

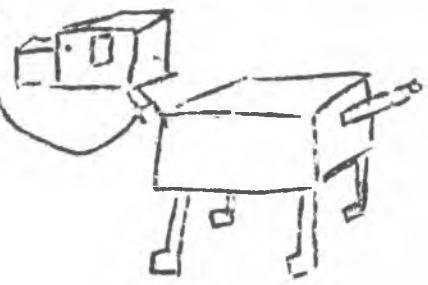
# The SATELLITE

VOL. 2

NO. 5

NO. 8

BWR



LOVE, 3039 A.D. —

"DARLING, WHENEVER  
ME, MY SUB-ATOMIC DYNAMO  
AND FASTER -----"

YOU'RE NEAR  
REVS FASTER

# The SATELLITE

VOL. 2  
NO. 5

MAY, 1939

## EDITORIAL

This is the last independent issue of the "Satellite".

From the next issue onwards, we shall come under the wing of the SFA, and come out monthly in place of the celebrated NEW WORLDS, which will henceforth be a Quarterly, and, judging by advance reports from Ted Carnell, will be worth any fan's money as far as quality goes.

This surprise does not mean a change of policy in any way. The "Satellite", we feel, has proved its worth, and will work along the same lines as heretofore, with a little more scope for development. Again we implore you to send us your articles or letters of criticism - whether you're an SFA member or not, for we shall be strictly impartial, and judge material on its merit alone.

Those of our members who also belong to the SFA and will thus get "Satellite" free, will have any subscription residue paid back to them within about six weeks. We plead for patience in this matter, as we are passing through expensive stages - rest assured that ALL dues will be refunded eventually.

For those who are not SFA members, we resume our old rates - 3d. per copy post free, 1/6d. per 6 months.

We have a very small supply of back numbers, Jan-April 1939, on hand, which we are willing to dispose of at 4d. each post free.

Finally, may we hope that all our readers will stand by us, and send in criticisms and comments as in the past?

EDITOR: John F. Burke

ART(?): David McIlwain

57 BEAUCLAIR DRIVE,  
LIVERPOOL 15

# The FANTAST

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HEART CRY - WEIRD TALES before  
August 1935 wanted... particularly  
Lovecraft's "Dreams in the Witch  
House".....write to John F. Burke  
at the "Satellite" offices.

# LIVERPOOL SCIENCE-FICTION

By L. V. HEALD

STAIRWAY TO THE STARS

COSMOS

You hurry down the almost deserted side street, glance furtively around, though whether it is to discover if you are being observed by the solitary couple pretending to stare abstractedly at the trains in the nearby shop window or in the hopes of seeing a fellow member, even you do not know, then you sidle quickly into the unwelcome gloom of the dark doorway.

A vast flight of wooden stairs confronts you. They lead upwards as if the moon rests at the top. Shifting the bundle under your arm to the left side, you plod enthusiastically upwards only to find that you were mistaken about Luna. It is not at the top. You passed it long before.

Instead you face a battery of doors covered with hieroglyphics voicing in the jargon of commercialism sundry individuals and their professions in life. To one side an open portal leads out to stygian blackness, which only a mysterious metal railing prevents from rushing in to engulf the unwary visitor. Shuddering, you stagger along a landing to brave a complicated series of short gasps of steps still leading out into space, until, bewildered and weary, you arrive gasping on a tiny top floor, imagining that the height you have ascended to must easily eclipse Professor Piccard's record.

But forgotten are those aching lower limbs, those resounding stairs and intriguing doorways, forgotten are all these as your eagle eye spots a notice displayed upon a door. Within, you read, lies your goal; the elusive headquarters of Liverpool Science Fiction, the offices of the Science-Fiction Service.

That flagging enthusiasm again rages high, your manly heart begins to beat in great steady pulses as you push in through the opening into - nothing. Or so it seems. For at first, you find yourself in a cube of darkness which stifles your soul. Of the object of your search there seems neither sight nor sound.

