

38 Apr  
VI No7





# Advt

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# IMAGINATION!

The Fanmag of the Future With a Future!

April 1938  
Vol 1 No 7 Whole No 7

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Way Out West	Russ Hodgkins	2
Fantascience Flashcs	"Rap"	3
Imagi-nik-nax	ETSnooks, DTG	3
Among Our Members		
Paul Frechafer		4
Frances Fairchild		4
Fantascience Filmart	Ackerman (Wright)	5
Onward Esperanto!	Erdstelulov	5
LA Chapter, SFPlague	Franklyn Brady	6
A Reply to "Michelism"	T. Bruce Yerke	7
Tele-fony Fan-tasticonversation	Azygous	8
Play Review: "The Living Lie"	Namrecka J Tserrof	9
Why Stf Writers Go Nuts	Jack Coburn	11
Advice to Amateur Magicians	Ryner the Great	12
Bk Reviews: "To Walk the Nite"		
"The Hollow Skin"	Henry Kuttner	12
Formula for a Stf Story	Ray Bradbury	13
Bk Review: "The Lad & the Lion"	Myrtle Douglas	14
Questions & Answers		14
Resurrection	Fred Shroyer	15
Voice of the Imagi-nation		16
Our Advertisers		19

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WOW By Hodge (podge) kins

Dead ahead the exciting sign over the hiway's center proclaimed TARZANA--our destination. "Now where do we go from here?" The service station attendant informed us we'd passed the object of our quest a quarter mile back. We autoed east... "Think that's it?" "Doesn't look much like an office to me" from Morajo, & to that we all agreed. The bldg was a low, rambling Spanish structure resembling a home or Calif. realstate office. Once inside, however, no mistaking...it was the heart of Tarzana--the office of Edgar Rice Burroughs!

In-  
troducing ourselves as representatives of the IA Leag & IMAGINATION! (Morajo, Perry, Fred Shroyer & your humble scribe) to our host Mr CRothmund, we explained the purpose of our visit. Mr Burroughs' sec'y was most cordial during our 2 or 3 hr stay, answering our numerous questions & giving us free run of the remarkable place. Luckily we made the trip on Washington's Birthday. The regular office force was absent. Tho, unfortunately, so also was ERB. Aside from that disappointment the day was a decided success.

Imagine yourself in a long low-ceilingd rm, a great open fireplace in the corner, spread before it an enormous polar bear robe, head, claws & all. On the walls are the original illustrations of many the memorable scenes from the Tarzan & Martian storys, & at both ends the rm built-in bk-shelves filled to overflowing. Great many these are reference works & representative vols. of every type literature. & l.b.n.l. are the bks of BURROUGHS himself. The sight fairly made my hands itch to get hold of them--& I did, as many as time allowed. If I'd tried to examine all I'd be there yet. Not only were there first editions the American printings but the English also. & that was at only one end the rm; at the other were copys all the foreign versions--& when you realize Burroughs' works have been published in 58 different languages & dialects (plus Braille for the blind)...well, you have really got something there!

Burroughs' bks number 48; besides many short storys have appeared by him in mags & newspapers. The mystery of "Newman Pean" was cleared up: Sec'y Rothmund explained "NB" was used as a pseudonym for the first story ERB ever wrote, "Under the Moons of Mars", released in bk form 1917 as "A Princess of Mars"--for unique news on which see Erdstadelov's Asperantidism, pg 5. The disappearance of Korak the Killer from the scene of Tarzan's activitys is accounted for thusly: After writing the first 3 Tarzan tales Mr B. decided to introduce a new character in the belief the reading public had had enuf of the ape-man. However the clamor for more "White Skin" was so great that Tarzan was again sent swinging thru the trees, & with the passing of time his popularity has increast to the extent that Korak is well nigh forgotten... The correct pronunciation is Tar' zn.

All too soon the time came for us to leave, & as a parting gesture we were pleasantly surprised (to put it mildly) by being presented several 1st edits. of Burroughs bks. Again, Mr Rothmund, many thanks!

Due to the unwanted presence of Jupe Pluvius (who is this Pluvius person U'r alltime talking about lately? Do I kno him? I'll bet it's just another sudonym) our 3 Mar meeting turnout was only 17 moms, 2 guests. One the latter, Wil's Mother, Mrs Stinson, related a case of a mysterious disappearance at which a friend was present. This started the ball rolling, the better part of the evening being given over to the recital of such storys & suggestions of possible solutions aside from the ghost angle. First-hand info should be available at our special 5th Thurs Mar meeting (no dues!) when as Guest Speaker we have skoded IBDilbeck, carrying the title of Special Investigator for the Fortean (Lo!) Society.

Last nito (as I write) Art Barnes was back with a tale of terror & isolation in Tujunga Canyon during the flood. Hankuttner's "9 Planets Films Inc" has been changed by TWS to "Doom World". Chas Gurnett spoke on Perpetual Motion. Spontaneous applause followed the reading of a communication from Chas D Hornig, organizer of the SFL & Hon Mom our Chapt, forecasting his arrival in LA on Good Friday. At our St Pat meeting Fred Shroyer introduced a welcome new member into our midst, young man name of Deepke...



IMAGINATION! \$7 38 Apr

3

FANTASCIENCE F-L-A-S-H-E-S !

For the firsttime in Publishing History  
color-foto covers will replace drawn illustrations on a pulp when the  
New AMAZING, edited by , hits the stands soon! Complete con-  
tents, Jun:

Storys-- "Ref" "The Man Who Ruled the World", by Robt  
Moore Williams

"The Escape thru Space", Ross Rocklynne;

"The Master of Golden City", Polton Cross;

Chas R Tanner; "The Vanishing Diamonds",

"A Summons from Mars", John R Fearn;

by the bros Binder; "The Space Pirates"

& "The Invisible Bomber", Lt John Pease.

Features:

Discussions...Meet the Authors...Questions & Answers...Science  
Quiz...The Observatory...Mathematical Puzzles...This Amazing Universe..  
Amazing Facts of Science...& Correspondence Corner.

Front Cover foto  
by Horace Hime; models, Fred Johnson & Naomi Anderson.

No ad on rear  
cover! Rather, another color illustration. AMAZING will  
have 2 covers!

Introducing artists Jay Jackson, Harold Welch & Herman  
R Bollin.

Aug 1sh out Jun 10 with: "Time for Sale" by Ralph Milne  
Farley--

New Features--

New illustrators--

New type--

crease in content!

&-- 15% in-

Rejuvenation revolutionary--!

\* \* \*

SPICY FANTASY is liable to be the name of a new sexy pseudoscience bi-  
monthly mag to apcar shortly featuring "wicked thot-varl-  
ants" %#&?\*&+! This no gag.....

