

A COMPLETE Science Fiction NOVEL In Every Issue

SATELLITE

science fiction

AUGUST

35¢



THE MILLION CITIES

*An Amazing Novel
of the Far Future*

By **J.T. McINTOSH**

THE SONS OF FRANKENSTEIN
by Sam Moskowitz

SATELLITE

science fiction

AUGUST, 1958

Vol. 2, No. 6

A COMPLETE NOVEL

THE MILLION CITIES

by J. T. McINTOSH

Science had changed the world for every man, and woman on Earth. So great was the challenge, so deadly the peril that the very existence of the human race hung in the balance.

4 to 87

SHORT STORIES

- WINGED VISITORS
by ALOIS PIRINGER 88
- THE MISSING PAGES
by H. G. WELLS 98
- THE INVESTED LIBIDO
by MARGARET ST. CLAIR 103
- PETTY LARCENY
by LLOYD BIGGLE, JR. 122

FEATURE

- THE SONS OF FRANKENSTEIN
by SAM MOSKOWITZ 112



LEO MARGULIES
Publisher

CYLVIA KLEINMAN
Editorial Director

WALTER P. DALLAS
Production

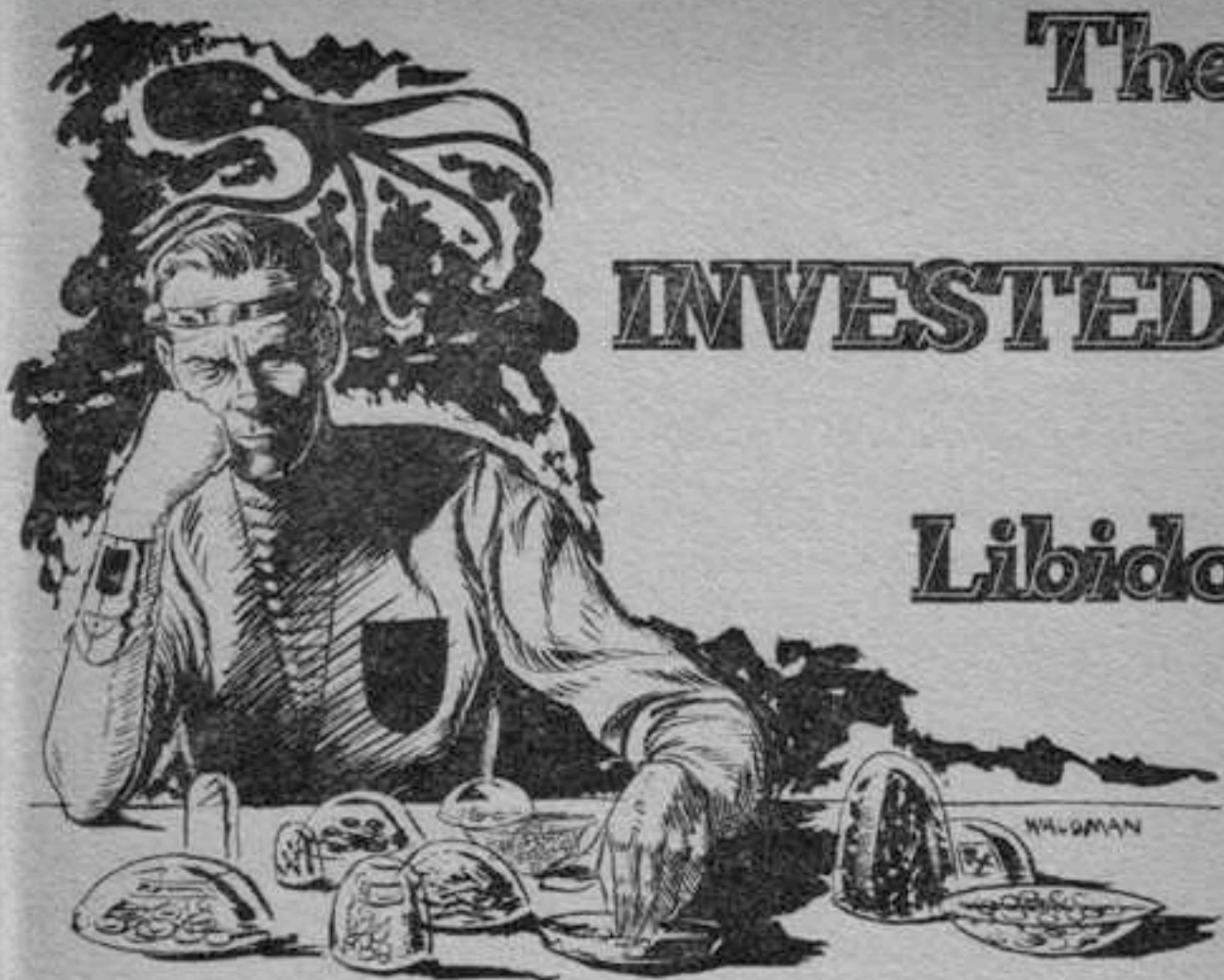
MEL HUNTER
Cover Art

SATELLITE SCIENCE FICTION, Vol. 2, No. 6. Published bi-monthly by Renown Publications, Inc., 501 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 17. Subscriptions, 6 issues \$2.00; 12 issues \$4.00; single copies 35¢. Entered as second class matter at the post office, New York, N. Y. Additional entry at Concord, N. H. Places and characters in this magazine are wholly fictitious. © 1958 by Renown Publications, Inc. All Rights reserved. AUG. 1958, Printed in U. S. A.

The

INVESTED

Libido



The Martian drug and Wilmer's elastic libido were all right in themselves. But when they combined they produced an intolerable odor.

by MARGARET ST. CLAIR

DENTAUTASEN has a rather dubious reputation even in Martian psycho-pharmacology. Conservative medical opinion frowns on its use except in the desperate cases, for people who already feel so bad that any change one can produce in them is an improvement.

The drug's action is drastic and unpredictable. But, Mars being Mars, there are no restrictions on its exportation from the planet. And the short-sighted skullduggery Mars runs to has been known

