

They took this faan

THEY GAVE HIM A GUN

....INJECTED...DRILLED...DEPORTED..

...HIS FAANISH SPIRIT YET SURVIVED...

TO BRING YOU THE FULL
SHOCKING STORY—

it's

RAW...

it's

STARK...

it's

BRUTAL—

it's

SATELLITE 7

...actually.

and contains

Edited and
Published by

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For the entertain-
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Fiction fans.

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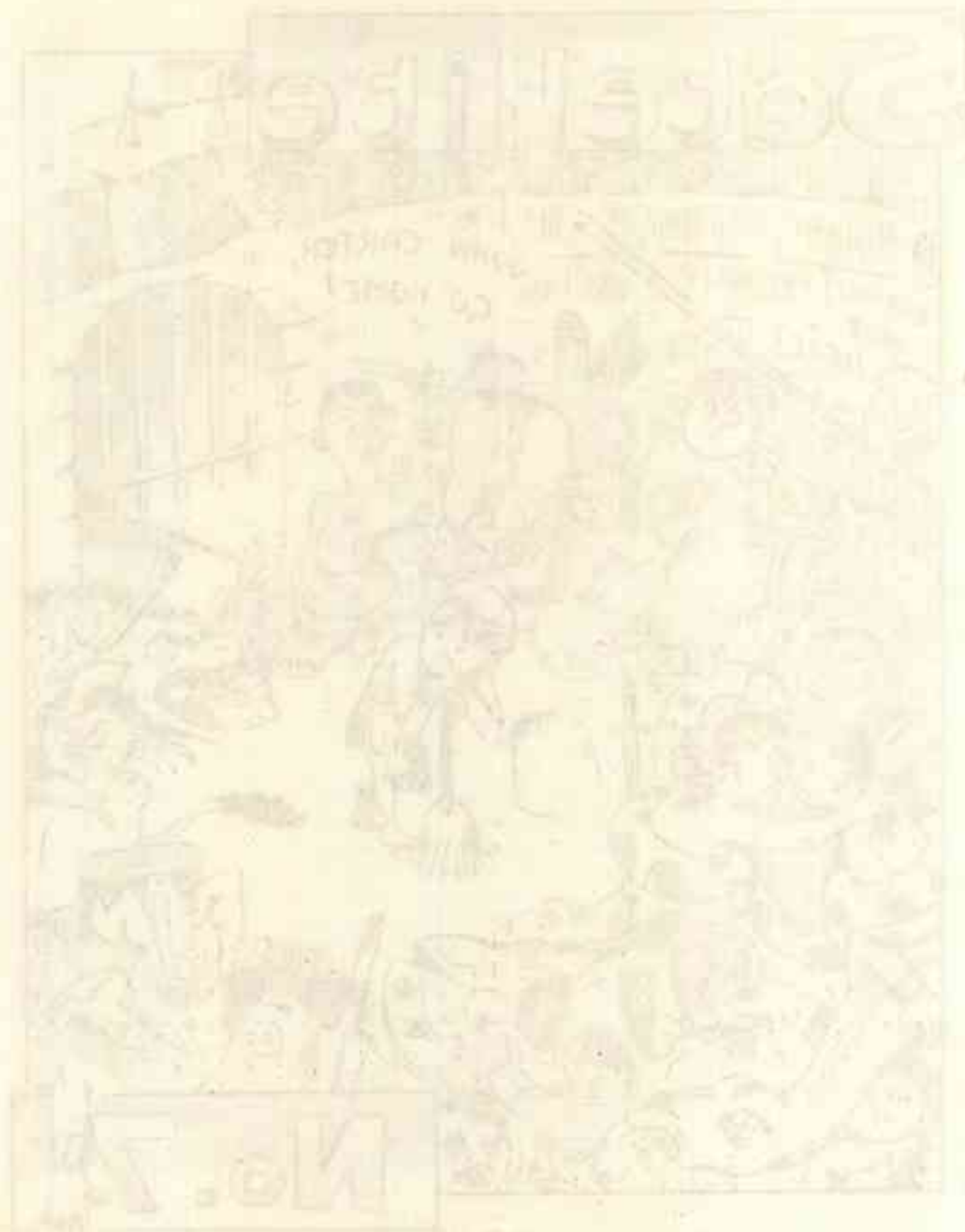
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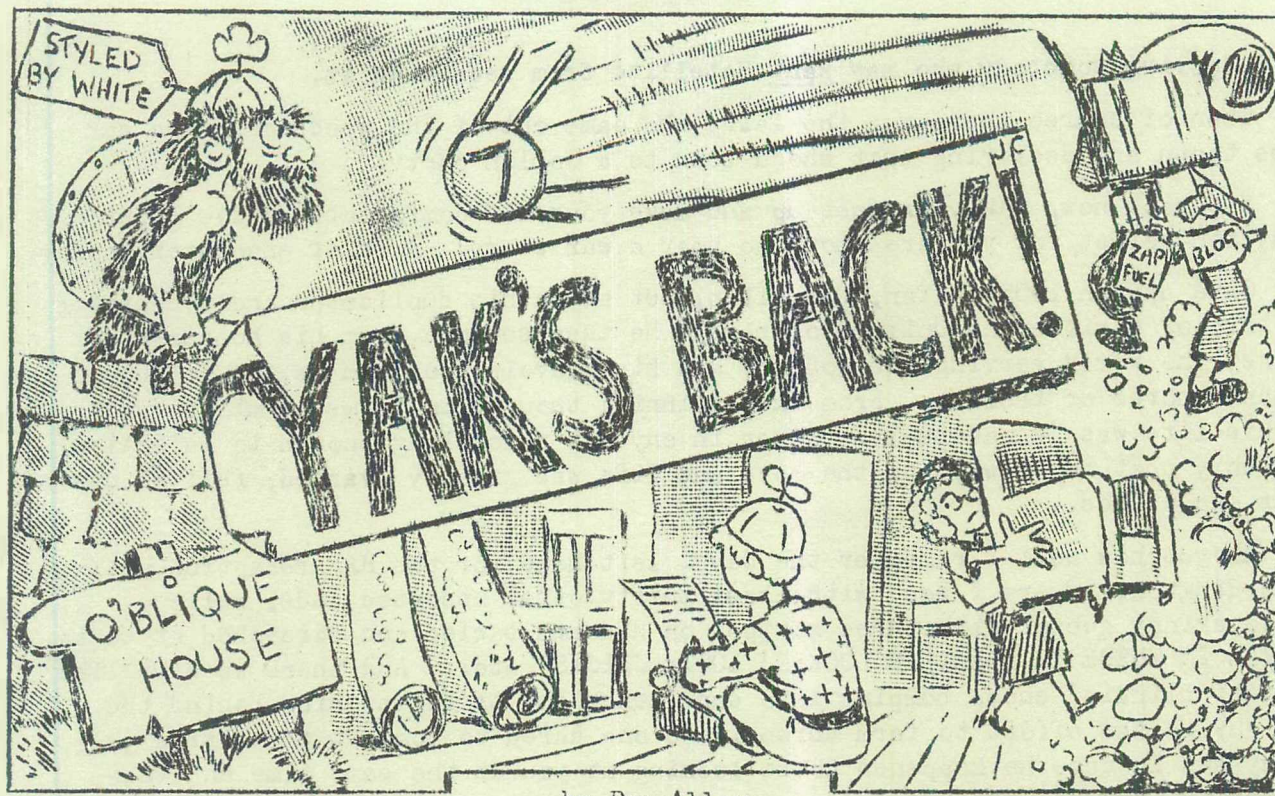
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for three issues. This is the June 1958 issue.
Letters of comment and exchanges with other
fanzines welcomed.

Satellite







by Don Allen

Somebody ought to tell them that the Russians were not the first nor were the Americans second, the truth is that Science-Fiction-Fandom launched the first Satellite!

Oh yes, hello again, and before I get lost in the oncoming yakings let me say a few words to old and new readers. It's quite a long time since the last issue of Satellite appeared (HA ha) and many events have happened since then. I'm happy to be back though, renewing old friends, writing those "sorry to be so long in replying" letters, reading fanzines in the small-room at work, pounding away at a typewriter until the wee small hours, hastily snatching a few hours sleep and then dashing off a few stencils on the duper before going to work, thumping one's head against the wall to shake the brain-box into thinking up new fannish ideas - oh aint fandom wonderful! Just where would we be without it? By the way, this issue is going out free of charge, but if you want to secure a copy of the next issue and others then you must either a/send a one-shilling postal-order or two and six for three issue, b/ a letter of comment and/or your fanzine if you publish one. Over the past couple of years my old mailing list has become somewhat incoherent and I don't know for certain who still has subs with me, or for another matter who, amongst the fringe fans has dropped completely out of fandom and no longer bother with fanzines? However, with the help of Ron Bennett's 'Fan Directory' and the remains of my old mailing list, plus the response from this issue, I will be able to draw up a new mailing list. Only those fans who acknowledge this issue will receive the next and so on. If you can't afford to sub, or don't publish a fanzine to exchange with, then all that is required is a letter of comment. If I don't receive any of these items then I will take it for granted that you do not want the next issue. It's as simple as that. What with the ever increasing prices of material, the new postal rates, the deadwood, so to say, only serve

as to deprive somebody who may want Satellite from receiving it.

Then of course there was the fairy who came out of the woods carrying her false teeth and declaring that she'd been to a Goblin party.

Sit back now, put your feet up and make yourself comfortable while I put on my tin-helmet for you are about to hear a war story! A brief encounter, anyway.

On a day in 1955, a fan, Don Allen, put aside his duplicator and typewriter for that of a rifle and uniform of blue. He then set out from his hometown to journey the world serving his country and his travels took him as far as the distant shores of Ireland. From the beginning though, in terms of military-jargon his life was 'aloadabull'. Never in any one place long enough to be active, fannishly that is, always on the move and life was greatly varied, full of new faces and places.

Ah yes, how well I remember the day I left home for the RAF reception unit at Cardington. There I was, with about thirty other assorted bods, while a little skinny geezer with three stripes on his arm bawled and screeched at us to, "G'FELL IN THERE Y' 'ORRIBLE LOOKIN' LOTT. IDIOTS" etc.. And there we went like a lot of blinkin' sheep bumping into each other and trying to hide behind the next guy in the effort to form threes. No one dared to look at the little skinny man in case he happened to be looking at you at the same time and then, by jimminy, he'd've had you for sure. Probably made you scrub out a billet with a toothbrush. Of course there's no need to tell you that when we did eventually 'get into threes' and skinny cried out for us to 'left turn and quick march' that the inevitable happened, bods turned left, right, and marched off in all directions! Poor Sarge, he spent the rest of the day touring the countryside in a jeep bringing us all back.

