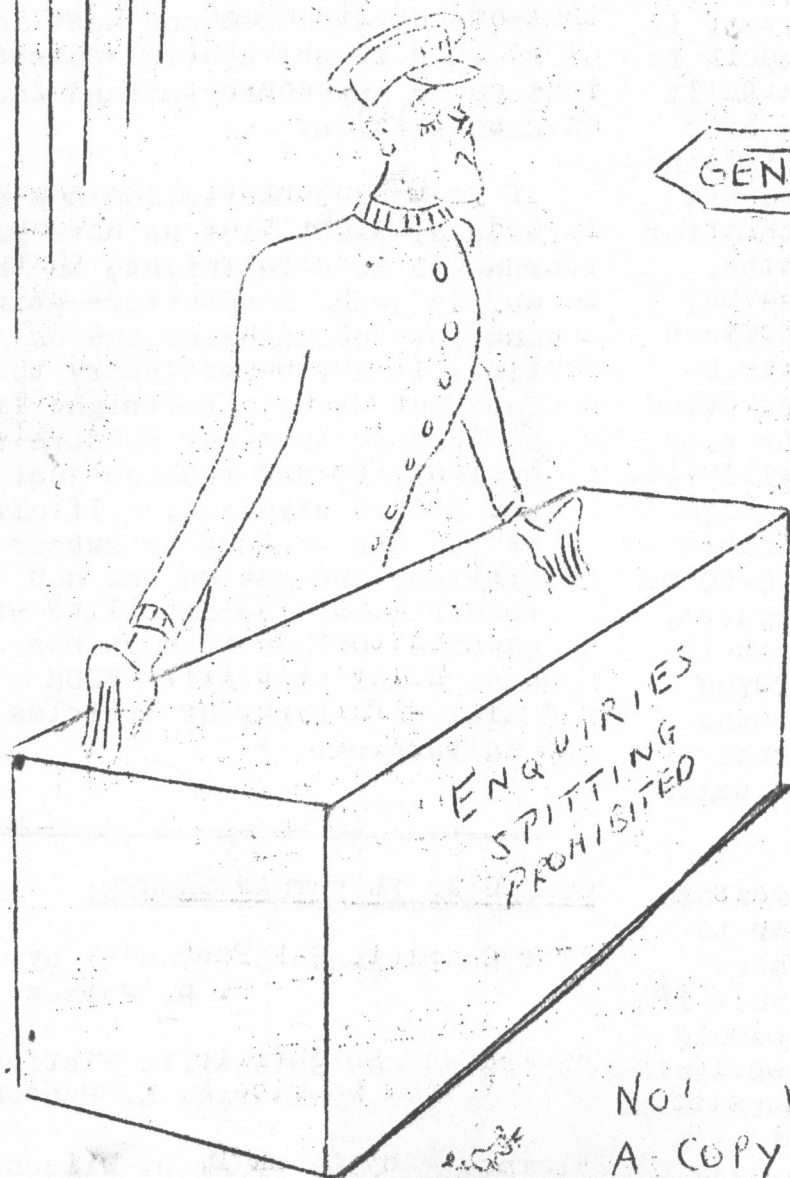


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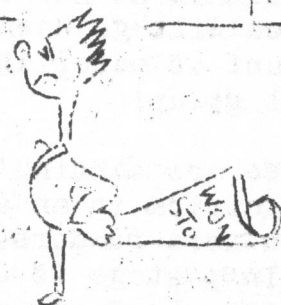
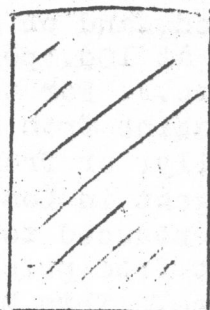
SATELLITE

No 3



GENTS

BRITISH
MUSEUM
(LIBRARY)



NO! WE HAVE NOT GOT
A COPY OF THE FIRST
AMAZING !!

