
CounterClock
Issue #17 - February 2014
When there was Fandom...
Please, also download the SOUNDTRACK to this edition.

An◴ther Town, An◴ther Train

We came to Stockholm in January 1975. At the age of 15, I had already lived in three different countries, four different cities and in one village. This was the 4th relocation in less than 10 years.
I have had enough! I decided, that if I were to turn 18 years old in this place, this was where I was going to stay. And it happened by chance to be a recently built suburb of Stockholm. The foundations of Fisksätra in the municipal of Saltsjöbaden were laid in 1971 and the last buildings (all looking the same) were finished in 1976. From the looks of it, this place was no better or worse than any other place I had lived in.
A commuter railroad from Stockholm, built in 1893, went all the way out to Grand Hotel Saltsjöbaden and its old electric multiple units were replaced with shiny new blue ones in 1976. An elegant white band ran alongside every carriage. The sound of passing trains, in the beginning at a 35 minutes interval, was something we became accustomed to.

Sure, it hurted, leaving all my friends (including my first love) in Germany behind. Not only the transition from one country to another, but also from village life to suburb-of-capital life, was a considerable change.
Going from a school in where the teachers had to be adressed with title and respect, to another where the teachers were being adressed by their first name and the pretense or illusion of friendship between student and teacher, caused confusion in my young mind.
No one of my peers at school had any interest in the genre of science fiction, but a young male substitute teacher was reading "The Lord of the Rings" in Swedish and this caught my attention. Little did I realize that two BNF already were living in Fisksätra, *Mats D Linder* and *Torkel Franzén*.
Just as unaware as I was about the two BNF who went to the same college in 1977. I was all wrapped up into Perry Rhodan and German fandom, trying to maintain the connection with my perceived roots.
It was not until I encountered *George Bobjörk* on the platform of the train in the spring of 1978, that I was made aware of the existence of a fandom in Sweden *[CoClock # 15, p18]*.
Early the following year, contact was made with the rest of Swerifandom and this happened to coincide with *Anders Bellis* and *Ahrvid Engholms* weekly publication of the fanzine VHECKANS ÄVFENTYR.

The team Bellis and Engholm impressed by already within half a year having published an interview with *Sam J Lundwall*, articles by *John-Henri Holmberg* and a column by author and old-fan *Dénis Lindbohm* among news and rumours of just about everything that was going on in and around Swedish fandom.
Illustrations by Ahrvid were mingled with copied illustrations by Rotsler, ATom and Bjo Trimble.
This weekly update, created the illusion of fandom being something very tangible and important.

One could say that we were detached from reality, if one was a mundane person. But this is not an entirely fair assessment. Reality is more often defined by what we believe, than by what we know. You can be just as detached, if you let yourself be engulfed in a dreamworld of mainstream media.
And yes, we were odd people, but no more odd than anyone else who spends 90 % of their spare time with one and the same hobby,.
Perhaps you can understand, that if you get to hear the names Anders Bellis and Ahrvid Engholm more often than Leonard Cohen or Lev Tolstoy, then you get to believe that the former are bigger, even if it is only in your own mind.
It also helped, that both editors of VÄ had a firm grip on their language, and Ahrvids singular wit bested some of the foremost mundane comedians, which resulted in mundane entertainment appearing bland in comparison.
The enchantment lasted for two years. We could do nothing but lament the breaking up of the team in late 1980. Bellis got invited to celebrate the New year in John-Henri Holmbergs home and Ahrvid felt bitterly disappointed the he was not invited. After all, Bellis and Engholm had been an inseparable team over the years 1979 and 1980. John-Henri tried to explain that it had been a private party, but since John-Henri had mostly sf-fandom-friends, Ahrvid didn't feel that the party was entirely private. To him, it was a fandom event.

This unfortunate miscommunication between the parts, caused the first major feud I have witnessed in fandom. No one really pulled the brakes here, because we could sympathize with Ahrvid's dis-appointment even though his following resentment of John-Henri Holmberg led to a slow progressive escalation of feuds.

Ahrvid announced Bellis to be fired as editor of VÄ in # 89 and changed the name of Vheckans Ävfentyr to FANYTT with #90. He refused to recognize Bellis' further issues of Vheckans Ävfentyr as such, even though Bellis insisted on publishing the newszine until # 101. This resulted in a multiude of fanzines published as Vheckans Ävfentyr # 89, by various Swedish fans, all claiming to fire someone who was not related to VÄ at all. So Marcel Quarfood fired Cecilia Moberg, Christoffer Schander fired Marcel Quarfood, Cecilia Moberg fired Helene Sjölander, etc. I guess it was an expression of Sverifan-humor.

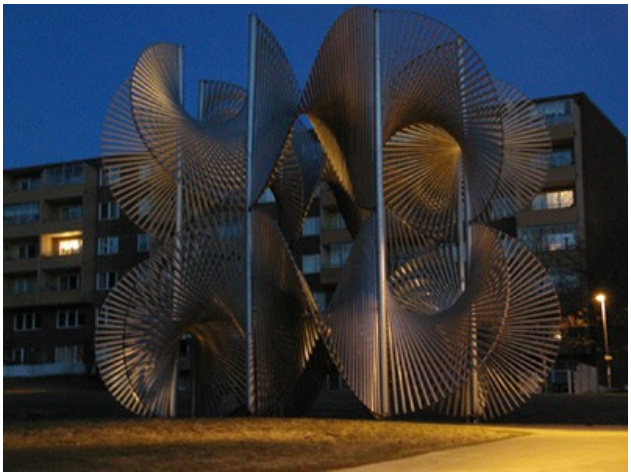
Feuding became fashionable and even though many feuds may have started in jest, some turned over the years into fierce campaigns of defamation.

Ahrvid Engholm became with time a fan whose achievements set him in a category of his own. History will remember his name in different lights. Many fair and some unfair judgments may be uttered about him, depending on who bears witness.
Because Ahrvid Engholm has a particular pride and he can be very stubborn. He may not be unforgiving, but he is a harsh judge. It may be very hard to earn his trust and even harder to regain if this trust once is abused.
He can be very funny and his diction left me often in awe. Fandom was/is his greatest passion in life. He has been published in Swedish, a novel and several short stories, but as a writer it is beyond me why he has not succeeded better. His fan-writing in Swedish has often been nothing but brilliant.

Anders Bellis, the second half of the VÄ team did not make fandom as much his life as Ahrvid did. Bellis has succeeded better in making writing his life. Not his own writing necessarily, but translating and editing the works of other people. In this he appears to have made himself a safe and secure living.
He is interested and well versed in a wide variety of things. Hollywood stars on celluloid, for example. You can also talk to him about the roaring 20's.
In music, he once prompted me to buy Bob Marley's album "Uprising" which I recall from a fangathering in his home, in the early 80's. An investment I never regretted (but later repeated, by getting it on CD as well). We both like Leonard Cohen and Nazareth, but lately, his invocation of thunder such as Motörhead, has not managed to spark any similar gusto in me. The thunder suits him better than me.

Bellis, aka "the Sheriff", again only from my point of view, is another paradox. In real life he has a jovial and spiriting character. But in written debates he kept hitting me exactly where it hurted the most. Somehow he always managed to find my provisional Achilles-heel. I keep altering my vulnerable spots, when detected, but he found them again. In the past, meaning in the years when there was a fandom in Fisksätra outside Stockholm, it used to infuriate me like nothing else. But I realize it only helped me, and a lot more than it damaged me.

There is no time in the history of Swedish fandom, which I experienced as more intense than the years 1979 and 1980, when Vheckans Ävfentyr basically covered every minor hick-up every fan had.
Today it feels like a different world. I remember accidentally running into Marcel Quarfood at the Central Station in Stockholm a few years ago. He had already been gafia for several decades, but I recognized him immediately. Some people don't change at all. On the outside. And I always like to meet a ghosts from the past, even if they do not appreciate meeting me to the same extent.



A computer graphic turned into a huge metallic sculpture, was embodied to remind the habitants of Fisksätra of the fact that this suburb was one of the first designed with the aid of computers.

THE C🕘MPUTER GENERATION

Ten years after my arrival to Fisksätra, the SF-Club had already existed for 8 years, we were running our 6th convention, NASACON VI and the next generation, 10 years younger began to show up at our gatherings and conventions. First *Patric Fors* and *Jan Johansson,* later many of their friends.
It was the computer generation. It was the kids who started with Sinclair Spectrum ZX81, VIC-20 and Commodore 64. Later they were among the first with Amiga 500, 1200 and 4000 and today they are unix system administrators and top notch in their field.
They were beginning to take over more and more, and they were welcome to do so.
Mats Lignell was among the youngest and brightest. Something we were used to accept as *normal* in sf-fandom. If memory serves, he was only 18 when he briefly became chairman of Sigma TC and arranged Nasacon 11 in 1990.

It is a different perspective today, as we are 40+ and 50+. At 15 and 25 the difference in age felt bigger, but what I always liked about sf-fandom, was the acceptance or respect of the opinion of someone younger. In fandom we do not say: "You will understand this as you get older."
We say: "Shit! I am too lazy, to explain it now."
Besides. These kids were wizards at their computers and still outperform everyone younger or older, because they were born in exactly the right time. And they grew up while personal computers were in developement. They think hexadecimal while you and I still think in the decimal system. They were born early enough to witness the time before and late enough to flow with the changes. The kids of 69-71. It were they who taught me all I know today about computers, which is slightly more than the average lamer. I am NOT an expert.

