

SONGS

FROM SPACE



Eddie



I believe that there was something more than the hand of coincidence at work to bring the mss you find presented here, to my desk. For my ancestors came from the same remote world as that of the author, Sol III. Further, an ancestor of mine was a rather well-known member of the Space Club. However, it is not my purpose here to dwell on my past but rather to explain the reason for the appearance of this publication. Some of you may be wondering why this publication has been printed, rather than reproduced on tape, as is normal today. Put this down, if you so care as an idiosyncrasy of the publisher. This particular form of reproduction (known as duplicating) was much in vogue during the age of jazz, and also when the first foundation stones of our now Galaxy-wide TRIODE publishing house were laid. It seemed only right that this ancient method of reproduction should be used for, what is after all, a tribute to the ancients.

The technical problems met were not easily surmounted, however, when a 'duplicating machine' was eventually located (in a museum on Wolf) our problem was half solved. Tribute must be made to our technical expert Mr. Byron Jeeves who conceived the idea of fitting a random circuit to the 'duplicating machine' to produce the 'typos' so prevalent in this period.

We trust that you will find this publication enlightening and of historical interest.

Eric Bentcliffe
President. TRIODE (2nd GALAXY) PUBLICATIONS.

INTRODUCTION.....	Laurence Sandfield, 5th.....	p3.
BALLAD OF THE LITTLE BLUE SHIP.....		4
FOUR JOLLY SPACEMEN.....		7
LONELY WOMAN BLUES.....		10
THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN.....		13
SONG IN EXILE.....		16
SPACE CLUB DRAG.....		20

Published to commemorate the 3057 Woomera Celebrations.

SONGS FROM SPACE is a TRIODE PLUS publication. Words and Music by Laurence Sandfield - Words stencilled by Eric Bentcliffe - Music stencilled by Vince Clarke - Artwork by Eddie Jones - Duplicating by Terry Jeeves.

AUGUST
1957

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Also published to commemorate the 1957 Worldcon.

INTRODUCTION

When I was asked to prepare a collection of six folk songs from space I knew that I was faced with a formidable task, for music is no doubt the most widespread art form in the Two Galaxies. Many rational and highly civilised races get along quite well without sculpture, painting, or architecture, yet almost all intelligent beings have some kind of music, and inevitably, some part of it is Folk Music.

The really outstanding thing about it is that the music of so many thousand different cultures should be understood by their neighbours, far and wide, across the star sea. It is this astounding fact which has guided me in my final choice.

On Tellus, Sol Three, my ancestral home, a form of music called Jazz originated. When the brawling, rumbustious Tellurians crashed into space they took this Jazz with them, and it has become firmly established as a basic folk style, known to all those who travel in space. It is a complex of music, really, and any attempt to analyse this complex is out of place here. It grew up on Tellus during the 150 years before the space-drive was perfected, although only fifty years after it's probable birth the first rockets staggered to Luna, satellite of Tellus.

Much of the Jazz played these days would sound as strange to the music's originators as the life forms that play it would look, but always it is tripartite voiced, always the traditional Tellurian instrumentation, trumpet, clarinet, trombone, somehow approximated.

All the songs in this book are melodies that were traditional on Tellus before the leap into space, some of them being firmly established in the very years that saw the birth of Jazz. In spite of this, all except the "Four Jolly Spacemen", are sung and played all over the two galaxies in the manner of Jazz. The Blues, which of all forms is the most true to the Jazz idiom is exemplified by "Lonely Woman's Blues", a plaint against something we all know - being left behind while one's loved one goes away. I collected this one personally from an old creole woman near the spaceport of New Orleans.

So here are six songs. May you enjoy them. There are plenty more where they came from as my difficulty lay not in finding, but in pruning. And when you've sung these, and any more you may know, and wish to sing yet again - you can always take the advice given in line three, stanza seven, of "The Four Jolly Spacemen".

Laurence Sandfield (5).

4

J J

This, the first of my collection of six songs from the men who sail space, is sung to the tune of an old Tellurian drinking song, originally entitled " Little Brown Jug".

The jug referred to was a vessel used during the 19th century (old reckoning) for storing and imbibing alcoholic liquor. The legend behind the song is a superstitious one.

