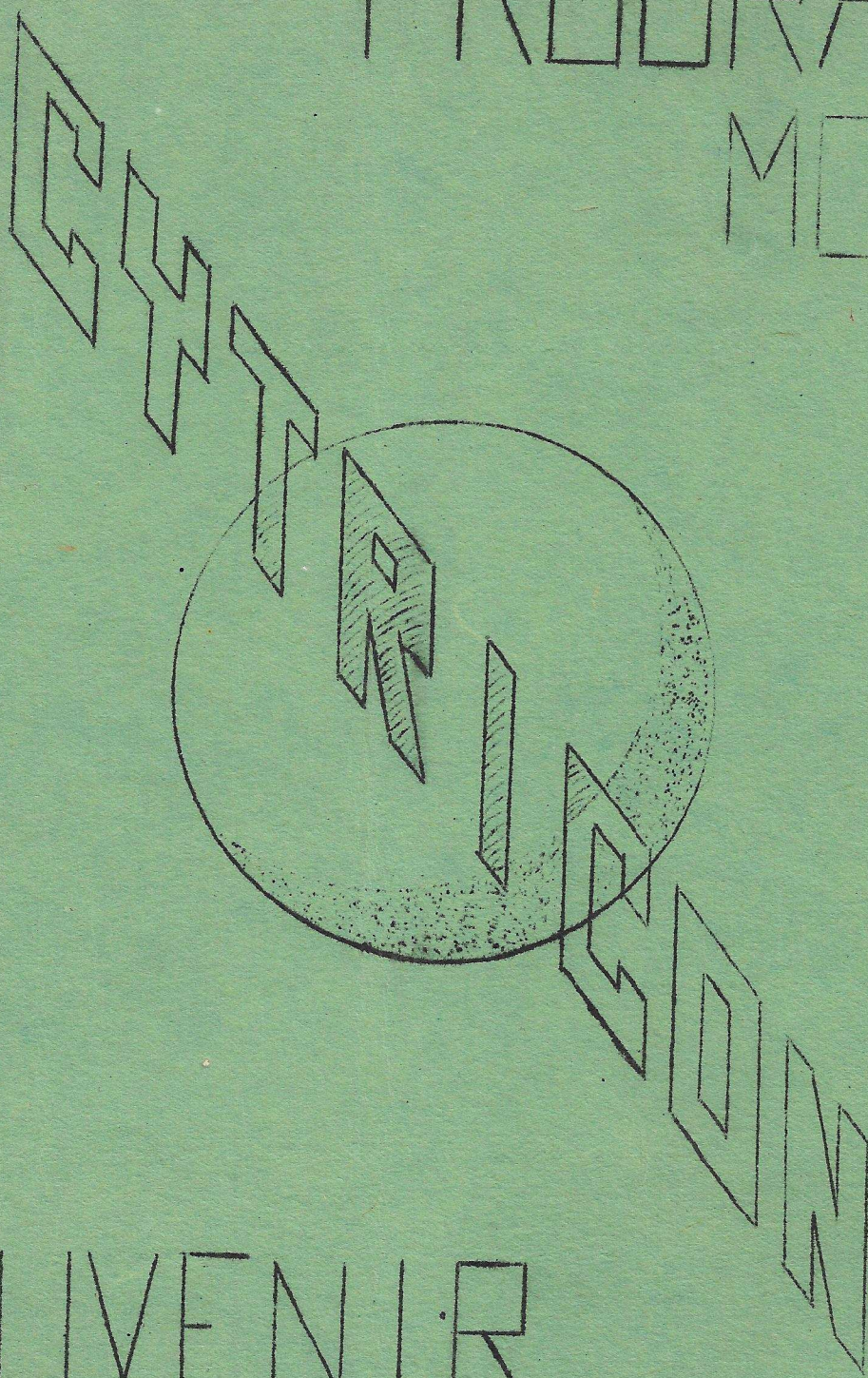


PROGRAMME

MCMLV



SOLVENIR

COMBOZINE

With Best Wishes,

—
Jane & Louisa

Greetings

TO ALL CONVENTIONEERS

from the

KETTERING AERONAUTICS SOCIETY

oooo0000ooo

And we would like to extend our thanks to everyone who gave their support to make this convention possible.

Special thanks are given to all the Fan Editors who have spent a lot of time and money in getting the material ready for the Combozine, and we sincerely hope that you will subscribe to their magazines and give them your encouragement and support !

Fanzines represented are :

*

ALPHA

*

*

BRENNCHLUSS

FISSION

*

*

FEMIZINE

HYPHEN

*

SATELLITE

*

Published for the CYTRICON by the K.A.S.

CYTRICON PROGRAMME 1955.

NOTE:- Owing to the ill-health of Stuart Mackenzie, the London Circle plans for the programme are in a state of complete chaos!

SATURDAY the 9th of April 1955.
oo00oo

11am to 12noon.....Official Opening and Introductions.

Lunch Break.

2pm to 3pm...Editors Panel comprising of H.J.Campbell, Peter Hamilton and Ted Carnell.

3pm to 4pm.....The Liverpool Show.

4pm to 5pm...Introducing Ken Slater in "Fanac, Past and Present."

5pm to 5-30pm...Auction and Raffle.

Tea Break.

7pm to 11pm...Film Show...."The War of the Worlds" etc;

SUNDAY the 10th of April 1955.
oo00oo

11am to 12noon...Anyone who is out of bed is invited to the JAZZ?? session.

Lunch Break.

2pm to 3pm... Award to the most outstanding Author and Fanzine of 1954.

3pm to 4pm... The London Circle presents "State of Chaos One."

4pm to 5pm...Ted Carnell asks "Is Mind Matter?"

5pm to 5-30pm...Ted Carnell talks about the 1956 World Convention.

Tea Break.

7pm to 8pm... The London Circle presents "State of Chaos Two."

8pm to 9pm...Dan Morgan and "The Lunatic Fringe."

9pm to 10pm... The London Circle presents "State of Chaos THREE".

10pm to 11pmThe Last Grand Auction and Final Farewells.

The above programme is what should take place, but notice is hereby given that alterations may be made without warning.



let it be known that.....

A L P H A
+++++++ sells more copies than any other fanzine in Continental Europe. This is partly because it sells as well in England and in America as it does in Belgium . And partly because it is GOOD !

A L P H A
+++++++ has had its material reviewed in France, England, America and Belgium ! Its material has been considered for broadcasting by a local ham .

A L P H A
+++++++ is said to have some of the best artists in fandom. This is the result of developing a fanzine to suit our artists , and of giving them something worthwhile to draw. Like our bacover for issue 8 !

A L P H A
+++++++ not only has stories by authors who are considered amongst the best (Vendy - Nutthouse -a.o.) but also by authors you have never heard of . It is in Alpha that you will find the new talent rising on the Continent . The material is all original . And most of it is Continental, with an occasional Anglo-Saxon contribution to save it from the crud level.