Fandom in Fisksätra grew throughout the 80's until we were about 30 altogether. Fandom felt tangible and real. But nothing lasts forever. *Mats D Linder* moved to another suburb of Stockholm and *Torkel Franzén* (1950-2006) died way too young. Not that either of them were very active or even members of the local sf-club. But they were always sf-fans.
Torkels father and mine were friends and stamp collector's. Exchanging ideas, stamps and a bit of gossip about their sons. Torkel and I exchanged merely philosophical ideas when we occasionally met on the street. He, being the better educated one, informed me about the mathematician Charles Dodgson, better known as Lewis Carroll, who long before Douglas Adams took particular interest in the number "42".
Actually, should we believe Douglas Adams, then he was not interested in the number at all. He picked it because it appeared sufficiently common.
Adams appeared to have had no idea, that the number 42 is central to all that concerns prophecy in the Bible (both in Daniel's book and in Revelations).

Mats Lignell focused on his education, became a journalist and last I heard about him he was working for *Save the Children International* in Afghanistan.
Fandom became for him a temporary folly attributed to his youth.
Nothing lasts forever, indeed. People move on in life, get married or otherwise hooked up and move away. Staying in one place does not guarantee that you can keep all of your friends. I found that if I stay in one place, my friends move away instead and who after 10, 20 and 30 years still is your friend, you can not know in advance. At best, you can still be in touch through Facebook, an option given in recent years. But considering the number of people you get to know, it would be practically impossible to see them all again. SF-conventions are nice, because they are an opportunity to meet people you like and you see again and again over the years.

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"Think for yourself. Better to fall into a pit of your own creation, than to follow the flock over the cliff." 2014.02.16
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In 2007 it was my turn to make a move. Back to village life. This time in Italy. Again. Fandom became something remote.
Only connected through correspondence. I do miss the good times we had. But they are not in a place in space, they are remote in a place of time. The time when there was fandom. Many tales can be told of these times. I will try to gather some, by and from those who lived it. Because sooner or later I will have exhausted my own storage of stories to tell.
And my own stories are more a page-filler, like linos and illos. I did enjoy the past immensely, but I also want to look forward in time. Still.



N◴ SPACE HELMETS AT THE BAR!

New tales from the Asimov Basement Bar
ISBN-13: 978-3732244294
Fisksätra was not the only place, where there was fandom. Another place was Bad Kreuznach in Gerfany. The two most prominent German fans to emerge from the flock were *Joachim Henke* and *Klaus Marion*. Both of them were editors on the German dittographed fanzine Fandhome Weekly, inspired by the Swedish *Vheckans Ävfentyr*.

Klaus always had a talent for satire. His fanzine HOODOO were in my opinion some of the most humoros ever produced in the otherwise so serious Gerfany. This 232-page book is already the second volume of satirical tales of a fan in and from about the Asimov Bar, first and only German SF-Kneipe (pub). This Bar exists in a parallell universe. Only select Gerfans know how to get there.
But *John Varley* liked the idea so much that he agreed to having a translation of one of his lectures in this volume. The afterword is written by another in Gerfany famous author and fan, *Horst Hoffmann*.
When funds available, I will get both volumes and see if I can share a tale or two with you. Meanwhile, I hope some of you can read the German original.

The Year 2◴13 in CINEMA

The past year suffered the emergence of more than 100 films which in one way or another are categorized as science fiction. Of these, I shall endeavour to comment on those who rank from 5 upwards on IMDb.

Of course, I haven't seen them all. I've seen only five of them, but surely the highest ranking of them all **Gravity**, directed by Alfonso Cuarón, a US/UK-co-production, starring Sandra Bullock and George Clooney, must have some virtue to make it worthwhile watching. It's rating dropped from 8.7 to 8.3 in the past weeks, but as we all know, the Internet Movie Database rating is more a mark of popularity than quality. I look forward to see this one, if nothing else because I always had a bit of a crush on Sandra Bullock, but also because I am curious what this Mexikan director has come up with.

It can't be worse than **Star Trek Into Darkness**. The new Trek film added nothing to the Universe of Star Trek. It had nothing of any significant consequence that Nicholas Meyers original, The Wrath of Khan didn't have. So Kirk died, instead of Spock. But this Kirk was only seen in a single film before, not in 3 years of TV-series and one could easily anticipate his swift revival. Not a chance, that I was moved anywhere near how I was stunned as Spock got killed off. Into Darkness has plunged from 8.1 to 7.9 and should rightfully keep sinking on the Database.

Another film in popularity decline, from 8.1 to 7.7 is **Snowpiercer**, directed by South Korean Joon-ho Bong. It has Chris Evans (the Human Torch of the Fantastic Four) in a leading role and Scottish Tilda Swinton (aka The White Witch from the Chronicles of Narnia). It also has John Hurt and Ed Harris. the locations are in the Czech Republic and Austria. The film itself is a US/South Korean/French production. I guess I eventually have to find out why people who have seen this film liked it so much.

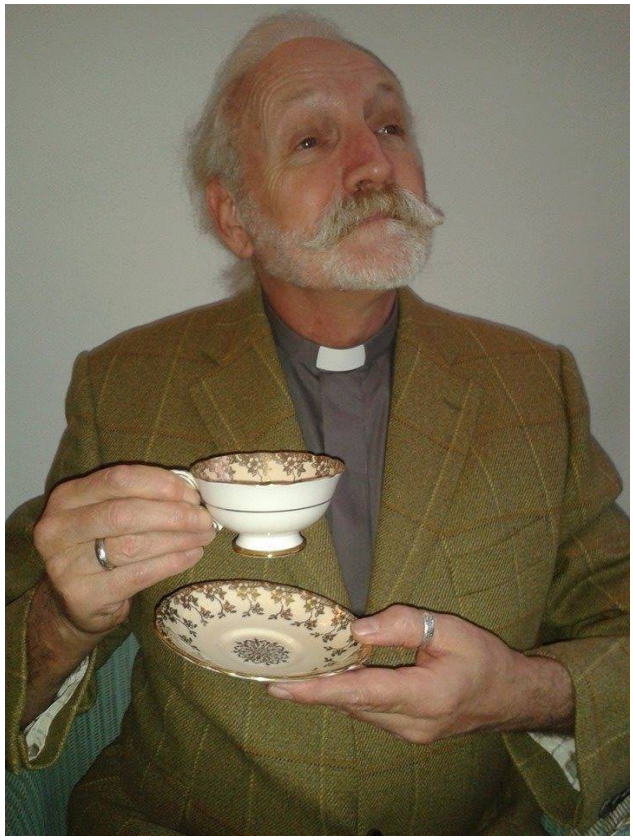
After Earth should come at the bottom of the pile, since it has plummeted to 5.0 on IMDb. But I like Will Smith and I don't mind that he proudly wishes to present his son Jaden to the public. Actually, if I were a teenager myself, I would probably like this film a lot. It's a great teenager adventure and I do believe it is fair entertainment for youngsters. I am also intrigued by the works of the director M.Night Shyamalan of which I previously have seen The Lady in the Water (2006), The Village (2004), Signs (2002), Unbreakable (2000) and The Sixth Sense (1999). I would say that After Earth deserves at least a six.

[The Year 2013 in cinema continues on page: 12]

R◴BERT RANKIN

can expect a sudden surge of sales. At least in Sweden and partly because of sf-fans who are familiar with Anders Bellis. Finally, the word is out! Rankin has based a character in 2 of his books on Bellis. It is a well known fact that Bellis never goes anywhere (most certainly not to an sf-convention) without wearing his authentic Sheriff badge. He is also happy to tell anyone about how he got the badge (so, please do ask him, when or if you should have the privilege to meet him).

Amused, inspired (or both) by the living Bellis, Mr Rankin gave birth to the fictional character of Wellington Bellis whose adventures can be read about in **The Hollow Chocolate Bunnies of the Apocalypse** (2002) and **The Toyminator** (2006). These two books immediately went up to the first and second place of my very short acquisition list of must-read literature. Ever since I met him (at the SWECON Fantastika in Stockholm 2001), I had in mind to read a book of his, but it has never gone beyond the thought. Now it will.



"Tea with the parson, anyone?" *Robert Rankin*

In a swedish Radio interview, Rankin was asked where he got his inspiration from.

"God!"

"Do you believe in God?"

"No!"

Three Men 🕘n a Tram

I was looking out over the city from a window in a flat on the 20th floor of a standard Russian condominium, listening to Roger Waters album Amused to Death. The city lights stretching out towards the horizon indicated millions of people living and breathing in my surroundings. And just like Roger, I recognize myself in every strangers eyes.

At day I saw them stand in line for groceries, or accumulating on Moscow underground platforms until a passing train let off some of the amassing pressure on the station. I still remember the old woman collecting cigarette butts from the gutter to salvage the remaining tobacco. But sure, the tide was turning. Every year one could observe the changes in Russia and compared to Moscow, it was like time was standing still back in Stockholm.
I often use music to time travel. Amused to Death brings me back to the first days in Moscow every time.

