

SATELLITE

• JULY • 1939 •

• VOL 2 • NO 7 •

No 10



THE MILKY WAY
HETURNER 3s

EDITORIAL

We wish to thank all those who were good enough to help us with letters of criticism on the last issue; so many came in that it is absolutely impossible to include them all in this issue, but every one is appreciated, and careful attention is paid to every point raised.

The main reaction seems to be a general demand for the return of 'Fantacynic' - if you shout loud enough he may return. There are also many requests for a pursuance of our "whole truth and nothing but" policy, and no slackening in criticisms. We shall see.

We would very much appreciate opinions on the matter of interior illustrations and headings. Do you want us to continue with our "decorations" and cartoons? In order to try things out, the next issue will probably be sans any art work bar the cover. Let's hear from you!

Our best thanks to Science Fiction Service and R. Holmes, Secretary of the Liverpool Branch of the SFA, for help with the production of this magazine.

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THE SATELLITE

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All contributions, letters of criticism, Martian rattlesnakes and atomic bombs to be addressed to

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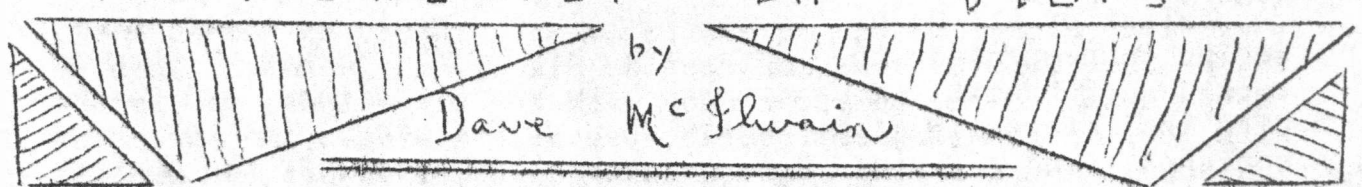
You mustn't miss it.

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A Michelist on Mars

by Dave McElwain



His name was Sesquethenda - God forgive his parents - and, worse still, he was a Michelist - God forgive Sesquey. So you can see that the poor creature was already hopelessly handicapped in this grim struggle for existence which some call life. Long ago he had written his own Bible, about the sacred teachings of one called Michel, and his disciple, Wollheim. And it was Sesquey's life-long ambition to become a recognised disciple of the great Michel.

Many times had he attempted missionary work among the uncouth, pagan fans of his own native city, but always had he been rebuffed with that most blasphemous of all blasphemous words..... "escapism". They simply would not be converted to the True Belief. And so, despairingly, he had been forced to give up his ambitious preachings from sheer disgust and ennui.

Then, one night, Sesquethenda was struck by a Thought. At first the Thought was so utterly fantastic that he refused to consider it; but it kept returning, popping into his brain and shrieking out aloud ... "Why not go to Mars?"

"Why not go to Mars?" But there was just one snag - that was - how to get there? Of course, there was the BIS space ship, but, knowing the Clarke-Temple duo, he decided that the remaining fifty of his three score and ten were at least worth investigation.

He spent a month reading right through his files of science-fiction, seeking the germ of a prospective trans-galactic omnibus. Space-warps he discarded scornfully -- child's play! Besides, he hadn't got a space-warp, neither could he get one (for he would never dream of lowering his dignity to borrow one from E.E. Smith, or Fearn), and even if he could get one, he didn't want one. They were dangerous things to have around -- like firecrackers. Anyway, if he had one, it might frighten the canary, or suddenly whizz up his trouser leg. No - space warps were definitely a back number.

He was not attracted by the idea of atomic transmission. Supposing he were disintegrated - then re-integrated in the middle of a Martian dustbin? Or sunnat? Too, too risky.

Eventually, after having considered every possibility, he was forced to try astral projection. He had once read a book - or, at least, the first few pages of a book - on Yogi philosophy, and thought he might be able to master the process - with practice. He was greatly assisted by Sprague de Camp's unofficial

thesis on the subject in an issue of UNKNOWN. Therefore, one dark night when all the family were asleep, he started on the Yogi technique.