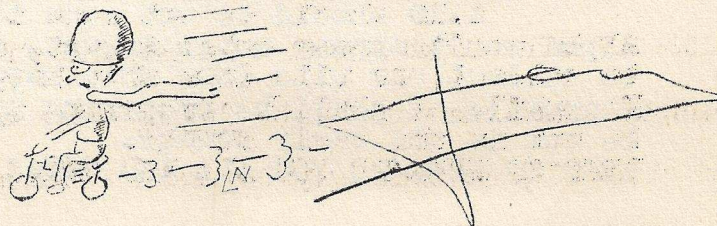
A L P H A
+++++++ carries more features than any other Continental fanzine , and they do say the features are good. These features include science articles, fanzine and Authentic reviews, and readers' letters, better known as Ambrosia.

A L P H A
+++++++ has from 120 to 180 pages for its 4/- yearly subscription . For six issues , this is as cheap as other magazines, not necessarily in material. Alpha does NOT sell well enough to make this low price possible. We just lose money faster. For 4/- it is sent home to you, free of postage . To simplify subscribing , we now have RON BENNETT, Little Preston Hall Road, SWILLINGTON, near Leeds, collecting cash for us. If you first want to make sure that the mag is to your liking - send Ron ninepence for a sample. This will be forwarded immediately.

Then write to :

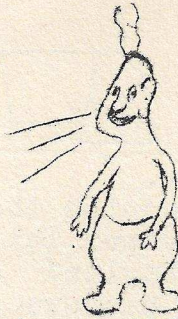
JAN JANSEN , 229 Berchemlei , Borgerhout, Antwerp, Belgium.
or to Dave, address on the back of this.

You'll get an immediate (?) friendly reply. WE love subbers.



Strydhof Avenue 130
Berchem - Antwerp.

April 8th. 1955.



Dear Convention-ears,

Being as it was not possible for me to attend the Kettlecon, or Cytricon, or any other con for that matter, (with one exception of which I will speak later), I shall do the next best thing and send you all a personal letter of introduction, on the off-chance that some poor, unenlightened member of fandom hasn't yet heard about me...

My name is Dave Vendelmans (I'm sorry. I can't help it either). I am responsible in part for ALPHA, together with another twerp called Jan Jansen, who is even less responsible. Now don't ask me what "Alpha" is or I'll scream. (Is it possible that there are still people who are unaware of this miracle of the age? This greatest of all boons to fankind?... It's incredible!). --P.T.O.--

I won't give you anymore information about myself because the less I tell you the better. I'll just say that I'm married, whereupon I shall cease to be of interest to the femmes. I'll not tell you my age either, although Jan has done his best to give the game away (probably to distract your attention from his own senility) and even I, myself, have given you damnable evidence in the form of ancient s.f. literature that I mentioned having read...

Now that you know all about me and that Jan (I presume) has told you all about himself on the opposite page, there's not much more I can say, except that I hope you all had a wizard time at the Con and that there weren't too many hangovers afterwards...

Talking of cons, I wonder if anybody would like to come to the Twerpcon this year? No? Why not? No money? Too bad... In any case, to those who have, I'd like to point out that there will be a Twerpcon this year, probably around the beginning of August. Of course, we've still got to fix the date - among other things. We sincerely hope you can manage it. There'll be quite a crowd of us... males, females and... mutants... (I know what you're thinking). No but seriously, it should be fun. Eventually Jan and I could put up a couple of you at our respective joints (if the need therefore should arise). Let's know huh?

A.10 should be out some time this month. After that Alpha won't appear until August, which will leave us time to collect our wits (now what happened to them I wonder?) Meanwhile, I shall be preparing my "Jazzine" which should be out in the early summer.

BEST OF LUCK TO YOU ALL AND "STAY IN THE GROOVE" YOU CATS!

Later,

Dave

Brennschluss.

Some of you may remember that a little booklet was published to commemorate that mediocre brawl which took place last year in Manchester. A few of you may even remember that this booklet was saved from total nihility by the fact that Lancaster Fandom deigned to grace one of its pages. What we wrote, in lilting prose, was about ourselves, and since we tenaciously refuse to admit that we exhausted the topic in about 250 words each, we maliciously intend to bore you in the same manner now.

I R E N E

(from THE AMIABLE LION)

..... A Grannie and Aunt came to visit our family the other day. They just came Pffftt, like that and there they were sitting in the dining room when I arrived home for lunch. I had scarcely ventured therein when a voice exclaimed. "Ehh - Come and kiss yo'r old Grannie" and I was enveloped in something warm and chubby. "Ee you have grown, you have". "Hello", I said. "Ayy but y'r like y'r mother was when she was your age,..... she's like your round the eyes tho' Frank. Ee you have grown, you have! To this tune I ate lunch, and rushed back to town. I shopped and hurried back for tea. I made everyone's tea and I cleared away, and all this time Grannie was talking. I went out again to the films with Potter and when I came home the first thing I heard was Grannie's voice. It was considerably slower but it was Grannie's voice all the same. At midnight I left her to the public and retired for the night.

It was this same Grannie who woke me the following morning, by standing at the foot of my floored mattress and shouting, "Hey - hey", and when I'd opened an eye or two, "You got in the wrong bed last night. Did you know? Did you know you got in the wrong bed last night?" I groaned. "Did you know you got in the wrong bed last night heh hey!" Then she went away and my Aunt arrived from the bathroom and said, "You got in the wrong bed last night y'r Johnny". Y'r got into mine". I had begun to think sleepily about people I knew named Johnny, when my fond mother arrived on the scene. "Your a fine one, you are" she started, "did you know you got in the wrong bed last night". "Yes," I said, so they say. At this point Grannie appeared mysteriously shouting "Gertie! - Gertie! I've just been telling your Irene she got in the wrong bed last night". By all accounts it seemed I had gotten myself in the wrong bed. After listening to a long rambling story about

a cook who burnt all her plates in the oven, by a halfdressed Aunt I went down for breakfast. I made the discovery that there was no food to be had.

In the middle of the afternoon Granny jumped up and declared she was going back. Back meant Southport. We live in Lancaster you know and we don't happen to have a helicopter in the backyard. I was despatched next door to find out the times of buses. The Aunt lost her curling pins and Granny lost a handkerchief in the bath. There was a scuffle a swirl of dust and raindrops and Granny scuttled off up the road, closely followed by the Aunt and I. Afterwards I discovered they'd left behind a packet of Antibiotic-Anaesthetic Throat Lozenges, or 'Tyrozets'.

The bus eventually arrived, but stayed so long at the terminus that poor Granny began to worry about missing the bus to Preston. "I say", she shouted to the conductor. "Will we be in time for the connexion?" The conductor - who worked for the Corporation anyway smirked. "What connexion?" he asked gently. There followed a complicated conversation in which Granny came to the conclusion that she was sure to miss her connexion. I remained silent. At long last both Granny and the Aunt departed, and the last I heard of Granny she was busily prattling about a young lady who sold up house, went to Australia and took her sewing machine with her

.....