MACK

MARCH 1939

57 Beauchair Drive,
Liverpool 15.

EDITORIAL

We have now completed the first six months of the Satellite's career, and for the past few weeks it was feared that this six months would be all. This issue is about a fortnight late, due to the fact that we had to suspend production until we could definitely say if the magazine would continue. It has now been decided that Sally will go on a trial voyage of 3 more months. The subscriptions of most of our readers are now completed, and we offer them for renewal at 10d. per 3 months, post free. For those who buy the magazine from these offices personally, or from a distributing agent in London, the price will be reduced to 2d. per copy, but post free price is still 3½d. post free. This heavy postage is, unfortunately, unavoidable - out of a circulation of 50-60 we have not 20 mail-order readers, and thus cannot send out at the rate of ½d. per copy. If YOU will gain us new readers, the price will go down - and the amount of material in our pages will go up!

We are sending out circulars to America in an endeavour to gain more readers, but there again postage is excessive. If every one of our readers could gain us ONE new reader, we would be able to almost double the size of the magazine, yet sell at a lower price! If the Satellite

is to run level - which it is NOT doing at the moment, it is essential that we should have more readers - and if you will get them for us, you will be the first to benefit by the reduced cost, as we shall see that our earliest and most loyal readers get special concessions on any subscriptions they have sent in.

If your subscription has now lapsed, please let us have your renewal in a fortnight, so that we may judge how matters stand, and get the magazine out on time; it may be necessary to come out about a fortnight late, so we hope that our readers will be lenient, and realise just how we are situated. If all of you can renew your subscriptions, and get us one new reader each, the Satellite will go even further than it has done - and it's still YOUR magazine - for your articles and letters.

COMING IN FUTURE ISSUES:

"The Complete S-F Fan" by
R. Holmes.

"Weird and Scientific Fiction"
by Maurice K. Hanson.

"Parade" by Frank D. Wilson.

THE SCIENCE-FICTION

RELIGION.

by Maurice K. Hanson

There is quite a chance, my dear reader, that you have made a god of science-fiction. You may be a practising Christian or an agnostic, but to all intents and purposes science-fiction is for you the one god. You worship it more fervently than many churchgoers worship their own divinity. You revere it and are utterly dependent upon it.

It has its high-priests and its canting archbishops, its heretics and its martyrs. As firmly established are its own particular dogmas. Incompatible with science are many of its hallowed and cherished beliefs -- that a material body can travel at a speed exceeding that of light, or that mad scientists invariably have beautiful daughters. It is as intolerant of other points of view as any hell-fire religion. You, one of its followers, press close upon the heels of many Christians in your failure to apply the principles and precepts of your belief to the world of everyday life. You, too, are addicted to meaningless obscure metaphor and idolatry in your worship. And no one can say that you do not know the value of

money.

You, in all likelihood, have your regular periodic meetings with other worshippers at the shrine of fantasy, which take on a solemn ritual -- the passing from hand to hand of treasured collection pieces, the solemn recounting of the success of your missionaries among the unconverted, and of course the taking of a monetary collection. Your most solemn ritual and most transcendental experience, however, lies in communicating not with your god but with your fellow worshippers through the medium of the mail.

No word of blasphemy is allowed among your ranks; no one must question the unreasoning worship of your god. If some rash individual like Milton Kaletsky breaks this tabu he is a "crank", to be pitied and condemned, certainly not to be reasoned with or forgiven. The heretical pair, Smith and Youd, are laughed at for their derision of the magazines that you adore and they may yet one of these days be publicly burned. These or other heretics have scoffed at the insincere posturings of the Archbishop Gernsback with his sermon of sugar-coated science. The martyrdom

of the British authors he refused to pay is well-known, but who cares about it? The high priests of the commercial associations preach their star-spangled sermons with an anxious eye on the circulation figure. They exhort with outmoded cliches and sinister threats of damnation if you do not heed them, to rise from your slothful indolence and convert your fellow-men so that together you may form a triumphant band marching gloriously with those magic names on your lips -- Schachner, Binder, Fearn -- to your ecstatic Utopia. You listen to them and believe them; and then in the Sunday newspapers you dabble in astrology.