First of all he had to contemplate - what, he didn't know, so he contemplated the ink spot on his pyjama jacket. Then he took a deep breath, in accordance with the directions, and forthwith the aforesaid jacket burst open with a ping, the ink spot vanished, and a flying button knocked the clock off the mantelpiece.

Order restored once more, Sesquey continued. This time he contemplated his big toe (noticing for the first time that he had an ingrowing toenail), and having acquired comparative peace of mind, passed on to the meditation stage. He also took violent regular breaths - again as directed - suffering a slight contretemps with his equanimity when he inadvertently swallowed a fly. He mentally consigned the unfortunate insect to Hades, and spat it out into a convenient utensil located - well, never mind where.

On and on - into the state of the Brahma-putrid or some such name. He felt himself tingling with excitement. Soon he would reach the stage where his astral body would be liberated from his earthly carcass.... and then - then - he would be free to go to Mars. And on Mars what would he do? What would he do? What a sappy question to ask why, he would reform the Martians, of course! He would turn them into Michelists! And then, when he returned home, the great Michel - or perhaps the nearly as great Wollheim - would pat him on the shoulder and say - "Thou hast done a damned fine job, my son!"

But on with the Yoga....

He referred to his text book. The next stage was to merge with the cosmic consciousness --- this to be done by pursuing the ego, or personal self, through the by-ways of the subconscious mind. Sesquey pondered. There were some by-ways in his subconscious mind through which he would blush to travel. That affair with Olga - the Russian strip-tease, for instance. And that horrible day when he had taken four liver-rousters after each meal due to mixing up his tonic pills with his laxatives. Yes - he'd had some nasty experiences in his time ... but on with the process.

Putting aside all distaste, he pursued his ego through his grisly subconscious, wondering when the heck his astral body would begin to show a leg, when suddenly there was a plop. It was a most unusual sort of plop; not the plop of one's spoon excavating porridge, nor the plop of a cork departing its Guinness-(advert), but the peculiar squishy plop of a sugar daddy depositing his false teeth in a cup of warm Steradent (also advt.). Anyway - whatever species of plop chose to plop at that particular moment, the fact remains that Sesquethenda's astral body parked a "Furnished Apartments" sign on its lifeless corpse, and nipped out on the carpet. You must understand, of course, that Sesquey's astral body was really himself - the use of the possessive is

misleading.

It was quite a novel experience for Sesquey to stand there in the dark staring at the dim shape of his uninhabited body on the bed. He examined his astral self, and found it identical with his normal self, save that it was naked. But it was completely unsubstantial. He proved it by walking through the bed, and then waiting through the wall of his room to hover in exultation over the garden below.

Yes, mooching around in the astral form was definitely the cat's plus fours, he decided. In fact there wasn't much sense in having a body at all! He amused himself for close on an hour, experiencing the joys of life as a chunk of pure (or - taking Olga into consideration - fairly pure) thought. And then he suddenly recalled his mission. He had a date on Mars to spread the Gospel of Michelism, and before that one concrete reality the minor pleasures of his astral adventure vanished completely.

To Mars he must go! "I Mos kow itz getting late!" he punned preening himself on his brilliant wit.

With a tremendous effort he willed himself on Mars. There was a vivid flash - the smell of burning flesh - and he had arrived.....

He was in a large hall, the design of which struck a responsive chord in Sesquey's mind. It was decorated with weird tapestries depicting -- stones! And all round the room were large grey stones and sepulchral monuments - strangely similar to the tin-foil Druid stones way back on Earth in the AOD Hall.

Before him were some twenty Martians -- he knew they were Martians by their long tentacles and American accent. They were just as Hankuttner had predicted. They spoke to him by telepathy of course (what sane Martian would use any other method of communication?). "Hi-yah!" said the nearest one - a Martian edition of Ted Carnell. "Who are yeh - an' where does yeh come from, huh?"

Most decidedly uncouth, thought Sesquey. "My name is Sesquethenda" he replied.