After the closing down of the 'Amiable Lion' piece, someone was supposed to step in, and relieve me of some of my fannish duty. I did think that Dave was doing one of his clever little cartoons here, but Dave didn't seem to think he was. Then I thought "Oh well! Potter will make use of it with a wonderful fannish piece of literature which will delight all fannish hearts. As a matter of fact he did get as far as inserting the stencil into the typer .. unfortunately - some little thing happened to it and the whole thing had to be scrapped. He shrugged. "You'd better type it again" he said - and added "You may as well fill up the space as well". Actually he didn't say it quite like that - I'm not even sure he said it at all anyhow it amounted to the same thing.

Many of you will be awaiting the arrival of BRENNSSCHLUSS 2 no doubt. There is at least a little comfort in knowing you are not alone.

.....
BRENNSSCHLUSSRENNSSCHLUSSENNSSCHLUSSNNSCHLUSSMSCHLUSSSCHLUSSCHLUSSHLUSSLUS
.....

K E N
(from HELL'S KITCHEN)

Reminiscing is too often left to the senile remnants of the first six fandoms. One may observe how they will ramble for hours about how they were dragged into the morass, and sometimes, for the youthful flagbearers of tomorrow, we of 18th fandom, it becomes a little tedious. Many fans I know have managed, on one piece of paper measuring 10" by 8", to recount how they became fans, and practically all their early life. This is impossible.

It has long been in my mind, therefore, to write a detailed history of Lancaster Fandom. It will do no harm (and probably less good, despicable reader) to recount here some of the things which would have a prominent place in such a volume, or volumes.

My bedroom wall, for example. This huge, flat expanse of unimaginative wallpaper was for many years the window of my soul. The earliest decoration which obscured the sickly yellow paper, with its sickly pink roses, with thin sickly green stalks, were sickly grey photographs of various plug-ugly individuals employed by certain large football clubs.

In those days, I was a banner waver for Manchester United. Only on one occasion did I ever see this welloiled, and doubtless atomic footballing machine in action. This was one of the happiest days of my feeble young existence. The first thing I remember vividly is a heated somewhat athletic argument about the respective merits of the various teams. The most common remark was "We'll lick ya holler!" M. U. won 6-0, thus making the sun shine into my heart for some time after.

You may think from the faintly sarcastic inuendo of the foregoing, that in later years, I have developed a colossal contempt for football. Such is not the case. I can never feel contempt for a thing which inspired me, and an acquaintance of mine to indulge in what was the greatest entertainment in the world, until I discovered sex and fandom, and he discovered limericks about the Bishop of Birmingham.

Although this game may not be so strenuous as Ghoddminton, it would I am sure, take at least as much detailed describing for a clot such as anybody who has been stupid enough to read this far to get anything like a true picture of it. But who knows, it may appear in that Lancaster Fandom history.

B R E N D A

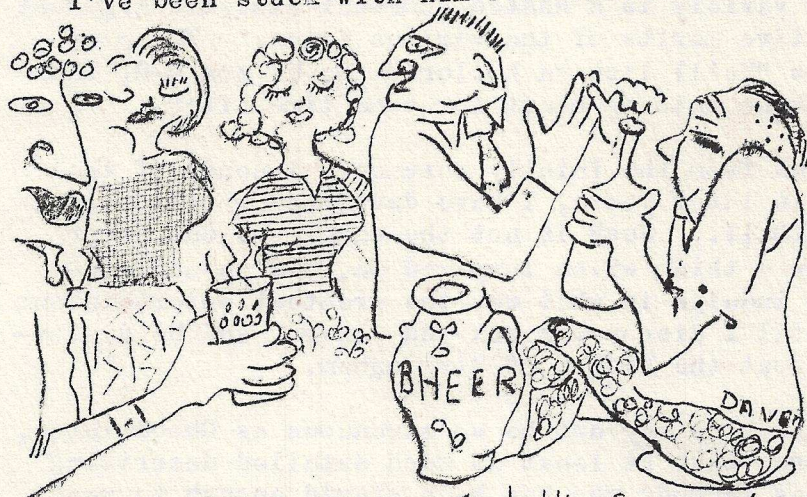
from "INTO THE GROTTOS OF WIDNIS-POO

Another boy was lying at full length across a small green sofa. His eyes were closed, and his hands were clasped across the chest. He raised one finger but did not look round or speak. "Hi, Harry!" Ken said. He picked up a gaudy card-board object, "Dig this crazy cover Dave. The Bird plays Cool". He grinned at Dave and the rest of us enthusiastically. Quite a long interval went by. I stood by the door. Nobody spoke. Harry's eyes slewed round in their sockets and gazed at me. He looked me up and down as a Mal Ashworth would, pursed his lips, and glazed over again. "He's like that, its the school-boy in him" explained Roy. "Oh?" I managed to murmur. "Well", Ken said "What do you think of the music? Great isn't it!" "Is it?" I said weakly "Isn't it .. er .. rather loud?" "Loud, brash, but great!" said Roy. "Ellington". I think the last remark was meant to convey everything. Ellington whatever that might be must be the ultimate in perfection - to them.

Dave smiled at me pleasantly.

Irene and Ken were seated in the corner of the room by now, and Roy was holding up the mantle-shelf. I knew now I only had Dave to talk to. I sat down. "Do you mind if I talk to you?" I asked. "No, go ahead", said Dave. He threw himself down beside me. And suddenly, quite suddenly, I felt the rushing as of a thousand winds, my head felt light and I realised that this was it

I've been stuck with him ever since.



Dave from Ghu And His Spawn (Hep)

BRENNSSCHLUSS !!!
from Ken Potter

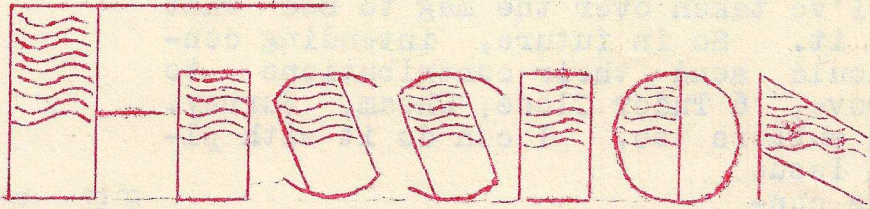
5 Furness Street
Lancaster.

