

THE SATELLITE JUNE 1939



EDITORIAL

CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1939

This will be the first issue of the "Satellite" that many SFA members have seen, and we hope it will not prove disappointing.

In the past we have been able to keep the policy of the magazine agreeable to the majority of our readers by the comments they have sent in. Although we are aware of the blank silence that usually greets the request of fan-mag editors for letters, we again beg of you to let us know what you think of the magazine; the moment you've finished this issue SIT DOWN AND WRITE TO US - give us your candid opinions, and rest assured that anything you may say will be very carefully noted and considered.

Articles, verse, suggestions for cartoons, jokes, etc., are always very welcome, and any material we receive will be judged on its merits, not by 'name' value or any other doubtful means. If you've anything to say, say it - nothing that you write will be any crazier than what the rest of us are turning out month by month, so don't be shy!

Reverting to correspondence, we would say that we are anxious to make "Moonshine", our reader's column, larger than ever in the future but this can only be done if readers will write in, obviously - so if you want a large forum of opinion each month, it's up to YOU

SALLY

THE SATELLITE

3 1/2d. per copy post free.
1/6d. per six months.

FREE TO SFA MEMBERS.

THE INTERVIEW 3
by Don J. Cameron

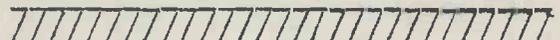
CONVENTION PARADE 5
by Ted Carnell

AT THE BOTTOM OF MY GARDEN 7
by "Fantacynic"

POEM IN MARTIAN SPLENDOUR 9
by Bob Tucker

"MOONSHINE" 10
Readers' Opinions

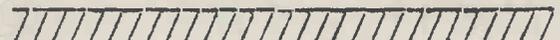
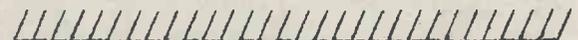
ASTROLOGY - THE TRUE 'SCIENCE'
OF ASTRONOMY 11
by E.L. Gabrielson



EDITOR: John F. Burke
57 Beauclair Drive,
Liverpool 15

ART (such as it is):
David McIlwain.

COVER BY ALFRED BATES



WE RECOMMEND

"THE FANTAST"
3 1/2d. per copy from C.S. Youd,
244 Desborough Road, East-
leigh, Hants....SECOND ISSUE,
NOW ON SALE, ONE OF THE FIN-
EST ISSUES OF A FAN-MAG FOR
MONTHS - DON'T MISS IT!

the INTERVIEW

by DON J CAMERON

(With apologies to Will Scott)

The Editor chewed the end of his pencil meditatively, and frowned at me.

"Look here, Sinnagog" he said at length.

"Yes, Mr. Kurbe", I replied, looking there.

"I've invited you to my office in order to ask you to do me a favour. You are a well-known author and fan - who has not read and chuckled over 'The Trial of the Stinx'? - and I want you to try to obtain an interview with the great Mr. Charnel, editor of NUDE GELS, for publication in the SCATTERLIGHT".

"B-but....." I protested.

"Yes, I know", went on the Editor, "But this is a job which I cannot assign to our ordinary staff. You know Charnel. He won't so much as look at the smaller fry in Fandon, especially if they are mere fannag reporters. But I thought that you, being an established author, and something of a 'top-liner', might succeed where others have failed. You are, so to speak, more in the same elect plane as himself".

"I see", I murmured doubtfully.

"Be very tactful!" said Kurbe, "Charnel is a stubborn hound, and if he so much as suspects that you are trying to interview him, well - he'll make a deafnute cyster resemble a boozy charwoman in comparison! I want you to find out all about his plans for the future of NUDE GELS. I hear some great changes are due, soon. Get to know all about them if you can, and we'll splash all the info over the front page of the SCATTERLIGHT. Now go, and good luck to you".

I cursed everybody and everything for having been landed with this particular assignment, but, finally deciding to make the best of a bad job, cornered the great Elphin Jeremiah Charnel in a public house in W.C. something or other.

"Hello, Elphin!" I said heartily.

He eyed me with distaste, then continued imbining his malted milk.

"Er - how goes it, old fruit?" I tried hopefully, "Still suffering from night starvation?"

"Hum!" was the enlightening reply.

"NUDE GELS is a swell magazine!"

"Hum!"

"Very well edited".

"Hum!"

It was like trying to make an Aberdeen clam recite "Paradise Lost!"

Perhaps if I could make the fellow laugh....

"I don't know where you get such good material from. For myself -- I hate writing funny articles".

"Hum!"

