keep the beginning of July open in the year 2000 and I'll see what I can do.

Second curiousity. On my departure I was made aware of the fact that my passport expired on may 26th and that my flight back was dated may 27th. Oh, dear! The Swedes told me that the Brits would cause me severe trouble about this and that I'd better get in touch with the Swedish Embassy before returning. "Sorry, no can do! Unless it's THE ONLY WAY to get back to Sweden." I didn't tell them this. It was just on my mind. Upon arrival in Düsseldorf, the German officer from Bundesgrenzschutz told me that it wouldn't be a problem to return with an expired passport. Hey! That's just great - being given contradicting information. Now who do I trust? A German or a Swede? "Time will tell" - I said to myself. And so will the third part of this conreport. Did I get back home? Certainly! How did I get back home? I will not tell you right now. Try to imagine the uncertainty underneath my cool facade throughout the convention... I was not really that cool.

TRINITY TAKE-OFF

Let me tell you all the bad stuff about this convention right away and have it done with. I had decided to work my way through this convention and happily to comply with any order given to me by committee-members, even if it was put as a request. I carried tables and pushed shelves for the dealers. I was physically exhausted before the con even had begun. Why? I really hoped that the Trinity-committee would succeed in their enterprise.

To tell the truth, they failed bordering to fiasco on one account and on one account only (as far as I could see). Public relations. In essence this means that there were far too few attending members at the convention. I just hope that they didn't get into the reds beyond repair. The dealers were furious! Someone expected 6,000 fans to show up - surely a misunderstanding. The ambition of the committee must have been 1,500 to 2,000. So we were "only" 1,000 fans short of target - not 5,000. After all - this was a Eurocon - not a Worldcon.

To be quite honest - perhaps the failed on more than one account. Perhaps it was two, three or more... I lost count at an early stage really, so I can't tell you about all the things that could have been handled differently. On the whole, the convention had its rewards even if a lot of people simply decided to stay at home this weekend. Some people are veraciously excused. I was disquieted to hear about Wolfgang Jeschke being seriously ill and even more so to hear about Dieter Steinseifer's car accident. I'd also have to give it that Mike Cheater, the UK agent had a liable reason for not coming. It had nothing to do with the convention itself. I also happen to know that it wasn't his fault, that some of the UK members weren't registered at take-off. Okay, so for some people this weekend turned out to be f---ing disaster but one really ought to look on the bright side of life more often.

The filkers at this convention were pissed off more or less by a simple misunderstanding. Nevertheless only three showed up; Katy Droege, Juliane Honisch and I. This could have been different had Katy and I been coordinated from the beginning. It didn't happen. But, forget it. There had also been a number of disagreements elsewhere on topics which I better leave as they are... Don't expect me to take part in any feuds - not between authors and certainly not between fans. Having witnessed the effect of feuds on Swedish fandom, I always try to stay clear of them. Of course - it is wise not to put (or try to put) Brian W Aldiss on the same panel as Ian Watson or even to expect Sam J Lundwall to show up at the same convention as John-Henri Holmberg. But
this is all basic know-how, if you try to run a con. Somehow I feel it is okay for a writer to tell another to f--- off (in mutual disagreement), but the fans, SMOFs and BNFs have so much more reason to be humble.

One of the things I have to keep in mind about this conreport is - that I can only report half of what I heard and possibly tell behind-the-scenes stories in 20 years or so in my memoirs... when no one cares and someone else already has leaked or when differences have been settled and some people concerned have evolved to a higher state of conscienceness. I don't really care much for being burdened with scandal, since I try not to gossip anyway. I'm quite well versed in the fine art of manipulating - so I don't go for them tricks anyway. Okay!? I slipped once in the bar after a shitload of beer and only Jonathan Cowie knows my agony. In terms of gossip the rest was silence. In this conreport I'll try to stick to funny details, facts and some adornment. There was plenty of funny and interesting details, I think.

Roberto Quaglia (Italy) and I arrived about the same time at the consite. That's why we got to share a room at the Astron (which definitely was the last room to go). Oh, yes. The Astron was the convention hotel, one of the split-consite buildings. Roberto wasn't sure when he arrived if he was going to stay throughout the convention. But after the first day, and we were in complete agreement about this - he knew he would stay until the end. I believe that our sentiment was shared by most international guests at the convention. We had a really good time, shared lots of laughs and drinks in the Intermezzo Cocktailbar of the Astron Hotel and I heard none of them complain. Well, perhaps Ken Slater wasn't too happy, but then he didn't spend much time in the bar. The dealers, like I said, were rather unhappy.

I attended the first gopher-briefing of Trinity, held by Carsten Schaefer (head of ops). The gophers were 60% female and quite astute. Carsten was/is a young bloke who doesn't look like he's up for the great task he has, but he certainly gave me the impression that ops and gophers were in good hands. At Trinity ops, gophers and security were the same bunch of people. They did a fine job, as far as I can tell.

Something has definitely happened in German fandom since the 80's. When I pointed out that it may be a good idea always to have someone at the information desk who can speak English, everyone acted surprised. "We all speak English!" Like I said, something has definitely happened in German fandom since the 80's. Now it is really possible to go to a con in Germany and communicate with a lot of fans without being able to speak their language. Now it is only France that needs awakening. (Have you heard that the French word "cache" now has become so integrated into the English language that the French are considering to make up a new word for it, because they feel it has become an English word? Some French people have a serious brain damage.)

In registration Michael Ehrt worked his butt off. He's probably one of the most reliable and trustworthy German fans whose acquaintance I have had the pleasure to make in the past three years. He's definitely not a bullshitter.

Udo Emmerich (not related to Roland) is another of the good forces in German fandom. We met first time in Cologne, 10 years ago. He hasn't changed much since then (except for becoming wiser). Udo did his fair share.

Astrid Post-Zwingelberg (Beluga's wife) spread sunshine wherever she went and was put in charge of the "Future Kids Club". The kids were in good hands too. I have to say that Beluga, the chairwhale has made a fabulous catch. And if he feels like sinking into the deepest abyss of the ocean after this con, I'm convinced that she's quite capable of bringing him up to the surface again, given time. No doubt, all blame will be put on him and his rewards for previous SF-Tage may be forgotten in the face of the current disaster. Why the hell are we con-running anyway? There are too many ungrateful and picky, picky bastards in the world.

Before take-off Udo and Ronald Hoppe were busy rearranging the flags of all attending nations. There was a Nowegian flag for Bjorn Tore Sund, a Swedish flag for Sam J Lundwall and me, an Italian flag for Roberto Quaglia and there was a Dutch, Belgian, French, Polish, Russian and Austrian flag. An american flag for people like Roger MacBride Allen, Diane Duane and R.A.Conley, there was the Union Jack for a whole lot of people and the German flag for a shitload of German fans. Oh, yes - let's not forget the Irish flag, God forbid. Had Beluga known, there'd been a Danish flag for R.A.Conleys wife... oh... second thought... there was a Danish flag! Just came to think of - I asked if it was Klaus Johansen or Niels Dalgaard who came. Apparently none of them.



Maple leaf, stars, crosses and stripes... Is it okay to have the American flag next to the Russian, the Irish next to the Union Jackand so on? I don't really expect fans to care much about politics. We're Crossborders!

Photo: Vincent Docherty

Ronald Hoppe had some worry about Beluga being displeased about the arrangements of flags, so he asked me for my opinion and assistance to help him away from his quandary with the words: "If you place them - no one would dare to object to their final allocation." Although this was a flattering remark I found no cause to change the flag arrangement. "Listen Ronald," I said, "I think you've done a fine job (except for the Swedish flag which was slightly twisted), so if Beluga has any further comment - just tell him that I did it and I will confirm it. If you think it helps."

Even the Swedish flag was perfectly straightened by the time Sam J Lundwall arrived. Udo and Ronald indeed made a fine job there!

By the way - am I the only one who thinks that Jan Buchner (on the orgakom and Bjorn Tore Sund look like clones? Who's the original? I can't tell! But I was really surprised to hear Bjorn Tore speak German without any accent. ...only to find that it was Jan Buchner. Bjorn Tore does have a slight accent when he speaks German. That's how you can tell them apart. And Jan hasn't shaved lately (his Norwegian is also rumored to be abysmal).

I talked to Terry Pratchett the first day, but somehow I felt that we came off on the wrong foot. It's been a long time since I came off on the wrong foot - so it was an interesting task for practice to get it right again, without making it worse. Perhaps I was mislead by my own expectation. I expected someone slightly superficial and aloof. Nothing of the sort. He was focused and cognizant. When I think of a hotshot bestseller writer I usually picture myself the ostentatious type, not the ones with brains. So I was wrong. Sue me!

I also talked to more than one fan who came to this convention only to see Terry Pratchett and for no other reason. For one of them this was his first convention. I tried to explain to him the spirit of conventions and that he ought to take the opportunity to talk to his favourite author. But I also remembered my own first convention and how awestruck I was when I came face to face with my "Gods". Now I know, they're just people and for some of them a sf-convention is the only glamorous occasion in an otherwise quite tedious struggle for survival. Now I know. Some are here today and gone tomorrow. The top of the pyramid is a very small platform and it is windy as hell up there.

The opening ceremony was held in the Main Hall of the Harenberg Center.
"Main Hall" sounds a lot nicer than foyer, doesn't it? Foyer has slightly the ring of vestibule and yet - it is all the same. But it's a smegging big vestibule, be sure. I preferred however to have the opening ceremony in the Amphi Hall, like last year. But probably we'd all have become spread out to make the lack of attending fans more obvious. This way it seemed appropriate.

I remember some words of Roger MacBride Allen best. He said; "One who speaks many languages is called polyglot, someone who speaks two languages is bilingual and someone who only speaks one language is an American!" Now who said Americans don't have a sense of humour? Allen had a great sense of humour and wasn't taking himself too seriously. I'll get back to him later.

Saturday Night Live

I had a good time in Dortmund. On saturday morning I went to see how Klaus N Frick was doing in his *Short Story Workshop*. I would have liked to stay for the entire program-item, which was a four hour session, but I had to move on since I had promised Jonathan Cowie to come to his program-item about the 1999 eclipse.

On my way to the *Clubroom*, which is on the 18th floor of the Harenberg Center, I was held up by a pack of autograph-hunters. It wasn't quite what I had expected. Somehow I've become quite popular with the kids. And I wouldn't want to disappoint them by actually telling them that I'm still widely unknown, except among hardcore sf-fans. It felt like being on the road of fame for being famous. The delay was 20 minutes and everyone got a Mars-Ipan-cartoon to go with the signature (I made the mistake of drawing a Mars-Ipan with the first one).