"Glory-be!" muttered the Martian - telepathically, of course "Mine's Wiggle!" He proceeded to demonstrate why he was called "Wiggle" by performing a Martian version of the Big Apple till Sesquey felt quite dizzy.

"Stop!" he implored, "I'm from Earth. I'm a science fiction fan".

Instantly he was the centre of a crowd of Martians. "So you're a fan!" they cried, "Well - so are we! We are the scient-ifanies, happy girls and boys!"

Most hyper-decidedly uncouth, thought Sesquey. He would have to convert them - make Michelists of them! Now or never!

"Er - fellow fans!" he began but he was shouted down by three Martian fans who bore striking resemblances to Michel, Wollheim and Lowndes. They seized Sesquey, and bawled down his ear, and this is what they bawled....

"So you're a fan? Well, we're gonna tell you something before any of the others lead you astray. We have a grand theory - and it's foolproof. We want to convert you to your way of thinking, whether you like it or not. We think that science fiction should be used to put over Communistic propaganda to the unsuspecting public. Sugar-coated socialism, you see? We think that all science fiction stories should have a sociological basis. We think that science fiction is a tool with which we can help to achieve a Red Utopia a pathway to applied Communism a hitch-hike to the Red Revolution. That is our theory - and we want you to back us up. It's called Chimelism after its inventor. Well - what say?"

But Sesquethenda was incapable of saying anything, for he had just died of frustration.

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How many of you have read a copy of FANTASY MAGAZINE? I suppose quite a few of you. Well, then, you will be intensely interested in reading FANTASCIENCE DIGEST, the magazine that has been acclaimed as being the best since FANTASY MAGAZINE!

FD is issued bi-monthly, containing thirty, large perfectly mimeographed pages, featuring the best fan material procurable. FD is noted especially for its new-coverage, as it features three long news columns (not petty gossip!); "AMAZING News" by Mark Reinsberg; "The Science Fiction Spotlight" by Robert A. Madle; and "The Eternal Wanderer" by ex-Britisher Ossie Train. Pertinent articles related to all aspects of fantasy comprise the remainder of the magazine.

Following are a few excerpts from letters received commenting on FANTASCIENCE DIGEST:

"It is the best fan-article publication that I have seen since Julius Schwartz ran FANTASY MAGAZINE" ... Charles D. Hornig.

"Congratulations on the superb mimeographing! In my opinion you'll have to go a long way to find any that's better, and very, very few that are even as good" Harry Warner Jr.

"Seriously, you pack plenty of pleasure into your pages, and your position as one of the top 5 fan-mags should go unquestioned

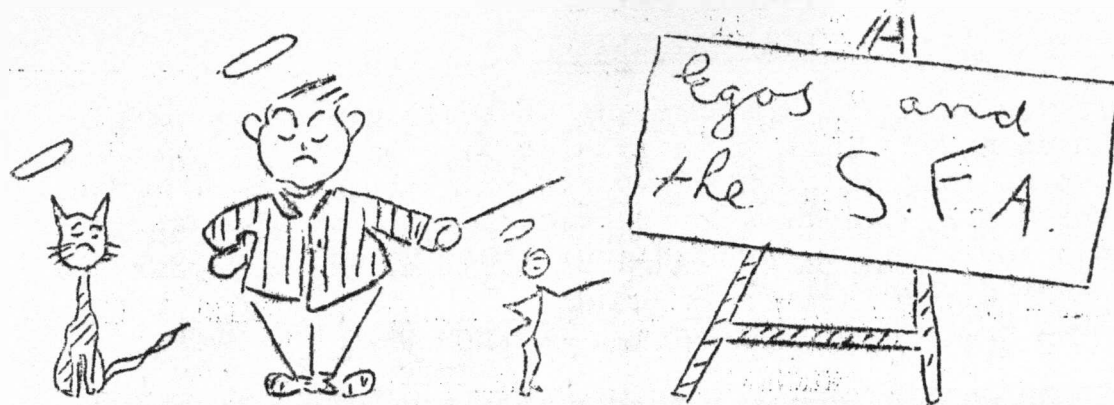
... Sam Moskowitz...