Like Metallica's *Nothing Else Matters* brings me back to the wedding, the following year. And it's a tradition to visit the monument in Moscow after a wedding. The site where the Russians stopped the German advance in WWII.
Before returning to Sweden, my friends, my wife and I were caught by two ticket controllers on a tram. They heard us speaking English, so they were on top of us even before we had a chance to resolve the ticket issue, which we had all intention to do. We went off at the next stop and I watched my newly wedded wife bursting into a heated argument with the ticket controllers. My Swedish friends, Janne Johansson, Anders Tolfmark and I listened intensely trying to understand anything of the argument.
Suddenly it occurred to me, to ask my wife what the fine would be.
-10.000 Roubles each! she said.
Jan, Anders and I looked at each other.
- How much is it in Swedish money? Jan asked.
- 13 SEK. I said.
...and suddenly realizing the amusing side of it, all three of us simultaneously demanded being allowed to pay the fine.You see, the cheapest fare at home was 14 SEK for a short trip with the underground.
And we most certainly wanted to have the evidence that we had been fined in Moscow. We would even put the ticket in a frame and hang it on the wall.
When the controllers saw that we were amused, they made up an additional fee for our luggage, but my wife stopped them right there.
This was 1994.

A decade earlier... I was standing at the window in Staffan Mossige-Norheim's home on Henriksdal's Hill, looking out over the city lights of Stockholm, listening to the first version of his new composition "Empire". I had criticised his songs for being a bit too repetitive and suggested him to try writing a piece of music longer than ten minutes. I figured he'd be forced to vary and blend themes. So he did, and this evening he performed it for the first time. I was already convinced of Staffan's musical genius. I was sure he'd be famous... some day...

Music contains memories and feelings. I could never fully understand those who didn't care about who wrote what piece of music and who performed it, if the song was one they really *liked*. How else can one find it, in case one feels the desire to hear it again? The same people would only show up at concerts of artists whose name has been repeated often enough and they miss out on a lot of excellent work of less marketed music.
Staffan's music has not been marketed at all. These compositions were never heard by any publisher.
I recall a certain time in fandom around 1982 when he first came out on vinyl with the band IMORGON PARIS. It was also (sort of) my *debut* on vinyl (as a censored bleep). On the same record, before the song Zanzi-Bar where the band members try to emulate the bustle of voices in a pub. One was not supposed to being able to distinguish words, but Staffan blurted out a vulgar distortion of my name which the band didn't dare to keep in the recording. It resulted in a censor bleep, after which the band members bursts into wild laughter and the song Zanzi-Bar commences.

How comes that no one ever complains about not having been bestowed with enough intelligence? It appears as if we are happy with our allocated quota.
Staffan and I were certainly content with our share provided. I guess we were both impressed with how fabulously intelligent we thought we were compared to our peers at college. We ridiculed both our peers and occasionally maladroit teachers.
Our language teacher in Swedish and English was a particular target for ridicule. She wanted us to read Strindberg's "Red Room" and I simply refused diving into 19th century romanticism. I'd rather recited the full play Shakespeare's Hamlet from memory. And I told her so. She responded with giving me as poor grades as she could defend for her conscience.
We remained incompatible for the duration of my studies at college. Since I felt that I was so incredibly gifted, I consequently figured I could not fare any better at university. Staffan was not as ostentatious as I. He went on to study further. Language and music. I look back at my college days, not without some measure of irony. I was so impressed by my ability to absorb *knowledge* without having to make any real efforts. Sometimes I marvel at the fact that not everyone remembers me as an arrogant prick.
I thought I was...

The Strong Men

Strong Men and In Unserem Reich are among his oldest compositions. They were the first Staffan was playing for me when he sat down at the piano in his home in 1979. Through the years we contemplated writing a musical together. This project remained however among the 99% of my ideas which never were launched into action. It simply involved too much really hard work.
But there were plenty of good songs to write lyrics to. In retrospect I believe it is ok that we didn't go ahead with it. I was not really capable of producing any Jesus Christ Superstar, in spite of my own conviction.



Staffan Mossige-Norheim, 1988

At the time, I was heavily into Nietzsche. But over the years, the seed Jack London planted with "The Sea Wolf" grew in me - and today I fully sympathize with the character of Humphrey van Weyden. Way back I was more of the ruthless Wolf Larsen.
I never knew, if Staffan shared my sentiments on this matter. His songs about Strong Men and Hermann Göring were satirical, to say the least.
It was Staffan who eventually told me, that Göring had a connection in the 1936 issue of Stockholms telephone-catalogue. It was Staffan who told me that Sweden had a State Institute for Racial Biology (see: "Statens institut för rasbiologi" on wikipedia) and I suddenly came to realize why Sweden could remain *neutral* in WWII. Because the prominent opinion in Sweden was that Hitler represented the *good* guys.
It wasn't until after the war, when the holocaust was common knowledge that their coats turned. The Swedish stance in WWII was no better than the Italian, who in these days celebrate the *liberation* from Nazism, instead of defeat in the war.
One of the few songs I did write lyrics to, lyrics I felt content with, was A Handful Infinity. But those were written in the very late 90's.

A HANDFUL INFINITY

Music: Staffan Mossige-Norheim
Original words: Wolf von Witting

Would you like to live forever
Then you have to follow me
I can show you many places
Where you rather like to be
Grains of sand run
through your fingers
Come and see, it's a handful infinity

Let us sit down by the fire
Heat the coffee, (it's) burning low
I will tell you a good story
By the light of charcoal glow
Look into the flames, my friend
And tell me, what do you see?
There's a handful infinity

The Audio CD

You should be able to download the tracks from my dropbox account (a click-able link should be provided on efanzes.com and on my FB-page): https://www.dropbox.com/sh/n40c162hp5tjept/W6R9z8kjkP/A%20Handful%20Infinity?lst
Ripped at 160 kbps, if you feel the files are too big, let me know and I also make a 128 kbps-version.

A Handful Infinity - Track List	duration:
01. Mutant - into the Forbidden Zone	2:28
02. Forodrim - the People of the North	3:43
03. The Terraformer	5:15
04. Children of the Stars	3:47
05. Pomperipossa	1:40
06. Starglider	5:48
07. Empire V 3.0	7:54
08. The Strong Men	4:12
09. In Unserem Reich	3:28
10. Crystal Rauk	1:11
11. Goblin Forest	3:54
12. Jan Djinn	2:45
13. Wendy & Bach	3:06
14. I Remember Old Berlin	5:51
15. Unter der Eiche	4:40
16. A Handful Infinity	0:59

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Into the Forbidden Zone

Staffan was not marketing himself very well. He still *needs to be* discovered.
Finding good names and titles, the nomenclature, is more important than many are aware of. Not only for novels and stories, but also for pieces of music.
I suggested to alter some song titles, for marketing purpose. *But Mutant - into the Forbidden Zone* was a suggestion by *Olle Sahlin.* If I recall it correctly, it should appeal to Warhammer gamers. Forodrim, on the other hand, is the name of the Stockholm Tolkien Society and the song by that name is a homage to (or flirtation with) them..

Occasionally the plain and simple pieces turn out to be the best. Staffan liked to work with children. He wrote a song "Tompa Tomat" *(Tommy Tomatoe)*, which he had a group of kindergarden kids singing. He also wrote the similar style:"Pomperipossa" based on the fairy tale by Axel Wallengren about a greedy witch who had her greed lead to her permanent petrification.
Astrid Lindgren wrote a version of Pomeripossa when the greedy state of Sweden taxed her to 105% of her income. It led to the, in Sweden widely famous term "Pomperipossa-effect" which means that one can get taxed more than one earns (adding all the different taxes, including VAT together).
Here one can also acquaint oneself with the sound of Swedish. Note that Staffan's voice is not much unlike Bob Geldof's (Boomtown Rats).
The lyrics to Pomperipossa go loosely translated like this:

Pomperipossa *(translated by W.v.W. dec 2013)*

Pomperipossa, there's growing moss-a
Over the forest green rock
Pomperipantsa, tried to enchant-sa
Every man and beast
Pomperipitchen, you were a rich
and powerful witch, but greedy
Pomperipesson, be this your lesson
Now you are turned to stone.

Music became a major Swedish Export Industry with a band like ABBA as its flagship. But songs like "Hubba hubba zoot zoot" by the Swedish hoax band Caramba hit harder than anything among my Gerfan friends. "What does it mean?" I was asked.
"Oh, it doesn't mean anything. Not in any language." On the album were songs in faked Russian, faked German and faked Italian (oh yes, faked Hawaiian as well...). I wonder if Straczynski also got inspired there... But few had the range and ability of Roxette, and few such luck as Ace of Base... And I guess that by now Blue Swede (Björn Skifs), Harpo, Secret Service, Army of Losers and others are long since forgotten. And Staffan's music is still unknown.



Dieter Liebig, Dieter Lamers and me (behind) in Niederkassel 1979. The SFC SARABOUND.