While the berobed priests of orthodox religions bless the battleships and bombers of their nations you toy with the development of death-rays and germ plagues; the more callous amongst you would see space conquered on the money paid by war ministries for super-lethal rockets. Religion and science-fiction have indeded much in common in the way in which the selfish few employ for their own ends the oafish multitudes.

And yet both have produced much that is beautiful and noble.

OUR DUMB FRIENDS' LEAGUE: - The girl who thought the "Legion of Time" was a play about convicts.

FANTASY comes out again March 15th. - 's a long wait!

"A T T H E B O T T O M O F M Y G A R D E N "

by "FANTACYNIC"

In these days when nobody writes except for money it is a refreshing change to find an altruistic person like myself willing to write at great length without any pecuniary recompense at all. In fact, I think I shall burst into tears of frustration if I think much longer about this, and start writing prose poems of incredible slush for the daily tabloids.

THE '43 ELECTION

It has been rumoured by various irresponsible persons that DAW (which I understand to be a recent acquisition by the New York Zoo and commonly known as Michy, the Almost Human) is standing for Presidency of the U.S.A. in 1943. The same very impeachable authority reports that the party slogan will be "Democracy Forever", but this is not official.

When one of our special reporters called on Michy, he apparently mistook his uniform for he said immediately: "I am completely innocent - it was him what did it -- you can't do this to me!" Our reporter

gently enlightened him as to his identity and received the following message:-

"Fellow workers unite! In the last issue of 'Orrible Stories was published a story in which the villain was a Russian. Let us march in a body to the Editorial Offices of this anachronistic, anti-progressive periodical and hang the rat of an Editor. Be brave, Comrades, your Leader is with you!"

Our reporter was so moved by this stirring proclamation that he completely forgot to ask him of his intentions for the election.

AS THE POET SEES IT

The combat deepens. On ye brave
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Or, as another versifier almost said, "Godesberg, Godesberg, know ye not Godesberg?"

1938

In a year which has seen the beginning of four new S.F. magazines, it would normally be hard to award the honour of the year's most idiotic story. Claims have been put forward for stories as far apart as "Strip-teasers of Space", "Outhout, the Big Spout" and "The Flying Chinaman", but as usual Eddy pips the rest at the post with his latest and greatest, "The Horror in the Horoscope". For sheer, unparalleled lunacy, for Hamiltonian characters and Hamiltonian science, this is

for crying out very loud, supreme!

In fan circles there is a close tussle between D.W.F. Mayer for the "Scientimuchtoomuch" and dear old stand-by Lowndes for his reverent unveiling of the Wollheim god. The latter is so good that I must quote for the benefit of the unfortunate few who may have missed it.

"Because he is an extremely sensitive individual, a visionary of the highest type, and a keen intellect, he realises that, underneath all shallowness and childishness of fans lies the same soulfelt (sic) desires for a finer, better world and higher developed humanity that he feels... He cannot endure to see them in a mental rut, and all unaware of it.....After all he's human".

This last sentence is the cream of the whole array of sycophantic tripe. Blazon it abroad, Comrades Wollheim ~~ks~~ human! Let us hear no more veiled accusations that he has been seen climbing trees in one of the larger New York parks and eating monkey nuts at FAPA meetings. Play the game, you cads!

Really you know, this bloke Lowndes shouldn't be allowed to hog it as he does. First he pinches the credit for inventing Escapism, and now he blossoms out as one of the more exalted Michelist yes-men. I shall certainly inform my Trade Union as soon as I pay my back subscription.

FANBANE I must deplore this impudent and foolish chatter. It is wasting space which might well be occupied by important discussion. It is also rather insulting

to people who are progressive and in advance of their age. Could you invent a new party?

