

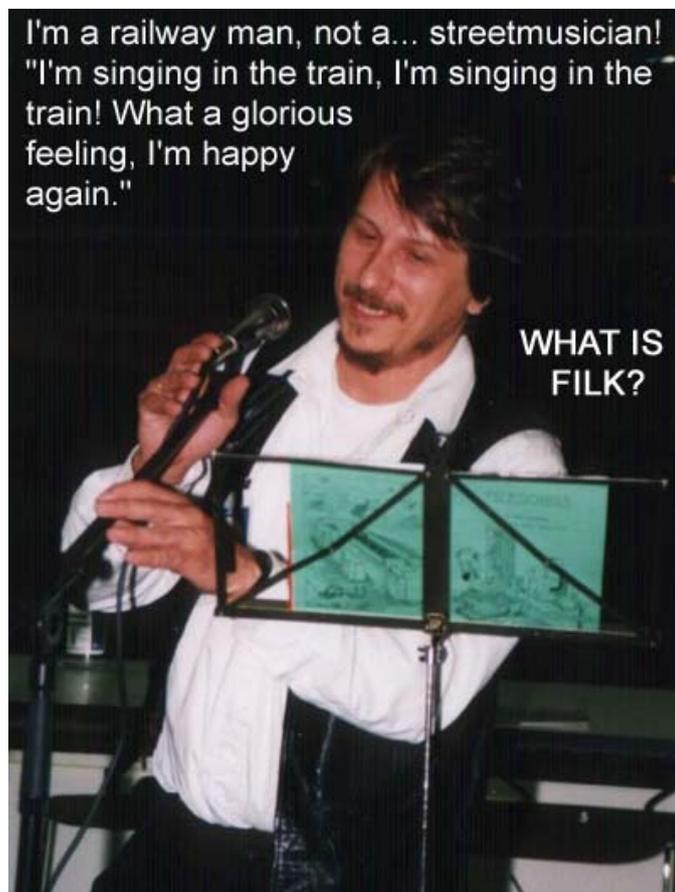
COUNTERCLOCK

ISSUE 6

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Second Edition PDF Filk Music Special



CoClock Chainstory - Part V: Lost in Space, Time and Meaning * Domestic Excavation IV * Way of the Filker * The Minstrel of the Dawn * Zanders **little** Book of Filk * rare Swedish Filk * Filksongs * Trinity'99 Afterglow* CounterLoCs * NASACON 2000 updates.

**INTRODUCTION TO
THE SECOND EDITION PDF 2012**

CounterClock # 4-8 were originally made in A5-format. This particular issue didn't have a whole lot of illustrations. For better balance to the eye, I have added some. Otherwise, the text itself is pretty much the same as in the A5 issue. Obvious and detected spelling-errors will be corrected, when or if they are detected.

The CounterClock Chainstory will be revised in June 2012 and published in a separate *digest* fanzine called Clockwise.

EDITORIAL:

Don't you think that I didn't have my doubts before I put myself on the cover of this issue. I needed a filk picture that was OK to use. And Peter Fleissner's photo had the right format too. But then I said to myself, if I look at it from your point of view, perhaps it isn't so bad. Some of you have no idea what I look like. And if you choose not to think further about it, it may appear OK after all. That is, if you don't think about it. And secondly, this is probably the only time I ever get to be on the cover of anything. See it as a personal celebration of the fact that I finally reach page 2000 of my fanzineproduction. And should we bump into each other at a con, perhaps you'll recognize who you bumped into (and hastily make a tactical retreat).

Aussiecon is over and the 1500 fans who have been there are back home, or on their way back home. I didn't have the 10,000 SEK it would cost me to attend. Got a family to run. But I did get two nice postcards. One from Jan van't Ent, signed by three or four more fans (Dapperites?) of which I suspect one signature to be no one less than Björn Tore Sund (non-Dapperite). Thank you, guys!

The second was from Teddy Harvia, with a real nice travel report, that made me wish I could have been there too. And yesterday Carolina Gómez-Lagerlöf wrote her report of the Melbourne event for the Sverifan Mail List. Heavy sigh!

On top of all *miser*y off-cons, I have to restrain myself from going to OCTOCON. Of course I could blame it all on the work I have to do with Nasacon before Swecon this year... but in the end I would have to admit that it comes down to bad planning on my behalf. Seems there will only be 4-5 cons for me this year... Sigh, again!

Well, this is another reason that I want out of con-running for the next 10-20 years. I've had 'nough. I'd also like to have more fun myself (going to cons).

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THIS ISSUE: you get the final chapter of my Chainstory, page 3. It's been good practice writing on it and it helped me to fill the pages. But as you can see in this issue, I don't really have a problem with that anymore.

This is the October Issue of CoClock. It means it will be finished in October. That doesn't necessarily mean that you get it in October. Today is Oct 1st. I need to have at least 100 copies ready for the national Swedish convention, which is in two weeks from now. Since the copy machine at SAAM works really slowly 100 copies is a full working day. I have to admit, I under-estimated the full impact of what an edition of 250 would do to me. I doubt that I can keep it up for very long. The worst cut-back would affect Swedish readers. Right now I feel that my "Domestic Excavations" may have special interest here. Well, I hope that **you** will find something interesting in this issue and I'm looking forward to your comments!

You got to get in to get out...

There's lambswool under my naked feet. The wool is soft and warm, gives off some kind of heat. A salamander scurries into flame to be destroyed...

I don't get away much from the computer these days. 28 pages CoClock before Eurocon and a 32 pages souvenir-booklet for JUniCon. Followed by a 32 pages CoClock#5. And then immediately working on issue 6. Busy time of year. Spending so much time at the computer demands for extreme measures.

First of all: Scan pictures of all your beloved ones into the computer (so that you get to see them once in a while). Then rip all your favourite tunes from your CD's (so you wont have to get up and swap CD. This is particularly important if there's only one or two songs on a CD that you **really** like). You can also create wav.files of all the things you get to hear ever so often during a day. Or create wav.files for things you don't like repeating yourself...

Like: "I don't wish to be disturbed now - can't you see that I'm working?"

Then, if you are interrupted, you can simply click the icon of the wav.file and the computer will do all the talking for you. If you have the right computer, you will also be able to connect your telephone to it, so you wont have to pick up the receiver. You can meet with all your friends in cyberspace. Some people, so I'm told, prefer to have safe sex through the computer. There are plenty of websites for it. There have already been virtual conventions... and the number of electronic fanzines is growing. What's next? Electronic APAs? Oh, they are called mailing lists. The two things that can't be done through the binary universe yet is eating and sleeping. Of course, you **can** eat and sleep at the computer. But a horizontal position is preferred while sleeping. And you will still have to chew and swallow!

I'm in the Binary Trap!

THIS ISSUE IS RATED PARENTAL GUIDANCE:

In the Swedish language the number 6 and sex are homonymous. No:6 is also a symbol for the human. Not just for the one asking "Where am I?" Every individual may find out that we are: "In the Village!" Now here's as close as we get to the topic of sex in this issue (just to make CounterClock more homogenous):

"I am not a number - **I'm a free fan!**"

Lost in Space, Time and Meaning

*"Once I had a dream about beavers with the alleged ability to sing. I didn't believe in their existence. Tonight I was dreaming about them again. This time they came and talked to me. They simply told me that it is true - they **can** sing! All my doubts have been cleared. In my dreams there are now such things as singing beavers. But I have no clue as to the meaning of this dream."*

FICTION BASED ON REALITY:

There was a moment of dizziness. When my mind was able to focus again I was there. Back in time. And I knew the place well. The small town of Hennef at the river Sieg near Cologne and Bonn in Germany. I used to live here. It wasn't like I remember it from one of my more recent visits (back in the late 80's), when they had built the autobahn through the area. It was Hennef of the early 70's and I was on the road leading to school. It went past the tobacco store near the railway station, where I used to buy my Perry Rhodan-magazine. This time I didn't need to buy them. I had already read them all. The air was odourless and still. Only the treetops were moving in a gentle breeze. My reflection in the tobacco store window was showing a man between 30 and 40 years of age. It was the appearance I had back in the 1990's.

The locked Swedish phone booth standing on the pavement was definitely not just out of place because it had a design given by the Swedish telecompany, but it was also an anachronism. Through a window you could see a phone for which you would need a phonecard, not available anywhere for another 20 years. It was my time-machine in which I had arrived.

My wristwatch was another anachronism. In this time it had not yet been invented. Not this neat kind of digital watch with LCD-display. This was about the time when the first small calculators came. The ones that could add and subtract, multiply and divide. The most advanced calculator were even able to give you the square root of any given number... We were so impressed! I believe the idea was that advancement of techno-logy, should give the average person time to solve simple problems swiftly, so that we could move on to higher matters with our spare time. That was how I interpreted new technology. Little did I suspect that most people would choose the spare time they gained to do nothing of any consequence and that they even would forget how to solve simple problems without technology. Could we possibly have foreseen that dependency?

The Arkonides in the Perry Rhodan-series were depicted as degenerate and incompetent offspring of an once highly advanced civilization. They were so busy playing their computer-mindgames, so they had little time left for reality. But that's exactly how we developed ourselves. Not that we all exactly were hooked up to a machinery, but... I felt ashamed, letting myself become such a degenerate person. I thought I'd be able to control it, not having lost my ability to survive without the aid of technology. But there were times when I allowed to completely immerse myself in created fantasy. Ever so often, I'm afraid.

I strolled over to my old school, the "Copernicus School". The target of my excursion was one of my teachers, and one of the most voluptuous and well proportioned women I have ever seen. I guess you can say that a woman you still remember after 30 years had quite an impact on you. According to my chronometer, she had to show up in the parking lot within the next two or three hours. All I needed was a little bit of patience. It was impossible for me to say when her working day was over. At two, three or four o'clock? With any luck I would also see myself at the age of 13.

My travels have taken me to ancient Greece where I found some original bible-scripts and where I translated CounterClock into koiné Greek, and to ancient Rome where I met with Cassius Charaea before he went off to Germania, to the battle at Narva on November 20th in the year 1700, where I met my uncles Fabian and Caspar. To the deck of the Titanic before she hit the iceberg and to Heidelberg in 1970, where I attended the first Worldcon in Europe and ran into a young Silvia Sommerlath. Nice girl, yum!

No matter what I did and no matter what I experienced... I saved the Titanic from disaster in 1912, but back in present time, the

Titanic had still hit the iceberg. My efforts left history unchanged in the reality in which I existed. Somehow it was comforting to know that whatever I did - I would **not** mess up history. These time travels were more a kind of plea-sure trips. Or so they appeared to be.

At half past two I could see a group of children leaving school and I recognized some of them. There was Rainer Molitor, who always brought a bag of sweets with him to class. This made him very popular with all of us, since he usually was generous with his sweets. There was Birgit Weber, the first girl I ever had a date with and the first one I kissed. That was as far as we got with our relationship. I think I had my second *girlfriend* five years later. I also recognized another one of my teachers... I think his name was Schütze. We had to call him "Herr Schütze" and he was teaching religion. But he used to be a very funny man and I remember that we used to have a game of chess before or after class. I think I did beat him once...

"Frau Becker", or Helga, the teacher I was on the lookout for came almost an hour later. But I had not yet spotted myself. I was almost thrown off track when I saw Dorothee. She was my first great love. For a moment I hesitated. Should I get back to Helga later and talk to "Doro" first or should I *stay on target*? Perhaps the fact that I was in my 30's now was speaking against an approach on a 14 year young girl. I could always return to her, when she was 20-something and living in Cologne. I had her address. We kept in touch until 1984 and I really regret losing the knowledge of her whereabouts. Back to Helga. We had her in German and French... And I really liked the way she was teaching. And I did enjoy her a lot more when she was sitting on her desk. That way her legs were in better display.