The Lorelei of Space are the undead bodies of all those women who have died in space, and, some say, those whose lovers never returned from space. They have the facility of opening air-lock doors from the outside, even if these are electronically dogged, and entering without causing the ship to lose air. They always come to foretell death or disaster, having apparently a preference for disaster.

If one leaves space in an attempt to avoid the prognostications, the misfortunes reverse themselves, as in the song.

The Lorelei are always beautiful, although many of them are bright blue. The victim never notices this extraordinary colouration until the cold of airless space clutches him.

NOTE; All these songs are set to the heavily syncopated Jazz rythms so beloved of spacemen, even those in 3/4 time such as " Four Jolly Spacemen", having the rythmic fluidity usual in this originally Tellurian art for,



The Ballad of

The Little Blue Ship

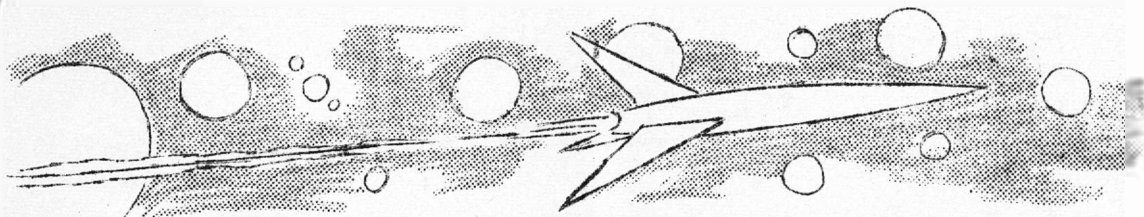
FOR TWO GUITARS

I was roaming all alone in a little Blue Ship I called my own,

Full of rot-gut to the skin when the air-lock opened a girl came in Ha-ha -ha

hee-hee - hee, Little Blue Ship don't I love thee Ha - ha - ha Hoc - hee - hee

Little Blue Ship don't I love thee!



I was roaming all alone, in the little blue ship I called my own,
Full of ratgut to the skin, when the air-lock opened and a girl
came in.

Ha ha ha, Hee hee hee, little blue ship don't I love thee,
Ha ha ha, Hee he he, little blue ship don't I love thee.

I pulled her in, and shut the door, threw her down upon the floor,
And just as I was closing in, "Mister you don't know the score".

Ha ha ha, etc.

"My dad's a Valerian, ten feet tall, my mother a Viton whore,
Our ship was wrecked with another score, and I've been dead a month
or more."

Ha ha-ha, etc.

"So if you stay in space, you lout, misfortune soon will find you
out,
Your wife caught in deadly sin, and life will soon be ruddy grim."

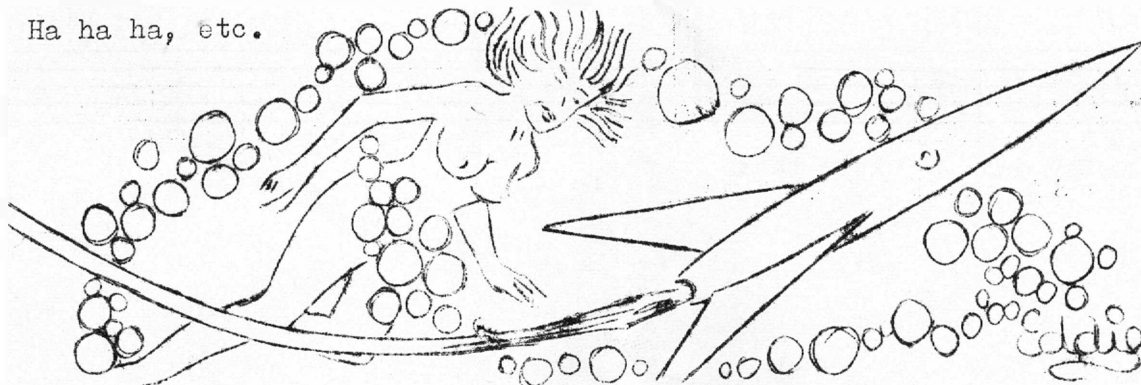
Ha ha ha, etc.