That was in raw recruit stage, after leaving Cardington for the eight week training course at Madnesford and then being drafted into the RAF Regiment and to Catterick for a further training course I certainly knew my left from right after that lot. The course at Catterick was designed to either make you or break you and consisted of, ground combat, self-defence, judo, gunnery, P.T., atomic warfare, etc., and so on. At the end of the course they said I'd made it, but I certainly didn't feel like it!

After Catterick I then went to Watchet in Somerset for a five week course on anti-aircraft guns and on the completion of this was posted to Innsworth just a kick and a half away from Cheltenham and the Jones's.

Marjory and Eric Jones were the first of many fans unfortunate enough to have me posted into their locality.

As soon as I had booked myself onto camp I was away from the place as fast as I could and began searching for Barbridge Road. Luckily with my only too previous training in map-reading, jungle-warfare, and mountain rescue this was an easy task and I was soon on the Jones's threshold. Knock, knock, (or was it, ring, ring, I can't remember which?) and the door was opened. I didn't even get the chance to introduce myself for the door was hastily closed, bolted and barricaded. Hmmm, I said, having a ponder, must be the uniform. Not to be outdone I nipped sharply down the street to a phone-box and dialed Eric's number. Contact was made and this time greetings echoed back and forth. Eric told me to come to his house but make it quick as they had only just barricaded the door

against the gas-man! Right ho, I rushed out of the phone-box, up the street, saw the Jones's door open, screeched down the garden path and WHAM!!! The door shut in my face.

"Go way gas-man, there's no-one at home," a voiced cried out from within.

"I aint no silly-billy gas-man," I cried back as I jumped to my feet and started to thump heck out of the door. "It's me, Don Allen, don't you recognize me in uniform.....?"

A pair of eyes stealthily peered out through the letter-box and then slowly the door opened. I entered the house.

"Look just like the gas-man in that uniform," Eric told me as I tried to imitate a fairy walking over their beautiful snowy white living-room carpet in my big hob-nail boots.

That was the first of many enjoyable visits to Eric's delightfully gay contemporary decorated home and the hospitality they showed me was greatly appreciated. There again, no matter where I went or whom I visited, fannish hospitality was a wonderful thing. However, my stay at Innsworth was cut short and this time I found myself living under canvas at Bisley for a period of eight weeks while the Annual Small Arms Championships were taking place. During those eight weeks I had a fairly good time, working in the fresh air and sunshine through the day, tripping around London and the suburbs at nights and the weekends, visiting the Globe and I even managed to get myself a week-end job in one of the many Lyons Cafes. If only I'd had my nut screwed on the right way then I could have been a millionaire by now! It was just at the beginning of the Rock 'n' Roll era and I got around Soho quite a lot. Now if only I had lugged a guitar along and had screeched my vocals out in some coffee bar..... Heck, Tommy Steele would've still been serving tea in the Merchant Navy!

After Bisley it was back to Innsworth, more visits to the Jones abode, attending meetings of the Cheltenham group, visiting members' homes, and seeing 'Forbidden Planet'. Eric was forever wanting to rope in new fans to the club and at one meeting he loaded just about half the club's massive paper-backed magazine library onto me so that I could dump them in the camp's own library, education centre, etc.. in order to contact any fannish troops who may be posted onto the camp. Gunned into each magazine was a note giving details of the club and how to contact members. Not being at Innsworth long enough, for it was at this time when the Suez crisis was in swing, I did not see the results of this plan. I often wonder if anything came of it?

I mentioned the Suez crisis. Yes, I was mixed up in that too but fortunately did not get any further than Southampton Docks! One night on leaving Eric's house I arrived back to camp to find the place in an uproar and that we were moving out. And so I was never seen again in Cheltenham.

My next place of call was Uxbridge which is next door to Hillingdon and Paul Enever.
(to be continued)

I notice that there is a great deal of discussion going on about the appalling state of British Fandom! That there are no newcomers entering the field and no new groups coming into being. It's true - on coming out of the

(continued on page 29)

IN THE BEGINNING

BY TERRY CARR

Over the past few years there has been a certain amount of discussion of religion in fandom, but I can't recall offhand any time when someone actually came right down to the basic question, Is there a God? We've been sidestepping the issue daintily with words on the good or bad that has been done in the name of religion, the psychological advantages of religion (Boob Stewart: "Well, if you want a defense of religion purely on logical lines instead of lines of belief, consider the fact that, if there is a God and I am not a Christian I won't stand much a chance in the afterlife; however, if I am a Christian I am in fine shape. If there is no God then I merely have given up an hour or so every Sunday.....is that such a large concession to make for such security?"), and similar discussions. Right now I'd like to air a few views of my own on the existence/nonexistence of God.

The basic argument for religion, it seems to me, is that the entire universe is so complex and well-integrated that it suggests the hand of some Master Planner behind it. Francis Bacon said, "I had rather believe all the fables in the Legend, and the Talmud and the Alcoran than that this universal frame is without a mind. And therefore God never wrought miracle to convince atheism, because his ordinary works convince it." His first sentence can be dismissed as pure rationalization (I'd rather believe that too, but that doesn't mean that I do), but the second sentence seems to be a well-worded statement of a basic religious argument. However, let us consider that God is represented as the perfect Creature, and I doubt that anyone would call the universe, wondrous as it may be, Perfect. Therefore, if the religious can accept God as having always existed, why must they insist that the universe, a much less perfect thing, needed a Planner to create it?

Secondly, the religious will frequently ask you, John, do you really believe that this universe has existed forever? I mean, there had to be a beginning somewhere, didn't there? And if there was a beginning, then it naturally follows that some-

thing or Someone caused it. That Someone was God, the Creator of all.

Slightly muddled thinking here, I'm afraid. The Christian seems staggered by the thought of the universe having existed forever, and therefore imagines a Beginning, and naturally a Creator. But ask him if he really thinks God always existed, and he'll say, Of course.

Is there really a difference a concepts there?

These are my primary reasons for not believing in the existence of God. However, I can't honestly say that I disbelieve in Him, since I have practically nothing to base a conclusion upon but common sense. However, here is another thought to consider; there are two alternatives in the matter of creation..... either the universe was created or it was not. We have no proof either way. However, even if it was, that does not prove the existence of God, the Christian God; it merely proves the existence of a Higher Being (not even a Supreme Being). I fully believe that Jesus Christ once walked the earth; however, I do not necessarily believe that he was Son of God, or that he actually performed miracles. He may have been quite a normal man caught up in the web of prophecy, and who took advantage of it with, perhaps, remarkable luck or, more likely, remarkable intelligence and insight into personalities. Primitive peoples are frequently given to exaggeration and we must remember that the Bible was actually set down centuries after the events it recounts, which undoubtedly produced further exaggeration.

My general opinion at the moment is that there is a chance -- rather small -- that the Christian idea of God is correct. If that is so, then possibly I will be consigned to the eternal pits of Hades; however, if this God is anything near the Christian concept of Him, then I sincerely doubt that He would punish me for using one of His greatest gifts to me, the mind, to come to a conclusion contrary to that drummed in by the church.

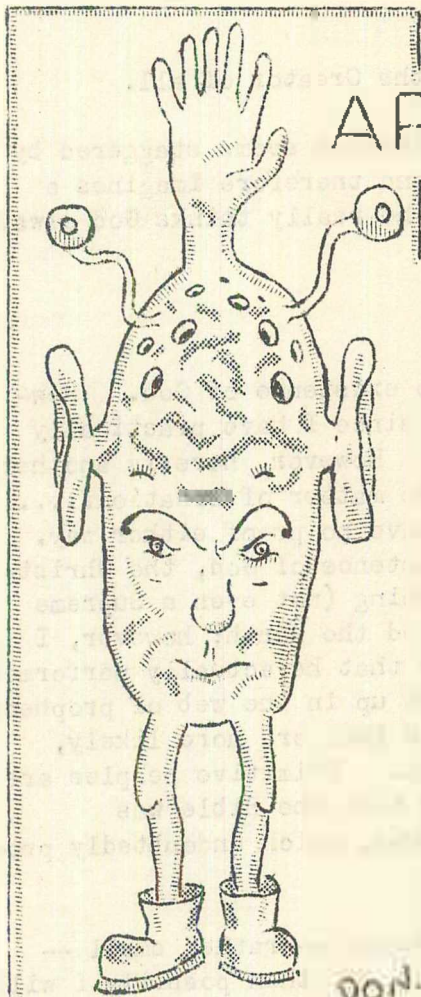
LOST FOR 400 YEARS - ONE METEORITE

In the year 1540 when the Spaniards conquered Argentina they found the Indians using spears tipped with iron, and on inquiring into this unusual circumstance were told a story of a legendary meteorite, but were never able to find it.

The meteorite was named Mesón de Fierro, and 350 years later its supposed position was used to draw the line between two provinces of the country. El Chaco and Santiago del Estero.

The meteorite was discovered, in 1937, thirteen miles from the line.

Let's go and drink in the Venetian Lounge and get blind drunk.....



ARE YOU A MUTANT

BY ALAN BURNS

Well are you? I mean look at yourself critically, disregard those purple tentacles growing from the back of your neck with which you can craftily snatch someone else's glass of Bheer when he isn't looking, those aren't mutations, those are the first signs of Impecunitas Chronicus a disease afflicting all those who attend Science-Fiction-Society meetings. The approach of the treasurer, by the way, especially aggravates I. Chronicus and violent symptoms rigidly locking the hand in the pocket ensue. Never mind that however back to mutations. Now what is a mutation? Definitions are various, in crud a mutation is the result of (a) a crack-brained experiment (b) an atom bomb and may be roughly summarised as that which creepeth upon an almost naked damsel with intent to use her for that general purpose that Ghod in His Wisdom inflicted upon Eve. In good e-f a mutant is a deviant from an accepted norm, which is nicely demonstrated by Kuttner's lovely little yarn where a woman in the all telepathic world of the future (Not a Baldy yarn by the way) gives birth to a baby who can talk, result panic and gassing of

said child. A mutant is therefore a deviation, which means that we can deviate backwards as well as forwards. I too well recall a shipyard worker who travelled home evenings on the same bus as me, he had the original prognathous features of the anthropoid ape (two \$64 ones for your collections mes amis) while a power station executive who travels on my bus now has the original bulging forehead and sharply formed features of a man of the future, almost invariably he gnaws his way through a learned tome such as Schpitspaak's "Klein Handbuch der Electrotechnologie mit Recht Powerstations" thus fulfilling the traditional concept. However with matters mutant, there are three problems to be tackled, namely, how to recognise a mutant, how to approach said mutant, and lastly, behaviour should you yourself be a mutant.