By the time I arrived at the Clubroom, Jonathan was already in the middle of his program. He had an interesting way to lay down all the facts, while he sometimes unintentionally performed acrobatics with his unlit cigarette. He was certainly able to catch everyones attention with his personal style. I don't think anyone was aware of the fact that he was nervous. It wasn't a thing that crossed my mind either. He told me afterwards, that he hasn't had much practice in talking in front of a crowd. He could have fooled me. It is a fact that I tend to forget, that not everyone finds it easy to do that.

I have absolutely no problem with talking to crowds. And size doesn't matter. What does matter is the topic. And since

1997 I'm frequently asked to sing at conventions. So I like filk and I do like to sing. But I can do other things as well. And I wouldn't want to be type-cast as a mere filker, just as little as I wanted to be type-cast as a cartoonist, con-runner or faned. So I asked Cpt.Crunch (Krause) and Arno Behrend if they had something else for me, besides filk.
"We need someone to lead the panel *What if Great Britain had joined the United States?* With Roger MacBride Allen, Terry Pratchett and if you could ask Ian Watson to come along!?"
A quick look at my wristwatch revealed that I had less than five hours to prepare for it.
"I take it! Do you have any further details about this venue to give me?" Their empty faces told me: "Apparently not!"

Rule number one, if you're in trouble: "Find some friends and get some advice!" I'm not the walking encyclopedia that some people take me for, but I do know how to find the right answers. Except, in this instant I was looking for the right questions. The answers should be more or less provided by the authors (It was basically their show anyway). Fortunately there were people around to ask these kind of questions and the best place to look for them was... Now everyone please shout: "...in the BAR!!!"
In the bar, you'll find all the expertise you need at a convention. That's where people go after their program-items and that is where you can buy them a drink.
It is by the way the recommended procedure.
…to buy them a drink!



Wolf von Witting and Martin Easterbrook. The mere thought of a US / UK-fusion is cause for concern.

Photo: Vincent Docherty

In the bar I found Martin Easterbrook, Margaret Austin and Vincent Docherty, no less. So I explained my predicament and inquired if they'd have any thoughts on this topic. What if Great Britain had joined the United States? "When did this happen?" is certainly an obvious and immediate question. Vincent and Martin came up with this scenario. "WWI ended with victory for the Kaiser and with Britain now feeling vulnerable they decide to join the US. Some funny or interesting questions could be raised. Like: "What would have happened to Scotland during the prohibition and would we have had president Margaret Thatcher, with a possible Ronald Reagan as vice president?"

"Would the Americans have had decent whiskey and would the British have had decent hamburgers?" It felt like we were actually getting somewhere.

"Perhaps it might be a good idea to ask Harry Harrison as well. He wrote the book about the Transatlantic Tunnel.", someone said. Harry was not in the bar. If he isn't in the bar - he has to be somewhere else... that kind of follows. Simple logic is wonderful! How come that some people find it so difficult?
Harry Harrison was in the midst of a signing-session. A German fan had brought along a pile of 20 Stainless Steel Rat-books and a dozen other books for Harry to sign. I witnessed another orgy in giving autographs with Ian Watson at this convention. Remind me never to let there be published more than 10 books of mine, should I ever succeed as a writer.
Between fans Harry gave me a second scenario. "During Queen Victoria's reign (Kaiser Wilhelm was a son-in-law or something), there is an earthquake and Britain slowly sinks into the ocean, except Ireland. The Scots go to Ireland and have a good time there, the Brits go to the United States and the Royal Family goes to Germany (conveniently getting rid of them)."

I really felt I had something to work with. I expected to sit between verbal steam-rollers and I had no desire or intention of being the tarmac.

What if Great Britain had joined the United States?

Who made up this program-item anyway? We were given no direction at all and no clue as of what to do with it. But then again - throw in the right people and you'll have an entertained audience in any case. And we had quite an audience. People were sitting on the floor, people were sitting on the window-ledge and in the balustraded gallery. The clubroom was crammed with people. I have never ever before had a program-item this well attended. No doubt they had all come to see Terry Pratchett and Roger MacBride Allen. The participation of Ian Watson had not been announced, so no one was surprised to find that he was missing when we started.
People were more surprised when he finally turned up and joined the debate.

There seemed to be no need of introducing the writers to my left and right. The room wasn't crammed by accident. My advantage was having the introduction and the finish. I looked out over the crowded room and said: "I'm pleased to find that so many have come to see me!" Laughs. The rest was a "Pratchett & Allen Show".

Terry Pratchett ought to have had a speeding ticket for being funny. He was the kind of verbal steam-roller I had expected. Perhaps not everything was original and new, but when he said things like: "If you pour a glass of wine into a bucket of shit, you have a bucket of shit. But if you pour a glass of shit into a bucket of wine, then you still have a bucket of shit." ...everyone was laughing.

If a panel is designed to entertain, then I believe that a clash between Terry Pratchett and Ian McDonald could prove to be most interesting. They can both be awesome. But near the end of this panel we came close to an alternate reality profile that really could be turned into a promising sf-story. So it wasn't merely entertainment. It was a job well done by all of us. It was an honour and a privilege to lead this panel.



Roger MacBride Allen, Wolf von Witting and Terry Pratchett in Dortmund 1999

Photo: Peter Fleissner

There are three kind of people in this world; those who make things happen, those who watch things happen and those who wonder what happened.

Trinity Filk Show

Main cast: Katy Droege, Juliane Honisch and Wolf von Witting. Trinity has had a good chance of attracting a good number of filkers, having a good filk show and in matters of art being an all-round convention. And Katy Droege should have been in charge of this operation all along. Unfortunately and entirely unintentionally she was put out. But I had no problem with letting her decide how this event had to go down. So we had a concert with Katy and Juliane going first. This time I got away soon enough from my previous program-item in order to hear them sing. What wonderful voices they have!

And what would I have done without them? I wasn't really in the mood for performing this evening and would gladly have remained silent. But it appears I have already gathered a fanclub of my own and I wouldn't want to disappoint them. Filk has been widely unknown in German fandom, even though there are some very good German filkers. But since Ratzeburg in 1997, some fans come to hear my songs over and over again. This is flattering of course, so I had to write new ones, so they won't get bored. For Trinity I had written three new songs (published in the Eurocon Newsletter, issue 2, 3 and 6.



"Let's filk again, like we did last year…" WvW and Katy Droege filking at SFT-10 NRW, 1998. Photo: Peter Fleissner

I started with "Follow Me Up to Carlow" just to warm up my voice and was surprised to find Juliane singing along and doing excellent backing-vocals. The three of us did: "I Wish I Was Back Home On Terra" together and "The Transporter Chief" (One of the new songs). I am quite certain it wouldn't have been half as fun without Katy's guitar and Juliane's vocals.

The people who did see the show wouldn't believe how reluctant I was to sing. I thought that I would hate every minute of it. But with Katy and Juliane it was really fun singing. Thank you, fair maidens - You saved the day!

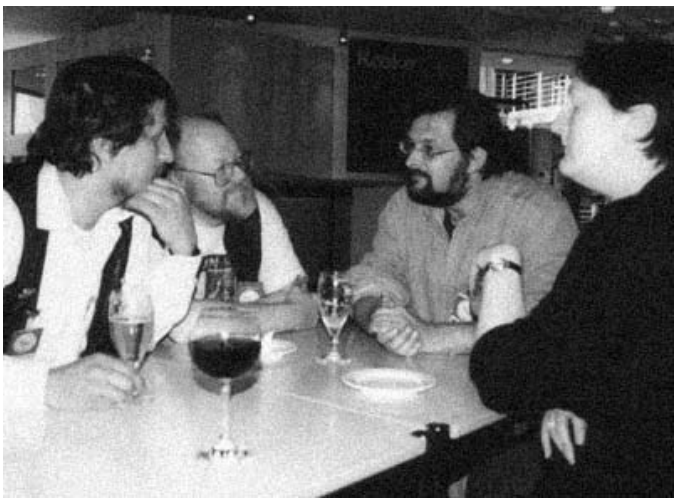
Contours

I ran into Robert Hector, the author of the article about William Voltz. To be quite honest - "ran into" isn't quite true, I was virtually hunting for him, because I really wanted to thank him for an article well written. He had given me something back which I had lost for more than a decade. A Sense of Wonder.

Among the *ghosts from the past* I ran into Michael Dengler last year. This year came Martin Honeker - one of the really early members of the PRC Terra Corps. I haven't seen him for 20 years. It is weird how you can recognize some people after so many years (and remember their names), while you completely forget others (who may have had significantly more impact on your life).

Wilfried Onckels and Hans-Gerd Theunissen from the ol' FELLOW'S INN were there to receive CC#4 with a report from their convention 22 years ago. Now I realize that they can't have been very much older than I was at the time. It was good to see that someone was happy to be remembered. And the question was raised "What if we make another one in 2002? ...as a sort of 25 year anniversary of our first convention." Well, I would be the first to support Kleve for 2002! It wouldn't be an anniversary for them only. I don't know if the SFCD has plans this far ahead, but here's one vote for Kleve anyway (even if it doesn't count).

Eckhard D Marwitz was present as ever. This time he convinced me to go to HanseCon 15 in Lübeck. My, oh my! It's going to be three busy weekends in October. First OCTOCON X in Dublin on 9th-10th and the following weekend we have SweCon in Uppsala, followed by HanseCon...Plenty of conreports to write. Marwitz wasn't too happy about the location of his table. Downstairs. Worst of all - he had been on the lookout for Kees van Toorn and failed to run across him for the brief time Kees was there. He was only for a couple of hours at the convention.



Battleplans…Wolf von Witting, Martin Easterbrook, Kees van Toorn and Margaret Austin

Photo: Vincent Docherty

Considering my interest in fan-history, it is perhaps not surprising that the one fan I was most pleased to meet was a German fan active in the 50's and 60's - Wolfgang Thadewald. It really felt like talking to a legend even though 95% of German fans are oblivious of his significance to German fandom. Sure, Waldemar Kumming was also around. But like Lars-Olov Strandberg in Sweden, he has been around all of the time and it is so much easier to take them for granted.

Bar Hopping...