I realized that she must have been in her early thirties. What a piece of work was she! Class act! I had wet dreams of her for years. Come to think of it. I had my first ejaculation that year, 1974. I didn't quite understand what it was, only that it felt good. I was also surprised by the strange substance emerging. I had never seen it before. And since no one was telling me anything about it and since no one ever actually talked about it, I had to learn by trial and error, to experiment and base my conclusions on observation.

Helga was unlocking her car when I approached her. "Excuse me, may I speak to you?" She looked at me bewildered. "Yes?"

"Do you recognize me?"

"No!" Her answer was straightforward.

"Look again!"

She took her time and looked me up and down before answering. "Are you the parent of one of my students?"

"No, I'm not. But we have met."

"I don't think we have!" In spite of her answer I felt a moment of recognition, but then she seemed to discard the idea. "You do look like one of my students," she said. "Are you perhaps his older brother?"

"Why don't we go somewhere where we can talk? Let me buy you dinner! Or at least a cup of coffee."

"Oh, I really should be..."

"Please!"

She surveyed the parkinglot, but no one appeared to be paying us any attention.

"Oh, alright then! But we have to go in my car." I nodded and stepped over to the other side of her vehicle. Before we had time to get inside another one of my old teachers came along. She stepped right up to me and looked intensely at me. "I recognize you!" she said.

Helga seemed to stop breathing, obviously she felt uncomfortable with us being seen together. "Do you?"

"Second thought, perhaps not. But you do wear a striking resemblance to one of my most obstinate students. You wouldn't perchance be related to... Nah!" She went (limping after a car accident) without another word. I always thought she was a little bit weird.

We were driving to the nearest café when Helga turned to me and with a charming smile asked, "Who are you really?"

Sitting beside her I regretted not being able to pick up her scent. "I am he. Your student and I'm from thirty years in the future."

She laughed out loud. "Do you really expect me to believe that?"

"It doesn't matter what you believe. What matters is the reality I have been provided with. All you can do, is give me a plausible response." Perhaps I shouldn't have said that. "What am I, your fantasy? What do you mean *all I can do is to give you a plausible response*?" She wasn't stupid either.

"Exactly! That's exactly what you are, my fantasy! And you can't step out of character, can you? You have to act within the limits of your personality as I remember it."

"You sound rather selfconfident. What you are saying is that you don't expect any surprise from me then. Am I following you?"

"Surprisingly well, actually!"

"And you are from the future..."

"Well, sort of..." ...but not from her future.

"When starts World War III?"

"I can't say, but there will be no third world war this Millennium. Lot's of petty wars here and there, just to test new weapon systems and to give Nato soldiers some live action. About 15 years from now Germany will be reunited and everyone will be very happy about it first. But after a while everyone will start bitching about it and wish it never happened... Most peoples main concern will always be the comfort of their own butt. In 1993 mankind will learn to clone human beings. The most stunning developement will occur in the area of computer technology, but a company by the name Microsoft will make all the profit from it. Buy stocks there, if you aspire to become a rich person. What else? There will be a growing hole in the ozonlayer because people fart too much. They'll blame it on hairspray, deodorants and refrigerators. But the sad fact is that by the year 2000, six billion farting people will release an abundance of methane gas, which eventually will dissipate Earths protective ozonlayer. A World War III has been the least of our worries."

"What was that you said about getting rich?"

With a heavy sigh I threw an envelope into her lap. "I expected as much. With all the

trouble in the world, money may still be foremost on our mind. Here, check it out!"

She stopped the car, parking it very skillful half an inch behind a Benz. "What is it?" With trembling fingers she opened the envelope. It contained an impressive number of 100 DEM bills. "How much is it?"

"Ten thousand and, please, don't forget to breathe. It is just money!"

"What!?" She seemed unable to cope with the obvious. Not that I expected anything else. "Ten thousand! Give or take one hundred, if I miscalculated. But I don't think so."

"What is it for?" Another expected question.

"I want you. Just a couple of hours today."

"I don't get it!" Somehow I was hoping that I didn't have to spell it out for her, but then again, it was expected. I took a deep breath.

"I want to have sex with you!"

Her face changed from puzzled to angry and for a moment I expected her to slap my face.

"What do you take me for?"

"What? I have been spending three and a half years looking at you. And after all these years in between I still have hormones to release after the impression you made on me. What's strange with that? I always wanted to have you. And now I have the technology and the resources to get you. You will never see me again after this day and no one will ever know what happened." And back in my own reality she wouldn't even remember it and she would never have had the money. But I didn't tell her that. I also deliberately omitted to mention where the money came from and so spared her the disappointment.

"You didn't answer my question." She said seriously. "I'm a teacher, not a... prostitute."

"I don't think of you as a prostitute. I think of you as a woman that I desire and I am convinced that **everyone** can be bought. It is just a matter of price. I thought that cold hard cash in itself would be convincing if you can hold it in your hands and know that it can be yours. Do you feel a temptation?"

Jestingly she remarked: "Teachers are not allowed to get intimately involved with their students." We sat quiet together for a couple of minutes while she held the money in her hands, letting the weird powerful force flow between the pieces of paper and her fingers. It didn't take a telepath to know that she was tempted and that she was thinking about all the things she could do with that money.

"Usually the students are younger than the teacher. Besides, I am not your student anymore. Perhaps I may even teach you a few things today. Do you like bondage?"

From her face I couldn't tell if she did, but finally she surrendered to the power of money. "I have to make a call first. It appears I will be home late today. Where do we go?"

REALITY SHIFT:

In philosophy there is a theory that only the self exist or can be proven to exist. It is called solipsism. Perhaps this theory can be used to free yourself from the responsibility of your actions or from the demands of your environ-ment. But there is now a better way.

I unhooked myself from the Dream Machine (Cyberdream Maker) and went for another cup of coffee. I was impressed. Ten years ago, virtual reality was the big novelty. But this machine created an illusion far better than computer-generated images ever could. All the things I ever wanted to do - I was able to do them. I've run into Dr. Who (looking suspiciously much like Dave Elliott) as a time-traveller, I've been using Seth Brundle's teleporting equipment, I've been a genius inventor and I've built androids in my dream laboratory... and I went into my own past.

We had invented the greatest virtual reality imaginable. No simple computer could create and recreate surroundings like our own mind. And it was all stimulated within my own mind and memory. A hyperactive REM-phase, but it felt authentic. It felt far more genuine than I had expected and it was rich in detail with a sophisticated programme to induce this allround perception of reality.

It was better than life! Life is boring.

...then again. If I hadn't been experiencing all the things in life that I actually have experienced, then surely my dreams would have to be boring as well. One has to live first before one can create a vividly imagined alternate reality. I guess that goes for writers as well.

I don't know if readers are a dying race all over the world, or if it's just in Sweden, but as the number of readers decrease, the few writers will find only one purpose left to write for. For their own amusement. And if you're not amused by your own writing, how can you expect anyone else to be?

THE END

"WE WANT INFORMATION!"

If there would be an obvious purpose to existence, if you would be Bomb # 20 in the bay of the Dark Star, there would be a simple answer to our great Investigation of Life. But perhaps it is as much wisdom to our lost cause to simply say: "Let there be light!" ...or...

"Turn the page!" ...or both.

In the UK "The Invisible Man" is still the only film rated **TRANSPARENTAL GUIDANCE**.

Understanding CounterClock:

I'm sorry if I by publishing this fanzine add to the mass of badly written material in English language. I just got BANANA WINGS and it made me realize just how much I still need to improve... It has also recently been brought to my attention that some people, in particular Swedish readers, don't have a clue what CoClock is about (even though they claim to be able reading English). I'm sorry to hear that and I wonder if I have failed as an editor or if it's just that some people operate on an entirely different wavelength. Is it a general opinion that my writing is incomprehensible, or is this a local phenomenon?

I use deliberate discontinuity and blend reality with fiction for satiric purposes. You should not believe **everything** you read. Neither CounterClock nor what you read in any publication, fanzine, magazine, book or newspaper. Of course I'm trying to stick to the truth as much as possible. I don't mind admitting the mistakes I made many years ago. Like every sensible person I'm also trying not to repeat my mistakes. I make entirely new sets of mistakes. I can only tell a story from my own point of view. And surely everyone involved has their own way of interpreting the events. Feel free to add your comments, if you were around a certain event. I will also publish opinions that contradict me. It would be an apparent contradiction only. There are perfectly good explanations for everything.

In hermeneutics the text is a meetingplace between the reader and the writer. One has to understand the time a writer lives in and the language he is using. Understanding the language of fandom isn't just a question of understanding English. Perhaps I need to point out that I don't really expect people outside fandom to have a clue. Then there is the issue of me being a German and Swedish sf-fan. I would find it

difficult to say a lot about British or American fandom. But I certainly would welcome it, if someone else wrote something about it. It would greatly add to the substance of this publication if I got a conreport or fannish article from **you**. Some call CoClock an e-zine. It is not! It's a genzine with a lack of contributors.

Domestic Excavation IV:

The year 1980 can be split in to halves. First the events in Sweden where I ensured to receive two great blows that year. One for being stupid or inexperienced and another one for being arrogant or stupid. Both were important lessons to be learned. The Gods don't punish evil...

NASACON 1980 on JANUARY 4th -6th:

The first Nasacon was held in early January and obviously the wrong time of year. We had *rented* a school and had seats for 300. We printed 500 fliers and distributed them to fans, libraries and posted them on message boards all over the municipal. But we had no idea how many people would attend. We?

The con-committee were three people on paper: Anders Bellis, George Bobjörk and I. At the convention itself, Bellis did little more than run around with a water-pistol, dressed in a bathrobe shooting at Roger Sjölander who was shooting back at him. They called the squirtgun a zapgun and the bathrobe a protective suit and we were to believe that this was something American fans did at all their conventions. And you don't want to disagree with Anders Bellis!

But perhaps there was nothing more sensible to do, since we only got something between 20 and 25 to attend this "con". Guest of Honour was the Swedish musician Ralph Lundsten (electronical music of which some records had sf-theme). Lundsten and John-Henri Holmberg (who had agreed to preside at the convention) could hear their steps echo in an empty hall. Where the f--- are the members?

Kaj Harju and Erik Andersson was there. Lars-Olov Strandberg, Bellis, Engholm and Sjölander. John-Henri and Ralph Lundsten. It was a convention of which I easily can recall more than half of all the attending members. From Germany Wolfgang Bolz (one of our earliest members and one of the people who introduced the World of Fanzines to me) had come to witness the calamity. He had his brother Georg with him.

Peter Bahrke was there to shoot some pictures. He didn't find much to point his camera at. George Bobjörk also made a few shots. You can find them on our website:

<http://www.sigmatc.a.se>

The municipal didn't bill us for the fliers, the souvenir-booklet or for the school. But we barely had enough cash to pay for the film-program. Somehow we managed to avoid a financial disaster as well. Thanks to a generous municipal. After Nasacon 1980 I didn't want to show my face on this planet again. (But Ahrvid Engholm convinced me to go for Nasacon II jr the following year.)

VHECKANS ÄVFENTYR:

Publishing one ish (#54-1/80) of Vheckans Ävfentyr was a great honour and an *privi-lege* I f---ed up. It's sad that I did so little of it. But perhaps it was my bruised ego after Nasacon that held me from putting more energy into it. I could have done better even then. Everyone knew it. But this honour Anders Bellis bestowed on me is today just another issue I'm ashamed of. And I regret not having deserved the faith he had in me. My second year in Swedish fandom was a complete and utter disaster. The worst is yet to come.