To begin with, you should always be on the lookout for mutants, but be circumspect. For example if you go into the local and see someone with eight fingers per hand seated at the piano hammering out the Lento from Beethoven's last quartet with a verve and eclat that makes Paderewski look like a piker, don't go up and say "You're a mutant aren't you?" He may not be, and accordingly may teleport you into a passing lorry of manure. The right technique is to wander up to the piano put your pint on the top and say "How nice it must be to have all your fingers, how sorry I was when four of mine dropped off through too vigorously cranking a duper." Now that will give your victim (sorry, subject of study) cause to think,

and his trend of thought may be "This guy I'd better be careful of, he cranks a duper, that means he edits a fanzine, I must sing small or he will burn out my brain and that I will not like." After that you will practically have him eating out of your hand and the final test may be applied. "Will you," you say gently, "consider joining the X--Science-Fiction Society?" "Yes," he blubbers frantically, "oh yes, give me the date, the time, the place, anything, here's a fiver, tell me is it enough?" With that you pass him through a hole in space on to a planet full of BEAs, he's no mutant, no-one with any sense would dream of joining a s-f society!

When you yourself are a mutant, the problem is admittedly more ticklish, you can't go up to the nearest Head Shrinker (No dear, we are not dealing with the cannibals of the Orinoco, head shrinker is just an easy way of writing psychiatrist, ho-hum) and say "I think I'm a mutant." Oh dear no, his reaction will be to shoot you full of scop,, ring for the ambulance and before you know where you are you're cutting out paper dollies in the nearest giggle emporium. No your technique is to join a s-f society, that will show you as a perfectly normal case of paranoia, vaguely complicated by dementia praecox, and no-one will notice you. In the meetings of the society show no surprise if you see a glass of bheer floating in the air, motionless, held there by the rival dynamics of two contestants for its possession, instead craftily levitate the contents of the glass down your own throat, the goggle-eyed stare of the two members as they watch the level slowly sink is a sight well worth remarking. In short just do as the others do, and when it's "Time Gentlemen please" then travel back half an hour with the rest of the club and continue your drinking with calm detachment.

Having covered the essentials with reasonable thoroughness we can therefore go on to that ticklish subject of "Should I marry a mutant?" My dear fellow of course you should, they make wonderful wives. But you have to go about it the right way. I mean supposing you're keeping company with a hot dish of curves right out of Esquire, you've built right up to the big moment, pictures, fish and chips, coca-cola, the lot, you're at her back door, you've enfolded her in your arms, she smiles, lifts up her hand and pulls off a fleshplast mask revealing blue jaws with seven rows of canine teeth. You've run screaming for the first bus home. Unspeakable cad! Gad if I were her parent spore disperser I'd horsewhip you, and now the poor girl's heartbrocken, because you've let a thing like that come between you, wasn't she decent enough to wear a mask? There are owners of faces ten times worse who won't wear a mask, you know. When that happens to you do the proper thing by her, name the time and the place, do the job in style, not forgetting to put the ring on the third finger left hand, left hand, left hand, left hand, left hand, left hand.....

ooOOoo

AND THE BHEST OF LUCK! ! !

ooOOoo

Did you hear about the circus that dropped its human-cannonball act because it couldn't find a man of the right calibre.....

GHOD

AND

CHLOROPHYLL

Reprinted from Satellite 6

Johnny was one of those daft boys who are always pulling faces in the mirror and his Ma was always telling him he'd get stuck like it, but he never took any notice because who ever heard of any-one getting stuck like it?

Johnny was also a fan, and today he was off to his first convention.

"Come on Johnny" sang out his Ma, "it's six o'clock and don't spend too long in the bathroom."

Out of bed, stretch and scratch, and "MERRRR!" in the glass on the wall. Socks on, pants on, grab and snatch, and scamper away down the hall. A stupid grin in the bathroom mirror.

Convention at last! "Hot Diggities - yeah, yeah, yeah!"

Turn on the cold, turn on the hot, ever so carefully - don't want a lot - spatter it there,

spatter it here, a couple of splashes behind the ear.

And now two inches on mint flavoured, chlorophyll impregnated, acid inhibiting, anti-enzyme, bacteria destroying toothpaste on his brush and scrub away - in - out - to and fro - round and round - and round again.

"Um de 'um de 'um. Hum - hummmmm - hummmmm. GARRGHHHHHHHH!"

A real bestial face now, frothing at the mouth and drooling a weird chlorophyll green. Forgotten is the time and the train to be caught as he gets carried away with the fascination of face-pulling.

"are you doing up there?" screams his Ma half an hour later.

indeed IS he doing? Well, at the moment he has the jaw-bone depressed

the lower lip pulled back over the back teeth and the corners of the mouth drawn down. The upper lip is drawn up, exposing the front teeth and making two furrows, one each side of the nose. At the same time his eyebrows are raised as far as they will go, causing deep wrinkles in the forehead. The expression thus obtained is one of sheer horror, repugnance and desperation. It is a honey.

Meanwhile, what insidious biological process is going on all unseen and unsuspected? Little does he know that his facial contortions have opened a little used duct, and that some of the froth from the recent flood of toothpaste has seeped through to the maxillary bone. It finds its way to a tiny cavity known as the Antrum of Highmore, which slowly and inexorably becomes filled with chlorophyll, and of course everyone knows what effect this will have on the already tortured jaw-bone! Just as Johnny is pulling the face described above, ankylosis sets in. In other words - he is stuck like it.

"I' 'luck 'like it!" he wailed.

::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::

In the train Johnny was delighted to find that he had the compartment to himself. Folk kept getting in, but they went straight through and off down the corridor, shuddering. So, left alone, he was able to try the various remedies he'd brought along to release his face, such as olive oil, Kaolin, after-shave lotion, Sloane's Liniment, Owbridge's Lung Tonic, Scott's Emulsion, ham fat, Ardena Vitamin Cream, Fibrosine Balm, Auntie Clara's rhubarb wine and senna pods. But all to no avail. The expression of sheer horror, repugnance and desperation remained, and he resigned himself to having it for the duration of the Con.

Maybe no-one would notice

Johnny entered the Convention Hall and gazed around. There was an excited murmuring amongst the neofans. This must be somebody important; a pro-ed at least! He was introduced to Chuck Harris, and to his great joy Chuck showed not the slightest sign of noticing anything amiss.

"I'm so happy Mr. Harris. I thought it would be somehow - different."

"Aw shucks Johnny, it's nothing at all really. A small price for a reputation, anyway."

"But Mr. Harris, I didn't mean"

"That's alright Johnny, that's quite alright. I've taken a liking to you anyway. Look, I'd like you to meet Walt and John."

Walt shook hands, then nervously straightened his tie. He smoothed down his clothes and rubbed his toe-caps against the back of his trouser-legs.

"HaHa Johnny - er - I always wear these old rags at a Convention you know. Zap guns and - er - spilled beer and - er you know . . ."

John nastily combed his hair. "Me too" he gulped.

"Of course I've my best suit upstairs" said Walt eagerly, "perhaps I'll go up and change . . . ,"

The neofans are awed beyond belief. Who IS this mysterious stranger who would treat Ghod so? He must be a new BNF! Maybe even . . . no no, that would be sacrilege. But idols can be toppled

Speculation was rife.

::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::

Smoking and drinking, atmosphere fogging, zapping and punning, promiscuous snogging. All the fabulous rites of an all night party. Enter Johnny.

"Come right in Buddy. Just a matter of ten shillings - towards the booze you know - well - er - that's what we all agreed on. Well - er - I s'pose it

is a bit steep isn't it! Meh heeh. Look - er - don't let on, but s'pose in your case we say - er - five bob? Well - er - never mind then, just slide in quietly and make yourself at home. Excuse me dashing off, won't you "

Later in bed Johnny dwelt warmly on the wonderful party, but he couldn't help regretting that he'd come in just when everyone decided to abandon their lunacy and settle down to quiet and amiable enjoyment. If only he'd been there earlier when all that ribaldry was going on! Ah well, they were a grand lot and nobody even noticed his stuck face.

Morning came and the expression of sheer horror, repugnance and desperation was still there. At the breakfast table Johnny proceeded to crack open his boiled egg, but a passing waiter quickly removed it.

"I'm so sorry sir, I'll get you another one."

"Ut it's a'right" called Johnny after the departing figure.

In half a minute the waiter was back.

Chef says there's nothing wrong with this egg"he declared icily. "One moment, I'll call the Head Waiter."

"Ease 'ont 'other!" protested Johnny.

The Head Waiter picked up the egg and sniffed it.

"I fail to detect any untoward odour, sir."

"I 'ever 'aid 'ere 'as" said Johnny indignantly.

"I'd better fetch the manager."

"Ust 'ive 'e 'ack 'y egg!"

The Manager picked up the egg and sniffed it.

"Seems alright to me, but if the gentleman feels he has a legitimate complaint you had better fetch the Chef."

"Ease 'an I 'ave 'y egg 'ack?" wailed Johnny.

The Chef strode in, the light of battle gleaming in his eyes. He bent down and placed his nose a centimetre from the egg.

"Ook" cried Johnny, "ALL I 'ANT 'O 'O IS EAT 'Y EGG!!!"

"Zo!" thundered the Chef, "You make ze fool of Alphonse, no? Never never NEVER 'ave I perpetrate ze ancient egg! I spit on ze floor. Zo!!"

So saying he snatched up Johnny's egg and stalked from the room in majestic fury.

"There's nothing more that can be done" sighed the Manager. "You seem to have offended him."

Sadly, Johnny reached for the toast and marmalade.

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The rest of the day went fairly smoothly except for one or two incidents.

Eric Bentcliffe was reading aloud his latest composition when he suddenly noticed Johnny. He blushed, fluffed a couple of lines, glowered and slunk away. "After all" he flung over his shoulder, "sex isn't everything!"

The neofans looked at Johnny with new respect.

Mal Ashworth and his wife got introduced to Johnny and later were found examining each other quite critically. From then on they didn't speak much.

