





# The Book Beautiful

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# IMAGINATION!

The Fanmag of the Future With a Future!

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# WAY OUT WEST ("Hi-Lites of Local Leag Life") By Russell J. Hodgkins.

Our cover this month may need a word of explanation. It comes to us from Hans Bok, via Ray Bradbury, who tells us the artist, who at present resides in Seattle, calls his creation The Goddess of the Flame. She resides within the gates of Kalepin, at The Brink of Hades, & Tures the souls of the damnd with her fiery dance, thru the unending ages. Her hair is of fire & she holds it in her hands as she dances...Some benighted individual suggested we label it "The Spirit of Spring". Tsk tsk.

As mentiond last month a special meeting was calld for 31 Mar, for which a large group of members & guests turnd out to welcome LBDilbeck, the Fortean Society Investigator. We were doomd to disappointment, however, for at the last minute word was rcvd he would be unable to attend. Our chagrin was somewhat soothd by his promise to attend nextime without fail, & the fact that he sent us a pair of AP dispatches, which he authord, relating to Chas Fort & his work. These having been read to the gathering, Bob Olsen then regaled us with the amazing true story of the swallows of Mission San Juan Capistrano. These birds spend the summer in Calif, building their nests in the eves of the Mission, then leaving every San Juan's Day (23 Oct) to vanish out over the Pacific, only to reappear from their mysterious destination on St Joseph's Day (19 Mar). The arrival & departure of the swallows has been going on since the mission was founded in 1776, & to this day they have come & gone exactly on time, regardless of the weather or spectators. Recently the day of departure arrived & with it a terrific dustorm, which was thot would delay the exodus. However, that evening when the air cleard the swallows were gone, not to be seen again til the following St Joseph's Day had rolld around. As yet none of these migrators have been banded to discover their destination, nor does anyone know the answer to the riddle of the enigmatical exactitude of their comings & goings. Should give some enterprising author idea for a stf story...

The annual Open House was held at Caltech 8 Apr. proving to be a veritable Circus of Science to the several 1000 people who attended. Not to be left out of anything that might prove interesting, 1/2 doz of us made the trek to Pasadena, where we met Paul Frechafer, who playd host to us for the eve. The first object of interest was the rocket exhibit, where we met John Parsons, who's one the chaps experimenting with various typs rocket fuel. During the conversation we discoverd Bob Olsen had already spent considerable time at the exhibit & invited Parsons to an SFL meeting, a suggestion we heartily 2ded. From there we went to the Hi Potential Lab, where they make a practice of being very disrespectful to a mere million volts of electricity. Artificial lightning & stuff. Fun... We were fortunate in being able to get a view of & hear a short lecture about the 200" mirror, which is being polisht in the Opticalab. The rest the eve was spent in wandering haphazardly in & out various exhibits & lecture rms, picking up interesting bits of info here & there, & all the while making unkind remarks to Paul. This because he had faild to bring with him his copy of the new AmS, which had apeard a day earlier in Pasadena than LA. All was forgiven when, upon taking him home, we were invited up to give issue the once-over. Upon subsequent reading the verdict seems to be--stinko....

The 5 Apr meeting was memorable for Moroyojo's agitation for cabling congrats to the S-FA, London, on the occasion of its 2d Convention, & for our Overseas Chapter to express approval of the proposed Constitution. Idea was instantaneous hit. Every effort was made to determine



FANTASCIENCE F-L-A-S-H-E-S ! By Claire Voyant

WANTED: WIVES & MUSIC is the strangely unscientific-sounding title of an interplanetary yarn of peril in C sharp minor under submission by Bob Olsen.

Henry Kuttner, working over time, has turned out no less than 9 new tales, to wit: BEYOND THE PHOENIX~~FLUX~~WHEN THE BEAST CAME~~THE DARK HERITAGE~~FRIGHTFUL CLAY~~ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN~~THE DISINHERITED~~THE TRANSGRESSOR~~& MURDER FOR FUN!

2d in The Bizarre Series (Richard Frank & K. Russell Miller, publishers) will b Dr Keller's own favorite among his short storys, the shudderyarn THING IN THE CELLAR...