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

J.M. Rosenblum, 4 Grange Terrace, LEEDS 7



by
ERIC
C.
WILLIAMS

The sane solution of this business about English fans tending to fall asleep in the afternoon is to consult our psychological guides and to apply a little of the knowledge gained therefrom to the problem. We find that what everybody has, including fans, is an ego. This ego is in a very unstable state, restrained from explosion only by an iron control over all thoughts and emotions. Also this ego is a very powerful thing which can, when in control of its owner, make him do things which in his censored state he would not dare or dream of doing. This ego, we learn, is most easily released by the application of flattery or adoration thereto, in fact, that the ego is the sure key to a person's good will and his co-operation in any scheme you may propose.

Right then; all that these fans who lay low and say nothin' want is a little subtle play on the ego, and they will wake up and live. In the fan world the thing to do is to say something interesting about these fans in your mags and other publications. For instance, you might say something like this:- "Looking up in our files we find that Jerry Biggleswitch of Bacon-on-Greens has had the colossal energy to write in one letter during the whole year he has been a member. We recommend this hearty kind of co-operation to the notice of our members, and hope Mr. Biggleswitch will continue his hectic service to the good of the S.F.A." Where-upon, Mr. Biggleswitch, reading placidly through his fan mag, will stare hard at the paragraph, gulp, perhaps go red, and then write some sort of letter to the editor. This should be published soon with a suitable expression of gratification, and thus, insidiously, another fan will find himself embroiled in the never-relaxing grip of the fan world. This sort of thing could be repeated in different forms on all the other members, making them feel that they are great, interesting and necessary personalities,

Maurice Hanson used to work this trick on me when he was hard up for articles. He used to come up to me and tell me that my article was voted the best in the issue, and that by a general vote it appeared I was the most popular writer on his staff. He would then ask for another article. It nearly always worked. Still, that's by the way, and merely to illustrate how the method of personal attention can work even on intelligent chaps like myself.

Now once you have woken these fans up, what are you going to do with them? Are you going to let them mildew away in a living

death, or are you going to put them out of their misery by working them to death anyhow? This is a problem that is always and will always come up so long as I and the S.F.A. are alive. What is the object of the S.F.A, and what do you want members to wake up for? If anybody has any ideas on the subject, write in and get your ego inflated by seeing your letter in print.
(THAT'S AN IDEA - SIT DOWN NOW AND LET US KNOW WHAT YOU THINK OF THIS ISSUE!)

S.O.S.

by L. Turner.

We regret to inform listeners that a priceless set of Ziff-Davies "Amazing Stories", each with gem-studded back covers, have been stolen from the Kensington Art Museum. While our listeners realise the relatively small value of the back covers compared with the works of art, it is hoped they will co-operate with the police.

POLICE WARNING -

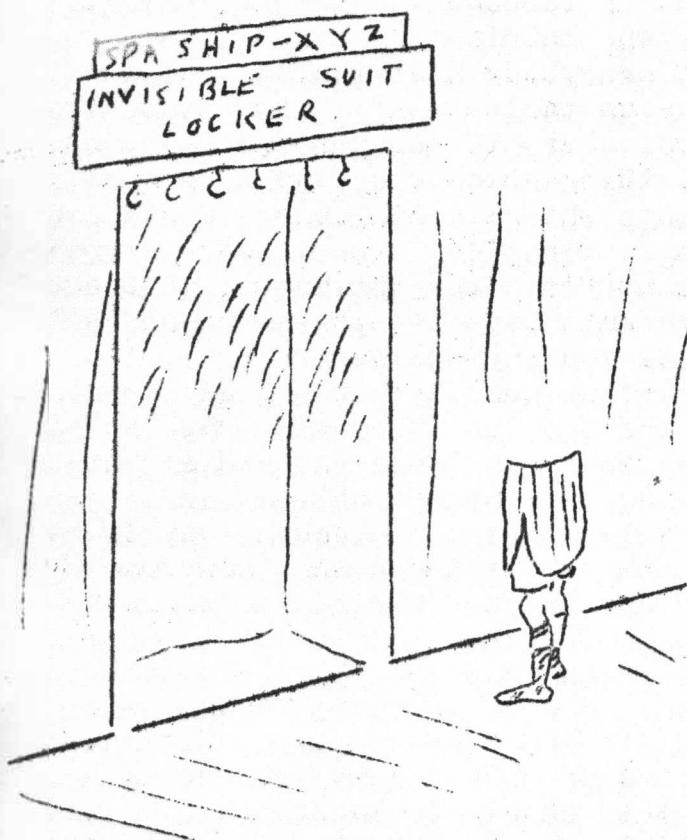
To the people responsible for the theft: on no account read these stories; they are known as Advanced Super Thought-Variants, and any reading them, not previously being well-grounded in SF will surely lose his reason.