Have you been dragged from the planet by some malignant space warp and flung into the cold, lonely void, you wonder with sharp apprehension?

Then a babble of sounds reaches your ears - the noises made by humans professing speech, and, loud and insistent among them, rings one you know you will forever recognise. Realising you are still on the planet, with quick intuition you discover a slab of blackness to be a door, and, heaving against it, pitch into the official happy hunting-ground of Science-fiction on Merseyside.

For a moment you stand blinking in the light trying to take in the scene. All that is visible is a crowd of fellows draping themselves about a conglomeration of chairs and desks (or draping the furniture about themselves, you're not sure which just yet). From this scrum arises the subhuman din, ten or a dozen voices all talking together, to each other, and not a single person

listening to anybody but himself. It is like an orchestra, each member of which is trying to play a different tune louder than the rest. And covering three walls are shelves of books - THE BOOKS - mags, by the hundred, with magic names showing on them...Amazing, Astounding, Wonder.... Your eyes pop out half-a-yard, woggle close to the priceless documents in chronic excitement and snap back with a reluctant click.

You realise everyone is chattering so enthusiastically that no one has noticed you as yet. You cough, politely, again, somewhat rudely, and finally, violently. No result. Then you take the bundle from under your arm.... Instantly one individual turns his face, in your direction to grin a warm welcome.

"Hello" he says, "Brought some mags with you?"

His voice is the unforgettable one.

You have arrived at last.

(WATCH FOR THE SEQUEL TO THIS, TO BE GIVEN WITHIN THE NEXT FEW ISSUES)

# At the Bottom of my Garden

BOOK OF GENESIS

By "FANTACYNIC"

In the beginning there was Chaos; and the World was void of Light. And lo! in the midst of time, God looked down on America, and said: "Let there be Light". And He created Amazing Stories, and set over it Gernsback, which was hight Hugo.

And the fame of Amazing spread far and wide like ripples on a duck-pond. But soon the duck-pond grew muddy, and the Arch Priest Hugo was thrown in - and thrown out.

And the heretics took charge of Amazing; and the Great Hugo formed a new church. And those who worshipped at the new church, which was Wonder, swayed in mystic ecstasy beneath the spell of Hamilton and Reoo, and the Beauty Which Was Barnes.

And all was Peace.

And into this Eternal Peace swept a third church; and it was called Astounding.

And the fanatics rejoiced and lifted their faces to the moon and howled "Surely we are Great; who worship these Gods". And the Priests said that they were Great. Selah!

ON TO FUTURANIA!

Official circles at Washington are reticent about the sweeping success of the Futurian Party, which is taking the country by storm.

A prominent official, interviewed recently, said:-

"I cannot deny that the situation becomes serious. Actually, less than .1% of the electorate vote for the Futurian party, but the rest of the voters will insist on drawing rude pictures of Wollheim on their voting coupons, which have, therefore, to be cancelled. If this continues, we shall all be up the Pohl".

### INTERLUDE

FANBANE (with tears dropping from his piggy eyes). "Have you read this?"

MYSELF (gently). "You mean the Cummings editorial in Startling?"

FANBANE. "Yes - isn't it wonderful, where he says 'That's just one of the things that all we followers of Psuado-science fiction realize fully. It's all very simple to us. Because we read, avidly and understandingly, this greatest (sic) of all types of fiction, we are in truth just a little above other mortals in the intelligent understanding of many, many things. We all know that, of course'"

MYSELF. "You believe it? He couldn't be wrong?"

FANBANE. "But He is Cummings".

MYSELF. "You are right, Fanbane, He is Cummings. All's right with the world".

### DENIAL

The Fantacynic wishes to make it clear that he is not LJJohnson, DAWollheim, or a low-down, yellow-bellied Martian skunk.

