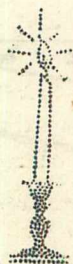


SATELLITE



MERRY CHRISTMAS



AND A



HAPPY NEW YEAR

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YE ED YAKS

By DON ALLEN

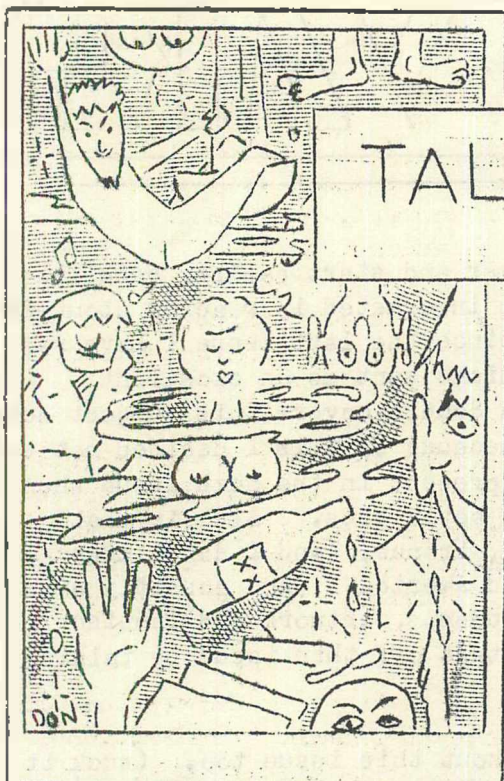
I think I should put a sub-title on the cover and start calling Satellite "The International Fanzine"! I've always been interested in reading about SF and fannish activities in other countries and since the last issue I have received reports from all over the World. Ulf Miehe sent me an excellent account of the SFCE's history. However, Erwin Scudla covers this subject quite adequately in his article "SF in Austria" and because of this I decided not to use Ulf's article. Nevertheless, Ulf will be present in the next issue when he will give an up-to-date account of German SF activities. Also in that issue we should have interesting articles from, France, (and I don't mean Brigitte Bardot..) Norway, Sweden, Australia and America. And possibly even Hong Kong! Plus of course all the usual departments, artwork and fannish articles. And isn't this a hell of a way to start off this issue by talking about the next!

Of course the international flavour runs throughout this issue too. (suck it and see!) You'll find some very interesting fannish news items from different parts of the World in the letters section.

Patric Moore, Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, Interplanetary Society, BBC Television's astronomer, author of some 24 books or more, etc., was in Gateshead the other week and I made an unsuccessful attempt to contact him during his two-day visit. You see I wanted to put him right about fanzines! If you have read his book "Science and Fiction" then you will no doubt remember in the section about fanzines where he says; "I recently read through one fanzine, published in Gateshead, and came to the last page without having gathered the faintest notion of what it was all about." Poor man, the shame of it all, and him actually writing a book about SF too, and not knowing how to appreciate a fanzine. Tut tut! Then there is that eminent author J.B. Priestley also writing about SF in the "New Statesman" and saying some very foolish things indeed. I suggest that before these people attempt to write about SF again they should have a complete and comprehensive knowledge of the whole SF field and all its activities. Maybe after a few years of following SF activities they would be in a position to write a more authentic account. But then they would probably be far too busy publishing their own fanzines to have time for such things..!

Then there was the pretty negress who had been saving her earnings approached her mistress, before getting married, and asked her to keep her money for her. "But won't you be needing it, honey?" "Maybe, ma'am, but you don't think ah'm gonna keep all dat money in de house with a strange niggah prowlin' about?"

now turn to page 12 for more.....



TALES OF INCHMERY

By A. VINCENT CLARKE

The Victorian essayists had a bright idea when they were at a loss for a subject for an article; they would hunt around for their Bartlett, sort out a suitable quotation, bang it down on the top of a page, gaze at it pensively for a few minutes and then get going with a few rich rolling phrases in which the original thought was lost to view like a hansom in a London Particular. You can see the process in Poe, where he starts the Murders in the Rue Morgue with that tag from Sir Thomas Browne about what song the sirens sung not being beyond speculation. You read on, expect-

ing to find mermaids, and you have mayhem and massacre instead.

So if I'd started this with a quotation from Byron's Don Juan: "'Tis strange but true; for truth is always strange, - Stranger than fiction." , I'd have been travelling a well-worn rut, and the only reason I didn't do it was because I don't want to become known as the Ripley of sf fandom.

"Yes," you'd say, impatiently, skipping the first paragraph or so, "we know all that...but where do you mention my name?" (Ah, the hunt for egoboo, I know it well.) No thought about the inner significance of that Victorian epigram about truth. Yet, the fact is, I've been presented with some space by Don for the purpose of supporting Byron.

Don is not aware of this. Don, his service career having roughened that polished manner which laid low many a damsel at the Kettering Cons., thinks that I am going to up and start a fight with Archie Mercer on the subject of truth and fiction. Don, reading Archie's account of the latter's visit to Inchmery fandom (of which I have the doubtful honour of being the patriarch) in Satellite 7 thinks it must be fiction.

Hah. How wrong can you get? I am behind Byron on this, tooth and tentacle. Tooth is stranger...I beg your pardon...Truth is stranger than Fiction, and I hereby affirm that Mr. Mercer has given as truthful an account as myopia, an addiction to jazz and a fleeting impression formed while stumbling in dead drunk after the debauchery of a river-boat shuffle could be expected to produce. Fandom is a Way of Life and Fandom is a Ghoddamned Hobby are not really mutually exclusive, and we like the atmosphere of dead magazines and

duplicating ink anyway.

Archie has, in fact, missed out on one or two things in which even I have difficulty in believing...and I practice believing in 6 impossible things before breakfast. There was the night, for instance, when something kept on hobbling across the rafters over the ceiling with an odd slurring sound dreadfully reminiscent, to anyone who had read Lovecraft, of the Dread Messenger of Yog-Sothoth. As I'd recently had an operation I couldn't be expected to go up the ladder through the trap-door in the bathroom ceiling and investigate for myself, and Sandy was too busy for some weeks afterwards, so we never did find out what it was. Probably a small harmonic from Sandy's hi-fi system.

There is also the odd circumstance that all the doors in the house have small bolts on them, on the inside and the outside. One doesn't know what aspect to boggle at more; the circumstance of the beleaguered householder with Ghod-knows-what trying to get in, or the nameless Things which had to be kept locked up inside the rooms. Maybe, in some pre-diluvian era, the place was used as a Convention hotel.

Yes, the truth will out. I have often thought of giving some impressions of the various visitors that have entered the portals of Inchmery Fandom...Inchmery Fandom at 7 Inchmery Road that is. Those old portal house us no longer as we have now moved to a new site at 236 Queen's Road, London, SE 14. We call our new abode "Inchmery" though. Rather than establish a new group name we decided to take the old one with us and made it the name of the house. We had to move for the strain of keeping mouse-quiet after 10 o'clock at night for fear of disturbing our charming but elderly landlord and landlady had become too much to bear. I suppose that I'm missing a golden opportunity in not writing a general resume of the course and career of Inchmery Fandom right now, before it fades from the memory under the impact of the new site, but when I think of those visitors I know that sheer descriptive inability will stop the typer under my paralysed fingers.

Archie himself, for instance; a gentle, ovoid figure whose well marked brows seemed always to be vee'd in a frown or arched in surprise; the surprise, I remember, when I showed him the little switch on the side of the wireless for the purpose of switching off the set, which he had failed to discover and which led to a full-bodied "Oh!" of astonishment. Archie was fond of saying "Oh!" We reached the point where we couldn't bear the thought of that fat little phrase quivering in the air without something to mark its passage, so very soon, after every "Oh!", someone would murmur "Exclamation mark."

Ron Bennett, an ebullient minority of one of his vivid appreciation of rugby, yet he would keep us entertained for hours, without even showing us the scars received on the field...Arthur Thomson, talking busily about the Goon and at the same time modelling a half-pound lump of plasticine into a perfect Atom-illo monster...Ted Tubb, talking at such length that I couldn't even keep up with a tape-recorder, I had to keep changing tapes...the Bulmers, the Buckmasters, Bobbie Wilde, Harry Turner, Harris Himself, fans, fans, fans....

We should worry about being a fantastic household with visitors like those...

SCIENCE FICTION IN AUSTRIA

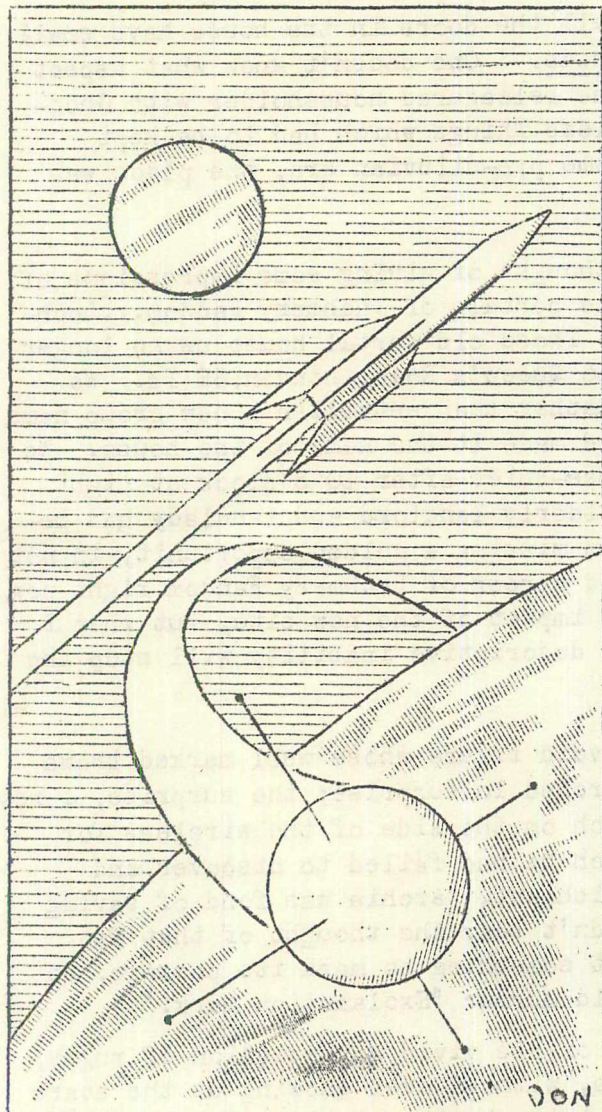
By ERWIN E.K. SCUDLA

Austria was always in the forefront of European culture, and now, as a neutral country between East and West, an island of peace in the turmoil of world economics and politics so to speak, it is predestined to be a bulwark of the Science Fiction idea. In fact Austria has become a bulwark of the International SF fandom! During the last two years the History of the Austrian SF development was entirely connected with German SF fandom.