It seems that Sam J Lundwall, Brian Aldiss and Harry Harrison beat me to the bar every night. They've had much more practice at it. Then again, they retired a lot earlier than we did. We, that is Jonathan Cowie, Jim Walker, Roberto Quaglia, Martin Easterbrook, Margaret Austin, Vincent Docherty, Martin Hoare, Bjørn Tore Sund (usually folded early) and me. I got the feeling there is only one way to properly experience Jonathan Cowie. In the bar! I never had so many laughs before at any previous convention. If you should ever run into him, be sure not to mention the *Bovine Research Project*. Some of the most amusing stories often originates in real life, you know.

And the "Intermezzo Cocktailbar" in the Astron deserves special mentioning. On Thursday night we sat at least one hour after closing time, on Friday the same and on Saturday-Sunday we were talking and drinking until half past three or

four o'clock in the morning. At one point I could see that the girls in the bar barely could keep their eyes open. But somehow they managed to remain polite and friendly all of the time. Either they were extremely suitable for their line of work or they simply liked sf-fans (or both). In 22 years of going to cons I have never seen the like of it.

...and the Breakfast Club

Breakfast in the Astron Hotel is a real treat. And it is remarkable how one can be drawn towards the same kind of people all the time. Hanno Schreiber and Markus Meyer are clear evidence of this. One has to sit somewhere in order to eat breakfast, and these two seemed like nice people. After a while I had the notion of having met Hanno before somewhere. "Yes, we have met!" he said. "We were having breakfast together last year." That's how traditions are forged.

After this day I decided to make it a tradition to have breakfast with Hanno and Markus (when in Dortmund). They were not only up late (like myself), they also were qualified as full-feathered bar hoppers and contributed in their way to raise the spirit of bar-fandom! The trick is not to get too drunk. Since Hanno and Markus obviously were fluent in English (even more fluent after a couple of beers) they soon joined us at the "international table" in the bar at night. This is where everything happens that you really would like to know. And of course, here we have some stories that I really would like to tell. But some of the stories you hear at breakfast or in the bar are not always stories you can print. At least not without offending or perhaps even embarrassing the people involved. In the bar it is less of a problem - you keep forgetting the best parts. I ought to get more into the habit of taking notes.



Sam J Lundwall with his wife. Sam has a BIG HEART and makes sf-fans always feel appreciated. We are all 'his best friends'!

Photo: Peter Fleissner

The House of Science Fiction

was the title of Sam J Lundwall's speech at Trinity. I tend to forget about the program items at a convention, but I just happened to see through the window that Sam's speech was in progress and since I am one of the abundance of people to be named as "his only friend", I felt obliged to attend. I noticed Waldemar Kumming sitting in the first row listening in. Perhaps you are aware that Waldemar is the Nestor of German fandom? Anyway, Sam's speech was naturally in English language and it was quite entertaining.

While I was listening, it suddenly struck me that his speech could be published in the next issue of CoClock. So, when he had finished I hurried forward to ask Sam for it. But Waldemar was up at the same time and was going to ask Sam something and since he is the older one, I let him ask his question first.

"Has this been published?"

"No, here take it!" Sam said generously.

I couldn't believe my ears and eyes! The manuscript was snatched away right under my nose. But I was still quite calm. Okay, so Waldemar had beaten me to it - but everything was not lost. I was still Sam's one and only friend. I thought I'd simply ask Sam for a copy. So we smalltalked a while and then I said:

"By the way, I managed to miss the first part of your speech - and I was about to ask the same question as Waldemar. Can I have a copy?"

"I just gave the only copy to Waldemar."

"WHAT!?"

That's when I really got depressed. But it was alright with Sam for me to publish it if I could get a copy from Waldemar.

Waldemar was kind enough to provide me with a copy, but I had to promise him not to publish it before he did. If you are a reader of MUNICH ROUND UP, then you know perhaps that you will have to wait for it until next year. Waldemar only publishes MRU once every year now. And I don't think that CounterClock and MRU has many overlapping readers (as MRU in spite of the name is mostly in German). But I have to honour our agreement, of course. And I will. So you can expect to read a contribution by Sam J Lundwall in CounterClock issue 14 - or something...

"The House of Science Fiction" **has** been published before. But not this version. This I found out at JUniCon. Ahrvid Engholm knew all about it. Anyway, it's a goodie that will have to wait.

Impeccable

The International Science Fiction Service Appreciation Award of 1999 was given to the girls in the Astron bar. This is not a prize that is won by someone every year. It is only awarded if well deserved...

Previous winners are... Well, what'd'ya' know... there are no previous winners!

Perhaps there should have been. Now we simply decided that there should be such an award this year. This award must come from the guests themselves if they feel that they have been treated particularly well during an event.

The diploma read something like: "...for impeccable service performed on numer-ous occasions, above and beyond the call of duty." Which I dare say was entirely true, not just because I had to formulate the contents myself to the best of my ability. The problem was that I did not bring my thesaurus. And without it I kind of tend to make mistakes. It was in particular the word "impeccable" that I felt uncertain about. And when I feel uncertain, I always prefer to look it up.

However, this could not be an obstacle at a Eurocon, where you'll find plenty of writers and fans with English as their first language. I decided to ask the first person who came along (with English as his first language). This happened to be Roger MacBride Allen and who can resist coming to aid when I let out a forlorn and desperate cry for "Help!" I have practiced. Roger was indeed both helpful and useful in perfecting our document.

But as impeccable as his language skill might be... the word "impeccable" had him troubled, just as it had me. He wrote it down with one "c" and with two. Then we agreed that both ways of spelling it looked wrong. "I have to ask my wife," he said.

"Sorry - no time! We have to leave for the bar in a couple of minutes... But since you are the authority here I let you decide." There was a good 50% chance that we would get it right and Roger had to toss up (sort of). We also asked him to

sign the diploma along with everyone else, but he felt that he hadn't spent enough time in the bar to do that.
Hanno and I went into town to hunt for a suitable award. First we had flowers in mind (all women like flowers), but then we decided to go for two cuddly huskies. Flowers would wither away, but the huskies could sit in the bar for ever. Hanno added antennas to them, to give them a slan-like look. Fans are slans, you know! Perfect! Everything was set for the award ceremony. We had writers, editors, translators, conrunners and regular sf-fans from 11 different countries to sign the document. Brian W Aldiss and Sam J Lundwall being some of the most prominent among them... And Brian was quick to point out that "impeccable" is spelled with two C and not with one as we had spelled it. By then we already knew. And we could safely blame it all on Roger MacBride Allen.

Roger came through the bar on his way to his room. He immediately got under fire from us. "Now you **have to** sign it!"
And he did. He signed it "MaccBride", deliberately putting an extra C in his name. At least we now had a balanced amount of C's in it. Hanno and Markus were rolling on the floor with laughter. So was just about everyone else who knew what was going on. It was quite catching. At two o'clock in the night on the last night we had this special award ceremony. The music was stopped and the girls in the bar were asked to step forward to receive their award. Under stately splendor the content of the diploma was read to the present *bar hoppers* and the slanhuskies were presented to these two courageous girls (women actually) who had valiantly provided thirsty sf-fans and professionals equally with drinks. The following applause left no doubt that everyone present was in complete agreement.
Needless to say, they were touched!

Last day of Trinity I met yet another old fandom-acquaintance, Gerhard Börnsen. 20 years ago he used the pseudonym Luc Shavelli and was a fairly freaky fan. But I was too freaky myself to notice. Isn't it fascinating? Some people start off quite normal and end up as complete lunatics, while others come from up the pole and down to earth. Luc... Gerhard and I are of the latter category... I think.

Homeward Bound

I left Dortmund early on monday, just about the same time as Roberto Quaglia was. We agreed that this had been one of the most memorable conventions we've ever been to. We have had so much fun this time. From an international point of view it certainly felt most rewarding and I would gladly go to Dortmund again.

It always takes a couple of days for me to get back on earth after a convention like this. I relaxed with my sister and her family in Datteln (near Dortmund from my point of view), playing computer-games with my nephew and fixing his steam-engine (150 years ago I used to be a decent engineer).

Getting back to Sweden with an invalid passport? No problem. The Germans let me out of their country and the Swedes would certainly let me into their country. So what would the Brits say? Not much. "Get a new passport!"
Well, what did you expect? It's a pity though - I quite like London and would gladly have spent a couple of days there.

Time is a great teacher, but unfortunately it kills all its pupils ... - Louis Hector Berlioz

A lot of people would rather die than think! In fact, they do! (Bertrand Russell)

"Life may have no meaning, or worse - it may have a meaning of which I disapprove!"



JUniCon - on June 18-20th

The days between Trinity and Junicon were busy enough for me. I tried to finish my Trinity-report as quickly as possible. But there were just too many thoughts on my mind. Most important of all - I had the Junicon Souvenir *Book* to edit (32 pages).

With contributions by Sam J Lundwall, Vincent Docherty, John-Henri Holmberg, Hans Arnold, Ahrvid Engholm, Sidney W Hage and Anders Palm there was little choice but to make it **excellent**. And I dare say that this issue of *CONFLAKES* was one of my best productions (perhaps because I didn't have to write it all myself).

Lars-Olov Strandberg, who has been to every Swedish convention since the dawn of Swedish fandom said that he never seen such an exquisite souvenir book at a con in Sweden before. Comments like that are always pleasing to hear. But one has to keep in mind that it is the artwork of Hans Arnold and by courtesy of Sigma TC's treasurer Monica Ringheim (or to be more accurate - her mother) that we got a color printed cover.

