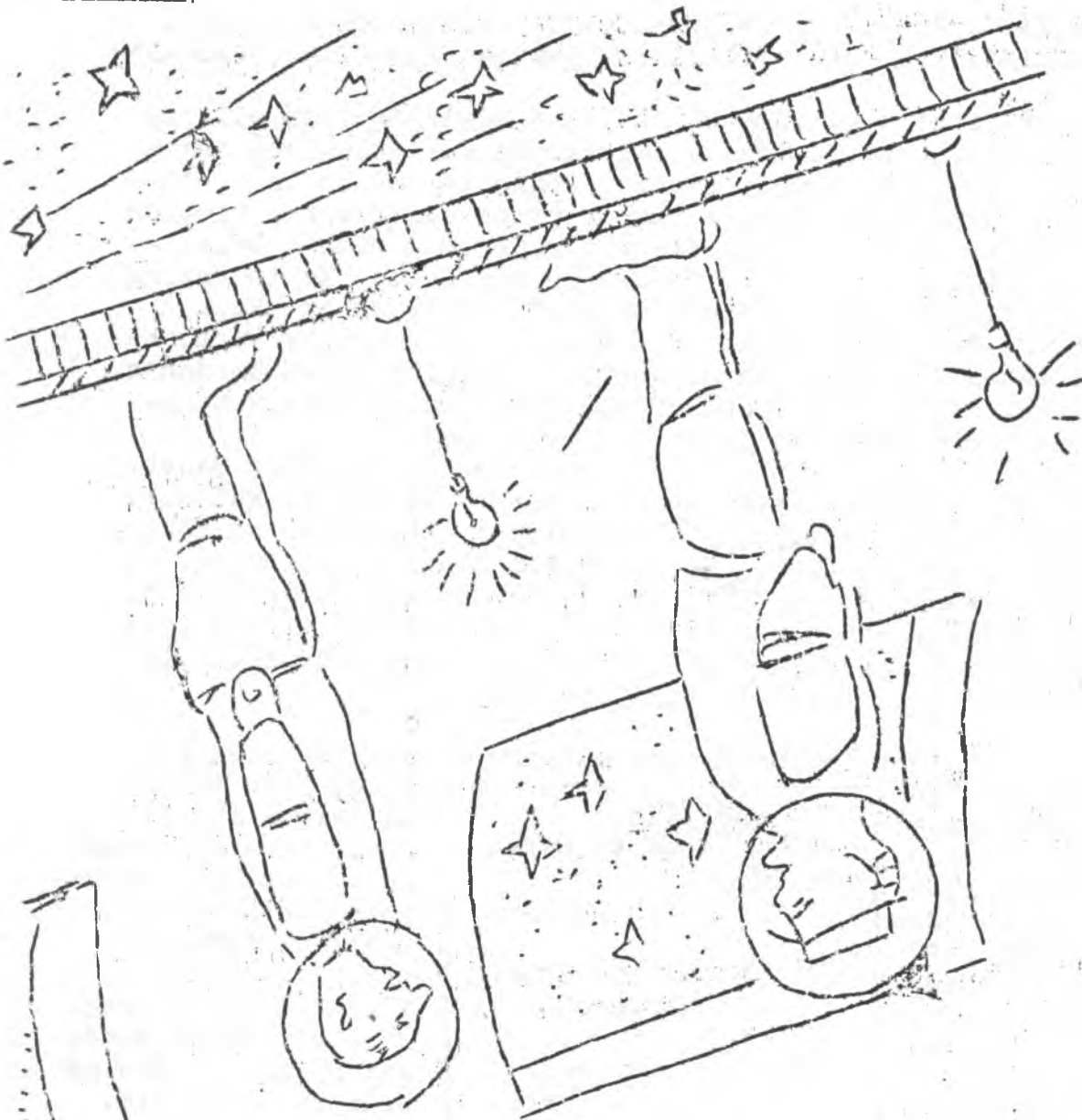


# THE SATELITE<sup>2D</sup>

VOL 2  
NO 4

APRIL 1939



WHY HASN'T THIS CEILING BEEN  
SWEPT, MR. WIMPLE?