"Besides, my typer's held together with chewing-gum, you know. He! He!! I had a helluva job typing out the 'Trial of the Stinx' - Gullings had to return four ounces of the best Wrigley's by parcel post!"

"Hum!"

"I suppose you have a lot of splendid stuff on hand for future issues?" I was becoming desperate in my attempts to make the oyst- or un-oyst.

"Hum!"

"I once tried editing a rag called NAZI TERROR", I said, trying to draw him on to home ground. It was no go.

"Hum!"

"An awful job, I can tell you! The worst part was planning the future issues. No doubt you would find that easy" - hopeful pause - but it gave me elephantitis of the brain!"

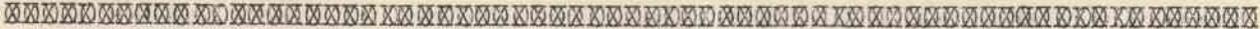
"Hum!" said the graven effigy.

I saw it three days later in NUDE GELS - splashed right across the front page. I tore my hair as I read ...

"EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH
WILL F. SINNAGOG
by E.J. Charnel.
POPULAR AUTHOR PROVES TO BE EXPONENT OF CHEWING GUM
TYPER!
ELEPHANTITIS THROUGH EDITING!"

And beneath - - - three information-crammed pages!

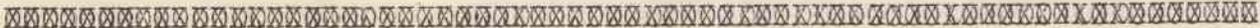
I fainted.



FAMOUS LAST WORDS

1. "Never mind the chief engineer - pull both levers".
2. "Don't be a fool, that's not a space-warp...."
3. "I don't care for gravitation - watch me jump.....!"

(R.H.)



SUGGESTED QUESTION FOR WOULD-BE MEMBERS OF THE JUNIOR ASTRONOMICAL ASSOCIATION. - "Do you know why Stars come out at Night?"

TED CARNELL PRESENTS

CONVENTION

PARADE

Sunny morn after cloudy night before---must be forty odd other fans scattered about the country who feel as tired as I do after yesterday's (May 21) London Convention, for many of them who had to return to the Provinces couldn't have reached home much before the milk.

Physical reaction---throat like a rasp, voice like a bag of rusty nails (two tones below normal), kaleidoscopic eyesight, pumpkin head (not normal), and a backache like none of your business. Mental reaction--to Hades with the aches and pains, it was a swell turnout.

Strange how easy it is to build up a mental pic of distant fans, simply by corresponding with them, reading their articles and/or publications. Can clairvoyantly read their characters by their thoughts. Stranger still how unlike those mental images they turn out to be when eventually met in the raw.

Had previously met the two Liverpool song-birds Dave McBurke and John Ilwain, but still can't place which is which, names or faces. I had four tries at hitting correctly, but each time they answered with a kind of Flotsam and Jetsam chorus "I'm Johnny, I'm Davy, go fall in a plate of gravy" so I gave it up as a bad job. John, (or perhaps it's Dave), is the tall guy, six feet of sandy nothingness, and Dave (or is it John) is the one with the Hulbertlike jaw.

(ED - The mug's wrong)

Having successfully unravelled that problem, I was introduced in rapid succession to Frank Wilson, Southport; Phil Hetherington, Northumberland; Ronnie Holmes and Eddie Ducker, Liverpool, and then made fourteen guesses at the next face in line with my eyesight. The mystery cleared with a flourish of a pile of FANTAST's. It was CSYoud from Hampshire. I forgot to personally compliment Sam on the production of his new fanmag, so I'm doing it here, and hope that he will continue to bring it out as often as he can.

However, NONE OF THE FANS were at all how I imagined they would be --- Heaven only knows what they thought I would be like, but I can well imagine their surprise and disappointment.

I paid a rapid visit to the Flat, to collect The Gang, and found George Ellis and Eric Needham of Manchester browsing on the carpet, what's left of it. A vision of Librarian Harry Kay staggering along under a two-ton payload of books was the next reminder that this was The Day. Back at the joint, G.W.Axworthy of Portsmouth, Mr. Rookes of Axminster, Charnock L.V. Walsby Heald, the Jekyll and Hyde of Liverpool, and most of the London crowd had arrived.

Afternoon session was enlivened by Art Clarke's competition between a team of Londonders versus a team of Provincial members, in a general knowledge questionnaire. The out-towners won by two points, but the cat-calls and barracking from the audience drowned any attempt at seriousness.