For a while, there was fandom in Niederkassel, near Bonn. We met in Kleve 1977 (CoClock # 4 pdf, page 9ff) and the Dieter-Dieter duo built up a fan base in their own hometown. In the late 70's, early 80's, they produced musical fan-sessions on audio cassettes, an early form of podcasts.

Dieter Liebig, who wrote articles for the German fanzine of our club, loved to report on sci-fi- and associated music. That's how I came to Manfred Mann's Earthband. It was/is excellent music, but not really science fiction, was it? I know, Dieter would disagree with me on this until this very day.
Dieter Lamers on the other hand, was a formidable illustrator. And both Dieters **really** knew how to party.
I recall an event we had in Niederkassel, when random thoughts were hurled across the living room, the beer was flowing, space and time folded and wrapped itself around us, until every sentence became crystal clear and as pure with energy of cosmic significance as it was hilarious and surreal. Not one word was about girls.
I then unexpectedly fell into a black hole of high beer induced density kneeling in front of an ivory-white ceramic reproduction of the fountain of wisdom in their bathroom and collapsed. Fortunately no one urgently needed to pee.
I awoke just as abruptly, as the lid of the fountain struck the back of my head and Dieter knocked on the door to the bathroom.

Say SARABOUND and I immediately think of the "Bohemian Rhapsody", say "The Pentateuch of the Cosmogony" by Dave Greenslade with the booklet by Patrick Woodroffe and it reminds me of *Elisabeth Almquist.*

Elisabeth was our Rock'n Roll Grandma. She was working in a Radio, TV & Music shop in Saltsjöbaden. We began talking when I was showing interest in Ralph Lundsten's album *Universe,* 1979. It was written science fiction all over the sleeve of it. And we soon found we had this interest in common.

Ralph joined our club Sigma TC early in 1979, as soon as we publicly had announced our existence. He invited the club several times to visit his studio in his home Villa Frankenburg. A fantastic experience.
And Elisabeth Almquist also joined the club. She was our secretary for many, many years.



Ralph Lundsten lives in a pink house, Villa Frankenburg.

What flabberghasted me, about Elisabeth, was that she didn't merely listen to my own favourites, such as Genesis, Jethro Tull and Pink Floyd, but also to Deep Purple, Black Sabbath, Led Zeppelin and Uriah Heep. Basically ALL progressive rock.
And she was way ahead of us, young snots, in keeping track of the music. But.. but.. She was older than my own parents! And my parents were into antediluvian, crooning *schlagers* of the worst kind.

We met the last time in the spring of 1995. After the disaster with the ferry Estonia in September 1994, she was merely a shadow of herself. Her son had joined many others to the bottom of the Baltic Sea. A couple of months later, she died.

But thanks to her I am in possession of a copy of the vinyl album The Pentateuch of the Cosmogony...



The Pentateuch of the Cosmogony, 1979

I later also bought the CD version, but compared to the vinyl album, the small booklet which comes with the CD is of course a joke. Woodroffe's art is so much more impressive in its originally intended size. And the music is of course in itself a journey through time and space...

There was fandom, there was art and there was the music. Now I recall the huge Roger Dean-poster *Joachim Henke* used to have on his wall, in his home in Volxheim, a village near Bad Kreuznach.
He tried to get me to listen to YES and it would take up until two years after his death, that I heeded his plea. But I still can't bear Jon Anderson's shrill voice.
Aw, ok... sometimes I can.
Parallell with the boom in fandom, the film industry produced some of its best in sci-fi (1977-1991)

Blindpassasjer (1978)

is a Norwegian TV sci-fi mini-series in three parts based on a screenplay by Jon Bing and Tor Åge Bringsvaerd, directed by Stein-Roger Bull.
Released in Norway on dvd.
This was the first item which came to mind when I read about the recent departure of Jon Bing from mundane affairs. He died on January 14th at age 69.
As a writer of science fiction Bing has been rather productive since 1967.
This TV-trilogy came shortly after ALIEN and was at the time criticised for its similarities with the former.
But this shouldn't deter you from having a look if you get the chance. It is fair sci-fi. Excellent for a small country like Norway to come up with.
Few of Bings works have been translated into Swedish. Possibly because Swedish people can read Norwegian without having it translated. * * *



Elisabeth Almquist, right of Anders Tolfmark at the Great Peanut Race of NasaCon 8, 1987

1977-1991, when there was fandom, there was also a convention every year. There may have been both fandom and conventions before and after these years, but no one can deny that we experienced a boom in both Sverifandom and Gerfany.
The boom in former might be attributed to ScanCon 1976, Vheckans Ävfentyr and the Star Wars-hype, the boom in the latter to the Dieter Steinseifer-effect, the 2nd fannish injections and the Star Wars-hype.

...and of course, because of the age of the observer (me) at the time, because my observations are by no means based on any scientific research into the matter.

Staffan Mossige-Norheim wrote his first song in German language "Unter der Eiche" in the early or mid 80's and handed me the lyrics for *proof reading*. It was a beautiful song and idea. It's about a guy who remembers the annual festivities under a huge oak tree. In the end, he is the only one who returns to the tree every year. Promptly we introduced the tradition of a May BBQ under an oak on a small island near Fisksätra.



Stefan Kayat playing bagpipe at the May BBQ in 1988.

The event best in memory is of course the one we have pictures from. Oak tree gathering of 88. Stefan Kayat, another skilled musician associated with the club had learned to play many instruments. The bag-pipe was just one of them.
These days, when in the vicinity I don't fail to visit the old oak tree and let Staffan's song echo in my mind. George Bobjörk, Morgan Gustavsson and Stefan Kayat are the only ones who still live in the same suburb (of those who attended).
The illusion that we did something worthwhile was a constant companion, supported by the numbers who joined us for the ventures.



Left to right: Dan Eriksson, Patrik Andrevstam (bending), Michael Pargman, Morgan Gustavsson, Patric Fors, Mats Lignell, Anders Pemer, Ahrvid Engholm (seated) and Odd Karlow (seated) - behind Pemer, the Oak tree.

Now she (the old oak tree), stands there alone like a monument over our blissful days. Timewind has ultimately scattered its leaves (us).



"Long ago, in the Russian hills, a Victorian explorer found the regal Hogweed by a marsh. He captured it and brought it home." (Genesis - Return of the Giant Hogweed) June 1996 I found this Hogweed outside Moscow, taller than it looks. The plants behind me are more than 10 feet tall. Behind the bar is a steep slope. From the ground, the Regal Hogweed measures approximately 3-3½ meters (10-12 feet).

- -

"◴pen the Pub Bay Doors, Hal!"

- Favourite drinks... The beverage we (here, at home, in Italy) actually call *favourite drink* is a mix of vermouth and orange juice. It is one part vermouth and 3-5 parts of orange juice, depending on how much you want to feel the taste of vermouth. This is a drink Staffan M-N and I traditionally consumed when musing over the past, or brainstorming.
Another combination often served here is Sambuca with Cola. Sambuca taste similar to Pernod and Ouzo, but while Ouzo is best consumed without additives, Pernod is best mixed with Cola. Sambuca OTOH is good both ways. Pure or mixed.
- Caribbean rum and tea, with honey. Served hot!
- Gin & Tonic, of course. Always a bottle at home.
Red wine, usually Merlot or Cabernet with gingerino, some Italian stuff, don't know what it is, but taste ok!

Just now I realized what a pain-in-the-butt editing can be if one put pictures and all in place, and then has to make a. change. The slightest alteration can be disastrous.



This could be me. Every now and then I stick my head in the pillow (or other soft material) and pretend the world around me doesn't exist.

Between previ◴us paragraph and n◴w.

I go into apathy. It happens now and then and I can't really explain it. I just shut down external communications sometimes. This is a threat to any set deadline and to continuity itself.
What does it take to wake me up? This time, it was the news about Wellington Bellis and my continuous self-kicking in the butt. Perhaps to a better part the latter. But... Yes, it happened again.
It is not the same as writers block. It is apathy... I go and conquer Arulco in Jagged Alliance 2 (PC-Game) or study 17th century Baltic history instead. Or both.
Fortunately, this time, the apathy only had me in its grasp for three weeks.
It is not exactly complete apathy. Only concerning external connections. Meanwhile I have researched.
In the past I was researching the life and deeds of a man born in 1697 and dead in 1756. During the course of my researching, he was me or I was he, however you want to turn it. I put myself in his shoes and tried to imagine what he was thinking, and I made some amazing discoveries. Some of them so amazing that I began to believe in genetic memory.

It lead to my acquaintance with the today living Alexander Morath. Yes, there was also one by the same name 300 years ago. Back then he used to be a close friend. At least, this is what I believe. About my precision in predicting and eventually finding the evidence of historical facts, which I only *felt* were incorrectly written down and more correctly as I somehow intuitively gathered, the today living Alexander said something, which made sense.
- Perhaps you're good at feeling what truth is.
Indeed. It is the simplest explanation. Occam's razor demands that I put it to the test.
So now I research the life of another man, the great grandfather of the one 1697-1756. My second object of study was born in 1582 and died 1654. And he

was a scandalous protestant pastor in the town of Goldingen, Kurland, south of Riga (Latvia).



