

(WvW)

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Who cares watching POMPEII, when the first

ABOUT THIS ISSUE

POMPE-film hasn't even been made?

Christmas 2015 and New Year's Eve passed with the worst bout of the flu I ever had. It was followed without delay by a month of Dostoyevsky-mode, which is what I call the level of mind, just above depression. The best I can do in such a state of mind is to shut up. All the gloom and doom of the global economy, the social unrest in Europe and not to mention the heavy rain outside my window would be reflected in the writing. In the midst of all, to enhance the experience, I was reached by the news that Anna Raftery's father Joe died.

In spite of this, I was done at last by February 9th. All the agony of the tragic events one year ago were shining through the text, here and there. Today is February 10th, the day of the funeral (a year ago) and suddenly the clouds of doom seem lifted from my mind. Can a quick rewrite save it? I don't know, but I sure as hell will try. And even as I recapture the sadness of the past month, I don't seem to be slipping back into that gear. Another day more or less before submitting, is not going to make much of a difference.

As always, with Clockwise, I'm doing this mainly for my own pleasure. What practical use can a biography of somebody who is a nobody serve? Well, in here you should find all you need, should you ever (for any reason) wish to conduct an interview with me. There is also all I need, for my own reference, when things happened, because most of the time I have to consult an old fanzine a railway-report or a newspaper-clip. I forget....

Every Reason I Can Think of Why You Should Vote For TAFF.

This American-European friendship fund has been around for a longer time than the Eurocon. And it concerns all of us. It has been regulated in a way, that makes a common language imperative. This doesn't explain why no Canadian has won TAFF (yet), but it does explain why mostly British and Irish candidates have won on the European side. It is absolutely necessary to have a common language. In most European countries, people now *can* speak English. The TAFF-report is an important part of the whole idea. We make the journey with the TAFF delegate and through his or her report. So, before you vote, think about what kind of TAFF-report you would like to read.

T SWEDEN - Sverifandom

Varje enskild röst väger tungt. Jag hoppas att kunna få någon enstaka röst från engelska filk-fandom, där jag också har vänner, men Sverifandom är ytterst vad jag förlitar mig på. Jag är INTE default vinnare. Det såg vi i förra årets lopp.Man ska inte underskatta brittiskt filk-fandom. Deras kongresser är av ungefär samma storlek som svenska kongresser. Skillnaden är att de är mera vana vid TAFF än vad svenskt fandom är. Kom igen! Ge dem en match!

I realize, that there are still kinks to be worked out. If, for example, someone like Cristian Tamas (one of the people behind the European SF-portal) would race for TAFF, he'd be at a disadvantage. The economy of Romania and other former east-block countries are not on the same level as ours. 2 GBP or 3 Euros is for them at least three times more than for us. How many of you would vote, if the vote cost 6 GBP, 9 USD or 9 Euro? As long as this inequality remains, we will not see many votes, if any, from those countries.

T GERFANY - Liebe Freunde,

Meine Freunde im deutschen Fandom, waren vergangenes Jahr so gut erzogen daß sie Nina ihre Stimmen gegeben haben. Ich kann es niemanden übel nehmen, hab' ich's doch genauso getan. Ich hoffe, wir sehen uns noch, die Woche vor dem Weltcon beim SFCD-Con in Oldenburg. Dann wird diese Angelegenheit schon entschieden sein, und wir wissen ob ich hinterher nachhause fahre oder weiter nach Kansas City. Ich hoffe zwar, aber es muß nicht sein. Was Gerfany betrifft, hab' ich schon Grund genug dankbar zu sein. Trotzdem wäre es schön auch ein paar Stimmen aus deutschen Lande zu bekommen. Vielleicht könnte sich diese oder jenige Stammtischrunde zu einer gemeinsamen Stimmabgabe hinreissen? Es würde mich sehr freuen.

Fan groups in some countries, who wish to bid for and run Worldcons ought to participate with at least ONE vote (there's no upper limit as it is with ESFS voting). With the one vote, you show that your fandom does keep an eye on events going on outside your country. I'd be really, really surprised, if *anyone* in France now would be reading this and if there came a vote from France.

Voting for TAFF is a way of saying; "Hello, we are (I am) here and we pay attention to what is going on around us. If you feel 3 Euro is too steep, then join together for a vote, at for example the pub-or club-meeting. Which ever it is, we see who voted and at least I feel inclined to go around and meet those who voted. On both sides of the Atlantic. For example, in the previous race came a vote from Slovenia, which is still on my agenda to visit (have been busy, but I will get around to it).

So, the best reason I can think of, to vote, if you don't have a candidate from your own country in the race, would be to advertise yourself. And then, of course, if you do have a candidate in the race, then to support your candidate, because your candidate will support you.

Why should you vote for me?

That is hard for me to say. I feel reluctant to self-promote. It is not in my nature. One reason I can think of, is that after the journey, I will become a TAFF-administrator, and as such have a say in a reform. I want TAFF to be a more pan-European event in both directions. Not only ALL of Europe can pose delegates, but ALL of Europe should welcome the North-American delegates in their countries. To meet their sf-fans.

It is unlikely that I will stand for TAFF a 3rd time. Not because losing is a bummer, but because the race and the necessary campaign (at which I feel less apt) constitutes a significant interruption in what I call *normal life*. I can't plan this year, before the outcome of the TAFF-race is decided. Sometimes, I doubt that I ought to be doing this.

The most obvious reason to vote for me, would be if you are a regular reader of CounterClock and if you enjoy the writing. Because you know there will be a report and you have a fair idea of what it will sound like. And there will be pictures.

Strength does not come from winning. Your struggles develop your strengths. When you go through hardships and decide not to surrender, that is strength.

Arnold Schwarzenegger

FALLING BEHIND AND FALLING BEHIND...

I don't know what to call it. It is not writer's block, I know what that is and I don't have it.

Maybe it's this particular topic I can't deal with. Self-promotion. This biography-thing has been on my bucket-list, not only for my own benefit, but also for those coming after me, who might be curious what kind of a person I was, the kind of life we lived, as children. And I feel there ought to be more to say about my existence than "being hit by a trumpet", as it happens to be all there is to know about one of my ancestors. Not that I intend to kick the bucket any time soon. Consider this ish only the 2nd draft on it. (Slashing another paragraph of doom and gloom, throwing in a quote by Arnold, who has more brain than I do while in Dostoyevsky-mode).

Keeping it B/W and 16 pages in hope that someone may print and distribute a few copies. Making publicity for the TAFF-race. If YOU feel up to it and need a contribution towards printing cost, let me know. I'd appreciate your effort.

A big thank you, to my nominators, both of the 2015 and 2016 race: Arnie Katz (USA), Lloyd Penney (Canada), Ronald M Hahn (Gerfany), Chris O'Shea (UK) and John-Henri Holmberg (Sweden) both races. In the 2016 race: Mike Glyer & Teddy Harvia (USA), Dave Lally (Ireland, UK) & Mihaela Perkovic (Croatia)

When I look back at my life, what comes to mind first when somebody mentions a year after 1976, are the sf-conventions I visited. My life in fandom, with fans and fanac, contained undoubtedly the most significant events, since they harbor all the fondest memories.

The convention was the annual necessary nerd party, where I met the likes of myself, people who had something to say that I found interesting and where I lived and learned without many regrets. It was comforting to know, that I was not alone.

There were others who had been *nerds* all their lives and they seemed to be fine with it.