Amelia Reynolds Long working on another Prof O'Flannigan scientifunnyarn, THE MAN WHO SWALLOWD AN ELEFANT

Fans interested in the identity of Lt John Pease, author of THE INVISIBLE BOMBER in Amazing 38 Jun, r tipt to thumb thru Argosyarn THE RADIO WAR for either a case of circumstantial evidence or 2 + 2 equals Ralph Milne 4-ley!

Allis Kerlay & I were going thru Russ Hodgkins' astonishing sudonym sheet the other day--a little guessing game contest tween Allis & me to see how many alter egos we knew offhand--when my French-Canadian friend (she pronounces her name Ahl-ecs') calld something queer to my attn: "Thornton Ayre" is Frank Jones of England; "Milton R. Peril" is Francis Arthur Jones--believed to b British. Is it possible our old familiar "Milton Peril" is the new flash, "Thornton Ayre"--? As Weaver'd write: "Draw Ur own concussions...!"

\*\*\*\*\*

(WOW cont'd) time message should be releast to reach destination during the assemblage. Now we wonder how well we succeeded.

We were glad to welcome back one of our first Hon Mems--one, in fact, whom we must thank for the very existence of our organization: The founder of the SFL--Charlie Hornig! In a short speech he expresst his desire to do all in his power to push our club & pub to the pinnacle.

New mems recently acquired include Charlie Henderson from "Shep's Shop" & Truman Reese recruited by Hal Clark.

"Dr Acula" (Frank Brady), just back from a special trip to Northern Cal, tells of his disillusionment investigating the Rosicrucians' reports of a hidden retreat of legendary Lemurians in the Mt Shasta district. Doc summd up his feelings: Nuts!

Num--  
ber of our mems of atheisticcomplex engaged in a blastemous experiment of defying a deity, if there be one, to strike them dead--much to the consternation of those in the crowd with faith. Agnostics, unwilling to risk their own lives, defyd the Deity to strike a fellow mem down! (NB: I must regretfully report that Acker-man is still with us!).

As these, the last words to be mimeod for May, are being written (24 Apr), Vodoso arrives with an ad ("Madge" has Sunday service at her bx): "I understand Imag is now the best fan mag--inclosed find 20 cents for which please run my add: Wanted--Thrill Bks, Tales of Magic & Mystery, Recluse, Conquest of Mars &c. E. Weinman: 57 1/2 Lyndhurst, Rochester/NY"



## AMONG OUR MEMS

*Lusi B Shepherd* --th mysterious Mrs Shepherd! Leag mem who makes practice of payng her dues mos. in advance...but nev'r's atendd a meeting!

Th "B" is for Bartles, her maidenname.

"Lusi Šeperd", as she ofn signs herself in Esperanto, strongly ndorses evryone's adoptng th Universalanguage. Like Morojo, Pogo, De Pinto, Cumnock & othr Angelenos (local name for LA residnts) she's nthusiast of th streamline spelng & styl in wich her own intrview is being presentd.

"Shep" startd at 8 to read fairyarns. Thence Jules Verne & H. Rider Haggard. Lists those she likes to read fday in this ordr: CLMoore, A. Merritt, FJAckerman, Dr Keller, S. Quinn. She read th MOON POOL for th firsttime recently--then read it rite over again! Fave fantascience storys: Th bk "Hollow Skin" by Virginia Swain (re-viewd Apr "Madge") & "Shambleau, Brite Illusion, Black God's & Nymph of Darkness". Prefers weird to stf.

Was dlited by "Devil Doll", first fantasy film she remembrs havng seen.

Dscent: Deutsch. Militry Matr --Pacifist. Politix: Red-bloodd Capitalist. Religion? Realy none. Gambling: Likes games of chance, favorng Faro. Pet Peeves: Th moon & th stars--movie stars!

Wishes to xpres these opinions about localites who've visitd her 2dhand Magshop, th evenng operation of wich prevents her atcndng LA Leag or Esp-Klubo: "Forrest is a bona ovo & Morojo is a bona ovino. Henry Kuttner is a bona ovo too & his bk reviews of great value to peopl who want to kno 'what is what' & wher to find it--in fantastic fiction. Celeste is a persiko! Vodoso is a grand lil kid. & Russ Hodgkins--is KOLOSA!"