COUNTERCLOCK # 6

NASA-FANDOMS RISE AND CALL:

...was an utter crudzine I released during the first half of 1980. But it was entirely consistent with my issue of VÅ. We were not just trying to be fannish, but in unspoken competition with "the great" Engholm and Bellis, we tried to be ultrafannish... It was idiotic. But growing up in an environment where competition was omnipresent and ambition the primary motive... How can a person turn out other than competitive? But nothing could ever rock the team Bellis and Engholm. They were completely dominant during the years they collaborated. And even when they split up, they were forceful each and everyone in their own way.

Nasafandom was the second generation of TERRA CORPS. It included Anders Carlsson, Dan Eriksson, Johan Norling and Christoph Mannich. Most of them have folded today. Perhaps for fanhistorical purpose it may be worth mentioning that Nasafandoms Marie-Louise Ljungqvist became the first female fan to publish a fanzine in Sweden.

BTW: Nasacon and Nasafandom had nothing to do with NASA. It's an abbreviation for Nacka-Saltsjöbaden (Nacka being the municipal).

HITTING THE NEWS & NEWS STRIKES BACK:

In July and August of 1980 the sister of Staffan Mossige-Norheim (my classmate at *highschool* and Swedish filker at early Nasa-cons) aspired to become a journalist. In her first project she wrote a series of articles about controversial teenagers. In this series she presented five very unusual young people. Me, being most controversial of all was presented as the fifth and final presentation. Perhaps one should be aware that she, Randi Mossige-Norheim was 17 years of age at the time and I was 20. None of us had the verbal skill we have today. The interview took place at the Yellow Pavillion outside Grand Hotel Saltsjöbaden. We were talking for two or three hours... In this time I laid down my whole philosophy of life to her.

And at the time I was greatly inspired by Friedrich Nietzsche and as such an obscure version of existentialist. The "Random House Dictionary of the English Language" defines existentialism in its 1968 edition as: *"a modern movement encompassing a variety of themes, among them the doctrine that individual existence determines essence, that man has absolute freedom of choice but that there are no rational criteria serving as a basis for choice, and the general claim that the universe is absurd, with an emphasis on the phenomena of anxiety and alienation."*

BTW: Is there anyone who has observed an emphasis on alienation in "Alien Nation"?

Perhaps Randi didn't quite understand every-thing I said, or she was unable to rephrase it properly. Or both. And some of the *quotes* that **did** slip through were not quite intended the way they came out. And I was too wrapped up in selfimportance to notice. I had the opportunity to read the article before it got published, but I didn't... I just said: "It looks fine - you don't need to change anything." Big mistake! I admit, the cynical remarks would have remained, even if I had suggested adjustments. But perhaps the downright stupid comments could have been avoided. It was my own fault.

That disastrous newspaper article made me the laughing-stock of Swedish fandom. Some people chose to avoid me altogether, while my true friends asked me straightforward what the f--- I was talking about. My situation at school became slightly more problematic until

Johan Richter straightened out the most embarrassing curves in a second interview for the school's newspaper. Since he was equally interested in philosophy, his article got a lot more to the point. And, yes, I was a true misanthropist and

didn't really mind to be hated back. The basic progress I've made since then is to learn humility, generosity and consideration. But for a couple of months my interaction with fellow students and fellow fans was *poisoned*. As a result I became more careful and a lot more selective as to who I was socializing with. My reputation in German fandom was unaffected by this article and not surprisingly I chose to put down most of my fanac there. The fanzines I published in Swedish fandom between autumn 1980 and 1982 are neglectable. It took two and a half years before I felt inclined to face Sverifandom again. In fanzines anyway.

And I go "Hey, Yodel-Ay..." when I don't know what to say. WvW in CAPA#9, 3/11-1980

Perhaps Ahrvid Engholm was most under-standing of all fellow sf-fans. It didn't affect our friendship anyway. On the contrary - we began to collaborate on a lot of projects. Radio Sigma TC and Nasacon among them.

In the following months after the disastrous article, Swedish fanac hit the news several times. Anders Åkerlind got an article published about SFF (today it is the longest running Swedish APA), Anders Bellis and Ahrvid Engholm were in the newspaper as successful faneds (Vheckans Ävfentyr) and during the 80's all major Swedish newspapers continued to publish something about Nasacon. Mostly because of Ahrvid's excellent press-releases.

LUCILLE AND THE SEVEN SMOF, part 1:

Instead I focused on German fandom. Inspired by GURKA the Carbon Amateur Press Association (CAPA) was initiated in Germany. First to join in were Joachim Henke, Willmar Plewka, Jörg Litschke, Nils Stickan, Michael Dengler and Wolfgang Bolz. All contents were DNQ, very *hush-hush*, very secretive, and the purpose was not only to communicate, but also to collaborate in joint actions. Like the project "Fannish Front" (which also had an official front) to counter dry German serconism. Fanzines in Germany were mostly very dry and serious. ...sort of boring. Very little sense of humour. But for starters there was a gulf between our vision and our reality.

Wolfgang Bolz dropped out at once and Michael Dengler broke the DNQ-rule at an early stage. Also Bolz' replacement Wolfgang Dirschauer did seem to have trouble to understand what "Do Not Quote" ment. He thought all APAs were DNQ. Somehow he managed to mention it in a LoC to Eckhard D Marwitz. Just recently while rereading CAPA I became aware at what early stage EDM got a clue about the existence of this APA and, so he told me, he was very angry about it.

But back in 1980 we were just about getting into shape. And we were taking ourselves far too serious in adolescent over-selfconfidence. The first stunt we pulled was to officially declare the unofficial CAPA dissolved and then to go on without Dirschauer and Dengler. The new members to be voted into CAPA were Hans-Jürgen Mader and Carla Mötteli. They entered CAPA in September 1980. The APA picked up speed considerably after I embarrassed myself in Swedish fandom. I put down all my energy into German fanzines and most of it in CAPA. This also enthused the other Capai. By the end of 1980 CAPA had a robust constellation and I handed over OE-ship on rotation (the OE was called *Captain*). One of the early issues to be debated in CAPA was the birth of EURAPA, the first European APA, with Joachim Henke as OE and supported by Ahrvid Engholm. EURAPA eventually surfaced, but it had a short career. By the end of 1980 Nils Stickan had to fold (running out of typewriters), and Christian Worch was suggested to replace him. I voted for him.

"Die guten Absichten starben in der Begeisterung der Menschenmasse..." WvW in CAPA#9, 3/11-80

Limited Capai-Bio 1: CARLA MÖTTELI

...living in Luzern/Switzerland. Has been active in German speaking fandom since the 50's. But this Carla Mötteli claimed to be the daughter of the first. Carla *Andrea* Mötteli was a fan in the 50's. Carla *Lucille* Mötteli was the daughter. However, no one in fandom had ever seen Carla Mötteli. Never ever. In the 70's *Hagen Zboron* went to Switzerland to see her. He failed. I went to Luzern myself in the early 80's and called her from the railway-station. She answered the phone. I told her that I was in Luzern to deliver the latest CAPA-mailing. "I'm not at home!" she said. Not letting my perplexion be too obvious I answered: "Fine! I just put the issue in your mailbox then."

So I did. I went over to her address and put the mailing in her mailbox. When I left I looked back at the house. It had 7 or 8 floors and on the 3rd or 4th floor an old woman looked out through the window as I left. I spent a total of 8 hours in Switzerland. Most of that time was spent getting to Luzern and getting back from there. Since my attempt to meet Carla Mötteli, one more fan has tried, *Ralf Grosser*. He also failed.

Since Carla Mötteli has been a very active fan in German speaking fandom through all the decades, she was also mentioned in the "History of the SFCD" and with a picture where one has to point out that no one can be certain that it indeed is Carla Mötteli. No one has ever seen her. So what is her secret? We only have a theory. We believe that she **is** the old Carla Mötteli and that she didn't want to *scare us off* by letting us know that she was an old woman. Not that it would have made any difference to us. Her work, her comments, her poetry was always most appreciated. Her mind was always focused and she helped us all getting a more serious and sensible attitude towards the issues we addressed in CAPA. Although she never physically took part in any of our actions, she had a healthy influence on all Capai and perhaps we owe her more than we are willing too admit. She was most DNQ of us all. Most "smoffish" of us all. Carla Mötteli also voted Chris Worch for CAPA.

Christian Worch is perhaps the second most interesting member of CAPA and certainly a genuine SMOF of German fandom. With or without the secret APA. Last time I heard from Christian Worch was in the news. He was interviewed on CNN. Why? Perhaps I'll come to that next issue. Oh, and this year in Dortmund I found a 170+ pages issue of ANDROMEDA about him. By Klaus N Frick and Herman Ritter. TO BE CONTINUED...

EXCERPT FROM MY TRINITY NOTE-BOOK:

"On my way back to Earth, I discovered that my passport had expired. I wonder if they'd let me return. It should be fairly obvious that I'm an Earthling. It depends on just how xenomophobic they'd be at the spaceport."

*

"What the reason of the ant laboriously drags into a heap, the wind of accident will collect in one breath." (F.Schiller, 1783)

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

I think animal testing is a terrible idea; they get all nervous and give the wrong answers.

Way of the Filker

The main difference between filk music and folk music is one vowel. And the main difference between filk music and popular music is that filk music still makes sense. Very often the filker has a story to tell. And he is trying to do so in harmony.

"Filk" was a typo to begin with, but this unintentional misspelling was soon accepted as the word for folklore of sf-fandom. It can also be used synonymous to steal, plagiarise, rip or take in musical context. Some early filk was for instance "Bouncing Potatoes", written by Poul Anderson to the tune of "Waltzing Mathilda" or "The Ray Bradbury Hate Song" to the tune of "John Brown's Body".

What sf-fans did was to put new words to an already well known song, so that others could sing along. At some point the number of "filkers" had become large enough to split off from sf-fandom and constitute an independent filkfandom. This has happened in the US and the UK and a solid filkfandom is about to be formed in Germany. In the UK there has already been 11 annual and national filk-conventions. In February 1999 it was Xilophone in Basingstoke. Today filkers don't just rip off other people's songs or traditional tunes (where copyrights can be disregarded), but they also write their own songs. And filk doesn't necessarily have anything to do with science fiction anymore.

Filk is now living a life of its own. Only its roots in sf-fandom make them still very much sf-oriented. Most filkers read science fiction or fantasy. Any major convention with any self-respect ought to have a filkprogram-item. Any major convention attracts filkers as well. Science fiction is culture in form of literature, art and music. The musical aspect of sf has been widely under-appreciated. What will music of the future be like? I believe that filk can give you a good answer to that.

LIVING IN HARMONY:

If I put new words to "Unter den Linden" by *Walter von der Vogelweide* (which I intend to do), very few will be able to tell that the song is more than 800 years old. The harmony a human ear can appreciate is limited. And I don't think that anyone ever will be able to truly appreciate disharmonious "music". It wouldn't rightfully be called music anyway. It would be noise. I also firmly believe that rythm has been fully explored. Today we have a good selection of music to choose from. We live in a time where the musical culture is a synthesis of all previously existing styles. Surely there will be a time in which we refer to work of todays musical genius as "classical music". I am convinced that for instance the work of Genesis (Tony Banks, Phil Collins, Peter Gabriel, Steve Hackett, Anthony Phillips and Mike Ruherford) will belong to this category. If you listen to their albums *Trespass* (1970), *Nursery Cryme* (1971), *Foxtrot* (1972), *Selling England by the Pound* (1973), *The Lamb Lies Down on Broadway* (1974), *A Trick of the Tail* (1975) or *Wind & Wuthering* (1976), you'll find harmony as complex and ingenious as with Beethoven, Mozart or Bach.

