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The B21
No 3

SATELLITE

LIVERPOOL

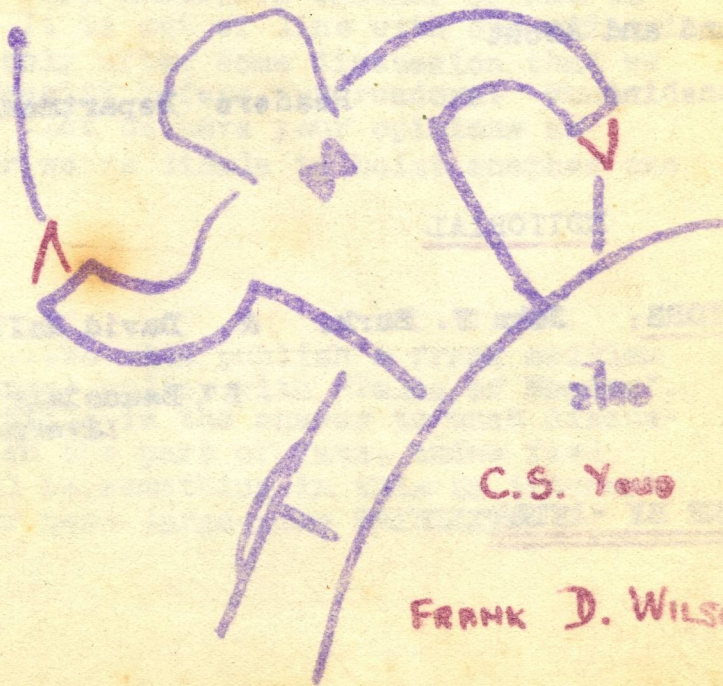
SFA



The
MUSIC
WAR

by

ERIC C.
WILLIAMS



also

C.S. Young

FRANK D. WILSON

THE SATELLITE

December 1938

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EDITORS: John F. Burke & David McIlwain

57 Beaulair Drive,
Liverpool 35.

COVER BY "ARTIST"

The SATELLITE

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE LIVERPOOL BRANCH
OF THE SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION

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Wilson

EDITORIAL

Once more the "Satellite" staggers forth on to the market amid a storm of cheers from those who have never read it, and a storm of curses from those poor individuals who were misguided enough to undertake to bring it out once per month. We promised you a thought-variant this month - if you feel the same about thought-variants as we do, you'll be overjoyed that it has not appeared. Owing to pressure on space and a few other things, Frank D. Wilson's "Snooky in the Eighth Dimension" will not be printed. Where Snooky is we cannot say; maybe he's lost in the eighth dimension, or perhaps some public-spirited Mercurian has strangled him. Think of what that Mercurian saved the world when he throttled Zarak!

Instead of Frank D. Wilson's story we are presenting "The Music War" by Eric Williams. In addition to congratulating Mr. Williams on his story, we feel sure that all readers will join with us in expressing our thanks for his services to the Association as Assistant Executive Secretary, which position he is now vacating, and also wish him the best of luck with the library.

Pausing for a moment, we throw in a gentle hint to the effect that the next Convention should be held in Liverpool - the Committee say "in London or some large provincial city", and we now start to make a noise about holding one in Liverpool. (As a matter of fact, the Editors wish to save the fare down to London, but don't say we told you).

In a letter, Mr. Williams comments upon Frank D. Wilson's article (see "Moonshine" in this issue) "Action", and suggests that we have a competition for the best one-act play based on some story published in the SF magazines. This idea opens up many possibilities, and we should be very pleased to have further views on the matter. Perhaps the London Branch or Headquarters would be willing to run it as a competition for all SFA members - perhaps not. Whatever may be decided, the idea should be carefully considered.

TIME WANDERS ON.

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THE

MUSIC WAR



By ERIC C. WILLIAMS

"God damn it, sir! Have we got to have these wrist-watch affairs strapped round us?"

"I'm sorry, General, but I have to determine your nervous reactions and this is the method used".

The War Office inner circle of curly-faced generals sat round the table and suffered the young man to adjust the straps in seething silence. He made one final examination of the wrist bands, then walked to the end of the table and studied his emotion metre. He "ponged" the glass cover of the galvanometer, flicked certain wires to see that they were firm, and lastly began speaking to those who watched him so narrowly.