During the interval, several groups formed, the main one being centred round Walt Gillings, always a drawing card at any gathering... Bill Temple fainted when I bought him a lemonade.... Maurice Hugi will faint when he reads this, because I have forgotten to mention him yet. How could I forget such a trivial thing? Other authors arriving then were D.J. Foster and Mr. Edwards, whose initials and correct name I have forgotten [ED - John, we think]

W.J. Passingham and Professor Low arrived almost at the same time. Professor Low mentioned to me that he hadn't a single thing ready to speak about, but gave us a 40 minute interesting talk upon many ideas and inventions. Mr. Passingham also was devoid of notes, but he very quickly worked out some while other speakers were talking, and delivered some very useful advice to would-be authors.

I've often sighed at the thought of our Los Angeles friends having the privilege of sharing quite famous authors at their gatherings. I'm afraid that I have become so accustomed to the friendliness of our own celebrities that I have almost ceased to look upon them as such. Both Prof. Low and Mr. Passingham are genuinely interested in sf, and it was quite evident that they thoroughly enjoyed their evening with us, Professor Low overstaying his time by nearly an hour.

Of the other new authors we met for the first time, several joined the Association, as well as a number of new London visitors enrolling also.

It is almost impossible to catalogue the course of events during the Supper. The constantly shifting people, the discussions, the interesting items Mr. Passingham was telling Ken and I, but above all, the general air of enjoyment that was prevalent throughout the entire proceedings was a fitting setting to what was literally my swan song to active fandom. As from the (SEE PAGE 14)

AT THE BOTTOM OF MY
GARDEN ~ 
FANTASYNIC ~

CONVENTION TIME AT FANOPOLIS

By devious routes and in all things from aeroplane to perambulator a little over forty fans converged on Fanopolis for the Annual Convention. No credence should be placed in the rumour now prevalent that Manchester and Leeds members commandeered a tube train and went off; ostensibly ghoulish hunting, but actually in an attempt to undermine the House of Commons. Phillip S. Hetherington, a devoted Tory is particularly annoyed about this low statement which is so typical of the lying tittle-tattle spread by our more juvenile members... blah... blah... blah...

Under the austere beautiful arch of Euston Station, Youd of Simpsire found the Liverpool contingent. He complains that, although he asked for a mark of identification to be shown, the ostentatious waving of a dozen or so Brundage covers and the singing of "Here Come the Men with the Jive" was carrying things a little too far. On the way to Lambs Conduit Street, Frank Wilson mentioned that his typing had gone to pieces lately. His correspondents first ascertained that he was not joking, and then dumped him in a phone booth labelled "I.R.A. Bomb. Hold under water for ten minutes". There are things before which the strongest mind must quail.

Despite having two guides who "knew the way by heart", the Liverpool party eventually reached haven to find that no-one else had yet arrived. Someone with more loquacity than common sense showed Macinpain an organ and the rest hastily retired. When he had put his feet through the innards, however, a return was made.

Some hours later business was commenced. At least, plans were presented during intervals between personal attacks on J. F. Burke and personal attacks on the "Satellite". While our younger members gazed on in open admiration. Congratulations to Mr. Chapman on sinking his dignity and letting various people know what he thought of them! This looks like being fun!

After Ted Carnell had bribed those members still awake, the accounts were passed and the Library report given. This disclosed that we have now almost complete sets of Edgar Allen Poe, Ethel M. Dell and false teeth, together with

3½d. in cash and a photograph of Wollheim. This last was raffled, after which the Library fund amounted to 5¾d. and ½ cent. We hear that the lucky winner is some relation to Mr. Ripley.

The interval is notable only for the facts that someone preferred Fearn to Taine, and Bill Temple made a successful attempt to prove the old adage about a stomach only holding three pints utterly wrong. To Mr. Tucker I might mention that Temple's capacity for beer is not a sign of adolescence, but one of the Wonders of the World.

We had Celebrities. Dear Old Celebrities! Mr. Heald and Mr. Hugi attacking modern science-fiction; Mr. Gillings attacking American science-fiction; Dr. Low attacking science-fiction in general. The "more juvenile and excitable members" sat back in awe, remembering the afternoon appeal to regard bad science-fiction as non-existent. I think their bewilderment was pardonable.

Just about then our Ambitious Poet had to return to darkest Simpshire. He has since told me that he was sorry to leave so early because of a question he wanted to lay before the Committee. The question is: "Can worms ride bicycles?" Strange as it may seem, there are people who hold that worms can not ride bicycles - these being the inevitable opponents to science, progress and Professor Low's scheme for murder by rocket. They argue from the point that since no worm bicycles have been invented, worms cannot ride them. I will not point out the obvious fallacy.