Dave Wood
4 Coverdale Road.
Irene Gore
45 Worcester Ave.
Material Rejected

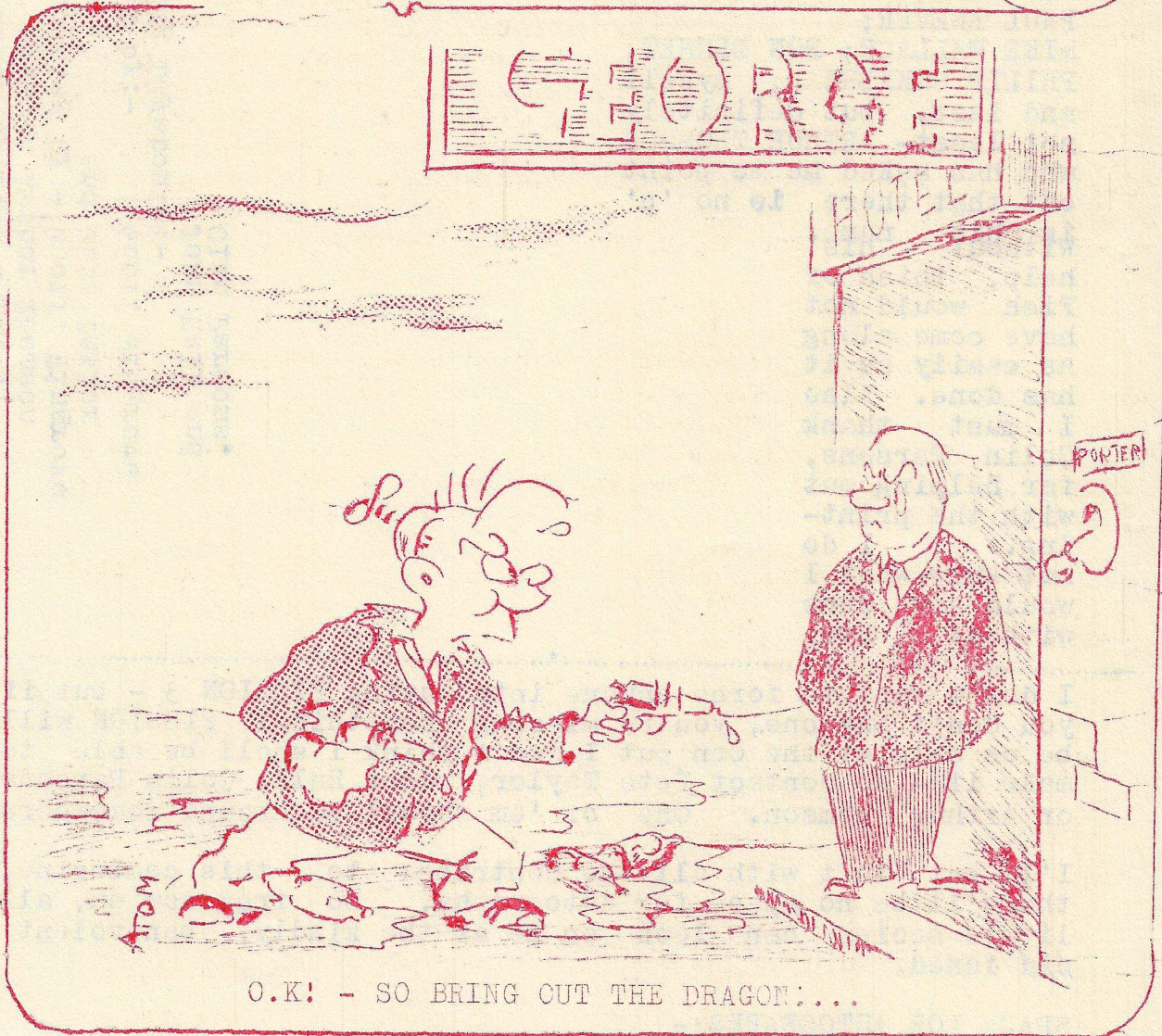
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CANISH



O.K! - SO BRING OUT THE DRAGON:....

THIS is not going to be much more than an advertisement for FISSION. Nevertheless let's press on. From issue number three, Fish is under new management. With Colin Parsons joining up in a few weeks I've taken over the mag to see what I can make of it. So in future, intending contributors should send their contributions to Geoff. Wingrove, 6 Tudor Close, Cheam, Surrey. All intending subbers too. I can do it with plenty of each. Issue three contains contributions by:-

SAM YOU'D;
PAUL ENEVER;
MIKE WALLACE; RON BENNET;
PHILIP CAKEBREAD; myself
and last, but definitely
not least- ARTHUR THOMSON
who has asked me to point
out that there is no 'p'
in his name.
Without his
help, this of
Fish would not
have come along
as easily as it
has done. Also
I must thank
Colin Parsons,
for helping out
with the printing.
I do
not know what I
would have done
without him.

Stencilled by Pete Taylor,
Cover by:- Arthur Thomson
Duplicating by:- Geoff. Wingrove
and Pete Taylor
Edited by:- Geoff Wingrove
Helping Layouts:-
John Hall and
Colin Parsons.

I don't want to force anyone into buying FISSION 3 - but if you don't buy one, you're missing something! FISSION will be on sale at the Con but I don't think I shall be able to make it - so contact Pete Taylor, John Hall, Colin Parsons or Arthur Thomson. One of 'em should be around somewhere

I'll bet that with all the contribs to this combozine, there'll be no space for autographs. So from now on, all little neofen can look on me as the kindly, benevolent, ~~old~~ faned.

SPACE FOR AUTOGRAPHS:-

COMING SOON

NADIR

THE CYTRICON ROSTER

Joe Ayres (Kettering.)
 Mall Ashworth (Bradford.)
 Don Allen (Gateshead.)
 Daphne Buckmaster (Surrey.)
 Ron Buckmaster (Surrey.)
 Eric Bentcliffe (Stockport.)
 Ken Bulmer (London.)
 N. Brock (Bucks.)
 S.J.Bounds (London.)
 Ron Bennet (Leeds.)
 John Brunner (Reading.)
 Alan Burns (Newcastle.)
 Joan Burns (Newcastle.)
 Brian Burgess (London.)
 A.V.Clarke (Welling.)
 J.Cawthorne (Gateshead.)
 J.W.Campbell (Kilmarnock.)
 Dave H Cohen (Manchester.)
 Joan Carr (M.E.L.F.)
 Kathryn M Cowen (Kettering.)
 Denny Cowen (Kettering.)
 W.G.Clarke (Harwell.)
 E.J.Carnell (London.)
 Peter Campbell (Windermere.)
 C.Duncombe (London.)
 R.P.Everett (Leicester.)
 Fran Evans (Manchester.)
 P.Emery (Gateshead.)
 Pete Fox (Kettering.)
 Reg Fieldhouse (Kettering.)
 J.R.Fearn (Blackpool.)
 G.Gibson (Leeds.)
 Joy Goodwin (London.)
 B.Hill (W.Bromwich.)
 A.Hillman (Newport.)
 W.Harrison (London.)
 Peter Hamilton (Glasgow.)
 John Hynam (Peterborough.)
 Chuck Harris (Rainham.)
 Jan Jansen (Belgium.)
 Terry Jeeves (Sheffield.)
 Al Lee (Kettering.)
 Ethel Lindsay (Glasgow.)
 Brian Lewis (Gillingham.)
 Nigel Lindsay (Torquay.)
 George Iye (Durham City.)
 Dan Morgan (Spalding.)
 Peter Moor (Manchester.)
 Shirley Marriott (Bournemouth.)
 Archie Mercer (Lincoln.)

