

A GOONZINE ONE SHOT. NO. 1.

Published by John Berry and Arthur Thomson at Oblique House
12th January 1956.

I leaned back on the orange box, crossed my feet on the desk, and started on Chapter 3 of the 'Long Night' specially recommended by James White.

Art interrupted my studies. I looked up as he spoke and saw his eyes bulging in amazement.

"Hey, Coon," he whispered, "what does this mean' The remainder of the allegories in the book illustrate and expound Bradbury's convictions, especially his postulate about environment ..' ?"

"Look, Art," I gritted, "some of them words have more than two syllables .. so how could I tell ya. Ask Walt."

He shrugged. I returned to my book. Funny about them Eskimos. They

"Yuk yuk."

I looked up. Art's kisser was wreathed in smiles. I frowned.

"Yuk yuk yuk," he chortled.

"What gives, Art?" I grated. I sensed I was missin' sumpin'.

"It's a story in a fanzine," he panted, wipin' tears from his eyes, "all about a chap collecting 25 dust bin lids, an' puttin' them on door mats .. an' .. an' .."

"Sufferin' Catfish," I yapped. I threw the 'Long Night'

into the corner of the room. Sure, the sex-life of the Eskimo's is the same as everyone else's. James White was slippin'. I moved round the desk, sat next to Artand read

'Blazing fireworks cascaded over the grovelling multitude. Down fluttered Keith's 10,000 duplicated leaflets, saying REPENT, YE EARTHLINGS. Savagely, I pulled the string to the first multiple launcher. Nine plastic saucers went soaring up to hover over the mob. Chaos was multiplied by chaos. Pete'

"Heh heh heh," I chaffed. "Whats the fanzine called, Art?" He turned to the smashin' cardboard cover, showin' a thought provokin' illo.

ARCTURUS, I read.

I noted the clever way the pages were clipped inside the cover to save the normal hands and knees position in the hallway when the average fanzine is pushed through the letter box.

I turned to the contents page, noted there were fifteen different items in the 32 well dupered pages. Heck. The works.

The editors, I saw, were Pete Rigby, John Ashworth and Keith Wright.

"Hey, Art," I grated, "have we investigated these chaps?"

"Nah," he snapped, pulling ARCTURUS from me, "I wanna see what Pete did after the plastic saucers were launched."

Heck. Art knows a good thing when he sees one. Good job I'd made a note of the address.

Pete Rigby,
131 Kensington Road,
Southport,
Lancs.

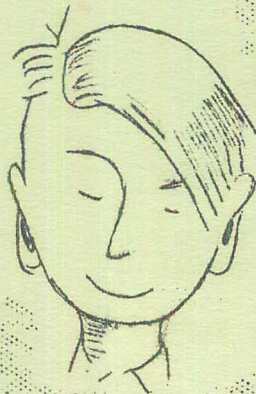
I'm gonna send for my own copy, an' I'm tellin' ya, folks, I advise ya to do the same.....don't fergit to add 1/- .

Rely, as always, on getting sound advice from the Bleary Eyes.

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Goon stories being published shortly include ...THIS GOON FOR HIRE ... obtainable from Chuck Harris....and THE GREAT HEINLEIN MYSTERY in HYPHEN.

PETE



JOHN



KEITH