MYSELF. Quiet, poodle! All this progressive tosh has already worn my temper to breaking point; excite me further at your peril. As for new parties, I would invent a Society for the prevention of Wollheim and McIlwain were it not that it would flatter the wretches.

EPILOGUE :

"MICHELITUS"

(after - long after - Cory)
They told me, Michelitus, they
told me you were mad,
They told me you were up the pole
and made me feel quite sad;
I wept as I remembered how often
you and I
Had read our mags together,
praising Schachner to the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my
dear old fantas-friend,
And making propaganda towards some
doubtful end;
Still is thy lack of logic, thy
super-daftness plain,
For Time he changeth many things,
but Donny stays insane.

Knock Knock!

Who's there?

Reporter.

Reporter what?

Repp orter take up knitting if he
can't write anything better than
"Lost on the Sea Bottom".

MOONSHINE

Let's have your
opinions !

FROM L. TURNER, SHEFFIELD.

The altered mag is rather good, as a whole, with the better paper, clearer type and general layout. It only needs a few competent writers to make it almost normal. I should like to see Snooky continue his adventures, plus Kuttner, plus maids, plus pimples. Keep your captive poet at it; chain him up at night. "Citadel of Dreams" looks good, but will it suit my tender mind?

(Glad you like the mag as a whole. You think we now need competent writers. Well, if you know of a better whole, go to it - ED)

FROM WILLIAM F. TEMPLE, LONDON.

Mr. Gabrielson puts his arguments quite fairly, even if his personal opinions are punk. Mr. Would certainly caught a bit of atmosphere in his ode, but I thought "Senachrome" was a make of roll-film.

(We are taking the latter matter up with Mr. Youd, and will make it quite clear that, like the BBC, we shall allow no advertising unless we are well bribed - ED)

In our next issue - "PARADE" by
Frank D. Wilson.

(CONTINUED ON THE BACK PAGE)

THE LITERARY MERRY-GO-ROUND" C I T A D E L O F D R E A M S "Part 3by C.S. YOUD

(Into the peaceful land of Lanoah, inhabited by men who have attained mental perfection, stumbles a small, stout man, who shows fear at having drunk some liquid and thus found himself in this strange land. A native of Lanoah accosts him, and realises he has stumbled across the "recipe which was known only to the wizard Elther, in the days when Egypt was a mighty nation. Tubby meets two charming girls, but his enjoyment is spoiled when he is taken into the city, and imagines he will be made a slave. He escapes, and after some adventures underground comes out into a forest clearing)

NOW READ ON

Wild vortices of multi-coloured light broke around him; lightning zig-zagged across skies of yellow and purple and thunder sounded fanfares of deafening intensity. He shut his eyes, and heard from far away voices speaking. Slowly he opened them again, and gazed up into the serene face of the old Lanoahn, framed against the forest in which he had first met him.

"You are feeling better now?" he queried.

"I - I don't understand", muttered the little man, "Where are Daphne and Moya -- and the driver of the car -- and the tomb? And that horrible face!" He buried his head in his hands.

"Who's got a horrible face?" rumbled an indignant Bass, "You mind your step, Tubby my lad, or your own will look pretty bad".

Tubby looked up, joyfully, incredulously. "Great God, it can't be you, Bill" he cried, and then, catching sight of a

rather sheepish figure in the background, "and you too, Fred! But how on -- how did you get here?"

Fred looked shy and reddened. "Well, it's like this, Tubby. We found you lying all in a huddle over your desk at home. At first we thought you were drunk and shook you, but then Bill spotted the book you picked up among that job lot in the auction the other day, and it was open at the page describing that Egyptian drug. We read a little bit and soon spotted that you had been trying it out, and you looked so darned happy that Bill suggested we try it as a change to bitters. Well, the bottle was still pretty full (we found it lying about six feet away from you) and you had put a label on it -- ten grains -- so we sat down and took a dose. It took about five minutes to lay me out but Bill was snoring almost straight away.