I left space with a jaunty grin, misfortune still came flooding in,
My wife caught me in deadly sin, and I'm back in space with no next
of kin.

Ha ha ha, etc.

Now I'm roaming all alone, in a little blue ship I call my own,
I'd sooner lay right down and die, than meet another Lorelei.

Ha ha ha, etc.



THE FOUR JOLLY SPACEMEN

This tune was collected by my great grandfather, Laurence Sandfield the Third at Portsmouth (Pompey), which is a seaport and spaceport on Sol III. The song is of historical importance in that it perpetuates the great change over to inertialess drive, which permitted the great space-ships, formerly unable to make planetfall because of their mass, to land on Tellus.

The ship referred to in stanzas five and six was the Britannica, one of the earliest of the big tear-drops and of two thousand Earth tons mass. She was commanded at the time by Rear-Admiral Sir Francis T. Andrews, who was notorious for his way of putting the onus of his mistakes on to the shoulders of his subordinates.

Coming inboard one night, this gentleman staggered to the bridge with the scents of the whorehouse and bar parlour still upon him and exclaiming "I'll show these Pompey Bitches what a fall out is", pressed the wrong button and cut the anti-grav, dropping the ship two thousand feet into the harbour. It is said the floods reached ten feet right back to Fareham, although this is probably an exaggeration.

The song also point up the fact that once it was found convenient to lift and land the big tear-drops on water, the formerly outdated and scarcely used seaports came to life again and to a certain extent assumed their former roisterous character. (At the time of the accident to the Britannica, she was hanging on grays two thousand feet up awaiting a berth.)

As the seaports of Portsmouth and New Orleans were famous for their red-light districts during the great days of sea-ships, so that fame returned, redoubled, when the spacemen of many different worlds came flooding, inertialessly, to Tellus.




We're Four Jolly Spacemen from Tellus, Sol 3, Shiner Wright, Pincher

Martin, Old Shortarse and me, From women and heartache we'll always be

free, For Beer is our hobby be-tween you and me. With a

Toora-li, Oora-li, Oora-li-ay!



We're four jolly spacemen from Tellus Sol Three
Shiner Wright, Pincher Martin, Old Shortarse and me,
From women and heartache we'll always be free,
For beer is our hobby, between you and me.

It's said that a spaceman has a wife in each port
But I'm going to tell you we're none of that sort,
We goes to the Windmill 'cos that's all the rage
And spends the night flicking grapestones at the tarts on the stage.

Refrain: With a toora li oora li oora li ayyy.

The whore bags of Pompey are well known to fame
The way they ignore us you'd think we'd gone lame,
But we'd soon send them off with a flea in the ear
For a green Krishnan woman is good to be near.

We're just the right ones to go on the blind
But we treats our old parents most gentle and kind,
Or we would if we knew 'em we always agree,
Shiner Wright, Pincher Martin, Old Shortarse and me.

Refrain: With a toora li oora li oora li ayyy.

Our ship ain't no space-yacht like a wee fairy elf
But a bloody great tear-drop like Klono's own self,
The skipper came inboard one night from a spree,
Dropped the whole blasted issue right into the sea.

I remember that night just as plain as can be,
With the fish floating by us and turning to see,
And who got the blame for it, inevitably,
Shiner Wright, Pincher Martin, Old Shortarse and me.

Refrain: With a toora li oora li oora li ayyyy.

We're four jolly spacemen from off the top shelf,
And if you want any more you can sing it yourself,
But if it's drinking you're doing just call round and see
Shiner Wright, Pincher Martin, Old Shortarse and me.

Refrain: With a toora li oora li oora li ayyy.

LORELY WOMAN'S BLUES

This is an authentic 12-bar blues from New Orleans, the spaceport where Jazz grew up, and the agricultural blues met the marching, brazen music of the early jazzmen, thus crystalising into its strict form. The theme written here is only an approximate one as the melody used for even those blues which have become part of the popular, as distinct from folk repertoire, is liable to vary according to whoever sings them. The accompaniment is given in musical shorthand (chord symbols) as is that of all the songs in this collection, and for the same reason: the rhythms of Jazz are elastic and vary from performance to performance.