By FRANK D. WILSON

ARAFIE

(BEING A REVIEW OF FUTURE SCIENCE FICTION SEEN BY KIND PERMISSION OF JACK WILLIAMSON THROUGH HIS "TIME SCANNER")

I think first a glimpse of the last month in 1939 will be appropriate, so...Click...twist...zzzz...a low hum comes flowing from the bowels of our "Scanner" and on to the screen jumps a picture of the interior of "Science Fiction Service". We see a bespectacled young man with a bristling moustache and a look of awe on his face. He is gazing at the first issue of "Doom Novels" published by Hack Brothers Inc...he looks at a bright red cover by Wert; he sees the Jelly Fish Men of Jupiter stinging Flash Gordon's greatest rival, Red Slobberdosh, while in the misty background our heroine is seen tied to a post.

Our Friend turns over the page and we see "Red Slobberdosh and the Jelly Fish Men of Jupiter" by Henery Kuttner! But not being sufficiently attracted by the title we take a look at the shelves; we see "Miraculous Mimeographs", "Cataclysmic Space Stories", "Wondrous Autobiographies", and several other new titles. Naturally the titles were bad enough for us, so we decided to change the scene to an Editorial office in the year 1945.

The Editor is speaking to Nat Schachner and John Russell Fearn.... "Now had you smuggled antic so you by the gallon as I say. Now changing the ing" to "Stup-Adventures, so novel from you Warp Kassey, so for you, Nat, I

We can use about Strang others what-remember we killed this

THE SATELLITE

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ART EDITOR:

David McIlwain.

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COVER BY

Eric C. Williams

then, John boy, I ed across the Atl- could turn out stuff and I want you to do this month we're title of "Stupefy-ifying Scientific I want a great long John boy about Space get going....Now as want three shorts. pseudonyms; one Stranglehold, and the ever you please, and want Stranglehold- time!" "Aw, gee,

boss! He's m' favourite character, an' I want him to bump off the Phobosonian and live happily ever after!"

"Scram! I told you what to do!"

Enter Henry Kuttner.

"Ah, Henry, I want six more novelettes from you this month. I want a 'spicy' one for "Breezy Space Stories" and three 'hot' ones for "Magnificent" and "Galactic", and a good one for "Stupefying". The other two must be plain science-fiction for "Stupendous" and 'Colossal'."

"Oke!"

Clock...twist...brrrrr...being fed up we decide to visit the prime minster in the year 1950!

"I tell you, sir, we must put a stop to it! Seventy-five of these...er...science-fiction magazines are being published today, and nobody has any time to do anything but read them. The school-master reads them to his pupils...the workman reads them, and often in working hours...every housewife is smothered under a pile of them ....the King actually revels in "Stupefying Scientific Adventures".. ..er, that's the chief magazine, I believe...there are twenty British ones, too, and all print these..these...Science things, and the public like it!"

"Yes, sir".

"Well, what must we do about it?"

"I don't know, sir".

"Production is going down and people won't work! We must stop the publication of these magazines, or we shall be buried under them".

"Yes, sir".

"Don't keep saying "Yes, sir" - get me results! Make a new law or something...anything to stop this confounded situation!"

"If you will excuse me, sir, I have a suggestion to make..."

"Well, - what is it?"

"Suppose the public should discontinue to be attracted by this strange literature..."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, if the quality of the stories should differ...that is to say if the magazines ceased to print these stories to attract the public .... the public would naturally discontinue reading them, and go back to work...if we threaten the publishers with death I am sure they will stop."

"By Jove! You're right - come on!"

This is interesting, so I think we should take a peep further into the future.

Now we see a Bookstall surrounded by a mass of science-fiction

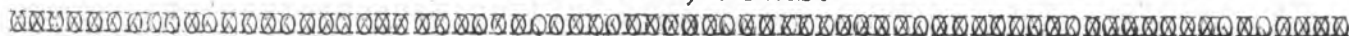
fans...buying up the huge pile of magazines before them...suddenly three men burst to the front of the crowd, yelling:

"Hey, this ain't science-fiction...at least not proper science-fiction. There's no space warps in it and no Jelly fish men, or anything worth reading...it's all about simple visits to planets and things, and there ain't no dames in any of the stories!"