Commemorating 300 Years of Brothers in Arms, Alexander Pereswetoff-Morath and Carl (my 2nd given name) von Witting went from Ensigns to Captains at Skaraborg's Regiment (1713-1717). Here in 2013 at the Royal Library of Stockholm. *[Photo: Hanna]*

My Current Historical Dabblings

In time, when I am sufficiently prepared, I will report on all my findings. I believe I will be ready to do so in Clockwise 2016. For now, let me just tell you how I go about the first phase. And which thoughts came to mind while I did.

Relevant to who we are, is where and when we are and what historical events impact our thinking.

Living a century after Copernicus, and contemporary with Johannes Kepler (the assistant of Tycho Brahe) and Galileo Galilei, it stands to reason that he lived in a time when the issue was raised but not resolved, if the Earth was revolving around the Sun (the heliocentric view) or if it was the other way around.

The earliest telescope was invented 1608 in the Netherlands. From this point on, humankind could see that planets, just like the moon, were spheres. And just like the moon, they had their phases. Before we didn't even know what the planets were. The Greek word planet merely means "wandering star". In 1610, as George Gottlieb Wittingk became pastor in Goldingen, Galilei discovered the four largest of Jupiter's moons. Imagine the impact of these discoveries on humanity. Not only did it ruin the divine celestial number 7 (the Earth, the Sun, the Moon and four planets, which was and still is the basis for many names of weekdays), but it also caused great speculation about the rest of the universe around us.

Suddenly *Josua 10:12* became a problem. Because we had not yet thought of the very large *temporal distortion field* necessary to do the trick without rupturing the entire balance of the Solar system.

Science was emerging as the new challenge to faith. Magic, the old challenge, was objected to, by both science and faith. Witches (both male and female) had been dealt with for over a thousand years, based on the Bible "You should not suffer a witch to live!" The useful magic, the herbal healing *magic* was a science in itself. And it also held spiritual aspects. Most of the time, it was only magic of evil intent, pacts with the devil, etc So called *maleficium* which was being persecuted. But in the time 1600 to 1650 Europe was falling into witch-hysteria by pseudo-scientific witch-hunters. The plague during the 30 year war (1618-1648) made the first half of the 17th century a very difficult time to live in.

George Gottlieb Wittingk lived in a *country, or province* which doesn't exist anymore. Livonia consisted of what today is Estonia and Latvia. Between these two, was another people, which were called Livians. In Estonia the belief in werewolves and werebears was a wider spread fear than the fear of witches. In Kurland (the southern half of Latvia) the fear of witches and werewolves perhaps was more or less equal. Perhaps the pastor had opportunity to enjoy a first cup of tea. The beverage made its way to Europe at the beginning of the century. It is written, that our family came to Sweden early in this particular century. This is wrong. It was the other way around. Sweden incorporated Livonia in 1629. The country came to us.

So... now I learn all about this time and place that I can. The very first newspapers were slowly coming during this time. But few were able to read, so the main news-source for people was still the church.

Meaning that the pastor, among other functions, also was the local news-caster.

After absorbing all historical facts about this period, and about the man, the next step is to distill the main motivations of the character. Feel the man.

In his time, this pastor caused many scandalous episodes. But I have the distinct feeling of most profound comedy lurking within the tragedies. Even more so in the light of what we know about the universe today.

It is remarkable that the Christian mythology has prevailed. While science has progressed slowly, going from one obscure theory (creation) to another (big bang), the only constant remains human stupidity. The first exo-planets (planets outside the Solar system) were only discovered near the closing of the 20th century. Meanwhile the impact of each progressive discovery since the invention of the telescope, bothers Bible-readers little.

I believe planets with the appropriate conditions for life will be discovered. Within our life time.

God can eventually no longer afford to be male and limited to look at only this planet.

The Year 2🕘13 in CINEMA continues

...from page: 5

The output in this decade has been sad, so far. More and more hero stories based on comics pollute the genre. **Man of Steel** may be an ok Superman-film, but I am really not in any hurry to see it. It just does not attract me. Neither does **The Wolverine** (sinking slowly 7.1 to 6.8) It so came to pass, that I watched the **Iron Man** trilogy instead. With my son (age 27). I knew what it was based on, so I didn't have any high expectations. But Robert Downey jr is an actor I don't mind at all watching and I can't recall ever having seen any bad film with Gwyneth Paltrow, which made me wonder what she was doing in Iron Man. In Wooster's way with words: "I say, I say... Not bad at all, in my opinion."

"Sufficiently entertaining." Jeeves might affirm on the assessment.

Not that we need heroes, as some seem to believe, but we need good protagonists. Something for the younger generation to look up to, as role models, without them being heroes. Like Jeeves or Wooster, not Tony Stark, who is nothing anywhere near a real person. It surprises me, that Robert Downey jr. manages to portray him fair enough. The **Green Lantern** (2011) was just a disappointment, when I finally came around to see it. But I liked the comics, when I was a kid.

Pacific Rim has dropped from 7.9 to 7.1 in its popularity rank since I last checked, and still I find no reason which could compel me to endure these 2 hours and 11 minutes of monstrous sea creatures, shooting, yelling and exploding. What else is in it?

The World's End on the other hand, is one I intend to see. Since **Paul** (2011), I believe I can trust Simon Pegg and Nick Frost with comedy. Perhaps this one is not as funny as the encounter with the small grey alien was, but I'll give these Brits a chance any day.

Speaking of Worlds ending... I was told **World War Z** was a disappointment, by someone who had seen it. Okay, I will keep my expectations low on this one. I am not very keen on zombies anyhow. The world is full of zombies as it is. And more and more end-of the-World movies keep coming. **Oblivion** is another one. Tom Cruise again. I suddenly realized he must be over 50. The man ages with grace. And the film is ok. So far the best I've seen of 2013 and I have to go back to 2011 to recall a better one (**Adjustment Bureau**).

Surprisingly on the rise is **The Colony,** another film from the bottom of my pile. It ranked 5.2 when I last looked and has now 5.3. How can this be? It's a totally ridiculous film. The world entirely covered in snow and ice, yet it keeps snowing. So where does the water evaporate from? You know, the water which forms the clouds which then gets cooled off to descend back to Earth in the form of snow?

Climate control out of control, does not suffice as an explanation. It's just as ridiculous as Kevin Costner's **Waterworld** (1995), which I recently revisited. They have a shortage of fresh water, but apparently no shortage what so ever of petrol. Looking back at old films, appears to be just as fun as suffering through the kind of crap which is being made today.

We loaded **Innerspace** (1987) into the dvd-player the other day and had immensely fun with it. Turned out I was the only one in the room (of 3) who had seen it before. And to the best of my knowledge, there are still only two films in which a lot of the action takes place inside the human body, the other one being **Fantastic Voyage** (1965).

Back to the present. Matt Damon and Jodie Foster have been drafted for **Elysium** (down 7.3 to 6.7), which is another aftermath story, where the wealthy live on a space station, while the rest of humanity resides on a ruined Earth. **Riddick** is sinking, 7.3 to 6.4 (now below **The Chronicles of Riddick** 2004 at 6.7 and **Pitch Black** 2000, still at 7.1) creating another trilogy, this one directed by David Twohy and starring Vin "Triple-X" Diesel. My nephew, who has a crush on Starbuck, Katee Sackhoff, might enjoy this latest addition to the saga.

Me, I can wait until it comes on sale. I really don't seem to have a clue what young people today think of as being a good film. Apparently it needs to have a lot of explosions, yelling, killing and saving the world. Ah, yes... and the kissing scenes, of course.

Plum 7.5 appears to have a lot of it, because it is holding its position steadily. Not moving either up or down. Most films appear to be going down, after an initial surge of popularity. I guess the real critics all cast their votes later on IMDb.

Ender's Game, sinking more slowly 7.2 to 7.0, with the old man, Harrison Ford, who has come a long way since **American Graffiti** (1973), mainly thanks to its director George Lucas, and of course having starred in one of the best science fiction films of all time, Ridley Scott's **Blade Runner** (1982) of which I still am in favour of the theatrical release. But neither Gavin Hood with Ender's Game, nor Ridley Scott with **Prometheus** (2012) come anywhere near such excellence again.

I wonder... I guess now we all want to see **Her**, this columns greatest surprise... rising from 7.2 to 8.4 and therewith blowing off the top of this pile.

The relevant categories are drama, romance, sci-fi.

The star is Joaquin Phoenix. Take a peek at this one. I will, for sure. Director Spike Jonze was also the man behind **Being John Malkovich** (1999), a truly original and entertaining piece of film.

The made-for-TV-movie and latest installment into the saga of **Battlestar Galactica: Blood & Chrome** appears to be telling the story of a young Adama in the first Cylon war. I don't have a TV though. I have to wait for the dvd (down from 7.3 to 7.1).



HER (2013) A Spike Jonze film. Best sci fi of 2013!