### PARADE OF THE WOODEN SOLDIERS

One cannot but admire the painstaking care of Hamilton. Not only does he take his entire plot, characters and situations from Anthony Hope, but almost the title as well. Picture Eddy struggling long hours to find some way of plagiarising the title, and having to be content with "Prisoner of Mars"! This is where the value of Thornton Ayre's New Deal becomes apparent. He would doubtless call the Martian city Zenda, and thus avoid any complication.

### DOWN IN THE FOREST

"Brass Tacks" - March. "You've lost one of the best men who ever wrote for AS-F - John Russell Fearn - because of all the squawking a certain bunch of Brass Tackers did because he has real imagination. I'm certainly hoping you won't lose the two remaining authors who can really write: Nat Schachner and E.E. Smith. (note the order)

Squawk like hell, you 'Tackers! Maybe we can lose a few more geniuses with a bit of luck!

### SCIENCE FICTION ON THE AIR

As I write, two programmes (or programs) have been broadcast

from Radio Stinksville, and the affair is now in the hands of a band of fans. A feature of the second programme (or program) was the informal debate between Pohl and Madle, which had to be cut off when Pohl was observed to be saying something about "thieving editors" and Madle began showing a vocabulary far in advance of his years. Messages were flashed to the Technician's Department to fade them out, but by some mistake, a group of highly individual fans were in charge here also, and listeners heard in rapid succession the music from "Things to Come", Tony Pochelli and his Six Hot Doigs, and a record of Lowndes giving a reading of his own verse. This last was hastily taken off.

The session closed with a modest speech from Tucker, but by this time everyone was immune against surprises, and the only casualty was an old lady, whose heart was weak anyway.

#### THEME SONGS FOR THE GREAT

JRF - Little Man, You've had a Busy Day.

EJC - The Cannels are Coming. (Ed: Uh? F'C: You know what Cannel is, don't you? ED: Sure, they make gas out of it. F'C: Ted's awfully talkative. ED: I don't think that's fair. F'C: So what? You're only the Editor)

DAW - You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby!

#### EPILOGUE

And now, kind friend, what I have wrote,  
I hope you will pass o'er;  
And not criticise as some have done  
Hitherto, herebefore.

(Julia Moore)

THE FURURIAN - is a British 16-page PRINTED Fan-magazine, issued quarterly; independent of all societies and associations, and printing 'without fear or favour'. It attempts to fill the genuine need for a publication a little more sedate than usual, yet not losing the essential enthusiasm. Many well-known fans and several authors have contributed and continue to do so. Price is 4d. (10 cents) a copy, or 4 issues for 1/- (30 cents) post free. Editor: - J.M. Rosenblum, 4, Grange Terrace, LEEDS 7.

#### THE MODERN MISS

HE: "There are stars in your eyes, my dear".

SHE: "Name the constellations".

# The COMPLETE S-F AN

By R. Holmes

I wandered through rows and rows of books, and with sickening familiarity the title stood forth. The Complete Engineer...then I passed on...The Complete Needleworker, The Complete Mechanic. It appeared that everything was complete except Science Fiction. But nowhere in the Liverpool Reference Library was there any mention of Science Fiction. Thus, I have embarked on compiling the Complete S-F An.

This reading of Science-Fiction is divided into three groups.

1. What a S-F Fan in the pursuit of his fanatical ravings should do.
2. Famous people connected with Science Fiction.
3. Science Fiction terms 'explained.

## A S-F FAN MUST

1. Read the Satelllite every month, claim that E.R. Burroughs is the best sf author, read the magazines that the Americans print and cry that stf is going to the dogs, wail at the doings of Wally Gillings, and praise all publications of the S.F.A. (even though you can only just stand it). Never look too closely at the cover of MARVEL Science Stories, especially in the clubroom. Wail at Wesso, Plead for Paul, Boost Einder, and Degrade Dold.

## A MEMBER OF THE S.F.A. MUST

Read all publicationd, write to the editor, laff at Bill Temple, hope for the best, write short stories, send 'em to ToW and watch 'em bounce back, pawn shirt to attend Convention in May, canvass new members, read TOMORROW today, and TODAY tomorrow.