"This instrument, gentlemen, responds to the slightest change in your metabolism and thus to your emotions. The straps you wear around your wrists are delicate thermostats operating by the rise and fall in the temperature of your skin; owing to the intimate connection between mind and body, the record of the rise and fall clearly indicates the change in your emotions. In short, the wires entering this apparatus convey to me your emotions, and this meter here presents me with the average result. Youm understand that, gentlemen?"

There was an obstinate silence.

The young man resumed:

"I am now going to play a record of the "Stars and Stripes" march on this radio-gramophone. By the position of the galvanometer needle over the scale I shall be able to determine your reactions to the music. Please do not make any special attempt to listen".

"Hah!"

Parkingson - for that was the young man's name - lowered the armature on to the record, then took up his position before the galvanometer. The Philadelphia Orchestra peered away under the direction of Stokowski and at last crashed up to the finishing line. Parkingson looked up from his needle and smiled at the generals.

"You liked it, huh?" Great stuff, I'll admit. Now I'll just try another type, "The Island of the Dead" - a mournful thing".

The slow surge of a dead, misty sea resounded through the high room. Half way through the record, Parkingson switched it off.

"That is enough to give me your reactions. Some of you thought it was terrible, others were affected and became thoughtfully sad. The mean result was towards the sad end of the scale."

"Now my point is this, and I will soon prove it to you - certain tunes of music incite certain emotions - if not in all people, in most. However, as it is quite easy to prove, it is only certain chords and passages that stir us one way or the other; it is not the whole composition, but only certain portions. The use of a series of notes in one order and at a certain tempo can make us sad, arranged differently they can make us happy. There is an immense range, especially in the minor keys. Now here is a record that I have had specially made to arouse the feeling of joy. No doubt some of you will recognise some of the passages as coming from famous tunes, but much of it is simply a tinkering about on a certain combination of notes. Listen!"

The generals sat up and prepared to resist being happy with all the will power at their command. They failed miserably, that is, they ended by grinning and congratulating Parkingson on his cleverness.

"So this is to be the new war weapon?" enthused old General Bilkingsop, peering in a most friendly way at the radio-gram. "Most interesting - ingenious I should say. A bit fangled, but ingenious".

"Ingenious but quite simple in principle" admitted Parkinson modestly. "So you accept my invention?"

"Indeed we do. We understand that you can produce the emotions of fear and apathy, if you can guarantee us this, no army will be proof against us. We will send them all to sleep with music, then march in and take possession".

There was a gleeful chuckle of content.

"And now there is no need to stave off Rankle any longer. Let him start his war and see what he gets!"

Twenty four hours later, the war was under way. Bilkingsop hadn't meant it to come as quickly as that Rankle was a cad. Well, let the boys hold him up for a bit until the apparatus could be installed, and then let him have it with all horns.

Rankle sent his army in one rush nearly to the sea. Every man, gun and plane exploded out of the Fatherland and stormed for the coast. They blew up the overboosted line of super-forts, and moved down all that dared to stand in the way. And then they came to Parkinson's loud speakers.

Well, the invention worked all right, but it affected the home troops and made them shake with fear so that they could not advance to return the attack. Then Rankle's gunners got to hear of it and blew the speakers up from a distance of 20 miles. So on they came again, nearly catching Parkinson who had travelled up overnight to see his invention work. But he got away, and even while the bullets were still whinging past his ear, he had his second inspiration.

A week later a squadron of aeroplanes sprinkled the enemy lines with little black pebbles that each

into the mud and became invisible. A few minutes later the whole line was filled with men sighing hopelessly to the strains of a mysterious music that poured up from the very mud they stood in. The music was inordinately loud and even ear plugs could not keep it out. Rankle ordered a barrage of the heaviest explosives to be laid as near his own trenches as possible. A few soldiers were wiped out by mis-hearing of the telephone directions, but it did no good in the end for the music went on night and day, and whenever the bombardment died down enough the soldiers wept in despair. Besides which the incessant holocaust reduced the men to a bad state of nerves.