The repetition of the first line is the traditional form, which came into being because of the extempore nature of the music. Being an expression of everyday life, the blues was, and is, used by everyday people to express everyday things. The vocalist might start with no very clear idea of what her/his last line might be, although the idea he/she wished to express might be quite clear in mind. The first line is therefore repeated so that the vocalist can think of a line which not only expresses the idea but rhymes with the preceeding one.

LONELY WOMAN'S BLUES

for two guitars

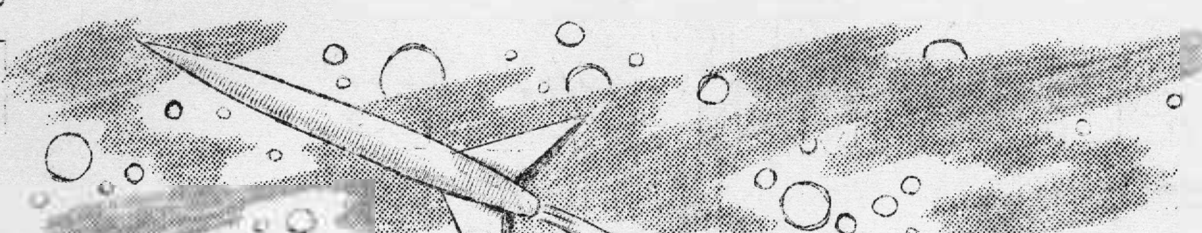
There's Blues for high noon, an' sorrow for the break o' day, There's

Blues for high noon an' sorrow for the break o' day, But the meanest kinda blues is when your

good man has gone away.....

Note: Although these arrangements are primarily for two guitars, violin and guitar or accordion and guitar should find them quite easy to follow.





There's blues for high noon, an' sorrow for the break of day,
There's blues for high noon an' sorrow for the break of day,
But the meanest kind of blues is when your good man's gone away.

It ain't so bad when he's gone on that streamline train
It ain't so bad baby, when he's gone on that streamline train,
But when he's gone to the stars, ain't no tellin' when you'll
see him again.

For space is big an' dark, stars like pinpoints in the night,
Space is big an' dark baby, stars like pinpoints in that deep
black night.

If he wants stars more'n a woman, no man ain' ever gonna treat
you right.

Once I loved a starman, best rider I ever seen,
Once I loved a starman, best rider I ever seen.
But he's gone away out yonder, and left me with a broken dream.

If you love a starman, baby, just remember what I've said,
If you love a starman, baby, just remember what I've said,
He'll go out in space, babe, and leave you with an empty bed.



WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN

One thing which many intelligent races have in common is the fact that when they reach space such destructive forces as religion cease to plague their culture. Those cultures that have not these forces at any time in their history take far longer to reach space than those who have, but their whole history and their advent into space is far more placid.

Tellus, unfortunately, had a warlike and religious history, but with one important difference. The last strong religion of the Tellurians left them with a wonderful heritage of music, both folk and written. Many of the songs were joyful, and thus have found their way into the folk-music of space.

"When The Saints Go Marching In", began life as a Negro spiritual, the Negroes being at that period an oppressed minority who found consolation in religion. The first two stanzas are, indeed, unchanged from the original.

The third stanza refers directly to the early days of Solarian Interplanetary travel and dates from the days before the inertialess drive. There were two "all-clear" signals. The first was a wavering siren note, warning all personnel to keep clear of the launching site, the second and final warning, a long steady note, which was transmitted to the ship's radio and indicated that the site was clear and firing time imminent.

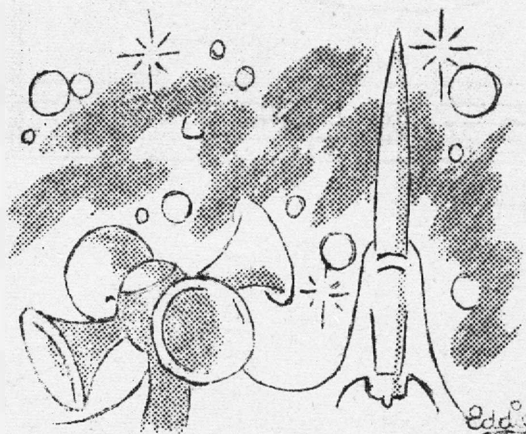
The last stanza tells of the unholy row the surface-to-ship ferry rockets used to kick up.