When the last Celebrity had finally snuffed out, things happened. First it was noticed that some cowed figures were mingling with the Fans, and these were discovered to be Druids who had got lost in a warp, and mistaken the A.O.D. for Stonehenge. A sacrifice was demanded, and as John Russell Fearn was unfortunately absent and Dr. Low had cleared off, Arthur Clarke was chosen. His entrails were found to reveal that it would be hot and dry with a deep depression over 88 Gray's Inn Road. We then adjourned for eats and found that Fantaspoet had taken back with him 50% of the Library and 75% of the food. Legal proceedings are in process.

Instead, we wandered off to Gray's Inn Road and ate A.C.C.'s supper. After all, since that neat bit of knifery on the part of the Arch-Druid (he doesn't like Fearn either, by the way) he had nowhere to put it. Bill Temple asked if he could have the unused stomach, to build onto his own for the greater consumption of alcoholic liquor. The other consumers objected to this strongly as an unfair advantage.

Eventually the time came for departing, though Portsmouthite Mr. British-Citizen-minus-a-meal (Axworthy), had to be driven out with ray-guns. In the early hours of

the morning the little twinkling stars gazed limpidly down on scattered groups of fans stolidly tramping home, busless and tramless. Who said "Blast Conventions, anyway"?

EPILOGUE

This is the last Fantacynic article. London members, I know, will welcome this, but as I love to buck the London members, that is not the reason. The reason is that Sally is no longer an independent publication, and must, perforce, pull its punches in future. I prefer just to fade away. Before I go, Fantacynic's first maxim:

"The chap who keeps his eyes on the ground may get a lot of dirt - but he finds the half-crowns others drop!"

A Merry Xmas to you, and let's all be good. All, that is, but

Yours sincerely,
FANTACYNIC
(Deceased)

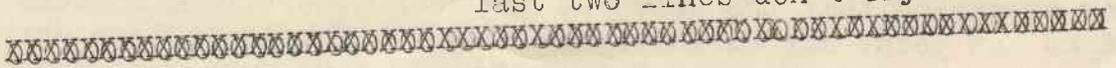


P O E M I N M A R T I A N S P L E N D O U R
or - Rhyme, Rhyme Who's gotta Rhyme?

by BOB TUCKER

Upon the baking sands of Mars I lay,
Staring into the azure green that looked like unripe hay;
As over me idly flopped a giant Martian Snickersnee,
Followed in dutiful line by his harem, tee hee.
Strange that I should find myself upon this old planet
Loafing and thinking while about me life went on it.
What would my fellow fans back on Earth think
If they could see me laying here in a blue fink?
Composing epicurean poems like this
To rile the readers of this magazine with.
When everybody knows there ain't no such thing as a Martian
Snickersnee,

Nor has he a harem, see?
So what, then, the devil is the use of continuing this epic?
The dear readers will only hold their noses because these
last two lines don't rhyme



OUR DUMB FRIENDS' LEAGUE - The girl who thought that "Seven Out of Time" was about a small dance band that hadn't rehearsed properly.