---

IMAGI-NIK-NAX "Ackerman, Esq. Sir: Your autographiendish request was, in the  
fullness of time, forwarded to me by worshipful master Lasser. ~ The story to  
which you refer ("Why the Heavens Foll") was written a long time ago, in humble admi-  
ration of a provocative piece of imagination, entitled 'The Marble Virgin.' I do not  
know what led to its resurrection from the bottom of the editor's drawer. As for  
'The Monkey-Men, etc.' that is, I fear, a touch of the editor's fertile invention;  
for I do not recall it among my own productions, published or unpublished. ETS, DTG"

*Epaminondas Thuydides Snooks*



## AMONG OUR MEMS

*Paul Freehafer*

21 yr old fan, started

collect in '36. His file of the Big 3 is practically complete; has few bks, but most every Blue Bk back to '52 &amp; Arg for past 12 yrs.

Toss up between AmS &amp; Ast as to which he likes the better; but TWS is out of the rocket race &amp; he prefers stf to weird.

## FAVORITE

Theme, the Interplanetary;Fiction, "SKYLARK, Rebirth, Old Faith-

ful";

Author, Keller. Merritt well-liked. No likes Fearn & Repp.

Selects THINGS

TO COME as best scientifilm.

Pacifist.

Mild Socialist.

Mildly religious.

Intro-

vert.

Likes simple simplified spelling.

Esperanto sympathizer.

Has been corresponding since '36. In '34 Aug, SFL member #294; otherwise Paul Freehafer, at that time residing in Payette/Idaho; wrote 1st Class Active-Honorary #1, Executive Director FJ Ackerman, San Francisco/Cal: "I am making a collection of the autographs of famous science fiction authors and fans, and I would like very much to get yours." Knowing him today, one would scarcely suspect him of ever having exhibited such a revolting abnormality or indiscriminative taste. However, it is not our desire to scandalize further our friend Freehafer, & so we shall hush up the "incident" quickly as we can: Perhaps the indiscretion could be condoned, considering it attributable to his extreme youth at that age...

## FIRST FEMININE MEMBER OF THE LASFL

*Frances Fairchild*Irish

&amp;

Pacifist!

Blondy began to read stf in '27 while in hi school, Seattle/Wash. Has kept quite a collection; of bks, featuring entire set 1st edit. Haggard!

Agrees with Yerke: "Ast has deteriorated."

Rather

likes Weird, Jirel of Joiry being her favorite.

Stf choices: MOON POOL, Ray Cum-

mings' White Invaders.

Best-liked fantascience fictionists: Kuttner &amp; Moore.

Pet

Peeve: Constitution of LASFL. Also, "Agin Ackermanese."

Most enjoyed scientifilm

THINGS TO COME, Just Imagine close 2d.

Politics? None in particular. Believes in

Women's Rights "--&amp; plenty of 'em!"

Professing very few illusions, is "very muchly a Materialist."

Trained nurse studying to be a Doc, Fran's ambition is "to be the greatest bacteriologist in the country, a nice nasty new disease named after me!"



FANTASCIENCE FILM-SMART By Alec.

A word from th customary conductr of this col-  
um, Foo-rest J (Joker) Ackerman: While I'm elsewhere in this ish ritng th King's Eng-  
lish I shal attempt to persuade my alir ego Weaver Wright to remain here & irritate U  
with th Clown's. Tho that won't b so easy as it maye sounds (gotng my sudonym to  
stay--not th annoyance!): Obviously anywher on Tere I go...eggs! Get it? Want it

HO! U luky peopl! This is Weaver Wrighting. HanoBess Rodgkins' WOW has got out of  
hand, this (h)issue, th ERB acct consuming most all th space; so he's askt me if I'd  
allow WOW to overflo into my kinematicolum & I said "All X Ace" as I didnt hav anything  
redy to report othrwis & thid way coul save my face (not that it's worth saving, as  
those unfortunat enuf to'v seen my fotogrf can testify). First fan-tastic theatr  
party of th month was a dozn of us at BEACHES. Th stage-play, Perry Lewis came from  
Glendale, Paul Freehafer all th way from Pasadena. Brady from Bov'y Hills. & othrs  
included MayBelle Anshutz, Moraja, Sophia van Dorne, Francos Fairchild, Wil Stinson.  
Then lo & behold! at th end one th acts From spyd Leonard Adland 4 rows ahead us in th  
1st! He hadnt been presnt th previous meeting, won th party was made up, & had com  
independntly. This made total 12 attending! Othrs, unable to make th mid-wk perform-  
ance, went wen they coul, this latr class incluing Sodopi, Fred Shroyer & Geo Tullis.

COINCIDENCE COLOSL! Wk bfor th waters were raging round LA, revival of SFowler Wright  
"Deluge" was skodd. All kinds of foncalla were made & postcards sent to insure ovry  
imagi-nativ'd kno about th event & attend. Then came th dumppour: As floods go, it  
was a WASHOUT! But th cinemamask delated he woud see th sho if he had to row & Mo-  
row-go (!) that she'd accompy him on stilts or swimng! Several othrs made good  
their vows to appear; as it turnd out, a good proportion turnd in tikets, 10 turning up  
--not turning down this oportunity to see a solid clown superstar. Th whole affair was  
rare, those who got ther agreeing they never'l forget it. WOKED WIPED OUT--& then th  
lites went out! Th picture house was plunged into pitch blacknes as LA's electricity  
fauld. Some fun! Doruns in th dark (Moraja had brot a big bx of powdord sugared  
ones for th boys) & th Mar-Gal being a Request Revival House, one th moms (I think  
it was myself but I coundt see it was so dark) groped out & dropt in th balot bx:  
Please sho "By Camillelito"!

Reel News: Columbia scientificartoon now showing is "A  
Trip to Mars". Also, request Ur theatr-manag' to run "Little Busk Chooser" (Harman-  
Ising) wherin a roketrip is made round th Universe (an teknicalr).

Th announcemt  
that Joe E Brown is to play th part of Philip Wylie's "Gladiator" is gagng me--& I  
don't mean I'm lafng. Suckta nama de Science, a serious scientific story to b butch-  
rd for burlesk! Holly woud! Wen (any day now) they cast Martha Raye as "Th Woman of  
th Wood", with a fat part intruded for a son to b playd by Charlie McCarthy---!

Is  
ther any possibility any U'd b interestd in chapt-chapt resumé th new FLASH GORDON? If  
so say so & same'l start next #. th previously skodd "Prehistoric Planet" cinemart-  
icl to folow wen "Flash" is finisht.

ONWARD ESPERANTO! By Erdstelulov. Flash from Fojak: EKSTRA! Edgar  
Rais Burez, la kreinto de la mond-  
fama karaktero "Tarzan" k aŭtoro de multaj manuskriptoj sciencfikciaj  
(ekzemple, "Pelusedar, Lando Kiun Tempo Forgesis, Monstro-Viroj, Venus  
serio ktp"), sekvos la pied-paŝojn\* de HGVelz ("La Tempo-maŝino") kiam  
en Aprilo Londona firmo publikas la interplanedan romanon de Ĝan Karter  
k Diĝa Toris en la Universal-lingvo! PRINCINO DE MARSO!