Orville W.Mosher (U.S.A.)
 Don McKay (Liverpool.)
 Lillian McKay (Liverpool.)
 Rene McKay (Liverpool.)
 K.T.Mcintyre (London.)
 James Mooney (Liverpool.)
 Frank Milnes (Liverpool.)
 Constance Mackenzie (London.)
 Stuart Mackenzie (London.)
 Jim McArthur (Edinburgh.)
 J.Marshall (Gateshead.)
 Dave Newman (London.)
 S.Nuttall (Liverpool.)
 Eric Needham (Manchester.)
 Dave Newman (Liverpool.)
 R.Ogier (London.)
 John Owen (Liverpool.)
 Bill Panter (Kettering.)
 Ken Potter (Lancaster.)
 Derek Pickles (Bradford.)
 Peter Reaney (Sheffield.)
 John D Roles (Liverpool.)
 K.F.Slater (Leicester.)
 Norman Shorrocks (Cheshire.)
 Ina Shorrocks (Cheshire.)
 Margo Statten (Huddersfield.)
 K.Skelton (Gateshead.)
 Frank Simpson (Manchester.)
 Sandy Sanderson (M.E.L.F.)
 Ken Smith (Manchester.)
 Pete Taylot (London.)
 Mike Tealby (Leicester.)
 H.Turner (Cheshire.)
 E.C.Tubb (London.)
 Tony Thorne (Gillingham.)
 C.Turner (Co. Durham.)
 Brian Varley (London.)
 N.G.Wansborough (Wilts.)
 Mike Wallace (Hull.)
 Taffy Williams (Manchester.)
 Madeline Willis (Belfast.)
 Walt Willis (Belfast.)
 Jack Wilson (Spalding.)
 G.Wingrove (Surrey.)
 C.C.Whitaker (Spalding.)
 Tom White (Bradford.)
 Mrs.T.White (Bradford.)
 N.Weedall (Liverpool.)
 Cathie Youden (London.)

FOR LATE REGISTRATIONS SEE OTHER PAGES.

junior



o A couple of pages, Ethel said, for the
o Combozine. But what on? What to tell
o the kiddies, that is the problem. Well
o they'll just have to put up with the
o fairy story that follows. All set?

o NAD ERADicated.

o *****

o Once upon a time....but that's a bit
o too corny isn't it? Lets start with a
o list if the characters.

o Captain Nad Erad. Living proof that
any fool can fly a rocket ship. Our

square-jawed hero is the only man with the right angle on things. Devoted to his job, there's only one thing inside his head, and that's Space. Besides being the youngest idiot in the Space Fleet he is the only man to have belted Orion and to have curdled Miss Milky Way 2055.

Miss Hot Erad. Nad's scientific sister. Owner of a movable set of French Curves. Engaged in research at the busy Science Institute, she is the honey of this hive of industry. After calculations on the H-bomb she developed an interesting figure. This caused heated controversy amongst fellow mathematicians, some wanting her to divide it, others wanting her to multiply. Elected Miss Galactic System 2055, she has spent long holidays in all the Galaxies. Explained one Galactic Governor, "You just can't get her out of your System". Ynows. Once flew a Constellation until he was invalided out with asteroid trouble. Schoolboy fag to Nad, and as pretty an example of a hero-worshipper of the most nauseating kind that you could ever wish to meet this, that, or any side of Polaris. Devoted batman and rocket-polisher, star duster and avid reader of Comet Cuts.

Dr. Doom. Mad genius and evil master-mind of the Universe. Discovered the weakest link in a chain reaction. Sent down from Harwell for toasting buns in an atomic pile. From thenceforward engaged in ruthless combat with the forces of Democracy and the Right, the United Planets Organization (UPO) and the Wigan Slate Club.

Keemon. Completely outre, in fact just too much. School bully and sworn enemy of Nad. Evil second-in-command to Dr. Doom. Keemon is no joy boy, his face will make a cyclotron free-wheel. Much travelled, he cherishes memories of abroad. The broad's name was Lulu and since she left him in the Lurch (one of the worst hotels in Blackpool) he nurses bitterness in his heart, mild in his stomach and babies on his lap.

Omega. The absolute end. Half man, half beast, two fingers of rye and a dash of bitters. A sub-human, sub-intelligent, sub-serviant submarine from Neptune. Strong man of the Doom Trio, foul executor of his dastardly orders. Two-faced, four-armed and forewarned, Omega moves on six roller-skated legs.

So there you are kiddies, now on with the story.

Miss Hot Erad was lounging in the lounge of the Solar Scientist Club when a waiter approached her and said "Miss Erad, there is a gentleman from the Solar Whist Club at the door. Here is his card".

Hotty got to her feet, a tremendous feat at this time of the day, and went to the door. Little did she know that her visitor was Keemon, until she opened the door, and then she didn't know for long, because Keemon trumped her ace with his club, taking the rubber. Putting her in his pack he shuffled off to

Dr. Doom's hide-out

Nad Erad was sitting in his rocket-chair relaxing with an atom-bomb special, thinking of how to separate the milky curds from the milky whey, talking into thin air to make it thicker, and just for the hell of it, watching Dan Dare on television. Ynows, Nad's fag, who had just nipped out in time to see Hotty having her pilot-light extinguished, called Nad on his wrist radio. "Miss Hot is out cold! Keemon has taken her off in his rocket". Quick as a flash, Nad stood up, turned off the television, ran to his rocket, lit the blue touch paper, climbed in, and called back to Ynows - "Did she have the plans of the inter-planetary sanitary system? I'd be relieved if I knew where they were: Meet me at the rocket!" (All this at the same time? - Well -)

Our two intrepid insipid heros rose to the occasion in a bottle-launched rocket. When they reached escape velocity they cut the bottle away. (Not only was there a deposit on it but as Nad said, it also had sedimental value). The Dog Star gave them a cheery "Woof-woof" as they passed, and the chase through space was on.

Unfortunately they happened to pass Venus as two Venusians, thinking they were unobserved; prepared for a swim. Both men said it at the same time - "Lots make with the spatial relationships". Nad landed the rocket and started his routine. "Boy! When it comes to progress, you Venusians are way out in front. Why not come up to my place and listen to my seismograph recordings?" As they went to kiss the girls they failed to observe the winking that went on. Then - Wham - Badoing - Nad really met Ynows face to face. They joined as two Johansson blocks would. You see, the two girls were really Omega in disguise. (Next Week - The Five Smith Brothers!)