"When I woke up I was lying on an overgrown mushroom and Bill was

rubbing his back and cussing something terrible. Apparently he landed on a cactus -- one of the prickly sort. We picked ourselves up and started to look for you. Your spoor was plain enough in a jungle like this and we just barged through those bushes to find you fainting in the arms of this gentleman". He waved an arm towards the smiling Lanoahn.

Tubby turned to the stranger. "Was it all a dream, then" he cried, "The crystal city, the car breakdown, the underground tomb -- and the girls?"

"You were distraught" replied the Lanoahn, "The after effects of the drug on a weak system, you know. As for the girls --" he smiled expansively. "There are no women in Lanoah. Female intelligence maintains an average; it does not, like male genius, rise to the zenith of intelligent contemplation, just as it never descends to male depths of stupidity. As for our city -- come and see".

He led them across the clearing and divided some thick-growing bushes with his arm. All three gasped and gazed at each other in astonishment.

Below them stretched no great metropolis of the future, no wild dream of an abnormal adolescent. Instead they saw, spaced widely among brightly flowering gardens and silver pools, hundreds of villas, built in every style from Greek to American, but all tasteful and somehow individual.

The Lanoahn pointed proudly to a splendid porticoed mansion right under their feet. "I dwell there. That Greek temple is the abode of Homer and the Greek

poets and -- Oh yes, I forgot, there is one woman among us. Yonder is the home of Sappho".

Tubby once more turned green, and his companions looked as embarrassed as if they were holding converse with a lunatic.

"Did you say Sappho and Homer?" whispered Fred, "But they're dead -- they died thousands of years ago".

"To the world they are dead", replied the Lanoahn, "but their genius can never die. They reached Lanoah".

Tubby broke in with a snatch of verse:

"and for the countless centuries
will abide;
the genius that no death can
ever take
Crowns him immortal, though a
man has died.

Do you really mean that all the great minds of the race are to be found here, in Lanoah?"

"It is so" replied the Lanoahn, "Only one immortality is possible -- when greatness of mind at last puts away the tawdry cloak of flesh. That is Lanoah".

"But you are substantial", protested Tubby, "you told me you were",

"In a way I am substantial", their guide answered, "and then again I am not. This my body is but a link with Nature; and can be discarded like the yellowing leaves of an oak tree. But come, you must be weary and in my house there is food and drink".

All three picked up their cars. "Did I hear you say 'drink'?" murmured Tubby happily, "Whatever it is, lead me to it".

Slowly the little procession wound its way down the hillside through the thinning undergrowth. The glade was alive with birds and small animals, while occasionally they would pass a deer or pony, cropping the short grass contentedly. There was no frightened scurrying when the band of men passed. Tubby wondered vaguely if these, too, had reached Lanoah.

The stranger answered his unspoken thought. "All these are the descendants of the animals who were here when the early Dwellers decided to shut Lanoah off from the outer world. If you were to examine them closely you would notice many differences to the creatures of the earth".

By now they were out of the wood, and were approaching a hedge, composed of a plant Tubby had never seen before. The leaves were dark and glossy so that they seemed to burn in the caress of the golden-rimmed sun, and here and there could be seen great red blossoms tossing in the scented air like bright flames. As they drew nearer a gate grew out of the luxurious foliage. They entered and found themselves at the head of a long grassy walk, winding through starry gardens, scattered with pools of green, blue, red and silver. In a dream they reached the portico of the villa and sat, where the Lanoahn requested them, on silken couches.

Their friend -- for it seemed obvious he was their friend -- disappeared for a while and returned with glasses