The language of music will not change that much in the future. In the bardic tradition of filk, the bardic tradition of music is kept alive and enriched. Just like the Earth should belong to all people living on it, music should belong to the people and not to some record company for profit purpose. Filk reminds us that we will keep singing our songs. Of course filkers respect copyright laws. We're not really *asking* for trouble.

COUNTERCLOCK # 6

Filkers are in general a tolerant breed of sf-fans. Why? I believe that music does it to you. We already know that music can influence us in many ways. *Techno* makes me feel very aggressive. The rhythm has a certain influence on my heartbeat, whether I like it or not. It makes me wanna smash things around me. If you'd like to see me irrational and aggressive, force me to listen to *techno* and I just may be smacking your face. Electronic music like Tangerine Dream, Klaus Schulze and some Jean-Michel Jarre makes me calm. Classical music (and Genesis) is very inspirational while contemplating. Some music makes me happy, some music makes me sad, some music makes me wanna dance and sometimes I can't help it but to sing... The mechanisms to trigger any of these responses are always the same. Rhythm and harmony of today is also rhythm and harmony of tomorrow. Folk music and filk music triggers responses to make us any-thing but aggressive.

All in all I dare say that filk isn't just fun, but also very healthy. Listen to filk just to boost your mental health. I have not yet met a filker that I didn't like. On the contrary, all the filkers I've met have been very agreeable people. But I can't say that about all sf-fans.

Sure, there are some filkers who sing out of key or can't sing at all, but I've seen people who like to sing, but can't sing and they know they can't sing, and still they've been encouraged to sing and sing along. And there was sheer joy in their faces. I'd say that qualifies as a f---ing miracle. And as soon as you start singing... your capability has a chance to improve. If you're a bird that never sings, what a sad loss to the world of harmony! Ringo Starr never was much of a singer, but he was still able to make music and to sing songs that one could enjoy. But it took many years before he attempted sing-ing. There was a time when I was convinced that I couldn't sing (...just because I wasn't able to follow Peter Gabriel up the octaves...), but I got over it. I have learned where and what my range is.

THE MESSAGE:

Music can be a way of storytelling, joking, protesting or lamenting. Only the bone-headed could remain unaffected by the lyrics of Bob Dylan.

Filk has ever so often a message to you. Not always ingenious or profound, but there is a lot more to it than today's popular music. Free music is often intelligent music:

*...and when they didn't listen
I finally learned to see
'Cause like an open door at journey's end
The old man sang to me:
"Take your music to the people
Take your songs out to the land
Take a message everywhere you go
Make them try to understand
And don't be disappointed
If no one hears you sing
Take your music to them anyway
Even though they don't hear a thing."*

I don't know who wrote them, but they are good words. The lore of science fiction has added to the bardic traditions. And filk **is** indeed some-thing new under the sun! The phantastic tales of filksongs are stories for the future. Filk is a motive for boundless creativity. Just as every genre is a subgenre of sf, every musical style can be a substyle of filk. But filk and folk are not technology-dependent as Techno or Eurodisco (which I have a hard time telling apart). Therefore filk and folk music are destined to survive for as long as mankind survives. And it is for free (so far). Following you will be presented with a number of filksongs that carry some kind of message.

FILK IN SWEDEN:

Swedish filkers don't have a separate filk-fandom to turn to. No Swedish filkers are only into filk and filk was rarely even mentioned before 1979. Since then there has been some Swedish *filk-classics*. The performances of Staffan Mossige-Norheim at Nasacons being one of them. His song "Jag gasade ihjäl min katt i ugnen" (I asphyxiated my cat in the oven) became the No:1 Swedish filk hit of the 80's. At Nasacon 8 (1987) he almost lifted the roof off the building with *The Power of Space*, based on Jennifer Rush's "The Power of Love".

*"Sometimes I am frightened,
But I'm ready to face - The Power of Space"*

Another classical performance was that of Erik Andersson, Johan Frick and Jan Risheden at KringCon. It was perhaps the best collection of Swedish filksongs presented at one and the same occasion. My own reputation as a filker is also greatly exaggerated. I live in Sweden, I write filksongs (but very little Swedish filk).

...but I'm an sf-fan, fanned and (soon ex-) con-runner in the first place, secondly a sf-film-*expert* and thirdly a filker.

FURTHERMORE:

Upon finishing the previous text about filk, I gave it a student of music science, Elin Ryner, to read and for comments. She pointed out that neither Beethoven, Mozart or Bach made very complex music and that one could easily get the impression that they did. My argument was that I used the words "...as complex as..."

But, OK, my point was that some of our contemporary eventually will be regarded as "classical". Time will tell.

Secondly, I am very careful about writing "I think that..." or "I believe..." if I express my personal opinion. I don't present indisputable facts here.

We also had a minor disagreement about the future of music. She's confident that music will keep evolving, while I'm certain that all we will ever hear is a remix of old ideas.

I also seem to have made an incorrect state-ment about *TECHNO*. It appears there are different Technorhythms. Well, I can specify that I dislike the "crocodile-rhythm" that affects my heartbeat adversely.



A lot of German fans appreciate filk....

STAR WARS - Music: Trad.Irish."The Unicorn" Words: Wolf von Witting

A long time ago and quite far away
In what galaxy, well - I really can't say
A powerful Empire went in for a storm
When Skywalker, last of the Jedi was born

CHORUS:
There were imperial Stormtroopers ready to go
Stompers and walkers and many a foe
Tiefighters, Death-star-destroyers and more
And they all were quite rotten right down to the core

COUNTERCLOCK # 6



Illustration: Christian Holl

Who is Minstrel?

In the previous issue of CoClock, I have already announced that Chris Malme, the Minstrel, will be a guest at Nasacon 2000. I could direct you to his homepage at www.filklore.com, but I will spare you the trouble by giving you his presentation in his own words right here.

The Obligatory Boring Bit About Me

I am an amateur musician, and full time computer geek. I am also a frequent attendee of Science Fiction Conventions, which is where I first came across Filk.

I play 12-string acoustic guitar, and sing. Most of the solo stuff I do is strictly acoustic, but I also play in a band, Patchwork, where we combine acoustic and electric instruments to give a rockier sound.

Much of the material I perform is self-written, much of it influenced by Fantasy and Science Fiction sources.

Badgenames, Nicks and Aliases

As pointed out by a friend of mine, Chris Croughton, fandom seems to have an abundance of people called Chris. I found I

was forever getting mistaken for other folk. For a while it helped that I seemed to be one of the few Chris's who didn't work in computing, but then I found my job was going in that direction, and I now work full time with the beasties, so that distinction didn't work either. In fact I am still trying to work out if the name had a causal effect on my career.

("Reality Central? We have discovered a Chris who does not work in Data Processing - surely this is an error? OK, making adjustments now.")

Then I attended a Trek con, Frontiers, in 1990. I helped out a bit with tech, and was struck by the fact that Tech, Gophers (Crew) and Security all had little badges. I asked, somewhat tongue-in-cheek, for an 'itinerent musician' badge, but was sadly refused.

So the following year, at UFP con, I decided to have a bit of fun, and registered a badge name. Some years earlier I had been involved in a MUG called The Zone, and my principle character was called Minstrel. Minstrel actually did not participate in the game as such - he just hung out, chatted to people, and wrote up their accomplishments in verse. So Chris Malme was to become Minstrel, at least for a while. My name badge would also announce my profession (at least, my profession at that con), and I had achieved my wish.

To my complete surprise, the badge had an immediate effect. People could easily tell me apart from any other Chris, and I suddenly found complete strangers coming up and chatting to me, and asking me to do things. It was as if I had suddenly become visible. I had an astonishingly good time, and made many new friends.

I must say that up until then I had viewed badgenames somewhat as an eccentricity, but after UFP, I never looked back. I now register to all cons as Minstrel, and on IRC I use "Minstrel_of_the_Dawn"

However, I also happily answer to Chris. Some people who take on badgenames prefer not to be called by their normal 'mundane' name. While I respect their feelings, I see 'Minstrel' more as a nickname, as well as a convenience. My friends call me by either name, and often both, although Minstrel tends to be used more when there is another Chris in the room.

Chris Malme

Filklore and Minstrel's Hall of Filk

Filklore's Origins

In 1991, I was thinking about producing a quarterly collection of filk songs, to distribute amongst UK filk fen. At the same time, a friend of mine, Smitty, was contemplating publishing fan fiction.

From this, Filklore was born, a fanzine containing a mixture of filk, articles on music and SF, and fan fiction. The original editorial team consisted of myself, Smitty and Robert Maughan, with additional contributions of artwork and help from Fox, Teddy, Mary Baird and many others.

Someone told us that new fanzines seldom get past issue 2, so we started with issue 2, in order to beat the curse. The first year's issues made guarded references to the 'rare' issue 1, and we even 'republished' a couple of spoof articles from the imaginary edition.

We actually kept publishing for 2 years, but eventually our lives all went separate ways and things ground to a halt. The 'editorial weekends' that motivated us were no more, and producing Filklore ceased being a joyous community effort and became somewhat of a chore. I produced the last Filklore (Issue 10, Xmas 1993) virtually by myself, and although I had planned further issues, they never happened.

COUNTERCLOCK # 6

Meanwhile, I had been running a computer Bulletin Board System (BBS) called Minstrel's Hall of Filk. The BBS was themed towards music and science fiction. Originally based on the amateur network Fidonet, I decided to get an Internet feed for the BBS. I needed a nodename, and naturally chose Filklöre.

As a result, when the fanzine folded, by mutual agreement, I inherited the "Filklöre" name. For a couple of years I ran the BBS as a free Internet email feed for UK fen. In January 1997 my BBS system crashed. Before rebuild-ing it, I counted the number of people now relying on my BBS, and found that most of my friends had by this time got their own Internet accounts. The BBS was largely redundant, so I chose not to resurrect it, with the exception of the filk uk mail-list, which grew from my old FILK UK fidonet echo, and the name "Minstrel's Hall of Filk" which now adorns these pages.

In the meantime, Filklöre has become both the name under which I publish my music, and the production company which produces my tapes (and, sometime in the future, CDs).

Do Paranoids Scream In Their Hectic Sleep?

Words & Music: Minstrel

Come all ye science fiction fans
and listen now I pray,
About a novel written
by a man called Philip K.
Now Mr. Dick he had
the strangest style, truth for to tell
In questioning reality
and other things as well.

The story starts with chapter one
in which our hero dies,
Squashed flat by a time traveller
committing suicide.
The traveller jumped from ninety feet
and fifty years in time
From a ledge of a skyscraper
which our hero will design.

Well, this creates a paradox
as you will recognise -
The building fades to nothing
as the poor architect dies.
No tower, no ledge, no suicide,
our hero lives and then
Designs that bloody building
and the whole thing starts again.

Now time she can be devious
and soon she sorts it out,
Our hero's in a timeline
where he can't muck her about.
No more is he successful,
building towers to the sky
He's now a struggling novelist
known for his wierd sci fi.

But fate can take a wicked turn
of that you can be sure.
Our hero soon finds fame
and is no longer so obscure.
He write a real best-seller,
it really is such fun,
About an architect
who strangely dies in chapter one.