Naturally, when I decided to throw my own nerd parties (Nasacon 1980-1990 and Saltsjö-Con '97, '98 and Nasacon 2000), it was destined to be more of a festivity than a bunch of lectures and a club-meeting in session. There were a lot of laughs, a lot of beer and a lot of smoking.

The mundane *guardians* of virtues have made the latter components of our events significantly more arduous to live with, even on a small scale.

Permission, insurance, regulations... these words sifted increasingly into our existence, making us... or at least me, disturbingly aware that we are

living at the end of times. Not in the sense the Jehova's Witnesses wants us to believe, that God will come and clean up the mess. But in the sense which was predicted in the early 70's, with overpopulation, resource depletion, nature imbalance, mass extinction and global economic collapse.

Are we not there yet? Much can happen in a day and even more so happens in a year. I do believe we have finally arrived at the threshold.

I made sure to have enough popcorn.

Alas, my mentors, my teachers, my guiding stars and respected elders. So few of them left. Even close friends, younger than myself, have missed the opportunity to see the end of all... ...this. Or at least, they could have hung around a bit longer, since we haven't run out completely of good nerd parties yet.

My mind unintentionally slipped into dawn-mode here. But every story has an end. Every life ends. Why is it so sad an event, when it is part of living? Personally, I have always felt inclined to view the end in an Olaf Stapledon *Starmaker* kind of way. That's how I am going to do it. I will have my spiritual essence released from the mortal coil and wander off to explore the universe.

But not yet. Not this year. Not this decade, as far as I have any say in it. All I know for sure, is that day will come.

This fanzine appears to be emerging under an unusually hapless crescent. Can you imagine that I once thought myself to be...



Artwork: Wolf von Witting, CAPA #8, September 1980.

MY BI GRAPHY

(Version 1.02)

When I was young and essentially empty of shit, I asked myself those fundamental questions; "Who am I?", "What am I?" and "Why am I me?"

Now I am full of it, and still asking myself the very same questions. I can access the memory of that boy whose transition into a teenager went smoothly and the memories of the young man, who the teenager became, but I feel equally detached from all former transmutations. I never became the butterfly, even though I often felt them in my stomach.

I do not amount to much, do I? I passed on university-studies, assuming I'd do just as well studying on my own. I was wrong. I said **no** to a career move, when I had the opportunity and I quit from a well-paid job. I never learned to play the guitar properly. I just fake it, strumming a few simple chords. I have written my first million words of crap and yet I have not yet published a single book. And that was supposed to be my life's big dream. But, hey!!! I got great kids!

I am possibly one of the happiest *Nobody* alive. I worked for my pension, I paid my taxes and I never lived off the welfare-system. I performed my duties, I was nobody's serf. I lived my life the way I chose to live it. My area of interest was so thin, that only a few have a grasp of what I actually have been doing. To some I seem to be Somebody merely on the merit of still being around. Sometimes it feels very strange.

I have talked about music. How it reminds us of moments in the past. Gigabytes of music on my drive, enable me to keep reliving the past all day, and to do nothing else. Was it really so great being 15-25, or was it just the music of the time?

Eight years have gone by, like one long and grand vacation in the Italian countryside. I need to get out of here, doing something more than this. I can not be content with *living in paradise*.

Don't get me wrong. I am infinitely pleased with the quality of that cup of coffee. We also have some home baked cake. In fact, for eight years now, there has been no limit on what I could choose and afford to eat or drink. I have a better equipped wardrobe than ever before in my life.4

What does one need when one has it all? And why do I feel so miserable? Why are these dark clouds of doom looming over me? Maybe it is the time of year, maybe it is the time of death.

Maybe I'm just f-cking bored of this tranquility.

BY ALL STANDARDS, I AM QUITE MAD

There is no mild way of saying this. I might as well explain it with little voices in my head. They have gradually come and grown into my life. It began in 1974, without any voices. But I decided to settle the great questions once and for all. And I decided to do that until the year of 2001. I figured, that I would have time to enjoy my insight after that.

The second relevant event occurred in the year 1982 while I still didn't hear any *voices*. Then the Hitch-Hikers Guide to the Galaxy answered the Great Question for me, before I have had the opportunity to find any answer myself. I thought it hilarious, because I had to admit I never really phrased the Great Question myself. I had been just as vague as the philosophers in Douglas Adams' story. So I went with 42 as an answer.

That's when the voices began appearing. They all said 42 and giggled as if they knew a great secret I yet had to discover. It went on pestering me until I said enough is enough, give me a sign NOW and I will listen to you. This was in 1993, and the sign was a Golf Tee. I have kept my word since then and listened to the voices. They led me to Moscow and to Italy. And for listening I have been rewarded. However, I suspect there is a task ahead for which I have to make a sacrifice.

Myself. I don't know what or when. All I know, is that I will be told and that I always have a choice.

Now, the voices are not really voices. And last time they said anything I was standing outside Jim Mowatt's door in Cambridge, smoking. My head was quite empty and my gaze suddenly got fixed on the numbers of the door. It said 273.

Incidentally 2 by 7 makes 14 and 14 by 3 makes 42. Hello Douglas and Charles Dodgson!!!

But what does it mean? I don't know. I have long time stopped trying to interpret. All it said to me, was **pay attention** (to what Jim Mowatt is telling you). Somewhere, there, in Cambridge, I was told something I needed to know.

As always, when in doubt, I make a back-up check. Is this for real? I went around the corner and took a look at the next door. It said 126. Okay, this really was a message... They are not always numbers, it can be a street sign, like Heisenberg-straße (the one in Garching) or a seven-legged Wolf Spider, or a Golf Tee.

But events unfold, if you pay attention to details and if those details appear to have context. It is difficult to explain, so I simply declare myself mad.

The DAWN **F FAN**

As a boy, I lived in a world of wonders. I was born early in the space age. If you should happen not to know it, the space age began on the 4th of October in 1957 when Sputnik was launched into orbit. I made first contact with science fiction, living in Gothenburg (1966-69) by watching the German space opera "Raumpatrouille".

My favourite toys were plastic space ships and I looked at my brothers model of the (in 2001 A Space Odyssey featured) PAN AM space shuttle with envious eyes. Incidentally, also the shuttle in 2001 was named Orion. And if this is not enough coincidence for you, I have long been able to point out Messiers 42nd object in the constellation of Orion. Immediately the warp point in my brain, sends ideas galloping off in all directions.

IN THE WORLD **GF COMICS**

At age 10 and 11 every boy has a best friend. His name was Joachim Roos and we lived in Lund, far south in Sweden. It was in the golden days of comics. And while Disney and Looney Tunes Cartoons always were entertaining, we were the kind of boys who already had moved beyond the kid stuff and preferred Marvel and DC Comics. It made us feel more grown up.

Spiderman and Batman were my favourites and I also picked up a healthy habit with reading the Belgian and French heroes Tintin and Asterix.

Sometimes we paired up with two other boys who also were best friends, and the four of us experienced adventures together. I loved comics and I grew up in a world which seemed to promise endless adventures. Men were still flying to the moon and the Amazons were not yet fully explored. There was still room for a Yeti in Himalaya and for Bigfoot in North-America. We were less than 4 billion people on the planet, and we still had the years 1984 and 2001 in the far future. So it felt.

In the 80's I experienced a renaissance in comics. Mostly because of Heavy Metal and it's *comics for grown-ups*. By the end of the decade, I ended up translating comics for Horst Schröder, a German who published several comic-magazines for *adult* readers in Sweden, *Epix* and *Heavy Metal* being the two most renowned ones. With the years, my fascination with comics receded and eventually I gave away my collection.