Solo: When the Saints, go marching in,
When the Saints go marching in,
O, I want to be in that number,
When the Saints go marching in.

Antiphonic Chorus:

Leader: Now when the Saints....

Chorus: ...When the Saints.....

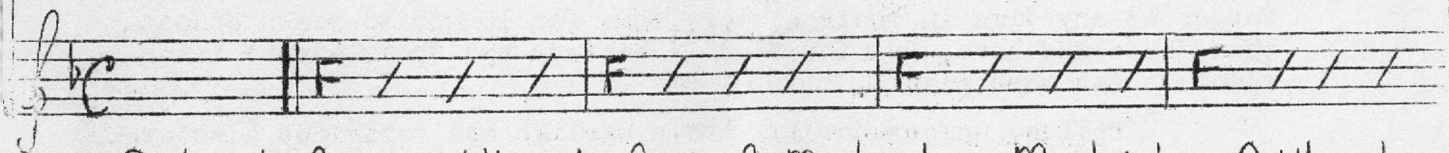


WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN

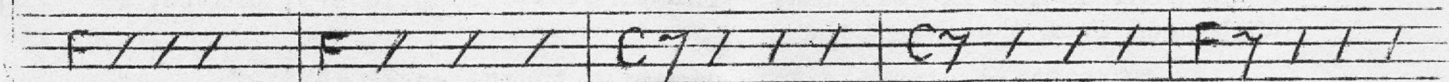
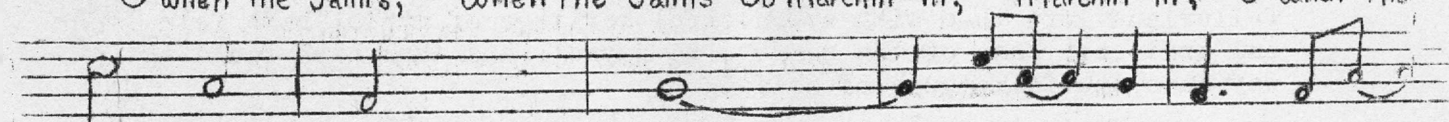
for two guitars

Antiphony

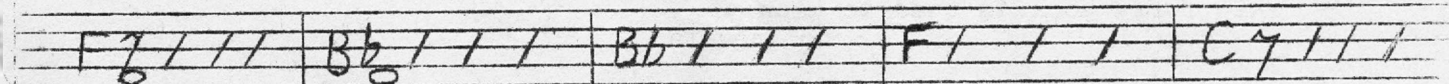
Antiphony



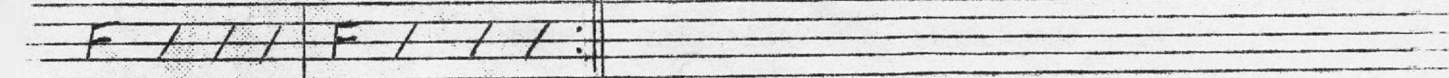
O when the Saints, When the Saints Go Marchin' In, Marchin' In, O When the



Saints go Marchin' In ——— O yes, I want to



be in that number, O, When the Saints go Marchin'



In.

Leader: Go marching in...

Chorus: Marching in...

Leader: When the Saints go marching in...

Chorus: I want to be in that number, when the saints
go marching in.

Solo: When the trumpet sounds that call
When the trumpet sounds that call,
I want to be in that number,
When the trumpet sounds that call.