Rankle ordered a similar musical treatment for the opposing side and an antidote for his own - but it had to be found. It was no easy task to compose emotion music; it took weeks and weeks of study and research. He ordered the enemies' wireless to be jammed, but for some reason it could not be done; that would require weeks of work, too. During which time an even thicker rain of pebbles were dropped on Rankle's lines and the musical fare changed with most disturbing frequency. The men were becoming emotionally exhausted. Rankle ordered a big push, but it rather flopped. And then pebbles were sprayed over the gunners. That would have ended the war only Parkinson repented.

On the day that Bilkingsop had ordered a return big push, an unmarked plane soared along the lines sprinkling black pebbles left and right. Parkinson picked up a record and put it on the turntable, he thought for a moment, then lowered the armature and sent the result over the air. Fifty miles away the war took on a new aspect.

From the two lines of deep-sunk trenches rose a ringing cry, and songs that stirred the blood interlined over no-man's land. This gradually merged into one cry that, in whatever language it is pronounced is always understandable - "GIVE GOD!", repeated over and over to the surprised air. Then from the two

trenches rose a clamouring throng. It swarmed over the beaten ground in two approaching waves that pushed on each crest a cross held high. "To GOD!" crumpled the air - "Kill the unbelievers!" The two armies met and engaged with a mighty shout. Guns were discarded and war went back to the bayonet stage. Round each cross it became a hell, men killing even their fellows that they might hold the wooden cross.

Screams and hallelujahs came from the same throat; blood and glory were indistinguishable. Shells began to fall from both sides, the gunners who gripped in a religious fervour, were bent on cleaning the earth of infidels. The roar of shells blasted little punctuations in the human clamour. Somewhere off to the right a mine went off, carrying a thousand men literally to the heaven they had been fighting for. The crosses had long gone under in the hail of steel splinters that crisscrossed the battle field, but the remaining maniacs fought on. Soon Gabriel could blow his trumpet.

But that was reckoning without Parkinsons. With a blow of his hand he smashed the spinning record and silenced the uproar. For a moment he stood there, nostrils flaring with rage, then he fell on his knees and prayed to God.

ROUND & ABOUT

We can imagine the roar of delight that went up from a large number of fans when they read about New York being evacuated because of Wells' "War of the Worlds" being broadcast...says a lot for the realism of American programs....isn't it about time "Amusing" had some more posed photographs on their covers, instead of these fugue exercises?...all right, you fugue fans, we only wanted to know....lot of comics flying round about "Fantasy" - definite information that it will be out again next month...more information that it isn't coming out at all...come on, Mr. Spring....

GROAN CORNER



No. 1

TITLE S
by **C. S. Young**

There are many annoying things about this scientific fiction of ours, but one of the most irritating faults is the lack of care given to the composing of titles. Surely it is not too much to ask authors to spend a little time after polishing up their actual work to the polishing of the title also.

There can be little doubt that a title plays an important part in a reader's reaction to a particular story. Some titles click at once in the mind and produce an eagerness for reading; others are so tediously banal that the long-suffering fan can scarcely be blamed for allowing unread stories to accumulate.

In this latter class comes that recent spate of numerical titles in ASTOUNDING - "Voyage 13", "Orbit XK111-H", and "K1-2-200". Can't you think of better titles for those stories? And then there is Schachner's latest masterpiece, "The Sun World of Solius". Nothing could make this into a good story, but I submit that a less gaudy title would cause even a violent anti-Schachnerite to at least read it.

Many of the best scientific fiction stories have the drawback of a poor title. Think of "Twelve Nightly Seven", "The Nightliest Machine", "The Cosmic Cloud".

"The Final War", "Spacehounds of IPC" and "The Metal Doom". I would not claim to improve the content of these novels, but I think anyone of us could better the titles. Not that all SF titles are ugly and unappetising. To name but a few there are "Cities of Ariathia", "Twilight", and "Night", "Forgetfulness", "Skyark of Valeron", "The Wreck of the Asteroid", "Paradise and Iron" and "The Bridge of Light". It is a strange truth that most stories with good titles are good stories, and this tends to bear out my theory that it is the careful, artistic author who looks after even the smallest detail of his story, while a Schachner shoves "When the Sun Went Out" on to his latest tripe and calls it a day.