\*follow in  
the foot-steps (la restan tekston inteligenta persono facile komprenas)



LA Chapt, SF Plague!  
as described by  
Dr. Acula

There is a cafeteria in "Lost Angels"  
that to the average onlooker is just an-  
other cafeteria. But I know the horrible

hidden facts!

The interior is deceptively decorated. Like a peaceful wooded glen it looks. Diabolical camouflage! for on the 1st & 3d Thurs nites of every month unholy, satanic things happen there...

I cannot escape the clutches of these fiends who might make me the main attraction of their next terrifying orgy.

Now to relate their last petrifying program: On my arrival at the 3d flr of this accursed cafeteria I proceeded to the Brown Rm (the color of the members' skin). Approaching the entrance, blasphemous laughter could be plainly heard. I entered cautiously but was caught by the chief horror of this nice club, Gory Axerman. He was just finishing the leg of one of last meeting's visitors. Close on my heels came Frances Werechild, with a charming guest, Miss Flye. Gory spider at once, ordered his hairy henchman T. (Tarantula) Bruise Murky to invite the victim into his (Axy's) pallor--er, parlor. The nite before I had dreamt of being cross-questioned by a streamlined lil scien-twist. I askt Freud Shroyer what this might mean & he interpreted it that I should be interviewed this nite by "Madge". I knew that meant I'd make a meal for the mems next meeting!

Then the evil director, Cuss Hodgkins, demanded my dues or a cup of my blood. He took both. After that, Very Loose (Glendale's Public Bloodsucker #1 & hence the obvious choice for Club Sucker-tary) threatend to take me into the darkest crypts of the cafeteria if I made any corrections on the minutes.

The next terror was that of Ray Bad-bury (the perpertrator, still at large, of that maddening manuscript "Yellbochen's Predicament", re-vampt--short for vampired--as "Hollerbochen's Dilemma"). He wanted me to join him in an anthem he had vampired from a nertsy rime ... "Fe fi fum foo, when do we--eat you!"

About 1/2 hr later the door slowly opend & in slunk Dr Hackenkuttner, blood dripping from his lithpth. He explaind he had just made a meal of a TWS fan who didnt like "Follywood on Luna"--tch, tch! By the way, he has gone after plenty food since this story came out.

The meeting now began & after the number of victims consumed by the members in the past 2 wts had been computed the evening's orgy began. Axerman & Hackenkuttner dragd 2 bawling brats into the rm & the rest the club (I was not included because they didnt want me to die of fright) herded into the black hallway. After shrill screams & loud lipsmacking the roster returnd looking like the cat that ate the canary.

Would that I could end this account by "April Fool" or "It was only a dream". But the "boys" of the black legion have been to see me & say that next meeting I must take The Test. Th Simplifyd Spelng B! If I do not pass-- But MADNESS lies that way, to ponder the bloodfreezing fate that will befall me. I have only one hope...if I can remember...those 3 lines of Old French--& wire them to Jules deGrading. What are they? Ah, yes:

"Hinky dinky--  
parlez--  
vous!"



A REPLY TO "MICHELISM": T. Bruce Yerke

I have heard quite a bit about Michelism lately, which originated at the 3d Eastern Science Fiction Convention this ism having caused a small bombshell to burst over the head of fandom. DAWollheim has become completely enraptured with the delectable thot of "Michelism" & workt his typewriter overtime to publicize the party.

The other day as a member of the S-TA I recd my monthly copy of Novae Terrae (38 Jan issue) & discovered the banner had hitch-hiked over the Atlantic to Morrio Englands, to be broadcast back to the U.S. Again Wollheim is behind the growing snowball, or should I say 3 ball? After having read the article (or at least the readable parts) I find that M. Wollheim kicks himself in his pants quite lustily & hasnt as yet found out about it.

First, he loudly condemns the Peace Pledge Folder for reasons which shall follow later, the general gist being no Peace Union or the like can succeed, with which I wholeheartedly agree. Then, Sir Wollheim enters into an earnest harangue setting forth the general principles of MICHELISM, namely (I shall quote his own words): "MICHELISM is the belief that science-fiction followers should actively work for the realization of the scientific socialist world-state as the only genuine justification for their activities and existence".... which is, essentially, the ultimate goal of dozens of other unions striving toward "Peace, Unity & Freedom". This contradicts his previous paragraf. Enuf of that.

What gets me is the fact that Wollheim, of all people, can be deluded into thinking all fandom can be united in one group for one goal, when in the past, & the present, no one agrees with anything & never has been able to do so--& especially to work for one purpose which is against the ideals of dozens, yea 100s, yea 1000s of sf fans. There can't be more than 300 active fans, if the term "active" is used in its generally accepted form. Of these it is easily discernable at least 1/3d, or most likely more, are distinctly antisocialist, anticommunist, very patriotic & quite un- desirous of such a motive. Thus we are left with not more than 200 fans who might be willing to work toward the aforementioned cause. Ofcourse I don't mean there arent 1000s of people who wouldnt be in accord with MICHELISM, so I believe we had better turn elsewhere than stf for support.

As for another "point de resistance" which has kept up somewhere: It is mutually agreed people who read scientifiiction are broad-minded, progressive but not necessarily scientific. When you read stf, & if you enjoy it, you unconsciously or otherwise gain a broader view of the cosmos; you look at the human race, gullible homo sapiens, as from another world, & can see with greater clarity the true blindness, pottiness & ignorance of humanity; & you gain a greater perspective of the cosmos & see as never before how inconsequential is this Terc, its populations & desires; & it promotes, as has been recently suggested, Atheism, in which you begin to doubt certain things that have been taught you since birth.

GOOD, but it is not the Destiny of SCIENTIFICTION to reform the world to what it should be, tho I have little doubt Scientifiictionists will have no small part in the struggle. At present Terc is going to Infero. It is in the power of greed, corruption, graft, hate, selfishness, militarism, ambition, conquest, Ackermanese & ultimate self-destruction. Every nation regards the other with grim foreboding & in the bosom of the world smoulders an all-consuming fire that has gone too far to be quencht. There are 2 alternatives: A War, which will practically wipe out humanity & retard civilization for centurys; or: A socialistic (but by no means bloodless) revolution, from which will emerge (we hope) a newer, "truor" civilization, which is Man's Rightful Heritago.

But--It is not for the science fiction ranks to accomplish this reform....



Tele-fony Fan-tastic conversation (in th inimicabl "Akrmn" styl) by  
Azygous

(Too-ward: Our "Mystery Ms" of Feb seems to've started something. After its publication the following was rcvd. On white paper, true, but it too was typt with few errors & the sheets crinkled--with scorcht edges! A name was appended but the writer remains anonymous even so for "Azygous" is a pseudonym whose identity is as yet unknown. Geo Hahn, Buffalo fan, is said to've admitted being the boy but his confession it is believed may not be bonafide. "Willy the Wasp", notorious New York columnist, imagines Azygous may be Saloskovitz, Holius Editor. Only info we can add: Envelope was postmarkt Flushing/NY, famous for Jas V. Taurasi--Cosmic's Ed. Tho that "don't mean a thing", as the swingsters sing... "It's a prity good imitation of Ack-ormanese" comments the Effjay, but warns "Ack-copt no substitute--no simplifyd spelng "J"enuine without SSSS!)