\*\*\*\*\*

*Vodoso* --is derived from th Esperanto initials of Virgil Douglas Smith, son of Myrtle R. Douglas (Morojo).

Bsides, naturly, th SPL, Vodoso is mem th S-FA & FAPA. He contribs to th FAPA as artist. He dsignd Madge's first covr. His favorit subjects to draw r futur aero-planes, rockets & spaceships.

SKYLARK OF SPACE, told to him by Uno, aroused his interest in stf. Has best njoyd th Skylark series & Morey-Wade-Arcotales, EESmith & Campbell Jr being his best-liked authrs.

Pet Peeve: Dr Keller. "Wen a story by him apears I don't read it & I don't read th story bfor it & I don't read th story aftr it!"

Nearst nown LA rivalr of "4E"'s record of 10 times on THINGS TO COME, havng seen it (his favorit scientifilm) 8 times. Raymond Massey masculin film fave in compny with Karloff & Warren William; only lady he seems to like is Annabella.

Top

mag, AS-F; ilustrator, Wesso.

Atheist.

Pacifist.

Favors mentl telepathy over Esperanto apathy.

Xtrovert.

Optomist.

Habitual xpresion: "I don't get it."

Ambition: To b electricl ngineer.



Forrest J Ackerman's FANTASCIENCE FILMART Synopsis of serial "Flash Gordon's Trip to Mars"

Forward: U r bidn to bord dreamship Imagination! & speed thru space & time to th yr 3,000! Circling hi abov our world U see devastateng floods sweepng futur citys to th sea, dustorms levng crops & huricanes scrambling humanbeings with rooftops. Hoverng over Newyork harbr look down & bhold fierce flames dvourng huge, strange blögs.

Our craft, Imagination! ...sloly setls. By time we land flames'v died down, nothing's left of Ny but smoke & skyscraper skeletns. Peopl pour from subways wher they'v been seekng refuge. Wringng his hands one man xclaims "If someone doesnt stop that Force in space from stealing nitrogen from our atmosfere...soon we'l all die!"

Chapt 1: "New Worlds to Conqr"--Ming th Mercyles is on Mars colaborateng with Azura th MagiQueen, operateng amazng & complicated lamp wich sux nitrogen from Tero. They mploy this nitrogen manufactureng xplosivs to destroy their enemys. Loss of nitrogen raises havoc on Tero so Flash Gordon, th fizicl & mentl wizard; Dale Arden, his fiancée; Dr Zarkov, superscientist; & Hapy Hapgood, newspaperman; start to Mars in roketship to destroy lamp. Zoomng thru stratosfere they r drawn into lamp's nitrogen-sukng ray. Their roketship hurtls uncontrolld tord Redplanet--

#2: "Th Livng Dead"--Ming & Azura issue ordr wherat meteor dflectr rises in front th huge lamp of Mars wich is drawing Flash's roketship to it. Ship glances off & falls into Vally of Desolation. Flash & his frends, escapeng injury, capture a Marsian stratosled & set out to destroy th great lamp. Atakt, they fall nr th cavern of th Claymen. Fleong their atakrs they ntr uandrground pasage. Sudnly walls nr ntrance slide togethr with rumbl. Flash & frends r trapt...

#3: "Queen of Magic"--With his nitrogun Flash blasts hole thru imprisonng walls & his companyons in peril efect escape. Later they r captured by th Claypeopl: Humanbeings who'v been turnd to clay by Azura, Q of M. Th Clayking, holdng Dale Arden & Hapy Hapgood as hostages, sends Flash & Dr Zarkov to capture Azura. Flash, by ruxeries, manages to come face to face with Azura. He snatches th Wite Safire, sorce of her magical power, from her throat & forces her to his stratosled wich is on a landngplatform. Ming th Mercyles, seeng m, starts giant oscilator wich shakes th l.p. to pieces. Flash & Azura tumbl tord th ground--100s feet below!

#4: "Ancient Enemys"--Flash & Azura escape (I can't nltien how as th prepared review in th pres-bk doesnt say & pic hasnt yet playd LA) & A escapes F. She & Ming declare war on th Claypeopl. Blievng Flash involvd m in this war Clayfolk chain Dale & Hapy to rox in path of bombs being dropt from one of Azura's ships. Flash & Zarkov, equipt with Marsian batwing parachutes, arrive via stratosled & Z leaps to ground. Flash sets controls strait at bomb. Follows terific xplosion!