to result in its being substituted for senta beans, which it somewhat resembles.

It was the irony of fate, perhaps, that Wilmer Bellows, who was loaded to the gills with psychiatric drugs already, should have bought a bottle of it thinking it was a simple cathartic.

Wilmer's psycho-therapist was on vacation, or Wilmer would have asked him about the syrup before taking it. As it was, Wilmer swallowed a tablespoonful of the syrup, took four neuroquel tablets and a deutapromazine capsule, and got into bed. He got out again immediately. He had forgotten to practice libidinal investment with his machine.

The therapist had diagnosed Wilmer's difficulty, which he referred to as "depersonalization", as proceeding from Wilmer's lack of libidinal investment in Wilmer's own self. What Wilmer experienced was a feeling of being entirely detached from his person and personality.

His ego seemed to hover impersonally over his body and watch it, clockwork-wise, going through its daily tricks; he would look at his hand and wonder whose hand it was, or speculate numbly as to who the person was who sat in Wilmer's chair. It was a horrid feeling, though only intermittent, and Wilmer had spent a lot of time and money trying

to get rid of it. He had not had much success.

The machine for practicing libidinal investment was something like a stroboscope. Discs rotated, slots shot in and out across them, lights flashed. Wilmer looked in at the eyehole and tried to feel libidinally involved with himself.

After fifteen minutes of eye-strain, he was ready for bed. He got between the sheets. The neuroquel and the deutapromazine made him sleepy; the dentautasen opposed their action. Wilmer felt feverish. When he got to sleep, he dreamed about Dr. Adams, his therapist.

He woke, however, feeling much better. He had none of the hideous moments of depersonalization while he was shaving, his breakfast tasted pretty good. He decided he would visit the city aquarium after breakfast. Looking at marine life was one of the few things he enjoyed.