I had a long talk with Wesso th othr day. Twasnt as simpl as that howevr. There was much red tape 2 b gone thru 1st. I bgan by looking undr W in the fono bk. Twasnt there, occurse. Slobritys, y'kno. . . . So I diald 411 & got th operatr. "In4may--shun!" she shrild.

Sed I: "Can U giv me th no. uv HWWesso th famus ilustratr?"

"Cortnly" she sed. "But it depends on wethr U can aford it. So many scientifiictionuts call up Hans these days th fono co.'s put a tax on his no. Wen it was in the fono bk evry 2 mins a fan'd take it in2 his myopic mentality 2 ring up Mr. W. This caud an awful wear & tear on th wyrs leading 2 his apt so that evry othr wk a lynsman'd hav 2 go ovr & repair th conoxion. Now anybody wanting 2 talk 2 him gets th cost of 10 calls tackd on2 his fono bil."

"I'm at a pay-station" I informd her. "Wot'll it cost me?"

"1/2\$" returnd promptly. I shrugd---wot th hek, slugs wer cheap enuf---& dropt a few. "Now wot?"

"Justaminit, I'll conek-tow!" Th receivr made th custmary buzing sounds 4 a wile, then a gruf voice sed: "Hlo."

"Gmornng" I remarkd curtously. "Is this Mr. Wesso? My name is Azygous. I'm a s-f fan. I calld 2----"

"Ur not an artist? I cant abyd artists. Sposhly amateur artists. They make me c spots b4 my ls. Tho, if I wer Virgil Finlay I'd always b c ing spots, wouldnt I?" & I hurydly snatcht th receivr from my ear as a tornado of lafter poudr thru it. Wen I agen ventured 2 lish I herd: "----ust 2 dip their tails in difrnt colord paints & walk back & forth acros th rm with a piece of ded fish. Their tails'd brush agenst th canvasos & paint my old Astounding Storys covrs." "---Eh?" "Cats" he sed. "Mou-srs. Felis domestica. Where'v U bin? Nevr mind. As I was saying, its a gud thing Ur not an embryo artist. They irk me byond measur. There was 1 folo here not long ago --name of Tow-race . . . Cow-racy . . . " "---Taurasi?" "Thats th 1. He was wors than Dick Calkins. I throw him out a windo. Funny th way he bounced. Up & down . . . up & down . . . "

"I'll bot."

"No matr. U say Ur a ritr? U rite?"

"Yos" I replyd wityly. "I'm an authr. I auth."

"Hamm. Anothr fan ritr was up 2 c mo a few wks a-go. Calld 'mself -- uh -- Boll-woovil? -- Bowline? -- Gentlmn with teeth." "--Wollheim?" "Thats rite. Hypnotic manr uv talking. B4 I knu it I was weeping on his sholdr & telling him matrs that wer nun uv his biznos. It was awful, Mr Ashtray."

"Azygous." "--Ah yes." Then came a chukl. "Wots so amusing?" askt I. Ansr'd a nasal twang: "U wil hav 2 deposit a quartr 4 pvrtime, sirr-r-r-r!" I just was WESSO L...!



"THE LIVING LIE," A Play Review in English.

*Forrest J. Ackerman*

The title aptly expresses the writer's attitude in regard to his preparing this article in the accepted spelling, punctuation and paragraphing of the present time. As you see, he is quite backward about it. You will have to hold the page to the mirror in order to be able to interpret it (what a screwy idea!!); if you don't get a laugh out of this, possibly you will from the reflection...

The play opened in a little hut (not literally, of course) in West Borneo, where Anderson, an old explorer, lay dying of fever. Attending him, like an understanding servant, was a great ape. The name of the anthropoid, Ahzu.

Paxton, a scientist discredited by his university because of certain evolutionary--and revolutionary--experiments, enters the little hut. The great ape rushes at him. Terrified, the scientist raises his revolver to shoot; but old Anderson, lifting from his bed, cries to Ahzu, "Stop! --friend..."

Anderson acquaints Paxton with the amazing intelligence of the ape, a species not quite like any seen before. Then, as a dying request, asks Paxton to leave Ahzu to the jungle when he, Anderson, has passed on; further, that, if possible, when Ahzu dies the ape be buried by his side--for Ahzu, the beast he has taught to mumble a few man-like sounds, has been his best friend.

But when Anderson dead, the ape becomes his property, Paxton returns with the anthropoid to America, to carry out his evolutionary experiments on this, so unusual a subject.

Four months later, Paxton has invited a number of scientists and members of their immediate families to his home to discuss to them some amazing thing. In particular, he has present Standing, a scientist who has opposed his views, and against whom he is very bitter. Standing's young daughter accompanies her father.

Paxton introduces Ahzu. But Ahzu is no longer an ape, but an ape-man! An astounding anomaly: A bent, bow-legged creature with bulging chest, brown, hairy hands, and shaggy, dark ape-tongue, half human! Dressed as a man! It--or he--speaks: "How...da do!"

All are on their feet, gasping. Paxton, aglow, describes his work with Ahzu. He explains that the ape-man now has the intelligence of a six-year old child, and that he will answer any reasonable question that can be answered in one word. To prove this to themselves, he invites his guests to put questions to the creature, one at a time; and these Ahzu answers. But then, frightened by one of the party, Ahzu attacks him, and Standing, drawing a gun, shoots the half-human ape!

The next scene, Ahzu is on an operating table in Paxton's private laboratory. Paxton is bent over the strange, still form. "Ahzu is dead," he says.

Martha Roberts, nurse long in Paxton's service, and secretly in love with her employer, feels Ahzu's pulse, startled. "But he is not!"



"For my purposes, Ahzu has died. I can better carry on my experiments so."

As Standing is to be summoned to the operating room shortly to learn how Ahzu is, Paxton etherizes the ape-man so that Ahzu appears truly as dead. A handkerchief is placed over the head of the recumbent form. Paxton sits, feigning dejection.

Standing knocks, enters; crosses to the table, lifts the covering. "Dead?"

"Yes, and you know it!" shouts Paxton, springing on Standing. "You killed him! Get out! Get out! Get out!"

Afterward, Paxton and nurse Roberts operate on Ahzu.

After twenty months of secret skin-grafting and bone-molding operations, the Next Scene opens:

A figure resembling the Invisible Man is seated on a plain chair. It is Ahzu, white gauze bandages around his head leaving only his eyes visible, his body enclosed in a dressing gown. The nurse speaks to him:

"'Love'," she says, "how do you spell 'love'?"

"L--o--v--e!" answers Ahzu, haltingly. "Old friend Anderson say, 'Love every-body.'"

"Do you love Dr. Paxton?" asks Martha.

"NO! --Uh, yes," says Ahzu.