So now, not only was Hotty being carried to Dr Doom by Keemon, but Nad and Ynows were being taken to the same destination by Omega. And what was Dr Doom himself doing? Well, for the hell of it he was watching Dan Dare on Tv with his pet microscope by his elbow. (The faithful microscope was busy thinking of the old focus at home). Suddenly Keemon burst in, dragging Hotty behind him by her hair in the approved cave-man way. Poor Hotty had a gag around her mouth. Before you could say Llanfair.....go-whatever it is, Omega burst in with Nad and Ynows. Dr Doom was in ecstasy. "At last, Nad, Hot and Ynows. My treble chance has come up - - Vat a diffydend!" (All evil masterminds have to talk dat vay). He was so happy he had to make an entry in his diary (Dr Doom's day book) "Take zem to ze dungeons. No, no, the other way Omega! Vy don't you two vatch vich vay you is going?"

Reunited in the dungeons, Nad clasped his sister to him. "Tell me..Did you manage to keep the plans, Hot?" "Yes Nad," she replied. "I still have the plans of P.L.U.T.O. Pipe Line Under The Universe. They are hidden where no one would, or should think of looking for them....."

Just then the sinister eyes of Dr Doom glared at them from the door of the cell. "Sooo, my beauty - - -". His evil chuckle wafted through the silence. Nad jumped up in agony. He had just had an idea. "Doom" he yelled. "I challenge you to a duel - - choose your weapons". This was Doom's chance. "I agree" he said. "I choose chess". Then, while Keemon was handing Nad a poisoned Betelgause cocktail, Doom stuck Nad's pieces to the board.....

WILL NAD ERAD DRINK THE POISONED BETTELJUICE ??????????????????

WILL THE SINISTER DR DOOM WIN THE GAME ??????????????????

ARE THE PLANS SAFE ??????????????????????????????

SEE NEXT MONTH'S GRIPPING INSTALLMENT !!

junior FIZ is a one-shot off-shoot of FEMIZINE and is being produced in

 rather a hurry for the '55 Convention Combozine. If this Combozine idea is
 going to become a regular feature of future Conventions then chances are this
 zine will appear with each issue - a hardy annual. (This was first meant to
 cover two pages, but I sort of over-ran the space. Hence the idle chatter
 now). Should any of you be so unfortunate as to have never seen a copy of
 FEMIZINE then I'd like to tell you a bit about it. For a start it has an all
 female editorial set-up, and also an all-female list of contributors. The
 only way the men can get a word in edgeways is through the letter column
 which is open to all fans. And naturally, under the circumstances, they all
 like to say a word about the femmes..... At one time we had an Editor-
 ial policy but that was long ago and far away, and we are no longer quite so
 neo. The main idea is to have fun - and every now and then a little semi-
 serious discussion. But even that can be fun! Care to join us?

Subs are 2/6 for four issues and the cash should be sent to
 Frances Evans, School House, Teignmouth Street, Collyhurst, M/c 9.

Contributions for the zine are welcomed from all members of the female sex.
 They should be sent to Ethel Lindsay, 126 West Regent Street, Glasgow.

American or Canadian subscribers should send there money to
 Eva Firestone, Box 515, Upton, Wyoming, U.S.A. People who wish to
 contribute material from overseas should still send it to Ethel as above.

 Who made this stencil into a Mobius Strip ??????????

My name incidentally is Carr - and I think all the changes have been rung on
 that except for Carrillon. EXCHANGES with other fanzines are always welcome.
 Such fanzines, together with letters of comment should be addressed to me.
 Oh yes, the general idea is to produce about six issues a year. Anyway, I
 will see you at the Con and so will Frances and Ethel. We can get together
 then.///Sgt. J.W.Carr - c/o R&PC Sgt's Mess - Maida Camp - MLEF 17 - Jan6/55

HYPHEN

COMBOZINE

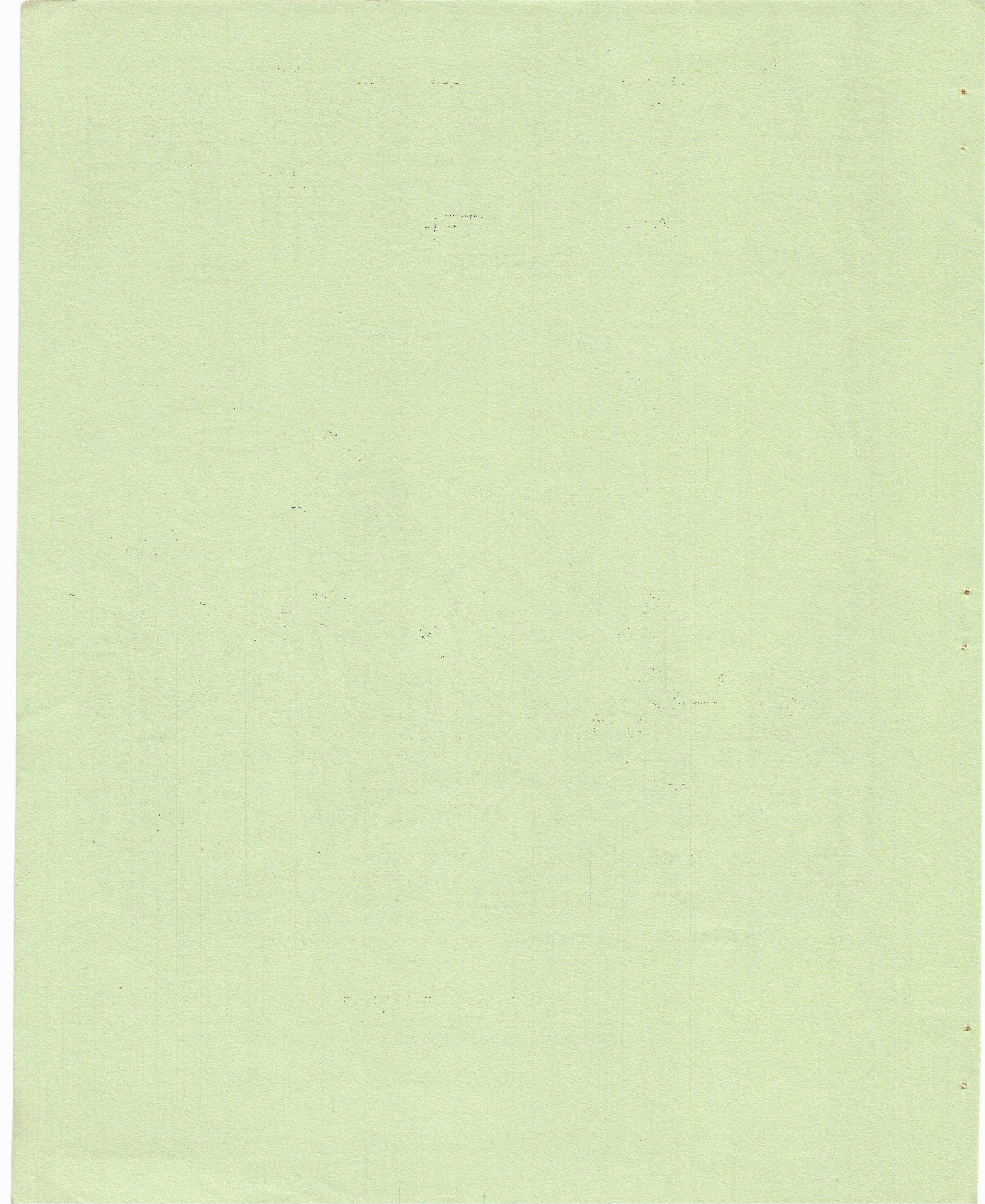
EASTER

1955



"The Campbells are coming.....maybe."