" Yeah" said another, "It's just like it used to be in them old days o' 1931 and roundabouts...we want our money back".

We take a look further into the future and behold six magazines, and all true science-fiction and the usual few fans read them with great content, all glad that the terrible age of super science-fiction is over and that their dear plain old science-fiction is back with them.....Science-Fiction Service goes bankrupt!

THAT IS ALL, FOLKS!



THE MAN WHO SAID THE "SKYLARK" WAS LOUSY!

STORY

of

THE

BY JOHN F. BURKE

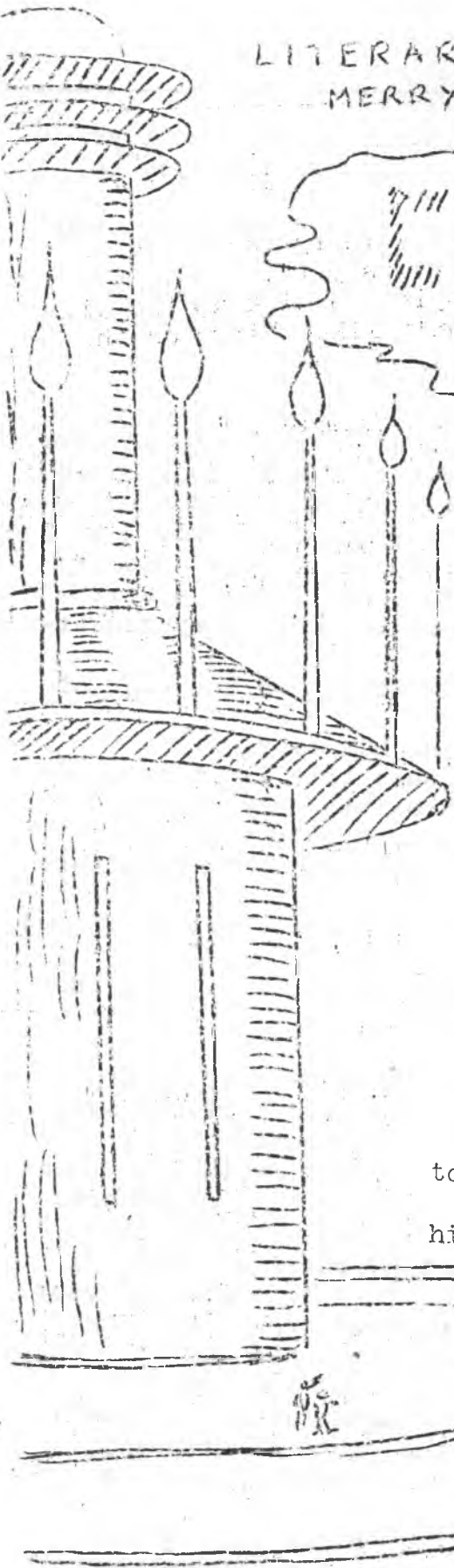
Waving a biscuit in the air, Tubby interrupted: "But if all Lanoahns are the great men of earth, who are you? Do we know you?"

The Lanoahn smiled. "I have been expecting that. My name is Howard Phillips Lovecraft".

The law of gravity is not one to be trifled with. The biscuit, upon being released from Tubby's clutch, descended in the direction of the floor.

"Lovecraft?" said Fred in a very small voice, "But it...I mean to say, that is...if...gosh!"

The Lanoahn smiled gently in his usual way, and leaned back in his chair.



"If you gentlemen have refreshed yourselves - on food that you yourselves have imagined, I may add - I should like to take you to the Council".

"The Council?" said Tubby, "Er - imaginary food? You know, you haven't explained things to us very well as yet".

"I fear not" said Lovecraft, stooping to pick up the piece of biscuit Tubby had dropped, "Er - I don't like things on the doorstep. Watch this biscuit. It isn't there".

