

# EDITORIAL

Science-fiction fans are a lazy pack of individuals! Or, rather, a large proportion of those who call themselves fans. The true enthusiasts spend all their spare time (and all their money) producing magazines and sending out large quantities of correspondence in the endeavour to draw fans together. When they succeed a few more people join the SFA, receive NOVAE TERRAE and all the other publications, and just read them, without realising that these fan-mags are really and truly dependent on readers' opinions. If you don't write to these magazines every month, you are not getting your money's worth! The magazines are run entirely to put over your opinions. If you are a true fan, not just a blood-and-thunder maniac, still lost in wonder over the genius of men who can write stories about death rays and space warps, you have very decided opinions of your own - ALL SF fans have. These magazines are for you to spread your views to others. The Editors of professional magazines, run for profit, cannot and will not devote a large proportion of their space to the propoganda some keen enthusiast of some "ism" is trying to thrust upon the public; we are impartial, and are only too glad to put anything in our pages, providing it is reasonably sensible and logically written.

DON'T BE LAZY! - if you see something you don't like in this magazine, don't just make a rude noise and then go on reading - sit right down and write to us! Write to all the fan mags, and show the editors there are more than just a few brainless morons reading their outpourings.

If you see something in ASTOUNDING, by all means write to Campbell and tell him about it - in any case write to us about it, and see what other readers and fans think.

It will be seen that we have taken the "Satellite" into a new format, which we trust will prove popular. This new size and style costs us a great deal more than before, and we hope you will help us along by telling your friends all about the magazine, and, don't forget - WRITE IN AND TELL US WHAT YOU THINK! All articles, short stories, comments, and letters of criticism will be appreciated.

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## THE SATELLITE

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# CITADEL of DREAMS

Pt. 1

By D. McILWAIN

(BEING A LITERARY GAME, WHEREIN EACH PLAYER IS REQUIRED TO WRITE AN INSTALMENT OF THE STORY, CARRYING ON FROM WHERE THE PREVIOUS PLAYER LEFT OFF, AND FINISHING HIS INSTALMENT IN SUCH A MANNER AS TO MAKE IT AS AWKWARD AS POSSIBLE FOR THE NEXT WRITER TO CONTINUE. THE PLAYERS' ROTA IS AS FOLLOWS:

- Beginning.... .David McIlwain.
- Part One .....Frank D. Wilson.
- Part Two ..... ..C.S. Youd.
- Conclusion..... ..John F. Burke.

IT IS IMPORTANT THAT THE GENERAL THEME OF THE STORY SHOULD, AS FAR AS POSSIBLE, ADHERE TO THE PRE-ARRANGED TITLE)

## PART ONE

There is a place, sheltered by towering hills, and watered by the dancing rivulets of the mountainside, where man is at last content. No petty hatred ever seeks to shatter the placid peace of Lanoah, and no spy from the malignant outer world ever peers across the green meadows and the ebon forests that conceal the perfect city. For Lanoah is in the heart of the forests, and there, among the tall trees, one may glimpse transient visions of crystal spires and citadels, and one may hear the faint, whispering music which floats on the perfumed air like heaven born stardust, mingling in quaint harmony with the rustling leaves, and the sighing of the zephyr-blown boughs.

Many men have sought Lanoah, but very few have ever found it. Many have known of its existence, and many have disbelieved the stories told about it, but few have realised that concrete proof lies in the very legends and myths of the world. Heaven's Paradise, Zion, Elysium, Utopia.. ..all are one; all are Lanoah!

Men like gods inhabit Lanoah, men proved worthy of its citizenship. Men who have attained the state of mental perfection never found in the outer world, for all men, having achieved such perfection, find the shaded towers of Lanoah before them and leave the outer world for ever.