"But he hurts you, Jim!" says Martha. (As Ahzu is supposed to be dead, the man-ape has been rechristened "Jim.")

"He say," explains Jim, "all for good."

"He lies!" Martha declares. "He's a devil."

"No devil," contradicts Jim, "devil have horns."

"In this world," Martha, who has come to hate Paxton and the monstrous thing he is doing, enlightens, "there are many kinds of devils."

She incites the man-ape, who inwardly hates Paxton now, to the declaration that he would kill his master if he hurt him again.

When Paxton and another doctor come in and find it will be necessary to operate again, like the Invisible Man aroused, Jim leaps on them. Half strangling both, he then jumps through a window.

Recovering themselves, the two men rush out, find the "jungle creature becoming Man," and return with him, his head bleeding, to the laboratory. They discover that, as a result of his injury, he has lost his memory. The man-ape is a victim of amnesia!

Paxton introduces Jim to his friends as his nephew. In particular does Paxton have Jim become acquainted with Standing's daughter, Helen; does everything possible to encourage a romance between them. For he has conceived the fiendish vengeance upon the scoffing Standing of having his daughter fall in love with---and marry---this creature which is really an ape!

At college, Jim exhibits a brilliant brain and becomes a great surgeon.

In private, he carries on an ape evolutive experiment of his own, little knowing (as a result of the amnesia) of the parallel with himself.

He and Helen do fall in love, and then Paxton gleefully reveals to Standing who (he need not remind him what) Jim is. Standing cannot believe it possible, but attacks Paxton in an insane fury, at the mere idea that he might contrive such a thing. Paxton is hurled against the cage containing the experiment ape; a great paw reaches out and wraps around the satanic scientist, as the scene closes...

Conclusion: Paxton lies on an operating table, sinking fast. Only a blood transfusion may save him. Jim comes in and offers his blood for his uncle.

Under the microscope, Standing, and a second doctor who has heard the facts in the case, are astounded to find that the blood of Jim is indeed that of an ape! They see, then, what they must do. They must never permit Jim to marry. More, for the future safety of mankind, they cannot even let him live. They feel like murderers, but when they open Jim's veins for the blood transfusion, they do not pump the blood into Paxton, they pump it away...



IMAGINATION! #7 38 Apr

WHY STF WRITERS GO NUTS By Jack Coburn

The author of this mythicorrespondence is a wellknown writer whose work appears in several the major imaginativ mags. It will be obvious upon reading the article why he employs a pseudonym in this instance

Mr G. O'Connor Campinger  
Editor, Aweful Stories.

Dear Mr Campinger:

I am submitting herewith a manuscript, "Putrid Planet". Hope you like it.  
Sincerely yours, Ernest Awther.

Dear Mr Awther:

I have read "Putrid Planet" with interest but regret it doesnt come down to the standard of Aweful Stories. However, it has a good idea & if you wish to rewrite it we shall be glad to consider it again. Cordially, Campinger.

Dear

Mr Campinger: I am returning "Putrid Planet" having rewritten it to the best my ability. Ernest Awther.

Dear Mr Awther:

"Putrid Planet" is much improved but still has a kink or 2. For one thing, the idea of enzymic-isotopic symbiosis needs a little more explanation, as our office physicist went violently insane after attempting to check your figures. Moreover, your hero has a beard & in Aweful Stories the hero is always cleanshaven. I feel sure you will be able to make the story acceptable. Cordially, Campinger.

Dear

Mr Campinger: Here is "Putrid Planet" back with the changes you suggested. E. Awther.

Dear Mr Awther: We shall be glad to accept "Putrid Planet" at 1/3c a word payment on publication. Incidentally, the script has somehow been mislaid in this office--can you send us the carbon copy? Campinger.

Dear Mr C: Thanks for your acceptance & here is the carbon.

Dear Mr Awther: Due to a reorganization...Mr Campinger no longer is the editor of Aweful Stories but instead now edits 40 Gun Western. Our requirements also have been altered & I regret I cannot find "Putrid Planet" acceptable: All our heroes now have beards & we require love interest. I hope you can fix your story to fit our new policy. Truly, WFWeisbell.

Dear Mr Weisbell: I

have rewritten "Putrid Planet" again. Here it is.  
Awther.

Dear Mr Awther: We are glad to accept "Putrid Planet". We now pay 1/10c on publication. Weisbell.

Dear Mr Weisbell: OK.

Dear

Mr Awther: A new development: We are contemplating publishing a quarterly. "Putrid Planet" is the type tale we need for the new venture so we are holding it, this note to explain delay in its appearance. Vol 1 No 1 is skeded for Winter.

Dear Mr W: Whatever you think best.

Dear Mr Awther: Quarterly plans fell thru but you will find your "Putrid Planet" finally has been publisht in our Annual. Congratulations! Check inclosed....



## ADVICE TO AMATEUR MAGICIANS (Concluded) By Ryner the Great.

Finally the amateur magician will want to test his power by calling up a demon. Inscribe a pentagram on the floor with chalk (this can be washed off the carpet). Place 7 lamps at the points of the figure. Low, hot swing music helps create the necessary atmosphere. If the incantation be said in Esperanto this helps also. On the other hand if the student didn't study Tomoro's Tung yesterday so he could talk it today, he can merely gabble hoarsely in a harryd voice & the demon won't know the dif. When your demon appears you have achieved your ends--if not your end!

Some people may complain they can't get their demon to materialize. That's the trouble I have but I'm not kicking about it. Just in case you do manage to make your demon manifest itself how are you going about getting rid of it? Firm cries of "Sabaoth! Sabaoth! Scram!" sometimes are effective. If the demon still persists in its attempts to destroy--& somehow they always try to do that--you might give it the adres of that blond & tell it she's in that nite. On 21 that you might send me the adres of that blond c/o Madge. In return for witch I shall promptly forward you a goldplated combination wizard's wand & bottle opener, which can also be used as a cigaret holder.

## BK REVIEWS BY KUTTNER

From time to time appear offtrail bks which may be broadly classed as phantasy if not strictly pseudoscience. Such were Bierstadt's "Satan Was A Man", a study of insane obsessions; Cora Jarrett's "Strange Houses", dealing with migration of minds; Walford's "Twisted Clay", a gruesome tale of abnormal psychology.

Lately I've read 2 unusual volumes which are phantasy: William Sloane's "To Walk the Nite" & "The Hollow Skin" by Virginia Swain. It is interesting to compare the 2 tales as both deal with an inhuman being which wears the guise of a human, & the effects on those in contact with the alien. Of the 2 Sloane's bk is perhaps subtler; the grotesque shock of "The Hollow Skin"'s climax is purely objective while in the other tale the final confirmation of the protagonist's suspicions is almost entirely subjective. In both yarns the character work is notable: The former deals with a murder in a college town, the disappearance of an imbecile girl & the simultaneous appearance of a woman who is not human. At first there are only vague hints but gradually the reader comes to understand the shocking origin of this creature whose powers are hyperhuman. "To Walk the Nite" is in fact a story about time-traveling & manages to secure that rarely-captured sense of alienage which an unearthly being must possess. Almost imperceptibly the evidence is put before the reader; but more than one tragedy occurs before the victim guesses the truth --because he has used all the matches in the house! It would be unfair to reveal the plot & the explanation of the tale but I enjoyed it thoroly.