Although German-language books, which you would call "SF" or "Fantasy" today, were first printed in the 18th century, there was nothing like SF fandom in Austria until 1946. In July, 1946, the Utopia Club Austria (UCA), the first SF association on the European continent, was born under the guidance of Erwin E. K. Scudla. At this time it was impossible for Austrian readers to get American or English SF literature, and even the expression Science Fiction itself was completely unknown throughout Austria.

In the following years the UCA worked therefore on a local and private basis only, without any connection with the outside world. At this time the first paper-backed Austrian SF series "Im Jahre 2000" (In the Year 2000) appeared, but unfortunately folded again after 5 issues. There was also a half-utopian paper-backed series called "Der U-Boot-Pirat" (The Submarine Pirate) which portrayed a kind of futuristic technical adventures and folded also after about 10 issues.

In 1953 the UCA noted the existence of fans in other countries for the first time. Soon a more or less independent branch of the UCA was formed to promote the connections between the (at this time only 30) Austrian fans with the fans and clubs in other countries. This branch of the UCA received the name of Science Fiction Club Austria (SFOCA) and



a little later this name was changed into the now well known name of International Science Fiction Society (ISFS). The ISFS became the most important part of the UCA, and today the name UCA is no longer current at all.

Some time later the first German paper-backed SF series "Utopia" was published by Pabel Publishers and was also sold in Austria. It was quickly followed by the "Utopia-Grossband" (a larger magazine) and "Utopia-Kriminal" (futurian detective stories). Based on these series and on the help of Pabel Publishers the editor-in-Chief, Walter Ernsting, founded the Science Fiction Club Deutschland (SFCD) in the Summer of 1955.

In December 1956 a new Austrian SF series called "Uranus" was brought out by Steffek Publishers in Vienna. But edited without any ambitions and knowledge of the field it brought only trash and hurt the SF idea more than promoted it. Soon after Walter Ernsting edited Pabel's "Utopia-Magazin" which soon was well known and appreciated all over the world because of its really most excellent layout.

Not only was the ISFS growing more and more in many countries and developing to the worldwide society it is today, but also the SFCD extended its field of activity, and an Austrian and a Swiss Section of the SFCD were formed. Walter Lehning Publishers in Hannover, Germany, began to publish a new German SF series named "Luna-Utopia" and some trashy SF comics for children. In Austria the Steffek Publishers put out an utopian detective series called "Star-Utopia".

In Summer 1957 a quarrel broke out between Walter Ernsting, the first Chairman of the SFCD, and its second Chairman, Heinz Bingenheimer. This quarrel ended in the formation of the SF-book-club "Transgalaxis" by Heinz Bingenheimer, this weakened the SFCD very considerably. Walter Ernsting became President of the SFCD, Wolf Detlef Rohr became its manager for Germany (both professionals) and Erich Schödnauer and Walter Wegmann became its managers for Austria and Switzerland.

Soon the "Utopia-Kriminal" series ended, another dispute between the SFCD and Pabel Publishers broke out because of Pabel's megalomaniac attitude. Walter Ernsting left his appointment at Pabel and became Editor-in-Chief at Moewig Publishers who were going to publish "Terra" and shortly "Terra-Sonderband" and "Galaxis", a German-language edition of the American magazine "Galaxy". These three Moewig series are the most popular SF series in Austria and Germany today.

After this Walter Ernsting and Wolf Detlef Rohr broke up the SFCD executive and changed the club's name into Science Fiction Club Europa (SFCE). At the same time the ISFS was re-organised; it was divided into the ISFS Central Committee (the international top organization of the ISFS) and a number of local ISFS branch offices all over the world.

The autocratic degradation of the other SFCD officers was - in connection with other insufficiencies - the chance for two other groups of the SFCE to break away. On June 1st 1958 the Stellaris Science Fiction Interessengemeinschaft (SSFI) was formed in Frankfurt am Main, Germany, by Karl-Herbert Scheer, former member of the SFCD executive and the most favourite German SF author. About the same time most of the Austrian SFCE members under the direction Erich Schödnauer built up the Interessengemeinschaft für wissenschaftliche Utopie (IGWU) in Vienna.



I was over in Paris just recently staying with that fine old fan Ray Nelson, the co-inventor of the propellor beanie and cartoonists and fan-writer par excellence.

People seem to want to know whether I had any trouble with the riots etc. so I thought I'd take this advantage to say that 1) yes, we were stopped by the police, twice, 2) yes, we did see bits of riots.

Ray, as far as I can gather, can speak near-fluent French. But it was really a treat to see him playing the dumb tourist to the harassed, helmeted, rifled French police.

Of course, when we walked down the Chante de Liad to see how the riots were coming along, we forgot our passports and although we were allowed through by the first batch of police who stopped us, the next lot proved difficult. Here Ray's act got us out of what might have been a slightly embarrassing predicament. We were dressed - um - casually and we thought later that we might have looked just a little suspicious. However, when we got to the second lot of cops, we were quickly surrounded by them while a tall young policeman, speaking French like a native, attempted to question us.

"Hungh?" said Ray, as near as I can spell it.

"Papier!" he bellowed in frustration, "Avez vous les papiers?"

"Pap - ers?" said Ray, his brow crinkling, while I fumbled in my jacket looking confused. Well, let's face it, I was confused.

The policeman raised his eyes to the moonless sky. "Mon Dieu," is what he might have said. He gave his rifle to a smaller policeman who was also raising his eyes to the sky - maybe they thought it was going to rain or something - and

rummaged in his tunic at last getting out a wallet which said, in English, POLICE.

"Ah, police," said Ray.

"~~Yes, yes~~ ()" said the young policeman, in French of course.

Just then an older, fatter policeman walked slowly up with a mysterious smile on his face and addressed the young policeman again in what I took to be French. After a short conversation his smile changed to a frown and he fixed us with an eagle gaze, at least it would have been an eagle gaze if he hadn't been wearing glasses, as it was it was more of the gaze of a rather severe owl.

"Vous etes Anglais?" is roughly what he said.

"Er - " I said, but Ray interrupted smoothly. "I'm American!" he bellowed in the way people do who can't speak the language.

"Ah," said the policeman, also looking up to see if the sky had cleared yet, "you are American!" Well, he didn't exactly spit. "You have your passports?"

"Passports - well, no!"

"No passports?" he moved nearer.

"No passports - I left mine behind!"

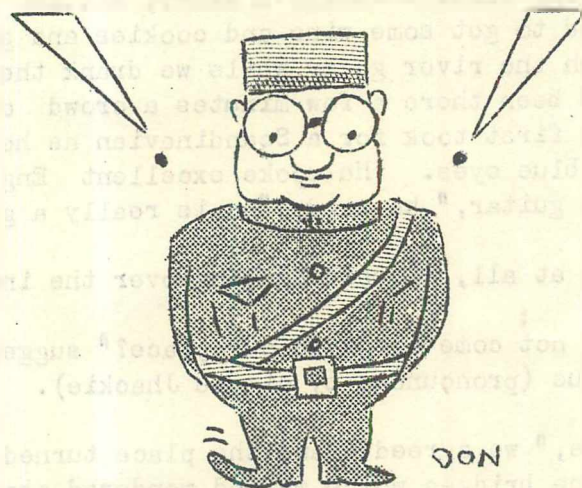
"Where?"

"At the place where I'm staying....."

"Your hotel?"

"Well - "

"Yes, our hotel," interrupted Ray, "we left them at our hotel."



The policeman looked speculatively at the paddy-wagon, it was full. Sighing he waved his hand in the direction of a side road. "Well," he said, "you can't pass here - you had better go back to your hotel and find your passports....."

Breathing a little better we went down the side street and walked back parallel to the Chante de Lisé. Suddenly we heard shouts, the shrill wail of French police whistles (which wail in fluent French) and the sound of running feet. We knew what it was, police chasing rioters. We also realised that if we ran too there was a possibility of the police catching and arresting us. If we didn't we'd be in the middle of it. The street was narrow and offered no cover. So we kept walking slowly. The personification of the Britisher Abroad. While police and rioters swarmed past there were Ray and myself calmly walking along and chatting about this and that and praying, right in the middle of them. In a few seconds they had disappeared and we staggered thankfully to the nearest bistro. The way Ray acted was, well, it was positively English - you'd almost

think he came from Boston.

Speaking of Boston, there's a little bookstore opposite the cathedral of Notre Dame in the Quartier St. Julien le Pauvre which is called by us the Latin Quarter and is also on the Left Bank. It's called the Mistral Bookshop and it's run by George Whitman, descendant of the poet Walt Whitman, ten years out of Boston. Soft-spoken and relaxed, George runs what must be one of the best stocked bookstores of its size (for English language books) in the world. There's SF here a-plenty for all those who want it. Magazines and books are available to read on the premises, to be borrowed for a trifling fee of 10 francs or 2d. or about 4 cents or so, I guess. Outside the store is a table and some chairs, the table has a chess set always there and generally decorated with flowers. George or one of his assistants is always around with a glass of tea and some biscuits - always free of charge and if you're lucky towards the end of the evening (George closes at midnight) the tea may be replaced with something stronger. George will be in England soon and will probably stay at my place - he is thinking of opening another store in Hong Kong.