It was a minor but cozy convention. We added up a total of 96 attending people. There were 15-16 foreigners. Half of them were from Baltic countries like Latvia and Lithuania. There were three Norwegians, Bjørn Tore Sund, Herman Ellingsen and Karin Lagesen and three Brits since FGoH Martin Easterbrook had Margaret Austin and Vincent Docherty to accompany him. There was also some girl from Australia, which makes it the second visitor from the other side of the planet (the first was Justin Ackroyd). The Swedish fans were everyone you could run into at a British Eastercon plus another 50 brave souls.
Our Writer-GoH Bertil Mårtensson and Artist-GoH Hans Arnold were both unable to make it to the opening of the convention. Fortunately our Fan-GoH was always there to *fill in.*

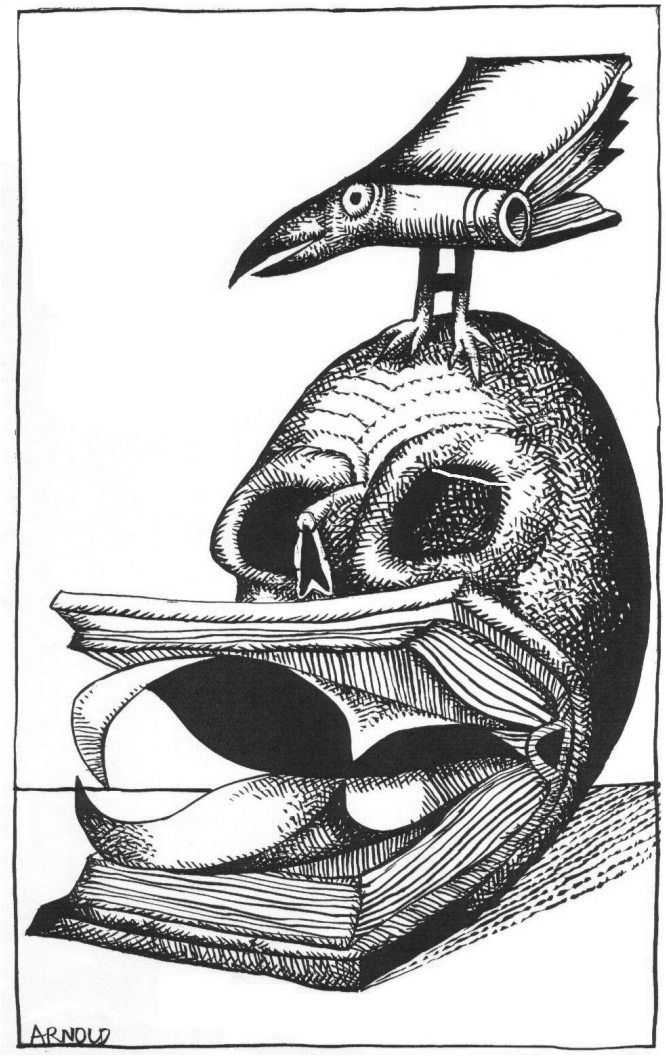
Bertil Mårtensson (1945-) began his sf-career as a fan in 1960. With John-Henri Holmberg (who entered Sverifandom in 1962) and Mats D Linder (came 1963) he formed a legendary team calling themselves WDVF, an abbreviation to the Swedish words for "Literary-fellowship Your Friend Fandom". But the Swedish word "Witterhet" (related to the English "wit") also hinted at being educated and gifted. It is no overstatement to say that WDVF had a significant impact on Swe-dish fandom of the 60's. In this team he was extremely productive in his writing and not surprisingly he became one of Swedens finest sf-authors. ...and having all of WDVF at this con shows that all three still take interest in Swedish fandom.

Bertil began publishing his humorous fanzine OGRE in 1964. He was an active member of the southern sf-club LF3 (in Lund) and went into conrunning for a while in 1969. He

published his first book in 1968 transl."This is reality" and it was followed by "A Ship in Cambrian" (1974) and "Samarkand 5617" (1975), "Virgin Planet" (1977), "Deral Archer" (1979)... He has added a good number of books since then, but I see no need to give you a complete list. All of these translations will of course be made next millennium long time after his demise and he will never know the recognition and global fame that he will achieve.

His short story, "Rock'n Roll and Martians" was translated into German (by me) and published in Andromeda #111 (1984). After 15 years he finally received a copy of it. Knowing the speed of things in the publishing business, he was not surprised by the long wait. Of course I could have sent it to him a long time ago, but I forgot. And since we didn't run into each other for 15 years, I just never came about to give him the copy. There were times when I was unaware why I had two copies of the magazine. Suddenly it came back to me. Better late than never!

Among his academic works (he is a Ph.D.) you can find a philosophical book with examples in logic taken from sf-fandom.



Hans Arnold has been illustrating magazines, books, fanzines, record-sleeves (for ABBA among others) and advertisements for more than 45 years. His characteristic artwork has earned fame and recognition beyond the realm of sf, fantasy and horror.

Sam J Lundwall wrote: "Arnold has always had a talent to blend terror, anxiety and death with innocense and a whiff of erotism. This are qualities which are overflowing in his artwork. The scope of details not only inhences the whole but makes us pause as well. The images can produce shivers creeping down your spine far beyond the hollow scream of a mere monster. Some of his most horrible representations seem harmless at a first glance. It can take a minute to realize that there is an appalling menace underneath. It is a kind of subversive art, unpredictable and unreliable. Just like all art ought to be and in particular the art of horror. The wide range of his imagination and his skillful and personal use of colours has given a new dimension to a host of gnomes, trolls and ravishing princesses in fairy-tales. He is a man with more talent and ability than most of us. He is a good man, friendly, forgiving and sociable." Lundwall has a painting by Hans Arnold in his study. The sky has a beautiful Arnoldblue colour. Every sky should be painted like that - painted by Hans Arnold. His work is best presented with some examples which accompany this Junicon report.

Hans Arnold was also GoH at Nasacon VIII in 1987, together with Norwegian writer Øyvind Myhre and Danish fan Klaus Johansen.



Martin Easterbrook our Fan Guest of Honour. I had to ask him three times and the third time he was able to make it. To all other conrunners I can assure, it is well worth asking him three times. He was an excellent GoH. His experience as a conrunner, his spontaneous approach and sociable manner... simply a fan for all seasons. The fact that Margaret and Vincent came along just added to the substance with which they contributed to the success of this convention. Okay, so I can't be impartial here. But I dare say that Junicon may have appeared a bit more pale without these Brits.

The con began hesitantly, since some people vital for the program-items scheduled were missing. So I was asked to do the interview with Martin quite early on in the program. But since we both have plenty of routine, this was not a problem. There are some people who can make a program-item out of nothing with less than 15 minutes notice. And I believe we're both that kind of people. But hey, I urge you not to put it to the test unless it's absolutely necessary. Everything turns out better with more prep-time given and I certainly do not recommend a "shake'n bake program-item".

Martin and Vincent held a joined speech at the banquet, which made me regret that I didn't have my video-camera ready. They also contributed with a program-item called "The Science of Fandom", shedding light on some of the mechanisms of fandom, cons and Worldcons.

Ahrvid Engholm has been promoting the relationship with fandom in countries like Latvia and Lithuania for the past decade. The number of fans coming from the area of Riga and Vilnius was impressive. It was more than we had expected. It must be rewarding to see this positive result and we (the Junicon-comittee) owe him a big "thanks!" for his efforts.

The Dead Dog and Dead Fish Parties

After Junicons closing we split up into two parties. One at Ahrvid's place and one at the "Hotel von Witting". This was no competition, but a sensible arrangement for all of us. Some had to work the next day (like me - starting 04:10 a.m. and unable to really "party on") and some really needed to celebrate a successful convention. They went to Ahrvid.



A Tale of Early Swedish Fandom

by Anders Palm

Let's travel back in time. Meet the "primeval" fan. He (practically all primeval fans were young men or boys) appeared in Sweden in the mid 50's. Is there any discernable contrast between them and sf-fans of our time? Yes, indeed there is. Perhaps their appearance is one of the differences that strikes you first. Today sf-fans come in any shape, colour or outfit.

Some look like walking scarecrows. The fan of the 50's were all trim and tidy. Most of them were dressed in a jacket and a shirt with a tie, even the ones merely 14-15 years of age. Their pants all had a neat crease and they were wearing a coat and a hat.

The hat was already an important item from the age of 13. Without it you could not get into the cinema to see a restricted film. And most science fiction-films in those days were restricted to minors. One had to stand as straight as possible to get past the rigorous control. The ones without hat were rudely bounced.

The primeval fan was also scarce. There were perhaps 50 of us in all of Sweden. But we were all acquainted with each other. Even before we actually met the first time, we had heard plenty about each other. Today fans roam around and do a little bit of this and a little bit of that. Today fans change habitation and occupation frequently. Some, who temporarily are out of work spend some time with sf. Way back in the 50's, we only had two kind of fans. The ones who were working and the ones who went to school. And they rarely changed their address.

In the 50's there were not many university-students among us, no doctorates and no professors. They wouldn't dare to mingle with the primeval fans. Such an affiliation could put an end to a promising career. It was a widespread misconception that sf-fans mainly were into the flying saucers business.

The primeval fan was always short of money. Today there are certainly also
fans who are short of money. But we had much less. We went for miles and miles through town just to save the tramfare. A fare was 3 UK pence (or 4 US cent), which was an awful lot of money in those days. And the bantam sf-clubs had only a meager membership fee as their sole source of income. This inadequate resource didn't last long. The money was used up early during the year. That's why no one was willing to become treasurer or in charge of finances. They were a hounded breed.

The cash shortage forced the sf-clubs of the 50's to move around a lot. In rare
instances a simple housing was found where the club had their meetings for as long as possible. Which usually wasn't very long. Since they couldn't pay the rent, the end was always the same. They had to get out on the street.

We didn't have much choice in literature. The primeval fan had four options. There was Häpna! (Astound!), Veckans Äventyr (Weekly Adventure), the Atom books and the somewhat more ample sf-books from Lindqvist. Veckans Äventyr was already hard to get a hold of in those days. Häpna was the link that chained us all together. We bought the new issue at the local tobacco-store every month. This was before groceries were selling magazines and before we had supermarkets. There were only a few who subscribed to Häpna. It sometimes came at irregular intervals and the magazine was often late. (Häpna had an outward appearance that was very similar to the Galaxy magazine of the same time period - Ed.)

Of course there was a lot of sf available in the US of A. The primeval fans all knew this. But these books were unavailable to us. They were too expensive. All orders had to be accompanied by check in US dollars, covering all expenses. The mail service was slow so by the time our order arrived, the books we wanted were sold out. Sometimes we got something else instead. The currency problem, all the forms one had to fill in and all the difficulties we had to get past first, severely reduced our capability and readiness at ordering.

Futura was the name of the sf-society in Stockholm. The monthly meetings were essential for us and we upheld them with astounding regularity. They were most seriously laid out with chairman, mallet, protocol and the whole shabang. First all the formalities in which the complaints of the treasurer were obligatory. He always urged the members to pay their dues. Faced with our own inadequacy we usually blushed until we had smothered our sense of guilt, which didn't take long. Sliding side to side on the chair twice usually did the job.

Next someone held a speech or a lecture. Everyone was listening quietly. There was no running and no commotion among the present fans. Afterwards we held a debate about what we had learned that day.