Modern SF is not what it was. Only one true SF magazine remains on the market, and though that maintains a higher average than any predecessor, it does not now publish the epic type of story. With literary debasement has come debasement of title also, and when Stanley G. Weinbaum once conferred on us "Martian Odyssey", "Valley of Dreams", "Pygmalion's Spectacles", "The Worlds of If" and "Paradise Planet", we have Clifford D. Simak (who looks like becoming another Weinbaum) capping his novelettes with such titles as "Lost of Time", "Hunger Death" and "Rude 18". Sic transit gloria!

A last appeal. There are in England today many aspiring amateur authors. Please, before you cast your pearl before the editorial snout, pause a moment and ask yourself if the title is worthy of the story. If it is not, restrain your impatience for another week and make it so. I, and all friends, will thank you.

X X X X X

WE INVITE ALL OUR READERS TO JOIN US IN PUTTING OVER THIS GROAN CORNER. WHATEVER YOUR GRIEFL- LET US HAVE IT!

CRIZY SCIENCE- FICTION!

63

FRANK D. WILSON

Bill Temple is now dreaming about outer space. He has a cat and recently he has stuffed it with great care since he had that crazy idea about Cats who used to live on the Moon. Here is one example of Crazy Science-Fiction.

AMATEUR STORIES is a magazine we all know, but had it come into publication in 1929 it would certainly not have been called science-fiction in its present state. It would be just enough to make another "Horror Mag" and nothing new.

A fan walks into a magazine shop somewhere in England.

FAN: Any science-fiction magazines, please?

ASSISTANT: What you say?

FAN: Have you any science-fiction magazines?

ASSISTANT: Oh, yes, we got some, you mean them "Weird" things, don't you?

FAN (adjusting horn-rimmed spectacles): If you're talking about science-fiction magazines such as ASTOUNDING SCIENCE-FICTION then please reserve your epithets for some other magazine, preserve your dignity and call them by their correct title!

ASSISTANT: 'Eil, mate, I din' mean no offense; which

FAN: Science-fiction magazines to you.

ASSISTANT: I - that's science-fiction. I've an 'astoundin' 'ere, sir.

FAN: Let's have a look at it.

ASSISTANT: 'Ere you are.

FAN (disgustedly): Oh, I've had that thing! Worst issue

for ages! Just look at that cover! Mr Thompson of all people! Of all the...the...that cover is even worse than the interminable series of Brundage covers on WEIRD ASSISTANT (Pewilderedly) : Er, yes, sir, I agree with you there - them Weird things is bad on the eyes and 'ard on yer Hart as to speak.

FAN (Getting annoyed): Have you any old large-sized mags?

ASSISTANT: Got one there. (Points to pile of dirty, torn magazines) Think it's an AMAZING...S' hold 'On.

FAN: What in that pile of rubbish?

ASSISTANT: Well, as a matter of fact, I was just taking it out into the yard to burn it an'...

FAN (catching sight of date on very much torn cover): What!

You were just going to burn that...you - you -- infidel!

It is the first AMAZING published (Runs up to pile and

grabs the magazine. starts to kiss same) (Smack!) Oh

boy, how much do you want for it? I'll give you two

shillings!

ASSISTANT: 'Er, this ain't no Bambi Hall - if you wants to cut the paper then do it somewhere else.

FAN: Three shillings!

ASSISTANT (surprised) : Eh? Did you say three bob?

FAN: No, shillings, you ass!

ASSISTANT: Who's an ass?

FAN: Look - here's three and six, all I have - will

you take it for the mag? (he bangs it down on the

table and clings tightly to the magazine)

ASSISTANT: 'Ell (Picks up the money. You could

'ave 'ad it for a tanner.

FAN: Oh, can I? Thanks.

ASSISTANT: But I think it's been put up in price,

so what you give me was just right.