"It certainly is" said Tubby boldly.

"Because you will it to be" said the Lanoahn, "This world, as I said before, is perfection itself. Perfection can exist only in pure thought, without material attachments, so, by very simple logic, you can see that this is a world of pure thought. We can see whatever we want to see, for the mind is the most powerful creator of all. If I want a house of a certain kind to appear over there, by the edge of the wood, I can just bring the image to my mind, and I will see it - and if I want to enter it, I can conjure up all the necessary sensations".

He looked fixedly ahead, apparently at something on the edge of the wood.

"I can't see anything" said Tubby, shading his eyes.

"No, of course you can't" said HPL, "Because this is my thought image - not yours. This whole land of Lanoah exists only in our own imagination. That food was not there at all - you just imagined it".

The three looked very sceptical; with a slight chuckle Lovecraft held up the biscuit.

"Tell yourself that isn't there" he said, "Go on - look at it and try to convince yourself it isn't there".

Three pairs of eyes turned doubtfully upon the biscuit, and then three mouths formed a little circle of amazement.

"It's gone" said Tubby, "Coo!"

"Of course it's gone" said the Lanoahn, highly amused, "Everything is the same round here. That dream you had, for instance..you were weak from the drug, and consequently could not control your thoughts properly. You just let any thought slip out, with the result that you experienced emotional hiatus - a very bad sort of nightmare. Even now you are not a really advanced thinker - you got into this land by a method we thought lost long ago, not by power of will. I think we should begin our way to the Council. They will know of your arrival, and will be expecting us. We have no need of a governing body, of course, in a perfect world, but some of the old fogies - er, some of our older members, like to set themselves up in a sort of Council. I sometimes think....oh, well, never mind...come with me".

"Is it far?" said Fred, looking out at the vista of greenery, interspersed with the houses peeping out in occasional places, as though afraid of being seen.

"It is no distance at all" said Lovecraft, "Since this whole land is a figment of our own imaginings, we can imagine ourselves there - and we will be there. You see that tall tower over yonder,

through the trees? Imagine yourselves there - hold me by the hand, you may feel dizzy. Right?"

Tubby thought hard, and felt everything dissolve beneath him. Through the swirling nothingness that blanketed him peeped a tower that glittered with a thousand lights. He descended, and felt the firmness of ground beneath his feet. Then the mists dissolved, he put out one groping hand to steady himself, and was still as the Lanoah's firm arm gripped his shoulder.

"Here we are" said Lovecraft, "The Citadel of the Council".

They looked about at the mighty towering edifices, and at the huge building that they were to enter.

Inside was a huge hall, with tiers of seats all about it, facing a throne at one end. On the throne was an old man, with a white beard, drawing patterns on the marble desk before him...or so it seemed to Tubby from where he stood.

"You have tarried long, Lovecraft, in bringing the newcomers before us" he said, looking up, "Any reason for the delay?"

"Why not, O Homer?" said Lovecraft coolly, "Is this a land of slavery? I have given them hospitality - or, rather, I have shown them how to imagine their own hospitality - and now I have brought them hither. I had no compulsion to do even that, and it was merely courtesy that persuaded me".

"You have shown little courtesy to the Council" said Homer, twiddling his thumbs, "You have always been a nuisance. I think you were very annoyed to find out that, contrary to all your forecasts, there actually was, and is, an after-life. But let us put an end to this bickering..."

"I wasn't bickering" said Lovecraft, "It sounded more like a monologue to me".

There was a moment's icy calm, during which Tubby and his two pals looked about the vast hall, packed with men of all ages.

"That looks like George Gershwin up there" said Fred suddenly, "I wonder if they've got a band round here?"

"Shh!" said Tubby, "Things are going to happen".

The old man was speaking, asking questions...and Lovecraft was explaining how the three had reached the land of Lanoah, being still ignorant of what it truly meant. When he had finished talking, Homer sat back, and surveyed them thoughtfully.