There was no television (except for experimental transmissions). TV had its breakthrough in Sweden near the end of the 50's. (We got our first tv-set in the mid 60's. - Ed.) No one talked or thought about computers. There was no pizzeria and there was no hamburger bar in Sweden yet. Swedish Radio had only one channel. They ended transmissions at 23:00 with the Swedish national anthem. Then we turned to foreign radio stations, but the only ones that could be received well were Soviet propaganda transmissions and music from East-Germany.

In those days the sf-fan was a pioneer from the future. We knew everything about ray-guns, giant ants and spacetravel

to Mars. We were way ahead of our time and regarded as a special kind of people (slightly weird). People didn't know what science fiction was. By the end of the 50's the papers finally came to term with the concept of sf and began to understand what we were doing.

In the mid 50's there were plenty of cinemas in Sweden. One area, Södermalm in Stockholm had 25 alone! But they hardly showed any sf-films at all. The ones they did show were all American and had giant spiders or giant ants that were bombed by the airforce in the final three minutes of the movie. Waiting for the bombers to attack felt like an eternity. Going to the movies was at 21 UK pence or 28 US cent, later 26 pence/35 cent - a fortune for the primeval fan.



In the year 1957 there was an event of great importance. The first sf-convention in Stockholm was arranged, **Stockon 1**. Fans from all over Sweden came to participate in this amazing event. It was Leif Helgesson, the treasurer of Futura who was pulling all the strings. Leif was a very generous and good hearted person. He would rather work behind the stage, but he did a lot for the sf-movement. He died in 1980.

The convention began with an informal *warming up* on friday evening in the restaurant "Gondolen". One had to order in at least a cup of coffee and some bakery, for which they charged us 50 pence or 65 cent as far as I can remember. This was very expensive, but we did not complain, because it was very exciting going to a restaurant. We could hardly ever afford going to a restaurant. There may have been about 40 of us, sipping our coffee at the restaurant that evening. And the lights of Stockholm were gleaming in the gloom of the autumn outside.

Sture Lönnerstrand, the chairman of Futura gave us the opening speech and welcomed all. Then a man gave us his tale of an amazing encounter with flying saucers. Several papers were on site to cover the opening of the convention. They looked pleased. Now they really had something to write about!

On Saturday and Sunday the convention proceeded in a basement at S:t Eriksplan. Swedens then leading sf-artist Sven O Emilsson (who later changed his name to Gripsborn) had put up several paintings of his as an artshow there. In the basement was also a Coca Cola machine, a big, red, humming crate of metal. The Coca Cola company couldn't have gained much from this, because the primeval fan could hardly afford to put any money into the slot, but when someone did - immediately a whole lot of people were standing about to admire the chilled emerging bottle.

The program consisted mostly of lectures and on Sunday there was an auction. That's when I purchased my first issue of Veckans Äventyr. I thought it was incredibly good.

At Stockon I met several fans for the first time. One of them was Alvar Appeltoft. My God! He was so tiny. I was only 16 years old myself. Alvar appeared to be considerably younger and smaller. Was this really the productive fan that has had such an enormous impact on Swedish fandom? Another young fan was Gabriel Setterborg from Gothenburg and he hadn't really reached any significant age either. Gabriel was a friend of Leif Helgesson and so he also became a friend of mine. I already knew most of the fans from Stockholm. Among them, my friend Sam J Lundwall. He wasn't very old either. Who could ever have suspected that he would turn out to be our most famous writer? Our chairman Sture Lönnerstrand and the secretary Runo Sundin were older. But the difference in age wasn't anything that troubled us. Our common interest science fiction built bridges between people in a way that always has been a particular trait of the sf-movement.

Stockon 1 turned into an event that we would remember for the rest of our lives. It was soon followed by Stockon 2. At the second Stockon the idea of an sf-union emerged. This union was supposed to grow and become powerful. And it should encompass all fans and clubs in all of Sweden. Later it should spread throughout Europe and, of course, at some point in time across the whole world.

The engineer to this plan was a German who had moved to Sweden. His name was C.H.Birnbaum as far as I can remember. He entered sf-fandom late in the 50's. Birnbaum laid down a lot of time and work into this union. He pictured himself as the great leader and chairman of a movement that in time would be over a thousand people. Of course this union never became reality. Everyone could see this right from the start. Independent and individualistic sf-fans would never fit into this concept. But the mere idea was fascinating. A union that perhaps one day could expand into every distant corner of our Milky Way.

In the mid 50's the first fanzines came in Sweden as well. I remembered that we had the fanzine Futura here in Stockholm and we also had a fannish feud between the fanzines Star and Star Stuff. From Gothenburg we got the fanzine Cosmos News (which actually was the first - Ed.) and from Club Meteor in Malmö came Clloev.

Making a fanzine in the 50's wasn't always easy. Many fans were unable to type. Very few had a typewriter. Publishing was expensive. We wrote on sticky stencils that we handed over to someone who could print it. Printing was expensive. And postage was expensive. (Tell me about it! - Ed.) Much ado, many expenses before the fanzine was finished.

In 1955 we had premiere for the film "Den stora nattens vålnad" (The Ghost of the Long Night), the first Swedish amateur sf-film. It was produced by the Malmö society "Club Meteor" and recorded on an 8mm film camera. "The Ghost of the Long Night" became a real fandom-classic. I didn't see it before the late 60's though. In Gothenburg. Does the film still exist? It may not quite have been of Star Wars or 2001 quality, but it is a true document of the "Wonder Years" when fans still had a crease in their pants and a tie around their neck.

(translated from Swedish by WvW)

Translator's very personal note:
There is almost a 20 years age difference between Anders Palm and myself, but while translating this article (written for the JUniCon Souvenir Book) it brought back to me memories like the first TV set we got. The first programme I

looked at was about montaineers. I've never felt the slightest urge to climb physical mountains but the moving pictures were extremely fascinating. The year must have been 1963 because I also remember the newscast when JFK was shot in Dallas. My parents were most upset, which I didn't quite understand. The first time I went to see a movie must have been 1966. I was taken to "The Sound of Music".

That was also the year when we moved from Germany to Gothenburg in Sweden. My mother was the sf-fan in our family. Back in the 50's she used to go to movies and see all the todays classics. The urge to see such a film was even more pressing whenever she was pregnant. As an embryo I was taken to the movies to *see* (or at least hear) "The Incredible Shrinking Man" and "The Fly".

She was also quite gifted at story-telling. This was something many people were good at, because media wasn't very far developed. We had one TV channel for many years. When the second came, it was a sensation, being able to choose. She used to tell me about the fantastic films she had seen. In particular the ones which were specifically related to my birth. And so I knew every detail about "The Fly" and the "Incredible Shrinking Man" 15-20 years before I had the opportunity to see them.

In 1968 the German serial "Raum-patrouille" came on TV. The adventures of the spaceship Orion with captain Cliff McLane and his crew. The series was cancelled in Germany after 7 episodes, because they only had 80% of all the viewers. But I guess that the spaceship Orion really got me hooked on sf.
...and a lot of other people too.



Domestic Excavation III:

Strangely enough it took three and a half years in Sweden before the thought crossed my mind that there had to be a fandom in this country as well. In the early spring of 1978 I met George Bobjörk on the platform of our local train station. Somehow I always managed to steer a debate into the area of science fiction. And finally I came across another fan. He joined the PRC Terra Corps in March'78, three weeks before his firstborn arrived to this backward planet. His son was named after Isaac Asimov (this contributed to the fact that my son was named after Fredric Brown, partially).
We were sf-fans, alright!

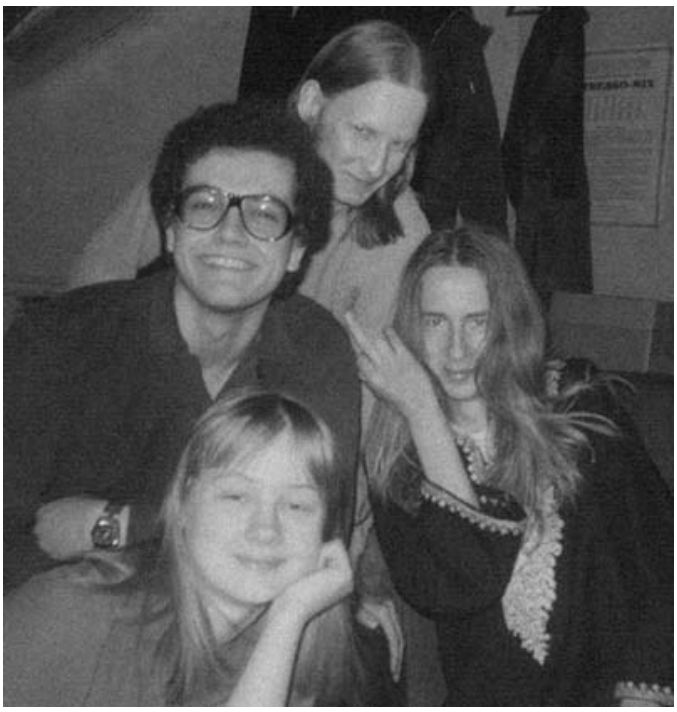
Little did we suspect that such fandom dignities as Mats D Linder and Torkel Franzén were living in the same area as we did. And little did I suspect that such fans as Torbjörn Wärnheim and Kaj Harju went to the same school as I did. Two more; Karl M Wärneryd and Harald Berthelsen were resident in the same municipal as us.

Sweden didn't have anything like Perry Rhodan to bring fans together. Häpna disappeared many years ago and Veckans Äventyr now only went to subscribers. And the weekly adventures were no longer weekly, not even monthly. That's why the same magazine now appeared as **Jules Verne-magasinet**. But George Bobjörk did subscribe to JVM and he used to read the fandom column in it, edited by Seppo Laine.

In the winter of 1978 George and I had some brainstorming in which we decided that a name like PRC Terra Corps wouldn't work well in Sweden. George said: "We have Delta SF, edited by Sam J Lundwall and Alpha, edited by John-Henri Holmberg. Greek letters seem to be very popular now." So I suggested the name Sigma Terra Corps (short Sigma TC). And it is quite alright that George led me to it. At least I think he did.