And there chanced one day, into the drowsy forest, a small stout man, who pushed his way through the untainted wilderness of the undergrowth with feverish haste. At intervals he stopped and pulled a large violet handkerchief out of his pocket,

to mop his brow. He would gaze into the surrounding foliage and shrubs, as though searching for some familiar landmark, and then, disappointed, continue on his erratic trail, as though pursued by a devil.

Eventually he came across a stream, and he sat wearily on the grassy bank. Again he wiped his forehead with the vivid handkerchief, and blinked rapidly at the trickling stream, and the sombre trees across the water.

"Fool!" he muttered savagely, clenching his fists, "Dammed fool!"

He fumbled in his coat pocket, and brought out a tiny blue bottle. Pulling out the cork with his teeth, he sprinkled a small amount of greyish powder onto the palm of his hand, and peered at it with wrapt concentration. "Cursed stuff!" he breathed, then he flung the powder and the bottle into the brook.

And as he did so, a shadow fell across him. With a cry of terror he sprang erect, and turned to face the new comer. He found before him a tall impassive man, arrayed in white garments, and instinctively he felt awed. The other spoke, in a deep, expressive voice, which indicated extreme culture and refinement.

"How came you to the woods of Lanoah?" asked the stranger.

The little man just stood staring, as though unable to speak.

"You are not of our type" continued the other, "Furthermore, you did not enter by the orthodox route".

The intruder found his tongue at length. "I did not know it would kill me!" he gasped miserably, "I didn't know! I wouldn't have taken it if I'd known".

The tall man was perplexed. "I do not follow your train of thought" he protested, "Please be logical".

"Are you a ghost?" The small man blanched at the thought.

"I am not of the world from which you have evidently come; but, on the other hand, I live, and have substance. Therefore I am no ghost. But the mystery of your entrance into Lanoah is as yet unsolved. Tell me, how did you get here? You did not discover the mental vibration by accident?"

The little man was plainly agitated. "Am I dead, or am I still alive?" he cried, as though his very existence depended upon the answer.

The reply was unassuring. "You may be dead, but on the other hand, you may be alive. But answer my questions; how did you get here?"

"It was an old book" whimpered the stout one, "The formula, I mean. I bought the ingredients at the chemist, and mixed them myself. The book said that five grains of the powder, taken with water, would induce a state of perfect peace and ecstasy in the mind. I was depressed, and I took ten grains. It must have poisoned me, for when I recovered consciousness, I was in this forest. I must be dead, and this must be heaven! I must be dead!"

The tall man smiled grimly. "You are dead" he announced to the shivering mortal, "But not so dead that you cannot return to your former life". He waved his arm in a vague circle. "This place is Lanoah, the abode of the philosophers, the home of the poets. The passport to Lanoah, and particularly to the city of

Ianoah, deep in the forest, is mental harmony and poise, which you do not possess. This is Heaven, but one out of a million million ever reaches here. You found the formula, the recipe which was known only to the wizard Elther, in the days when Egypt was a mighty nation. The formula that few possess, and such as possess it have never found cause to exceed the dose as did you! There fore you must come with me to....."

He broke off abruptly as a slithering and crashing sound came from the trees to the right. The little man gave a cry of alarm, and would have run away, but for the restraining arm of the other.

"We have more visitors" said the elder.

(ANOTHER INSTALLMENT OF THIS WILL APPEAR IN OUR NEXT ISSUE - SEE HOW FRANK D. WILSON WORKS ON FROM HERE!)

## "EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE"

By C.S. YouD

A space-ship and a planet,  
Some red-hot Jovian hell,  
Mickey-mouse and Tarzan,  
And caves where the ape-men dwell;  
With a Big White Carstairs hero  
And a drunken, villainous sot,  
Some call it science-fiction  
And others - tonny-rot.

A Frenchman - rather spurious,  
And Trwobridge his oafish friend,  
A call at half-past midnight,  
And someone's sticky end;  
With some breasts like "pink-nosed kittens"  
And graceful, swan-like necks,  
Some call it Quinn's best yarn to date  
While others call it SEX.