#5: "Th Boomerang"--Just bfor stratosled crashes Flash manages to blast open cabin door. Later he & Z trik a gard & ntr Azura's palace. Wandrng into a lab Z makes a paralyzr gun. Discoverd, they escape from th palace. Azura, howevr, sends bomr aftr m. Flash leans p.g. against rok as he runs to help Z who's falln--& as he does so steps in his raygun's radius & is paralyzd! Azura's bomr dives at him!

#6: "Treemen of Mars" (next month).

APRIL SHOWERS in LA were showers of revivals, various groups being enabled to see once more such fantasy films of yore & ypresterday as "The Old Dark House, Topper, Man Who Lived Twice, Bride of Frankenstein, Werewolf of London, Lost Horizon, Invisible Man & King Kong".

The aviationarative in technicolor, "Men With Wings", tho not Les Stone's, sorry, will, however, feature a futuristicclimax...



IN DEFENSE OF MICHELISM (pronounced Mi-she'l'ism) by Donald A. Wollheim

T. Bruce Yerke's "Reply to Michelism" (Apr) leaves me with a mess of conflicting impressions. After several paragraphs hedging around the outskirts of the Michelist position he ends with the conclusion that the world is inescapably headed for either (a) a war which will end civilization (& probably mankind including TBY) or (b) a socialist revolution which despite possible bloodshed is the only hope for any further existence & progress. This is quite correct; is indeed the very basis of the Michelist argument.

Bruce Yerke believes it not for the science fiction ranks to accomplish this result. Again he is correct. The 75 or thereabouts active fans (I am not so optimistic about our numbers as he) certainly aren't going to remake the world by themselves. The socialist revolution, if there is to be one, will be made by millions & millions of perfectly ordinary people. These multitudes will arrive, as in many places they already have, at these conclusions by other methods than that of Yerke, myself or other fans. Our small group arrives at these thots concerning our little planet principally by reason of our idealism & Utopian instincts. But our conclusion is quite the same as that of the millions who arrive thru the more unpleasant route of unemployment, persecution &c.

The whole argument boils down to whether or not we fans can do even the tiniest little bit toward helping along that sole chance of saving our own world. Now, whether Yerke, Speer & other head-in-the-clouds fans like it or not the fact still remains that we happen to be living on this planet NOW--in the year 1938 & presumably still decades before space-flite (assuming civilization survives the next 5 years). & whether TBY likes it or not the events of this utterly insignificant & petty little planet with its puling 2-legged parasites are just close enuf to bash brother Bruce's imaginative little brains out or blow his guts about with hi explosives or cut off his supply of victuals until after a while the blood ceases to circulate thru his gray matter & his science fiction daze SUDDENLY STOPS. You see, we fans, tho we may very well like to, just can't take an isolationist position toward the whole of Planet 3. Since that remains an incontestable fact the only thing we can do to save our faces (& bodys) is to try to do what little we can to help.

& that, my friend, is what was said at the 3d Eastern Convention & is being repeated by growing numbers of Thinking Fans everywhere. Now Michelism is not a party nor a new political program (nor did it ever claim to be). It's merely a state of mind, characterized first by the fan's having reached the same conclusions Yerke reached, & 2d by realizing that since we can't remove ourselves from the effects of this world conflict we must enter it & do our bit. In his own way Ackerman--& even Yerke--is as an Esperantist a definite Michelist. The work the Esperantists do in teaching the ideal of world-fellowship adds its share to the forces fighting darkness. We Michelists ask nothing more of them save perhaps that they coöperate a little more with similarly minded fans everywhere. Even if such fans are always in a minority that is no excuse for betraying your own convictions & playing slacker.

Nor do I see anything contradictory in my position in regards the Peace Pledge Union. As Dorothy Thompson said over the radio the other day, whether we like it or not the US (or GB) is a part of a world system & we cannot remove ourselves from it. The Peace Pledge, like the isolationist movement here, is an attempt to deny that. The purely negative pacifist position is one the surest ways to war, giving as it does complete freedom of action to those nations openly praising & advocating war--the Fascist ones. Sincere as the Pacifists may be their reasoning is hopelessly (& murderously) false.