"It is evident you do not know what your visit means to us", he said, "The wizard Eithar was our worst enemy. This land of Lanoah was unattainable by him, because he had not the mentality to approach its sublime walls. But he was the greatest magician who ever lived, and was determined to break in somehow. He tried all kinds of spells, and, at last, found the right one. But he was stricken down by the hand of Fate before he could use it. With his dying breathe he cursed those who kept Lanoah sacred to men of genius, and swore that someday he would send in one who, unsuspecting, would pronounce the fatal words that would break up our fair land forever. For there is a curse, that, uttered by one

who knows not its true potency, can cause all this heaven to vanish utterly...ceasing to be".

"Sounds cheerful" said Tubby, "But we probably wouldn't know it. We don't know many curses".

"This one, which we call the Curse of the Ultimate Degradation, because it represents all that is worst in the world of art - art of all kinds - may be uttered by anyone" said Homer, "That is why we fear. Unwittingly, you may utter the words, and destroy us all. You are of a very low mental level...?"

"Just a bit less of that" said Tubby severely, losing a bit of his fear of this peculiar Council, "We're good, intelligent.."

"Nonsense" said Homer, "You got in here by accident...and now you're here you choose to associate with this fellow Lovecraft, who has ever been a scoffer at..."

Lovecraft rose, his face slightly flushed, and hurled a rather unpleasant insult at the Chairman of the Council, as Homer appeared to be.

"Perfect world?" said Tubby with a laugh, "Looks very much on the old lines to me. Wouldn't make a bad story, though. I wonder if John Russell Fearn..."

There was a scream of utter anguish, and a black cloud fell on the assembly with frightening suddenness.

"The word!" screamed Homer through the gathering darkness, "He has spoken the curse - the Ultimate Degradation! Oh, woe..."

The rest of his sentence was lost in the growing turmoil about them. The floor and everything solid seemed to dissolve, and Tubby was falling down...down...through the blackness, aware of a tumult of shriek and crashes about him. Through the uproar a voice was heard. He couldn't hear what it was saying...not at first...it came nearer, or louder, and he began to pick out words and phrases.

"The royal purple is a moldy shroud;

The laurel crown is cypress fixed with thorns...."

There was more crashing, but the voice became louder, and bore down upon the cataclysm:

"The poets know that justice is a lie,

That good and light are baubles filled with dust..."

And the, in a shriek that drowned them all in a tide of utter horror, that screaming cry:

"Ring up the demons from the lower Pit,

Since Evil conquers goodness in the end;....."

"No!" screamed Tubby, "That's not true...it can't...I won't let that be..."

And then he woke, covered with perspiration, and still screaming out like a madman, as indeed he was for the time. And all through his life he was troubled...though he knew it for a dream, he was wondering until his dying day if he had done that thing..if he, miserable mortal that he was, had destroyed Paradise, and left no place for the spirits of genius when they died.....



By E.L. GABRIELSON

William F. T's letters and other writings are always - or mostly - enjoyable, interesting and amusing. His comments on my bit about Astronomy are in one way baffling in addition! "Mr. G's personal opinions are punk"..... Now I wonder how he discovered that? At least, I have been so wondering, until I recollected that among my audience at quite a long series of lectures was - a CAT. Pussy used to stage a bit of fighting-play and then appear to sleep. Evidently that was clever acting! Clearly he was a furrin SPY! Otherwise, I cannot find any source of information as to my personal ideas which would enable W.F.T. to arrive at a sound judgement. Fellows, it makes you think! Perhaps William has had courses in long-distance telepathy etc. at an Egyptian Temple? That's a thought for you!

(By the way, I suppose that he is reported correctly, and that the Editor has not left some important words out of the text?) (ED - Nothing was left out regarding that statement).

. . . . .

Now, how about an Oliver for Mr. Roland (Forster) . The point I made was that an astronomer is compelled to rely on one sense, sight. He uses that sense in spectrum analysis as well as in research by the telescope. The words "tested right here on earth" give the case away. Have you at any time taken spectroscopic readings from Mars or the moon? If not, are you quite certain that the instrument - used on the surface of one of those bodies - would give you similar or identical results? Are you postulating any such theory as this - that if an instrument gives certain results HERE, it MUST react in exactly the same way in every other corner of the universe? In that case, am I entitled to ask your basis for such a theory? Perhaps such a questioning would be blasphemy! (Eh, Mr. Hanson?)