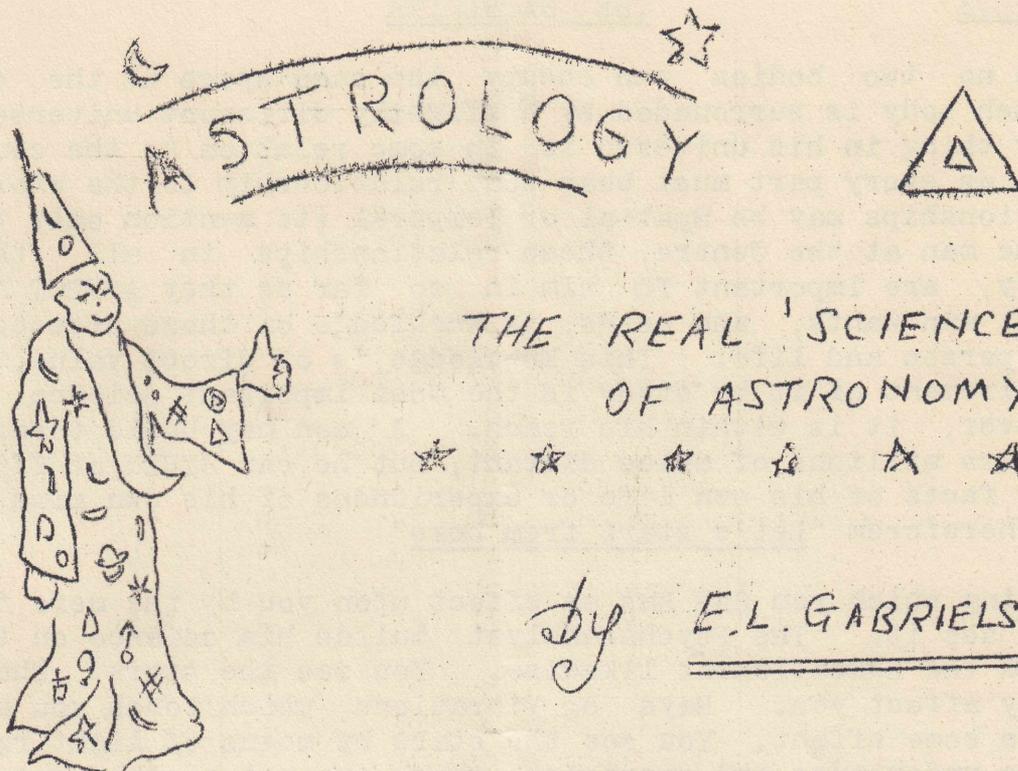
Moonshine

READERS OPINIONS

FROM R.D. SWISHER (Winchester, Mass, U.S.A.)-- Mr. Gabrielson seems to have overlooked the fact that to be accepted by science, a theory must not only be formulated, it must also be of some use in correlating old facts and in predicting new ones, and it must be usable in the light of contemporary knowledge. After all can we blame science for not considering the millions upon millions of possible hypotheses which may be advanced to cover the workings of the universe, and instead concentrating on what appears to be the most promising ones? While it cannot be denied that in some cases there has been prolonged reluctance to accept a new idea, still science ultimately has accepted it when it has proved to be more useful than previous ideas, until such time as a still more useful one arises to take its place. Scientists are only human (at least partially!)

Strangely enough, science appears to be very practical in some respects - it seems to prefer usefulness even to truth. Of all the millions of wild guesses possible, it is likely that some contain some truth. But even if we had some way of picking out the true ones, that's no guarantee that they'll be useful at any given time. Anaxagoras and Democritus guessed that matter was made up of atoms, but that truth (if it is a truth) was perfectly useless for many centuries until reformulated by Dalton at a time when contemporary thought could use it to advantage; in the relatively short time since then we have had the astounding development with which we all are so familiar in the physical sciences, based at least in part upon that hypothesis. Similarly we honor Columbus as the discoverer of the Americas, although it is well established that he was not the first. But what effect did his predecessors' identical discoveries have upon the world? Surely if anyone is to be honoured, it should be Columbus.

It is commonly accepted that readings of Mr. G's hypothetical instruments will vary from place to place in the universe, but that if proper corrections are applied for the differences of conditions under which such readings are made (for example, corrections for velocity, electric, magnetic and gravitic field intensities, etc) they will agree. If they do not, there are other, hitherto unexpected corrections to be investigated and applied, new theories to be formulated. If he can suggest anything definite, all well and good. But let it be useful! On the other hand, if his contention is that the results may still disagree, regardless of how many corrections are applied, that is merely another way of saying that the universe may be a disordered, lawless one. If he can point out definite advantages of his lawless universe over our present concepts he'll probably have much more chance of having his ideas accepted.



You may have heard the story about the lost motorist who asked an old countryman for directions as to the best way to reach the town of X. The yokel considered, spat, scratched his head, and finally said: "if I was you, and I wanted to go to X, I wouldn't start from here at all".

There are scientists who apparently regard that as sound advice. They don't want to start from where they are, in spite of the fact that it is impossible to start from anywhere else! Others, wiser, understand that the point of space occupied is the centre of the circle for the individual. YOUR universe is a sphere with you at the centre. Each man looks out at his own universe. MAN lives on this planet and the earth is the real centre of our universe. We cannot start from anywhere else. That is the basic truth recognised by the Astrologer. The Astronomer prefers to start from some other spot, in theory at least. He says that Earth is not the centre, which is to be placed at some distant point in the Milky Way or somewhere else. Let X equal the Centre. And X equals Idunno Nor U. Of course, in actual practice he does not differ from the Astrologer in the least. In other words, the Astrologer concerns himself with real, practical matters while the Astronomer insists on living as far as possible in and by abstractions, hypotheses and his favourite Mythology. Strange, but true.

Let me now state in a few sentences some of the truths on which Astrology is based.