Ten pages of mimeographed typing,  
An article or two,  
A thrice-rejected story  
And an asinine letter from YOU;  
And this morass of ink-sgains,  
This great, big, nasty smell --  
Some call it the world's best fan-mag.  
And others call it --well!

(SEE FOOT OF NEXT PAGE)

# ROUND AND ABOUT

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Maurice K. Hanson gives up NOVAE TERRAE to Ted Carnell, who plans a magazine that will shake up the fans a bit. Quarto size (we know that Mr. Carnell didn't copy off this issue of THE SATELLITE, so there must be something in telepathy), the first new issue is due about February, with a cover by Harry Turner, fiction by well-known authors, and brand-new, up-to-date features. We wish the magazine the best of luck, and hope that it will keep up to the high standard Mr. Carnell hopes to set.....

James Hilton, author of "Lost Horizon", writes from Hollywood to a well-known Sunday paper that Columbia are planning a film about the lost continent of Atlantis, and he predicts a big boom in science fantasy films.....

"The Devil Doll", film of the Merritt novel "Burn Witch Burn", showing in Liverpool recently.

Humble apologies to NOVAE TERRAE for not mentioning in our November issue that "All is Dust" was originally printed in said magazine.....

A certain duo of Liverpool fans loosed off a mighty guffaw when they read in NOVAE TERRAE that D.R. Smith considered Rudy Vallee's was a swing band.....

Liverpool Branch humming of late - Ted Carnell paid a visit Sunday, December 6th, giving a gripping talk that so parched him he vanished for about half-an-hour to swill down beer with Abe Bloom. Ken Chapman due December 11th - maybe we can lay in a supply for him - maybe not....

A Merry Christmas to you all.

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(CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE)

Then once in a million stories  
To what our great desire,  
We find one wondrous fantasy,  
Fraught with supernal fire.  
And the Cohorts cry: "That foolishness!  
Go pour it down the sink!"  
But we who have known its glory --  
We sit alone and think.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO A VERY  
BEAUTIFUL POEM)

# WHITHER "TALES OF WONDER"

By Leslie J. Johnson

There is a sitting in the dovecots of British fandom, and ever and anon the restless crooning rises to a shrill wail. Something is wrong in the state of fandom; initial enthusiasm gives way to gloom; fans ask one another "Whither British science-fiction?" -- and find no answer.

The publication of FANTASY shed temporary light in persistent gloom, only to return comet-like into the emptiness whence it came.

Now, again, we have only TALES OF WONDER; once again we must pin our hopes to the World's Work publication.

Before proceeding further due credit must be given Mr. Gillings for his unrelenting efforts to bring to pass the publication of the magazine in the first instance. Once publication has become fact, however, one must consider matters in a totally different light, and in so doing cast no aspersions on Mr. Gillings' pioneering efforts.

Enthusiasm for the first issue of TALES OF WONDER gave way later to mixed feelings. Summed up, it was resolved that the sole merit of TALES OF WONDER No. 1 was that it was TALES OF WONDER No. 1! That it was the first professional British science-fiction magazine. Fans whispered that after all it was a start; they must be tolerant. It was good enough to have a British magazine at all; why then drown the Infant in a flood of criticism, either destructive or constructive?

Hence the whispers: the delicate Infant must be preserved and carefully nursed to maturity.

The Infant survived its birth, was duly registered as in existence, and promised to survive indefinitely, all other things being equal.

Having paid its way, it was rumoured far and wide that the Infant was a success; a big future was in store for it, and before much Time had slipped into the limbo of the past

No. 5 is due this month, and enthusiasm is waning. And the reason for this? The Infant offers nothing of value to the world. There are those who declare the world would be better without the Infant and plan furtively to do away with it. Others think an operation might be beneficial, while still other foster-parents - overcome with sentiment - are content to maintain the Infant per se.