1/6d. ISN'T MUCH - especially when you realise that you can have a 6 months subscription to the "FANTAST" for that meagre sum. Write now to C.S. Youd, 244 Desborough Road, Eastleigh, Hants. 3½d. per single copy post free.

WE RECOMMEND IT !

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

1. "I can land a ship in any crater....."
2. "I said AMAZING was a really classy mag...."
3. "I don't need a suit, I'll hold my breath....."



DANG IT! WHERE'S MY
TROUSERS?

TO HELL WITH ALL THIS!

By
FRANK
EDWARD
ARNOLD

"What is all this?" asks you. I can hear you asking. Well, it goes like this, chums:

"Dere Mr. Gillings, I think yor magazine is rotten and Turner's drorings are dredful". "Dear Mr. Carnell, 'New Worlds' gives me a pain in the neck and Frank Arnold is nuts. I think 'Satellite' is orful, why is it such rotten print and such rotten paper and why is it rotten?" "The American stf. mags are dead from the neck up". "The English mags are dead from the hair down and English fan-mags are horrible. Everything's horrible".

But that ain't the half of it. There's more to come, and it goes like this:

"English fans are the dirtiest, laziest, nastiest, ugliest bunch of skunks....." "American fans are a bunch of skunks..." "I hate Frank Arnold - I hate Johnny Butke - I hate Ken Chapman - I hate everybody in science fiction, but I'm a swell guy".

You think that's the lot? Not a bit of it! Listen to this:

"Give us reprints"... "Nuts to reprints"... "We want more action; cut out the science and give us blood"... "Let's have human interest"... "Let's have thought-variants"... "Let's have mutants - I don't know what they are, but they sound awfully good"... "Your mag is rotten - cut out the boring science-fiction and give us a lot of sex..."

I can hear you yawning. All right, then, just one little bit more:

"The SFA are a bunch of skunks- Chapman and Carnell are making money out of the SFA - tons of it - what about that non-commercial SFA - Chapman and Carnell are running the SFA to boost Science Fiction Service".

That's enough. No doubt you wonder what I'm talking about. I'll tell you, chums. That is a fair to average sample of the sort of chatter which has been circulating around science-fiction for quite a whines now, and which you and I and other men of good will are thoroughly fed up with, and which we mean to put a stop to. Isn't it silly! Here is an organisation of fellows linked by common love of a brand of literature, and in its midst is a group of hominoid growths who go out of their way not only to talk like the above about their fellow-members but the very literature itself.

Brother-members, you and I are people of very few wants. All we want to do is read science-fiction and our dearest wish is to see regular science-fiction magazines published in our own country, as our happy American cousins have enjoyed for years. How can we use our collective influence to bring about such a happy state of affairs? Why, by making this Association a live and intelligent group with a purpose, a group that can prove to the men who make science-fiction - the authors, editors and publishers,

that there is a keen public waiting for them if they will turn their attention to this brand of literature.

Those of us lucky enough to be at the historic Convention of 1939 must have been struck by one great fact - that although the Association is only a couple of years old it has already come of age. The schoolboy squabbles of the type outlined above must be killed from now on. Science fiction lovers as a class have grown up and the SFA must grow up with them if it wants to see a steady and influential flow of science fiction in Britain.