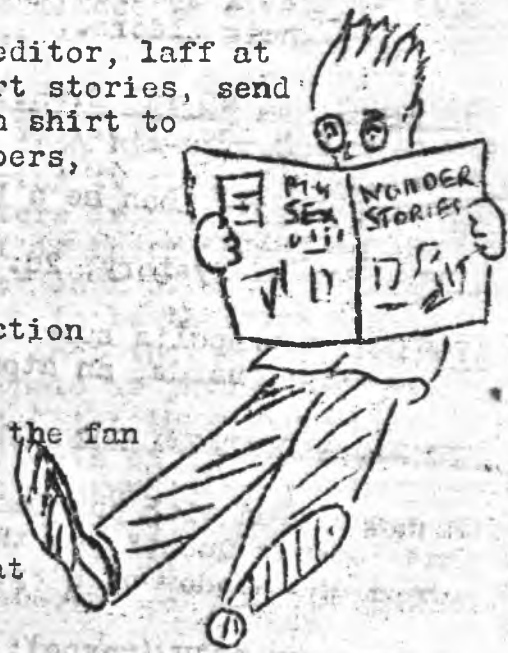
## WHO'S WHO IN SCIENCE FICTION

E.R. Burroughs - greatest Science Fiction author of the age (for ref: - A. Bloon)

J.R. Fearn - when this name is seen, the fan should glance away in scorn, and disdainfully whistle the Blackpool Walk.

H. Kuttner - The man who realises that the thing called filluns will not die.

Thomas Sheridan - good old Wally.



L.J. Johnson - the dustman.

Sprigg - the man with the butterfly mind.

A. Bloon - Reader of E.R. Burroughs; also reads stories by Edgar Rice Burroughs.

J. Burke - a clarinet blower, editor of the Satellite. Often mixes ideas and puts weird covers on the Stallite, (can't even spell my own mag now, curse it - ED) thinking that all readers appreciate jazz in line.

R. Holmes - the best S-F writer of the age

H.G. Wells - the man with the green stair carpet.

M.K. Hanson - suspended animation expert.

SCIENCE FICTION TERMS EXPLAINED

FAN MAG: A rag, when published in America, full of amateur attempts at writing s-f stories. In England, the most super-colossal printed paper in existence, sometimes called a Blackmail Sheet. (Ref: JFB)

SCIENCE QUIZ: A fiendish arrangement to fetch forth the inferiority complex of the S-F Fan, and to show me up before the rest of the Branch.

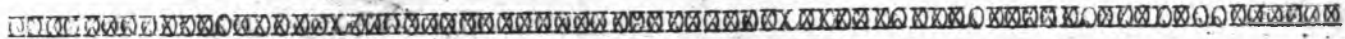
BRASS TACKS: A species of nail used by small boys to place on the chairs of their elders.

THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY: A place where the author is allowed to explain away the atrocious thinghe calls Science Fiction.

FORGETFULNESS: Loan me a bob and I'll illustrate.

MARS: Bar of mystery, 2d. each.

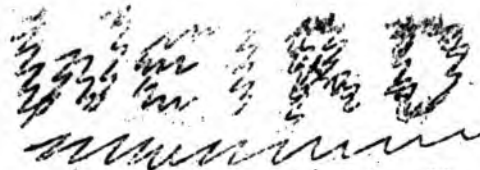
ATOM: A necropolis surrounded by satellites, from which is derived, "Up, guards, an aton".



No connection with our Dumb Friends' League - the girl who thought that "Cosmic Quest" was the story of a Scotsman who dropped sixpence out of the window of a space ship.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE(maybe): "Cosmetic Case No. 1000. Are Bananas of any Nutritious Value to Science-Fiction Fans? By D.R. Black".