We decided to invite Swedish fans to come and get to know us. This first contact with the actual Swedish fandom occurred on January 2nd in 1979. The two emissaries of Swedish fandom were none less than the brightest comet in the Sverifannish sky at the time, Ahrvid Engholm (co-editor of Vheckans Ävfentyr - a weekly appearing fanzine of which he could hand over the first and second issue at this occasion) and the editor of the fanzine-review-fanzine **Fanzine Press**, Leif E Eurén. They in their turn invited us to SFSF's meetings at Pontonjärgatan in Stockholm. The second phase of my fannish existence was now inaugurated.

A reporter from the local press was present as well. She wrote that "A new strange society had been founded in Fisksätra/Saltsjöbaden." This statement felt slightly inaccurate at the time, since the club had been around since end of 1976. Today the time between December '76 and January '79 feels like a brief moment in history. The further away it gets, the more accurate this statement.



Leif E Eurén (big smile), Per Lindqvist and fingerman Anders Bellis pose with Ylva Spångberg (ahead of them all).

Photo: Wolf von Witting, 1979

Pontonjärgatan & Vheckans Ävfentyr
Pontonjär - French: "pontonnier", military engineering unit building bridges, gatan = (Swed.) the street.

The years 1979 and 1980 were good years for Swedish fandom or Sverifandom which was the contraction we used. And everything that was going on was reported in Ahrvid Engholm's and Anders Bellis' weekly appearing fanzine, VÄ. There has never been a more vehement period in the history of Sverifandom. Surely it had something to do with Vheckans Ävfentyr.

Vheckans = the wheekly, an extra H was added to signify the fannish "divine" nature of this fanzine. Engholm also added an extra H to his first name for the same reason.

Ävfentyr = Adfenture, where "fen" being considered as a plural of "fan". Man-men, ergo: fan-fen.

Pontonjärgatan was the address of the Science Fiction-Bookshop in Stockholm before it split from SFSF (Scandinavian SF Association). The regular people showing up at Pontonjärgatan and everywhere else where fannish activity was in progress, were Ahrvid or Anders Bellis or both, being fanreporters and Roger Sjölander, the youngest fan around (he was 13, but such a bright young man that he got well accepted among all of us "older" fans). There was Lars-Olov Strandberg, Kjell Borgström, Ylva Spångberg and the mostly barefooted computer-enthusiast Per Lindquist, Anders Åkerlind who started SFF (an APA that still exists), Hans Brüggener and Leif E Eurén. There was Marvyn de Vil (whose real name I can't remember) and even John-Henri showed up now and then.

This was about the time when a fan named Bo G Eriksson attempted to revive the old Stockholm sf-society Futura. For a while we had three sf-clubs in Stockholm of which SFSF was the biggest by far. The second genesis of Futura didn't last very long though. It lasted perhaps two or three years before they folded. (Don't mix him up with Bo **K** Eriksson, that's another fan of the same time period!)

With every issue of VÄ, the amazement and enthusiasm of Sverifandom grew. We were all wondering for how long they possibly could keep going. No one really seemed to consider that it would have to come to an end sooner or later.

The weekly updates on fandom activity, or fanac as we learned to call it, had many of us in its spell. In the first three months of 1979 I learned a whole new vocabulary. Fanac, gafia, fiawol, fijagh, beanie, backish, typo, fillo, lino, corflu, blog, egoboo and sercon. Engholm and Bellis introduced us to Rotsler, Atom, Bjo Trimble, FAPA and Walt Willis. At all time they seemed to know exactly what fandom was and what "fannish" ment.

Like many others I was caught by the sheer brilliance of their fanac. Slogans like: "The Reality of Fanac, the Hope of Egoboo and the Promise of Bheer..." had a profound impact. Keep in mind - I was 19 and going on 20. But I wasn't half as eloquent as I am today and my Swedish writing wasn't very good. I kept spelling nouns with capital letters as Germans do and kept mixing up German and Swedish idiom. But my fanzine production increased anyway. Tid & Rymd (Time and Space) was launched as the main publication of Sigma TC. Our German fanzine **Peacelord** (in the American translation Perry Rhodan is called "the Peacelord of the Universe") also went through a transformation. PR slipped into the background while I decided that sf in general was *more fashionable*. I tried to change the name to United Fandom Observer, but our German members had grown fond of the Peacelord and so the name became Peacelord - United Fandom Observer or short "PL-UFO".

Being busy in Sweden, I handed over the publication to Germany and Joachim Henke took over as editor of PL-UFO.

I felt that I was walking in the footsteps of Sture Sedolin (Carl Hällström), who had most of the contact with German fandom in the 60's. I met him once... at Minicon 4 on Pontonjärgatan. Sture Sedolin was at some time aiming at a "united fandom" and so was I.

With SF-Faction (a fanzine and a loose union of PR-Clubs) I exported some of the ideas Bellis and Engholm had *infested* Sverifandom with. It seemed like a good idea at the time. And so the fannish fever spread to Germany.

But I didn't go to the annual German con in 1979. We had our own first convention in Bad Kreuznach that year. The first Chaoticon. And I was planning to run a big con in Sweden in January 1980. But the major event of 1979 was Sam J Lundwall's SF-Convention at the Hotel Amaranten in Stockholm.

According to a rumour that was spread by Engholm and Bellis, the legendary fan Walt Willis was there. They even pointed him out - butt I still didn't believe it was him. I didn't buy everything they told me. Just the bits that were convenient.

Since they exalted Roscoe I pretended to worship Ghu. They said fans should drink Blog and I talked about Vurguzz... To be on the opposite side was a habit for me. I just hated to agree all of the time.

For this con I got the idea on a daily basis to produce a carbon-copied fanzine (only ten copies) "Fannish Handmade", only to discover that plenty of others already have had the same idea before me. I gave copies to Ahrvid Engholm, Anders Bellis and Roger Sjölander and some other people... and as a reply they invited me to a secret APA, called GURKA (Cucumber), which only went to a few selected fans. Suddenly I was among these few selected fans. It was exhilarat-ing to feel so special.

Fandom didn't just turn into a way of life. It turned into an obsession. Reality and mundane moved further and further away. I was positively certain that I would remain a fan for the rest of my life and that I never would get away from it all. But, you know, the future is not something which is written in stone.



CounterLocCs

Rolf Strömgren
rolf-str@dsv.su.se

Some counterclucks to counterclocks one thru three. Good zine!

Immortality: The only way I could envision immortality is as a publisher - publishing sequels by immortal fantasy authors... And yes, I do wish to live for ever. (Healthy,

wealthy and wise.) Imagine all the things I could do and see, all the nice people I could learn to know, all the hurry I could simply forget about.
Manana...

Don't worry about memory capacity and ennui. The problem is the same for mortals too. (Or at least that's the way I remember it.) It's more about motivation and friendly support than anything else.

Seppuku (ritual suicide): Yes, seppuku could be considered an easy way out, although I believe it has more to do with what training one has had than with age.

Another aspect of this is perhaps more important. Any ideal (or what ever) that you embrace unthinkingly sets up a behaviour pattern that you might not be able to break out of. This opens a weakness in you that others might use against you. (Darn, I'm starting to sound like the Bene Gesserits in Larry Niven's Dune stories...)

I imagine that - given intimate knowledge of the person and the culture
he lives in - it would be easy to set a warrior up for a situation that would so insult him that he would have to commit suicide, not once realising that he was being manouvered into it. Bingo!

There are examples. Consider for instance the war in what should not be called Yugoslavia. (It's just some kind of leftover Serbia. But I digress.) *If* I remember this correctly, the rule among moslems in Kosovo is that a moslem woman who is raped is considered unclean and cannot be used for childbearing, and is expelled from society.

So what did the agressor do? He went to Kosovo and raped all moslem women he could get at. That's a very "efficient" way of ensuring that the moslems will not have women enough to rebuild their population after the war.

Rape is of course Very Nasty Business, but the point I am trying to make is that this could be done to the kosovans through the very way they ordered their own lives. They set themselves up for this, and did probably not even realise it themselves. (And I DON'T condone it when somebody uses "they set themselves up for this" as an excuse to commit a crime.)

The pattern (oh, here I go again. Bene Gesserit warlock...) is the same I used against the japanese warrior. (Which brings us some distance away from what you said - things that can be done only once should be considered very carefully. You're right there of course.)

Films: Would you agree with me that Woody Allen's film *Purple Rose of Cairo* is a pure and very good science fiction film?
btw: considering disaster movies: did you read the book *Earthdoom!* by David Langford and John Grant? The end of the disaster novel as we know it. The book contains intelligent werewolves, rabid lemmings, mass cloned Hitlers, intelligent (and Very Evil) superglue, not to mention an armada of evil aliens (with totally unpronounceable names that can be interpreted as Isaac Asimov) coming to annihilate our planet and rape us painfully. Very funny!

Writing: Good to see you writing on writing! (Says this wannabee writer.)
It seems that now that people have computers and easy access to internet and mailinglists, there is a lot of activity going on among new writers, both in- and outside of fandom here in Sweden. One particularly lively mailinglist is the swedishspoken SKRIVA, (skriva-request@dang.se), started by Ahrvid Engholm. The list discusses writing, publishes short stories, and holds regular contests with short stories on certain subjects. "If this goes on..." we will have a new generation of good authors that can help make science fiction great again in Sweden.
I too have been rejected by Sam J Lundwall - "in spite of good details"...
(The proverbial rejection slip which forms one of the most esoteric fables of swedish fandom history.)

PR: I will look forward to reading your Perry Rhodan issue. I take it that many swedes know very little about Perry Rhodan.
Chainstory: If this goes on... it will be very funny reading.

WvW: Good! That's the whole point of the story, being funny reading.
"Dune" was written by Frank Herbert, not Larry Niven. You're testing me, right!? And I would try not to upset a japanese warrior. I'm certain he would nullify *you* before he commits seppuku. They are familiar with the concept of revenge. The idea might work with muslims. Then again - we reap what we sow. *Purple Rose of Cairo?* Er...hum... Dunno! I haven't seen it. Shame on me! *Earthdoom!* Er..hum...You got me again!

Being rejected - this is something we have to live with. Try and try again! Do not under any circumstances give up. *Ever!* ...or at least not as long as you have less rejection slips than J.R.R.Tolkien got. What was it? 106 on the "Lord of the Rings"?

Teddy Harvia
701 Regency Drive, Hurst
Texas 76054, USA
Your fanzine arrived yesterday. You surprised me by putting my throwaway cartoon on the cover. It reproduced well in color.

Perry Rhodan was not a part of my sf reading experience. Friends warned me away from it as being juvenile mass market stuff.
I did read Edgar Rice Burroughs though. All of the Barsoom of Mars novels are sexist but exciting adventures stories.