It was a fine sunny day. He *did* feel better. Maybe the therapy was beginning to help at last. He walked toward the aquarium feeling positively benevolent toward life. It wasn't such a bad world, after all—if only they'd put muzzles on those god-damned big snakes on the street corners.

Snakes? Wilmer stopped walking so suddenly that the man behind him bumped into him. What was the matter with him? Was he going psycho? And yet for a mo-

ment he'd had the definite impression that big snakes had been gliding effortlessly along the curbing. He hadn't been particularly afraid of them.

He was sweating. He looked about himself wildly. For a moment his ego seemed to hover bee-like in the air above him—above the little girl with the pink parasol, above the brown paper parcel the brisk old lady was carrying, above the wide furry dog who was irrigating a lamp post. He was all of them, he was none of them. Who was he?

His eye fell on a manure bun in the street, relic of one of the horse-drawn carriages that were currently fashionable. No. No. Not it. He wasn't, he wouldn't. He recalled himself into his body desperately. He was Wilmer Bellows, that's who he was. Wilmer Bellows. He made the rest of the distance to the aquarium almost at a run.

The echoing, wet-smelling building soothed him. Early as it was, there were quite a few people looking into the greenish light of the cases, and that soothed him too.

He looked at a case with sea horses, sea stars, and a lobster. He looked at a case with sea roses and sea anemones. He looked at a case with a flat fish and two ugly, poisonous *Scorpaena*. He looked at a case wi—

Suddenly the hovering deper-

sonalization descended on him crashingly. Descended? No, he was being sucked up into it. He was being drawn up a varnished staircase into a hideous vacuum, a spiral of emptiness.

He had to stop somewhere, he couldn't go on. The little girl, the parcel, the dog, the manure bun? He must be one of them, he must be somebody, he—

His eyes were fixed wildly on the glass of the tank before him. His hand had gone to the knot of his tie. He didn't know who he was any longer, but he was aware of sweat pouring down his back. If he had had enough ego left for prayer, he would have prayed.

Lib—invest—if he could lov— There was a sort of click and a feeling of pressure released in his ears.

He drew a long, shaky breath. A weak smile of gratitude spread over his face. He knew who he was at last, at last he loved himself. It was the squid in the tank before him. He loved the squid. Because he *was* the squid.

The green water slid over his back. He sucked in deliciously salty water, pushed it on out, and jetted backward silkily. A frond of tentacles moved to his beak and then away again. He jetted backward exuberantly once more.

How much of his new sensations was hallucinatory and how much was a genuine empathy can-

not be decided. The action of dentautasen is very obscure. Wilmer, at any rate, was happy. He had never felt this good before.

He hung over the tank lovingly. Though he felt that he was the squid, some physical limitations remained. He could feel identified with it only when he could see it. He knew intuitively that he would feel depersonalized again when he was no longer near his "self".

The keeper fed him around four. The food was delicious; he was angry at the keeper, though, because he was so stingy with it.

The aquarium closed at five-thirty. Wilmer left reluctantly, with many a backward glance. On the way home he realized that somebody, probably a sort of Wilmer, was hungry. He stopped at a hash house on the corner and had two bowls of clam chowder. As he spooned it up, he wondered whether enough fresh water was coming into his tank.

When he got back to his apartment, he stood for a long time in the middle of the living room, thinking. Of water, of the taste of salt, of sun. At last he roused himself to undress. In the bathroom he took his usual assortment of psychiatric drugs. And the syrup of senta beans.

He woke about two in the morning, feeling utterly miserable. His head hurt, his throat ached, the air in the room was

hot and dry. Worst of all was his longing for his absent person. He knew now who he was—Wilmer Bellows, who was a squid in a tank at the municipal aquarium. He wanted to get back to himself.

He started to dress. Then he checked himself. He couldn't possibly get into the aquarium building at this hour. If he tried, he'd only set off a burglar alarm. But he wouldn't go through another night like this one. Tomorrow he'd hide in the aquarium when it came closing time.

He sluiced his face and neck with water, and lay down on the chesterfield in the living room. He turned and twitched until daybreak. Then he took a long cold shower. For breakfast, he unzipped a plastic package of sardines.