FAN: Right - thanks very much! (Walks out gazing at the cover - a mixture of colours, bits of toffee, paper, ink. But one thing was there...the date...and the name of PAUL at the bottom)

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LIVERPOOL SEA BRANCH MEETING

By John F. Burke

(DUE TO DIFFICULTIES WITH THE SECRETARY, AND OTHER MISHAAPS, IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO GIVE THE USUAL SECRETARY'S NOTES, BUT WE HOPE THESE BRIEF COMMENTS WILL SUFFICE)

The last meeting of the Liverpool Branch of the BFA was informal, unannounced, and surprisingly successful. We gathered in nearly all of our members, and sat in the office of the Science Fiction Service, Inc (it is an 'Inc', isn't it?), illuminated by two dim oil lamps and a marvellous fire, which was produced by the strenuous efforts of Mr. Gabrielson and Abe Bloom, who scattered fragments of coal all over the room while I stood by and encouraged him. When the two heroes had nearly set fire to the place with a large sheet of brown paper, Mr. Johnson rolled up, closely followed by other fans. We found that these enthusiasts would have been in earlier, but the fascinating shop at the foot of the stairs, dealing in rather personal female garments, had captivated them. Just as proceedings were about to begin, Mr. Ducker blushed, muttered something about trying to get the electric light to work, and vanished without further comment. He was brought in a few moments after by Mr. McIlwain, a late arrival, who had discovered him rapt in contemplation at the foot of the stairs.

We discussed sundries. We welcomed a new member, and I did my best to sell him a copy of the "Satellite". A sudden remark by your scribe provoked quite a heated discussion on swing music, with Abe Bloom, Dave McIlwain and self trying to convert Mr. Gabrielson to the good

cause. This had nothing whatever to do with science-fiction, but it was an informal meeting, and no-one had the nerve to stop it, so that it might have gone on all night had not Abe suddenly started to talk about Tarzan. When I say start, I really mean that he went on from where he had left off at the previous meeting.

A sudden controversy, which almost ended in violence, began over the scientific theory embodied in Robert Bloch's story, "The Secret of the Observatory".

Then came the big event of the evening. Mr. Johnson had been pottering about happily among his books, stacking magazines up on end, then taking them down again and parking them on the floor. After a few blissful moments of this he suddenly asked if anyone would like an old magazine he had found, sans cover, but not sans those wonderful adverts that used to appear. His question was answered immediately by all present. It was then suggested that we all put a halfpenny in, and have a raffle. Those who imagine our President is a pessimist should have seen the gleam in his eyes when he suggested that he should put a halfpenny in, and, if he won, sell it to someone for twopence. This was overruled, and Mr. Holmes carried off the tattered relic in triumph.

When the noise had slackened off slightly, it was possible to hear Abe Bloom's voice, and judging from what I heard, booming over and above the other voices, Abe was talking about Tarzan.

About 11 o'clock the crush started to thin out, and in a few minutes four of us were left to survey the ruin. We discussed this and that; Abe made a weak attempt to resurrect Tarzan, but was ignored; a little before midnight we started to move, so that Mr. Johnson could post his football coupon. As we emerged from the doorway we were attacked by a group of students demanding money for their Panto Day hospital fund. We muttered "What, again?" as though we had already paid, and left our pantosfinxes at home, and rushed off in the opposite direction.

Fare and I just caught the car in time to avoid having to pay double fare after midnight.

Moonshine

READERS' OPINIONS

FROM ERIC C. WILLIAMS

I will say that No. 2 is a 100% improvement over No. 1, both in cover and contents (leaving no shadows on No. 1). Cameron's story was great, and I can honestly say that I did laugh, or giggle, at some of the passages. Frank Wilson's idea is a new one, and makes one ponder whether such a thing could be done. How about organising a competition for the best one act play based on some story published in the maga? At least the results, however poor, would be something rather novel and very interesting.

"All is Dust", although a reprint, was interesting reading the second time. Although Mr. Johnson has a reputation as a pessimist, I rather think there is a lot of sound common sense in his opinions.

"Masala" by G.S. Youd was the real goods. I've seen some of his other poems but this, in my opinion beats the lot. "Moonshine" is an interesting departure, and I can visualise the day (liars) when the "Times" will howl angrily at your competition.