# and SCIENTIFIC FICTION

By Maurice K. Hansen

It is generally admitted that scientific and weird fiction are both forms of fantasy, but it would seem that devotees of each of these types of literature are loth to admit that they have any proper connection. The only person who is really as indignant as the science-fiction fan who has discovered a weird tale in "Astounding Science-Fiction" is the fan who has found a science-fiction story in his copy of "Weird Tales". Yet argument seems to indicate that weird and scientific fiction are only superficially dissimilar, and are in effect as much related as two peas in a pod.

Before going on to demonstrate this, it would be as well to define precisely, if possible, the terms "scientific" and "weird" fiction. Perhaps the easiest thing is to say that scientific fiction is the kind of material that appears between the covers of "Astounding Science Fiction" and weird fiction the kind of literature to be found in "Weird Tales". There are a variety of objections to these definitions, but unless we say that weird fiction deals with the supernatural and scientific fiction with the supernormal, there seems to be no sufficiently succinct definition readily available. The very difficulty of establishing clear cut definitions and distinctions between the two forms of literature is an indication of their close relationship.

The construction of weird and scientific stories usually depends upon a situation in which the characters are placed in circumstances necessitating application by them of specialized technical knowledge in order that the circumstances may be changed in accordance with their individual desires. The interplanetary traveller marooned on an alien planet attempts to extract fuel from his surroundings; the weird story hero besieged by vampires tries to find the appropriate incantation to cast them off. Characters in scientific fiction use science or developments of science as it is known today; in weird fiction the characters employ what for lack of a better term might be called "occult science". This seems to be the main distinction between the two literary forms; the fact that "occult science" is as much a part of science as a whole as physics or biology are, links together the two kinds of literature whose sole inherent difference therefore lies in an emphasis on two different aspects of science. That study of psychic phenomena can be fully as scientific and conclusive as study of the solar system has been shown by a variety of reputable scientific workers of whom only Harry Price or Professor Rhine need be mentioned.

There are, of course, other small differences between weird and scientific fiction, but they are only minor ones. For instance, weird fiction is more often tragic than science-fiction, and is often

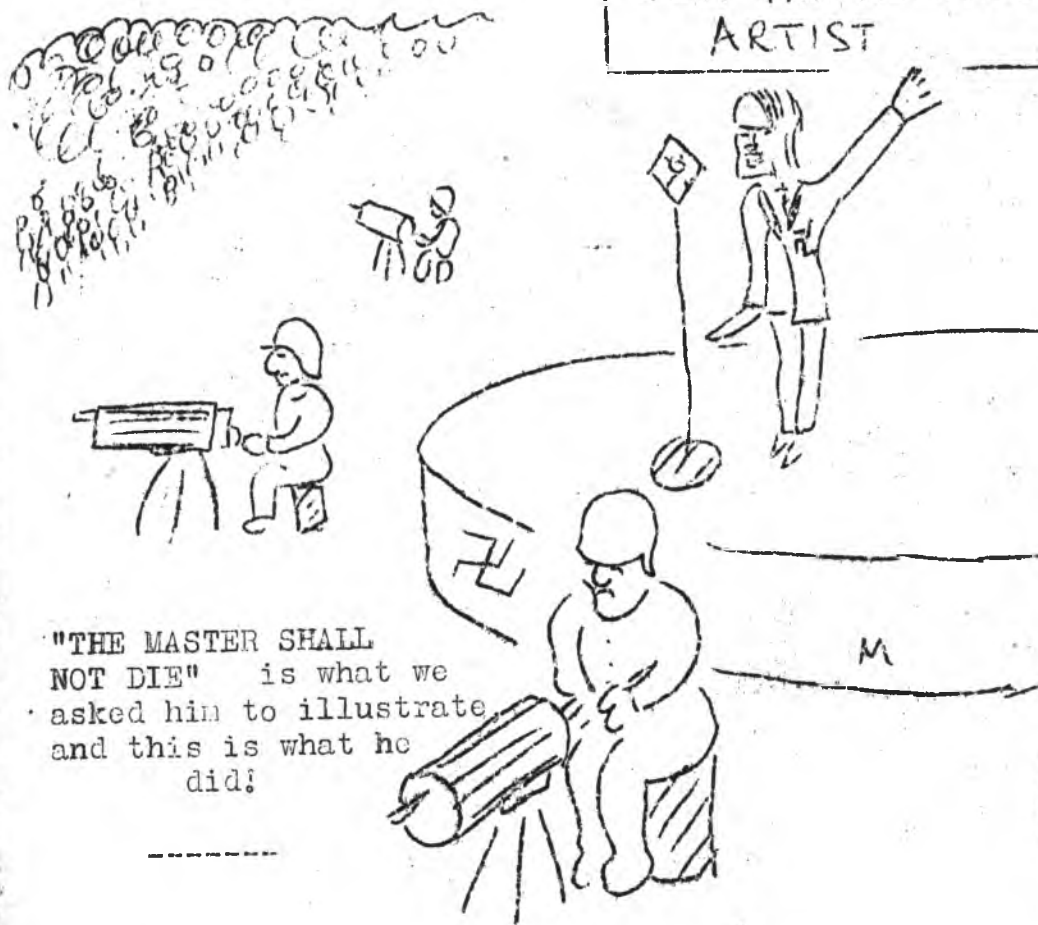
pre-occupied with death, but this is due only to the fact that death and its various accompaniments are obviously a particularly suitable subject for the medium of weird fiction. Interplanetary travel is best described in terms of science-fiction, but each of these themes can be, and have been, used in their complementary literary media.