The DOCT R AND I

I never had need for any other doctor than Doctor Who (not counting the dentist). I just happened to be so lucky. And my first encounter with Doctor

Who had nothing to do with TV. It was my friend Joachim Henke who had become enthused with the show and tried in the late 80's to get across its cheesy brilliance in his own words and with a few pictures from Starlog, or a similar magazine. The next year we got cable TV channels in our suburb of Stockholm. One of them were showing Doctor Who, the Tom Baker Years and I was lucky being able to jump in from the first episode, Robot.

At first I was amused by its primitive special effects. The storytelling was good and the variety was refreshing. I soon became acquainted with Sontarans, Daleks, Cybermen and the Master.

I don't recall exactly when or how my viewing was interrupted, but it was in the midst of Leela's time as companion. By then I was already hooked for the rest of my life. As the show became available on VHS, the fifth doctor became the first run of a doctor I was able to watch in fullness.

...and yes, by now I have all the Who-adventures I need on dvd (meaning all of them since Pertwee, 1970, and a good selection of William Hartnell, the first, and Patrick Troughton, 2nd Doctor b/w adventures). You may be aware that the BBC in a fit of madness cleared out all old black and white archived material and with it, the entire run of Hartnell and Troughton.

Much has been restored since then and some episodes have been restored with animations.

I would like to point out (particularly for Teddy Harvia) that while I generally *dislike* watching animations, I find in spite of this, the animated episodes completely satisfactory. Apparently they do have the original soundtrack and the animations are really well made. My least favourite Doctor is Hartnell, who wouldn't care what I think, even if he was alive. I wasn't particularly fond of Matt Smith either, but I have to admit that he is an excellent actor. I just feel he looks more like a companion than a doctor. He gives me Turlough-vibes. What I got out of Dr Who, in particular when it comes to the classic show is, that when someone tells me he is a fan of it, I feel as if I knew exactly what kind of person he is.

STAR TREK - I LIKE ALL #F THEM

Another show, which has raised a decent number and kind of followers. I am not a Trekkie, but I love the franchise. Just as much as I love Doctor Who and Perry Rhodan. It will be interesting to see what Alan Kurtzman will come up with next.

My favourite Star Trek is The Next Generation. It had a good number of brilliantly written episodes. While DS9 and Voyager still offered plenty of good story-telling, they continued building on ideas first conceived during TNG-times.

I Was A G⊕⊕D Consumer

I spent my money on books, fanzines (printing and postage), travels, comics, vinyl records, VHS-casettes and later CD's and DVD's. As a cog in the wheel of the market forces, I did my part and can't say I regret any of it.

I caught several collecting-bugs over the years. One of them was coin collecting (Numismatic), but

nowadays I only hoard silver coins.

All in all I was a rather regular person. As

All in all, I was a rather regular person. As a matter of fact, I still am, even though I am not quite the consumer I used to be. I was an average layman in all the arts. I still am.

C FFEE...

American coffee has a poor reputation in Europe. The problem seems to be, there's not enough coffee in the water. North Europeans might think it looks a bit thin. Further south in Europe, they would say it looks like tea. Well, if it looks like tea, I prefer it to be tea. Coffee, even if you only have a small sip in the cup, should cover the bottom of the cup and hide any message written there, such as: "You have just now been poisoned!"

If such an event should occur, you should follow up in a rapid succession with vermouth, gin, ouzo, whisky, rum, Cointreau (or similar), vodka, grappa, vurguzz, bheer, cognac, Romulan Ale and top it with Fernet Branca or Jägermeister, if you're not green in your face already.

Next: Throw up! ("Tiramisu" in Italian).

Then go back to coffee.

C BKING & FOOD

...is a skill refined in latter years. I like it simple.

And you haven't tasted proper fried potatoes until you have tasted mine. It's a satisfying feeling, being able to say: "The best fried potatoes I ever tasted are my own."

Among my favourite recipes are "Chicken Curry" in the way a former Pakistani colleague taught me. And I still wish I could make good Pelmeni (a Russian dish I grown fond of).

I eat everything. No allergies here. I love to try something new and my sauces always turn out fascinating taste-experiences. Not necessarily successful, I must add. I think; that if you only add tasty components the end result would also have to be tasty. It has become my experience, that it doesn't have to be so. However, I have found that some people say they do like chocolate with pepper. Who knows? You should try to bake a calzone-type "pizza" with a fried fish in mayo as filling. I felt it was delicious with hot mayo.

It is absolutely okay to ask me to cook! I like it.

PASSED **UT**

....after too much booze. Done that. Once.

Not proud of it. It may have been '79 or '81 (can't remember, coz I was terribly drunk). The place was Niederkassel and the occasion was an SFC SARABOUND club-meeting with Dieter Lamers and Liebig. Those guys really knew how to party.

Also Wolfgang Bolz (Mettmann, Neanderthal) may still have compromising photographic evidence after an evening with "Viel too much" as a Gerfan might say in disorderly mode. Haven't been drunk yet in this millennium though. I regret to say, that I am not a grand consumer of bheer. Two in an evening is normal. Three is a **lot**.

Also, don't waste any *single malt* on me, I prefer regular blended scotch whisky. I do not become disorderly, when I had too much. You do not need to test my limit. I fall asleep or pass out.

The Way 9f Zen

Zen is a philosophy, not a religion. Even though most practitioners of Zen are Buddhist, one does not need to be. I am a Zen Pantheist and in theory a Zen Monotheist is possible as well. I began studying the ways of Zen in 1980 and have kept practising it all my life, by ways recommended by Musashi in his *Book of Five Rings*. To become a Zen Master, one only needs to have a student and teach that student Zen. It is as simple as that.

I became a Zen Master some 14-15 years ago. My school is called *Simple Zen*. It has no relationship to the book *Simple Zen*: A Guide to Living Moment by Moment (on Amazon) by C. Alexander Simpkins. But it might be a good read anyway.

Zen is neither mysterious nor glorious, but a basic requirement to understand it is self-discipline.

Life is a fight, if you desire to learn how to fight, I recommend Kendo, Karate or Judo classes. If you only want to learn how to defend yourself, you can come to me, or take Aikido classes. Or both. The Master makes the assessment if the student has the necessary requirements. I have rarely taken students.

If winning isn't everything, then why do they keep score?

Vince Lombardi

WORDS **(V:1.02)**

...if I will have one, it should read: "If you want to tell me something, go ahead. Chance is, I might be listening. If you wish to ask a question, I regret, I'm unable to answer at this time. Please, leave a message."

W®RK AND CAREER

Once and this once only, I will tell you about my past work and career in a fanzine.

I had the privilege to work in retail, while still at school. I could use my spare time, weekends and vacations for this at my own discretion.

It was great for a young man to have spending money and it was sufficient enough, that when my dad asked me to pay for food at home, I bought a fridge and a stove, pots and pans for my room, to prepare my own meals. I figured, if I had to pay for food, I decide for myself what to eat.

Dad never brought up the subject again.

I was given multiple choices to support myself, when mum gave me the opportunity to clean hotel rooms at Grand Hotel Saltsjöbaden in 1977.

At age 17 I was given my basic do-and-don't in service at a five star hotel. The hotel manager soon found more appropriate use for my skills and transferred me to the conference-department where we toiled preparing several weeks for the historic OPEC-conference in July '77.