It is becoming more and more difficult for film to compare with TV. The quality of acting has greatly improved on TV made drama. Today many actors are stars of both the big and the small screen. But a two-hour film has the same problem developing good characters which the short story has compared to the novel. It doesn't help to throw in a famous actor. If he (or she) is the same in one film after the other (such as Bruce Willis, for example) then he is eventually worn out as himself. If the actor on the other hand has a wide range (such as Gary Oldman, for example), then you never really get to know the person.
In a TV-series... at least since **Star Trek-TNG**, the developement of characters has become more and more complex and interesting.
After 7-10 years with the same people, the viewer gets the feeling to almost "know" the person behind the characters. I've been considering to invest in a complete set of **MacGyver** just to see how Richard Dean Anderson is different as MacGyver from the character of Col.Jack O'Neill in **Stargate**.
But one should never mistake the actor for the character or vice versa. And listening to *Marina Sirtis* in Fiuggi 2009, I came to understand that the actor might interpret or understand the role of character very differently from how you and I understand.

The Year 2013 on DVD.

I do not have a TV, folks. It means I do not follow any preordained schedule. But it does not mean, that I can't see TV-series. Of course I see them.
I see them on DVD. Later.
I try to keep up to date when it comes to sci fi. It is almost two years ago that I wrote on televised sci fi in CounterClock # 11, p 16
In the past year I added FRINGE, LEGEND OF THE SEEKER and so many Doctor Who adventures to my collection, that I now only miss the Tom Baker-adventure The Terror of the Zygons (1975) on DVD to have everything complete on DOCTOR WHO from late 1968 and forward. Well... I still have the episodes as avi-files (converted from VHS), but they don't count anymore.
We watch 2-3 episodes most every evening.
At weekends sometimes a film.

The most promising addition 2013 was the new series **Person of Interest** with Jim Caviezel. This is what I consider good (and clever) entertainment.
The unfolding of events have been less predictable than usual. Me no like predictable. And the screen-play seems generally well written and witty.
While **Fringe** came across as completely out-of-whack. Good acting, nice characters, but shamefully unscientific. I just can't see the necessity of having a human grotesquely dispatched in the first scenes of every episode. It doesn't appeal to me.
It disgusts me. The series has some good points, but as a whole I would point my thumb down for the ultimate score. Not recommended.
Game of Thrones feels less than a TV-series and more like a long, long film with one long and 9 short intermissions between every segment.
The sad fact about any series is that it can be cancelled at any time, depending on the audience. A series which is too intelligent for the audience risks cancellation. Perhaps the raw brutality of medieval life appeals to the viewers?
When brutality is realistic and necessary to depict reality as it was (even in a fantasy world), then I have less difficulty in accepting it. Simply because reality is cruel enough without us having to add to it by fantasizing about impossible cruelties.
I can feel nausea simply by reading about what some men and women had to endure when accused of *maleficium* and who refused to confess.

The *reality* we are presented with in TV drama and in cinema is nowhere near reality. It may be wiser to look at science fiction and fantasy, than at anything with the pretext to be based on *real events*.
You are less likely to confuse the two realities.
In filmed reality people have less basic needs. They eat less, crap less and sleep less. They say less irrelevant things and they often save the entire world.

My favourite TV-series this year, is an old one. Tired of watching the universe being saved over and over again, I ordered JEEVES & WOOSTER 1990-1993, with Stephen Fry and Hugh Laurie. It is comedy and Jeeves keeps saving the day only. It is set in the 1930's with beautiful automobiles, no TV, no gadgets like mobile phones, microwave ovens, surveillance camera's and computers. And Wooster doesn't even understand how to operate a teapot.
Dennis Potter's TV-Mini-series PENNIES FROM HEAVEN 1978, is another beautiful depiction of the 1930's in England. I love it even more than his sci-fi TV-Mini-series COLD LAZARUS 1996.

After BLACK BOOKS 2000-2004, it has been hard to find similar excellent comedy. But HOW DO YOU WANT ME? 1998-1999 works just fine if you regard it as a sort of prequel to BLACK BOOKS. It is easy to understand how the character of Bernard Black turned out the way he did, if he had any life similar to the one the character Ian Lyons (also Dylan Moran) experienced. Surreal. Just like reality. But comedy.

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DEPARTURES:
More fans and authors who have gone on the ultimate journey, beyond the rim of the galaxy:

Horst Gehrmann Ewers 1930-2013 Sep 19

H.G.Ewers was the last surviving author of the "old bunch" of Perry Rhodan-authors.
He was born on territory which became the GDR but escaped to West Germany in 1961 just before the iron curtain came down. He joined the PR-team in 1965 and wrote more than 300 Perry Rhodan-novels between *episode* 198 and 2110. He was also the author of approximately 150 other sf-novels related to the Perry Rhodan-universe.

Herbert Thiery 1955-2013 Sep 21

Thiery served as treasurer for the SFCD for 15 years. He was foremost an sf-fan. Thiery was one of the Saarländer responsible for several SFCD-Conventions in Saarbrücken and he was frequently seen at German conventions throughout the 80's, 90's and in this millennium.
He began his activities in fandom in the late 70's and was one of those people who always attended the annual SFCD-conventions. It is a sad, knowing that we will not meet again.
I am amazed that he endured so many years as a treasurer, considering the verbal abuse the board of the SFCD often got. But he was perhaps well suited for the job, since he also was accused for being a small bureaucrat. I don't know, because I knew him only from the round tables with plenty of beer and pizza to enjoy. And enjoying life, was something I believe he did. He was married and left behind a wife, a son and a step-son.



Herbert Thiery in Lübeck 2003 with 10 years to go.

"When you think about death do you lose your breath or do you keep your cool?" -Black Sabbath

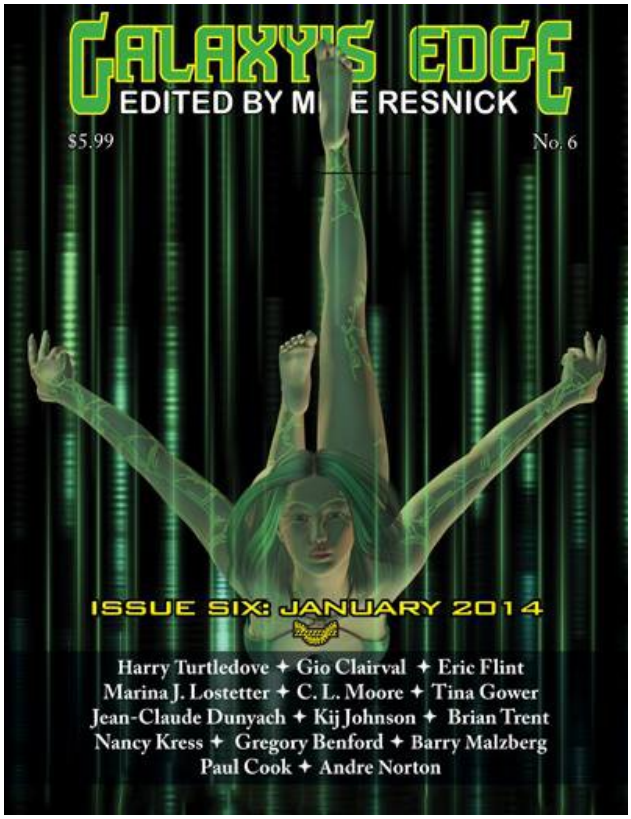
I find it increasingly painful having to accept that my friends and acquaintances begin their journey to the rim of the galaxy and beyond, before I do.
It's not like you can say to an old fart; "So, c'mon grandpa' you're next!" Because it can be your own number which comes up next.

I was only five when I asked myself for the first time, "Why am I me?" And when my mum attempted to commit suicide, christmas 1965 I now recall some of my reasoning. "Life will not be so good, *this time around*, if mum isn't there."
And: "I *will better be me at some other time.*"
I forgot all of this for more than 40 years. And I do still not believe in re-incarnation. But...
I do believe that we have a handful infinity inside us.

"Would you like to see the Pope on the end of a rope do you think he's a fool?" - Black Sabbath

The christian mythology does not appeal to me. Not as a cosmic guideline. But I believe all that is alive should be respected. How do we know that the old oak tree doesn't have any thought? We don't.

I do hope that all I write will be there for me to read, should I somehow some time return. Because this is something I am certain of, I will not remember one word. I will not remember who my brother and sister was or who my parents were. Because another time around, it will not matter.



Jean-Claude Dunyach who reported for us about French Science Fiction in CounterClock # 15 p.23 got published in the US! Alongside... Well, the cover (above) says it all. We recognize this as a huge leap in egoboo and congratulate Jean-Claude to the outstanding achievement! Go to:
http://www.galaxysedge.com/
for further information.

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"Mens sana in porcone sane" (A healthy mind in a healthy pig) - Misheard latin proverb

- -

Crystal Rauk / Goblin Forest

What is a rauk? you may ask. You find the word if you look under stack (geology) or seastack in wikipedia. The word refers to a stone column created by natural erosion. In my mind, these two pieces of Staffan's musical writing ought not to be separated. They fit so well in consecutive sequence.

Jan Djinn / Wendy & Bach

All of these pieces display some of Staffan's musical genius and diversity. And... what can be done with the right equipment and the appropriate education.
Staffan is not short of any of these things. At least not in my humble opinion. But then, what do I know? I am a dilletante.
The final piece in this excellent quartet, Wendy and Bach, is a homage to Wendy (Walter) Carlos and his exploration of the Bach sound on a Moog. *Switched-On Bach* was recorded 1968 and II in 1974.