(We thank Mr. Williams for his encouraging remarks. He will find No. 3 is 100% better than No. 2, we hope. Don Cameron's story has proved universally popular, and we are pleased to say that we hope to publish another of his stories very shortly.....ED)

FROM WILLIAM F. TEMPLE

With regard to Satellite No. 2: the irony of the cover amused me immensely. Knowing something about films, I read Librarian Wilson's "Action" with a superior smirk. It is only the novelty of s-f-films that catches the ordinary film fan's attention. But more than three in a short time, and the novelty of change from the ordinary wears off. He loses interest, because the most consistently popular films have human interest and problems for their appeal, and humans will never tire of humans. But they will tire of cold, artificial, unnatural fantasies.

Again I was amused to notice a Harpo-like William F. came into the "Call to Arms". A neat satire, this, but some of the puns were criminal. I seem to have read the Branch Report somewhere before. Also Youd's poem, which Sam sent to Arthur some time ago - presumably for approval. I don't quite understand it, but then I don't quite understand "Kubla Khan" and it doesn't stop me from enjoying the reading of it. The Editorial makes me look forward to Snooky.

Damn! What do you mean by calling my letter "Moonshine"? Well, maybe it is, the way you've printed it. Who is "Eric Temple Ball's Balls?" Sounds rude! To Eric Williams' letter saying boo, I say booo! But I'm looking forward to his story. As for the back page, my copy was badly printed. All I could make out was: Vol 10 2. Have I missed something good?

We take exception to many of Mr. Temple's remarks. To begin with, saying that humans will never tire of humans is...gosh, what I could do to some humans...they will tire of cold, artificial unreal fantasies, sez WFT - was "The Man who Could Work Miracles" that? Having read the Editorial, you will see that Snooky has been cut out. Turning a little further on, you will find that Snooky is back in: "Oh damned vacillating state!" And finally, boo to you!

FROM FRANK D. WILSON.

The second issue of our jolly little publication was simply magnificent, my dear sirs. Magnificent! (Wish some twerp would tell 'em what I really think) Oh! Dear! If only I could produce a magazine like our dear little publication, I should burst with joy (over-eating, you mean!)

The jolly old cover was about the best feature, the idea was well-portrayed...do you know...I have a faint suspicion that our charming lady's man editor my Mollwain is the commendable artist..

The jolly old article on dust by Mr. Les J. Johnson was in my humble opinion the best article. You know, Les would make a fine chimney sweep or road sweeper.

The "Call to Arms" rated next... a very interesting study of fandom. One complaint, my dear sirs, the Round and About news was a bit out of date...we all know it!

(We can't jolly weell offer another of our seathing criticisms to this bally old letter, so we thank you an' all the best and good shootin' and huntin' (that means magazine huntin') and we too think this is a jolly good magazine, so you needn't bother to tell us, old horse. Bung-ho, old fruit.)

FROM C.S. YOUNG

Many congratulations on the cover. Hat as many congratulations on print, which is far below the excellent level of your first issue and reminds me of those days when fans went around, Sherlock Holmes-like, with whopping great magnifying glasses in spirited endeavours to read NOVAE TERRAE. I could make about nothing of Frank Wilson's blurb, but what I did read convinced me that the blurring was, perhaps, more fortunate than not. I had thought the days of spreading the gospel to the ignorant masses were gone, but there

seem to be a few sparks left.

Next on the list is Don J. Cameron's "Call to Arms". This is emphatically one of the best things I have read in British fan magazines. Despite a melodramatic opening it is really humorous and the pseudonyms are on the whole very good. Sorry I was done away with, and I'd still like to read my poems! The last paragraph is perfect.

I had already read "All is Dust", but I read it again and found it interesting, if unoriginal. If Lee wants to know what the world does to idealists I would refer him to Begbie's "Black Rent" (Part 2 Chapter 7).

(Mr. Youd's criticism on the clarity - or otherwise - of our type is not the first complaint we have had, and you will see below that we propose to rectify matters in a way that can leave no room for complaint - we hope. Mr. Youd's views on "Action" do not quite coincide with those of Mr. Williams, we note. Any more offers? Being born inquisitive, we are now searching for the book mentioned in the letter, but as yet have had no success. Perhaps our readers would like to find out what becomes of idealists - we may be wrong, but we think we know, having had some before)

NEWS!