Recollect what that popular author-member W.J. Passingham told us - that British editors are commonsense fellows who will accept anything reasonable, but you can't fool them with a lot of fairy-tales. Anybody in professional writing will tell you that editors are hard nuts to crack - you've got to sell things to them. They are pestered too much by cranks already to listen to the babblings of kids who want pipedreams. If we want science-fiction from them we've got to sell it to them ourselves; prove that we are intelligent adult readers who will pay hard cash for what we want to read if they will publish it.

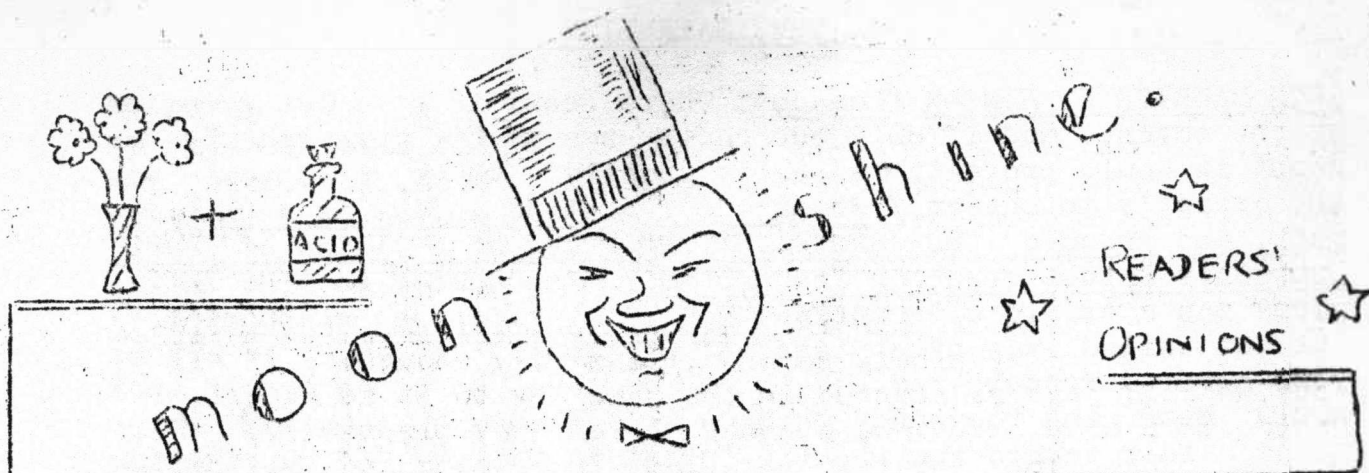
The kids responsible for the kind of guff aforementioned would never sell anything to their own grandmothers. Reader and brother-member, these same kids are a small minority but they are responsible for the ruin of many an Association in America, and their brand of twirp would do the same for the SFA if we don't put the stopper on 'em pretty quick.

Nuts to these squabbles and uproars! Nuts to the senseless insults showered upon hardworking authors and editors and even the harmless, devoted stewards of the SFA. Nuts to these futile criticisms of professional magazines that are good enough to extract money from a hard-boiled public! To Hell with all This! we cry, and the SFA will go forward, a courageous, capable, serious-minded but fun-loving body. Do you agree?

I'll bet you do.

NOTE TO SFA MEMBERS: Will all those who would be interested in borrowing non-sci fiction by Haggard and Burroughs from the Library let the Librarian know, as there is a large amount of such material in the library, some of it well worth reading. If several members would be interested in borrowing them a list will be published. Those interested should either write to the Librarian direct (Harry T. Kay, 321 Brownhill Road, Catford, S.E.6.) or mention it in a letter to Sally, the Fantast, or a member of the Executive Committee.

C O N G R A T U L A T I O N S : "Fantaynic" would like to hand out his first bouquet (not before its time!) to John Russell Fearn for taking the time to write a good story - "She Walks Alone". We thank you.



FROM ERIC S. NEEDHAM (Manchester): The cover is progressively rottener, except for the mimeog'd ones. What is it alleged to represent; anyhow? Perhaps it's just symbolical. [You got it, pal - now guess what it symbolises. So you won't go on a false trail, we can tell you here and now that the guy on the cover was NOT meant to be Ted Carnell or Hugo Gernsback/ Moonshine wasn't, for once, and the only redeeming features were "At the Bottom of my Garden" and Astrology. Keep up the good work, and here is one who demands a reinstallash of Fantaclunk.