Arthur Thomson, surrounded by piles of torn up paper, was shredding tears of frustration.

Two members of the pro-authors panel floundered in the middle of their speeches and promised, with eyes averted, never to write such stuff again.

Ted Tubb, in the middle of an auction, gave up on the flimsy excuse that he had lost his voice.

Don Allen discovered Johnny reading the latest issue of Satellite and said

"Never mind, I've got old Nigel writing something for the next issue. OH, you think so too? Well"

In the evening Pete Hamilton handed Johnny a glass of BLOG and he examined it suspiciously then decided to get rid of it. Surreptitiously he poured a little into a potted palm, and the plant wilted.

"'Ey" he yelled, "'at 'uff 'ou 'ave 'e, IT 'ILLED 'AT 'ALM!"

"Naturally" said Pete, "it attacks chlorophyll you know, but cannot harm the Human body."

(Oh Johnny, if only you knew! You have the antidote right there in your hand! What cruel quirk of fate prompts you to tip the rest away?)

"It 'inks!" said Johnny

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But fate is not so cruel after all. Destiny approaches in the form of Vinç Clarke, and someone introduces him to Johnny.

"Is it really that bad?" said Vinç. He stood for a moment studying Johnny's expression and his own face was a picture of indecision. Suddenly he put a hand on Johnny's shoulder, and said confidentially "You know I've often thought of shaving it off. Now I've made up my mind." He turned and made for the stairs with a determined gait.

A sudden hush fell over the neofans and they congregated round Johnny at a respectful distance. When Vinç came down fifteen minutes later, a dimpled chin gleaming in the unaccustomed light, they rose with one accord shouting,

"JOHNNY IS GHOD"

Abruptly Willis appeared with eyes flashing.

"See here" he protested, "who says Johnny is Ghod? I AM GHOD!"

It is a moment of intense drama. Even the trufans realise that something is going on. Johnny, bewildered and trembling, notices Willis's expression.

"'Ind'ou 'on't 'et 'uck 'ike it" he whispers.

Finally someone shouts out "Settle it here and now with a BLOG drinking contest." Willis pales, but does not flinch as he receives the dread glass. He consumes the contents with true Irish fortitude and is dragged from sight by a weeping Madeleine.

Now it is Johnny's turn, and the plucky little devil drains his glass to the last drop. Some of the liquid penetrates the still open duct and finds its way to the Antrum of Hignmore. 'FIZZ!' It attacks and destroys the chlorophyll and CLICK! The stricken maxilla is freed.

The assembly roar with delight and Johnny is carried shoulder high round and round the Convention Hall, for he has drunk BLOG and not only survived - BUT SMILED !

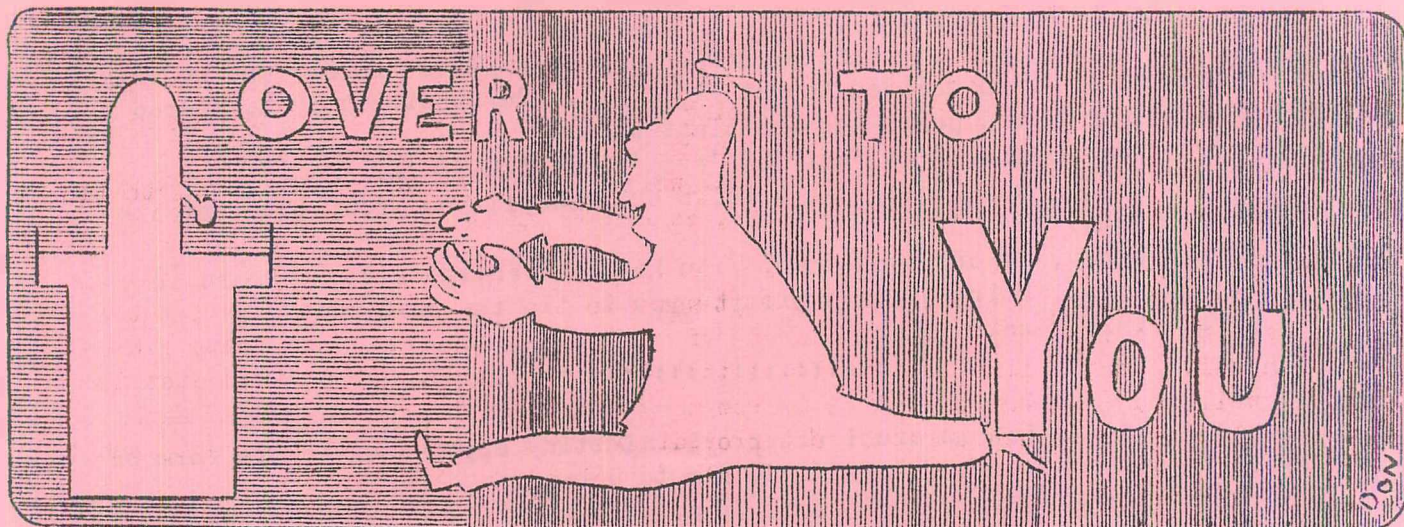
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Back home his Ma said "Did you enjoy yourself at the Convention, dear?"

"Gog-g-wow-boy-oh-boy, YES!" said Johnny "they made me Ghod."

"How nice" said his Ma. "Johnny, come away from that mirror"

With grateful acknowledgement to Sister Ethel for technical details. N.L.



Of all the items appearing in this issue of Satellite this is the only one I'm printing with my tongue in my cheek! Why? Well, it is over two years since the last issue of Satellite was published and beside me now I have enough letters to fill the whole of this issue all commenting on the last issue. All the letters are over two years old. But a letter section is a favourite item in any fanzine and even though this one is dated 1, after much thought, decided to print it. If it doesn't do anything else it will bring back memories to you old 'uns and prove to you young 'uns that there was a Satellite before this one! Not all the letters commenting on Satellite 6 are printed because they all read the same, that S6 was a wonderful issue, in fact the best to date, the letters I'm using are what I consider contain, besides comments, some interesting reading. Hope you will think so too and enjoy reading the following

CHARLES LEE RIDDLE: Sharon Farm, Rising Sun, Maryland, U.S.A.

My sincere congratulations and warm appreciation for the best fanzine I've seen come out of the British Isles in a mighty long time. I guess I've read this sixth issue through about three times already and as soon as I get through with this letter, I'm going back for the forth ti me! ((those are nice words to read, hope that I can keep you feeling that way)). I find it practically impossible to pick out anything wrong--and vice versa, the best thing in this issue is almost impossible to note. If I were to be pinned down and made to make a decision, I think it would be the short story "Ghod and Chlorophyll" by Nigel Lindsey. ((So many fen had the same opinion about Nigel's story that I have reprinted in this issue the delightful tale of "Ghod and Chlorophyll". The mailing list for S7 is much larger than it used to be so a lot of fen will be reading it for the first time and I'm sure those of you who have read it will still enjoy it as much as last time)). Me, I've read so many British fanzines, I think I know most of the fans mentioned therein as well as the editors of those fanzines do. One of these days, I'M going to pull enough strings with the Navy and get myself transfered over there.

E.C.(Ted)TUBB: 67 Houston Road, London. SE23.

Belated thanks for Satellite 6 which was very welcome indeed. In fact it's the best yet. Personally I prefer the back cover to the front,((this was the opinion of most readers too Ted, and before you go searching into your files to

see what the bacover of Satellite 6 was like, I'll jog your memory. It illustrated a stained-glass window showing three ENF saints, the centre one was shattered by a brick which is lying on the ground with a note tied to it reading "signed: Tenth Fandom.")) but it was interesting to see just what some of the American ENFs look like. Disappointingly human most of them, I'd always thought Ellison was something right out of this world. Lindsay, Mercer and Ashworth tie for first place and the cartoons were, as usual, excellent.

CATO LINDBERG. Norway.

Thanks a lot for S6. As usual it was good with excellent artwork, but please don't let Satellite become one of these mags that are more about fans than s-f. What I like best in S are the regular columns. ((a mixed diet is all well and good but the point is how many fans want to read s-f in a fanzine? Articles on or around s-f I'll use providing they are interesting enough, but I think that the majority of fans favour a "fannish" fanzine)).

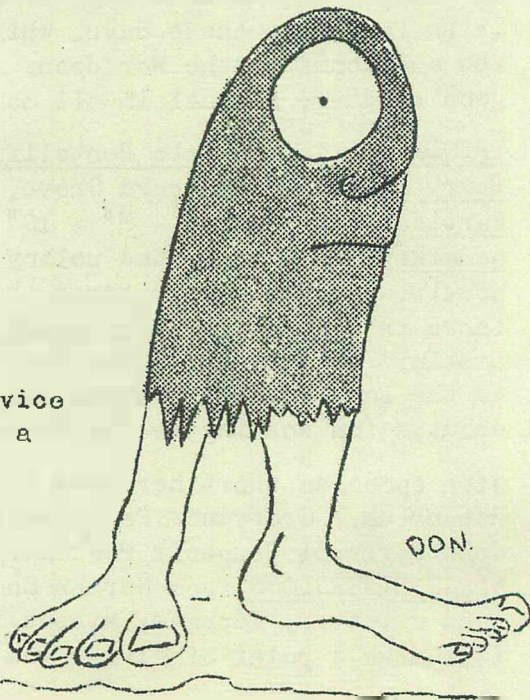
JACK FINLEY. Spartanburg, South Carolina, U.S.A.

Last night I got the best night's sleep I've had in a month and awoke this morning (at 10:15) cussin' the postman for letting that bunch of kids who follow him around disturb my precious sleep. After ten or fifteen minutes of vainly trying to regain the land of Morpheus I finally said, "To heck with it!" and managed to sit up on the side of the bed. After half an hour I managed, with great will and struggling, to open one eye. ((which one?)) Then I staggered to the front door (in my BVDs) - ((in your what?)) - to see if that blessed (?) of unquestionably-noble-ancestry (?) postman had, in his kindness (?), left me anything to compensate for my lost sleep - and there was Satellite 6 After being sick all over the front porch I retired to the 'reading room' (same place Mercer does his spring cleaning) for a few very pleasant hours of enlightening literary profundity . . . Jim Cawthorn's drawings are much too good for any fanzine. ((agreed, but think what we'd be missing if Jim didn't draw for fanzines)) I ran the word BLOG through my private Wizdometer and came up with the following definition:

BLOG: - a highly intoxicating and illegal derivative of corn, originating in the Blue Ridge mountains of North Carolina and the Ofkefenókee swamps of South Carolina, recently being illicitly exported to other parts of the world. Also a preservative.
syn. Moonshine.