WvW: That's the spirit! A LoC can be short too! Perry Rhodan **is** juvenile mass market stuff. Did I forget to mention that? But then again - so is most Space Opera and I was only comparing to Star Trek and Babylon 5 and stuff like that!
Basically you're right! And we all had our favourite Space Opera as teenagers, didn't we? There was a Sense of Wonder in it anyway. And Perry Rhodan gave me a good time for many years.
Feel free to *throw away* more cartoons!

Klaus N Frick
PERRY RHODAN-Redaktion
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76437 Rastatt, Germany
Thank you for COUNTERCLOCK#4. I finished reading it today, and I liked it very much. Not only the PERRY RHODAN-related pages, of course, but these pages were most interesting for me ('cause they're written in a very personal style) - you presented "our" Sci-Fi-Universe to readers from other countries in an incontestable way. Hey!, that's a kind of "good egozine": writing about Science Fiction and other stuff with an absolutely personal view. I'll review COCLOCK#4 in PERRY RHODAN issue 1977.

WvW: I am surprised that someone as busy as you must be, still finds the time to write LoCs. I'm already getting mail from German Perry Rhodan-fans who'd like to have CC#4 (one of them living in the US). It appears there is an english language mail list for people who'd like to debate Perry Rhodan. Send a message "subscribe" to:
Perry-Rhodan@Herakles.com

Ahrvid Engholm
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116 31 Stockholm, Sweden
ahrvid@2.sbbs.se
And thanks for CC 4. In a sense it was the perhaps most interesting issue to this day, because you write about your origins as an sf fan, both when it comes to your Perry Rhodan craze and in the form of con reports from a some of the first sf cons you attended.

There were also Swedish cons the same years. I presume you didn´t attend them, eg the Sam J Lundwall cons at Amaranten. In a way - but not exactly the same way - I think that my experiences from my forst cons were similar to yours. This about being to shy to come close to your great "hero" sf writers. I think I was perhaps a bit more forward-going because I had no trouble asking Jack Vance for an auto-graph on the Scancon in Stockholm in 1976. (He was already then a great author, in my eyes. And still is.)

The Perry Rhodan portion of CC was interesting. But I think you fail in one important way: I never got an impression of **why** you were so taken by this series? I read short summaries of the history of PR, excerpts by Willi Volz, and - though it was interesting - a discussion on if PR is fascistic or not. This doesn´t help me to understand why **you** fell for Perry Rhodan?

I have myself sometimes enjoyed lengthly series of sf novels. Around the age of 11-14 (something) I read all the novels in the Kap Kennedy series written by one "Gregory Kern" (I think it was EC Tubb). I later read all the novels of Captain Future translated into Swedish. (I was not particulary thrilled by them. It was a part of my project of reading all the sf stories in the 40´s Swedish sf magazine Jules Verne Magasinet/ Veckans Äventyr. The fact is, though, that ed Hamiltons pieces were probably the best written yarns in this low-quality magazine...)

But I never got hooked on any particular series. I like to watch Star Trek on the telly. I don´t **adore** it, but it is decent enough to watch.

I think that long-running sf series (in magazines or on TV) fullfill the same role as a soap opera. It is a neverending story. It goes on and on, with neverending complications in the plot. For a reader/viewer it is easy to get engaged in the sopa opera. There is no end in sight for
the plot, and the reader can get enclosed in a small little ficticious universe. You can indeed replace the ordinary universe with the more imaginative universe of the soap opera. This is, I think, the mechanisms behind getting hooked on a long-running series.

I notice one thing about the Willi Voltz picture on page nine. It looks very similar to one Wolf von Witting. For a moment I almost thought it was the CC editor. The moustache and the hairstyle and the shape of the face are the same. I can understand that you, Wolf, was a fan of mr Voltz. He must have seemed like a soul mate.

About Perry Rhodan being fascistic. There have been times when I could have belived in such a statement. But there are too many pieces that don´t fit. A typical space opera - like PR, Star Trek, etc - is usually extremely tolerant to other beings. Every spieces has the right to live and develop. The Heroes from Outer Space usually defend the small guys from powerful Aliens. This is not typical of fascism.

This is not said to defend the space opera´s artistic merits. Those merits may be questioned on other grounds, but "being fascist" is not among those grounds. Besides, one important thing with differend fascist ideologies is that they are irrational and mystical (as pointed out in CC 4) and sf is not irrational. Some sf may be very weak in rationality, but the genre always tries to explain things on rational grounds. Going in FTL speed isn´t particulary rational (like in Star Trek) but you don´t do it through magic. You have warp engines, you explain that you "warp" the space around the ship, you have an engineer running the machinery - you explain everything, even if it isn´t a valid explanation.

(I´ve read a couple of books about the "mystic" tendencies among Hitler and his cohorts. The Nazis seemed to believe in astrology, for instance. They belived in magic qualities of the old Nordic Rhune signs.
They had ideas of the great World Ice, that - supposedly - explained the workings of the Solar System. At one point during WWII the Nazis even pointed a telescope **upwards** to get pictures of the British Navy in Scapa Flow, because somebody though we lived on the inside of a hollow
Earth. It is a system of beliefs in the mystical, all through.)

Nice artwork by the editor "using Bryce 3D". Would have been interesting to see it in higher resolution.

I agree with the criticism of Windows. At this point (for irrelecvant technical reasons) I use Windows 3.1, even if I have used Windows 95 too. W31 is slightly better; W95 was a mess and I assume that W98 is a total disaster. It is *a shame* that Microsoft has been able to fool everyone to use this poor excuse for an operating system! My main criticism is that Windows (later versions especially) is impossible to maintain and track faults in. It is too complicated. There are hundreds of files important for the operation, the fault messages are incomprehensible, the OS itself crashes too often, you can´t get an
overview of what is happening, etc. Basically, old DOS is wonderful in comparison. DOS crashes much less often, and finding the fault in an unstable DOS system can bee done within minutes. Windows also squanders the system resources, because of internal lousy construction. A spreadsheet program running on a 450 MHz Pentium is probably just about as fast as a DOS Lotus 1-2-3 running on a 16 MHz 286-PC of the 1986 vintage. (You are correct noting that your old, slow Amiga runs mail faster than the tip-top Pentium. But if you had a DOS system on a fast Pentium, it would outrun the Amiga several times over. It is Window´s fault.)

Good luck on the Eurocon! I hope you write a report to the Sverifandom list. (I might use it in SFJ, or an edited version of it. That is, if you write a report.)

WvW: Why did the Perry Rhodan-series get me hooked for 12 years? When I described some of the characters, I thought that I did answer a part of that question. There were **many** characters to *fall in love* with. Being juvenile it is also a lot easier to do so. When I described the Swarm that degenerated the entire galaxy and when I wrote about the giant spaceship OLD MAN - I thought that the images in my mind somehow telepathically would be transferred to the reader. Everything was so much more **alive** in my imagination.

There is a new PR-issue **every week**. And since I got into the action in 1971, I had 10 years of catching up to do - which I did in less than five years. This means that I read more than three issues of Perry Rhodan every week for five-six years (1971-1976). And that wasn't all that I read. There were Perry Rhodan-Planet Books (independent PR-Stories). Terra Astra, Terra Nova, Ren Dhark, Raumschiff Promet, Atlan and Heyne pocket books.

I was also into Greek and Roman mythology. I was an *expert* at the age of 12. Still the only person I know that knows more about this topic than me is Sidney W Hage. I knew more than most people about ancient Egypt and I was an amateur-astronomer at the age of 13. I kept going, trying to encompass all human knowledge.

When we moved back to Sweden in January 1975 I kept reading. I've read some Gregory Kern and I hated them all. I threw myself into more general sf like Asimov, a lot of Asimov, Clifford Simak, Fredric Brown, Alfred Bester, A E van Vogt, Heinlein, Dénis Lindbohm, Bertil Mårtensson, Roger Zelazny, Philip K Dick and Philip José Farmer...

The volume I read every week may have been equal to the "Lord of the Rings" trilogy. And I kept subscribing to Perry Rhodan and Atlan. My collection of German magazines and pocket books were way over 2000 when we moved. When Willi Voltz died it was suddenly all just mere paper to me. He was my hero. He was all I ever wanted to be. And it is a mere *fortunate* accident that we look alike. I say fortunate because, of course, I find your remark flattering. No matter how it was intended. But one day in the spring of 1985 most of my sf-collection went into the bin! I can hear an outcry all the way from Germany now. You read it right! 1000 Perry Rhodan magazines, 500 Atlan magazines and a couple of hundred Terra Astra, Terra Nova and other stuff... What was I supposed to do? No one would **buy** it off my hands in Sweden. To our UK and US readers - can you imagine to throw 1500+ of Analog and Galaxy into the bin? This is not a question of quality, it's a question of emotional attachment. It felt like a relief!

ON COMPUTERS AND OS:

Actually. Windows'98 isn't all bad if you know how to treat your machine. Of course it is necessary to have quite a lot of memory. An insane amount of memory to be completely honest. But if you have it, and I have it - the computer works just fine. Trouble is that I know exactly what you can do with 32K. I was hooked on the Commodore 64 too long.

As long as I can look at the PC in the rear view mirror from my A-1200 while I'm surfing on the web, I will have little more than contempt for Microsoft. What does it take to get a PC that is faster than a 1992 Amiga? Linux?

FAN HISTORY:

The Eurocon-report. I hope you have already read it. And I hope that you will find this issue even more interesting than the previous one! In future you can expect more fan-history (that involves you). And don't worry - the Domestic Excavations are aiming at the Peak Performance of the CAPAI and not at the rise and fall of... you know! But the events in Sweden had quite a lot to do with the events in Germany between 1980 and 1985. I'll be getting to 1980 in CoClock#6.

Lloyd Penney
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CANADA M9C 2B2

At last, the long-awaited Counterclock 3, with a letter column, and well done, too. Time to make some comments.

We take part in this "ungrateful business" because we enjoy the genre, feel a good fit in the company of fellow fans, and enjoy ourselves much more when we participate. We do want to make our mark and add our bit to it. You've got to have some ego to participate; otherwise, the first snarly word from some fan would make you run and hide. Fandom can be an ungrateful business because it is often difficult to get any recognition for your efforts; the friendships and loves that can last a lifetime more than make up for it. No, I don't think that paper fanzines will disappear for a long time.