FROM ERIC C. WILLIAMS, London (who also clutters up Page 7): The cover was to my discriminating eyes very pleasant both from the aesthetic view and from the technical angle. I wonder if Alf Bates can do it again? [We hope to have him on the October 1st, Birthday issue/. I always like Don Cameron's stuff, and although this is not exactly a new idea for an article it was a darned good copy of Will T's stuff (or should it not be?). Of all the crazy things to do! Meaning for Fantacynic to fade out just when he had got into his stride and had carved a niche in all our hearts. No difference that he had eaten the niche out with acid - we want him back again, and we refuse to take his weak excuse for leaving; it is that punching which has made Sally so well liked. Ben Tucker's rime was a classic. Contact him again. Gabrielson states a strong case for Astrology, and I should not be surprised if he has not copied a large amount of it from some authoritative work [We should], at least, it sounds so well constructed. I agree with him that the stars and planets must exert some influence over us; that much can be deduced from plain logic. But there are so many terrestrial things that might give rise to our mental characteristics that to put, say, our possession of an overdose of courage down to a conjunction between Mars and Saturn is taking a tremendous leap into the dark quite without adequate reason. I would first search every phenomena of Mother Earth before I accepted the position of the stars as being the cause of my character and the plotter of my future.

FROM HARRY WAFNER JR. (Hagerstown, Md, USA): Fantacynic tickles my ribs. In fact, I think that this is just about the best column of its kind in any fammag today. [What say, readers? Do you want Fantacynic back? /

FROM MAURICE K. HANSON (London): There seems to be a lot going on on the cover, and if only one could see a bit more clearly no doubt it would prove to be really ghastly, which, I suppose, was the artist's intention. / Wrong - our captive genius is a clairvoyant, and procured the June cover after seeing a vision of Jacob Epstein's latest creation in a dream. / The humour in "The Interview" was a trifle elephantine / How can a trifle be elephantine? but it whiled away ninety seconds pleasantly enough. If all of your hundred readers reacted in the same way to it as myself that would mean nine thousands seconds whiled away pleasantly, which means a fair reward for the time spent in writing and duplicating it. / We got more than a hundred readers, sir / I wonder, who is Will Scott? "Famous Last Words" was the best thing in the issue. I liked the second one especially. I think "Convention Parade" is as good an account of the Convention as one can expect, although Ted splits an infinitive on the third line from the bottom of the first page. / We checked up, an' he's right! Noted as the editors are as distinguished litterateurs throughout this mighty, this glorious Empire (BBC Music-Halls and G-B Newsreels for past six months) it is a miracle how such a thing slipped past. We apologise / I don't think I shall mourn tremendously over the decease of Fantacynic. / Everyone else has done - see other letters / R.D. Swisher disposes of Gabrielson nicely; thanks for putting his letter next to Gabriel's current article, which at times carries with it a delightful tang of humour, e.g., what profundity we find in the statement "Relationships may be Spatial or Temporal, (to mention only two)".

FROM J.M. ROSENBLUM (Leeds): After reading Tucker's Martian epic I make you a present of a Martian Nursery Rhyme I learned in my childhood:

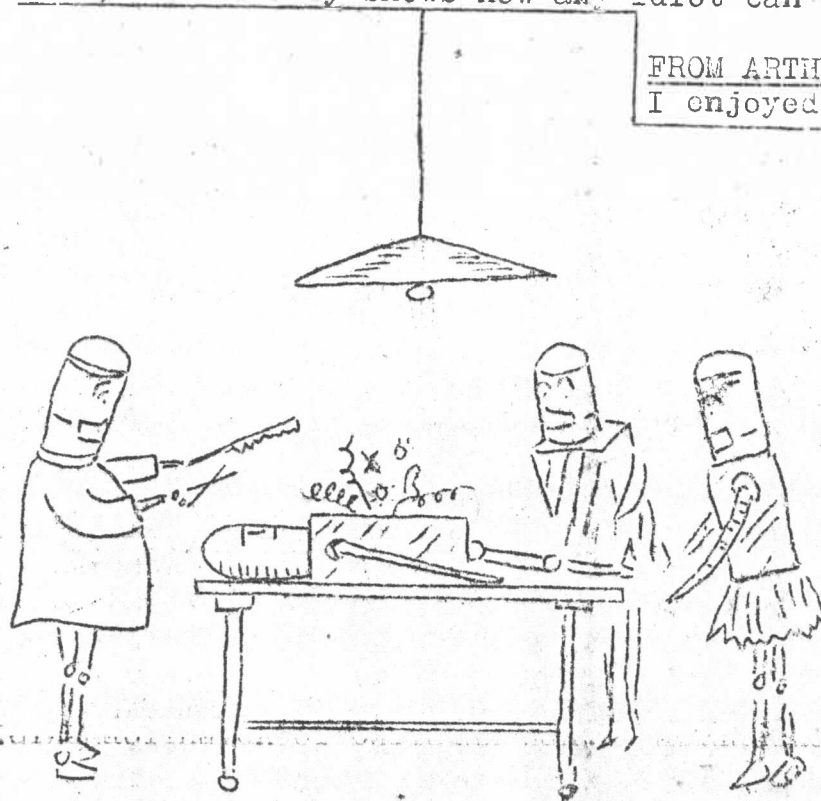
I love the gracious Calophan
In his coat of pink and green;
With hks horned nose and his eight-hued toes
And the wriggly bit between!

FROM D.R. SMITH (Nuneaton): WHAT a cover! What a COVER! / What do you MEAN? / "Interview" was amusing and original as far as I'm concerned. "Famous Last Words" were far from the wit of their prototypes. What is a space-wapp / Tell us - we've wanted to know for years - ever since we read our fiftieth Schachner yarn / and why is it dangerous? My idea of a space-warp is a gravitational field, which is not dangerous of itself. Carnell's word-picture of the Convention was entertaining, but Fantacynic's was even better. I like Tucker too, always have done. Swisher's reply to Gabrielson was neat piece of logic, though probably wasted on the gentleman himself to judge from the tone of his Astrology article. What us proved by a series of dogmatic statements without any background of fact or logic? "Rays or vibrations which touch you must have some effect." Perhaps so, but its mighty little in the case of the microscopic amounts yielded by a

star. The same with the moon (discovered by an astronomer, not an astrologer). Where I definitely don't see the logic of the argument is where he says that these minute physical effects must produce an effect on the future of my life. Why should the fact that I receive a flicker of infra-red radiation from the stars of my nativity cause a bus to run over me tomorrow? My horoscope for the day would probably say "You will be lucky financially today". "Aha!" says the astrologer, "Just as I said - look at the compensation you will draw". Or it might have said "Beware of encounters with strange men". The bus-driver, says the triumphant astrologer. And so on with any of the predictions they hand out, and in each case the astrologer would have registered it as a striking success. Figgers can't lie, but liars can figger. No, despite Mr. Gabrielson, I shall stick to palmistry to direct my life. Palmistry is a true science, based on the laws of heredity and common sense, with millions of successful predictions to its credit. Has it not been proved that no two men have the same fingerprints? Neither will any two lives run the same way. My line of wealth is weak, and that of luck spirals round it and hides it. Therefore it is useless me betting on horses, though there are indications that I would do well at roulette. Some may mock, but it only shows how any idiot can laugh inanely at any truth.

FROM ARTHUR C. CLARKE (London) :
I enjoyed the issue of SALLY just

arrived. "Interview" gave me hysterics ; I'm longing to see Bill's face when he reads it - (he's out courting at the moment). But why, why, waste half the issue on this insane astrology business? If anything is cracked, that is. Swisher deals with Gabrielson's points - if they can be dignified by that name - pretty effectively. Gabrielson says "any fool can laugh inanely at any truth". Better that than to distort it into meaningless drivel as he has done in his



QUICK, NURSE - SOME MECCANO !