Science-fiction magazines of various types serve various purposes: elementary magazines can attract the hesitants to read science-fiction and nurture them until they can appreciate more advanced works. These magazines lead up in stages to the best "class" publications presenting a worth-while message to the world as a whole. These different publications all serve their purpose.

Into what category, then, does TALES OF WONDER (our recalcitrant Infant) fall? Honestly, I think that as at present constituted it comes outside these categories altogether. A magazine that can regard a story such as "Out of the Past" as a worthy specimen of all that is most desirable for presentation, and that only prints (so we are given to understand) an unusual story like "Smile of the Sphinx" under pressure - such a publication has little to offer to the science-fiction world in particular and the outside world in general.

There is no use denying that Mr. Gillings may be beset with difficulties of one kind or another. First of all, has he a completely free hand in running TALES OF WONDER? I understand he has, but this must not be regarded as gospel.

Then, although World's Work Ltd. are cat-like in their capacity for survival, the magazine's circulation is a factor to be reckoned with even with them.

In connexion with the illustrations it is known for a fact that if the publishers had their way there would most likely be only one art effort: the cover! It is only by superhuman efforts that the hard-worked Editor contrives to have Turner's drawings included, and even then he is compelled to use each of them twice - or none at all in the subsequent issue. . .

Space rates for TALES OF WONDER are not such as to delight the heart of the neediest of writers; but my own view is that enthusiasm of science-fiction writers is such as to overlook this point to a considerable extent. In this, however, as in other points in this article, I am always open to contradiction..

Blame for the present state of affairs may rest fairly upon any or all - or any combination - of a number of shoulders. The Editor, the publishers, the readers, the authors: one or some combination of these is to blame. Which is it? Personally, with all due reservation and respect, I am inclined to blame the Editor. I can't believe the readers are really responsible for

the magazine in its present form; nor that the authors cannot better; as for the publishers, who have an infinite scope for interference with editorship, knowing what I do about World's Work Ltd. I am inclined to think that while they will not put themselves out to help the Editor, neither will they tread on his toes. If he produces a magazine that will sell well enough, that's as much as they expect from him.

Responsibility for reprinting stories unworthy of even initial presentation rests with the Editor alone, and in this respect Mr. Gillings would appear to be facing life with an intolerable burden.

Providing previous facts and reasoning are correct we are driven to the conclusion that if Mr. Gillings sets himself out to produce a really "class" science-fiction publication there would be few obstacles in his way.

I am driven to believe that the present TALES OF WONDER reprint policy has a deep psychological source inasmuch as it is demonstrably easy to accept a story already accorded recognition, rather than to take a chance with a story that has failed as yet to get beyond the typewriter. But then, Mr. Gillings, every story starts at the typewriter or in longhand! This is fact, not just fancy. Then why not take a chance and print stories towards which you are not biased in advance by previous, printed, illustrated presentation?

Details of TALES OF WONDER N. 5 just to hand seem to indicate a somewhat better future in store with less unprogressive reprints, and if this is so I, for one, will be pleased indeed. But details I have concerning TALES OF WONDER No. 6 seem to indicate that this particular No. will be an "All American Reprint Edition".

Possibly I am one of those sentimental foster-parents who would rather suckle the Infant in agony than have it destroyed - even though it may be feeble-minded - and yet I cannot help thinking that if it were announced one day that henceforth TALES OF WONDER would become a thing of the past (meaning that even reprints would not be reprinted!) my regret would most likely be as that for an ailing relative released at last from a long period of suffering.

In conclusion, I do not wish the Editor of TALES OF WONDER to imagine that I am condemning him offhand without consideration for his good efforts on behalf of British science-fiction. Few know better than myself exactly how difficult it has been for Mr. Gillings to have the magazine published at all. The fact remains, however, that TALES OF WONDER as at present constituted has little to offer to the progress of a branch of literature that is essentially the most progressive in existence. TALES OF

WONDER is an anachronism; something "out of the Past". And while it may continue to survive as such, it will ever be reminiscent of a dried-up oasis in the desert that promised so much and offered so little.