One day, after we'd spent a good part of the afternoon playing our guitars and singing outside George's store, sitting in the sun and swapping songs, we decided to get some wine and cookies and go down to the banks of the Seine and watch the river go by while we drank the wine and sang some more songs. After we'd been there a few minutes a crowd of French boys came along. One of them I at first took for a Scandinavian as he had really blonde hair, fair complexion and blue eyes. He spoke excellent English. "Do you mind if my friend plays your guitar," he said, "he is really a great player?"

"Not at all," I said handing over the instrument. It was Ray's.

"Why not come along to our place?" suggested the boy whose name turned out to be Jacques (pronounced by him as Jhackie).

"Fine," we agreed - and the place turned out to be a little room almost under one of the bridges which we had wondered about earlier. It was reached by balancing on a small projection which ran for a little way along the stone wall. Below us was the Seine. Edging along it we finally arrived there. Deposited our bottles on a little table and found seats on the bits of masonry scattered about - or sat outside the entrance - or rather just inside the doorway - and for a while we listened to the guitarist - whose name was Jac. He played magnificently all kinds of music, sang humorous French songs, Algerian songs, jazz. This is a boy with all the vivacity which the Frenchman is said to have, and seems rarely to exhibit - good-looking in his way, brimming over with personality, he had a good voice and an easy style - the definite makings of a star. He told us later that he'd had an audition for cabaret and had also made a recording. Here was a boy who should really go far.

As we played and the sun shone on the waters of the Seine rushing furiously past, a small crowd gathered on the bridge above us. We played jazz, with the guitar case for drums, kazoo playing horn parts and Jac's wonderful guitar beating out rhythm and melody. It makes you wonder whether times like these will come again.

The life of a free-lance journalist is hard, I've found this out since I left "Tarzan", so it looks as if my plans to go and live in Paris won't be realised for another few months or so until I have managed to save up more money and arrange a job over there.

"Science Fiction International" we call our fanzine. We took time and trouble in preparing it and making it a really international zine with articles to appeal to every taste in fandom. The complete job was 62 pages long, including a photo-offset cover, and we were very proud of it. After mailing out a few advance copies and handing one or two to those present we took the main pile along to the post office for mailing.

The Douane had reached the P.O. before us. This was the time when things were really coming to a head in Paris and Civil War seemed likely. The Douane are the people who organise things for the government. This time it was inspecting the mails. A day or so earlier, all papers sold in Paris had large blank gaps in them with CENSORED all over the place. We had heard that the police were clamping down on all small pamphlets and magazines but thought that our fanzine would be all right. We, the editors - Michel Boulet, Ray and I - piled high with SFIs had to hang around for about half an hour while they opened one of the envelopes and read through the zine. We watched with sinking spirits while the woman doing the inspecting called a policeman over and talked to him. It was almost laughable to see the puzzled looks. But it wasn't so funny when the policeman picked up a form from the table and came over to us and said something in French. Michel and Ray answered him as my French isn't too good anyway and Michel had to fill in the form, giving the name of the zine, it's editors/publishers and our address - which we gave as Ray's as it was mainly produced at his place. Then we were told that the zines would be kept by the police until such a time when the trouble in France would be over. Ray hasn't heard anything since although he's written to the people several times.

So that's how weeks of work and money were wasted - not to mention the trouble other people had gone to to give us contributions and help.

Since then the word 'Fandom' has probably become irretrievably connected with 'Subversive' and 'Revolutionaire' etc..

It makes you wonder.....

SF IN AUSTRIA (cont.) The remaining few Austrian SFCE members formed a new SF CE Section in Salzburg, and Heinrich Richter became the new SFCE Austrian manager. Also in Summer 1958 both Austrian SF series, "Uranus" and "Star-Utopia" folded, so that at the moment only the existing German SF series are sold in Austria.

Today the SFCE and the ISFS Central Committee co-operate on a friendly base, the SFCE has become an associate of the ISFS and the ISFS CC has taken over the representation of the SFCE in international affairs. But it was not always so! In 1957 and in spring 1958 there were some contraversies between the two clubs! The first time was because the ISFS wanted a close co-operation, but the SFCE, at that time, wanted to get the monarchy of all German speaking countries and rejected all proposals of the ISFS for co-operation. The second time because

the ISFS refused to take the SFCE's part in the SFCE-TRANSGALAXIS quarrel, but insisted on standing on its neutral and impartial point of view. But now these unpleasant affairs are finished. The ISFS is a thriving concern, our membership is always on the increase and we have many plans for the future. Our newest branch office is in England with the editor of this fanzine, Don Allen, in charge.

Now you are up-to-date and I will close hoping that you have enjoyed reading about the ISFS and found the article of interest. Erwin. E.K.Scudla.

YE ED CONTINUES TO YAK

I suppose I had better make some sort of statement about this issue's cover before you go jumping to a conclusion (that would be like throwing oneself off a cliff-top...). There is definitely only ONE cover design on this issue! Last issue Jim and I played a little ploy by using seven different cover designs. Every 25th copy or so we changed covers and went into hysterics imagining the confusion caused. For instance a couple of fans could be discussing the cover and each one would be talking about a totally different illo - if you let your imagination run you can conjure up some really funny scenes! I had planned on including a photo-page in this issue showing all the different covers used but my printer couldn't turn one out in time for my deadline. So that's something else to be used in the next issue...

It's story time again, dear reader, one moment while I put on my tin-hat - right, are you sitting comfortably? Good - we shall begin, or rather continue from where we left off last time, which was -

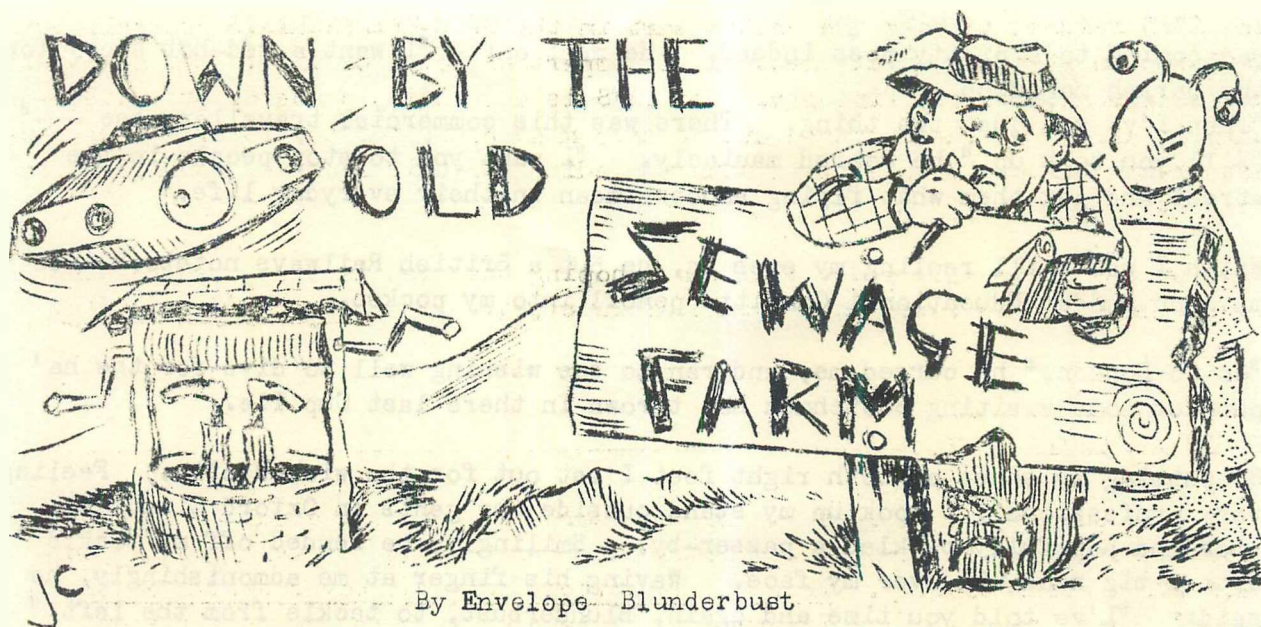
UXBRIDGE - OCTOBER 1956

The 'Britannia Shield' competitions in Shooting, Fencing, Swimming, Boxing, etc. were about to take place and military participants from all over the World were billeted at the RAF Headquarters in Uxbridge. I was a member of the shooting party which left Uxbridge at 6am every morning for seven days running (undoubtedly making one weak) to go to the Bisley ranges where the qualifying rounds of the pistol, bren, sten, and rifle heats were fired off. The reason we went to the ranges so early in the morning was so that firing could take place while the air was crisp and clear and thus promoting better marksmanship. But of course there were a couple of mornings we couldn't even see for fog and this made bulls very hard target!

It was on such a fog-bound day that I had the opportunity to pay a visit to Paul Enever.

Towards late in the afternoon the fog lifted and allowed the sun to shine down from out of a clear blue sky. I took advantage of this unexpected spell of good weather by deciding not to wear my uniform and changed into a sports shirt cardigan, jeans and plimsols. I then set out for Hillingdon. Unknown to me though, at that time, the easiest way to get to Paul Enever's home was to catch a bus from outside the camp-gates a distance of three stops or so. This way would have brought me within about two hundreds yards of the Enever abode. But, now that I was a highly trained troop, it would be cheating to take the

continued on page 26.



By Envelope Blunderbust

A typical tale of an unspoiled country village

The other morning my landlady kicked me out of bed at 2pm and left me to pour out my own breakfast. Having done this I kept up the trend by going down to The Compost Heap and pouring out more of the staff of life until closing time, when Crafty Sam the landlord invited me into the back parlour for a friendly game of see who's under the table first. For this I had to know the secret password - no, you'd hardly call XXX a word, would you?

While reclining on the floor I asked Sam if he'd mind my having a drink at another pub sometime, and he said no as long as I didn't make a habit of it. He said I'd got enough bad habits already. Just imagine, he said, Blunderbust habits springing up all over the place. It's doubtful if the country's economy could stand up to it. Feeling relieved to know I had a friend - just one - I kicked the door open and rolled in the direction of home. I didn't want to wear out my shoes and couldn't stand anyway.