If you don't recognise this plot
you really shouldn't fret
The answer is quite simple -
Philip hasn't penned it yet.
And those of you who will protest
that Dick is dead and gone,
That's only in this timeline,
in many others he writes on.

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WvW: This selection of songs and others can be found on the Minstrels web-pages. If you like filk, it's a good place to start. From there you'll find plenty of links to other filkpages.

Naturally all of these songs are best experi-enced live. You will have an opportunity to do that next year in Stockholm.

Moments Lost In Time

Words: Minstrel,
from the original words by Adam Heath.
To the tune of "Teardrops In The Rain"
by Adam Heath
Inspired by "Blade Runner"

In the middle of a life that he's still living
He finds so little time remains
He must return to the place from where he came
And though he knows he will be hunted
He comes here searching just the same
To find an answer to his questions
Is it such a crime
All he wants is time

"I've seen such things you'd not believe
Things of joy and things of pain
Precious moments that will soon be lost in time
Just like teardrops in the rain"

I thought the man a villain
Then he saves my life, so strange,
Begins to talk, saying I won't understand
Then in a voice slowly fading
Though his dignity remains
He reaches out for the words he wants to say
Then shuts his eyes
"Time to die"

"I've seen such things you'd not believe
Things of joy and things of pain
Precious moments that will soon be lost in time
Just like teardrops in the rain"

And as I watch him slowly dying
While the dark skies change to grey
I can't help wonder what it is that makes a man
That light that burned oh so brightly
And made the most of every day
He was as human as the memories he held
That I won't forget
No I won't forget.

"I've seen such things you'd not believe
Things of joy and things of pain
Precious moments that will soon be lost in time
Just like teardrops in the rain"

Lyrics copyright © 1999 Filklöre Music

COUNTERCLOCK # 6

Friends

Words & Music: Minstrel

Their eyes met across the crowded room
They were lost before they heard the tune
She didn't mind that he presumed
They both were sure they would soon
Be Friends
Good friends

In the days to come they soon would find
That love from friendship grows in time
And wise that love is often blind
They swore that they would also stay
Friends
Good friends

But it seems the love it couldn't last
Perhaps they simply moved too fast
And now they both look to the past
Wondering just what happened to
Friends
Old friends
If we both stay calm we can work it out
No need for us to scream or shout
I know that you still have your doubts
But I am sure that we can be
Friends
Just friends

So they tell all their friends that it's worked out right
And when they meet, they're so polite
And they both cry themselves to sleep at night
Remembering what it was to be
Friends
Good friends

And though it's true they both tried hard
The friendship's now a mere facade
A phone call and a Christmas card
And a memory of when they were
Good friends
True Friends
Just friends
But good friends
Old friends

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Against All Gods

(Take A Look At The Drow)

An AD&D Filk * Words: Minstrel

Music: "Against The Odds" by Phil Collins

Wish that we could simply creep away,
Just leave without a trace,
But I stand here facing certain death
With you...
You're the only one with any hit-points at all

How can you just smile and heal yourself,
While all I can do is stand and bleed
We shared adventure and the fame,
We even shared my steed
You're the only one with any hit-points at all

Oh take a look at the Drow
They're filling up the place
They're to the left, right and behind me
And there's murder on their face
Take a look at the Drow
They're filling up the place
So stand with your back to me
And we'll face these odds
And just hope we get away

I wish that you could simply turn them 'round
Turn them 'round now with your cry
But that only works for ghouls and wraiths
You never told me why
And you're the only one
With any hit-points at all

Oh take a look at the Drow
They're filling up the place
They're to the left, right and behind me
And there's murder on their face

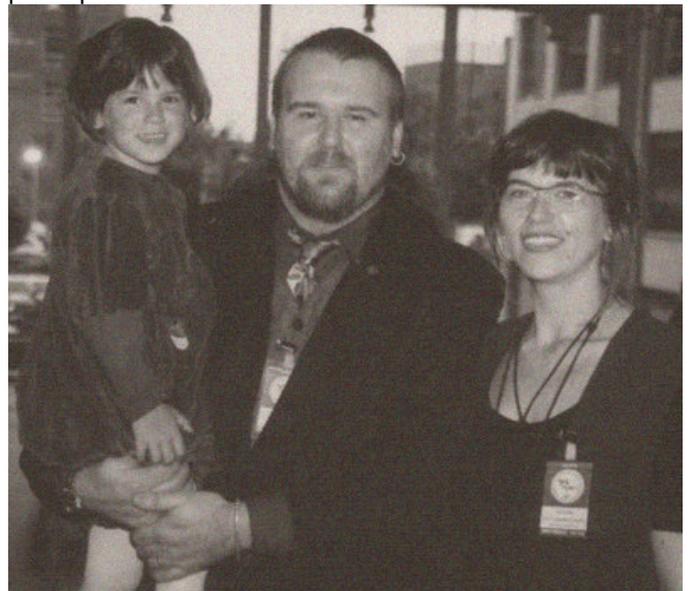
Take a look at the Drow
They're filling up the place
And all I can do is depend on you
And hope you'll win the day

Take a good look at them now
That's Lolth who is standing there
So stand with your back to me
We're against the Gods
I don't think we'll get away...

Take a last look at me now.....

Lyrics copyright © 1994 Filklore Music

Trinity'99 - Afterglow The German community of sf-fandom appears to be unhappy after the event. But there is no doubt that the 90's is a decade in which they've opened up towards the global community. In the decades to come I expect more German fans to participate in Worldfandom events.



The Post-Zwengelberg family has put German fandom on the map! The SF-Tage 9-11 in Dortmund 1997-1999 have deservedly been brought to our attention. Photo: P.Fleissner

COUNTERCLOCK # 6

Fandom went down the drain in Germany after HEICON. Forry Ackerman expressed it well in his speech at the Worldcon in Heidelberg, when he summarized their fanac with six words: "Crash, boom, bang, war, hate, kill!" They have a strong will and many sharp minds. We're all so lucky, that they don't all pull into the same direction. What a force of nature they can be, when they put their minds to it!

Future fanhistorians should not underestimate the impact of SF-Tage on German fandom. It has been proven - **they can do it!** They **could** even run a Worldcon again - if they only knew how to work side by side peacefully. Perhaps the next generation will be able. And they're here already!!!

I just hope that the SF-Days will continue.
We've had good times! WvW

X-Files Survey

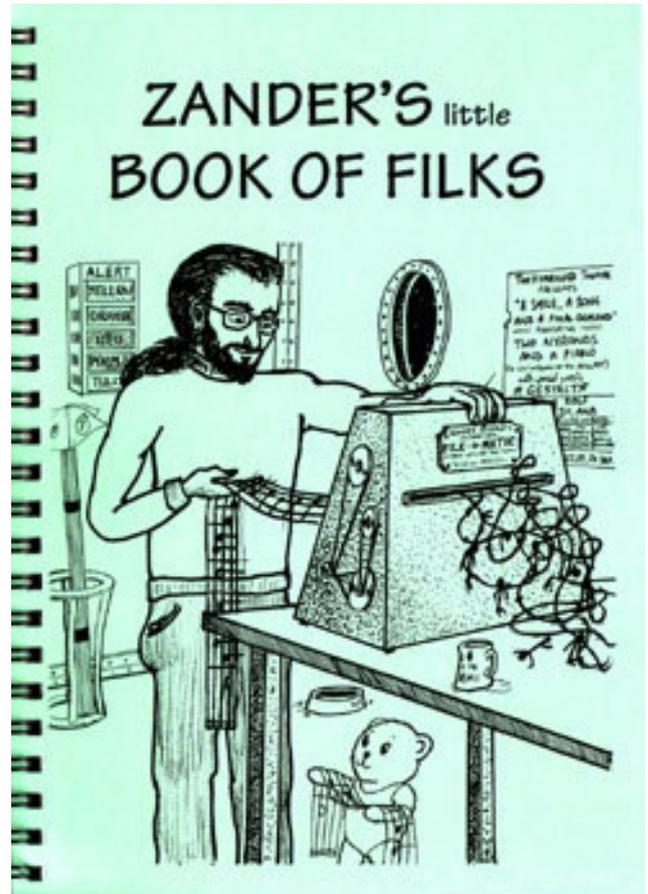
Based on the viewing of less than ten episodes and an interview with Chris Carter, creator of the series I concluded that this series was *unsuitable viewing*. Surely a series like this had to create more nutcases who believed in supernatural phenomena and alien visitors. But since I had nothing particular to do for a couple of nights, I borrowed seasons one, two and three from our (Sigma TC) webmaster and decided to review them for this issue of CounterClock. It changed my opinion.

I never said that David Duchovny or Gillian Anderson were bad actors. On the contrary. It was probably their talented and charismatic performance that we could blame for the success of this *mindscrew*. The hysteria around the X-files and the enormous popularity of Gillian Anderson had me dislike the series even more. I could easily name a dozen actresses that I found more attractive than her. I've had British actress Amanda Pays (The Flash, Max Headroom, Leviathan) at the top of my list for years, followed by lesser dignities such as Sandahl Bergman (Conan, Hell Comes to Frogtown), Jeri Ryan (Dark Skies, Star Trek-Voyager) and Nicola Bryant (Dr. Who). I have to admit that my choices are rather based on personal preferences than the usual clouded objectivity. And it didn't hurt that some of my favourite actors appeared on the X-files. Not just Amanda Pays, but Charles Martin Smith, John Savage and Brad Dourif as well. It was also nice to see Shawnee Smith again, the little cheerleader from the remake of *The Blob* (1988). In the X-files she looks and acts completely different. She was even difficult to recognize as a young Volcano-researcher. I wonder why a talented girl like that still is widely unknown. Let's get back to Gillian. Halfway into the third season a veil fell from my eyes. Gosh! She really **is** a *babe*. Now I understand why she has become so popular. She has moments of almost unearthly beauty. So I am slow. Sue me!

Before I began my survey of the X-files I was unable to see any similarity to *Kolchak - the Night Stalker*, who inspired Chris Carter. But as the characters and the mythology of the series developed I could discern the Kolchak influence more and more. And the Kolchak inspired elements were everything that *didn't* bring the X-files forward.

Best episode so far was: JOSE CHUNG'S "FROM OUTER SPACE", written by Darin Morgan, directed by Rob Bowman. On a scale of one to ten, it clearly deserves a 12+. It has good irony and sense of humour. You just **have to** see it! And this comes from a person who used to despise the X-files. And it isn't the X-files that creates more nutcases. Like it is with everything else, the problem is to find within ourselves!

WvW



Living Dead

Tune: "Living Doll", Sir Cliff Richard
Words: Zander Nyron (J.Waite)

Got myself a shambling, seeping, crawling,
Creeping, living dead.
Face is like a half-chewed pizza
Just 'cause it's a living dead.
Got to keep it sweet with bits of meat
Or it will eat my head.
Got the one and only walking
Stalking living dead.

Take a look at its skull - real bone
If you don't believe me just hear that tone
Gonna keep it locked in a cell
And feed it well
It beats sitting home alone!*

* Line pinched fr. B. Childs-Helton's "Galactic Personals"

Zander's little BOOK OF FILKS...

is a wonderful collection of songs, written by an amateur who obviously is dedicated to his hobby. As you may know, the word *amateur* means *someone who loves whatever he is doing*. The book contains 134 filksongs by Jonathan Waite, which is Zander's mundane name. What I like about his songs is the fact that he is having fun and isn't ashamed for it. Fandom is all too often an all too serious business - a way of life for some and just a goddam hobby for others. One should never let anything come in our way for happiness. We love drinking and singing and telling stories together. That's

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the spirit of happiness, isn't it? So why sneer at the filker, you ignorant bastard BNF? What makes you so important? Do you honestly believe that the filker is stupid or less talented? Actually, it's mostly the other way around... you're just being envious, because you can't be part of the fun? And why can't you? You would only need to overcome your own arrogance and intellectual pride. All wise men know this already. Dare to be silly!