YTOSHI LFUNGY. Zulu Hut 89, Africa.

My friend the witch-doctor he gave me this advice he said - ee aah ooh oo oo ah aeiou lofoo de da de a okey dokey doe n i ooh la la dum. Of course you can not know what that means because it is wrote in my native tongue of Zulujargon. Let me tell you that it means this - Zulus read by day and night a magazine that puts them right - Satellite. Satellite. Ooola ohda zola ze.



FANZINE FOCUS

by DON ALLEN

On the previous two pages there is, what I think, must be, the shortest letters column ever to appear in any fanzine. Now, you are about to read an equally short fanzine review column. In the next issue these two features will be extended - in the meantime let's cut the cackle and start with :-

PLOY No.12 from Ron Bennett 7 Southway, Arthurs Ave., Harrogate, Yorks. 1/- per issue or 6 issues for 5/-. U.S. rates 15cents and 4 for 50cents to Bob Paylat, 6001 43rd Ave., Hyattsville, Maryland, USA. Quarterly.
Particulars: 32pages - 10" x 8" - Mimeographed - Reproduction, Good.

Remarks: Apart from the editorial the only other contender for honours in this issue is an anonymously written fannish story about a murder at a Con. and it is indeed good reading and holds one until the finish. Very well written. It is also illoed throughout by Bill Harry in his usual appreciable style. This is a highly recommended fanzine.

OOPSLA No.24 from Gregg Calkins 1039 Third Ave., Salt Lake City 3, Utah, USA. 15cents per issue or 4 for 50cents. Overseas fen write Gregg a nice long letter of comment and he'll oblige. Quarterly.

Particulars: 22pages - 8 1/2" x 11" - Mimeod - Reproduction, Good.

Remarks: Undoubtedly one of the best fanzines to come out of the States with material from some of fandom's best writers and artists. Arthur Thomson is present here, and he does a duet with William Rotsler for an unusual cover design. Gregg writes a lengthy and enjoyable editorial in which one of the funniest things to read is where Gregg tells of how, when he was minding his own business, he stepped into a hole full of slush. John Berry writes about how well dressed Irish fandom is these days, while Walt Willis writes a good column mainly about the Americans at the Worldcon. An eight page letters column contains some very good reading, and all in all mounts up to a good issue.

TRIODE No 13 from Eric Banteliffe 47 Alldis Str., Great Moor, Stockport or Terry Jeeves 58 Sharrard Grove, Intake, Sheffield 12. Quarterly. 1/6 per ish.

Particulars: 33pages - 8" x 10" - Mimeod. - Reproduction, Good.

Remarks: Seems to be the policy of Triode to feature as many fan-artists as possible, there are no fewer than eight in this issue. So you can imagine that there is a good variety of good artwork present. Part 3 of 'Beloved is our Destiny' is very enjoyable reading indeed and is the best item in the issue, next is the long letters column. John Berry is present with a very good little story about a fan working in the Censorship dept. of the Post Office.

With space so short here are a few recommended fanzines - NEW FUTURIAN from Mike Rosenblum, 7 Grosvenor Park, Leeds 7. 9d. per ish. 44pages. Mimeod. RETRIBUTION from John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Av. Belmont, Belfast, N.I. 1/- per ish. 51pages. Min. SPACE DIVERSIONS from Norman Shorrocks, 12a Runford Place, Liverpool 3. No Sub - send a letter, 26pages, Mimeod. And that's all - if you've been left out then I'll make a point of giving you a review next time.

BEING A NOBLE, DEDICATED THING, DESIGNED
BY BERRY TO MAKE FANDOM A HAPPIER PLACE
TO MUCK ABOUT IN.....

THE — LETTERHACKS

ONLY TO BE READ AND DIGESTED AND IN FACT
USED BY FANNISH INTELLECTUALS AND THOSE
FEW ENDOWED SPIRITS AMONGST US WHO HAVE
COMMENTED SO MUCH ON FANZINES THEY HAVEN'T
ANY INSPIRATION LEFT.....

GUIDE

— BY JOHN BERRY —

Casting aside any aspects of false modesty, I must confess that this work of mine, although admittedly original, and monumental in stature, is also a work of great genius, and reflects considerable credit on myself - chiefly because of the fact that I'm semi-illiterate.

And now a word about this fabulous creation. It is designed especially for the avaricious letterhack, who speedily comments on every OMFazine and fanzine he or she receives. I shall even use it myself, although I have no pretensions of being so utterly keen, even though my fannish spirit is. Another point, I've noticed that the current fanzines seem to be rather more esoteric than those of a few years back (this is just a generalization, by the way) and therefore it becomes correspondingly more difficult to give a really detailed and pertinent review. This Guide, then, should go a little way to solve the problem of exactly what to say. It is designed to cover every aspect that should confront one in a detailed perusal of a fanzine. But please use it only, as the title suggests, as a Guide. Let it spur you on, so that when your letter of comment eventually does reach the fanned concerned, it will have the required result. (If he has the nerve and necessary physical control to do it).

I think this has been sufficient to put you in the picture, as it were. Now then. letterhack, hold the fanzine in front of you. LOOK at it. What is it's immediate impact on you ?

Is it :-

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------|
| a) awe | e) frustration |
| b) amazement | f) trepidation, or |
| c) modest appreciation | g) fear. |
| d) bewilderment | |

If a) or b), turn to Schedule A.

If c), turn to Schedule B.

If d), it's probably from NGW.

If e)f) or g), take five Asprin and turn to Schedule C.

After all that mental effort, make a few notes, rest for five minutes, and re-examine the fanzine. Carefully look at the stapling :-

You will find it belongs to one of three distinct category's.....

- a) firm.
- b) flimsy, or
- c) "Where's the other 23 pages?"

If a)...it's bound to happen sometimes.

If b)...weeell, maybe they're expensive.

If c)...maybe it's just as well fate is on your side.

Now, carefully gather up all the pages, stack them in order, re-staple properly (if necessary) and hold the fanzine in front of you again. Personally speaking, having reached this stage, I slowly flip through the pages to get an idea of the layout, the general sense of balance, etc. Do the same. Now look at the gradings immediately below. Would you give it:-

- a) extremely well proportioned.
- b) \lavish.
- c) top heavy, or
- d) spasmodically degenerate.

If a), after you with the 3D glasses.

If b), turn to Schedule D.

If c), you're looking at a Rotsler illo.

If d), pass me the dictionary.

Douse your eyes liberally with OPTREX, then look for the Editorial. This is one of the most important items of the fanzine, as it gives an insight into the mind of the faned, it tells you what he is mainly concerned with. It is the backbone of the fanzine, and because of this concentrate your full mental powers on this portion. Read the Editorial carefully, and ask yourself the following questions :-

- a) was it illegible.? If so, turn to Schedule E.
- b) do you agree with the faneds sentiments ? If so, you owe him some money.
- c) do you suspect it was ghost-written ? Heck, lay off, Ron.
- d) do you think it was erudite ? Hiya, Pete.
- e) do you wish you had written it ? If so, turn to Schedule F.
- f) was it sound common sense ? I'll write one for you, too, if you think it was.

At this stage, you'll probably wished you hadn't started, but bash on, will you ? This is all for your benefit. By now, if you've closely followed my doctrines, you'll have an overall opinion of the fanzines atmosphere. You now face the basic reality. To conclude this preliminary inspection, and before attempting the main comments, glance once more from page to page at the illos, the story headings, etc.

It has either :-

- a) a wide selection of top-ranking fanartists work.
- b) one or two outstandingly brilliant full page illos.
- c) a surfeit of Rotsler, or,
- d) very little artwork.

If a), you're probably holding TRIODE, VOID or CRIFANAC.

If b), turn to Schedule G.

If c), turn to Schedule H.

If d), the faned must think us fen have adult minds.

The following is the most important thing you will comment on in your letter. It deals with the 'meat' of the fanzine. The stories, articles, poems, limericks, interlineations, etc, that the faned has garnered at great personal

sacrifice from the four corners of the fannish world. It would of course take many pages to fully deal with all the different items that one could find in a fanzine, and therefore, in Schedule I, I have prepared a considerable list of phrases and quotations which you will possibly find helpful. You do not require any permission from me to quote any of the examples in your letter. These are all for you. I am trying to help you. I think you will find that I have catered for almost any eventuality:-

'So please turn to Schedule I.

As you probably know, review columns in fanzines are most important, and provide endless hours of discussion at sf club meetings. Most fanzines feature a review column, but very few faneds have the good fortune to have the assistance of a really capable reviewer. If the reviews in the copy you hold in your hand are by Sneary, Enever and Richards, R.C, Ethel Lindsay, Dodd or Boggs, turn to the lettercol section, which is next. If not, read the reviews and ask yourself the following questions:-

- a) Was your own fanzine reviewed?
If not, turn to b). If so, turn to Schedule J.
- b) Did you agree with his reviews about the first issue of POT POURRI?
If so, turn to c). If not, move down to the unexpurgated Schedules.
- c) Have you ever read POT POURRI?
It's not published yet, so you cheated back there.

I think myself that the lettercol is by far the most difficult thing to prepare for a fanzine. A faned usually does it last, if there is only a short interval between issues, and it takes a great deal of foresight and imagination to present a carefully edited lettercol which creates interest and at the same time doesn't offend the fen being quoted. For the purpose of this Guide, therefore, read the lettercol extremely carefully, and then make your own comments. I feel I've done enough for you.

.....
UNEXPURGATED LIST OF SCHEDULES FOR BERRY'S 'THE LETTERNACKS GUIDE.'

The following phrases are designed to be incorporated in your letters of comment. It is not necessary, and indeed, it is most undesirable to quote verbatim from the Schedules. Use a little applied psychology, so that the faned doesn't know you read this.

SCHEDULE A.

- 'I don't mind paying fourpence 'postage due''
- 'If you go on at this rate you'll soon get in the top Fifty.'
- 'I knew it was from Skeberdis.'
- 'Nearly as good as my latest issue.'
- 'You nearly did it then.'
- 'I see you've copied my style of cover.'
- 'Utterly brilliant and fannish and wonderful. What do you think of mine?'
- 'Suffering Catfish.'

SCHEDULE B.

- 'Weeeeeelll, now....'
- 'As long as you don't expect me to sub.'
- 'Will this letter of comment bring me six issues?'
- 'Who told you NGW was Ghod?'
- 'I'm beginning to think the postman doesn't like your writing.'