I hadn't got more than halfway when I heard a voice calling me. This is the usual way of calling me, because I'm the only non-telepath in Ompa Jomper. Shading my eyes with a couple of dock leaves, I saw it was Omnia Vincent, the Parish Clerk. He got the job because he had been on the parish longer than anyone.

"I've got a job for you," he leered. The words shocked me upright.

"G-g-g- a d-j-j-j-" I gave up. It was no use trying to stammer convincingly. Holding on to the weaving, staggering lamppost, I tried to listen to his proposal. After a while he remembered he was not speaking to his girl friend, so stopped swearing and got off his knees. I wedged the lamppost with a couple of stones to keep it still.

"Have you ever heard of flying saucers?" he asked. My eyes bulged at the question. Flying Saucers! First the Wright Brothers, now this. The world

was coming to a pretty pass indeed. He went on: "I want a red-hot story for the parish magazine - "

"Then I've got just the thing. There was this commercial traveller, see - -" "Will you belt up," he roared maniacly. "I want you to stop people in the street and ask them what flying saucers mean in their everyday life."

While I was still reeling my eyes in, he put a British Railways notebook into my hand and an Educational Committee pencil into my pocket.

"Go to London," he cursed me, and ran to the wishing well to dive for the ha' pennies some visiting Scotchmen had thrown in there last Cup Tie.

So putting my shoes on both right feet I set out for the wicked city. Feeling very professional, I took up my stand outside the gents on Oxford Circus station and hopefully tackled a passer-by. Smilingly, he fended off my tackle with a big hand all over my face. Waving his finger at me admonishingly, he said: "I've told you time and again, Blunderbust, to tackle from the left." It was my one time sports master. I should have seen the Old Borstalian tie. My next effort was in Lisle Street. Accosting a tall, fair young woman in slacks, I began,

"Excuse me - - "

"I'm thorry," she said, "but I'm just not that thort of boy."

This incident drove me, believe it or not, to coffee. (They weren't open). With my hands in my pockets, I walked into one of those strangely sinful Espresso places and, daring, asked for - wait for it - coffee. Just as I was about to drink, about a thousand guitars and twice as many raucous voices began to yell "It takes a worried man to sing a worried song - - " I jumped a mile and coffee went all over the floor. The girl behind the counter snarled, "Can't you be careful? When I've wiped that up the place'll look clean and I'll loose custom."

In danger of my life I rushed out, realising too late that I still had the cup. Throwing it nonchalantly through the window I went on my way.

It was opening time soon after this, so I poured out my tea and decided to have supper simultaneously. After the fourteenth pint I didn't feel hungry any more, so decided to continue my investigation in Hyde Park. Soon I met a very wise and pretty young lady who said of course she knew all about flying saucers and if I came back to her flat she'd tell me all I wanted to knowand so she did! Unfortunately I forgot to take notes, which left me back where I started.

However, the lesson had been very interesting, so I determined that I would ask the very first lady I met. The moon was high and bright by now and there were very few ladies about, but suddenly I came upon two together, dressed in long skirts which trailed the ground and hats with two funny sort of horns with imitation eyes on the end. Like an over eager schoolboy, I blurted: "Do you know anything about flying saucers?"

One of them said reproachfully, "Lily, (I'm sure it was Lily) I thought you

said they didn't know?"

"Well, my dear," said the other, "I must have been mistaken. Perhaps we'd better show him." They blinked at me with those imitation eyes and I followed them. There, hidden behind some ornamental shrubbery, was a thing like a big pudding basin sort of squashed. We went inside. The door was closed behind us and there was that feeling like you have in a lift going up. Then one of the ladies pushed up a kind of aluminium blind and there was a window.

"Look," she said. Well, she might, too. There was a lot of black sky with stars all over the place and there was the Earth and the Moon floating right in the middle. This made me lose my temper.

"What do you mean by it," I stormed, "promising to tell me about flying saucers then bringing me up here on one of these new fangled aeroplanes instead?"

They looked at each other, then Lily said, "Music hath charms, dear." She pressed a switch and the air was tortured with the horrible raucous row called jazz. This awful noise, with its sheer intensity of melody, the savage bang bang bang of the drums, the nervewracking ecstasy of polyrhythm, tore through and through my head. I collapsed on the floor, clasping my tortured ears.

"Take me home, please take me home," I pleaded.

The music ceased. O blessed peace! A little later there was a soft bump and I stepped out into Hyde Park again. Dawn paled the east. As I staggered through the shrubbery, there was a sudden draught and the basin flew over my head. Soon I thankfully boarded the train for home. On the way home I wrote down all that happened for the sake of my piece of mind. At the station Omnia awaited me.

"Got anything?"

Wordlessly I handed him the notebook. Eagerly he skimmed through it, then threw it in my face.

"What do you think you are? A fanzine editor?" he snarled. "By Ghod even Bobbie Wilde could do better than this."

I'd had about enough. I threw him down the wishing well and screwed the lid on. Unfortunately, a party of Americans released him, being under the impression that he was a spirit of the well. If only the Excise Men knew what that spirit really was! One of the Americans picked up my notebook and took it with him.

There is only one thing I want to know. Who is this Adamski fellow who keeps writing to me? ? ?

Some guys look down at the heel, but others look up at the thigh.

Many a girl sows her wild oats on a Saturday night, then goes to church on Sunday and prays for a crop failure.



Well we really have lots of letters lined up for use in this issue but unless I turn out a fifty-plus page issue I can't possibly print each and every one in full. So what we'll do is wade through the letters and pick bits and pieces of interest from each - and the first letter off the pile is from -

BETTY KUJAWA 2819 Caroline St., South Bend, Indiana, U.S.A.

So thank thee muchly for Satellite 7. Enjoyed it heartily. Would like to sub but alas I have no English money and don't pub a fanzine! ((In such a case all you have to do is send a letter of comment per issue or two prozines will bring you the next three issues - that applies to all overseas fans by the way)) YAKS BACK was dandy - am anxious to read more of your experiences in the forces. Carr's IN THE BEGINNING was relished - very close to my own sentiments on that subject. And, by the by, that's good art too. GHOD & CHLOROPHYLL fractured me. I see by the letters that that latest insult to American music "Witch Doctor" has invaded your fog shrouded shores! ((Yes s'right - and to add insult to injury the exact same tune is now dished out but with new words and title - something about "There's a little brass band inside my heart" -)) Of course I am passionately in love with John Berry - the absolute end in my book. Better hasten to add I know John only by his printed works of renown. Mercer's LONDON FANMARKS are fascinating to me. And I hope I haven't broken your li'l heart by not writing anything critical - can't help it - I LIKED the mag!!! ((Pleased))

RON BENNETT 7 Southway, Arthurs Ave., Harrogate.

Thanks for S7 which arrived this morning. I'm sorry I wasn't there to greet this old friend. I was in bed - got up at noon, which is sound training for SF conventions. ((you should know)) A neat pair of covers - first time I have seen this build-up technique used in the fan-field. The John Berry piece was superb. Great, terrific and all that. That line 'I accept your unconditional surrender' made me laugh outloud, something I tend to do more often at John's humour than anything else, I think. London Landmarks reflected a

remarkable degree of observation by Archie. I can bear out everything he's said here as these are glimpses of the small part of London I know. Yes, that comfortable Clarkerie! I lived there for five weeks last summer and a thoroughly marvellous time I had. There was a famine on though as regards the number of fen who dropped in while I was there (co-incidence?), Tony Klein, Brian Burgess and Arthur Thomson. Of course I couldn't get used to it! During the two years I've been in Harrogate only Eddie Jones, Norman Shorrocks, Ellis Mills, Con Turner, Terry Jeeves and Jan Jansen have been here. Well, mate. I enjoyed Satellite. I didn't think it quite as good as previous issues but this is no real criticism. It was good and you've made a memorable return to the top fannish circles you occupied those few years ago. We know it can be better still though and I look forward to seeing that previous extra high standard you had. One big criticism I have of this particular issue is that there wasn't enough of Don Allen. ((Cor mate, you don't arf say the nicest things! Often think I ramble on far too much in Satellite, still I gotta fill the issue out with something. With regards to my 'previous high standard' - of course I try to keep it up, but last issue was a rush job and no planning went into the lay-out and I'm afraid that this issue is a rush job too. Just keeping a mental note that such and such will be on so and so page with an illo here, there, etc. Shamefull isn't it..))

MIKE MOORCOCK 19 Jubilee Court, London Rd., Thornton Heath, Surrey.

I enjoyed Satellite 7 a great deal. The cover, it seems to me, is a direct take-off by Jim of Burroughsiana - same format etc. All lovely egoboo I suppose. Enjoyed Y&K'S BACK. One good thing about the forces and being a schoolteacher - you can see quite a good portion of the world. Schoolteachers have long holidays. This is really treading a much-trodden road isn't it? IN THE BEGINNING, is well enough expressed I suppose, but why bother to express something which is, or has been taken for granted by most fans - most intelligent ones I mean. The ones who can read. Well, anyway, what I'm getting at is that this idea of Terry's comes up when ever religion is the topic of conversation anywhere. Everyone's heard it, I'm sure, somewhere or other. Didn't think much of Alan Burn's article. Ponderous humour at best and I feel it's better not to try to write a humorous article at all if you've got to try hard, force the joke out. GHOD AND CHLOROPHYLL was extremely entertaining and it's a pity Nigel isn't writing more frequently nowadays. ((See that Nigel, you're wanted back, so how about it huh? Come home Nigel Lindsay)) Didn't know Cato Lindberg was on the scene around '56. ((Yes, and before. Where he is now though I can't say. Last I heard from him was in September when he was celebrating his demob from the Norwegian Army and saying that he would shortly be at sea with the Merchant Navy.))

ERIC BENTCLIFFE 47 Alldis St., Great Moor, Stockport, Cheshire.