Apparently it is generally felt that I put my arguments fairly in the article. That's something. It does not appear that there are any arguments advanced, so far at any rate, against my case. Perhaps if I state a case for Astrology as Scientific and real astronomy, your readers will rise up and produce a few genuine facts against THAT: Still, do you know, Mr. Ed, I doubt it!

Please, Will T, don't repeat that any mention of Astrology gets your goat, because that is not really a sound argument!

Any more, while I have my coat off?..... Seriously, it's high time men surveyed the dogmas of the modern mythologists of Science with less credulous eyes. They are chockful of positive and negative superstition.

SF writers and fans should be the men to do it. What do you think?

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# At the Bottom of my Garden



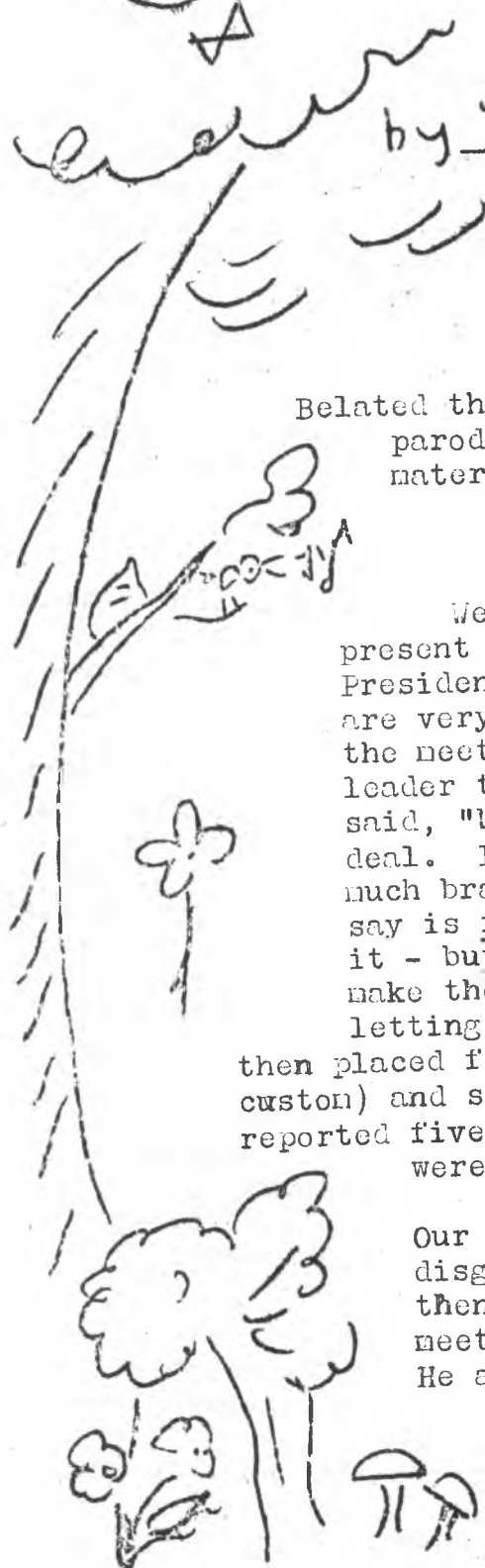
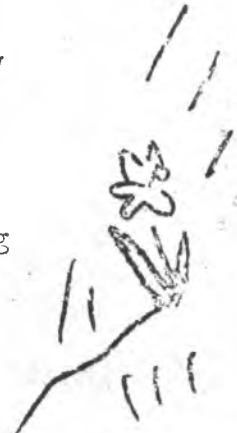
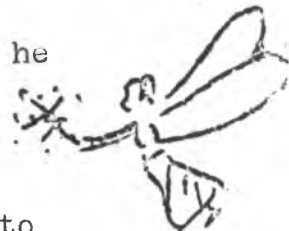
by "FANTASYNIC"

Belated thanks to C.S. Youd for the use of his parody in my last article. Henceforth any material unacknowledged will be my own.