Again, the science in weird fiction is usually much more incorrect and illogical than that in scientific fiction, poor as the latter often is. On the other hand the literary quality of the material in "Weird Tales" is distinctly better than that of science-fiction magazines; in view of the fact that as far as many fans are concerned there exists no literature beyond magazines it seems a pity that they should miss such of what small fraction of the works in their own restricted sphere is worth the reading.

It is not easy to say whether scientific fiction is ultimately of more value than weird. Much of weird fiction is no better than ignorant superstition, but then, so is much of scientific fiction. In scientific fiction there are certain hallowed traditions -- that a material body cannot exceed the speed of light, and that travel into the past can be accomplished, for example -- which science has proved

utterly fallacious as convincingly as it can prove anything. These surely are little better than fairy tale superstitions? To the man in the street the knowledge that the orthodox way of disposing of a vampire is to drive a stake through its heart is of at least as much value as the knowledge that Sirius is a double star. It would certainly be rash to denounce weird fiction on any grounds without seeing how far stf is free from criticism in the same respect.

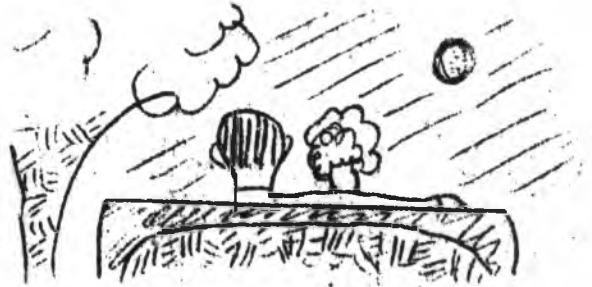
OUR FANTASININE ARTIST



"THE MASTER SHALL NOT DIE" is what we asked him to illustrate, and this is what he did!

# MOONSHINE

## Readers' Opinions



FROM D.R. SMITH (Nuneaton) - The Satellite seems to me about the only fan-magazine left to have any exuberance of opinion and presentation. Others seem to have expired in an atmosphere of restraint and respectable kow-towing to everybody who tells them that his magazine or stories are good. There are few things I like better than swashbuckling iconoclasm, and this is your magazine's greatest attraction. From this you will gather that 'Fantacynic' has the strongest attraction for me, followed by Wilson's "Parade". "Citadel of Dreams" was rather undistinguished, as far as my impressions of it go - it might as well not have been there, though the last instalment is, as far as I can work up any opinion at all, the best. Mr. Gabrielson and his critics have very definite ideas about something, but I can't find out what. His original article seemed to be suggesting that astronomers might not be correct in all of their theories and ideas, a fact obvious to everyone. In his last sentence he concluded inconsequently that astronomy was a mythology, and in his reply to his critics goes farther and wants to prove a case for Astrology being a science. Now from all this, and especially his original article, I concluded that no one could prove anything to Mr. Gabrielson scientifically because he would not argue as a scientist from the point of view of rigid facts, but as a mystic, from a conviction that what he thinks is right.