SATELLITE, despite the fact that my cold was at its worst when I read it it was greatly enjoyed. I liked the Mercer article best, both the bit on the Clarke domicile and on Mike Moorcock. Nice reporting. I don't think the layout and duping is quite as impeccable as used to be the case, but no doubt you are still breaking the wife in on slipsheeting etc., so this can be understood. ((Never thought of that excuse y'know. Must get her properly trained)) The illos were good, of course, and I like that 'false cover'. Nigel's piece

was most excellent, too, and well worth a reprint. It's a pity that Nigel seems to have forsaken the fannish way . . a great pity. Your editorial was good, I always enjoy reading of fannish meetings and such. It's a great shame that Cheltenham, Liverpool and all the other fan centres can't be moved closer together. Oh yes, and tell Jim I liked that cover.

ALAN BURNS Goldspink House, Goldspink Lane, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 2.

How nice it was to get Sally 7, and observe that not only are the illustrations their usual impeccable selves but they are even better! Sally tickled my nostalgia nerve something cruel. Oh those gay mad sane carefree worried days of the Nezfez. You know, I suppose, that GESTALT died of moribundity as soon as Jim Marshall got himself a Gestetner rotary, as long as Ges was produced by sweat and toil it lived, but ease killed it. I do a little fanning on my own, as I am now the possessor of a Lion Rotary duper. Fact of the matter is this. I'm a member of the International Friendship league, and this duper was lying in a sore state of neglect, it was alone, no-one wanted it, until I saw it, it gave me the same look of incredible disbelief that the inmates of Belsen gave the American troops. Anyway, I bought the thing, had it fixed up and am now using it to turn out my own fanzine NORTHLIGHT.

ESMOND ADAMS 433 Locust Ave., S.E., Huntsville, Alabama, U.S.A.

Satellite 7 was quite an enjoyable zine. The cover was definitely good. The shading looks like the sort of thing that drives stencil cutters daffy, tho. All that detail frightens me. ((It frightens me too, especially when the stencil is cut and there's nothing but will-power holding it together, often expect to see such a heavily detailed stencil disintergrate before I get it on the duper.)) Even though I shamefully admit that I wasn't aware enough of you to know that you'd gone, I was interested in the story of your travels. Terry Carr has a well done, well thought out argument concerning Christianity and God. I've always felt somewhat doubtful about all of it; eternity is a frightening enough thought to bring about some remarkably imaginative ideas of Something Better. But my idea has always been something like the one Terry ends with, that for using my mind to fairly come to a decision isn't something that an All-Seeing God would hold against me. I'm certainly not going to try it any other way - - even if I'm wrong, the idea of a narrow-minded God who would dislike my ideas, and hold us to the strictest Catholicistic-do-as-I-say sort of life, just doesn't appeal to me. I think I would enjoy Hell more. "Ghod and Chlorophyll" was good but a bit too long, I fear, it seemed to me to get a bit pained for a page. Still it made better reading than most fanfiction, I admit. Berry was fine as always with his "Letterhacks Guide", it all ties together beautifully. Hitchhiking has always been a game I've avoided, and plan to continue avoiding in the future. It seems like a delightfully glorious adventure to read about though. Except mebbe not so glorious when you discover that you're in the car with a fool who seems ready to kill himself. The character Bennett wrote about should be locked up far underground with a cheerful pool containing happy little hungry alligators, crocodiles and goldfish. Bacover was gloriously evil. And in summation, a better than usual fanzine that I find hard to comment on.

ARCHIE MERCER 434/4 Newark Road, North Hykeham, Lincoln.

I'm given to understand that you've been guilty of a foul super-furshlugginer trick. I'm given, moreover, to understand that you did at least eight different varieties of inner front cover, for distribution around fandom.

I like the one I had - but some of the other at-least-seven sound good, too. I suggest that next time, you include a folio of all the covers together for fandom's general edification - maybe as part of a resuscitated DIZZY. ((I haven't even thought of putting out another issue of DIZZY, perhaps if I had plenty of really good cartoons on hand I would consider it but there seems to be a lack of good cartoons about just now - as for the covers, well I've already explained about these in my editorial)) Berry's bit is pretty good, as so is Ron's. Jim's artwork is terrific as always (or almost always, don't let him get big-headed about it), yours too has a lot to be said for, one way or another. I liked the flippin' zine, anyway.

JOHN BERRY 31 Campbell Park Ave., Belmont, Belfast.

The latest Satellite arrived t'other day, and you can't believe how delighted I was to see another British high grade fanzine being pubbed again. I've still got a few of your original pubs filed away...and it's very gratifying to see oooold fans, forcibly taken away from their fanac by an unknowing government, returning to the fold when their sentence expired. ((cor, think I'd been in blinkin' clink . . hmmm . . ?????)) As for the current issue, I was touched by the cover...very good...fannishly executed...much appreciated. My wife looked at the tea-drinking illo on the left and said, 'That looks very much like a scruffy version of Charlie Chaplain,' and then she looked at me and added, 'a very accurate likeness.' The rest of the contents are enjoyable. As far as Terry Carr is concerned, he touched upon a subject...and a theory...which I personally would have been afraid to touch. His conclusions are something similar to my own...I've often thought about the subject deeply...until the wee small hours of the morning...then I contented myself with the thought that if Bertrand Russell can't work it out, what am I worrying for?

SANDY SANDERSON "Inchmery", 236 Queen's Rd., London SE 14. ((new address))

Congratulations on the re-appearance of Satellite. Who said British fandom was dying? ((Dunno, who did say it?)) The layout and production were extremely good and the illos pretty terrific, especially Cawthorn. But Archie was the best. His article presents me with difficulties - if I say in so many words that I laughed like hell at it then I might sound egotistical. I suppose we can console ourselves with the thought that most of your readers are bound to believe Archie was exaggerating and will never realise he was telling the exact truth. I'm pleased to see that Vitriol didn't return with the mag. I've nothing against people expressing their opinions but I believe they should have the courage to use their own names. ((If this is the case Sandy, then why don't you carry this policy into APORRHETA? Personally though I couldn't give a damn who "Penelope Fandergaste" is. I enjoy reading the column but if the author doesn't want to receive credit for it under his (her?) own name then that's his (her?) look out.))

BRIAN O'DONOGHUE 315 Given Tee., Paddington, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia.

What a wonderful surprise to receive Satellite again. And what a superb cover by Jim Cawthorn I just had to take it off and put it on the wall. How did you enjoy your two years on the forces? Down here, only 60% of the 18 year old lads are taken in for National Service Training and then it's only for three months. As you will remember I used to send you Aussie promags in exchange for Satellite but I'm afraid I can no longer do this as they have all

Soldier. Things are very bleak here at the moment, no pro-mags, our only regular fanzine (at the moment) "Etherline" is being suspended for at least a year, and we are left with only a newsletter "Science Fiction News" and an occasional one shot. Of course all the British books and magazines are on sale here, and subs are available to most US zines. The line up of material in S7 was of excellent standard, I still have the previous issues but I think "Ghod and Chlorophyll" was well worth reprinting. I was especially pleased with Terry Carr's article "In the Beginning", this is a subject most professional and many amateur mags shie away from, it's even regarded as a 'taboo' subject for conversation in some cases. Personally I think it is something people should discuss and think about, although I doubt if any amount of discussion and reasoning would convince the highly religious of the non-existence of God. I fail to see how any reasoning thinking person can accept the Bible as literal truth when it has so many apparently obvious errors in its pages. ((Thanks for your interesting views Brian and for the news about Australian fandom and sf. Sorry that you're in such a bad way, let's hope it won't be for long -- . In a later letter Brian mentioned the appearance of a couple of sf mags on the stands and hoped that it is the start of a minor boom)) The pro field has returned to life. On Tuesday August 12th the Australian edition of "Fantasy & Science Fiction" hit the stands. This was a reprint of the April 1957 US edition. On Friday August 15th two pocket books were issued under the heading "Satellite Series". Titles were "Mars monopoly" by Jerry Sohl and "Year 3097" by R. De Witt Miller and Anna Hunger. So far nothing else has appeared but it may be the start of a minor boom. Boy, it sure is hot for Winter! ((that's nothing, I can tell you that it sure was blinkin' cold here for Summer!))

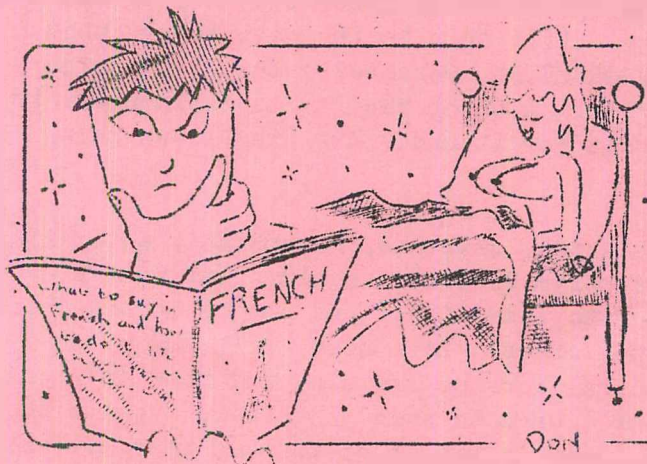
MICHEL BOULET 195bis Rue Raymond Losserand, Paris XIV^e, France.

I was very pleased to receive your fanzine, I must say it is the best I have ever seen. But can you tell me why the covers are not the same on each copy? On my copy there is a rocket and a sputnik, but on Ray Nelson's copy there are some 'warriors'. Anyway a cover by Jim Cawthorn is always good. I have seen Jim's work before in Camber, Burroughsiana, etc., he is certainly a wonderful artist. Archie Mercer's article was quite interesting. I can tell you more about Mike Moorcock - I met him in Paris last month. He actually has a worried expression all the day long. The first time I saw him he had it, he was drunk. The next time he was not drunk and we had a wonderful afternoon with Ray Nelson - but even while Laughing Mike had a sad face. Ray told me that Mike was trying to find a French girl-friend but he doesn't know a word in French!