Patric Fors, Jan Johansson, Michael Pargman and I do our best to interpret "Somewhere Over the Bar Stool" and other filksongs from the NasaCon 8 program.

Life is easier with background music. *A Handful Infinity* is music which invokes many a scenery from a joyful time, when there was fandom all around.
I want to share it with you, not only because it is more fannish than pro, but also because I consider it to be excellent music. Many Swedish fans recall Staffan's greatest performance at NasaCon 8, when he almost lifted the roof off the convention-site with his filk of Jennifer Rush's "Power of Love".
Everyone could (and did) join in the easy enough chorus and particularly in the last line: "Sometimes I am frightened, but I'm ready to face;
the power of space!"

REGN🕘 TRANQUILL🕘

"The calm kingdom" - CdM, short for Centro del Mondo - or "Castions delle Mura" is the new realm in which I reside since 2007. There is no fandom here, only me. There is an sf-fan next door and I have heard rumors of some media-fans in the vicinity.
But basically this is a Kingdom of Peace and Quiet.
It gives me a lot of time for contemplation. I don't know if you have spotted my puny attempts at satire in this issue (page 8, second column), but I shall endeavor to increase its cut in future issues, at least in my own writing. If I can.

I fear that my mind is too chaotic and that my texts appear as incoherent as the flow of thoughts which cross my mind. This issue has been put together in a bit of a hurry, after me wasting so much time bracing for the task. And as words flow, I try to focus on one issue while the gravity of nearby events pull my thoughts out of orbit and I end up talking about something else. It is often corrected while editing, but the less time I have set aside for it, the less coherent the issue appears to my own perception.
I believe though, CdM influences me to improve.

THE MYTH 🕘F SEPTEMBER 11

by Roberto Quaglia

The Satanic Verses of Western Democracy

630 pages, ISBN 978 606 831 5171

I am really proud of myself, having finished this thick as a brick tome on... at first I believed it was about the attacks of 9/11, but then Quaglia digs deeper into the mystery and sweeps the reader into unexpected relevant realms. Many years ago, when I read the books of Carlos Castaneda, I was first led to believe that it was all about peyote, mushrooms and drug induced hallucinations. But then Castaneda opens the gate to another reality, which you can not accept as real unless you let your mind flow free with the words. Similarly Quaglia opens a mind, if we do not refuse to let it open. The other reality we learn about feels more real than the reality we live in.

Reality *is* surreal!

How we percieve reality is more based on what we believe, than upon what we actually know. And we are being conditioned to trust what we are being told. We do not really want to know the full extent to which we have been deceived. Maybe we have suspected that there was something fishy and all the facts perhaps did not sum up. But being slapped in the face with 600+ pages of irrefutable logic and wonderful irony and sarcasm does hurt a bit. In any brain. Now I can go around with a smug look and feel that I do have a good idea what really happened on that day. Or I can smack the book in my head one more time and try to believe *all* that I read.

Now I understand why Roberto is travelling so much. Now I understand why he all of the time looks and talks like he's been tripping on something pleasant.

If my mind gets fucked up by reading the book, how must the mind be who wrote it?

Don't get me wrong here. I suddenly bursted into hysterical laughter every 10-25 pages.

All that you believe is wrong. But it does not really matter what you believe. We can no longer revel in the past. What the issue is, and what matters is; can we help our children to live in the future they are heading for?

The world changes. The world *has to* change. The time we lived in is no longer relevant for the future. We lived in a reality of abundance and we are squandering it. As we spea...ah... uhm... read!

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War does not determine who is right, only who is left. *~Bertrand Russell*

- -

Would I recommend Roberto's book? Well, I would of course prefer to remain one of the select few who has actually been enlightened to the point where the illuminati seem like amateurs. But go ahead, if you wish to ruin your illusions of what is real.

One chapter is devoted to the security at airports. We already know what a silly theater it is. We have already concluded that you can arm yourself with a bottle in the Duty Free Shop if you wanted to scare the cabin crew. But I don't need a weapon in my hand to be lethal. Before my latest flight I learned how to put a person out of comission temporarily (using only two fingers) and permanently (using the knuckles) if necessary. Not that I have any such desire. I merely wanted to know how to defend myself without exhausting me, since my stamina is poor and getting worse by the minute.

Ok, so now I have also learned how to make an airplane crash, using only a quick but decisive movement of my elbow.

Destruction is really so much easier than creating. A fight does not have to go on longer than a second.

But then it wouldn't be entertainment on film. You have to *sock, poff* and *pow* around a bit.

Real violence is not like that. Not unless both fighters are idiot thugs, which they are most of the time. After a fight, one ends up in hospital and the other ends up in court and you don't want to be either one.

So, forgive me for having a stone face when I pass the security check, I know you are only doing your job. And I don't want to laugh into your face. But the lethal weapon is not in my luggage, it is me. You can x-ray my stuff all you want. However, I have no desire to do anyone any harm. Infact, I prefer to have the crap beaten out of me, because then I am the one who takes *you* to court. Good luck!

- -

Big thanks to Theodora Popescu, for translating this book and to Ian Watson for revising! You did one helluva job!!!

- -

I knew already before I read the book, that it had all the potential to become a bestseller. It is still my opinion. The more people who read this book, the more difficult it will be to sell them (the readers) any more bullshit. It's the ultimate wake-up call.

Oh, I almost forgot. Do not consider this a book of fact. Read it as if it were a book of science fiction, which Roberto himself encourages you to.

He makes several references to sf-books and sci-fi film and some of the references make me wonder wether the Brit TV-series SURVIVORS and swine-flu coinciding really was by chance.

I love Brits and I love the English language, but some aspects of "The Myth..." make me fear setting my foot on English soil again. The HUFFINGTON POST has the nerve to call Romania the first dystopia of our time? As it is, I think I would feel a lot safer in Bucharest than in London. So would Julian Assange have felt. And isn't it ironic that Eric Snowden finds sanctuary in Moscow? Now, where is the land of the free?

German humor: A banker, a citizen and a refugee are sitting at a table. On the table are 12 cookies. The banker takes 11 and says to the citizen; "Watch out, the refugee wants to take your cookie!"

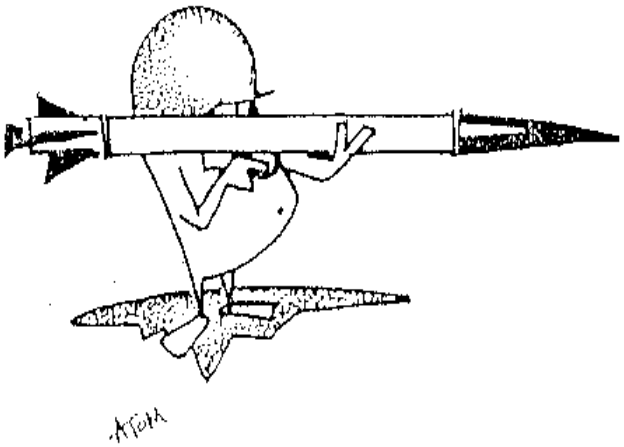
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Toronto / Canada, 24 nov 2013

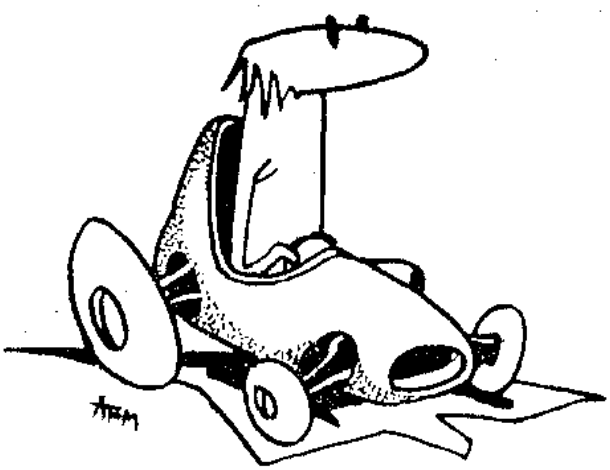
I'm not surprised that France would be the one nation in Europe where the use of English as a second language seems on the decline. Francophones in Quebec, in Canada show a similar sentiment toward English, and a substantial minority would eliminate English entirely from the province if they could. I think it's because French was the other contender for the global second language for such a long time. Even the expression "Lingua Franca" refers to French. But in the end, they lost out and it was English that become everyone's second tongue, and English speaking nations that dominated most of the second half of the 20th century ... not la Francophonie.

Since the Second World War, too, the French have been pretty good at fooling themselves about their importance. Like the British, they are a second tier power, but pretend to be a first tier power. Unlike the British, who can lean on the US and Commonwealth nations like Canada and Australia for multiplied influence, the former French Empire provides no such support. So they construct their own little Reality.

Ed: [sic] We, homo sapiens, are good at constructing our own little realities. :)



Artwork: ATom 1927-1990



Artwork: ATom 1927-1990

Rolf Strömgren
Stockholm, Sweden, 27 November 2013

Thank you, for another good issue of CC. I did in particular appreciate the text about your brother and childhood. It is not so easy to talk about ones childhood and even more difficult to have a perspective on it.