There was an enormous effort invested in security by the police and secret police (SÄPO) and we all got thoroughly screened before receiving our ID-badges. The papers speculated a terrorist called *the Jackal* might disturb tranquillity during deliberations. Nothing happened. The OPEC-delegates sat down for a few minutes and were done. It became one of the shortest conferences in the history of OPEC.

Among the more prominent people I encountered at GHS (Grand Hotel) were Olof Palme, Benny Andersson and Annifrid Lyngstad (½) of ABBA. But undoubtedly the most valuable insight was an understanding of true noble grace as opposed to pompous pretence.

In the following years until 1984, I alternated between working in retail, at the hotel and as a substitute teacher, finishing in the summer of '84 with working in the reception (at night) during the Bilderberg conference.

In August 1984 my first attempt to leave Fisksätra was made - on bicycle. During two weeks, of which I rested 4 days (in Kalmar, Recklinghausen and Bonn) and spent 10 -12 hours per day in 10 days on the road. I went 1,600 km by bike to the border in Germany, where it comes together with France and Luxembourg (where Hans-Jürgen Mader lived).

My intention was to stay in Germany, but it didn't come to that. Two months I worked for BINDING BIER transport, supplying beer and soft drinks to restaurants and pubs. It was heavy work, carrying

plenty of barrels and boxes every day. But I was physically in the best shape of my life.

In October I headed back to Sweden. The bicycle eventually broke down (pedal-axis) near the town of Älmhult (HQ of IKEA) in south Sweden and I found myself pressed to take the train to Stockholm. (trip total: 2,500 km)

After the long bicycle journey I was in immediate need of work and money. This is why I started at the local railway end of 1984.

My friends from college years were surprised to encounter me in the role as train conductor. That was not what they had expected me to become.

But I was having fun. I was doing my job, of course, checking the tickets of everyone on the train. With duty done I usually chose to sit down and chat with my favourite passenger. They were diverse over a day and many were female.

Meanwhile my colleagues got the impression that I was meticulous in checking tickets and while I was meticulous in checking out something, it wasn't necessarily the tickets. Though I decided to uphold the reputation I had earned and really did become the most efficient conductor they ever had. Besides, when working with trains as long as I did, one cannot help but becoming something of a railroad romantic. My brother had a model railway, when he was a kid. I had a *real* one.



Artwork: Wolf von Witting, Solsidan - May 1986

By 1989 I was selected to advance into traffic control. There was no test designed for train dispatchers yet, so I was given the test for air traffic controllers. I can say this about tests, the results depends a lot on the motivation of the person being tested. Unlike the test for military purpose, this one was a test I wanted to do well with. And I did. I got 10-10-9 out of 10-10-10 possible. It was the best result the testing institute ever have had and they hinted at my qualification to apply for ATCO at the Civil Aviation Administration.

I compensated this terrific result with making the most stupid decision of my life, not to take the hint and apply. Instead I advanced within our own doomed railway system. I had to learn later that loyalty is often pissed upon by an employer.

By the summer of 1990 I had in civilian life been promoted to the equivalent of the military rank of captain, with a hundred men and women under my command. Not that I *felt like* a captain.

It felt more as if I was serving them.

And one fine day, when I needed the decision of my superior, the Major, I was given the answer that "he was unavailable, because he was watching the Ice-Hockey World Championship on TV." I went ballistic. I told the Colonel that I would kick my ass back down to corporal and he could find himself another mule to lead the platoon.

"But think of your career!" The Colonel said.

That's what I did. I was 30 years old, the A-hole Major *(or major A-hole)* was 60. Five years into the future I would be 35 and the hole would be in for retirement.

It didn't take that long. I was called to a meeting with the Major and a Ltn Col (chief of staff), where I was given the opportunity to tell my boss into his booze-stressed red nosed face that I considered him incompetent. A few months later, he was asked to resign, given an early pension and sadly passed away before too long. I was back, *ranking lieutenant*, in train traffic control the following year.

I took pride in creating good teamwork. But one problem was, that when I did my job perfectly, most of the time, it just looked as if nothing had happened, because there was no disturbance to report. Until privatization I had service workers in place, before the train arrived, to operate and fix a broken switch (Brit:"point"). When all of Stockholm (bus and underground) was standing still because of an unexpected November snow storm, our train was still moving. I went out myself, with a radio, between trains, to hack the ice from the switches at my station. On my teams people sacrificed their scarce and short coffee breaks for the people who were standing out in the cold. Waiting. And it was fine, as long as we had an honest employer.

I lost count how many different bosses I had over the years. I worked two months short of 25 years at the same railway (to avoid getting the fake golden watch).

I witnessed a well functioning machinery (my train and its personnel) being disassembled by inept political decisions, in an attempt to save money, and shove any surplus in the name of privatization up foreign owners sweet anointed a-holes.

I have experienced an employer screwing their employees over 5 Euros monthly from their pay-

check. I have seen drastic saving methods, as a result of political decisions, knowingly jeopardizing the safety of travellers and my colleagues. And I could never keep my mouth shut about injustice. For this reason I quit. I couldn't for my conscience defend working for someone who is dishonest. I tried as long as I could to tell myself, that I was working for the people, our passengers. As long as it was true, I was happy. But when it became a lie, I was miserable about it every day.

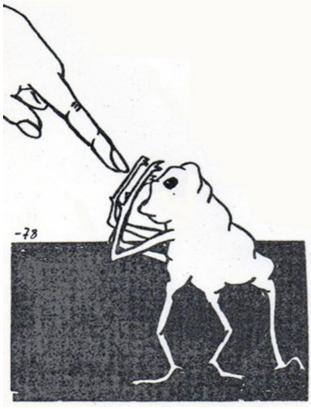
They were happy to let me go. I was too well paid for their taste and they didn't have a clue what courses and education already had been invested in me. Sic fiat!

Among the most dashing tasks I had over the years, was being in charge of the steam engine, which visited our railroad annually in the 90's.

Operating the drawbridge at Danviken also had significant enticement. I believe it is every boy's dream to operate a 2,500 ton *toy*.

I have kept the fascination with heavy metal. I got the opportunity to move 60 ton with hand-power, without using any tool or superhuman strength (anyone can do it, if one understands how it is done).

It was a privilege to have worked in a place, where it was possible to receive insight into all aspects of railroad, from navvy labour to admin.



Artwork: Wolf von Witting, 1978

MY HISTORY WITH G D

I was brought up a Christian by a Catholic father and a protestant mother, who taught me to say my evening prayers before going to bed. They made me believe in God, Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny. I came with the traditional silver spoon at birth. It had the image of a boy and my name on it. I also had a small picture with a guardian angel, to remind me that an angel was watching over my personal safety. It was the image of a boy, crossing a fragile wooden bridge which clearly wasn't safe. But the angel behind him guaranteed safe passing. The boy in the picture, resembled the boy on my silver spoon. An overweight minor.

At the age of seven, Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny had already been debunked in my mind and the existence of that guardian angel seemed highly questionable. Why would he have let me run full speed into a concrete pole in our yard? One of those erected in pairs with a horizontal bar between them, to hang and beat the crap out of carpets. I was playing, running unsuspecting, nor expecting any danger, looking the wrong way. Bang! Fat good that guardian angel did me! For a moment it did sound like birds, bells and stars orbiting my head. The angel appears also to have been otherwise busy when I lit the gas stove. First I turned on the gas, then I went looking for the matches. Kaboom!! Burnt off my fringe, eyebrows and my long eyelashes. Apparently I couldn't count on that guardian angel.