So, Satellite is very good, and the girl on the back cover is very attractive. More please.

TERRY JEEVES 58 Sharrard Grove,
Sheffield 12.

Welcome back to the fold and many thanks for S7. Liked Terry Carr's piece and go along with him 100%. As I have often argued, and Terry puts it so aptly, if the Universe couldn't happen without a Creator, why doesn't the same apply to the Creator? I am not a mutant but I still liked this



article. I'm afraid that John Berry's piece was a little too long winded for the subject matter...it required too much reading for too little reward. Pity because John is usually in the number one spot.

ART WILSON c/o CAT, Kaitak Airport, Kowloon, Hong Kong.

Satellite 7 was most excellent and thanks for reprinting "Ghod and C." which was the best in the mag. Followed closely by "Letterhacks Guide". It was all good and interesting stuff, with the exception of that inconclusive and inconsequential bit of trash called 'In the Beginning'. Illos are all above average and congratulations on a superior fanzine. Shortly I hope to put out a sort of crudzine, it's only in the planning stage just now but little by little the vulture builds its nest, and all that sort of rot. ((Well let the vulture lay an egg and then we'll see what sort of zine you're turning out))

WIM STRUYCK Molenvyver 40^c, Rotterdam 12, Holland.

Thanks a lot for sending me S7 I was very glad with it. Now, I assume you want to know what I think about it? Well, I hate to admit it, but if there's one thing I dread, it's commenting. When I started getting acquainted with modern fandom I heard a lot about criticizing. Whole fanzines being crushed to pulp editors being blast down etc., well in the first place I think that rather unfair because fanzine editors are not professionals and a lot depends on their means, financial and otherwise. In the second place, how could I comment on the technical side of publishing when I don't know the first thing about it. In the third place I never saw a really "bad" fanzine in all my life. Not bad in my opinion that is. And that's a fact. In every fanzine I have received I always find something of interest to me. Sometimes more, sometimes less. Some fanzines have got something good this way, humour, artwork, etc., others something good another way, serious articles, letter columns and so on. Some are highly organized, others just comfortably filled with random talk. And I like them all. Your Satellite is no exception! And now I should comment on it. Oh come, please, I hate commenting so much! Still, I enjoyed Satellite very much. ((Even if you dislike commenting so much Wim, surely you could easily acknowledge fanzines received by letting the editor know what you thought was the best item in the issue, whether the artwork, layout, etc., were good and so on. From all the fanzines you get surely you know good reproduction from bad, good material from bad, etc. A fanzine editor likes to know what you think of his zine, that way he can plan his future issues, correct his mistakes and so on))

ARTHUR THOMSON 17 Brockham House, Brockham Drive, London SW 2.

Pleased to see the re-emergence of S - from out of the 'blue' (Ghod a lousy pun in the first line yet). Ta too, for my type appreciation cover - tho it wasn't long before London fandom started comparing notes and discovered the various covers that you had put out and about. Certainly, whilst this issue was enjoyable, the best thing by far was Archie Mercer's piece. Having visited "Inchmery" several times, once when Archie was there, I can vouch for the authenticity of his writings. Again too about Mike Moorcock. Letter section was a bit of a disappointment - remembering the old letter section in pre-call up Satellite's. ((Yeah, was awfully short and sweet last time, still hope this one makes up for it.)) One other Lulu of an idea in this issue, is the bacover theme - I look forward to future bacovers. Enough for now, I'm supposed to be Gafia at the moment y'know.

BOYD RAE BURN 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 9, Canada.

I wonder if Terry Carr's article will start off another spate of religious-controversy? Regarding his quote from Boob Stewart, a large number of people consider that "Christianity" and "Salvation" involve much more than "giving up an hour or so every Sunday". If they are right, and he is wrong, he has given up his hours in vain. Oh well, I agree in a general way with Terry's last paragraph. Ghod & Chlorophyll was an excellent idea and I'm very glad you reprinted it. Mercer's article was well written, he conveyed up beautifully the atmosphere of the Clarkery. I wish I'd been able to spend more time there myself. Ron Bennett's article was very good. Being picked up by an idiot driver could put one in rather a quandary I guess. After possibly waiting for a long time for a lift, it must be hard to ask to be let out but on the other hand it must be a nasty feeling just to sit there when one expects every minute to be one's last. ((I know the feeling Boyd, I've been through it all myself too. I did plenty of hitch-hiking about the country before and when I was in the forces))

BILL HARRY 69 Parliament Street, Liverpool 8.

Was really glad to see S again and I see you've retained much of the old atmosphere, tho I miss Warren Link, Vitriol and a few other of the things Sally used to feature. ((I have lost contact with Link so he is now the official missing Link - Ted Mason is still around but is no longer taking any part in current active fandom)) The thing I liked most about this issue was Jim's cover. First class parody on Michaelangelo's Sistine Chapel figures. Yes, Jim's artwork is excellent and for a self taught artist he's very hard to beat and is by far the best artist in fandom. He's more versatile than anyone else for a start. Can Atom hold his own where serious illustrations are concerned? I hardly think so, a number of fan artists leave him standing. As for myself, I'm too ashamed to try my hand at cartooning as I'd show up poorly besides Atom, Jim and Eddie. And even Eddie has his faults. Don McKay has been called the best artist to ever hit fandom, but he too, is not able to handle both serious and humorous stuff with as much success as Jim. And even Harry Turner's serious style is rather stilted and unreal. You're not so bad yourself, so long as you tackle humorous material or pin-ups. You've produced some little gems in your time and I'm pleased to see the airforce hasn't weakened your ability any. But Jim towers above us all. ((Well I too am of the opinion that Jim is the best artist in fandom today - but it's a welcome thing indeed that there are plenty of good artists in fandom who can spread their work around to meet the ever increasing demand by faneds for artwork. Fandom's never had it so good for artwork. I don't consider myself an artist but the little I do I think is enough to get me by - er one way or another ?))

VING CLARKE "Inchmery" 236 Queen's Rd., London SE 14. ((new address))

Well I was delighted to see the old DA format again and the Jim Cawthorn illos - that second cover was a honey. The account of your travellings promises to be interesting, but there really wasn't enough. I had to stop reading Nigel's piece, in fact, as I started to laugh and it hurt. Being in hospital at the time Joy had warned me not to read Archie's scandalous account of 7 Inchmery for that reason, but in fact it just produced an inner delight and a feeling of warmth. Terry Carr brings out most of the well worn arguments for and against religious belief - the sort of thing that was being argued by Hume, Locke and the rest in the mid 19th century, and simplifies them well. However, I don't think the

religious basis is that there must be a God because the Universe is "so complex and well-intergrated" but because the Universe is — period. The argument then runs that such teachings as Christ, etc., have endeavored to tell Mankind the Truth etc; isn't it more reasonable to believe them than to believe that, vaguely, Something Happened? You've got to have Faith...etc.. Probably the most famous argument on this theme was put forward by a Victorian theologian who said that if a savage found a watch on a deserted sea-shore he would immediately be struck by the fact that it was an artifact and would deduce that it showed evidence of a Creator. How much more so must we, on perceiving the wonders of the Universe, be convinced that it was Created? The composer of this line of argument thereupon sat back with a satisfied smirk, which vanished when the opposition pointed out that you couldn't treat the Universe, which was necessarily unique, in the same class of objects as a watch..... Terry's last paragraph doesn't follow from the rest. Why should the Christian idea of God be correct? And which idea? According to Shaw's 'Black Girl' there are about seven types of Christian God!!

ALAN DODD 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts.

Didn't like the cover very much - neither of them. Archie's article I found immensely interesting, especially his descriptions of Mike Moorcock's office. Sounds just like the sort of job all fans should have.. John Berry was as light hearted as ever but his humour is getting too complex for me when he gets into such detail as "The Letterhacks Guide". I felt I was missing something somewhere because of the complexity of the construction of the piece. ((Oh come now, Alan surely it all fitted together wonderfully. I thought so any way)) Isn't that Vikki (the back) Dugan on the rear of Satellite. ((Uh huh)) ((or just thought to myself, isn't that an intelligent answer in those last brackets - uh huh - sorry Alan, the answer's Yes)) That is certainly a nice way to end a fanzine...

BRYAN WELHAM 179 Old Road, Clacton-on-Sea, Essex.

Those wonderful adventures which you describe in your editorial almost make me want to join up so I can have a free trip around the country seeing fans and suchlike. I don't think that sort of thing would suit me though. I doubt if I'd know which end to hold a gun ((you soon would man, you soon would.....)) let alone stand the pain of the injections. I remember sometime back when I had a motorcycle crash and landed up in hospital ((better than landing up on the road, what)). I had to keep having penicillin injections day and night, though I don't know what for. A nice nurse used to give me injections in the you know where with a dirty great needle and it hurt to blazes. Sorry, I just couldn't stand no more injections!

RAY NELSON c/o Jean Linard, 24 rue Petit, Vesoul, Haute-Saone, France.

