

M O O N S H I N E

A few sallies (ugh!) from John F. Burke, 57 Beauclair Drive, Liverpool L15, sent out by the last of the stalwarts in English fandom, J. Michael Rosenblum, to whom our best thanks.

This sheet cannot attempt too much in the first issue, but as it is hoped that more than one issue will appear, we shall be glad - aw, why stand on ceremony - I shall be glad - to receive jokes, poems, and any short articles that may be suitable. If only the few fans left out of captivity will rally round as they used to do when the Satellite was in its prime, we might be able to produce something worth reading - and this means you!

SAYINGS OF THE GREAT

Eric Hopkins: "We live lives which are not only cheap and gaudy, but which are only valued as such by the new philosophy of rule and force." /Is that rule really new?" The whole so-called civilised world is fashioned to produce more and more, cheaper and cheaper material possessions clipped, chivvied and wrenched from natural resources into unnatural and imitation 'artistic' shapes. These are hung and scattered in utilitarian profusion about the rooms of houses in which you couldn't swing a civilised mouser even if by some equally civilised obeisance to superstitious custom you wanted to. From dawn to dusk of our lives we work towards these ends; the whole world works towards these ends; and it is all accepted - nay! - not even questioned or thought upon by the common throng. We neither run savage in the forest nor dwell harmless and contemplative in the cities; but work long and hard in the madness, goaded at frequent intervals into vicious barbarity by queer exhortations to the defence of the realm, which means an aggregation of broadly defined groups of people whose only feature in common is the language, and a slightly larger measure of personal freedom. This is called 'Life', and Heaven the motive! Truly we are tempered in the furnace of adversity."

Thomas Mann (in 'Lotte in Weimar'): "Men do not act quite of themselves. They act in response to an outward situation, and on being presented with an opportunity to conform to a pattern. If the pattern gives licence to cruelty, so much the better. They take advantage of the licence so thoughtlessly, so thoroughly, that it becomes perfectly clear: the generality of mankind are only waiting for the chance; only waiting for outward circumstance to sanction brutality and allow them to be cruel and brutal to their heart's content."

NON FANTASY BOOKS

An American fanmag suggests that readers should send in lists of six non-fantasy books that they think everyone should read. We borrow this idea - let us know your favourites, or even books that are not your especial favourites but worthy of mention. To start with, six of my own choices: "Sons and Lovers" (D.H. Lawrence); "Point Counter Point" (Aldous Huxley); "Madame Bovary" (Gustave Flaubert); "The Story of My Heart" (Richard Jefferies); "While Rome Burns" (Alexander Wollcott); "Hamlet Had an Uncle" (James Branch Cabell). Those are only a few; new and old, chosen at random; let's have some more.

RED AND WHITE .

Two white carnations mingling with two red;
 She snatched the white ones roughly out and said:
 "Oh God, what have I done - put red and white
 Together? Then shall death be here tonight!"

I stared, and then recalled the old belief
 That red and white together foretell grief
 And death within the short span of a day.
 My heart-throbs quickened and I looked away.

Red for her blood, her warm, sweet blood that sped
My blood in pulsing drum-beats to my head,
 And red my hands will soon be with the flood
 Of crimson that will be my love's life-blood.

White for a shroud - a shroud that she shall wear;
 White for the lilies glistening in her hair-
 That dark, and sparkling hair that used to cling
 Firm to my fingers, like a living thing.

You call me mad - perhaps I am! - I feel
 About my head a stinging band of steel:
 Always before my eyes I see her face,
 Her loveliness of feature and her grace.

But even as the shining, glistening fruit
 Bears yet a loathsome maggot at its root,
 So, 'neath that bosom fair and smooth and white
 There beats a heart as black and dark as night.

The fates have spoken: she shall die tonight;
 Oh bitter fate, who put the red and white
 Carnations there, and bid her look, and see
 There, in a bowl of flowers, her destiny.

J. M.

FOR SALE: PLANET STORIES Spring 1940; UNKNOWN April 1940; both @
 1/4d. each.....WEIRD TALES July 1934, March 1936, @ 1/6d. each;
 March 1940 @ 1/4d. 57 Beauclair Drive, Liverpool 15.

SONG OF THE MOMENT: "I'll Never Make the Same Mistake Again" - as
 RAP said when Z & D told him off for accepting a good story.

TALES OF WONDER's latest prize competition is for the best letter
 on "The Future of Mankind". Fill in your entries here.....

NEW FANTASY BOOKS include "Angels on Horseback" by C.K. Jager, and
 "Miss Hargreaves" by F. Baker. Both are worth reading, and John
 Masefield's "Basilissa" may appeal to those who enjoy Unknown's
 screwy stories of the old days told in modern style.