"*The first issue [of the Clockwise complement is] to contain all of my _boring_ poetry and lyrics, which probably no one is going to read anyway.*"

What challenge to anyone who doesn't acknowledge a writer's prerogative to his own writing. Multitudes will gather to read your poems, merely to prove you wrong. In particular the post-modernists. I would like to see what a genuine literary "deconstruction gang" will do with your poems. :-)

The randomly generated titles were fun. Some do really sound like authentic titles and I liked the Pulp-covers. Now we are anxiously awaiting the movie; "The attack of the titlotron pulpomizer."

quote-card #1:
"You meet fewer idiots around here." - WvW

Ed: Rolf, old friend, I wonder if you deliberately phrased yourself in a way, which became a greater challenge for my ability to translate your letter from Swedish to English. Perhaps not, but remember that I am an amateur and forgive me if I did not manage to bring your point across entirely accurate.
I sense academic humor behind it. A joke that will remain between the two of us and where the laugh is on me, because I am the one scratching my head. What is a deconstruction gang?

- -

quote-card # 2 "Then again, you meet less really smart and educated people as well..." - F.A.M.

Lloyd Penney
1706-24 Eva Rd. Etobicoke, ON
CANADA M9C 2B2
December 17, 2013

I hope this doesn't get to you too late…we're having internet issues with our provider, and they don't seem able to connect us with the net these days. We've been offline for a week, but I hope this means that I can get caught up with fanzines before the end of the year. So, here are comments on CounterClock 16. (I started writing this on December 6…)

I think we are being bombarded with more knowledge and information as we become more connected via the web, but that doesn't mean that we are becoming more intelligent or informed. If anything, we are changing how much to absorb and how much to ignore. The need for some silence is increasing, but as we are constantly subjected to noise, much of it electronic, I think we ignore more than we absorb, to the point where we absorb little or nothing. You are right about disinformation; so much of it comes at us, and blends with the good information, so that many people can't tell what's good or bad, and will ignore it all, absorb even less, and we become more ignorant of things.

My condolences with losing your brother. Should similar news come my way, I think I shall be able to handle it well, given that I haven't seen any of my immediate family in more than a decade. I did get a call in June of last year that my mother had passed away of colon cancer. My father is somewhere in Canada's maritime provinces, my brother Steven lives on the far west coast, and my brother David…well, I don't know where he is. Dieter got you reading SF? My mother did that for me.

I've had glasses since about the age of 6, so I am quite used to them, but about seven years ago now, I suffered a retinal separation, and had an operation to put it back in place. I was told that one of the side effects of such an operation would be a premature cataract, and my ophthalmologist was correct, and I had the cataract removed earlier this year. I am now bionic, I had a special artificial lens put in, and as soon as I can afford new glasses, my vision should be better than it's been in years.

1984 came to us a little late, 29 years or so, but the dystopia of that book is here with us now. We are under unprecedented pressure to earn, spend and save, and some of us can do none of that. Romania may be the first true dystopia, but there are plenty of countries who are nearly there. Fascism is here and there around the world, and places like Canada and the United States are flirting with it right now.

When Yvonne and I were in the Hague in 1990 for the Worldcon, we learned what Dutch we could, for we were spending two weeks there. While I actually did use my Dutch, was understood, and I got what I asked for, I only ran into one person who could not understand my English. All others were fluent in English. France is not learning English? Come to Quebec, and you'll find the same. There is a lot of pressure to be more French than the French there, and a separatist government there doesn't help.

An excellent article on Wetzcon '56, written by an excellent author. In some ways, it's a time capsule into an era nearly 60 years old, but still, there are so many parallels to how new fans delve into fandom with new eyes and grand hopes. Today, the interests within fandom have become so different, it is something appealing yet unfamiliar. Have I gotten too old for fandom? Has it left me behind? Or, have I aged right out of the demographic, and other fans and interests taken the centre stage?

The locol…I am glad to see that your emergence on eFanzines.com has helped to enlarge your readership. To go with John Hertz' loc, if any Canadian fan had thought to put out a paper newsletter, I imagine that thought is now dashed. Postage costs will be going up an extraordinary amount, and Canada Post has announced in order to save money, and stop the haemorrhage of money from their coffers, they will be phasing out home delivery of mail over the next five years. All Canadians will soon be getting their mail from a remote post office or what's called a superbox, whether they can get to it or not.

A e-zine was, I had thought, been accepted as a suitable response to the high costs of printing and postage, but there are so many who see an e-zine as an unacceptable substitute; they won't respond to it as they do not see it as a real zine. They're bringing forward the end of this fine hobby, or perhaps they are bringing to a premature end their own involvement in it, for soon, e-zines may be all there is.

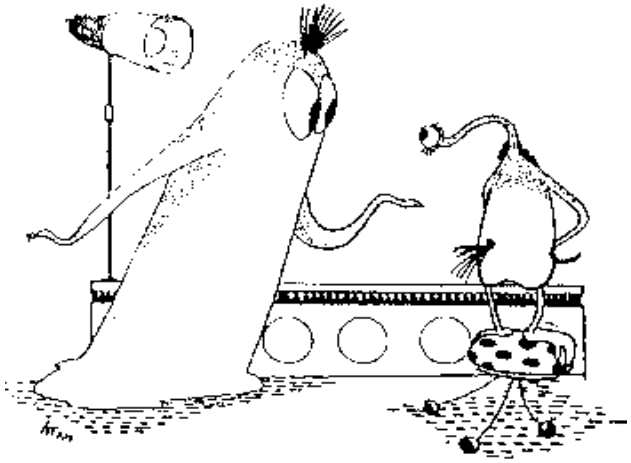
My own loc…I met again Dave Kyle at a local

convention, and I know he is a Knight of St. Fantony, and he has the badge to prove it. I should amend my words about those who would attend media conventions… many of them do enjoy community among themselves, and I share some of that community with them, but I am finding how many of them are quite well-read, but do not take part in the literary fandom I enjoy, but in other fandoms for gaming, comics, media, Dr. Who, or other currently popular interest.

Time to wrap it up, I think. My job hunt must start up again…I found a great contract job at the end of October, but now, it comes to a premature end Christmas Eve, a present I did not want this year. So Christmas holidays are extended, and this is the worst time of year to be job hunting. The resumes are already updated, and jobs are already applied to. Yvonne and I wish you a wonderful Christmas and New Year, and we will see you with the next issue.

Ed: Relatives we take for granted. We don't expect siblings to die, the way we are prepared when our parents go. So it might be quite a blow, even if one does not expect it to be. And then we all react differently anyhow.
The thing about a dystopia, is that people are widely being kept unaware of the manipulation of their governments. I believe this is done on a very subtle level in the so called "free countries". Are we as free as we believe?

WAHF: Sarah Quarino, Gregory Benford



Artwork: ATom 1927-1990

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EUR◴PEAN EVENTS UPDATE:

Not much to report, if you have kept yourself up to date with the links provided in # 16, but the annual Italcon may elude you, if you don't know how and where to look for it.

Italcon 39 on May 23rd to 26th **-** is the Star Trek-Convention in Bellaria, Rimini.
GoH: Dario Argento, Robert Duncan McNeill, Robert Picardo, David Prowse, Jeremy Bulloch (Boba Fett), Richard Arnold, Michael Bishop, Luigi Cozzi, Donato Altomare, David Messina, Davide Perino (voice of Frodo in LotR), Rodolfo Traversa (the Italian voice for C3P0 of Star Wars), Giuseppe Lippi, Ugo Malaguti, Maurizio Manzieri, Gianni Montanari and Gianfranco de Turris.
(the listing of GoHs in English stops listing the names after Donato Altomare. I gather it is of limited interest for English speaking members who the italian voices of Frodo and C3P0 were).
http://www.stic.it/eventi/STICCON/sticcon.html

Rimini is not so far away from here. Perhaps 3-4 hours by train. closer than both Zagreb and Munich. But oh, the prospect to mingle with Italian media fans does not exactly appeal. I feel sorry for Michael Bishop. Perhaps I shouldn't, I am sure he will be well taken care of and if not, it would be my solemn duty to go there and make sure he is not bored out of his skull. Already the fact that the body of Darth Vader (the voice was James Earl Jones) and Boba Fett are listed before him, is cause for concern.
Him (Bishop) and Luigi Cozzi would be nice talking to, unless of course they are protected by ropes with a "Non toccare!" sign hanging from it.

- -

GREECE:

SF-Conventions are being planned in Greece. One (the first sf-convention ever in Athens) for July 2015 and another for the island of Siros in 2016. For Siros it is not the first time to host such an event, but for Athens this is a premiere.
Both Anders Bellis and I have signalled affirmative in assisting the Athens convention, which is likely to take place in a hotel. Anyone who considers going, and is willing to participate in the program, should drop me an email.
There is no need to worry about the language. Greek people speak good English. They do not ruin movies by putting greek voices on British and American actors. They *ruin* them by having subtitles instead. But as one of two ills I would choose the latter any day.
More about convention plans and Greece in future issues. That would be all for now.

Fannishly, Wolf