Kettering Digest Edition



SATELLITE



SATELLITE

is a quarterly magazine
for Science Fiction Fans.
It is Edited and Published
by DON ALLEN at

3, Arkle Street
Gateshead 8
Co. Durham
England.

Subscription rates are,
3/- for four issues, or
1/- per copy:

Satellite.p.ii. Editorial.

YE ED YAKS

Let me welcome you to the Cytricon and wish you a very enjoyable Easter week-end. Let me also introduce you to Satellite, the North-East's first and only fanzine. This month Satellite celebrates its first birth day, for it was in April of last year when the event of its birth took place. Since that date four issues of Satellite have appeared. Four issues in which professional authors have raised interesting topics, fan

have fuelled, commented, laughed, criticised, enjoyed, and contributed. With each issue the magazine has become better and better, both in reproduction and material. (That is what the readers say so why shouldn't I spread the word?)

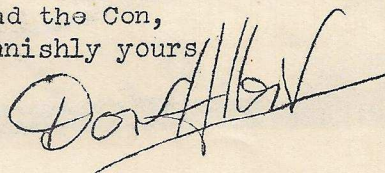
Vargo Statten wrote an article titled 'Why Imitate the Americans' in the first issue. In this article Mr. Statten said why should we copy American-style - plots, ideas, and magazines, British sf should be just British, its own ideas etc. Of course this caused a lot of discussion in the letters section! The following issue, No.2, Bryan Berry and Jon J. Deegan both had very interesting articles on writing Science Fiction. Ted Mason started off a lot of controversy with his cry for a National Fan Club Organisation. In issue number two Jim Cawthorn made his appearance (and has been with the 'zine ever since) designing the cover and drawing cartoons proving himself to be one of fandom's better artists. Also in number two Leslie Blackie wrote an article on Electromagnetism, and then later in number four he had another factual article, this one titled 'Resolution'. The next professional to appear in Satellite was H. J. Campbell who told us what he thought of American reprints and called upon his fellow editors to express their views on the subject through the pages of Satellite. And I am very pleased to say that they are doing this. Peter Hamilton of Nebula, John Carnell of New Worlds and Vargo Statten of the British S.F. Magazine are those contributing their views.

From America Warren F. Link keeps readers up to date with his column on the ups and downs of American sf and fandom. Other reports of overseas fandom come from Belgium, France, and Canada.

And so the material varies, always something for everyone, factual stuff, humor, fiction, poems, art, cartoons, etc.

Well there you are, a brief introduction to Satellite, now carry on and introduce yourself to the other fanzines represented here and if you like what you read, then spread a few subscriptions around. You will not be disappointed.

See you around the Con,
fannishly yours





LE FANDOM FRANCAIS

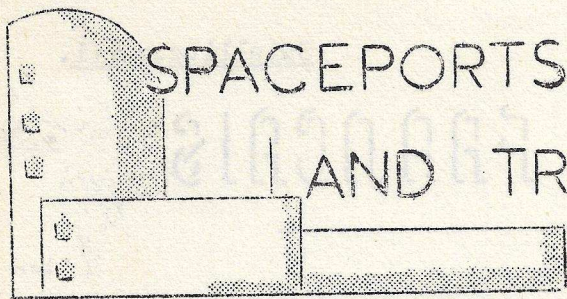


Mon cher Don,

As you will see my English she is rather small mais I wish much to tell you of Le Science-Fiction Francais. Here in Paris we have great interest in the better-class magazines, naturellement there is much bad publications on sale, such as Le Galaxie et Le Astounding mais Les Fans Francais are not, how do you say, tricked and demand always Captain Marvel et Bat Man, de nouveau, that is lately, we have Dan Dare also, so you will see we read only that which is good. Now you will wish to know of Le Fandom Francais, alors I will tell you. I am in a small club and we meet once in a week in a boite up in Le Butte do Montmartre, le boite is argot for a night-club I wish to explain. There there is good music, much dancing and Madame La Patronne is very good if there is not enough magazines for all, she brings her Vin ordinaire, one glass and immediatement the number of magazines on a table is apparently doubled, this matter is much liked by our Fannag editor, mais when he posts out the magazines the rascals of postmen seem to steal some of them for only half of the mags that he sends arrive. I am much interested in your Fandom Anglaise and one has told me that English Fans wear les pistolets de L'eau to shoot at each other, how barbarous are you English, for myself I carry always the small knife, she slips under the third rib et alors your enemy troubles you no more. It is necessary that I say I do not understand L'Argot Science-Fiction Anglais, you talk always of Fen, mon petit dictionnaire says that fen is, how do you say, a bog or marsh, can it be that Les Fans Anglais meet in such places in order to fill their pistolets? Also one talks of Le B.E.M. and says it means Bug Eyed Monster, but what a pity for a poor monster to have the bugs in the eyes, I understand the English Bats in the Belfry, but the bugs in the eyes, - ah you English. I like well your English Fan Magazines but I would say that important matters are never touched upon. I have read all, but none mentions wine, or good food, or even fashion, for a Frenchman that is very serieuse, it is this that makes you English so interested in spaceflight, alors it is without doubt to escape your bad cooking, I wish greatly also to come to England one day and meet M. Vargo Statten, we have his magazine in Paris and one has said to me that he possesses many pen-names as you say, and when I go through his work I wonder how one man may write so much, mon ami Gaston believes that M. Statten has the secret contact with a flying saucer and the unfortunates aboard her write up news stories of their planets and he publishes them as Le Science-Fiction. I find now that I have little more to say mais I will end with a small story about a little French boy who lived on a farm in a lonely part of France, and one day a flying saucer landed and from it came a beautiful Martian girl. Now it was the thirty-first of March and a night of storm, so he took her to the farm and his parents said she must stay so they gave her an attic room. The next morning was of course April first and the little boy comes into the kitchen where his mother is making breakfast and says "Mother, come quickly, the Martian girl is in bed with a strange man." Mother hurries upstairs with her child and opens the attic door. "April Fool" says the little boy, "it is not a stranger it is father."

Toute-a-vous,

Pierre.



SPACEPORTS

AND TRAFFIC CONTROL



by John Grayson.