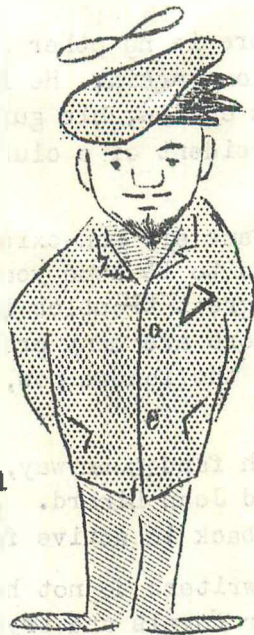
I found Terry Carr's article "In the Beginning" particularly interesting since the discussion of the existance of God was the occasion for my first entry into fandom, a good many years ago. At that time I received a fanzine called 'Mutant' from the newly formed Detroit Science Fantasy League containing an article entitled "The Gullible Herd" by Ben Singer, an atheist. This article was a satirical history of religion and since I was, at the time, a very active member of the youth movement of the Congregational Church, I grabbed the nearest suit of mail and the whitest horse and rode forth into the fannish wilds to

crusade for the Faith. I was armed with all the philosophical weapons my church could provide, the book 'Human Destiny' being the most powerful and my collection of Sunday School literature bringing up the rear with small arms fire. In a series of glorious debates in 'Mutant' Ben Singer and I bashed out the question of 'Is There a God?' with all the fire, philosophy and literary skill at our adolescent command. Needless to say, I lost. In one of the most violent shocks of my life, I discovered that what I had up to then regarded as unquestionable Truth could not be logically proved, and, in fact, was riddled with inner contradictions and inconsistencies. Overnight, I changed from that obnoxious creature, the Crusading Christian, to that even more obnoxious creature, the Crusading Atheist. My 'Black Crusade' lasted for several years, but as my zeal played out and fandom went right on believing whatever they had been believing to start with, I gradually sank into the fringes of the fan world and disappeared. I was gone for more than two years, a two years more fantastic than the wildest of SF stories. There was a discussion of religion in the letter column of PLANET STORIES, but I did not take part in it because I had nothing to say. I had enough trouble with the continuation of my own existence to argue about the existence of God. It was during this period that I conceived the idea of studying for the ministry. I was inspired by the personal example and influence of a certain Unitarian minister, but my desire to be a minister faded with the discovery that the entire Unitarian Church was not the same as the one church of My Hero, and further, that I was not as balanced and inwardly peaceful a person as he was. I could give good sermons, and several times during Unitarian 'Youth Sundays' I did so, but my success was based more on a knowledge of style of speech which sounds good in echoing cathedrals than in inner conviction, because the truth was I believed in nothing. I did not even have a workable ethic of right and wrong and as a result lied to and betrayed nearly everyone I came in contact with. At the same time I was studying for the ministry, I was drinking myself unconscious, stealing, fighting, betraying my unbelievably patient wife with my girl friends and, worse yet, betraying my girl friends with my wife. Two questions kept bothering me. Why, and, Why not? If a homosexual boy made advances to me, what was my answer? 'Why not?' If I was offered some dope, what could I say but, 'Why not?' If I had the opportunity to seduce my best friend's girl, 'Why not?' If I had troubles with 'Why not?', they were nothing compared to the time I had with 'Why?' So I had to work to support my wife and child. 'Why?' So I had to go into the Army to defend my country. 'Why?' I had only two questions, but that was two more questions than I had answers. I finally asked myself, 'Why go on with this bad ministry jazz?' and so, getting no answer, dropped it. I say to Terry Carr, it doesn't matter whether the earth or God always existed. It doesn't matter whether or not there was a Creator. It doesn't matter whether Jesus Christ was a god, man, or myth. Hell can exist without the aid of Gods or devils right here on Earth. Christianity is not the only religion in the world, it is only a minority religion compared with, say, Buddhism. There are thousands of others. One is tempted to say that there are as many different religions as there are people. For instance, your religion, which was once mine, the worship of the human mind. Every religion, yours included, stands or falls not on its abstract theological dogmas, but on its answers to my two questions asked of every waking moment of life. 'Why?' and 'Why not?'

((And with Ray Nelson's letter we have to end this column. Thanks to all who wrote letters of comment and I'm sorry if I haven't included yours. Keep them coming though. Thanks also for all those of you who have sent me kind letters of comment on LOOO. Much appreciated.))

By MICHEL BOULET

Science Fiction Fandom is well established in the States and in England, but it is just beginning in France! Even though one of the first sf writers was a Frenchman. I'm talking of Jules Verne who for several years was one of our leading writers. The Frenchman is selective in his choice of sf and considered all those Flying Saucer stories to be just crazy things. The Frenchman likes the stories that are based on technics. And many sf stories had not



such a basis. But after World War II a sf collection "Le Rayon Fantastique" edited by Georges H. Gallet appeared. One of its first novels was "Murder of the USA" by Will F. Jenkins. Then in 1954 "Présence du Futur" appeared on the scene. These two collections are the best in France - there are one or two others but all connoisseurs read those two. They gave a great boost to sf in France.

In 1953 France saw the launching of two magazines "Fiction" (F&SF) and "Galaxie". And a new one was published in January 1953 "Satellite", a French mag, containing stories by authors from all over the world.

So, all was right for the birth of a fan, and he came. In "Fiction" No.37, Dec. 1956, appeared this historical announcement;

"SF Fans interested in the creation of French Fandom are invited to ask for a sample fanzine (in English). M.Jean Linard, 24 rue Petit, Vesoul." I wrote, and in reply received a seventeen-page letter!

But, as you can see the fans must know English, and there were only four answers. I think two of those were not really true fans anyway.

Jean Linard's fanzine was "Meuh" and was an excellent contribution to the international fan field. The issues contained wonderful material by Jean and many BNF's. It is strange but Jean and his wife are better known in the States than in their own country!

Then came a fanzine from Switzerland, the first French language zine, "Ailleurs". Its editor is Pierre Versins, a pro, well known in France. I hope somebody will someday translate his works for the entertainment of all English language fans. He is a satirist, in the way French are, respecting nobody, even himself. Pierre publishes a lot of fanzines in French and English, and has a club, 'Futopia' in Lausanne.

And so we had fanzines but not a club in France. Soon this was to be remedied... and it was an American who founded the SF Club de Paris. Ray Nelson, the fugitive from Chicago, and his wife, Kirsten, a gentle and smiling Norwegian girl, were living in Paris. I met them, and shortly the club came into being. I am

the President, mainly because there is no other French fans living in Paris. Ray has now left Paris so I am alone again. He flew to Vesoul, centre of French fandom, near Jean Linard's castle, his guitar under one arm, his son under the other. So, I am the President of a club which has members all over the world, but not in Paris.

I hear you saying, those French fans are non-existent. No, but you know that life in France is not what it used to be some years ago. Our fanzine was censored in June '58, during the great troubles in Paris, and we were under police survey for some weeks. There are many problems in everyday life. So the Frenchmen don't want to enter the fandom now, and most of our young boys are away fighting in Algeria.

But, you'll soon hear about French fandom anyway, I hope. France is the land of Jules Verne, Pierre Versins and Jean Linard. I heard that a new fanzine is to appear soon, and Jean will be back in active fandom next year.

There is just one fault, our pro writers do not have fannish minds. They just stay together speaking about their novels and trying to sell each other their "wonderful work".

Vesoul will soon become the centre of World Fandom. Fans will travel anyhow, to see the Emperors of French Fandom. Believe me, this will happen sooner than you think. If you want to know more about our fandom then I will keep you up to date with our activities through Satellite's pages.

And remember it's "GAY PAREE IN '63"

YE ED CONTINUES TO YAK —

easiest route.

So I set out in the opposite direction.

From Uxbridge railway station to Hillingdon railway station, three times around the town centre, up street, down street, through the ladies chamber, back and forth I trekked. Darkness fell and I stumbled on. Frustratedly I consulted maps, asked passers-by for directions, and then I began to get worried. Doubt crept in, perhaps it was all a hoax, Paul Enever just did not exist - but then, quite suddenly, I found myself at the garden-gate of 9 Churchill Avenue.

The garden was dark and silent. Weakly I wiped the sweat off my brow and began to fight my way past the carnivorous plants which bordered the path to the front door. I thanked Ghod for my jungle warfare training.

"Does Mr. Enever live here?" I asked the little girl who opened the door in answer to my desperate knocks.

"No, we don't want any - " she replied and started to close the door.

"Wait!" I cried, "tell your Daddy that Don Allen is here to see him - - "

This was a fatal thing to say because the carnivorous plants heard me and they renewed their attack with vigor. It was no use, the long journey had sapped my strength. I gave up and they dragged me into the centre of the

garden. I prayed that they would be vegetarians.

"Back, get back -- you silly blasted cabbages, back I say, before I set a horde of caterpillars on you -- " It was Paul Enever, Lord of all Horticultural Creatures, shouting orders to the new retreating plants. I sighed with relief, brushed away the odd leaf and Paul's little daughter carried me into the house.

It was so warm and peaceful sitting in the armchair by the fireside and sipping a glass of wine after my ordeal in the garden. Around me were the Enevers, wonderful people, enquiring after my health, where I had been and where I had come from, etc.. It was during the conversation (in which I told Paul what I was doing in the locality) that I sensed something strange about the room! Instead of the usual living-room furnishings there were huge tea-chests, packing cases and bundles all over the place. The only normal furnishings was the table and a few chairs. The former being covered with stencils, paper and the famous Orion flat-bed duper!

"Printing Orion?" I asked, nodding my bonce in the direction of the table.

"Er - yes," answered Paul, "bit of a rush job though, moving house in a couple of days y'know and I want the issue finished before then."

"Ah, I see, then that explains all these packing-cases," I said, then added, with brilliant deduction, "you're preparing to move."

"That's right, we've got everything but the bare necessities packed away," Paul explained indicating the fanac equipment, and then went on to say, "Atom has drawn a wonderful illo of the move." He took a stencil from the table and handed it to me.

I looked at the stencilled illo which showed a line of assorted plants carrying the Enever household to their new home. It was indeed a masterpiece of cartooning and I laughed out loud at it.

"May as well run it off now," suggested Paul, "then you can give me a hand with the slip-sheeting." That's Paul for you, never misses an opportunity for labour, but anyway I agreed and we commenced the work. It was when Paul was about to run the first copy off that the whole room was suddenly filled with a blaze of light and great rolls of thunder echoed across the sky! Quickly I dropped the pile of slip-sheets and dived for cover into one of the tea-chests.

"S'okay Don," Paul shouted above the din, "it's only the thunder and lightning storm - we get it everytime I start to print Orion!"

"Uh, how come?" I asked, wondering at the cosmic significance of this. Paul shrugged and said he didn't know. It was just an excepted thing in the Enever household. Feeling sure that the Ghods were not invading Hillingdon I climbed from out of the tea-chest and peered out of the window to gaze upon the deluge of pouring rain.

"Gonna get soaked in that lot when I leave." I predicted but Paul said it would probably stop in a few minutes.