As every magazine must advance, and not remain satisfied with a fairly even level that it sets at first, we intend to make a big change in the next issue of the "Saturnite". A few complaints have been received about the poor print in this magazine, a matter which we ourselves are only too willing to admit is very serious. Having decided to do something about it, we will open the New Year well. The January issue, out, as usual, around the middle of December, will be duplicated in the approved manner, in a large-size, 12-page new format. Although the page number has been decreased, we fancy you will find the word content about the same, and the standard of the contributions high. DON'T MISS IT!

SNOOKY'S ADVENTURES

By FRANK D. WILSON

Snooky in the 8th Dimension

SNOOKY (J.B.D. Snookington Esq) was as usual on Saturday morning at ten, walking home from the Pigville (that's his home town) magazine shop, having just purchased the magazine that was the light of his life, or, as he called it, his Rosebud....the latest ASTOUNDING, and boy, was Snooky pleased!...there was a story by Nat Schachner in it - Schachy was Snooky's favourite author, especially when he wrote about space warps!

Any normal person can see when they look at our Snooky that he is definitely abnormal and not fit to mix with, not because he was not rich, for Snooky's father was an M.P., M.D. and a lot of other things, but because of his mad obsession for science-fiction, and because of his pimples, those horrible things on the back of his neck. You'd have thought that, reading the magazines as often as he did, he would have noticed the advertisements, but he didn't seem to.

The most amazing part about Snooky was the part that the local gossipier did not know about - his pimples. They gave him inspiration...if he thought about a place hard, and scratched his pimples, he found himself whisked away to the place of his thoughts. Once he had travelled to America by scratching and concentrating. Not only that, he had travelled into the

fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh dimensions. He found the fourth dimension to be time, the fifth was thought, sixth was sound, and the seventh was a land of film stars!!!

Snooky wanted to find the dimension that was a land of science-fiction stars. By this time our hero had reached the large country estate that he lived in in the town of... there was a small attic (Snooky's den). Snooky immediately flew to his notorious den where his collection of... and a battered typer lay in the dust.

When he got there he threw himself on to the bed and commenced to read "The death ray of the fourdimensional super man" by Space Warp Schachner. Snooky finished this after half an hour's constant reading with only a few stops to give his pimples a scratch. Then he started thinking about the eighth dimension. He concentrated and began slowly to scratch his pimples then he went faster... faster... faster... until he felt himself lifted out of this dimension into the eighth...

SNOOKY found himself in a great cavern, with huge machines humming and sparking on all sides; in one corner was a desk at which sat a mysterious looking man with a long crooked mustache; he seemed to be writing something and on all sides of the desk were heaped bundles of paper. Snooky walked over and inquisitively looked at one of the bundles of paper that were the words "Galactic Super Science - by Nat Schachner..and in blue pencil across the page was scrawled RETURNED!

Suddenly the man who was writing glanced up and, seeing Snooky, exclaimed "By the blood of my time machines! Who the blazes are you?" Before Snooky could answer he went on "You're trying to spy on me, aren't you? You're trying to spy on Nat Schachner, the greatest writer that ever lived! ...well, I'll show you...you see..." With that he jumped off the desk and got a... Snooky who squealed because of his pimples...

Snooky wondered what to do, and then an IDEA struck

him; he concentrated and began to scratch his pimples...he felt himself whisked away into a huge forest. Tree trunks were all around him and a canopy of branches and leaves overhead.

But he had no time for admiring the beauty of the forest, for suddenly he heard screaming...female screams - and towards him ran three beautiful maidens. They ran up to our hero and exclaimed "Save us...save us...Henry Kuttner is chasing us! Please, please...won't you kill him?"

Snooky was going to say something when he espied a huge muscular figure running maily towards him and the girls....what was the fiend Kuttner arter?...and what would happen.

TO BE CONTINUED....

If you wish to find out what happened to Snooky and Kuttner, read the next instalment...if there is one.

EDITORS' NOTE: We were undecided whether or not to print this story. It is out of line with our editorial policy, and it was only after some discussion that we thought we would place it before our readers. What do you think of it? Let us have your opinions as soon as possible, or we're liable to hoist another one on you...be quick!

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE.....We will publish a frank criticism of Mr. Walter Gillings' policy with "Tales of Wonder". This provocative article is the answer to much discussion and criticism on the part of fans, and we feel sure that there will be something in this to interest all. Don't miss our next large-size SATELLITE!

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