This is what Zander has to say in his *Introbibble*:

Talent is a lump of rock you get given when you're born. Some are bigger than others, some harder, some finer-grained: that much is pot luck. But everyone starts out more or less equal, with a lump. (None of these thoughts are original with me, by the way: I hope you weren't expecting originality in a book of filks.)

It then falls to you to find out (a) what kind of rock you've got, (b) what it's best adapted for doing, (c) what tools you need to carve it/forge it/hone it into the best shape for the job, and (d) how to use it for fun and profit. This is what childhood and adolescence is for. All that tedious stuff about going to school, meet-ing the opposite sex, getting a job, etc., is just a distraction, intended to prevent you stay focussed on what you should be doing. If you're patient and practice hard, then in time your talent will have become a powerful hammer, a subtle scalpel, or a key to unlock people's hearts...

Or (since in this, as in all things, we have a choice) you can just doodle along through your formative years, playing with your lump of rock and waiting for parents or teachers or God or somebody to tell you what to do with your life, in which case you wake up one morning to the chilling realisation that your life is half over and what you've got is basically a lump of rock. Unidentified, un-formed, unusable.

At this point, again, you have two choices. You can accept the consequences of your failure to act, put your rock away with other childish things and get on with a perfectly normal and possibly even pleasant life... or you can find yourself a community full of people who will accept your lump of rock for what it is, admire the tiny sparkles it some-times gives off in the presence of brilliance, laugh at the amusing noises it makes when you bang it on your head, and, most importantly, help you to begin to shape it, at long long last, into something worthwhile.

This collection of songs charts the story of how I made the second choice. My guides have been the filk fans, a close-knit commun-ity of rugged individualists par excellence. From Rafe, the original "spirit from the Realms of Light", to Oliver, who joined us this year and is going to hear "Neofan" all the way through if I have to sing it down the phone at him, I'm proud to call them family, and anything I may do with my talent in future years is at least partly thanks to them. You have been warned.

WvW: I have chosen to reprint more of the introduction to the different type of songs, than the songs themselves. I believe that these introductions give a good glimpse into the mind of a filker. First of all, it ought to be obvious that this particular filker is witty, clever, humble and... a rather ordinary person with an exceptional talent for being happy and making other people smile.

Here's the introduction to the...

DUNGEON SONGS

or, Bring A Silence Spell Next Time, Okay? Well, when I say seriously... we were never that serious about anything. We

did play an awful lot of Dungeons and Dragons during those crowded years, though.

Some DMs take great pride in killing off players' characters, being niggardly with trea-sure and experience points, and in other ways pandering to "realism". Such was not our way, though I never did get a character above sixth level. It was my proud boast as DM that I never killed a character, though my puzzles drove one or two a little mad, and while no-body got rich down my dungeons I was responsible for some ridiculously powerful magic items, usually with equally ridiculous side effects. "Yes, the balrog is dead. You, however, are now eighteen inches tall, covered with electric blue angora fur, and female. Sorry about that."

One of the problems with getting gamers together is the unwritten rule that, before the game begins, anyone who's new to the group has to hear all the anecdotes about previous expeditions and the amusing incident that befell such-and-such when he was, haha, running away from a horde of Umber Hulks, haha, and found himself hanging over a forty-foot drop, haha, by his, hahaha...

This can take several hours and cut short the actual gaming time drastically. Unfortun-ately, no cure has been found. However, I would suggest anyone who finds themselves in that situation might try singing one or more of the following songs. This should inspire every-one else with an overwhelming urge to get down to business...

WvW: I wonder, Zander, did you ever try the *cloak of water resistance*? Mundanes would call it a raincoat. My D&D *experience*: I never made it as far as DM, but I did get a level 8 wizard/level 7 cleric. Unfortunately I got turned to chaotic evil in the process and was forced to betray my companions. I killed off a few fellow player characters, turned them into toads and stuff like that. It had them rattled...

But we didn't have enough of the haha stuff. Let's get on with your introductions...

SCIENCE FICTION SONGS

or, Hey, Mister Spaceman, Shut Up

I've been reading as long as I can remember, and boy are my eyes tired...

My definition of sf is fairly broad: for one thing it includes fantasy, although my actual inclination is to put it the other way round, with sf, "mainstream" fiction and all the other genres as limited subsets of fantasy. If you were to look through the index volumes of my collection you would find, alongside more usual things a whole bunch of other stuff of dubious relevance. I suppose I was doing the standard thing, the reverse of what literary critics did and still do, defining "sf" as "whatever I happen to like." This lot, however, is firmly limited to the usual fantasy-with-a-technological-component...

Back in the main storyline, I was now an active fan, still mostly in media circles, but aware of those strange creatures the trufen, and one of the things that mystified me most about these exalted beings was their appa-rent aversion to sf. Fanzines were personal anecdotes or political polemic. Cons were opportunities to gather in the bar and moan about the deficiencies of the programme going on outside. The general consensus seemed to be that sf wasn't what it used to be, and what it used to be was crap anyway. (This was my perception at the time: it's all changed now, honest...) In fact, there was only one thing sf fans hated more than sf...

FANTASY SONGS

Dick Jude of Forbidden Planet once sensitive-ly defined the subtle distinction between sf and fantasy as "If it's got a spaceship on the cover it's science fiction, if it's got a naked

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barbarian it's fantasy," which is as workable a definition as any, I suppose.

The fact that once you postulate even a minor divergence from reality-as-it-is, you are admixing fantasy into what would otherwise be a straight novel, and the point at which it stops being sf depends entirely on your tolerance for cod science. My tolerance for misinformation on almost any subject is quite high, because I'm ignorant. This means that I enjoy a lot more books than those who can't help noticing that there is no such thing as an interocitor, or that the Roman presence in Britain would not have reached Mablethorpe in AD 57. "It's fantasy," I say to myself, and happily continue reading.

MUNDANE SONGS or, Neighbours, Everybody Needs Deaf Neighbours

Mundane. It's a byword in fannish circles, and like all bywords it has as many mean-ings as users. Some would say it's purely derogatory, others that it connotes amused pity. Some use it for anyone or anything that isn't sf or fantasy, others confine its use to people who actively resist encountering anything outside their narrow frame of reference. The constant element is this: there's mundane, and then there's us.

Like it or not, though, we live in the mundane world, and no matter how high we fence ourselves into our fantasies, we have to come out to eat. I imagine many fans dream of a permanent live-in-convention, as do I, but we all know it wouldn't work. Survival depends on "flags, flax and fodder" and these require money, which in turn leads to the depressing concept of work. Some of us are lucky enough to work in the computer industry, perhaps the least mundane field of work this side of NASA, but even there one runs the risk of meeting people who think Coronation Street more important than Babylon 5, or Maeve Binchy a better writer than Terry Pratchett. Yes, Virginia, there are such people.

What do you do?

You reflect that every one of the wonders in the multifarious multiverse we share was created by someone who lives and works in the mundane world. That all the mundanities that drive us to distraction now (oh, god, not more bloody spam) would have been wonders as little as twenty years ago. Then in a few decades from now people may regard time travel and FTL starships as boring and mundane.

And then you write a filksong about it.

Jonathan Waite (Zander)

THE TITLE SHOULD BE OBVIOUS

Tune: "Bridge Over Troubled Water"

by Simon & Garfunkel

Words: Jonathan "Zander" Waite

When you're seasick, feeling lame

Before you lose your lunch,

Come and join the game

I'll cut the cards

If you keep the score,

And if we've got a four...

CHORUS:

We'll play bridge over troubled water

Till the ship goes down.

We'll play bridge over troubled water

Till the ship goes down.

When the iceberg hits,

When we know we're dead

When they cry "Man the boats!"

Just don't lose your head.

Follow my lead,

Finish up this hand.

And while our table stands...

CHORUS:

Float on tables, boys

Float on chairs,

The time has come to leave,

While we still have air.

The rubber's done

And the ship as well,

But while we ride the swell...

CHORUS:

Copyright: Jonathan Waite, 1999

1-870824-41-5

Zander's little Book of Filks is available for 6 UKP at **Becon Publications, 75 Rosslyn Avenue, Harold Wood, Essex RM3 0RG, UK** - If it isn't sold out!

Or E-mail: beccon@dial.pipex.com

...who also provides other filkbooks.

Star Wars, The Phantom Menace

Been there, seen it. What can I say? 'Tis a fairy-tale. But this time George Lucas is two or three years late. We have marvelled at Jurassic Park, Starship Troopers and all the wonders that computer technology can perform. In my opinion this Star Wars film is consistent with the earlier. No better and no worse. Unlike most of the audience I was not disappointed. On a scale of 1-10 it rates a 7. The good news is that this episode gave me the final character to finish this short filk:

SPACEBALLS

Music: "River Kwai March"

Words: Stefan Kayat & Wolf von Witting 990909

"Jabba had only one big ball

Boba had two, but they were small

His cousin has half a dozen

And only Darth Maul has no ball at all!"

Love in the Spirit of Philip K. Dick

Words & Music: Johan Frick (Sweden)

I've run out of decent reading

On the Intercity train

And look out through the window

It is pouring down with rain

Entering a small town the train pulls to a stop

And she walks right in

Looking frail and thin

With that shock of black hair on top

I don't know how to handle it,

I don't know what to do

She stares at me as though she would say

Hey! Don't I know you?

We haven't seen each other me and Jane

Since the divorce

I would never doubt we had it all worked out

But I was all wrong of course

CHORUS:

Oh, it was love in the spirit

Of Philip K Dick

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All of the time I could feel it was a trick
Turn off that intercom
It really makes me sick
And let's make love in the spirit
Of Philip K Dick

I had to fight the universe I had to take on God
I had to fight to get along
With Jane, that little sod
I tried to do the right things
But I'd always end up wrong
Was I really ill or was it just my will
That wasn't sufficiently strong?

I didn't really want to get involved
With cosmic plans
But circumstances forced me
To take things in my own hands
A simple car repair man
I just didn't have the skills
Or as Jane would say
I couldn't pay the damned electricity bills
CHORUS:

Look into her eyes, scanning for a spark to find
Do they belong to Jane, a human being,
Or are they blind
I can't be sure,
I know her simulacrum's running wild
But I don't give a fuck, just praise my luck
When she fires that shimmering smile
CHORUS:



German filk is coming strong. Katy Droege and Juliane Honisch.
Photo: Peter Fleissner

Fanagram Contest

ELEVEN PLUS TWO = TWELVE PLUS ONE

Everyone knows by now that *Ansible* is an anagram of *Lesbian*, or did you? One can have fun with a game of scrabble without any opponents at all. Just spell out the name of a fan, a writer, a fanzine or a convention or whatever is sf- or fandomrelated, for example: MARGARET AUSTIN and then throw around the letters until they make sense again - another kind of sense, for example: IT ' S TRUE ANAGRAM. It's simple, see! Then send me your best fanagrams and I'll

reward your efforts with a lifetime's sub-scription to CounterClock (my lifetime - not yours). Send it to: flow@stigma.s.ace... sorry, that should be: wolf@sigmatc.a.se
Of course, most of the anagrams will not make much sense, like: *Martin Easterbrook* = *Korean Master Orbit*. But even the ones that make less sense are interesting, if they are even slightly sf- fantasy- or fandom-related.