I better looked out for myself.

I was sent to Sunday school when we lived in Gothenburg (Sweden) in the mid 60's. My father was in hospital with a serious ulcer. When I included him in my evening prayer, my mom who already had secularized herself, told me God doesn't listen. "That's all the same. I'll pray for him anyway!" I replied. It was the only time I ever made my mom feel ashamed. I was getting a grasp of what it meant to be a good Christian. From Sunday school I was given the impression that God was talking to people all the time. So why wasn't he giving me any word?

On a whim I challenged God when I was ten years old. Speak to me now, or we go separate ways. I had no need for a god who did absolutely nothing. Why did he let my father treat me worse than carpets? He trashed me at regular intervals until I was physically equipped to hit back. He then wisely chose to refrain from further abuse. Meanwhile I had been asking myself why God didn't interfere. In remaining silent he approved.

Every blow said; "Guilty! Bad boy! I deserve it." I was convinced I was a bad person, pretending to be good. Or... my mum was right after all, and God neither listened nor saw anything going on down here.

For a guite a while I explored my evil sides. But I was rarely capable of carrying out anything truly evil, because I was always concerned about the feelings of the potential victim. Instead I felt that knowing evil made me more capable of doing good. Not that it cleansed out the evil side of me. It was all still there. In thoughts I could commit appalling acts. In real life I couldn't harm... Well, I still killed flies, mosquito and other bugs. Merely for the crime of sitting on me or my food. The most evil thing I did was perhaps the act of throwing a shoe after a cat. I read Anton Szandor LaVey's Satanic Bible, which wasn't quite as extensive as the Holy Bible, which at the time still was dreaded reading, mostly because of its archaic language. In my teens I became first an agnostic and later an atheist.

But then came pastor Horne, an obviously intelligent man who believed in God. To me, that seemed a bit of a paradox, since I already had sorted in God with Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny. My attitude had hardened, but I have always kept an open mind.

There was that perilous bicycle tour in 1984, when I ascended into the Mosel valley after ignoring the road signs "Z" as in "Zorro" and a percentage of the kind I up till then only noticed when written on bottles of alcohol. I had already picked up considerable speed as I noticed the first curve (sharp bend) and a car in it, coming towards me. My bicycle had 5 gears and no foot-brake, so I had to apply full force to my hand-brakes. Both of them!

The darn bike wouldn't stop until after I had made it through two or three more sharp bends and all the way downhill into a village at the Mosel named Ellert. On my left side was a barn with a huge hole in the wall. The hole was overgrown with ivy and gave it the appearance of the entrance to a cave. In front of the opening someone had placed a madonna, knee-ling in prayer. And in this very moment, as I barely had escaped with all limbs intact, a beam of light shone through the clouds onto the madonna in front of the opening.

I looked up at the sky and scoffed: "Heh! Nice try!!!" It didn't convert me to christianity.

Later, during my time with the Jehovah's Witnesses, brought on by an infatuation with one

of their female members, I came to study the Bible in more detail. Between 1991 and 1993 I read all of the Bible. Twice. Including studying controversial passages of the NT with an interlinear koiné Greek version. For the Hebrew version I got myself a dictionary English-Hebrew. But I have to admit, I never got around to much nitpicking on the ancient Jewish text. It didn't seem to be much of a point.

Because, the Great Question is perhaps not at all, if there is a God or not, but if we should believe in the Bible or not. Or rather, in the interpretations of the word. Who is to interpret?

I ended up establishing my own religion, the one I call Zen Pantheism. It is largely based on the zen philosophy, but in pantheism accepting the divine in all which is alive. And now I am thinking, that maybe I have gone a full circle. That is... If we choose to define God as such. Not a person, not a single entity of the kind we know, but an "intelligent, sentient super-structure of all living creatures on this Earth".

We are not tied to any action or ritual, other than what we impose on ourselves. We can choose to live in harmony with our environment, or we can try to set ourselves as rulers above it. The latter has not proven to be a successful attitude.

I can't accept someone as my savior. If I err, then let me be damned. I try to live my life in a way that I take and accept full responsibilities to all of my actions. If, in the eye of divine judgement, I do not find mercy, then at least I will be joining most of my friends on that side, where the word of God was deemed wise, but his sacrifice wasn't an excuse for us to continue doing wrong.



Artwork: Wolf von Witting, 1983

LIFE EVENTS BY YEAR

1959

Born by no fault of my own, on November 14th in Borgå / Finland, on the very same day as Paul McGann, the 8th Doctor Who and I take it, neither of us had a clue what was going to happen next.

1960-1961

Fragmented memories. First visit to a sauna. First time for many things, drinking a soda, watching TV, pulling a cat by the tail. Some habits were later abandoned. I recall the outhouse toilet, winter time and I can still recall the theme melody of an adventure series on television. Never ever heard it again since then. Heard the names *Gagarin* and *Sputnik* and glimpsed Goya's black paintings.

1962-1964

A few more distinct memories. We had moved to Recklinghausen, Germany. Parents upset when Kennedy was shot. Saw steam engines in regular traffic passing near our house.

Was shown horrifying pictures of the holocaust. Learned to appreciate Smetana's "The Moldau", which we had on a 45 rpm single. You hade to flip the record to hear the second half of the tune.

1965

Our parents were split up this year. Learned much later what the fight was all about. Remember only the slamming of the door when dad left, taking my brother and sister with him. Outdoors event: Kids were laughing at me, when I gave my age as *half past five*.

At Christmas mum attempted to commit suicide and I decided to go with her. But she didn't pass me any of the lethal pills. I slept all Christmas Day. Saved by our Dutch friends.

1966

Mum gathered her kids together, after intense mail contact with dad, and we relocated from Germany to Gothenburg (Trollhättegatan), Sweden. Dad at last began using his father's family name. First time visit to a cinema: Sound of Music

1967

Started school a bit late. Learned how to read. Also this a bit late, for my own taste. Collecting pictures of the animal kingdom. Learned about dinosaurs and geological eras.

1968

Watched Raumpatrouille - Raumschiff ORION, The Saint and Danger Man on TV. Goshwow!!! 1969

July: witnessed the moon landing / Gothenburg. August: Relocated again. This time to Lund in the South of Sweden. In 2 years, we lived at 2 different adresses (Skarpskyttevägen and Magistratsvägen).

1970

Read Sven Wernström - Destination Mars, Carl Henner - Ur Led är Tiden, Karin Boye - Kallocain and other Swedish sf-novels.

1971

July Next major relocation: [new adress, Am Sütenich 4, Oberauel, Hennef (Sieg)], near Cologne and Bonn in Germany. Went to 4th grade a 2nd time at a Catholic school in Hennef. My sister was fed up with changing schools and started to work early, age 15.

1972

Got Hooked on Perry Rhodan-magazines. Was frequently to be found reading. Appreciated much the short skirts of these times.

1973

Absorbed my first 800-page whopper about Greek mythology. *Gustav Schwab's Sagen des Klassischen Altertums*. Became expert on Greek and Roman mythology at age 13.

New hobby: playing chess

1974

Founded PRC HEIMLICHES IMPERIUM

(Perry Rhodan Club - Secret Empire) 5 members. Defining moment: When I went out in the garden and looked up at the stars one evening. I decided to solve the mystery once and for all. Why I am here? What's my purpose? What is the Great Question of Life, the Universe and Everything? Decided to have the task done by 2001. Because of the film. And I figured I would have time to enjoy the wonderful insights for a while.