((We kow-tow to no-one, Mr. Smith. We don't pan some particular phase of fandom that doesn't appeal to us, like so many do -- we pan everyone. Mr. Gabrielson's article on Astrology as a science is on hand, and will appear very shortly))

FROM L. TURNER (Sheffield) - You'd better remove the entire personnel of Sally into the nearest A.R.P. shelter. Wollheim, Schachner, Kuttner and Co, confiscated a Bomber and were last seen crossing the Atlantic. Also light artillery missing in England. Fearn suspected - last seen on outskirts of Liverpool.

((So what? We fear nothing - but it's to be hoped the Fantasinic Artist doesn't get us into trouble with the German Consul))

FROM ROBERT A. MADLE (Philadelphia, U.S.A.) - Thanks for the copy of the Satellite - I found it quite enjoyable, especially the column of 'Fantacynic' and Bill Temple's "Museum Meander". I believe your cover illustrations could be improved upon. Why not contact Turner? He seems to be the best fan artist you have over your side of the pond.

((Mack's cover work has been quite popular, and we think his stf cartoons are extremely original. We intend to ring the changes on artists, though, and will be giving a few more a try in the very near future - watch for them!))

FROM ROLAND FORSTER (Northumberland) - I would point out to Mr. Gabrielson that in the case of spectrum analysis the sense of sight is used only indirectly. However, that is beside the point. I am not postulating that if an instrument gives certain results here, it must give identical results in every other corner of the universe. Though the scientist may seem pretty cock-sure in his theorizing, you would find, I think, if you pinned him down, that his attitude is not one of "It must be" but of "From the known facts it is extremely probable". Since Mr. Gabrielson wants us to get rid of the "superstitions" of science, it will not be unreasonable to ask whether he has anything to set in their place. After all, bearing in mind the scientific axiom "entia non multiplicanda" we find that modern scientific theory provides the simplest explanation of the observed facts, and we may safely trust the scientists to set their own house in order as further facts come to light.

FROM LOUIS KUSLAND (Connecticut, U.S.A.) - The cover (March) was rather poor, tho the idea was good, Hanson's article was excellent. There is no doubt that some fans have made a fetish of science fiction...Fantacynic did a good job with his article...I especially enjoyed Temple's article. It was swell!

((We thank you.))

FROM RICHARD WILSON JR. (New York, U.S.A.) - The Platinum Pseudonym-Holder must go to Fantacynic for his hilarious "At the Bottom of my Garden". I disagreed with Southport's Cousin Wilson - I thought the Lolling Tongue charming.

((Hurrah! At last someone who liked the January cover. Better late than never))

FROM FRANK D. WILSON (Southport) - Please, editor, will you put the covers on upside down all the time?

((No comment))

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STOP PRESS.....Fantacynic flashes last-minute news....March "Fan" The Vagrant says "Wollheim still holding position as 'top' fan while Lowndes ranks first as fan writer"....Feb. "Fan" I.P.O. refers to the 'Vagrant, otherwise R.W. Lowndes'. .....Is this modesty?

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S C O O P - Again the "Satellite" leads the field! Once more we show our amazing originality and daring thought! We now say definitely that next month we will NOT make the "most important announcement in the history of science-fiction".

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THE SATELLITE IS A FANTASY REFORM PUBLICATION - READ "THE FANTAST", our COMPANION MAGAZINE, full details on Page 2, and remember - FRP for FIRST RATE PLEASURE !