NO GUARANTEE: The editor of this fanzine cannot be held liable for any physical or psychological injury you may get as a result of reading it or from a failure to comply with the instructions or recommendations given for amateur publication readers, for damage resulting by the failure of the water supply, damage caused by fire, frost, flood, storm, explosion, poltergeist, gremlins, electrical disturbance, asteroid impact, alien abduction, solar eruption or civil disorder. Any legal action against the editor will result in a renewal of your *subscription* with additional conditions.

Star Wars - Episode 2: Return of the Ugly Bad Ass

To everyone's endless surprise Darth Maul, the devilish Dark Jedi will return apparently unharmed. And it isn't his twin brother.

Everyone who has seen Charles Dance's stunning survival performance in *SPACE TRUCKERS* won't be the least surprised. But how? We could clearly see how he was cut in halves by the brave rampaging Obi-Wan Kenobi. It all becomes clear as Darth Maul enters the loo in the cantina at Mos Eisley.

Instead of an angry red *thingy*, he hauls out a six inch shiny gardenhose to release the oil pressure on his lower cybernetic system.

Unfortunately they made his legs too short and he is now called *Red Dwarf* behind his back. Well, that's how it goes if I get to write the next episode. Perhaps we should leave the script-writing into the competent (haha) team at ILM. But I will suggest it to George Lucas. Don't tell anyone - the next episode is supposed to be very hush, hush, very secret... just like CAPA. And no one, NO ONE is supposed to know this. Be sure not to mention it!

CounterLoCs

There has been a meager amount of comments on the previous issue. Was it that bad, huh? Or were you affected by the summer heat? Whatever! But one option remains...

Wolf von Witting

Lakegatan 8
133 41 Saltsjöbaden, Sweden

I've heard you're desperate for a LoC. Why don't you write a couple yourself?

You forgot to mention the Alvar-winner, Johan Anglemark in your JUniCon-report. Why is that? Were you jealous, because you didn't win?

WvW: I wouldn't ask you to do anything, that I'm not ready to do myself. And, yes, dammit - I did forget to mention Johan. Of course I'm not jealous. But I have a feeling I'm getting increasingly senile. If I don't watch it, I end up talking to myself.

George Bobjörk

Fisksåtra Torg 11
13341 Saltsjöbaden, Sweden

DOMESTIC EXCAVATIONS III:

I was actually trying to *lead you* to the Greek letter Epsilon. But now I'm happy that it didn't turn out that way.

WvW: Now that you mention it, I remember.

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Worldfandoms probably most reliable letterhack returns:

Lloyd Penney

1706-24 Eva Rd,
Etobicoke,
ON CANADA M9C 2B2

Filk... First of all, I met Kerstin Droege and Juliane Honisch at the last FilKONtario in Mississauga last year. I think InterFilk brought them over, and they were great folks to talk to. My opinions about filk and filkers are mixed, so I'll start with the good opinions.

Filk provides those few with real talent with a stage they truly deserve. It is just one of a number of activities that provide fans with a creative outlet, and an appreciative audience to show their talents to. Some wonderful songs have come from such talent, and others sing so that you cry with delight. Filk values its consumers, too, for audience members are needed.

I like filk, even though I don't take part, it's the filkers I don't like, and the majority of them are American. I find many filkers self-centred, selfish, rude, arrogant, anti-social and pushy. Like other special interest fandoms, they have an attitude of "We're always the victims!", simply because most conventions will not or simply cannot cater to their demands for extra time and space, more than what other interests receive. Most filkers can't carry a tune in a bucket, and their howling is more suited to flayed cats. (A frequent saying around here... All singers can filk, but few filkers can sing.) Too many of them prefer tired old filk ripoffs of current old songs, and too many of those filks are about Star Trek.

Before there are any screams of outrage, I know of what I speak. Yvonne and I have run or helped to run the con suite for the local filkcon, FilKONtario, usually held in the spring in the Toronto area, for the past ten years. (We also do this kind of thing for the local Whofen and some Trek groups.) We know the people who stage FilKONtario each year, and they are good friends, so we don't mind helping out. We've had to bow out for 2000 because of our involvement in the Toronto Worldcon bid. Most of our FilKONtario weekend is spent in the con suite, where we try our best to provide good food and drink while following a budget. For the most part, our efforts have been trashed verbally, in print and on the Net, and at the convention, we are treated like the hired menials. I guess we've had enough of that, too.

Infinitesimalcon... if you're in the market for short GoHs, I'm 5'4", and Yvonne is 4'8". I think I'm too tall for the 156 cm limit, but Yvonne would be perfect...

I read in a British fanzine that Beluga Post, the Eurocon chairman, was identified as Beluga Whale in a British fantasy magazine. I imagine Beluga has had more than his share of teasing. If flags were raised to represent all the countries in attendance, I'd like to know who the Canadian flag was for. I gather Kees van Toorn was at the Baltimore Worldcon last year, but not for long. We didn't see them, and we were looking for them. Yvonne and I got to know Kees well during the time we were Canadian agents for ConFiction in 1990.

There's no difference whether a letter is written or printed with a computer, as far as content goes. It's just that so many faneds complain that when you sit down to write a loc as a letter, it is so much more detailed and longer than a loc written as an e-mail message.

What is the WiGGLe? Is it a pub night, like what London and Toronto have? Better than a club for a lot of people...

WvW: Well, isn't it just what I wanted to hear. A completely different opinion about filkers. I don't doubt for a second, that all you have experienced with filkers is true.

I rarely filked anything before 1997. But late 1996 some friends forced me to take a modem into my possession and furthermore imposed an Internet-connection on me. Well, what are friends for, if you don't know your own good?

After a while I had the notion to search the web for some good filk. But all I found was some American filkbook. And, boy, does it fit your description! One could almost hear how they were singing out of key. There were a few quite good songs by someone who called himself/herself *Tweedledee*, but most of it was tiresome unimaginative crap, and, like you said, a lot about Star Trek.

"I can do better than that!" I said to myself and so I embarked on a filking-career. And yes, I did better than that... But then I came to Manchester in 1998. There was Annie & Tim Walker, Chris Malme "The Minstrel", Rhodri James, Valerie Housden, Lissa & Phil Allcock, Mike Richards, Rafe Culpin and many others... and they were all very agreeable people, considerate, funny, witty. The opposite of your experience.

In Germany I've met Katy Droege, Juliane and Kirstin Scholz. They too, like you said, nice people. So how could I come to any other conclusion than the one that all filkers are nice folks? Apparently it is not so. But I wouldn't go as far as to say that American filkers are howling cats and European filkers are the cream of the crop. Nothing is all black or white. Fortunately.

What's a WiGGLe? Ha! Finally someone who had the guts to ask! The answer is: "I'm not sure! I've been asking myself the same question for quite some time. But I never asked. Well, not officially anyway."

It appears to be an abbreviation for some-thing. An unconfirmed source said it's short for "We is Gonna Get Lynched..." or... something... And a SWiGGLe is a Song-WiGGLe. As simple as that. But it is also a filk-newsfanzine edited by Rafe Culpin and a monthly meeting in London (last Friday of the month, I think). Perhaps Rafe will give us some background-history on this? Rafe?

BELUGA POST

is not his given name. "Beluga" used to be a nickname. He grew fond of it. And yes, it is the name of a whale. He knew that! And I don't think he ever got teased for it. His original first name is a common German name. As Beluga Post he is more like "One of a Kind", which I think he is. OTOH, lately he had the look of a very surprised looking whale, suddenly called into existence in the company of a bowl of petunias.

SHORT GOH

I don't think that Infinitesimalcon can afford that kind of expenditure. You see, the budget for the convention is infinitesimal as well. But should you happen to be in Stockholm in July next year, to promote TorCon 3, or whatever, I'd be happy to put you on the guestlist. And we'd provide free accomodation with a local fan for you.

Herbert Gleißner

31840 Hessisch Oldendorf
Germany

As promised a LoC to CounterClock # 4.

I found your elaboration on the subject Perry Rhodan most interesting and I have also noted your personal attitude toward the accusation that PR is a fascistoid space opera. I have always made a definite distinction between ancient and modern PR, i.e. between its creation by K.H.Scheer and W. Ernsting and its evolution through W. Voltz. Of course, the series was in its prime quite strongly militaristic. But this is IMO hardly enough to call it fascistoid. We can forgive them for focusing on a single character in the beginning, which has changed a lot in modern time. Just look at all the different plotlines in recent epics.

The way you presented Marheinickes article in SOL-magazine worked out really fine. Your summary of its essential arguments was adequate. With it have the literary component of PR also been sufficiently honoured.

But I always come to think about how our little hero "Gucky" (in the German series) is dealt with. He is being overly cute depicted and is called *Pucky*, which I think makes him appear too cozy. It doesn't quite do him justice.

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However, the best part for me was your report on German sf-fandom of the '70's. Your travel and con report brought me back to the time, when the issue rather was to meet people with similar interest than to, as it is today, participate in a commercialized event. One gets the feel-ing that some of these (like Dortmund), only are being arranged to feed their own ego and have an opportunity to gloat over their con and the fame of their guests.

-----teilweise werden
diese cons (siehe dortmund) nur noch dazu veranstaltet damit sich leute
selbst bebauchpinseln und in der sf-szene ueber die veranstaltung und
deren gaeste gelobhudelt wird. -----

Too much passivity is expected, i.e. one is offered too many lectures and speeches, preventing initiative by the audience.

OTOH I have to admit that the current sf-scene indeed **is** increasingly consumer-oriented. I'm horrified when I see the kind of merchandize, which is offered to boost the franchise and fear that our market will overflow with Star Trek and B5 just as in the US.

But we're adults and still capable to decide which game we're playing and which we don't. So let's use our voice as a consumer and choose with care where we invest our money.

WVW: In defence of Wendayne Ackerman I have to say that she translated the names rather well. I can understand that *Pucky* sounds foreign to your ear, just as it did to me long time ago. Gucky/Pucky - what's the alternative? Gooky would sound similar to his German name. But look in your dictionary what *gook* means. Now that wouldn't do him justice at all. Do you have a better suggestion?

(A name that sounds the same doesn't work.)

About my comments on Martin Marheineckes article. 95% of the credits should go to Martin. His article was a whole lot of inspiration.

Your LoC was quite difficult to translate. I have tried to bring across the essence of it. Not word for word. I left a small passage for those who understand German.

CON - COMMERCE AND PROGRAM

It's funny that you mentioned it, but I used to buy a lot more stuff at conventions back in the good old days. I think it was after KLEVE that my load was two third books and one third regular luggage. As far as I can recall, the dealers tables have always been around at German national conventions. And if sponsor-money can make the con more interesting, then why not gratefully accept? Someone has to pay - or one can be without...

I just love to interact with the audience. When they laugh, they're amused and when they ask questions, they're interested. Without any response, they must be bored. Lectures and speeches can be really boring. If you have read my Trinity-report, you may already have noticed that I like the Dortmund-people. Not just because they have invited me as a GoH, but because many of them have done a good job. Keep in mind that it doesn't take a very big pile of shit to make it smell awful. To para-phrase Terry Pratchett at Trinity: "A glass of shit in a bucket of wine is a bucket of shit." By some idiotic mistakes done by a small number of gloaters and hotheads a lot of good work, done by good people is being discarded.

GIVING CREDIT

Ultimately responsible is of course Beluga Post. And I don't envy him. I've also read some unwise choice of words by Arno Behrend. But like you say, we're adults and choose for our-selves what argument we buy.