There have been thousands of words, perhaps millions, written in the past few years about rockets and rocketry, plans have been made for landing on the Moon and the various planets of the Solar System, the whole world, it might be said, has become rocket conscious. This is perhaps unusual, for no such thing happened when aeroplanes were in the same state of development as rockets are to-day, however one very important aspect of the problem seems to have been completely overlooked, namely the construction and operation of spaceports. "We know that" says the man in the corner, "but who's worried about spaceports until the first service is running weekly to the Moon?" The answer is that very soon there will be a satellite station built, and that will involve the construction of a spaceport, probably long before the first rocket lands on the Moon. What problems will be involved? Quite a few. First of all there is the fact that a rocket rises on a column of exceedingly hot flame, much, much hotter than an ordinary gas flame, probably hotter than an oxy-acetylene burner, the temperature being perhaps something about the same as an atomic hydrogen torch which will melt tungsten, that is $3,400^{\circ}\text{C}$. and if atomic power is used the temperatures will probably be out of the realm of human comprehension. The immediate problem is therefore to find something that the rocket can take off from without setting it violently ablaze, and what is more important still, something it can land on. The ordinary tarmac or concrete surfaces employed on airport runways are just out of the running altogether, tarmac at the temperature of the rocket jets of to-day would puff away in choking clouds of blue smoke and burn furiously, concrete would shatter. Silica furnace refractories would stand the heat but would not take kindly to a few hundred tons of rocket settling daintily on to them. What do we use? Passed to your friend. My guess is water, just a few inches of it in a decent sized pool would do, the level being maintained by a constant flow device. The rocket would land in it, of course there'd be clouds of steam, but water's just fine for absorbing heat, and some of the more deadly atomic radiations.

The next problem is traffic control. Here what we've learnt about aircraft will come in useful, but, and here we go again. Of course we know that the three forty flight from Gander can hang about over Prestwick until the six forty to Gander takes off, but the "Maid of Venus" is into her braking ellipses and losing speed fast, and a rocket, even with wings, flies about as gracefully as a tank, and can hang about waiting just as easily. In other words, a rocket can't make a second approach, if its first approach is wrong, the late occupants are scraped off the spaceport and the Committee of Enquiry is convened. Right then, traffic control must be perfect from the word go, and though a rocket doesn't take up that much space to land there must be plenty of room nonetheless.

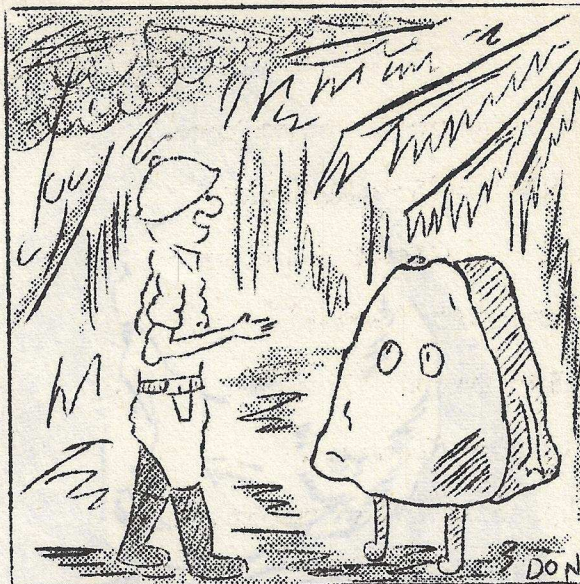
Then there are other things, like loading and unloading, and handling radioactively "hot" engines and fuels, but here your author gracefully retires and buries his nose in a copy of Dan Dare's latest adventures.



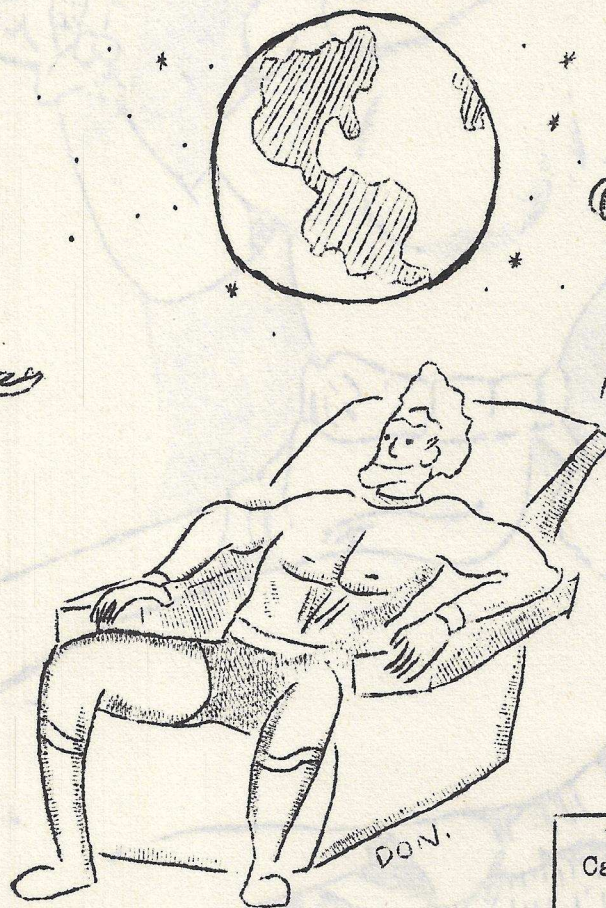
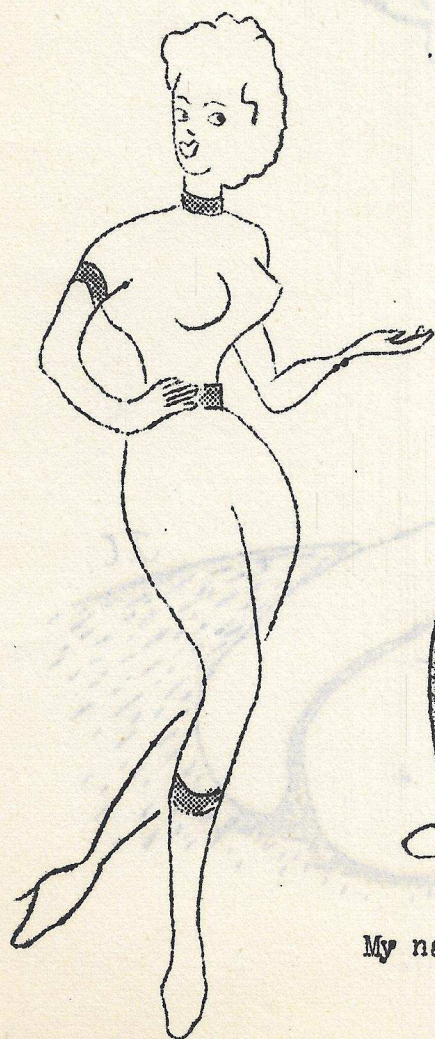
S.p.v

'Bashful Ben'

From Satellite & Dizzy. p.vi.



"Ah, Doctor Living-stone, I presume!"



SOMEBODY MOVED!

H H
My name is H-C-C-O, but you can
H H
call me Sugar!

Cartoons from

DIZZY.

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fanzine. Published
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K.A.S. THANKS ALL WHO CONTRIBUTED AND HELPED IN ANY WAY.

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SPACE FOR NOTES AND AUTOGRAPHS.etc..

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