Met my first love, Dorothee. A lasting sentiment.

1975

Relocation to Stockholm, Sweden.

Skipped a grade at school, since Swedish classes were so lame compared to Germany. Nobody noticed. Joined the local chess club.

Junior Chess Champion.

1976

February: School Exchange trip to Canada, to Montreal and Ottawa. Started college.

Municipal (Nacka) School Chess champion.

Chess game vs Michail Tal - Feb 22nd (lost). Founded Perry Rhodan Club TERRA CORPS.

1977

Worked at GHS: OPEC Conference

Municipal (Nacka) Junior Chess Champion.

July-August: 1st Interrail-tour

(Hennef-Leck-Duisburg-Leck-Hennef-Enschede-Hennef-Munich-Kleve-Cologne-Leck)

Became Swedish citizen after 17 years as a Finn. Attended my first science fiction-convention (12-14 August) in Kleve and went with my brother to the premiere of Star Wars (Dec 16th).

Work (summer): Grand Hotel Saltsjöbaden (GHS) at the OPEC Conference.

1978

11th placed in Stockholm Junior Chess Championship

Published my first fanzine in German language with 9 issues (24 pages-average).

July-August: 2nd Interrail-tour

(Cologne-Hennef-Bonn-Niederkassel-Marburg-Leck-Dietzenbach-Tuttlingen-Bonn-Bad Kreuznach-Leck)

New hobby Kendo, Aikido.

Chairman of Saltsjö Kendo Club (September). Reformed with George Bobjörk TERRA CORPS Swedish *section* SIGMATC.

1979

First contact with Swedish fandom in January (8th). Attended my 1st Convention in Sweden. MiniCon 4, 30/3-1/4. Published my first fanzine in Swedish language. July-August: 3rd Interrail-tour (Bad Kreuznach-Frankfurt-Cologne-Recklinghausen-Mettmann-Hamm-Leck-Bad Kreuznach-Dietzenbach)

Took dancing classes: Folk dance. New interest: Miyamoto Musashi.

1980

January: NaSaCon 1
February: Launched CAPA

Finished college as Esthetic Specialist. Didn't attend Graduation Day. In all the years of school, my parents never once came to any school activity. Not for Christmas, not at the end of a school year. Couldn't bear to face it. Alone. Again. As usual.

BÄRCON - Berlin 1980 Worked at GHS. Conference.

July 16th: Arranged the Telefangathering. September: Video-Oneshot "They Call us Faans" (with Anders Bellis, Ahrvid Engholm, Gisela Wilkens) December: beginning my genealogical research (mentioned in CAPA # 11 January 1981)

1981

Military Service January - August. (with Anders Hedenlund)

NasaCon II jr

With Ahrvid Engholm to Helsinki.

September: 4th Interrail-tour (Bad Kreuznach-Mettlach-Kreuznach-Villach (Au)-Mettmann- Neanderthal-Bad Kreuznach-Troisdorf-Aschaffenburg)

Musicapa, September 28th

Radio Sigma TC Work: Retail

December: over 1,000 fanzine-pages produced (being 1,000 pages of utter drivel. May you never see any of them, so help me the Gods).

1982

June: "A Waste of 50 DM"

August-September: 5th Interrail-tour

(Cologne-Bonn-Hennef-Bad_Kreuznach-Villach_(Austria)-Recklinghausen-Mönchengladbach-Cologne-Kreuznach-Mettlach-Berlin-Troisdorf-Villach-Recklinghausen)
Defining moment: Bonn, K-H Schmitz, Solaris

EUROCON 7 - Mönchengladbach

My own first home. December - Fisksätra Torg 1 ...and encountered the worst stench of death. Started learning (basic) Italian.

1983

June: Balloon salesman at Fisksätra's International Folk Festival.

July-August: 6th and final Interrail-Tour

SFCD-Con Hannover

Work: Substitute teacher, languages.

1984 - A Major turning point in life.

Definitely quit reading Perry Rhodan and dumping collection after the death of Willi Voltz

June: worked at GHS: Bilderberg Conference Went by bicycle from Stockholm to Germany, near the border to France and Luxembourg. 1,600 km in two weeks (August).

Published ANDROMEDA # 111 with the help of Hansi Mader, Joachim Henke, Willmar Plewka and Klaus Marion.

Started working at the railway in November (SLJ). 1985

January: Gripenberg, 2nd journey. SFCD BÄRCON - BERLIN

March: Proudly purchased an electronic typewriter with typewheel and phrase-memory, Adler SE 310. September: Caught by the Police. By mistake. Halloween surprise: Met the mother of my son. Train accident on18th December.

1986

Nephew Sebastian (of bro) born in January. August: Started smoking and failed a bet. FGoH at HanseCon II in Lübeck. Translated adult comics - Heavy Metal 86-87 First computer: Sinclair Spectrum ZX 81 Nephew Björn (of sis) born in October. My son, Fredric, was born on 20th November. 1987

January: SF-Exhibition in Fisksätra Library Initiated Videodrome-collection on VHS.
July: bought a Commodore 64 (*J Johansson*)
Dad visited (sensational only time) Nasacon (8).
SFCD-Con Hackenheim

1988

February 28: Collision with buffer, Slu M.Wester June: Gothenburg revisited, Elfsborg's Fortress, Vallda, Rossared, Citadel of the Crown.

1989

SFCD Con - Cologne - Coloniacon Joined the pub choire of ENGELEN Met my grandfather for the first time ever. Feb 24: Passed test designed for Air Traffic Control. June 13: Promoted to train traffic controller. November 3: Derailing Stg / H Eriksson, re-inst

Thoroughly celebrated my 30th birthday.

November: promoted to 2nd Administrator /TkmSb

1990

March: Acting Chief of Traffic SB

June 15: Resignation - KmA - A.Sjölund

Nasacon 11

July 21: First incident / traffic control - wire down

Intense Bible studies.

1991

June: 3-day construction with JW.

2nd bicycle trip - to Bremen and Oldenburg in northern Germany. Met my grandfather for the 2nd and last time.

The ENGELEN choire goes on record with Anders

Glenmark." *Greyhoundbus*" November: Dart RB - SB 8 - 7

1992

January: SLJ becomes SL Tåg AB

February: ENGELEN stage performance.

Sigma TC temporarily mothballed.

Joined JW.

September: Frontal train collision.

1993

Dart - div 2 Bullwinkle

Defining moment: The golf tee (peg). SB 100 Years - steam engine on SB 4-5 yrs

Joined Rehbinder's theater group

1994

3-7 May: Theater role as Innkeeper Harry Bailey in Carl Johan Rehbinder & Stefan Kayat's musical adaption of Geoffrey Chaucer's Canterbury Tales. First extensive photo-documentary. Fallout with JW. October: First journey to Moscow.

Defining moment at the Moscow Circus, 14th Oct.

May 20: Married to Jelena Dandre in Moscow. November 24: "The Scattered Man", Saric / Hage

1996

September - given a modem and forced out on the Internet (Jan Johansson, Jonas Holmberg).

Sigma TC rebooted, with website (Patric Fors).

1997

January: First Contact with UK-fandom.

(Fiona Anderson, Bernie Peek)

April 29: Became chair of a Union of Associations

in Fisksätra / Saltsjöbaden for 2 years 97-99.