The Hollow Skin, just publisht, tells of the arrival of a young Dr to a small island in the Bahamas & his introduction to a group of bizarre people--the girl Valentine, whose secret, when he learns it, almost drives him to madness; the rather horrible Lady Mary; a little negro boy who is an accompisht blackmailer; & the enigmatic Percy Isher, who is closely related to a certain type creature familiar to everybody. Again I shall not spoil the story by giving away the solution; but the final scene, in which Isher undergoes a necessary but thoroly ghastly metamorfosis, is genuinely horrifying.

Title's significance will be readily understandable at the end.



FORMULA FOR SUCCESSFOOL  
STF STORYBy Ray  
BradburyIngredients: 1 scientist  
well frayd, grayd & bent.

About 60 yrs old, has invented some supercolossal machine that can warp time or destroy matter--take your choice.

Then add a gob of mathematic-  
al equations & problems, 100 large words such as ultraforrest jackerman-  
erless & lagoobrious.

Then bring in a theory by the heels. Any theo-  
ry will do.

The date should be around 2067 or 3098 AD (Ackerman's De-  
mise).

Then add a lovely dawter for the professor to shoo out of the  
laboratory (business of twirling moustache & raising eyebrows as the  
mad genius raves: "It will revolutionize the world, it is Colossal!")  
Also a son for the scientist to work side by side with, forging thru  
the innermost secrets of Science with heads proudly bent in meditation.

Then bring in an athletic young reporter who has been summond from  
the city by a mysterious message something like this: "Dear Dick:  
Come at once. Great experiment. Has gotten away from me. Danger to  
the world. Hurry for G--'s sake! Your friend. Frank."

Let the lug  
solve the mystery immediately upon his arrival. Even tho he never had  
taken the higher mathematics he was a whiz at adding & subtracting as a  
kid...so let him solve the mystery that the prof, who has been search-  
ing for 60 yrs, has overlookt. This is what is called "human inter-  
est".

Then have the foul ffooti-pusses arrive from Rigel, breathing  
poison! The scientist combats the incredible Monstrositys with artifi-  
cial creatures of his own.

Go thot-variant:

Have earth fall to the  
moon--

have dinosaurs crawl over the hero's tummy--

let him rassle a  
lion as the earth cracks in 2 pieces...!

Then drag in a few dead bodys  
(preferably Forrest J Ackerman or such stuffs) & let them play the  
parts of ghouls (on 2d thot, HanKuttner would be better suited to such  
rôles--the Ackermaniac may be reserved for characterizations requiring  
dead heads) endeavoring to endanger the Sweet Young Thing.

Have the  
sun explode or die.

Have the girl be very muscular: She can toss a  
"hind-end-oh-no" over her shoulder as the hero dances on the head of  
some dodo from Jupiter...

This is the end. Are you glad? Has this  
inspired you with an idea? If it has write it down (or up) & airmail  
it to the dead letter office with the side off a barnacle, a Pogo  
stick & a manhole & we shall instruct Santa Claus to bring you a com-  
posite picture of all famous science fiction writers.

Warning! The  
Karloffans among the kiddys will adore the foto...but keep it away from  
nervous adults! One glance will give your girlfriend a permanentwave!!



## EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS' "LAD &amp; THE LION", Reviewd by Myrtle Douglas:

Mr Burroughs' latest bk spins the exciting yarn of a young prince who loses his memory when fleeing his native land after the assassination of his grandfather, the king. He is found & cared for, after a fashion, by a mental defective aboard a derelict. The derelict is also the home of a lion cub which was abandoned on the ship with the old man when fire broke out nr explosive cargo.

Boy & beast become very chummy due to the attention bestowed on them by their shipmate. Several yrs pass during which cub & kid grow up. One day the derelict drifts to land & they disembark, previously having disposed of their affectionate companion in a way which one must read the story to understand.

In the meantime things have been happening in the homeland of the prince. His cousin, whose father became king upon the death of the grandfather, is not the kind of person whose place he took in the palace. He is as thoroly hated as his cousin was loved. He is arrogant & extravagant.

Boy meets desert princess & wins her after many thrilling adventures in which the lion (& his mate) take part.

The story of political intrigue, love & assassination at home is very cleverly interwoven with the African adventures of the lad to create the suspense necessary to make the narrative gripping in the extreme.

A boating administ-ord by a gang of lawless Arabs restores the young man's memory but he is content with the spot in the sun which his own worth has wrested for him & merely sends sympathy to the military dictator of the country, who has ousted the terrorists & set up a constitutional government.

First publisht in 1914 in ASCavalier the ms evidently has been modernized since then as its atmosfore is quite upto date.

## The Imagi-nation Asks PHANTASTIQUESTIONS &amp; We Imagi-natives Give ANSRS:

Only one customer for our query dept this time, & we don't hapn to have the dope yet on your first one, Larry (Farsaci); but about the other: Our Q&A service was announced in 1st Madge tho nothing actually apeard.

To R. Baker: Several alert readers (Swisher & Kuslan) recently have call'd to our attn that "Maurius" also had "Vandals from the Moon", in AmS 28 Jul.

SURPRISE! More of the comiCoburn mythica letters, concluded from pg 11:

Dear Weisbell:

Your check b o u n c e d ! ??? E. Awther.

Dear Mr

Awther: We regret to inform you that Awful Stories no longer is being publisht. The co. is at present attempting to meet its debts promptly as possible & you may expect your check to be made good within 7 yrs at most.

Sincerely, Warner van Wollheimlich - Atty at Haw!

Mr Roosevelt: How can I get in the WPA?



RESURRECTION: "Messiah of the Cylinder" by  
Victor Rousseau

Boy, Pennell; Girl, Esther; Dastard, Sanson né Lazaroff, Flung  
into the far future by jilted scientist-suitor are Esther & suc-  
cessful swain Arnold Pennell. Trickt into entering the huge freezing  
cylinders of the spurnd Lazaroff they are frozen therein & the teller of the tale  
wakes 100 yrs later. As he leaves the ruins wherein his cylinder has rested for a  
century he is spotted by passing airmen & taken to London--a London whose only simi-  
larity to the city of yester-yr is the name. Metropolis is a typical futuristicon-  
ception: Towers, many levels, airports on skyscrapers, &c. There he learns all En-  
gland's a vast Michelistic state which, paradoxically, is dictatord by man named San-  
son & his neophyte, the sensuous Boss Lembken who is the "people's friend" & devotes  
most his time to adding willing--& unwilling--wenches to his harem. He also likes  
to sit on scented cushions & think dirty thots. Pennoll is amazed to discover the  
Dictator really Lazaroff who via his glorifyd ice-box thawd his own way into the fu-  
ture, having set his time-switch for a period of 65 yrs stead 100 & thus melting in-  
to normality 35 yrs before Pennell. In these previous yrs, taking advantage of cha-  
otic conditions he had gaind control of England.