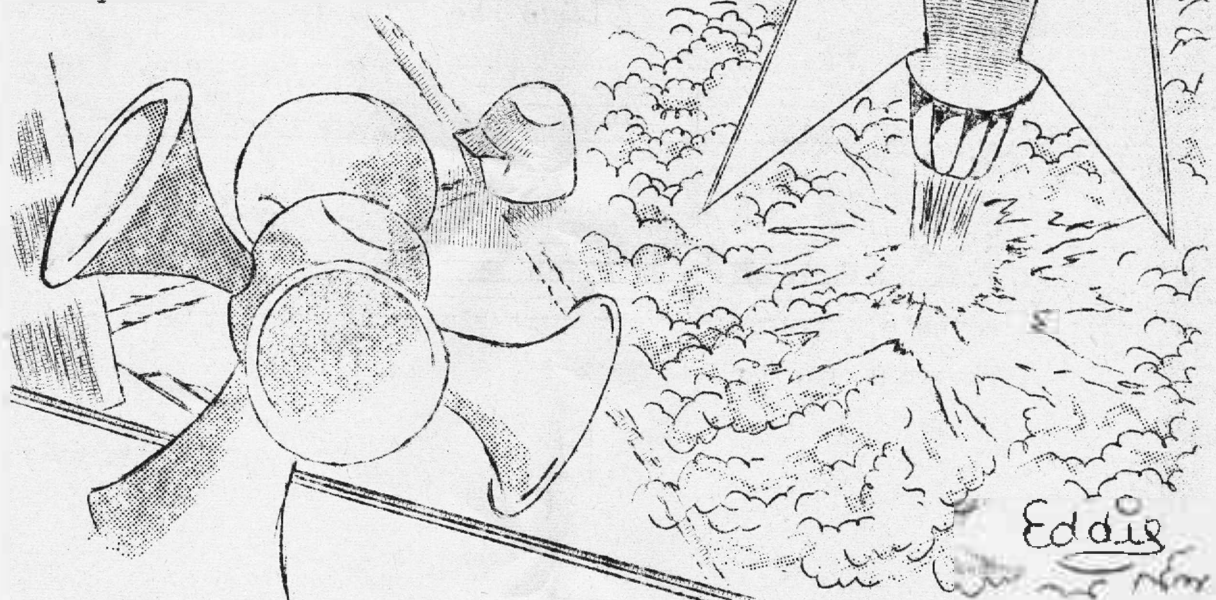
Antiphonic Chorus: When the saint etc...

Solo: When they sound that last "All-Clear"
When they sound that last "All-Clear",
I want to be in that number,
When they sound that last "All-Clear".

Antiphonic Chorus: When the saints etc...

Solo: When she thunders to the stars
When she thunders to the stars,
O, I want to be in that number,
When they thunder to the stars.

Antiphonic Chorus: Now when the saints etc....



SONG IN EXILE

Here is perhaps the loveliest, and at the same time most out of the ordinary, songs ever roared from perimeter to perimeter of the Home Galaxy by Tellurian spacemen.

It is out of the ordinary because it has come down to us from the pre-space days of Tellurian culture. The author of this setting, was, in fact, an ancestor of mine, the one whom we term Laurence Sandfield the First. Although he had only a daughter, his grandson was a pioneer of space, and for reasons best known to himself, assumed the name of his maternal grandfather.

Just how my ancestor could feel so accurately the aching distance between the stars and capture the atmosphere of ages yet to come, I know not. I do know that he belonged to a sect which termed themselves "science-fiction fans", and that all of these people, whose work remains with us today, seemed to have possessed the same type of extrapolatory imagination. They were, it seems, men and women who longed for the deep black, and knew that although their culture was on the threshold of space, they themselves would never know it. So they sent argosies of imagination to the stars, and let their dreams do their bidding in the sea of space.

The tune is set to a lovely traditional melody of Old Earth, the "Londonderry Air". It is worth noting that my ancestor made every effort to see that the primitive disc recording (the Glen Miller arrangement), to which he set his lyrics, was preserved by his daughter, and so on down to the present by succeeding generations. He must have loved it deeply.

Reflecting: Londonderry Air.

O friend of mine, those mellow horns are calling
From New Orleans to gray old London Town,
Earth's silver seas, her soft blue skies adrift with cloud
They call me back to my beloved home.

Cont. over.

17
I long to hear the foam-white sea birds crying
Shrill calls of home that echo through my dreams,
O would I'd lain, with my loves arms about me
On Terra's sward, beneath sweet Luna's beams.