One word in closing: Yerke & Speer may like the idea of a "benevolent dictator" but if they will pay a little more attention to the complete facts & details of history they will find there never really has been any such combination. Unless they prefer to think Feudalism managed it. They certainly must be very queer stf fans that would want a return to 1000 years ago!



## NEW ATTACK ON MICHELISM By Erick Freyor

I should imagine from what I have heard & read relative to Michelism that it is merely a pastel pink shade derived from the more virile & certainly more strateforward Communisticrimson. The whole mess strikes me as another mild perturbation in the proverbial teapot, another plaintive blare from the too-too daring lefts.

What in the name of the Necronomicon SCIENCE FICTION has to do with Michelism I don't know. I suppose, however, had Wollheim been a stampcollector he'd've pled his party in the name of stampcollecting. Sic semper--

Now I am not so pessimistic as Yerke & certainly not so ready to offer the only panacea for world ills as Wollheim. Nevertheless I do have a philosophy of sorts & it is as far removed from Wollheim's flagwavings & Come the Revolutions as Los Angeles is from New York, home of the latterday worldsavers. &, too, it has the advantage of being a rather simple philosophy. I mention this outlook of mine not for any desire of airing my ego but simply for the purpose of offering a point of comparison...

The material with which any worldsaver, any Messiah of the Masses, has to work upon this partially green earth is an extremely variable sort of stuff. It isn't a question of saving a world but a question of saving man. The point is: Does man need saving? Man is a rather simple sort of animal, upholstered a bit & slitley inconvenienced by having to walk erect on 2 legs stead of loping along on 4. These superficialitys, I think, may well be disregarded for upon analyzation he is found to have in slitley warpt & artificial variations the same basic lusts, greed, loyalty & traits our canine friend Rover displays. When he is well fed he grunts & is happy. When his Mother is called a lady who never refused an improper proposal he fites. When one of his country's ships is sunk he needs only the beat of a drum & the blare of a bugle to make him grab a gun & yell "Where's that \$%! !#?&! babykiller---!" Still man is a rather likeable sort of beast. He is more or less an individual. One (m)animal likes Lovecraft, another swears by Schackner, another enthuses over Charles Fort. One conclusion is inevitable: Man is no cog but rather a homogeneous creature that never will fit, click & vibrate with all other men. It is in failing to realize this that Michelists, Communists & all others of their ilk are doomed to failure...

MICHELISM teaches worldfellowship I am told. Worldfellowship! Bleach for me, Wollheim, all Negros & other colord races til they be white as I. Uproot all religiousuperstitions, the product of ages, in minds of the little yellow brethern, hotentots &c, until they believe as I. Convince all races that their nationalisticredos are wrong & that they should adopt mine. When you have finisht with these Augean stables, Wollheim...I shan't join you for I shall be no more! The sun will have died ons ago & earth will be cosmic dust in the eyes of Lovecraft's Gods!

Stop War? How --by gibbering Communism? "Why Not Try God?" or the Oxford Movement? or Coûism? Can you stop hunger by generous doses of Marx? Can you kill desire by reciting the precepts of Buddha? Marx's little lost brother, Jesus, proved the fallacy of your system; Russia proved the impossibility of your wish-projection; & countless little coöperative communitys rang the deathknell of your fancys. There will be wars & more wars: Wars to save Democracy--wars to save the Constitution--wars to End wars! & wars to do all sorts of things. Men will be blown up, citys will be wreckt & women who survive will continue to bear children who in turn will wage Wars to save Things. Tragic? Not at all! Merely "pendulation" if you'll pardon a coinage.

Laissez-faire  
--find a belief, be intellectually honest with yourself & realize man's limitations & basic immutability. Dream; but don't be too optomistic about finding your dreams when you awake. Find little escapes to relieve the monotony of mere living, be they Demon rum, women, religion or science fiction--it makes no difference. &--quit being a God in a pigsty!