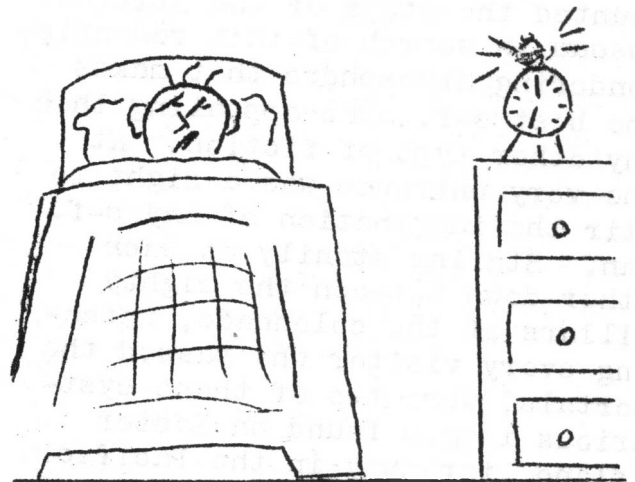
brimming with a sparkling red wine. While they drank, and ate small sweet biscuits, he asked them questions and courteously drew from them details of their lives.

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".

(TO BE CONCLUDED BY JOHN F. BURKE IN OUR NEXT ISSUE - DON'T MISS IT!)

OUR FANTASININE ARTIST



"THE MAN WHO AWOKE" was what we asked him to illustrate, and this is what he did!

MUSEUM MEANDER

by WILLIAM F. TEMPLE

FOREWORD: Maurice K. Hanson once said the British Museum was one of the dullest spots in London, that no imagination had been used in arranging it. I opined that the imagination should be supplied by the visitor, and I threatened to write an article in defence of the "dump". This is the result.

It was dull, drizzling Saturday afternoon in January when I mounted the steps of the British Museum in search of that romantic, wondering atmosphere that makes the best s-f. more appealing than any other type of fiction. At the very entrance was a sight to stir the imagination of any s-f. fan. Staring stonily at each other down between the mighty pillars of the colonnade, watching every visitor who passed the portals, were two of those mysterious images found on Easter Island, far away in the Pacific. The race that carved them out of the granite has vanished - utterly. No one is sure where or who they were. And yet here was their handiwork, material and clean-cut, standing in the Bloomsbury rain.

I went in through the revolving door and left, past the Elgin marbles, into the Nimrud Gallery. I stood in a room of the exact

size and shape as one in the palace of a king who died hundreds of years before Christ was born, Ashur-nasir-pal, King of Assyria. All around the walls were the very same battle sculptures which had decorated the now crumbled palace at Nineveh. Here I began to sense that illusive atmosphere which I had come to seek - the almost nostalgic feeling of the infinite Time which stretches away on either side of us and our brief lives.

Perhaps the Science Museum, with its push buttons and working models, might have seemed a better place to hunt the spirit of s-f. But I don't think so. For there you don't get that awareness of distant worlds in distant time, but only of cold mechanical and intellectual ingenuity. I don't think any s-f. story that deals solely with technicalities is the genuine article. The most memorable stories are those with a flavour of real atmosphere, alien, exotic, sinister, beautiful, with the heroes continually skirting the edge of the unknown, sometimes plunging boldly into it and coming up against the most surprising things: strange cities, strange forms of life speaking strange languages - "An oo ease

o e er a ow?"

I started out of my reverie to behold a queer figure regarding me interrogatively. It was a very old and bent little man with a long white beard, fantastically dressed in faded short knickerbockers and a frayed jacket that had split three ways on even his small frame. I had not noticed him arrive. He seemed to have materialised out of the ancient sculptured wall. "Ann oo ease o e er a ow?" he repeated.

I'm afraid I just goggled at him. Here was a character who might have stepped out of a s-f. fantasy, an incredibly aged man speaking an unearthly language. He lost patience immediately. "O oo uddi oo!" he piped petulantly, and scuttled away.

I carried on with my tour. I was pondering on that precious slab of black basalt, the Rosetta Stone, with its inscriptions in three languages which turned out to be a key to the mystery of the Ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics, and thinking that there could be no such lucky accident for the first explorers of another planet (say Mars, and any probably inscribed ruins upon it) when I caught sight of the little old fellow again. He appeared to be asking his peculiar conundrum of one of the uniformed attendants, but the attendant took no notice of him at all, and stared unseeingly across at the head of a colossal seated statue from the Bubastis of 4000 years ago, which stared as unseeingly

back. Was then the old man a wraith, not seen by other mortals, but somehow visible to me? When I looked again, he had gone.