## THE '43 ELECTION

We must regretfully announce that at present the prospects of DAW being elected President to succeed Roosevelt's third term are very remote. Many tears were shed at the meeting of the Mickeyists when their leader told them why. "I am resigning" he said, "because I haven't had a square deal. It's obvious to anyone with as much brains as a SF editor that what I say is right - it's got to be if I say it - but still the low-down dogs prefer to make their own minds up instead of sensibly letting me do it for them". The assembled members then placed fingers to their noses (a good old Russian custom) and sang the Red Flag. After that someone reported five new insults he had thought of and these were unanimously adopted.

Our Special Reporter, who had ingeniously disguised himself as a hammer and sickle, then hurried off to the Nitwitz party meeting, changing his shirt en route. He arrived just as the news of DAW's extremely strategic retreat was being communicated. When the cheers, cat-calls, "honest American speech" etc. had subsided, Scum Nitwitz, the self-appointed leader, was



observed to be weeping. He told his fellow Halfwitz that he was deeply moved by the sad news. In fact, he was going to resign himself in sympathy. Luckily, however, two of his aides managed to kick him in the face before any serious damage was done and the meeting progressed as usual, the President not voting.

"ALMOST AS THE POET SEES IT"

I have a liking old  
 For thee, though manifold  
 Stories I know, are told  
 Not to thy credit.  
 How folks who read fantasies  
 All grow by slow degrees  
 Brainless as chimpanzees,  
 Meagre as lizards;  
 Go mad and beat their wives,  
 Plunge after shocking lives  
 Razors and carving knives  
 Into their gizzards

SCIENCE-FICTION ON THE AIR

To follow up the recent boom in this commodity a certain publishing firm plan to advertise their product via radio. All fans are cordially invited to listen to these programmes (or programs) from Radio Stinksville, the first of which will probably be broadcast early in the millennium.

As plans stand, the programme (or program) will open with a theme song written and sung by the Editor:

"I am your Uncle Raymond,  
 Little girls and boys!  
 Make your request, I'll not refuse you,  
 I am here just to amuse you;  
 Would you like some ray-gun stories?  
 You shall have your joys!  
 No merrier children can be seen,  
 Because you read my magazine,  
 You're happy girls and boys!"

This precedes a talk on the Wonders of Past Science Fiction by the Editor, after which the Editor will speak on the Wonders of Modern Science Fiction. Anyone who manages to survive this will have the pleasure of listening to a monologue on the Wonders of Future Science Fiction - rendered by the Editor.

The programme (or program) will close with a chorus of fresh young voices (not the Editor), singing: -

We are the S.F. tweenies,  
 Nasty little squirts.  
 You write your best, we'll still refuse you,  
 We are here just to abuse you;  
 Would you like a nice big brickbat,  
 Or a narthty noithe?  
 Oh, Science is the song we song,  
 Because we all read Amazing  
 We're clever little boys!

1939

The opening of 19393 shows that a close tussle may be expected for the Cup to be given by the Editors' Association for the worst tripe of the year.

Warner van (For)Lorne got off to an excellent start with his "Pink Elephants of Ulikeit? No?" and is at present running favourite. Other indications seem to show that Hamilton has not yet got warmed up, but Kummer and a dark Horse, Isaac Nazimova, are well up to scratch. One tip - put your shirt on Kuttner and Fearn.

EPILOGUE

"Frustration"

-----

I think that I shall never see  
 An editor like Walter G.  
 He hardly knows a thing at all -  
 In fact, I'd really like to bawl  
 Into his year, and I would yell  
 "Good Walter G, attend a spell,  
 I wantto tell you just one thing,  
 Both you and Sprigg deserve to swing!  
 Epics galore are wrote by me,  
 And you reject 'em - Walter G!

-----

An allegory.