## FLITE FROM FANTASY

*Allen Gleason*

In the jargon of psychiatrists the word "fantasy" denotes an escape from reality. I don't know what they would call an escape from fantasy--but I do know that such escape is impossible.

Some 4 years ago after having been a fairly regular follower of the various fantasy magazines my interest waned & I ceased to read them. My only knowledge of them thereafter came thru random, indirect contacts. However I soon discovered that fantasy as a subject of popular interest was not confined to 3 or 4 pulp periodicals.

Right after I'd dropt the regular fantasy mags the comic section of my Sunday newspaper sprouted a new feature--FLASH GORDON. As you know, Flash's adventures represent fantasy in its most familiar (if not most admirable) form; & so at weekly intervals the stf subject continued to thrust itself upon me. Since then I have encountered fantasy in several other comic strips--most recently in Popeye's hilarious affair with the Martians.

Radio, stage & screen, with their increasingly frequent presentations of this nature, also served to keep me from forgetting fantasy during this period.

But if there was one place I never expected to run across this subject it was the scholarly North American Review. Yet it was in the pages of this erudite journal that I chanced upon Clemence Dane's article called "American Fairy-Tale". As readers of IMAGINATION! may know, this article recognized popular fantasy as a new & important development in American literature. Now at last I realized to what stature this type fiction had grown; & I understood why it was no longer limited to the few mediums I had known in the past.

All this may sound pretty obvious to the regular fantasy fan; but to one who had been completely out of touch with this field, like myself, it was a revelation. I am convinced now that fantasy, in its various manifestations, has attained such popularity that one simply can't escape from it--but, after all, who really wants to?

IMAGI-NIK-NAX:

*Lee Mowley* "A knock or a boost--from someone in California, it always makes one fool great."

"I am very glad to know that my efforts, though very poorly executed, are not always thrown into the waste basket. I really do not mind criticism. On the contrary, it helps us realize the rut we are in, unavoidably driven there by our daily routine."

"I am not trying to offer you any alibies, but if you knew the amount of work I have to turn out daily, I am pretty sure that all my critics would have, now and then an encouraging word rather than a hard merciless brick."

tion that the young women and the boys today often display a

*Lowell Howard Morrow* "It has been my observation that the young men and girls of today often display a keener perception of literary efforts than their elders."

"No, I'm not sensitive about my name. Many people insist on writing my first name 'Otto' and my second 'Albert.' Some, also, have their own ways of spelling Kline, such as Klein, Clino, Clyno, etc. ~ But you know the old saying about the rose--"

*Otto Kline*



ONWARD ESPERANTO! By Erdstetulov. This month I turn my column over to Mirta Forsto who has prepared a translation from the Universalanguage of the new play per la mondfama aŭtoro de "Rosumaj Universalaj Robotoj".

WHITE PLAGUE by the worldfamous Ĉeĥoslovenska dramatist Karel Čapek is a drama of anguishing appeal for peace & humanity. It is a protest against war & the annihilation of material & cultural values. The world of humaneness & democracy is brot into dramatic conflict with the world of crude expansion & dictatorship. Karel Čapek, one of the eminentaj spiritoj de Eŭropo today, himself explains to us the idea & theme of the "White Plague" as follows:

"The White Plague provides a dramatic background on which one can better & more clearly sketch the struggle. The original task of the White Plague is constructive, purely dramatic. It is natural that afterward the White Plague became for me also symbolic of the current discord of the white race & of the world. The White Plague in my play calls to mind the Middle Ages & their terrible epidemics; it, also, is a species of epidemic for which man knows no cure.

"The hero of the play is a practicing physician, a doctor of the poor class, & justly his devoted service to many many men leads him to the discovery of the treatment for the White Plague. He represents simple humanity, the democratic concept of the world, & is the bearer of the Ideal of Humanism. Against him stands the dynamic principle of dictatorship, which is inhuman because it uses man for the attainment of power & suppression. The doctor defends the principle that each man has the right to live & must defend that right even against imperialism & bullets.

"As a playwright I naturally use drastic measures against wayward mankind; I send an epidemical White Plague. Naturally if I didn't believe that one could awaken humanity along the line of reason & enthusiasm the White Plague would not have been conceived. Rightly, therefore, I believe that I use this drastic appeal: The White Plague is an appeal to the conscience & the honest, healthy commonsense of everyone on whose hearts lie the welfare of Europe, the chance of tranquil evolution, the fate of the whole human race.