Printing up a fanzine constitutes a basic act of producing something physical with value, giving you a sense of achievement that I don't think quite matches producing something only visible on a monitor. A fanzine in a computer file just isn't finished until it hits paper, IMHO. An e-mail that says an e-zine is now available for download is a message to get it yourself, and print it yourself. A paper fanzine in your mailbox says, "Here it is, a gift I meant for you to have." A good compromise these days has been a fanzine scanned into an Adobe Acrobat .pdf file, something that can be e-mailed to me, and printed into hard copy, often with a pleasant look and good layout. I have to pay for the paper to print it, but I'm slowly getting over that objection.

I was warned when I expressed an interest in writing for a living that I'd never get rich off it. Those people were right. Were they ever!

However, most of us do what we love, or at least, try. The only person I know who makes his living from writing is SF writer Robert J. Sawyer.

I have a number of books on my reference shelf on writing SF. All have different ways of creating good fiction, and some are even contradictory. Brian Stableford has his methods, as do Ben Bova and Barry Longyear (I have their books). I'd suggest reading as many of these books as possible, and pick and choose from their methods to create your own way.

DAPPER sound like it would be an enjoyable apa to belong to. I haven't been in an apa in some years. Who are the Canadians in the apa? Odds are I'd know them.

Perhaps Douglas Adams was onto something...whatever I've read about so-called mystical numbers, 42 is a powerful number because it is the product of three basic numbers of power, 2, 3 and 7.

My training is in journalism, but there are now many times when I have to shut the news off. Kosovo, inflation, shootings, escapees from prison, unemployment, wars, floods...it's good to care, but sometimes you have to give yourself a rest, or your stress

levels will go through the roof. The world will wait while you walk through the park or by the side of the lake, or drive in the country.

Saw Star Wars Episode 1: The Phantom Menace last night. You have a real treat coming. The bad reviews in the world wide press should not distract you. It is wonderful eye candy. Just keep one thing in mind...this is Episode 1, and the first episode of anything will set the scene and background for the entire series. With that in mind, see it and enjoy the best in CGI. The Gungans are terrific!, and I shall not say more.

Lloyd Penney again on # 4:

I'm way behind in my responding to fanzines because of our current Worldcon bid.
(Check out www.torcon3.on.ca for all the details.) Every so often, a little time frees itself, and this is the time.

I would have to say there are few Perry Rhodan fans in North America - Rhodan fandom is a German phenomenon, I think you'll agree. Those in North America who do know about it tend to dismiss it outright because it's an endless series with the usual characters, much like Star Trek novels. Also, the series is labelled a space opera, not necessarily a positive term here, and as much as I enjoy the idea of exploring the universe via spacecraft in my science fiction, this idea seems to have been consigned to the 50s and 60s, and most modern readers would call that idea old-fashioned. With the 30th anniversary of the first moon landing coming up in a few days, the feeling that space exploration is old-fashioned truly hurts.

What is a mousebeaver? Is that an illustration of one on page 8? Looks like a teddybear with a long tail!

When I attended my earliest conventions, I also slept on the floor, and we crammed as many people into the hotel room as we could, including the skinny kid who slept on the upper shelf of the closet. Back then, we could pull all-nighters on Coca-Cola and potato chips. Later on, I joined the local convention committee, and found that not only did a room serve a valuable purpose as a place to store your luggage and equipment through the day, but also as a place to story your weary body at night. More and more, we realized we needed our sleep, and as income increased, it was nice to have only two to a room. Certainly, we've had roommates to help cover the costs of the room, but in the evening, we sleep, and we need it. We have become devotees of the old convention 5-and-2 rule...at least five hours of sleep and at least two meals a day to sustain yourself through the hectic pace of a convention.

Hans Persson is right, IMHO...paper mail is more carefully constructed in its writing. However, I use e-mail only as a faster way of getting my letter to whoever I'm writing to.I always write like I'll be printing it and stuffing it into an envelope.

I'm going to fold up now, and fire this off into the ether via the Internet. Take care, and good luck getting issue 5 together.

WvW: I'm trying to say as little as possible about Star Wars - Episode 1, because there is and will be so much said and written anyway. By the time you get this issue I will have seen it. And whatever I have to say afterwards - it will be kept short. It's just like when babies are born. Suddenly everyone around you seems incapable of talking about anything else. It's not that I dislike children or Star Wars, but neither are profound enough to be debated in excess. I will go and have a look...
GOING TO CONVENTIONS:
Sure, we need to rest even during a convention, but I have discovered that I can sleep on a wooden bench, 4 ft long and 1 ft wide in a moving (noisily moving) marine troop transport vehicle. After that experience any floor is quite comfortable. And my bags... I can always lock them, if necessary. Since discomfort has become a way of conattending for me, I've adapted to it. And I really do enjoy it. That's strange somehow, I know. But perhaps it's because I need to remind myself of not taking comfort for granted.
PUBLISHING FANZINES:
Yes!!!! I can't agree more with you. Newszines are perhaps best distributed as e-zines (even if it's quite nice to have everything on paper). But a fanzine that you can read on the bus, in the shower (perhaps not) or in bed... (to fall asleep). Nothing can beat that. Pdf has already been brought to my attention. However - the program I need to convert files to pdf, or to make pdf-files is expensive. Future CoClocks may be available as pdf on Sigma TC's website. The essence of past CoClocks will also be available to download RSN. But the pictures will be taken from the text and accessible separately. Look under Pictures/Misc at:
http://www.sigmatc.a.se
...and you'll get CoClock-photo's in colour!
PAPER MAIL VS.E-MAIL:
Doesn't it depend on how your letter comes to the paper. If you use a typewriter or write it by hand - then I can see the difference, but if you type it on your computer and then print it. Where's the difference?
ON THE MAGIC OF THE NUMBER 42:
For a while I was caught by the magic of Magic itself, kabbala, sympatheic magic and voodoo. The problem with most kind of magic is that one drains and corrupts ones own lifeforce. And once you've come to learn the ropes, there isn't much magic left in it. Believing in it - is an important ingred-ient. The notion that there might be a magic in numbers seems only lead to selfmani-pulation. My fascination for the topic began with a book by Luke Rhinehart. I'm not sure about the title, but it was about a *Diceplayer*. I began to introduce a certain amount of random decisions in my life, just to see where it would take me. The turn my life took was... extraordinary. Perhaps I will tell the story some day...
"How I became I Jehova's Witness." But that was 1990 and I'm only at 1980 (with the next issue). My "Domestic Excavations" are supposed to cover the years 1976-1985. After that I don't have to dig to uncover "sensational history".
The number 42 has a very important role in the Holy Scriptures. In everything that has anything to do with prophecy. It is scary!
Isn't Bill Clinton the 42nd president? Do you think there will be another one after him? Well, of course you do and so do I - but...
TO BE CONTINUED...

WHAT'S UP NEXT?

I'm hoping to make it to Dublin on October 9-10th for OCTOCON X and the following weekend to Uppsala for the national Swedish convention. There is also HanseCon 15 Oct 28th - Nov 1st included in my travelling plans. Three weeks, three conventions. Lots of stuff to write about again for issue # 7. But I also intend to have # 6 ready for the Irish con. And since there are no cons for me between now and then, you'll hardly have to read any conreports in it. But there may be one or two new filk-songs and other goodies.

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Who gets it? There have been about 100 regular readers and 50 stray bullets/ish. Next list will be in CC#8.
COMPLETELY SAFE:
Receiving CoClock on trade or as contributors:
Fiona Anderson, Margaret Austin, Rafe Culpin, Steve Davies, Miki Dennis, Vincent Docherty, Ahrvid Engholm, Peter Fleissner, Klaus N Frick, Mike Glyer, Sidney W.Hage, Teddy Harvia, Waldemar Kumming, Dave Langford, Sam J Lundwall, Nicki & Richard Lynch, Klaus Marion, Cheryl Morgan, Lloyd Penney, Anders Palm, Hans Persson, Alison Scott, Joyce Scrivner, Maureen Kincaid Speller, David Stewart, Rolf Strömgren, Kathy Taylor, Dave Weingart, Pam Wells

SAFE FOR QUITE SOME TIME:
The following will not need to worry about not getting the next three issues: Anna Åkesson, Martin Andreasson, Micke & Patrik Andrevstam, Johan Anglemark, George Bobjörk, Gerhard Börnsen, Claire Brialey, Paul Bristow, Robert Brown, Kim Campbell, Mike Cheater, Maths Claesson, Jonathan Cowie, Tomas Cronholm, Chris Croughton, Niels Dalgaard, Katy Droege, Martin Easterbrook, Herman Ellingsen, Jan van't Ent, Magnus Eriksson, Patric Fors, Carolina Goméz-Lagerlöf, Roelof Goudriaan, Andreas Gustafsson, John-Henri Holmberg, Anders Holmström, Anders Hultman, Alexander Ilg, Janne Johansson, Wolfgang Kehl, Joachim Henke, Karin Lagesen, Seppo Laine, David J Lally, Cato Lindberg, Karin Lundwall, Hans-Jürgen Mader, Marion Mader-Remmel, Chris Malme, Eckhard D Marwitz, Pat McMurray, Lynne Anne Morse, Peter Motte, NESFA, Matthias Paetzold, Mark Plummer, Beluga Post, Roberto Quaglia, Ben Roimola, Jane Routley, Sharon Sbarsky, Hanno Schreiber, Joe Siclari, Brian M Stableford, Kevin Standlee, Dieter Steinseifer, Bjørn Tore Sund, Paul Treadaway, Martin Tudor, Lennart Uhlin, Nico Veenkamp, J.Vogt, Michael Wester, Bridget Wilkinson

WAHF: Alfred E.Eckelberg, Herbert Gleißner, Janne Johansson, Klaus Marion, Guenter H.Philipp, Arnold Winter

FOOTNOTE:

Some of you (quite many) get CounterClock for the first time. This particular issue is about conventions (I will have a load of con-reports for # 7 as well), but the topics vary and I hope that we will get a good global dialogue going. Sometimes you may need one of the previous issues for reference. Issues 1-3 were made in A4, but are also available in A5 now (gathered in an *omnibus*). As back-ish are requested they get printed in sufficient numbers. They will always be available (up to at least 250 regular readers).

Of course the contents of this fanzine has a lot to do with my particular interests... and that would be sf-fandom, conventions, filk, fanhistory, sf-film, philosophy, computer technology, writing... and I am a supporter of IPSWICH TOWN.
B.C.ing U!

Wolf von Witting