Represented 10,000+ members.

Initiated a five-year filk-career in Ratzeburg.

Made friends with Jane and Brian Stableford.

1998

June: Another summer in Moscow July: "unpaid wages dispute" Eastercon - Intuition, Manchester

FGoH at SF-Days North-Rhine Westphalia

1999

Started CounterClock.

Eurocon Trinity - Dortmund

SweCon Konfekt - Uppsala, Michael Swanwick

HanseCon Lübeck

2000

July: NasaCon, national Swedish convention.

Mother (age 70) dies from August to October 21st.

2001

Got my 1st guitar and started playing it.

Research trip: St Petersburg - Narva

Won the Alvar-Award.

November: "The Moonbow"

November: Started Videodrome DVD-collection.

Sigma TC 25 Years celebrated.

2002

LatCon III - Riga

DortCon 2002 - Dortmund (my 42nd convention)

SWECON - Linköping

Excommunicated, divorced and guit my job.

Attempted relocation to Feltham / London, UK

2003

Feb: Quinze, Filk-Convention, Ipswich

Return to Stockholm, Sweden

March: Back to the railway (now Connex).

July: Latest trip to Moscow

New task: drawbridge ward / Danviken

SFCD-Con HanseCon Lübeck

2004

August: Helsinki - St Petersburg - Narva - Tallinn Winter/spring: "The Grand Sebaceous Gland and

the most painful experience of my life".

SweCon 2004 - Stockholm

2005

May: Latest trip to St Petersburg

May 25th - concert St Petersburg's philharmonic

orchestra

August, defining moment: a new direction

2006

January: 1st trip to Italy (Friuli)

April - 2nd trip to Italy

November: Funeral of a friend and colleague.

Conversation - Stockholm

2007

February: 1st trip to Bucarest, Romania

Key retrieval with my torpedoes Basti & Seddzi

September: Relocation to Italy

2008

Embarked on a photography-career of shooting

baseball and softball.

Starting to build models of garbage, scale 1:100

Swecon / Confuse 08 Linköping

2009

Eurocon in Fiuggi, SFCD-Con in Schwerin.

Exhibition: "Castions delle Miniatura"

MEMORABLE TV-EPIS DES

I have always loved sf-films of all kind. The DVDmedia was a blessing for someone like me. I have a complete collection of Star Trek (even though I would not exactly call myself a Trekker, and as far as possible complete collection of Doctor Who (the BBC made it impossible to have a complete one). I'm also pretty much complete in all other series and their related spin-offs, such as Babylon 5, Battlestar Galactica, X-files, Buffy, Stargate, Twilight Zone, Blakes 7, Life on Mars, Farscape, Lexx, Lost in Space, Space 1999, Time Tunnel, Land of the Giants, Fringe, The 4400, UFO, Survivors, Xena, Game of Thrones, Earth 2, Seaguest DSV, Medium, VR5, Catweazle, Sliders, Invaders, Space Precinct, Kolchak, Robocop, Starman, Being Human, Space Above and Beyond, Person of Interest, Planet of the Apes, Sarah Connor Chronicles, the list goes on, and on and on... Yes, I omitted spin-offs, except from TVseries such as Robocop, Logan's Run, Starman, etc which are spin-offs from movies. And I've seen them all. Well, uhm... almost. I'm currently working my way through old Land of the Giants.

It occurred to me, while watching an episode of Star Trek - The Next Generation, that there are many episodes made for TV which could qualify on a best SF-film of all time-list.

Doctor Who: Season 3, Episode 10

Blink (9 Jun. 2007) 9.8 Directed by: Hettie MacDonald Written by: Steven Moffat

(You do not need to be a Dr Who-fan to enjoy this one)

Buffy the Vampire Slayer: Season 5, Episode 16

The Body (2001) 9.6 Directed by: Joss Whedon Written by: Joss Whedon

(I don't believe I have seen any death on film anywhere depicted quite as realistic as the death of Buffy's mom.)

Firefly: Season 1, Episode 5 Out of Gas (2002) 9.5 Director: David Solomon Written by: Tim Minear

(The quality of all Firefly-episodes is generally high. It was hard to pick a favourite. You should see all 14)

Star Trek: The Next Generation:

Season 3, Episode 26 and Season 4, Episode 1

The Best of Both Worlds (1990) 9,25

Directed by: Cliff Bole Written by: Ronald D Moore

(Star Trek-TNG has many well-written chapters: Remember Me, Samaritan Snare, The Drumhead...)

The X-Files: Season 3, Episode 20

Jose Chung's 'From Outer Space' (1996) 9.2

Directed by: Rob Bowman Written by: Darin Morgan

(I didn't even like X-Files until this episode.)

Star Trek: DS9: Season 5, Episode 6 Trials and Tribble-ations (1996) 9.2

Directed by: Jonathan West

Written by: R.D Moore/R.Echevarria, Behr/Beimler

Doctor Who: Season 1, Episode 9-10

The Empty Child/The Doctor Dances (2006) 9.1

Directed by: James Hawes Written by: Steven Moffat

(With one of the 3 best cliff-hangers of all time between the episodes. TNG:Best of Both Worlds had another.)

Star Trek: TNG: Season 2, Episode 9 The Measure of a Man (1989) 8.9 Directed by: Robert Scheerer Written by: Melinda M Snodgrass

(Outstanding episode. I'm surprised it doesn't rate

higher on IMDb).

Survivors: Season 1, Episode 9 Law and Order (1975) 8.9 Directed by: Pennant Roberts

Written by: Clive Exton

(Also here, a difficult choice to make.)

Doctor Who: Season 2, Episode 10

Love & Monsters (2006) 6.3

Director: Dan Zeff Writer: Russell T. Davies

(The last one I throw in as a big personal favourite).

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Sometimes it takes only 25 minutes or less to tell

a good story.

Night Gallery, Season 1, Episode 0

The Cemetery (1969) 8.0 Directed by: Boris Sagal Written by: Rod Serling

Amazing Stories: Season 1, Episode 4

Mummy Daddy (1985) 7.9 Directed by: William Dear Written by: Joshua Brand

The Ray Bradbury Theatre: Season 1, Episode 4 The Town Where No One Got Off (1986) 7.3

Directed by: Don McBrearty Written by: Ray Bradbury

Twilight Zone, Season 1, episode 2, segment 3

Chameleon (1985) Directed by: Wes Craven Written by: James Crocker

Best SF-Films by Year

I always felt it unfair to compare, let's say Fritz Lang's *Metropolis* (1927) to a modern film. It was a masterpiece of the silent era, and worthwhile watching as such. Many have erected their lists, 10 best SF-movies or 100 best SF-movies of all time, without even having seen them all.

As a collector of film (now as it has become so easy in the digital era) I feel one could use a little guidance in what belongs into a collection. All you **like** belongs.