Each man is the centre of a sphere.

Since no two bodies can occupy the same space at the same time, each body is surrounded by a slightly different universe.

Every thing in his universe is in some relation to the centre thereof, as every part must bear some relationship to the whole.

Relationships may be Spatial or Temporal (to mention only two)

To the man at the Centre, these relationships in all their diversity, are important TO him in so far as they AFFECT him. What that man wants, and needs, is knowledge of these effects in his own person and life. This knowledge is of direct value, and the acquirement of it by study is the most important Science.

Moreover, it is within his reach. A man may build theories about stars millions of miles distant, but he can STUDY at first hand the facts of his own life or experiences of his own mind and body. Therefore "Let's start from here"

Anything which you SEE has an effect upon you by the mere fact that you see it. The Psych-analyst builds his science on that truth and the Educationist likewise. You see the stars. Therefore they affect you. Rays or vibrations which touch you also must have some effect. You see the stars by means of light rays. There are undertones and overtones which are not visible but are real. These also have some influence on you.

Anything which affects the whole must affect the parts. That which produces an effect upon the Earth will also affect the human (and other) beings in and on the Earth. Gravitational pull is an example. The moon (you say) is the cause of the tides. You are inaccurate, but assuming that the statement is correct then the Moon must at the same time have some effect on other fluids such as your blood. The Earth is held to its orbit by the attraction of the same force that keeps you on the Earth. The bodies which exert that "pull" affect you at the same time.

Emotion is a powerful influence in every life. The presence of something you like or dislike, or the absence of it, is a potent force. Do you like to see the stars? Man, you are an advocate of Astrology!

Study the influences which weave and interweave the intricate pattern of your life. Then seek for the origins of those same influences. Anything which appears to be coincidental should be given consideration - and that will include the movements of the stars and planets, or at least the angles produced by such movements. You might remember that to ascribe any of these effects to "luck" or "chance" may be or appear to be "necessary", but certainly is NOT SCIENTIFIC. The things which "happen by chance" are merely those events for which you have not found the operative cause, or an operative cause. Astrology is purely and strictly a record of "observed events which appear to be related". After millions of apparent "coincidences" have been noted in the lives of human beings - mark that - Astrologers are surely entitled to decide that there is a regulating Law likely to be at work. Mistakes? Why! No Astrologer, even in this "enlightened

age" claims to know more than the alphabet of his science.

Such a claim would imply the possession of a complete and accurate knowledge of the entire stellar universe and human psychology and human physiology and chemistry, both inorganic and organic. Practical experiments with the test-tube and camera have demonstrated that a conjunction of the planet Mars with Saturn produces an effect upon Iron held in solution Iron is in the human body, and will be affected there. But a particular effect on the metal in his body will result in a certain tendency in one man and a totally different result in a person of opposite physical or mental or emotional make-up. Toss a penny into the air and it will come down heads or tails. The turn-up will be about equal in the long run because the coin is passive. Try the same experiment with a cat and you will not have any such result.

When the Astrologers have discovered that a certain "aspect" tends to influence men in a certain way, that is merely a beginning. He knows that a man born in March will not be affected in the same way as another born in September, by that aspect. Even four minutes difference in birth-time may make a marked difference! Again, since "angles" are of so great importance, a variation of some degrees in latitude or longitude of the birth-place must be reckoned with. Finally the whole influences of training, development and environment may induce one man to react to the influence differently at different times. All of these factors may produce errors in prognostications - but they do not in any way alter the tendency of the "aspect" itself. Say, then, that Astrology is a science of such vast and intricate ramifications that it is not possible for any human being to achieve mastery of it, and you will be right. For the complete Astrologer must needs be a Master of every Science under the sun.

To say that Astrology is "bunkum" or "exploded superstition" or anything like that, is to demonstrate conclusively one of two things - either that you know nothing about it, or that you are one of those people to whom nothing they don't know can possibly be knowledge.

Man walks the Earth surrounded and penetrated by ever-active forces of infinite variety and potency. The fool denies this, and is content with denial. The wiser man seeks with humility to learn some letters of that great Language which is everywhere written and sounded round and about him. He is glad when some few letters enable him to form Words that bring to him a little more height and width and depth of Understanding. So the Astrologer gladly recognises the information the Astronomer can give him. He uses it, and all other knowledge, and applies it to Life. Thus he completes, however dimly, the Circle. He starts from "here" and goes on.. and on.. Talk to him of the stars in their courses, of that great Space which is the Circumference of the great Circle.