SCHEDULE C.

- 'Aaaaaagggggghhhh'
- 'Poddon me if I vomit.'
- 'Take up coal mining, pul-heeze.'
- 'Why do you hate me?'
- 'I accept your unconditional surrender.'

SCHEDULE D.

- 'Yeah, Thomson is pretty good.'

SCHEDULE E

- 'Shouldn't you have slip-sheeted?'

SCHEDULE F

- 'Permanent GAFIA is the only honourable course left to you.'

SCHEDULE G

- 'Who told you to get Thomson?'

SCHEDULE H

- 'CONGRATULATIONS. If you know him personally, find out if he uses a set of compasses'

SCHEDULE I

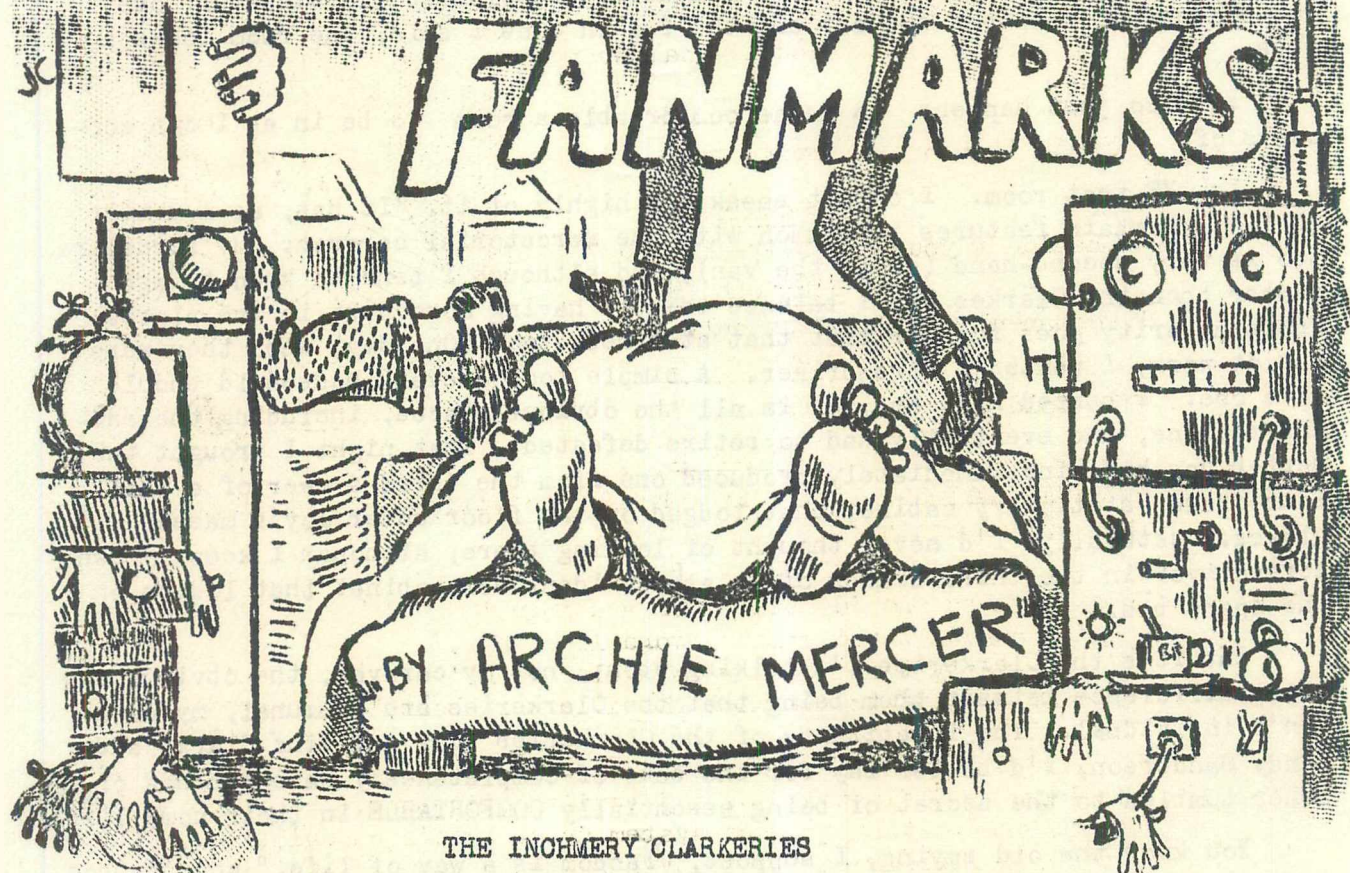
- 'Tell him to use 'ductile' for a change.'
- 'Only Courval would print a word like that.'
- 'What a nasty thing to say to a clergyman.'
- 'I only read it to see what the illo was about.'
- 'You filthy beast.'
- 'I always thought GM Carr was a sap.'
- 'Raeburn is definately not a juvenile delinquent.'
- 'Maybe the British coinage system upset Kyle's calculations.'
- 'But folk music hasn't got anything to do with sf, has it?'
- 'Of course, there are 49 other OMPazines, so, after all, it was a poor excuse.'
- 'And guess what, PHEONIX is really Pete Reaney.'
- 'One thing in Burn's favour, she was at least wearing a grass skirt.'
- 'Why doesn't the Goon shoot at a foo bird?'
- 'I always thought EFR was the Lord Chamberlain.'
- 'That Berry is a genus.'
- 'Is he really a solicitor?'
- 'Tell him I'll give him a dictionary when I see him at the Gate.'
- 'I thought Pavlat was supposed to be sercon?'
- 'Reminded my grandfather of early Charters.'
- 'Did Bentcliffe question Kinsey?'
- 'Shows great sense of humour for a pigmy.'
- 'I'm given to understand he's taken legal advice for the second time.'
- 'Bulmer gets his hair cut on the National Health...he has to have an anaesthetic.'

SCHEDULE J.

- 'Take legal advice.'



SOME LONDON FANMARKS



THE INCHMERY CLARKERIES

I arrived later than I thought, and carrying quite a bit of luggage, at a time when all good little mundane people and Don Allen would be thinking of going to bed. Rolling up to the hallowed portals of 7 Inchmery, I rang the bell and was duly admitted by one of the Clarkes. (I DO know which is which - Vinç is the one with the beard - but my sieve's somewhat faulty).

I was shown up to the great fannish living-room, which was already occupied by the balance of the Inchmery triumvirate augmented for the occasion by Brian (Cover-boy) Lewis. "We continually get these fen dropping in," they explained to me. "Nearly sends Bennett mad - he just can't get used to it." The room was steaming, and so was I. Thankfully settling the Mercatorial luggage on the floor or somewhere, I commenced the process of stripping down to my shirt-sleeves (my usual indoor garb in any case), so that I could sweat a bit better.

"Poor Archie," said Joy. "Come and sit by the fire and get warm." And the devil of it is, I could swear she MEANT it.

A mess, that room. Papers and magazines and half-finished fanac and clothing and odds and ends and allsorts piled, stowed or simply flung everywhere. (They always seem to know where everything is though). I several times tried to count the pairs of women's gloves visible on or in the heap of assorted belongings, but gave out after the first half dozen or so. Orange boxes and things are there too, some of them obviously functional, others

simply there. The average houseproud mundane wife would have a fit if she saw the place. The furniture, too, although eminently serviceable, has certainly seen better days - worn and faded chair-covers, woodwork showing many a long-lasting stain that the makers never intended, discoloured plastic stuff over the windows to keep the sun out and the fog in - as I said, the room looks a mess.

It also just happens to be as comfortable a room to be in as I can conceive of.

I LOVE that room. I cannot speak too highly of it. It has, as a matter of fact, certain features in common with the Mercatorial caravan. My furniture too is very second-hand (as in the van), and although I tend to keep things neater than the Clarkes do, I balance this by having more dust in the place. The similarity goes further that that at times, too. One day, when they were out at work, I wanted a screwdriver. A simple tool - every household should have one. I hunted high and low in all the obvious places, including the sewing machine, and eventually had to retire defeated. That night I brought the matter up, and Ving immediately produced one from the third drawer of a small four-drawer stationery cabinet that lodged on the floor under Joy's massed gloves. Naturally, I'd never thought of looking there, although I keep my own screwdriver in the third drawer of an almost identical cabinet that lodges on the spare bed.

But it's the Clarkeries I'm talking about, not my caravan, the obvious and vital difference between them being that the Clarkeries are communal, my caravan's individual. The inhabitants of the Clarkeries (Joy and Ving Clarke and Sandy Sanderson, I'd better say for the sake of completeness) have somehow or other tumbled to the secret of being essentially COMFORTABLE in their home life.

You know the old saying, I suppose, "Fandom is a way of life," and "Fandom is just a ghoddamned hobby". Well, at Inchmerry Road, whatever the inhabitants thereof may tell you to the contrary, one can sample nothing more nor less than fandom as a way of life. Which is I think the heart of Inchmerryism.

Let us take a look at the residents themselves. Ving, who is something of a way of life in himself, is a tall and gentle genius with thinning hair, a bushy beard brownish in colour, a quietly humorous exterior and sericon soul. He sits on the bed/sofa to the left of the fireplace. Joy has her own armchair dead opposite the fireplace, because she feels the cold terribly. She sits with her legs (she wears slacks) tucked up under her, and her long hair cascading all over the place as she skims through British and American magazines - political, women's, general, anything at all - looking for wheat among the chaff. Finding it, too. She is also a cook of no mean ability (Ving helps out by mashing the coffee).

Sandy provides a sharp contrast to the other two. His seat is an easy chair with wooden arms to the right of the fireplace, alongside the controls for his elaborate hi-fi system. This is a heterogenous and inter-related conglomeration of appliances with ramifications extending all over the flat, comprising what amounts to tape-recorder and gramophone - with elaborations. There is also a wireless, but it's never used except for a time-check in the morning - and, of course, there's no sign nor vestige of a television set - unless you count the interference from the Crystal Palace TV mast that Sandy complains of so vociferously.

Sandy himself is a slender individual with a faint little moustache, and an attitude of extreme punctiliousness. He positively exudes punctiliousness. His appearance is dapper, his mannerisms are deliberate, when he speaks he gives the impression of weighing every word he uses to make sure it carries precisely the right shade of meaning and grammar. His contributions to the properties are always in apple-pie order, his bedroom would please the most meticulous sergeant-major in the business, he always sits when he sits, never lounges. Yet somehow, he manages to strike no jarring note, and even adds his little bit to the gestalt of fannish comfort that is Inchmery.