1902 Le voyage dans la lune (France)

1922 Nosferatu (Germany)

1924 Aelita: Queen of Mars (Russia)

1927 Metropolis (Germany)

1930 Just Imagine!

1931 Frankenstein, Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde

1932 Island of Lost Souls

1933 King Kong or Invisible Man

1935 Bride of Frankenstein

1936 Things to Come

1950 Destination Moon

1951 The Day The Earth Stood Still

1952 1 April 2000 (Austria)

1953 The War of the Worlds

1954 Them!, Creature From the Black Lagoon

1955 This Island Earth, Tarantula

1956 Invasion of the Bodysnatchers, Forbidden Planet (both these films belong on a list of the 10 best sci-fi films of the 50's)

1957 The Incredible Shrinking Man

1958 The Fly, Attack of the 50 Ft Woman

1959 On the Beach, World the Flesh and the Devil

1960 The Time Machine

1961 The Day the Earth Caught Fire,

1962 La Jetée (France), Amphibian Man (Russia)

1963 Ikarie XB-1 (Czech) or Day of the Triffids

1964 Dr Strangelove (49), The Last Man on Earth

1965 Alphaville (France)

1966 Fahrenheit 451 (UK, France)

1967 Quatermass and the Pit (UK)

1968 2001 A Space Odyssey (92), Planet of the Apes, (A fascinating fact, that the Oscar for best make-up went to the latter, since the people who voted didn't realize the apes in 2001 were actors.)

1969 The Illustrated Man, Computer Wore Tennis Shoes

1970 Colossus the Forbin Project

1971 Clockwork Orange (79), Andromeda Strain

1972 Solaris (Russia), Slaughterhouse Five

1973 La Planète Sauvage (France), Sleeper,

Soylent Green, Westworld

1974 Phase IV, Dark Star

1975 Stepford Wives, Rocky Horror Picture Show

1976 The Man Who Fell to Earth, Logan's Run

1977 Star Wars (20), Close Encounters of the

Third Kind or Capricorn One

1978 Invasion of the Body Snatchers

1979 Alien (53), Stalker (198), Time After Time

1980 Empire Strikes Back (12), Altered States

1981 Escape From New York, Scanners, Outland

1982 Blade Runner (135), E.T, The Thing (166)

1983 Return of the Jedi (74), Videodrome

1984 Terminator (209), Starman, 1984, Gremlins,

Ghostbusters, 2010, Dune

1985 The Quiet Earth (New Zealand), Back to the

Future (45), Brazil, Enemy Mine

1986 Aliens (64), The Fly, Short Circuit

1987 Innerspace, Predator, Robocop

1988 Akira, My Stepmother is An Alien, The Blob

1989 The Abyss, Back to the Future II

1990 Total Recall, Spaced Invaders, Flatliners,

Back to the Future III

1991 Terminator 2 : Judgment Day (41), Star Trek

VI: The Undiscovered Country

1992 Freejack, Memoirs of An Invisible Man,

Universal Soldier, Alien 3

1993 Jurassic Park (199), Groundhog Day (213),

Demolition Man

1994 Stargate, ST: Generations, Puppet Masters

1995 12 Monkeys (210), Outbreak, Waterworld, Village of the Damned, Judge Dredd, Johnny Mnemonic

1996 ST: First Contact, The Arrival, Mars Attacks, Independence Day

1997 Contact, Men in Black, Starship Troopers,

Cube, 5th Element, Gattaca 1998 Truman Show (212), Dark City

1999 Matrix (18), Green Mile (40), Galaxy Quest, Bicentennial Man

2000 Titan AE, Hollow Man, Pitch Black, 6th Day

2001 Donnie Darko (203), A.I.

2002 Minority Report, Impostor

2003 Paycheck, Timeline

2004 Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind (86)

2005 The Island, Star Wars III or Serenity

2006 Children of Men

2007 I am Legend, Transformers or Next

2008 Wall-E (61)

2009 Avatar or District 9

2010 Inception (14), Radio Free Albemuth

2011 Paul, Adjustment Bureau

2012 The Hunger Games, Looper

2013 Her, Gravity (Gravity is not sf at all, actually)

2014 Interstellar (29), Automata, Predestination,

Guardians of the Galaxy (228)

2015 Mad Max: Fury Road (160), The Martian (189),

Ex_Machina, Star Wars VII (65)

Yes, Star Wars is good, but not that good. It is only evidence for pedestrian popularity. When it comes to high ranking positions on IMDb, it doesn't necessarily reflect the quality, but rather the **popularity** of a film. A bad film neither gets any good rating for quality or for popularity. One can safely assume that the lower half of the IMDb-ranking list is more accurate. Definitely an acceptable authority on what is BAD. It should also be noted that the IMDb-rating is organic in the sense that it changes over time, as more and more viewers rate a film. Changes at the top occur faster than they do at the bottom.

Note: a number in bracket is the position of the film on IMDb's 250 best films of all time-list.

There's the BUCKET LIST. Things left to do.

- 1) CounterClock # 24 and 25 (with index), all ish's after 25 are bonus issues. Could become many, could become few. I can't say.
- 2) Personal highly confidential. Can't tell you.
- 3) I would like to see my sister one more time. She is not going to come to Italy, so I have to go to Sweden for that.
- 4) The final thing, in which I have to *triumph* over my brother. I have to live longer than he did. This means I have to live until 60. If I make sixty, I might as well live to 61, to see if was correct about my prediction that the state of Sweden is going to screw me out of my pension. I'd love to have been wrong about that.
- 5) I would like to run 1-3 final conventions with a *huge surprise* Guests of Honour.
- 6) Update this issue of Clockwise with parts B & C
- 7) I Wish I could find a good home for the largest in Europe: legal digital collection of sf-film on the big and small screen.
- 8) Go to the end of the road, according to the little voices in my head even if it means I'd have to follow the penguin.

ONE YEAR AG...

I was stuck in Stockholm with the same dark clouds hanging over me, waiting for the funeral of Jelena, my ex-wife and best friend.

I wrote, it appeared as if she fell asleep peacefully. I wrote so because we didn't know yet what killed her. All I was certain of, was that she did not intend to die. Now we know. It was the lethal combination of two medicines which killed her. It was indeed unintentional and she did indeed go to sleep peacefully and unsuspecting she would not wake up again. [...snip...] I was there, to help our daughter through the pain. Jelena and I married on May 20th in '95 and developed over the years more of a good friendship than a matrimonial

relationship. Nobody ever understood me quite as well as she did, nobody knew quite as many of my secrets. [...snip...] I can still hear exactly the kind of laughter she would have made, had she heard her body would be the first corpse I ever saw. Her funeral was on February 10th, a month after her death. [...snip...]

Going to Cambridge after that, was one of those *accidents* which just happen, when you have the little voices in your head. I have told you about those (page 5). It also generated a kind of *spring feeling*, lifting the dark clouds.

[...snip...]

A story is being told about the Oxford New College dining hall. The oak beams in the ceiling needed to be replaced and there was only one place where oaks had grown big enough to be suitable for that ceiling. So they went to ask if they could chop down those trees to make new oak beams for the college dining hall.

It turned out those oaks had been planted 700 years ago, to be the replacement beams when needed. 700 years in the future. I wish we had that can of foresight nowadays.

DOSTOYEVSKY M DE STILL ON ...

It has been a bad month for writing. Usually, when I am in this mode, I only write for the drawer. But it is a luxury I can't afford at the moment.

I have received a message from the TAFF administrator, that my voters appear to be letting me down. And in Dostoyevksy-mode I'm kind of okay with it. [...snip...]

"I expect the mood to rise as soon as the sun comes out again. As soon as my bees leave their hives to gather honey."

Fortunately I didn't have to wait that long. Ghastly, I said to myself after the first and second *proof-reading*, absolutely ghastly! But this day I feel back to normal. Swift re-editing and now it is only half as ghastly as it was yesterday. Wish I had more time to improve on this, but that's what the B part is for.

This issue is projected with a B-issue only, if I should happen to lose the 2016 TAFF-race. There will be a C-issue only if I should happen to win.

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