Pennoll decides that despite op-  
portunitys to live the life of a voluptuary he will throw his lot in with a band of  
rebels who wish to restore England to--Honest!--the Church! Seems the whole fault  
for the corrupt state of affairs lies in the fact the people have departed from the  
Glory Path of the Good Sheepherdor. Pennoll is regarded by these people as a sort  
of Messiah sent by God to lead them against the antichristic Sanson & Lembken.

Pennell discovers Esther is still icicling in her frigidaire, not due to wake up & live  
til a wk or so in the futuro. Seems as the old Nasty Sanson has his poopers on the  
maid himself. It's trouble brewing--

Pennoll is captured. Pennoll escapes. Pen-  
nell is captured. Pennoll oscapos. Pennoll has a hell of a time.

Finally the time  
to strike draws nr. It's breathtaking. The rebols pass time while waiting for The  
Moment by holding prayer meetings in their Secret Hideout.

Flashback; America is  
Mormon. Can Pennell & the rebols expect help from them in their revolution? No!  
But look--there's Russia...behold the communisticountry in the yr of our Lord 2017:  
Russia is the great Christianation! Situation, then; America being all Mormon has  
joind forces with the Mohammedans in support of Sanson & Lembken. Opposed to these  
are the rebols who might possibly expect support from the Land of the Church. Looks  
bad.

Sanson has been fooling around in his lab & found the means of immortality.  
Desperate as he sees the People gradually morging with the rebols he offers them life  
everlasting if they will be loyal to him. Will they take the offer of this latter-  
day Belial? No! "Givo us the Church!" they cry.

In the meantime Esther has been  
taken out of coldstorage & Pennoll rescues her by swinging on ropes & dodging poorly  
aimd rayguns. Lembken in a fit of rage slings one his harem honeys out the upper  
story window. The doll breaks on the pavement below &--

COMES THE REVOLUTION! Ray  
guns flash, there is the scent of seard flosch in the air. Hugo planes zoom & crash  
while the screams of 1000-1000 fronzzyd mobsters soar hideously to the heavens. The  
Rebols are being boaton--God'll help the poor working gir--oops!--working class!  
Here come Volga Boatmen in their battleships of the air. Choir, boys, choir--strike  
up the band...the World is safe for Christianity!

Boy gets girl--dastard gets Death



VOICE OF THE CONDEM-NATION! The Readers Rate the mag they LOVE (to hate!)

J. CHAPMAN MISKE, 5000 Train Av; Cleveland/O. is encouraging: "I was quite glad to read that you fellas there in the Golden West hadn't become embittered to such an extent over the spelling controversy - or should I say riot? - that the organ was discontinued. Please don't do that. Despite the fact that I am on the side of those among you who think that less of the extremist spelling would enhance the magazine, I would rather see 'Madge' with it, than not see it without it - or don't I make myself clear?" (Quite)

"Hi Priestess of Foo Foo", sends this Foo for That from Bx 2, Gila Bend: *Pogo* Ariz: "I was very happy 2 recv Madge. I enjoyd it vedy vedy much. That is, th material on th inside. U shoudntv let Bradbury, the Foo, draw it. Y did U let him? That covr was nothing unusual, anyone couldv that up that idea. Here aftr try & got something individual, & something that requires IMAGINATION, & don't let Bradbury draw it. (Not even under a pseudonym?) ~~~ Hum, I rembr seeing Fred Shroyer rite 'Anent Atheism & Stf'. If he is an atheist, wich he saz he is, then Y didnt he sign his name 2 th AA&S, insted of Resurrection? (Far b it from Fred to make any bones about his being an atheist. He put his name to both articles. But as Resurrection is to b a permanent feature, & we like-- on the surface at least--for only 1 article to appear by 1 person in 1 issue--ateista andko Ackerman contrived "Erick Froyer" from (Fred)erick Shroyer for the Contents Pg. Siehst du?) ~~~ I recvd th 'Television Doctiv' yesterday. It is very easily understood, and I liked it very much, but it shoudv had mor ACKERMANESE n it. ~~~ U wasnt there any Esperanto n th Mag? Not enuf space is a very poor xcuse. ~~~ Pardon milion mistakes, pliz; am inshury!"

*W. L. Lewis* Excerpts from a lengthy letter from "Ghu Ghu" & "Michelist" of 801 W End Av, NYC: "Enclosed you will find One Dollar to renew my subscription to IMAGINATION? ~~~ The sciencefiction fan who sincerely believes in the world-state aim and in the immediate needs for scientific socialism and other advances, would do far better to confine his writings and actions to the regular English language. Rationalization of spelling is desirable, but NOT NOW. ~~~ You ought at least to pretend that the editorial staff has spent a little time on the magazine instead of dashing it out while waiting for a street-car." (The picture daw paints is preposterous. As if the composers of IMAGINATION! would ride in a common conveyance! Or bother about editing! Y, they relax in their Rolls Royces, leave the mental & manual labor of publishing the periodical to the 2d Asst Secys...)

*Louis Kulan* Sec-Treas the American Fantasy Assn, 170 Washington Av; W Haven/Ct. "The most laudable attribute of this fan magazine is its propensity for coming out on time, which propensity happens to be possessed by only two or three other fan efforts. ~~~ I am very glad to see that we eastern fans who are against futuristic spelling have an ally in the person of Perry L. Lewis. If necessary, Perry, I'll send you some tri-nitro-toluene for the purpose of blowing up Ackerman, and his dastardly Ackermanese. Just give the word. ~~~ The most interesting article in this issue was Robert Bloch's interview with a monster( himself). Bloch's humor was awful in places, but effective in others. I did enjoy his work in Wiord Tales, but I have recently given it (W.T.) up as not fit reading for anyone but a moron. Perhaps he will write a science-fiction story(a hint, Mr. Bloch). ~~~ By all means keep up Resurrection by Frederick Shroyer. There happen to be several book reviews in other fan mags, but Mr. Shroyer has as interesting material, and style as any of them. Please review Messiah of the Cylinder by Rousseau. ~~~ I don't know what to vote the worst thing in the issue as there are several, so I won't say anything, but I'll think a lot."