Once he was back in the aquarium, his malaise disappeared. He seemed in fine shape, with his tank properly aerated and plenty of clean salt water bubbling in. Glub-glub. Life was good.

As the day progressed, Wilmer began to fear that he had attracted the attention of the guard. He'd tried to stay away from his tank, but it hadn't been easy, when he was so deeply attracted to himself. All the same, he managed to hide at closing time, dodging adroitly from the visiphone booth to the men's room and back to another visi booth,

and when the building was quiet, he came tiptoeing out again.

He shone his flashlight on himself. Yes, he was fine. Well, now. They might have a little snack.

He would have liked to feed him some fish meal, but he was afraid that if he went into the passages behind the tanks he'd get caught. He had to settle for some seaweed crackers and a thermos of clam broth. He didn't know when he'd enjoyed a feed so much.

The night wore on. Wilmer grew sleepy. He leaned up against the glass of his tank in drowsy contentment, dreaming softly of rock pools and gentle tides. When the nightwatchman made his third round, at one-fifteen, Wilmer was asleep on his feet.

The watchman saw him, of course. He hesitated. He was a big man, and Wilmer was slight; he could probably have overpowered him easily. On the other hand, an aquarium is a poor place for a scuffle. And something in the pose of the man by the squid tank alarmed the watchman. It didn't seem natural.

The watchman went to his office and vizzed the cops. He added that he thought it would be a good idea if they brought a doctor along.

Wilmer awoke from his dreams of pelagic bliss to find himself impaled on the beams of three flashlights. Before he had time to

get alarmed and jet backward, the fourth man stepped forward and spoke.

"My name is Dr. Roebuck," he said in a deep, therapeutic voice. "I assume that you have some good reason for being where you are now. Perhaps you would like to share that reason with me."

Wilmer's hesitation was brief. Years of psychotherapy had accustomed him to unburdening himself to the medical profession. "Come over by the sea horses," he said. "I don't want the others to hear."

Briefly—since his throat was sore—he explained the situation to Dr. Roebuck. "So now I'm a squid," he ended.

"Um." Dr. Roebuck rubbed his nose. He had had some psychiatric training, and Wilmer did not seem particularly crazy to him. Besides, he was aware that a patient who is aggressive, anxious, and disoriented may actually be in better psychological shape than a person who is quiet and cooperative. Wilmer wasn't anxious or aggressive, but he was certainly disoriented.

"When's your doctor coming back?" he asked.

"Week from next Friday."

"Well, we might wait until then. You can't stay here, though. Could you afford a few days in a nursing home?"

Wilmer made a sort of gobbling noise.

"What's the matter?" asked Roebuck.

"Don't know. Air's dry. Throat hurts."

"Let me look at it."

With one of the cops' flashlights, Roebuck examined Wilmer's throat. "Good lord," he said after a moment. "Good lord."

"Matter?"

"Why, you've got—" it had been a long time since Roebuck had taken his course in comparative anatomy. Still, there was no mistaking it. "Why, man, you've got gills!"

"Have?" Wilmer asked uncertainly.

"Yes. Well, I don't suppose that makes much difference. Can you afford a nursing home?"

"Got 'nuff money. Can't go."

"Why not?"

"Live *here*. In tank."

"Nonsense," answered Roebuck, who could be stern on occasion. "You can't stay here."

". . . not?"

"Because it would annoy the other fish."

Against the cogency of this argument, Wilmer was helpless. He submitted to being led out to the police 'copter and flown to the Restwell Nursing Home. Roebuck saw him into a bathtub of salty water, and promised to come back next day.

Wilmer was still in the bath next morning.

"Where am I?" he asked as Roebuck came in.

"Why, in the Restwell Nursing Home." Roebuck sat down on the corner of the tub.

"No, no. Where am I?"

"Oh. Still in a tank at the Municipal Aquarium, I suppose."

"I want back."

"Impossible."

Wilmer began to weep. As he wept, he kept ducking his neck under the water to hydrate his gills.