The fannish living-room is also the guest-bedroom. The change is effected by dint of simply unrolling the sofa, which promptly stands revealed as a capacious double-bed, ready made if required and all ready for tumbling into. This process seldom if ever happens much before midnight, though - the Inchmery Roadsters are natural-born Night People, and will sit around talking quietly (the landlord in the downstairs flat sleeps just below) until the cows come home. Even if there is a move for bed, it's by no means always unanimous. One night I came in off the late bus to find my bed down and Vin^g kneeling on the floor beside it, collating one of the household OMPazines.

This inherent nocturnalism has inevitable corollary that if the guest stays out late enough, he can hardly see his hosts except at weekends. Because of course he, the guest, will want to get in a bit of sleep before he gets up. He therefore experiences, at some impossible hour in the morning, the sensation of shadowy characters flitting in and out of his bedroom, an occasional rattle of crockery, Greenwich pips on the wireless, and like that. If he's lucky, he'll maybe eventually wake to find Joy in the act of putting on her shoes, coat, mantilla etc. prior to departing to her daily grind. (I don't THINK she puts on all the other things in the living-room - she certainly goes to her bedroom to take them off.) Then with a swirl of draperies (she seems to like wearing draperies rather than ordinary common-or-garden clothes - they look good on her, too) she is gone, and the still-sleepy guest is left to enjoy the amenities of good fannish living.

One day, Vin^g forgot to turn the wireless off, and I eventually came to find that I couldn't turn the announcer off - and if there's one thing I hate it's monologues on the wireless. The thing was covered with knobs, and I twisted all I could see - twisted some of 'em damn near off, others were off to start with and I had to use subterfuge - got the programme tuned out, but it was still indubitably Switched On. So I found a flex leading from the set, and traced it. It seemed to run under the skirting and out of the door. Onto the landing I followed it, and thence along to the kitchen. There it vanished into the attic - the aerial, obviously. Foiled again, I returned to the set, and succeeded in tracing another set of wires down to a concealed plug behind the furniture. Removing the furniture, I disconnected a Heath-Robinsonian assemblage of two-way adaptors and things - and victory was mine. I don't think the wireless has ever been the same since, though.

Nor have I, quite. The place has that effect on one. Fandom, when witnessed as a veritable way of life, has a pretty powerful influence. But they will nevertheless insist that their way of life is simply a ghoddamned hobby. Which isn't, when one comes to consider it, at all a bad natural philosophy.

In my life, I've been inside the offices of two professional editors.

Ted Carnell, in his Arundel Street days, had one of them. His office as I remember it was large and well-appurtenanced basement room, with nothing out of place except myself and the conversation - we talked about jazz, mainly.

The other is that of Mike Moorcock, editor of the British edition of Tarzan Adventures - not to mention numerous assorted fanzines.

Two places more dissimilar would be hard to find. Ted's office was spacious and tidy - Mike's was - to put it mildly - neither. He operates in a partitioned-off corner of what ought by nature to be a ground floor shop, which corner is just big enough to hold two tables or desks. One of these, the further one from the door, (his office, small though it is, is considerably longer than it is wide) is piled high with jumbled copies of magazines - both Tarzan and other comics that are put out from that address. When pressed, he admitted that it was actually the desk of his club editor Bob Lumley.

At a casual glance, Mike's own desk looks much the same. The only difference is that someone works there. Mike, natch. And the litter is more varied. Letters from readers, competition entries, snippings from the photographed sheets of drawings that are the raw material of reprint comics, and virgin sheets of such themselves, written material, telephone directories, stationery - there's no end to the stuff heaped on and around Mike's desk, inches high. (Prominent among the physical features is a pot of stuff that somewhat equivocally claims to be "COW GUM") And the floor underneath was heaped with accumulated litter

that hasn't been swept up since when - the place finding it cheaper to dispense with the services of a cleaner.

Mike's firm actually occupies the whole ground floor and basement of the premises - which comprises one house-sized building. The major part of the ground floor is given over to Mike's superiors, who however are not often in evidence - most of their value to the firm consisting in the contacts they can make socially outside the office. Whether they're in or not, Mike can please himself when he comes and goes, and who he has in to see him - just so long as Tarzan Adventures BRE gets well and truly edited, his time is his own. The basement's supposed to be the stockroom, but is rather barren and ill-lit, and they find it much more convenient to stash the stock in odd corners of the office - such as Lunley's table. At first sight, the basement has the appearance of nothing so much as a mediaeval torture chamber, an illusion that is by no means dispelled by the revelation of the principal instrument of torture as nothing more untoward than a primitive winch-operated goods lift. It would be quite a place to hold a fannish gathering that basement, if somebody could be persuaded to clean it up first, it's particularly convenient too that it is only just round the corner from the Globe.

Mike himself is somewhat younger than most pro-feds, I think, being still in his late teens. He has a naturally worried expression that he assures us he can't help - he'd still look like that even if he wasn't worried. It reminds me somewhat of Droopy, the depressed dog of somebody's cartoon films. His voice matches his expression - he speaks as if he had all the cares of Barsoom on his shoulders. Droopy again. I don't know why he hasn't been nicknamed Droopy before this - the dog might have been modelled around him. His principle interest in life apart from the fantasy and fannish angle is folk song - he totes a guitar around with him, which was originally bought out of the proceeds of his former record collection.

If pressed hard enough Mike will in fact demonstrate that he is actually somewhat more light of spirit than he appears to be. For instance, Mike and his friend Witty Whitmarsh will sometimes go into their double-act of Carruthers and Carstairs, the intrepid explorers. They obligingly performed for me and Jim Cawthorn as we were preparing to alight from Norbury railway station. Peering stealthily round the corner, they motioned us urgently back, with the usual "mad fools" patter. This we properly ignored, whereupon with a fiendish yell that could be heard from one end of the station to the other, Mike and Witty broke cover and charged down the long ramp leading to the ticket-collecting-point. The ticket collector let 'em out, too.

I don't know how neat the Carnell household is wont to look, but the Moorcock household, as distinct from the Moorcock office, is the epitome of comfortable tidiness. This is due entirely to Mike's mother, of course, not to Mike himself, his bedroom tending to form a sort of happy medium between the two extremes. "Happy" is perhaps the wrong word to use there, because in this particular case, both extremes struck me as perfectly happy in their own rights. Mrs. Moorcock also deserves a mention in her own right - she's by no means the type that springs to mind when one thinks of what a fan's mother might be like. For one thing, in her younger days she possessed no little portion of good looks, and these still show up on her - and she is also of a generally lively appearance and disposition. She takes an interest in Mike's hobbies and things on principle - which in this case is certainly a good principle, because she's

on his side. She is also capable of participating in an intelligent conversation - fannish or otherwise. She likes to meet Mike's friends as part of her general interest in his doings, and is good company when she does so. I gather that when by herself she tends to be something of a television addict - which means that television addicts can't all be as bad as some.

The Moorcock household also contains one other prominent member - a large shaggy dog called Chum, who is possessed of a somewhat disconcerting habit of lying about in cupboards and things. Chum is by nature more suited to the Moorcock office than the Moorcock housestead I think - besides being of a comparatively low IQ, and unable to take any part in intelligent conversation (except maybe with other dogs).

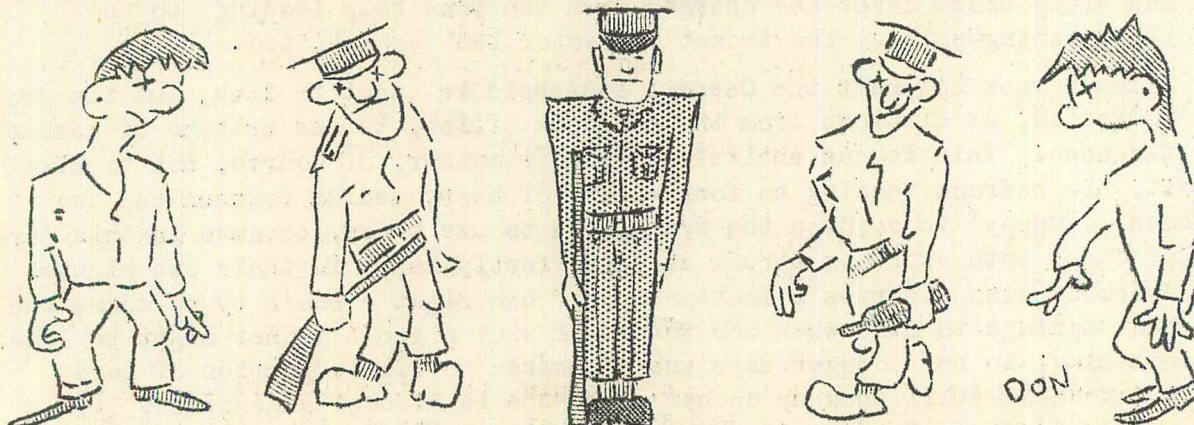
I mentioned the guitar Mike habitually carries about with him. This is, of course, on the whole functional - not simply worn for effect. Even if he doesn't dare play it himself, he is always willing to lend it to somebody else who may not have brought his own along, and many an hour he whiles away in such places as the "Gyre & Gimble" coffe cellar near Charing Cross, in company that is similarly oriented. He also carries a kazoo. The degree of organisation that exists around him is surely sufficient testimony to his fine fannish brain. A number of other folk enthusiasts habitually travel to work on the same train, and whichever station they get on at, they arrange if possible to locate themselves in one of the luggage compartments - which is open to standing passengers because of the rush-hour conditions. When Mike joins the party the fun starts. He hands his guitar to a more expert picker among the travellers and gets out his kazoo - one, two, three, and they're away. The morning I was with them, they were concentrating mainly on "Careless Love". They did try to play something else as well for a time, but soon settled for "Careless Love", and were still loving carelessly - Guitar, Kazoo and/or vocal - when the train drew into Victoria. There we changed to the underground. As the underground train commenced to roll, Mike's friend unslung the guitar.

"What shall we play?" he asked.

"Let's do "Careless Love" " said Mike.

So they launched forth into "Careless Love" once again. When I left them at Charing Cross, they were still at it.