JACK "IPO" SPEER, 117N4; Comanche/Okla: "I don't believe you can do it. Why don't you offer a year's subscription to anyone that finds a taint of Ackermanese in the forthcoming article? (Taint a bad idea. Agreed! Couldnt expect th LASFL treasu-



ry to bak a bad penny like me on such a bet as that, where my once absentmindedly m-  
 ployng an Ack-scruciating usage word cost to Betsy a prity penny; but I'll persnly pay  
 for that yr sub for U, Jack; if U find anytng to attack in "The Living Lie." & I'll  
 let Perry Lewis decide validity of any claim. --FJA) Hope you publish Ted's reply  
 to Michelism in the April Foo issue--and I hope he's handled the subject well. ~  
 The March cover isn't as good as usual. Make 'em simple! ~ WoV calls to mind the  
 headlines of the morning paper. It seems that Los A had 4 1/2 inches of dew in  
 twelve hours. ~ The biography of Tol indicates a kindred soul. 'Ray for benevol-  
 ent dictatorships! ~ Bloch's biography passably good (passably! you groan)--but  
 shows in its worst form your space-wasting method of indentation. ~ Advice to Am-  
 ateur Magicians ditto. ~ 2001 fair. ~ If you must revive old books--why not  
 pick better ones than 'MS Found in a Copper Cylinder'? ~ I second Moskowitz' ad-  
 vice to 'organize your pages'. ~ Richard W may be right in saying the neo-typo-  
 writer prints the letters too far apart, but it's still more pleasing than the old  
 kind. ~ Shame on Louis Kuslan--speculating in the price of fan pubs! ~ No Erd-  
 ostolulov this time! Penance for last issue's running will or-- permanent?! ~ I  
 have striven to interpret the Esperanto seal on the last two Madges, and gather that  
 it cusses out modern English and praises Esperanto--but I don't think it's written  
 in Esp. Check? (The Mexican seal, in Española and Esperanto, fites for fneticism,  
 against "the false orthography".) ~ Oh, yes, isn't my subscription about expired?"  
 (June).

for 6 *Robert D. Shuster* 15 Ledyard Rd, Winchester/Mass: "Money order enclosed  
 issues of I!, including Keller's Television Detective.  
 ~ Using the native names of countries is a good idea (being one of my own) and  
 should be encouraged."

*Walter C. Marcantelle* Editor of Scienti-Snaps, 2120  
 Porshing Blvd; Dayton, OH: "After seeing four copies of your publica-  
 tion I am sure you are here to stay. Well and good, but for heavens'sake got rid of  
 Ackermanese! Now I have no doubt that Forrest is a very nice fellow, but his spell-  
 ing is very, very bad. No, I don't even think it's clever. Futuristic? Maybe, but  
 some of it looks a great deal like the haphazard language of the 16th Century. ~  
 I really enjoyed that bit of so called humor by Bob Bloch; let's have more like it!  
 Also, FJA's column is much better this time. It seems more like the movie columns  
 of the dead, but not forgotten, FANTASY. ~ I hope none of you LA League members  
 was hurt in the California dewluge. (If I don't watch out I'll be as bad as Acky!)  
 ~ I am enclosing...for THE TELEVISION DETECTIVE by Dr. Keller."

*Richard* Editor of The Science Fiction News Letter, *Wilson, Jr*  
 86-10 117 St; Richmond Hill/NY, airmails:  
 "People: I note happily that Eristolulov and its Esperanties are missing from  
 Madge for March. Hope it isn't an over-sight. ~ Bloch wasn't up to his usual  
 form in "A Charming" (why the italicization?) 'Interview'. Ryner the Great's 'Ad-  
 vice to Amateur Magicians' was very good. He writes, in a way, as Bloch used to.  
 ~ How about an interview with Karloff next? ~ 'Resurrection', tho not a new id-  
 ea, is a good one. ~ You do go a bit to extremes in reproducing all your letter-  
 writers' typographical and grammatical errors. Next you'll be transcribing strike-  
 overs. (Perhaps. Realizing we are illiterates, we should not have the audacity to  
 dare to attempt to correct a commentator, the presumptuousness to postulate that  
 certain of our complaining patronizers might be other than paragons of perfection in  
 the processes of spelling, punctuation, etc.) ~ Jack Spoor bawls you out for only  
 printing part of my News Letter comment re IMAGINATION! You say that nothing in it  
 was complimentary, underscoring the comp. etc. That is true. But what I said hap-  
 pened to be the truth, and, if the truth isn't complimentary, the fault lies with you  
 and not with me. ~ Being a subscriber, I am inclosing 10¢ and two 1 1/2¢ stamps  
 for two copies of David H. Keller (M.D.)'s 'The Television Detective.' ~ I hear  
 the dew has been a bit heavier out there of late." (Dew toll. It was dewtorium...!)



FORECAST: For the Month of May, IMAGINATION! Brings Back to The Imagi-Nation One of its Earliest--& Most Entertaining-- Fan Writers in an Interesting Article Titled "I Can't Escape from U!"-- By Allen Glasser.

Other Features Sked for May (or Jun): A socio-logical article by KAREL ČAPEK in conjunction with notes about his new profetic play, "White Plague".

"Why Stf Editors Go Crazy", by Jack Coburn.

"How to Become a Stf Fan", by Ray Bradbury.

"Upside-down in Time", by Henry Kuttner.

A piece about Perpetual Motion, by Chas Gurnett.

"Broadwalk Asylumystery", Play Review of Brains Enslaved in Private Worlds, by Jack Erman.

To accommodate our increasing & ever-interesting correspondence, Voice of the Imagi-nation will b enlarged to 3, or possibly 4, full pgs.

Among Our Mems, we soon'll let U meet Fred Shroyer, Lucie B Shepherd, Vodoso, Hal Clark, Roger Starr.

Imagi-nik-nax will present words with OAKline, Fletcher Pratt, Leo Morcy, RF Starzl, SPWright, A. Merritt...

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slit in last ish, but 603311, Newark/NJ  
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ence Digest, SFfan, Helios, SFNews Let-  
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TAKE AD-VANTAGE OF ME: "MADGE"



IMAGINA-SHUN! "Th Fanmag of th Foo-  
ture with a Foo-ture"

Imagination!

Robert Block

writes: "Dear Madgenius;  
Imagination arrived at  
my humble palace, quite

resplendent in its blue cover with the picture  
of a winged cigar butt flying over the surface  
of a hot-fudge sundae. Greatly entranced by the  
articles, though I seemed to detect some levity  
in the work of Ryner the Great. (Really a clas-  
sic work on goety, though, and undoubtedly stol-  
en almost verbatim from the Book of Eibon). ~

I was, however, quite surprised to see that in  
some quite incomprehensible manner, my serious  
monograph had been turned into a ribald burles-  
que. I deemed it in execrable taste to so dist-  
ort my scholarly utterances so that they seemed  
to form a dubious series of quite rancid jests  
-- "gags" I believe they are called, vulgarly.

It seems a sacrilege to me that a work of such  
exquisite beauty should be so atrociously mangl-  
ed that the nuance of my meaning was garbled in-  
to facetiousness. I must also complain that  
your proof-reader...apparently cut out about 40-  
000 words; the real heart of my article. Real-  
ly, I'm quite beside myself (and that makes me  
twins, which is pretty serious, considering how  
hard I find it to support myself alone). ~

Noticed in the book a reference to Egyptian  
tales, by Mr. Shroyer. It might interest him to  
know that my next Egyptian story will be very  
short -- it's about Little Egypt. Plenty of  
movement, though, in this tale. Espefrantically  
WANTED: Assts for Madgo--must b congenital idiots

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