I'll walk again the bird-loud woods and fields of Earth
From Ebbw Vale out to the Great Divide,
And breathe once more the freshness of my native air,
And only wish my love were by my side.

I left her there with sunlight woven in her hair,
Her soft blue eyes all wet with tears for me,
And though I know some other love's fulfilled her dreams
I hear her say, " here's home, dear heart, for thee."

And I'll return to see my childhood's home again
In blossom time, or jewelled deep with snow,
O friend of mine, those mellow horns are calling
Like angel voices, calling me back home.

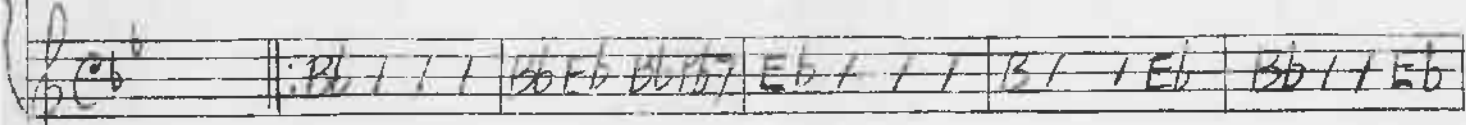
Those rolling hills and spindrift breezes blowing
And sea-wrack salt upon the sandy shores,
Bright ocean breeze will sigh the sorrow from my soul,
And give me rest from life's ne'er ending chores.

And this I know, though like a tramp of space I roam
My blasting jets helped spread the human race.
That cool green world shall be at last my hearth and home,
My piece of mind, my last long resting place.

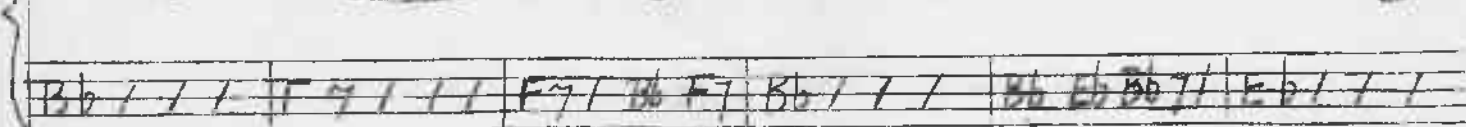
To know again, one lovely world's intrinsic worth
On raving fire, I'll span the universe,
From outer space I come as from a second birth,
To walk again the soft green hills of Earth.

SONG IN EXILE

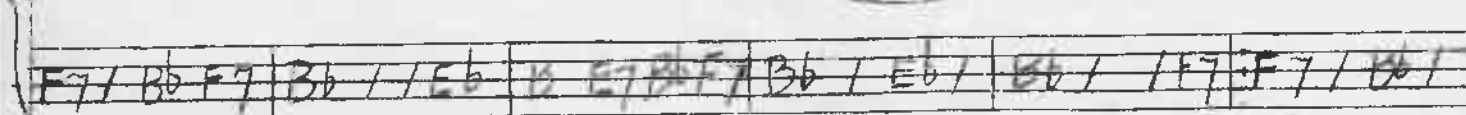
for two guitars



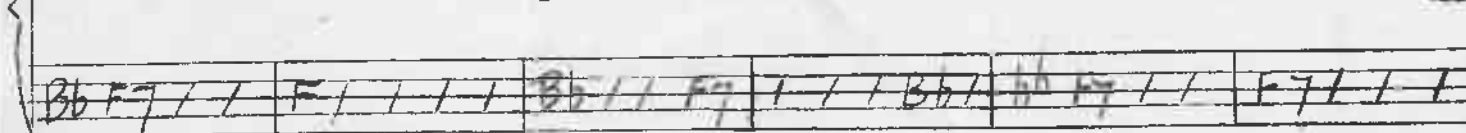
O friend of mine, those mellow horns are calling, From New Or-leans, to



grey old London Town, Earth's silver seas, her soft skies a-drift with cloud.