"As the solution? Catastrophic failure on both sides. A tragic end of the battle between inhuman imperialism & man. Finally it is clear that the principle does not conquer & that thru the world rolls only a crude unconscious strength of the mass that donys the leader that releast it from its dynasticism. If sometime the passions & instincts of the masses become unleasht even the leaders cannot halt them.

"There remain only 2 young people, the hope of the futuro, the hope for a new generation: The son of the munitions manufacturer & the dawtor of the dictator, themselves clean, humanly honest & sensible. They are young people untought by the fanaticism of their parents. They are the type of young people that I should like to see."

MAY marks the 10TH ANNIVERSARY de la Esperanto-Klubo de Los-Anĝeleso. Banquet! Big Shots! Prezidanto resumes decade of EsperantoClub activity in LA; Sekretario Fraulo Fojak (FJAckerman) requested to furnish rapidfire translation--Tomorrow's Tung into Today's English--for benefit of educationalists & other honord guests present not yet having studyd the Universalanguage.

19 APR 51 EE (Esperanto Era) caravan of cars containing (among names U'd kno) myself--Erdstetulov, Morajo, Fojak, Mirta Forsto, "Amny" Anshutz & Chas D Hornig, raced to a rendovuo with a superadio in an exclusive mountain residence above Montrose to catch the first Esperanto broadcast to Ameriko! The "Green Star Station" (Brno), Praha/Ĉeĥoslovensko, was releasing into the ether its epic program at 4:30 a'clock the next morning so we could hear it 7:30 NITE BEFORE...!



## VERSE OF THE IMAGINATION:

Spaceward! --Litterio B. Farsaci

Come & drink  
of the vast unknown...the endless void no one has flown; let's leave these  
earthly points of view for those more pure & true. ~~~ Out in space mid the starry  
skys we shall go where mystery lies. Countless worlds are gleaming ahead:

Come! has  
your spirit fled? /

Tree's a Crowd (Dedicated to "Madge" & Forrest--Prime Evil!) by  
"Heilerbochen";

I think that I shall never see...a thing so full of insanity...as a  
"provocativ" publication--I think its name's IMAGINATION!--with words that look like  
old Chinese...instead I find it's Ackermanneso! ~~~ A magazine of "Crazy J's" that's  
edited in an endless maze of "shorthand words" allruntogether...& no one gives an  
O'Connor whether...they circulate it as they please--I think its name should be: "The  
Breeze"! ~~~ Its covers look like last year's hat...with rocketships both thin & fat  
...cigarbutts flying over sundacs & blue as everybody's Mondays. Ofttimes I wish I'd  
never seen what they call "our" Madge-magazine!

## BK REVIEWS FROM ABROAD

By Horbert Haessler

(Original in doutsch; Esperanto résumé Anglicized  
by Paul Frochafer.

I plodg alogiance to U, "Madge",  
& to th IDEAS for wich U stand.  
One fanmag, i-n-i-m-i-t-a-b-i,  
I\_n\_s\_p\_i\_r\_a\_t\_i\_o\_n to all!  
--Morojo

EXPERIMENT IN THE UNIVERSE, 3 vols by CVRock. First: It is  
rumored an American millionaire sponsor of fantastic technical problems is at present  
backing a tremendous plan to move Toro to another place in our solar system--that is,  
first to correct the position of Toro's axis & 2dly to move ~~planet~~ planet closer to sun & so  
offset by the alterations greater warmth & constant climaticconditions everywhere on  
Toro.

In Deutschland & also other lands people are very sceptical about this project  
because believe it certainly bodes no good for the planet itself. But the banker 1/2  
crazed about the scheme does not hear the counseling voices & already has fixt the  
day when the great experiment is to begin.

A doutsch engineer discovers a neway to  
disintegrate the atom & believes it to be the best way to construct a spaceship &  
conquer the void. He too has heard of the project & realizes it signifys the end of  
nearly all mankind. But because he knows he cannot help he intends to build a huge  
spaceship & take with him an equal number of men & women & also seeds of various  
grains &c.