Nothing would please me better than that TALES OF WONDER should some day be everywhere acclaimed the "Best in Science-Fiction", and until what appears at the present to be the most fantastic concept in science-fiction becomes fact I will wish Mr. Gillings and TALES OF WONDER all the luck in the world, and hope this article may assist their progress.

## M O O N S H I N E

### READERS' LETTERS

FROM ERIC C. WILLIAMS....

My first bit of praise for the "Satellite" is that it is the most cheerful fan-mag that I know of....I suppose, as a swing fan, that I should be pleased about the cover, but the only thing I like about it is the chap's bow tie. It seems that your only artist in Liverpool is MaCK (though I expect ASTRA is just another name for the same, so I wish you would please ask him to keep on the front page - in short, let's have better covers.

"Groan Corner" is a good idea, though I wonder how long it will continue. Most groans have been voiced again and again, and it seems to me that the only things left to be kicked about are the minor ones....but still, that's what they thought about science once upon a time.

The printing, as usual, was terrible, and some of the articles - Frank Wilson's "Crazy S-F" especially - were unreadable! I understand the difficulty of turning out hectographed stuff and don't blame you for the fault, but thank heavens you are getting a duplicator. The idea of Snooky scratching his pimples was rather sickening to my tender stomach, but the theme seems interesting, so let Snooky continue.

"Moonshine" is, in my opinion, the best part of the mag, and whatever you do, don't cut out the replies to the readers' letters....they make it seem as though you are really interested in what the writers have to say, and it makes them write all the more. Psychology! To sum up, the "Satellite" is an amusing mag and well worth the enormous fee charged for it.

(We thank Mr. Williams for his kind comments. I have seen

to get the most friendly letters from our foreign readers, particularly those in that far off an uncivilised place... London. Artist MACK, we regret to announce, has collapsed from overwork, and will not appear for...oh, years and years! We certainly will not discontinue our practice of answering readers' letters, for how else could we hold our own against ye brickbatters. And finally, re the "terrible printing", what about this issue?)

FROM RICHARD WILSON JR, NEW YORK.

The horrible hecogtographing is naturally nauseous, as I see you've been told altogether too often already.....I see also where you plan to suddenly blossom out into large size, which is regrettable - don't you know that fans hate and loathe editors who prance jollily about, playing hod with the size of their publications? This sort of thing merits a Fate Worse than Death. "Forewarned is Forearmed" - Aesop...or maybe Wilson.

That bow-tied fellow who was caught red-handed(laughter) on the December issue is quite clever - not T. Carnell, is it? "The Music War" wasn't bad, tho the ending was messy...C.S.Youd's green re titles is a business that's been long neglected - titles are important - ask Hollywood.

(We hate to question you when you doubt our wisdom in changing size, but we must quote an eminent authority, and say that, believing as we do that most of our readers will prefer this size - "You can't please everybody")

FROM WILLIAM F. ("SPHINX") TEMPLE

THE COVER. Didn't like the expression on the drummer's face, but did like the noughts and crosses square you so thoughtfully provided. Played a game with Ego, and lost.

Eric's "Music War" is original enough to keep one's interest but fails in credibility because relatively few people are really sensitive to music, and even they have their own individual reactions to it.

Mr. Youd is somewhat unfair to authors in his article. In the majority of cases it is the Editor who chooses the title, unless the author is of sufficient standing to insist upon his own. I'm afraid most editors cannot appreciate intriguing titles, but prefer things that are supposed to hit the casual reader in the eye. Mostly they don't, because they are made up of words that archae neyer to death.

Still something wrong about the back page. Someone's bunged a cartouche on mine, instead of readable matter.

(We had someawfully witty cracks to make here, but there's no more room, so you'll just have to guess what they were)