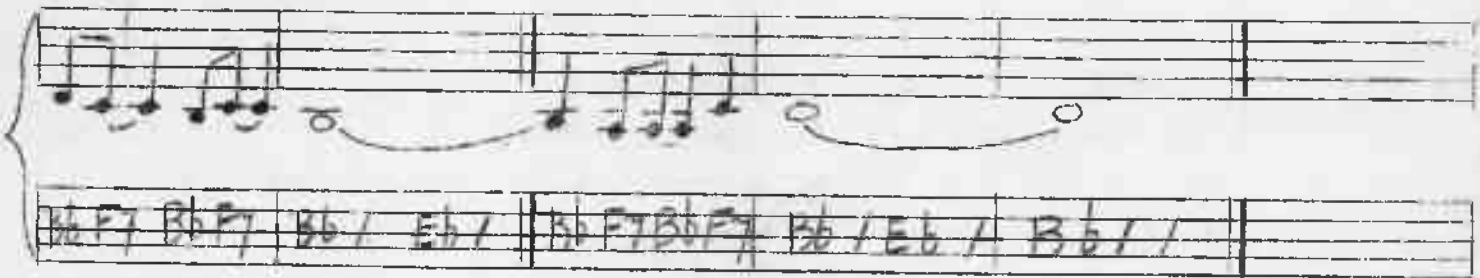
They call us back, to my beloved home ——— I long to hear,



those foam-white sea-birds crying, Shrill calls of home, That echo thru my dreams,



O would I'd lain with my love's arms a-bout me, On Terra's sward be-



nearh sweet Luna's beams

Note: Native Tellurians often render first refrain line one as "Shrill calls of home that haunt my waking dreams" which has it's own strange beauty.

SPACE CLUB DRAG

I'm going down to Berwick Street, baby, but I can't take you,
 I'm going down to Berwick Street, baby, but I can't take you,
 'Cause there's nothing down in Berwick Street a good girl
 like you can do.

Don't want to boast, don't want to brag,
 Everyone in Soho knows the Space Club Drag,
 You can come down to Berwick Street, relax and take your ease,
 Women, wine or whisky, everything a man can please.

The genesis of the Space Club has, perhaps, no parallel in either of the Two Galaxies. Born in one room in Soho, the spectacular vice district of London (principal city of Tellus), it now stands at the junction of Berwick Street and Regent Street, still within the district that saw it's birth. From it's humble beginning as a twentieth-century night club it has become a two miles high tower of plastocrete and molybdenum steel. Windowed brilliantly in crystal plastic. A monumental tribute, in fact, to those who brave space. Those who are referred to quaintly in the clubs register as 'Sailors'. They go there knowing that service, cleanliness, and honesty await them.

Things started in January 1957, when Miss Helen Sylyk opened the original night club to cater for those who looked forward to the day when the stars would be within the reach of men. My ancestor, Laurence Sandfield 1st, sang the blues on opening night, and composed the Space Club Drag for the occasion. It was originally a very slow blues, as its name implies, although one can hear it now, played and sung in a variety of tempo's, and with a variety of names. Like so many city blues of the 20th century, this was conceived as an instrumental number and a vehicle for extemporisation, the two choruses vocal being a nod to tradition.

Soon after its opening, the club became a meeting place for reaction propulsion engineers on leave from the Armed Forces and Governmental research stations. This happened because the name drew them, as it did the many famous writers and followers of 'science-fiction' who were also to be found each evening in the club.

Instrumental

1st vocal chos.

22

At one time talk became so free amongst these two factions that the government put counter-espionage agents among the members. Miss Helen, as she was affectionately known, was at one time engaged in this activity.

My ancestors diary records the meeting of a lieutenant in the British Navy and a member of the Australian Submarine Corps who told each - they should not have done. - that next week they were each to report at Woomera for very special training. They were eventually the first men of Tellus to reach space.

When the Space Club opened, the guitar was the favourite instrument of the Skiffle Group players who entertained there. It remains the favourite of spacemen, even today, for crewmen's quarters are not yet as roomy as would be liked, and the spaceman's life demands an easily portable instrument.

Here then, you have a little of the background to the songs that are played and sung wherever spacemen are to be found. May it add a little to your enjoyment when next you are in space, and one of the crew starts to strum his guitar. Or perhaps, if you are allowed in, when you visit the Space Club.