"It's just Orion shower!" He explained.

So we sat around the fire, the Enevers, and I, talking of current sf, fanzines and anything at all. The time slipped quickly away and soon it was time to go. Outside the rain was still coming down in buckets and I looked pail as I surveyed the watery scene from the front door.

"Got a plastic-mack you can borrow if you want," Paul offered me. "Fine," I said gratefully as I donned the garment, "but how will I return it? I leave Uxbridge tomorrow!"

Paul thought for a moment and then said, "Oh never mind, it's just an old one, keep it, or pop it into an envelope and post it back. It doesn't really matter about it. Er - just a minute, I always give visitors something from out of the garden before they leave. Here, here's a flower for your button-hole," he said handing me a Gauli.

And so I left. Running off into the night and the pouring rain. I hadn't gone more than a hundred yards when Paul passed me in a rowing boat.

"Thought I had better show you the way to the bus-stop," he explained as he took me in tow. I greatly appreciated this for within about ten minutes we had reached the bus-stop, I had said, "au revoir" to Paul, caught my bus, and was drying myself out in the warmth of my room at RAF Uxbridge.

It had been a wonderful and memorable visit and as I looked out of my window at the now clearing sky I couldn't help but wink and raise my beer glass to the Mighty Hunter, Orion himself, significantly positioned in the heavens exactly over Hillingdon!

The next day I went to Felixstowe, a delightful coastal resort in Suffolk, full of holiday-makers, hot-dog men, amusements and weighing-machine operators doing business on a large scale. After a few weeks there I was again on the move. This time my destination was Ireland....

(to be continued)

So it's Detroit in '59 for the Worldcon. And from information so far received it sounds like being an excellent affair. If you have a file of old Satellite's handy then look up issue number six, summer 1955. There's a photocover on that issue and you can see what some of these fine Detroit fen look like. There's Fred Prophet, George Young, Martin Alger, John Magnus, Mary Southhurst (Young?) etc.. That's real advance publicity for you! I

had thought of going over to attend the Worldcon myself and even went down to the shipping-line to book a passage. Apparently one can't book a passage though - just cabins.....

Gateshead fandom has been neglecting some of its fannish duties lately! I've been concentrating on writing a few short stories for the prozines and Jim has been up to his neck in illustrating for the prozines. Jim's latest sales have been in the States by the way. One of his biggest jobs was to illustrate a complete book of South Sea Island Adventures titled "Bantan's Island Peril" by Maurice B. Gardner. This book is to be published



early next year by Meddow Publishers of Boston. Vile hucksters yet!

Seeing that this is the last page I had better give a mention to as many of the fanzines received that I can allow space for - so let's make way for some POTTED FANZINE MENTIONS

FANAC from Terry Carr and Ron Ellick, Room 104, 2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, California. 4/25¢ or 4 for 2/- to Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Rd. North Hykeham, Lincoln. This is news and chatterzine and I find it very interesting indeed. PERIHELION No.4. from Bryan Welham and Barry Hall, 179 Old Road, Clacton-on-Sea, 1/- per issue. A really up-and-coming zine, with Bennett and Clarke in form. TRIODE No.15 from Eric Bentcliffe and Terry Jeeves, 47 Alldis St. Great Moor, Stockport, Ches. 1/6d. per issue. Seems like a rush issue but still well presented and containing good material from BNF's. Another "Harrison" adv. starts. CANADIAN FANDOM No.37 from William D. Grant 47 Saguenay Ave. Toronto 12, Ontario, Canada. No sub rates listed. Wonderful reproduction and excellent sercon material. Very interesting article about the state of the motion picture industry today.

RETRIBUTION No.11 from John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave. Belmont, Belfast, N. Ireland. 1/- or 15¢ per issue. Yet another wonderful issue and it is even more wonderful to know that John is a talented artist as well as a writer! Atom is Gafia and John has done all the illos this time and making a good job too. And there's good reading throughout too.

APORRHETA No.5 from Sandy Sanderson, 236 Queen's Rd. London SE 14. 1/- or 15¢ per issue. In the short time this zine has been out it has quickly made its name in the fanzine field. Mainly a 'King Size' chatterzine but good.

YANDRO No.69 from Robert and Juanita Coulson 105 Stitt St. Wabash, Indiana, U.S.A. 15¢ or 1/3d. per issue. Very neat and good repro throughout. Solacon reports, fan-fiction, poetry, reviews, letters and editorials. Good.

VOID No.13 from Greg Benford 10521 Allegheny Dr. Dallas 29, Texas, U.S.A. No sub rates listed. This issue contains probably one of the last things Kent Moomaw ever wrote. It is indeed a terrible thing when we learn that someone has taken their own life and even more terrible when it is someone we know. Kent Moomaw was indeed bored with life, all through his Southwesterncon report I had that feeling, and now he has gone. I offer my respects.

FEMIZINE from Ethel Lindsay, 6 Langley Ave. Surbiton, Surrey. 1/- per issue. The fanzine for the girls is revived, nothing to shout about in this issue but still enjoyable. More power to their - er - elbow.

EAST & WEST No.34 from Peter Campbell, Birkdale Cottage, Brantfell, Windermere, Westmoorland. 2/-per issue. Mainly for those interested in Spiritual subjects.

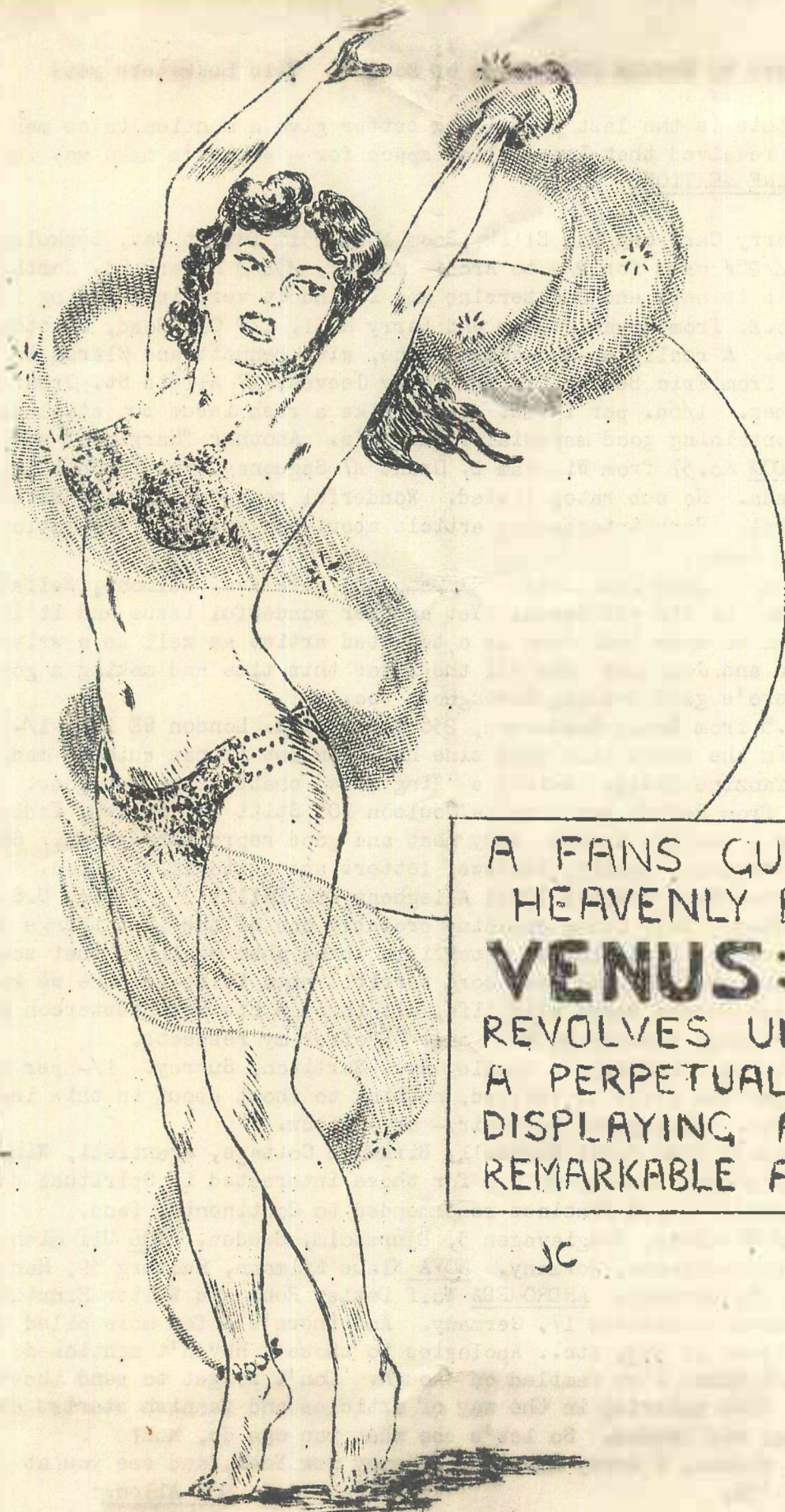
Now here's a few fanzines recommended to Continental fans.

SEXY VENUS Bo Stenfors, Byglavagen 3, Djursholm, Sweden. SOL Ulf Mische, Bad Salzuflen, Grabenstrasse, Germany. NOVA Klaus Eylmann, Hamburg 39, Maria-Louisenstieg 13, Germany. ANDROMEDA Wolf Detlef Rohr and Walter Ernting, Augsburg, Gesundbrunnenstrasse 17, Germany. And there's a few more piled up, OMPA zines, last issue of BEM, etc.. Apologies to those I haven't mentioned.

Well I think I've rambled on enough. Don't forget to send those letters of comment. Also material in the way of articles and fannish stories are always welcome and needed. So let's see what you can do, huh?

Best wishes, a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year, and see you at Kettering in '59.

Don Allen.



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HEAVENLY BODIES.

VENUS:

REVOLVES UNDER
A PERPETUAL VEIL,
DISPLAYING A
REMARKABLE ALBEDO.

JC

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