I have discovered that there mostly is some-one we owe a debt of gratitude when we're being successful. I can name a good number of people that have helped me (even if it has been a mutual service at times). I think it is wise to remember who helped you and to give them credit for it. Furthermore I think it is wise not to stick a knife in their back. I try to defend my friends and benefactors for as long as I can find an argument to do so. Sometimes it includes to admit their faults. One cannot be completely blind to them. I appreciate when someone tells me that I'm wrong. I prefer to know when I'm

wrong. That way I can change the wrong, I do try to tell my friends, when I'm convinced that they're wrong. If I don't know - I shut up!

I got one very useful piece of advice from Vincent Docherty, a wise man. If you seem to have a competitor. Think about how you can turn a situation in which one is winning and the other one is losing, into a situation in which both are winning. That is, if you're not really aiming at breaking his balls. This kind of benevolent thinking is rarely encountered in German fandom. It is mostly about breaking each others balls and getting out on top.

I'm not sure I want to know why so many seem eager to see SF-Tage terminated. But why don't German fans take a step back and have a look at what has been accomplished and what can be accomplished based on this experience? So Trinity wasn't a success. No reason to start over from square one. I'm not really telling **you** all this, Herbert. This is something I'd like to get across to all German fans. You're so competitive, so ambitious, so proud... 'Tis a pity!

CoClock's LoC policy: I prefer not to cut LoCs. I do not censor. LoCs can be written in any earthly language, and I will translate to the best of my ability and resource. LoCs can be short. Spelling errors and grammatical errors will be corrected as far as I am capable of detecting them. Send to: wolf@sigmatc.a.se



WvW with Brian M Stableford, GoH: Nasacon, Photo: P.Fleissner

Sigma TC & Stockholm Trekkers invite you to:
NASACON 2000

National Swedish Annual Convention
SCANDIC HOTEL SLUSSEN
STOCKHOLM

And another GoH yet to be announced

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

From the UK comes one of the finest filkers, **Chris Malme "the Minstrel"**, with the filkband **Patchwork**. Together with some of the best Swedish filkers and sf-fan actors you will be presented a show to remember. Fan History Special: Meet **the Dinosaurs of Swedish Fandom!** We will attempt to gather some *oldtimers* - remembering the past and looking forward into the next millennium.

STOCKHOLM TREKKERS takes a closer look with you at televised science fiction & at film related to the literary and science programme of this event. **SEXUAL CHEMISTRY** - ethics and consequences of the genetic revolution.

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FANAGRAM CONTEST and a lot more... Programme under construction.

It is an honour and a privilege to be host for a SweCon. We won the bid! This only obligates us to make the best possible convention. We don't want to disappoint the fans who voted for us. So we consider to add an additional stream of programme and invite at least one more GoH.

We dare say that Swedish conventions in general are **fun** to be at. We do not attempt to make an exception.

Have a look at our website for monthly updates. You will also be able to look at and to download pics from previous Nasacons.

<http://www.sigmatc.a.se>

We will be happy to assist you in finding suitable accomodation.

CONTACT: nasacon@sigmatc.a.se

Attending: 150 SEK until 31/12-1999

200 until 30 June 2000, 250 SEK at door.

The Boy in The Room

Words & Music: Minstrel

Inspired by:

"Ender's Game" by Orson Scott Card

There's a boy in a room
Oh he never had a childhood,
Or the things a normal boy should
For he has the sight
That will win us the fight

There's a boy in a room
Without any hesitation
He'll assess the situation
And millions will die
Under alien skies

There's a boy in a room
He'll never see the devastation
Only sterile information
And he won't hear the screams
Unless in his dreams

For here in your world of fantasy,
you'll never recognise
To the people all around you
you're a hero in their eyes
But the history books will paint you
as a demon in disguise
As the world gives a sigh,
A noble race dies

There's a boy in a room
Playing with a simulation
An invented situation
Just think how he'll feel
When he finds it's for real

And with all the death and suffering,
I'm sure you will agree,
That the one we most feel sorry for
Is he.

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WvW: "The Boy in the Room" is probably Minstrel's most popular song.

OTHER CONVENTIONS 2000:

It is going to be a busy year...

ReConnaissance, BEC

P.O.Box 1195, 5811 Bergen, Norway

GoH: Ian Banks, Willy Ustad

B.Andreas Bull-Hansen

Bergen/Norway, March 31st - April 2nd

Swedish Agents: Johan Anglemark / WvW

2Kon, Eastercon

Glasgow/Scotland, April 21-24

GoH: Guy Gavriel Kay, Katherine Kurtz,
Deborah Turner, Theme: Celtic SF & Fantasy

Attending: 25 UKP, Supporting: 15 UKP

Contact: 2Kon, 20 Woodburn Terrace,

St Andrews KY16 8BA, UK

Swedish Agent: Linnéa Anglemark

Confuse 2000

Linköping/Sweden, June 16th - 18th

GoH: Stephen Baxter - A very popular writer at a very popular convention. Be there!

Website: www.lysator.liu.se/confuse/

ESE (European Smoffing Event)

Darmstadt/Germany, July 28th - 30th

Convention for con-runners

TRICITY - Eurocon, August 2nd - 6th

Gdansk/Poland, Guests: TBA

Memb: 25 USD for the rest of 1999, 30 USD until 30th May 2000,
35 USD at door.

Website: www.netcom.com/~slawico

Warning!

Dr.Who - The Curse of Fatal Death Starring: Rowan Atkinson as the Doctor. With Jonathan Pryce, Richard E Grant, Hugh Grant, Joanna Lumley and others...

Rowan Atkinson isn't exactly at his best, but no blame shall fall on the actors. Consider the brief appearance some of them have and a weak script to work with, they perform rather well. However - we're used to Brits being more fun than this. The first part is outright childish (then again... it's Dr.Who... so it ought to be OK). What bothers me is that its running time is said to be 62 minutes. Which is basically true. But what the BBC Video is forgetting to tell you, is that the episode itself is merely 20 minutes altogether, followed by a 30 minutes *the making of* that episode. Finally there is an approximately 10 minute Dr Who parody from some TV-show. If you're not really, really a Dr Who-fan you may be very disappointed. I quite liked it anyway. But I'm a Dr Who fan. (WvW)



Illustration by: Christian Holl

COUNTERCLOCK # 6

Serenity

Words: Wolf von Witting 990623 Music: Intro to the game Supremacy. *The problem with writing serious songs is that it is so easy to overdo it with pathos or melancholy. This one is very personal and almost got censored out of this issue. It's a song I sing to myself rather than to an audience. Be careful never to fall in love with someone who is a Jehowa's Witness, unless you are one yourself.*

Someone has told us,
We must still unfold us
Candles in the wind
Long gone is my true pearl
Where's my blue girl
We may never speak again
Her words ring in my ears
And I wish that she was here
Our souls entangled by desire
We couldn't stake it any higher
So we both lost someone dear

She had the fever of a true believer
Pilot to the truth
Long gone with the breeze went
All her sweet scent
Carried hope from near to here
I wish she gets the message
Perhaps she never will
I have a closed and bolted door
But I am stronger than before
Improved in my survival skill

Her tale of glory is another story
Carried by the wind
Long gone are the horsemen
Where's her force then
We may never meet again
The stars give guiding light
And the globe won't stop to turn
We were growing up in flames
But she said we play silly games
A lifetime's nearly 'nough to learn

Nasacon 2000 - Members:

GH = GoH, G = Guest, S = Staff, P = Press

GH1 - Brian M Stableford, UK
GH2 - John-Henri Holmberg
G01 - Jane Stableford, UK
G02 - Chris Malme, UK
G03 - Neil Chambers, UK
G04 - Andy Gordon-Kerr, UK
G05 - Martin Gordon-Kerr, UK
S01 - Wolf von Witting
S02 - Peter Söderlund
S03 - Janne Johansson (ops)
S04 - Patric Fors (web)
S05 - Anders Reuterswärd (souvenir book)
S06 - Monica Ringheim (accomodation)
S07 - Johan Tjäder
SX1 - Michael Ehrh (gopher), Germany
SX2 - Göran Hallmarken (filk)
SX3 - Stefan Kayat (filk)
SX4 - Michael Wester (driver)
SX5 - Leif Forsberg (driver)
P01 - Ahrvid Engholm
M01 - Herman Ellingsen, Norway
M02 - Bjørn Tore Sund, Norway
M03 - Lars-Olov Strandberg
M04 - Karl-Johan Norén
M05 - Hans Persson, Linköping
M06 - George Bobjörk
M07 - Britt-Louise Viklund, Norrköping
M08 - Patrik Andrevstam
M09 - Carl-Mikael Zetterling

M10 - Tomas Cronholm
M11 - Robert Brown
M12 - Jan Söderberg, Norway *

CounterClock Transatlantic Agent:
**Dave Weingart, 17 Chapin Rd
Farmingdale, NY 11735, USA**
E-mail: phydeaux@liii.com

October 4th, 1999 - less than two weeks until Swecon. Gotta get this issue ready in time. Gotta get our Sweconbid for next year ready in time. Gotta have a budget. I'm completely relaxed, what makes you think otherwise? It's just that I don't have as much time to answer regular e-mail as I would like to have. All Nasacon and Counterclock related messages have had priority. Hey, you letterhacks out there, who have been *thinking about it*. How about actually *doing* something about it? I'm *desperate* for more LoCs!

Upcoming: A report from SWECON, the national Swedish convention in Upsala and with any luck a report from HanseCon 15 in Lübeck. Further Domestic Excavations and further updates on Nasacon 2000. But currently it looks thin for the next issue. It is very likely to be a NOTHING SPECIAL issue. Anyway... I have invested in a new camera, so I'll be able to bring some more pictures photographed by myself. The main advantage with this is that I don't have to be in the pictures myself. When? Well, at this rate I ought to be back in business with issue # 7 by December. You better hurry up with your LoC then.

CounterClock UK Agent:
**Jonathan D Jones, 136 Kendal Way
Chesterton, Cambridge CB4 1LT, UK**
Email: JonathanJones@zoom.co.uk

October 18th, 1999 - SweCon in Upsala is just behind me now, but the report

will have to wait until next issue. I only wish to add two good news and one of them is the fact that I had to rewrite the NasaCon update in this issue. Of course Nasacon has always been an abbreviation of Nacka-Saltsjöbadens Convention, but in this case National Swedish Annual Convention is just as useful. We won the bid for SweCon - the national Swedish convention. The second good news is that I finally have found a UK agent. This will make CounterClock available at the Tun on a *regular* basis. Well - as regular as I can hope to be. No promises made.

QUESTION1: Do you know of any other fandom-related SETI@home-teams than TEAM PLOKTA, TEAM FILK, TEAM SVERIFANDOM, TEAM YELLOW DWARF (Japan) and WEST COAST TREKKERS (Sweden)? Are there any American fandom teams?

QUESTION2: I would like to start a fanzine-review section. Is there anybody out there who would like to review fanzines for CounterClock? I'm not comfortable with the thought of writing all the reviews myself. I'd only fill in with fanzines I get in trade, which are omitted by the fans who review the zines. It is mostly the fanzines in English language which may be interesting to CC-readers. Mostly.

You get this fanzine because: I like to think that we trade You contributed or will do so really soon now You are incredibly beautiful, clever, talented, charming or otherwise dazzling You need it to survive I wish to annoy you with it You deserve it! You have been mentioned, page ___ You have threatened to sing me a song or to do some other nasty thing if you don't get it I don't know who else to send it to You are a member of SIGMA TC or NASACON 2000 (but you didn't know it yet)

...and the stars still shine as bright. Thank, you for your continued support!

Wolf von Witting