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FIVE STAGES OF MAN!
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A CANTERBURY TALE

BY RON BENNETT

Those amongst you who can run a comb through your beards and can remember the good old days when Terry Jeeves actually wished for a fellow fan in Sheffield may also remember a fanzine called Satellite. I'm not at all sure that there wasn't a prewar fanzine of that name (Dave Mellwain?), but the publication I have in mind was popular two or three years ago and was noted for a certain contributor's vitriolic attacks on fandom, its editors prowess with that most formidable of weapons, the wheel-pen, and that selfsame editor's verbosity. Don Allen's Satellite boasted an editorial column which ran on and on and on. Not that we minded; not at all. But all too soon the magazine went into temporary suspension and we wise old fen shook our heads and went back to reading another three or four lines of The Immortal Storm.

But the other week, a voice from the dead shouted up from what must have been Eney's vault. It was Don Allen, no longer a teen age teddy boy just out of short pants, but a mellow and married man, sucking his pipe and gathering his grandchildren around his feet to listen to stories of his war experiences. I'm reviving Satellite, he shouted down my ear over a long distance telephone line on which two sweet things were discussing make-up. I'd hate to crack that old one about bringing kohl to Newcastle but I can put on record that Don appealed for material.

How about writing about hitch-hiking? Don said. Something amusing, he managed to blurt out as the little pipe pipped and he slammed down the phone. Sure Don, it's all too easy. I'm no Ron Ellick, but I've done a fair amount of hitch-hiking and there's no more amusing past-time about which to write.

It's a typical English summer's day. Pouring. Bennett stands drenched at the roadside, waggling his thumb at each passing car. They none give lie to the epithet; they pass.

Bennett is stranded in the wilds of Norfolk. Hours pass. Not a car in sight.

Bennett thumbs a lift on a German autobahn and a police car draws up. Hitch-hiking is illegal. Bennett catches a train.

Seriously, hitch-hiking is always a pastime of which insecurity is an inherent quality. I've had my good lifts and I've had my bad. I once set out from Wetherby on the Great North Road, hitching to Sutton Coldfield. A car drew up and three hours later I was dropped at the end of the street I was seeking in that midland town. Another time a similar Wetherby pickup took me

straight to London and only at Easter this year I got a lift from Wetherby to Stamford, sixteen miles or so from Kettering. On the other hand, a well meaning driver took me miles out of my way, to Kings Cross on the outskirts of Halifax, and I was extremely lucky to get a lift almost immediately which took me to the corner of Arthurs Avenue, in Harrogate.

I've never been in a car where the driver was rude to me, and I've met some extremely interesting people. I've talked British politics with a French farmer in Belgium, Rugby League with a Brazilian bridge builder, English hospitality with an American Airman and the traditional London heritage with a Turkish couple paying their first visit to Britain. They gave me a lift from Dover to Trafalgar Square

But the journey which most sticks in mind was none of these. Nor was it the time a Dutch couple who spoke no English or French gave me a lift to Antwerp and told me by sign language that they'd had such an enjoyable holiday in Germany. Nor the time a lorry driver gave me a lift through Manchester, took me on his delivery round and got lost. Nor, if it comes to that, the London spiv who was delivering furniture in Colne and Nelson and gave me the lowdown on his less legitimate lines of business.

No, it was a day towards the end of July 1955. An inexperienced hitch-hiker called Ron Bennett had set out from the Vin/ Clarke residence in Welling (that was the time when Vin/ tore up Ploy before my eyes) to Dover. It was one of those rare days. Boiling. Bennett plodded on, waving thumbs at the steady stream of passing cars. Without luck. I walked through Rochester, Chatham the outskirts of Gillingham (pausing only to drop a postcard to Tony Thorne in a letter box) and through Rainham. Ten or twelve miles before Canterbury, a car drew up and I was offered a lift a couple of miles down the road.

"I'm turning off soon," the driver told me. "I'm not going all the way in- to Canterbury. Can you watch out for a signpost for the road to Whitstable?"

I told him any lift was better than walking, and that I was grateful. No sooner were the words out of my mouth than my guardian angel grew horns. In front of us, going up a reasonably steep incline, a van was overtaking a heavy lorry. The lorry driver was waving him on and the van had room enough to close in towards the curb before taking the brow of the hill. The madman behind the wheel beside me decided to overtake the van.

The van cut in sharply and began waving us down. The lorry flagged us down wildly. The lunatic accelerated.

He cut in sharply in front of the van and the lorry and sped over the brow. A car coming in the opposite direction braked sharply to avoid the collision. Van and lorry also braked, and all four vehicles played a little improvised tune on their horns. We sped on.

"That's the way to show 'em," said my driver. "Show 'em who's the boss. They think they own the roads, but they don't y'know. It's my road as much as theirs....." He kept this up for about a mile and then pulled in. He pushed a map into my white clenched hands and asked me tell him where we were. I obliged. "Left my glasses at home," he explained. "Blind as a bat without them."

A quarter of an hour later we were approaching what looked like a sizeable

market town. "Why, isn't this Canterbury!" exclaimed the nut. "But I asked you to look out for the Whitstable road. You know which turning I mean! Why didn't you point it out to me?"

I tried to explain that I didn't know the road, that it was the first time I'd travelled along it and that I had indeed been looking for his infamous Whitstable road but that I hadn't seen it. It was no use. My newly found friend insisted that I'd let him pass the road in order to let him take me six or seven miles along my route.

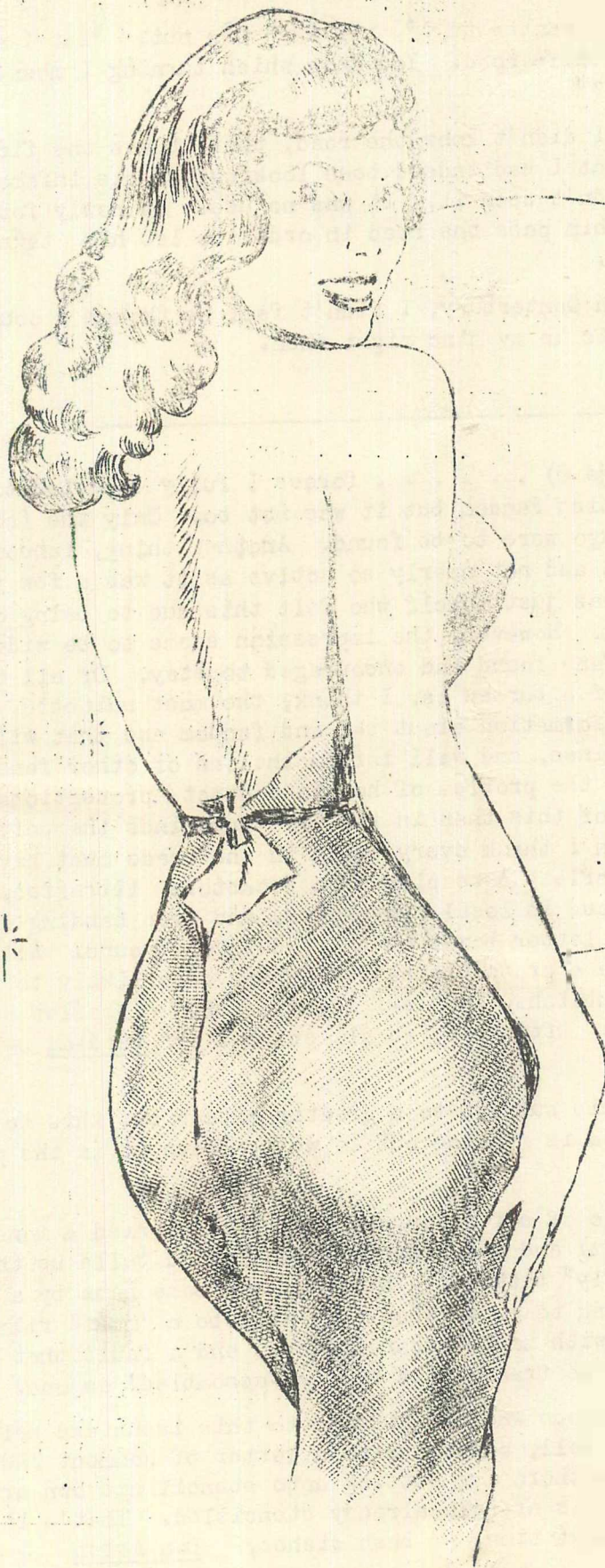
I walked straight through Canterbury, I didn't feel as though I could face the Cathedral with the thoughts in my mind right then.

(YAK'S BACK continued from page 5) forces I fully expected to see dozens of new names about British Fandom but it was not so. Only the familiar names of two and three years ago were to be found. Another thing, fandom today strikes me as being very quiet and not nearly so active as it was a few years back. At first I thought it was just myself who felt this due to being out of touch and unactive for so long. However, the impression seems to be widespread. Fandom needs shaking and new fans found and encouraged to stay. Of all the suggestions I have read the one of a bureau is, I think, the most suitable. A bureau where fans can write to for information about e-f and fandom and that will recommend the most suitable fanzines, and will inform the fan of other fans in his own area, etc.. Then there is the problem of how to contact Potential fans and there is no better place for this than in the e-f magazines themselves. When the NESFS was in formation I think every trick in the trade must have been tried to contact new fans. Leaflets were placed in bookstores, libraries, cinemas showing e-f films, adverts placed in local newspapers, and even handing leaflets to newspaper boys to slip into letter boxes on their delivery round. All this was to no avail. No, I believe a Potential fan is far more likely to take notice of something he reads published in a e-f magazine than a leaflet he picks up in a bookstore or elsewhere. After all, we all started off reading e-f and finding fandom later.

I would like to discuss this subject to a greater extent but this is the last page of the issue and space is running out so we'll leave it in the pending file.

There's going to be a surge of e-f films shortly, ("I married a monster from outer space" amongst them) and our contact in Hollywood tells us that a company there is to film "The Fly" based on a story of the same name by a French author. If the story is anything to go by then this will be a 'must' film. The basic plot being concerned with matter-transmitters, and a fault that causes a cat, a human and a fly all to be transmitted and 're-assembled' as one!

Many thanks go out to all those who contributed to this issue and helped to make it what it is. Which is - well, please write a letter of comment and tell us. Thanks especially to Jim Cawthorn for cutting onto stencil his own artwork and to John Berry for supplying his article already stencilled. That's it then, hope you like the issue, until next time, best wishes, Don Allen - - -



A FANS' GUIDE TO
HEAVENLY BODIES.

MERCURY:

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IN THE TWILIGHT ZONE.