I mounted the main staircase, and in the entrance to the Prehistoric Gallery I saw a case containing specimens of the earliest known flint implements to the latest, arranged in periods. Through thousands and thousands of years, through three glaciations of the Great Ice Age, ranged these flints, and in all that time Man improved but slightly on his earliest stones - the Moliths, "Dawn Stones", of the Tertiary Age, whose human origina had even been disputed: perhaps they were just stones that lay there unheeded by the brute that was not yet Man.

I leant upon another showcase, and brooded upon a great Neolithic axe-head of grey flint, a foot long. It was the largest specimen of its kind found in Southern England (it was discovered on Box Hill). To think that that stone before me had actually been handled by the hairy fingers of some forgotten cavenar unthinkable ages before I, or anyone living, had opened our eyes upon this planet. That it might have been used against those almost legendary animals, the sabre-toothed tiger and the mammoth. How insensitive Maurice must be if he could regard those solid links with such a wild, fantastic world and not feel some sort of thrill. And there under

another sheet of glass were little iron implements fashioned by the Romans in primitive Britain. Not only had they felt the fingers of the people of a great, vanished empire, but also the fingers of one of the ten greatest s-f. authors (who can ever tire of "She", of whom Margaret of Urbs is but a fainter copy?) - Sir H. Rider Haggard. For they were donated by him.

It was while I was examining a scale model of Stonehenge, and regretting that the snow-blocked roads on Salisbury Plain at Christmas had stopped me from reaching that enigmatical, lonely temple, that the little old man appeared again and gazed at me pleadingly.

"An oo case o e er a ow?"

"I'm sorry, but I can't catch what you're saying", I said.

"AM AND ARST!" he replied emphatically, and went off in a huff.

I joined on the end of a conducted tour, led by a white-haired Professor of Egyptology, and soaked in the atmosphere of Ancient Egypt. That is the fascination of these museums; to be able to sink oneself in almost any romantic age one chooses. In the Mummy Room I was attracted by the mummy of a young girl of Old Thebes. Her name was Kleopatra Klandake, and her face was painted on her outer wrappings. It was so young and fresh that it was hard to grasp the fact that she had been dead for thousands of years. Her hair-comb and other intimate things lay on her breast.

Out of the peculiar musty

aroma of the Mummy Room I wandered, sometimes finding myself quite alone in a room of leering gargoyles or blank masks, or full of barbaric weapons that a Burroughs hero might have handled with his usual super-human skill. At last I came into the Manuscript Saloon. Here were letters and folio books in the actual handwriting of the earliest pioneers in imaginative fantasy, and in science itself. The writing of Jonathon Swift (of "Gulliver's Travels") of Tennyson, who wrote s-f. poetry, and Coleridge, whose "Kubla Khan" is unsurpassed for sheer mystic atmosphere. Also a letter of Darwin's, commenting on his own shattering "Origin of Species", and one of Sir Isaac Newton's, congratulating a certain Dr. Briggs on his "new, ingenious Theory of Vision". Also "The Booke of Sir Thomas More" the creator of the original "Utopia", of which so many versions have followed in the form of s-f.

Most interesting of all, to me, was one of the famous notebooks of the man I consider to be the World's Greatest Genius (pre-Wells) -- Leonardo da Vinci. In ink, faded brown with age, were scrawled diagrams and notes in the peculiar reverse writing of this astonishing man, who experimented with flying machines hundreds of years before the Wright Bros. I wondered about his "mirror writing". Was it because some part of his being had somehow been turned around through the Fourth Dimension? Could that in any way account for his

almost inhuman ability? Here was an idea for a s-f. story! Maurice was a nit. To any sympathetic person, the British Museum simply abounds with starting-off places for romantic stories.

"If eres a a in iss pace, eres a a ow. I ena oo o ere i is!"