"SIC IT ALWAYS TRANSITS"

Gather yound, childrenn while the weary old Fantacynic tells you a story.

Once upon a time there was a certain group of Ants who were rather different to the other Ants in the ant-hill. For these were imaginative Ants, Ants full of great thoughts about the wonders of the future. And one day these Ants decided to be like the Ants across the Ocean, so they formed a Society of Ants which

they called the Progressive Ants Association, and later the P.A.A.

Now among these Ants there was one who sold books to the others. Understand, he was a very nice Ant, but rather too fond of money. His name was Blugson.

Well the P.A.A. did not prosper very well at first, because the Ants fought among themselves, so the Head Quarters were transferred to another ant-hill, where things at once improved, the original trouble-makers having suffered some duck-shuving that kept them quiet. But one of the Ants in the new Ant-hill, Red Flannel by name, met Blugson and went into partnership with him. Understand, Red was quite a nice fellow really - he was just naturally ambitious.

And the fame of the Blugson-Flannel Service for Ants spread all over the world, and through "close co-operation" and "excellent management" profits rolled in. The P.A.A., however, lost both the magazines it published.

And one day Blugson said to Flannel, "Why shouldn't we publish a magazine for Ants? It will be useful for propaganda". So they published a magazine and at first the Ants were happy but soon they wept sadly. For whereas the first magazine had been called "The Ants' Forum" they could see that the new magazine was reserved for Bigger Ants than they could hope to be. And Blugson and Flannel were content.

Then one day Flannel said to Blugson "Shall we disband the P.A.A.? For it keeps the Ants together, and we don't want that, we only want them to buy our books". But Blugson said, "No, we will keep it. It will come in useful for propaganda".

And the Little Ants wept and they bewailed "We are in a far worse plight than the Frogs, for they got what they deserved, but we, who asked nothing, have got two King Storks". But no one heard them weeping.

OUR DUMB FRIENDS' LEAGUE: The girl who thought Nat Schachner was a patent fly swatter.

Someone (Let him be nameless, but we hope he's blushing) sent in the following: "The girl who thought Swozzlingheimer's Hyper-Quadrant-Terridipodal equations were the equations relating to the terridipodal analysis of TIME Space Quadrants!" Amazing, isn't it?

S C O O P ! "Weird Tales" just accepted C.S. Youd's sonnet, "Dreamer" - which appeared in the first issue of the Satellite, many moons ago!

Knock Knock! Who's there? Kummer. Kummer who? Kummer walk with me tonight? (All atomic bombs returned unopened)

# Moonshine

AS IF PERFECTION COULD IMPROVE!

Sally is 100% better than it has been lately. I liked Mack's cover. Maurice is quite right about these SF fans (uncouth swine); they argue away for hours on absolutely unsolvable things such as 'Is Paul better than Luap?' they are as dogmatic about silly things as are Christians. "At the Bottom of my Garden" by Fantacynic did not strike home with me; guess it was too cynical or morbid. Your new method of lining up the pages in two columns is rather a waste of space.

ERIC C. WILLIAMS, London.

(If you don't like Fantacynic, why not send us some weeds from your own garden? Comments on columns below)

IS HE RIGHT?

According to various reports, via Novae Terrae (R.I.P.) I gather the London Branch is most informal. In my imagination I always picture a London meeting consisting of fa's dancing around a Druid Temple, singing "Beer, beer, glorious Beer". With such stars as W.H. Gillings endlessly recounting his battles with the heretic editors and finally, pronouncing in voice most awful, his betrayal and the setting up of his arch enemy, Sprigg. L. TURNER  
P.S. I don't like your double columns.

(Although we thought the double columns gave the mag a smarter appearance, they have been generally unpopular. There was no less reading matter actually, but as the process took longer, and is apparently unappreciated, we herewith renounce double columns - always anxious to please! )

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE: "Liverpool Science-Fiction Cosmos" by L.V. Heald and "The Complete S-F Fan" by R. Holmes.

## OUR FANTASININE ARTIST



"FORGETFULNESS" is what we asked him to illustrate, and this is what he did.