"Let me look at those gills," said Roebuck, after the third duck. "H'um. They're more prominent than they were."

". . . I want my squid."

"You can't have it. I'm sorry. You'll just have to put up with this until Dr. Adams gets back."

"So long to wait," said Wilmer wistfully. "Want squid."

He continued to ask for his squid on Roebuck's next two visits, but on the fourth day the doctor found him sitting up in a chair, wearing a faded pink bathrobe.

"Out of the water, I see," said Roebuck. "How are you feeling today?"

"Okay," Wilmer answered in a high-pitched, listless voice. "Joints hurt, though." There was the hint of a lisp in his speech.

"Joints? Could be caused by staying in the water so long."

"Move over by the light. . . . You know, this is most unusual."

Your gills seem to be going away." Roebuck frowned.

"Gillth?" Wilmer giggled. "What are you talking about, you funny man? Jointh hurt. And boneth. Fix it, Mither Man."

Roebuck frowned a little longer. Then, on a hunch, he ordered a series of skeletal x-rays. They showed an unusually large amount of cartilage for an adult skeleton, and a pelvis that was definitely gynecoid.

Roebuck was astonished. He knew how powerful psychosomatic effects can be; he would not have found it inconceivable that Wilmer's libidinal identification with the squid would finally have resulted in Wilmer's becoming completely aquaticized. But now the man's gills were atrophying, and his skeleton was becoming that of an immature female! It wasn't reasonable. Some remarkable psychic changes must be taking place.

What was happening, of course, was that Wilmer's libidino, balked of its primary object, the squid, was ranging back over the other objects it had almost identified with, trying to find a stable one. It was an unconscious process, and Wilmer couldn't have told Roebuck about it even if the doctor had asked him. Roebuck didn't ask him.

On Roebuck's next visit, Wilmer wasn't talking at all. His skin had become a flat, lusterless tan, and he crunkled when he moved.

That phase lasted for two days, and then Wilmer took to standing on one leg and barking. The barking phase was succeeded by . . .

The trouble with these surrogate libidinal identifications, as Wilmer realized on a sub-sub-unconscious plane, was that each of the objects had existed in relation to somebody else. The little girl had had her mama and her pink parasol. The furry dog had had its owner and the lamp post. Even the brown paper parcel had been carried by the old lady. But the manure bun—

Only the manure bun had been orbled, isolated, alone, splendidly itself.

On the day of Roebuck's final visit, the day before Adams was due back, Wilmer did not bark or crunkle or lisp. He merely sat in the armchair, spread-out, shiny and corpulent, exhaling a faintly ammoniacal smell that Roebuck, who had had a city boyhood, could not identify.

Early next morning Roebuck got Adams on the visiphone. They had a long conversation about Wilmer. Both of them were a little on the defensive about the way the case had turned out. Adams called at the Restwell Home, but he couldn't get Wilmer to speak to him. The psycho-therapist was just as much baffled by the symptomatology as Roebuck was.

Wilmer stayed on at the nursing home for a few days, both doctors watching him. There were no more changes. He had reached his nadir, his point of no return. There is nothing ahead for a man who has made a libidinal identification with a manure bun. Absolutely nothing.

When it became plain that nothing more was going to happen, he was removed to a state institution. He is still there. He still just sits, spread-out, shiny and corpulent, giving off an obsolete smell.

Whether he is happy or not is a question for philosophers. On the one hand, he has invested his

libido in a thoroughly unworthy object. On the other hand, he has unquestionably invested it in *something*.

After Wilmer's commitment, his apartment was cleaned out and redecorated. The building superintendent was a frugal-minded woman who disliked wasting things. She latched on to the bottle of Syrup of Senta Beans.

She took the syrup for a couple of nights and then, since she couldn't see it had any effect, threw the bottle into the garbage reducer. She does not connect the "grand old Martian remedy" with the disembodied voices she has begun to hear.



Next Issue: An Unusual Short Story

PENTAGRAM by **ARTHUR SELLINGS**