It was the old man again. And this time it dined on me what he said: "If there's a way in this place, there's a way out. I demand to know where it is!" He was one of those people with "no roof to his mouth" - he had a faulty palate..

"Why, certainly. I can't direct you, but I can lead you out", I said. He followed at my heels, p, oasedas Punch that at last he had found someone who could understand him, chattering away at his life story like a retired Scotland Yard Detective-Inspector. It became easy to fit in the missing consonants. His aunt had brought him on a visit to the Museum when he was a little boy. They had got separated, and he never saw her again. He wandered along the miles of galleries, but could not find the way out. He couldn't read, so the notices meant nothing to him. Everyone he asked could not understand what he was saying. When the Museum shut for the night, he was locked in.

"When did this happen?" I asked.

"In 1830" he wheezed (I translate into English), "I've been wandering around ever since, but do you know, I can't find that damned entrance! Talk about Hampton Court Maze! I keep on hoping it will be around the next corner, but it never is. The attendants ignore me completely now. They think I'm a harmless lunatic who comes here every day".

"In heaven's name, what have you lived on all this time?"

It appeared that he literally devoured books. He'd discovered that old paper, seasoned with printer's ink, was eminently edible. He had become quite a connoisseur of the various vintages - 18th. and 19th. Centuries, and so on - and had a precious store of early Caxton stowed away in a forgotten cellar. He said that through his depredations, all the books on the upper shelves of the British Museum were really only covers standing there - hollow shams. He had eaten the interiors. "But no one ever takes them down, so it doesn't matter", he said.

At night he slept in a sarcophagus in the Mummy Room. All the mummies arose at midnight to do a spot of haunting up and down the galleries, and then they had a high old time together: dancing, games, singing. He got on with them well. "They're a decent lot" he said. He was rather friendly with Kleopatra Klandake.....

At this moment we reached the revolving door, and went

Through, out into the colonnade. He stopped, and looked out at Bloomsbury rather fearfully. The rain slanted down from a slate-grey sky, the traffic went by, splashing up fountains of mud. It wasn't very cheerful, and I suppose the "horseless carriages" must have looked very queer to him. Anyway, he drew back against the wall.

"I can't go out there" he quivered, "It's too - open! I can't stand it".

With a sudden gasp, he turned and fled back through the door, and vanished. I let him go. Of course, all these years in the building had naturally built up an unsuspected agoraphobia. He would be happier with a roof over his head, in the warm and dry, with his collar off Caxton, and Kleopatras.

I wish I could convert
Maurice to museum life.

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MOONSHINE

FROM ROLAND FORSTER, NORTHUMBER-
LAND.

The most outstanding features of the magazine are Sam Youd's poems. In the February issue Mr. Gabrielson draws a clever analogy between the astronomer with his telescope and a boy looking out of the window of a house which he cannot leave. But he forgets that astronomers do not rely upon the telescope alone. Spectrum analysis, for example, leaves little room for doubt, since its accuracy may be tested right here on earth. Mr. Gabrielson is more ingenious than convincing, although I imagine the astronomers themselves would be the last to claim finality for some of their more speculative theories.

(There has been much disagreement with Mr. Gabrielson's article in our last issue. Have we no readers who agree? This column is yours.....ED)

CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIX

FROM FRANK D. WILSON, SOUTHPORT.

This month's "Gally" is great. I am glad we had no lolting tongue this month. Keep the front like this and perhaps feature an inside illustration to the current serial or story...an illustration to a story will arouse far more interest than an invention of some Demented artist's imagination.

I should like to create an argument: Paul is by far a better stf illustrator than Wesso, Krupa, or Virgil Finlay!

(Go ahead and shoot, fans. And what do other readers think of our covers? ED)

TIME GENTLEMEN PLEASE!

FROM G. KEN CHAMIAN - Sally can always be relied upon to give an entertaining half-hour's reading.

(HALF AN HOUR??? We think that
Mr. Holmes' record still stands -
4 mins. 35.2 secs)