However he does not know whether he will be able to return to Toro after  
the project. & he succeeds. At the last minute before the beginning he is able to  
reach space & from the gigantic rocket they watch as Toro leaves the place it has oc-  
cupyd for countless agos. But over the radio they also hear the SOS signals of ships  
& land stations which tell of terrifying tidal waves. After shorttime even these last  
signals end because sovero electrical energys make further clear hearing impossible.  
Only Luno remains in its former position & rotates same as before.

Suddenly they di-  
scover others have succeeded in escaping. They behold another, even larger, rocket,  
which signals for help. The occupants are found to be mainly Mojicanos who that (&  
ritoly so!) they'd be safer in a rocket than remaining on Toro.

Inspection of Toro  
reveals it a ruind world. The rocketeers decide to seek a 2d homeland on nabor Venus  
...where their amazing adventures will be related next month in

"The Flaming Towers".



WHY STF EDITORS GO NUTS By Jack Coburn

Mr X Wrapright  
Editor, Queer:

I am submitting a queerd tale I just wrote. It is handwritten & the only paper I could find was wall paper but you will be able to read it except for where the paste is on. This is the best phantasyarn ever written but I shall let you have it at your usual rates. I want to do my own illustrating. --Mr Amander Speel. PS: You can get somebody in your office to punctuate the story.

Dear Mr Speel: I am returning your ms, "How Love Found a Way on Mars", & regret it is not acceptable. --X Wrapright.

Dear Mr Wrapright: I am sure there must be some mistake & that you didnt get to see my story. Probably the office boy sent it back & signd your name on the letter. Also the story came back with only 63c on the envelope instead of 66 & so I had to pay postage due. Do you think this is a good way to run a business? I am returning the story & hope you will read it this time. --Amander Speel.

Dear Mr Speel: Here is your story, "How Love Found a Way on Mars". Have read it personally for the 2d time & regret it will not do. Incidentally you did not send return postage the firsttime nor this time either for that matter. & why did you send it express collect? I am paying the full postage from this end. --X Wrapright.

Dear Mr Wrapright: You ought to be ashamed of yourself. It's your fault my story keeps going from Podunk to New York & back again. If you really read it (but I don't think you did) you would agree with me that it is a masterpiece. All my friends say so; & Oscar, the oddjobsman who is a little toucht in the head, says it's just wonderful. I have about 50 friends who will buy the issue of your magazine in which it appears. I am returning my story to you & should appreciate a check rightaway. --A. Speel.

Dear Mr Speel: I am very sorry but "How L. Found a W. on M." does not meet the requirements of this magazine. I appreciate your thotfulness in repeatedly submitting it to me but I must inform you flatly that I cannot buy the story. I am as usual paying the return postage. --XW.

Mr Wrapright:

I am not a fool--you can't deceive me. You stole my story & I can prove it: In my story the hero goes to Mars & in the new issue of your magazine there is a story in which the villain goes to Mars. You can get away with this with some people but not me! If you do not send me a check rightaway I shall see a lawyer. I am inclosing my story. --A. Speel.

My Dear Mr Speel: I should seriously advise you to leave Podunk immediately as directly after receiving your last letter Mr Wrapright emitted a loud scream & smasht the watercooler! He then bought a revolver & a railway ticket to Podunk. I am returning your ms by express prepaid as it is unavailable for our needs at this time.

Won't you try us again?

Cordially,

Asst Ed, QT



RESURRECTION: "The Golden Blight"--  
George Allan England. A Shroyer review.

The Great England wrote 3 bks which've been adjudged veritable cornerstones of a scientifi-fictional library: The first & bestknown ofcourse is that Pantagruel of all stf collections, DARKNESS & DAWN; the 2d, the lesser & far more propagandistic Golden Blight; with an also-ran titled "The Air Trust".

The Golden Blight makes no bones about the matter: it is purely a piece of Capitalistic Anathema. Maledictions & scallions for the bloated capitalist & benedictions & orchids for the broadshoulderd & hi-minded Socialist. Wollheim must love this bk as would Fred Warren & Tom Mooney. As literature it rates in my estimation somewhere below the Mason-Dixon Line & as propaganda it is illogical, crude & lafable.

The plot is of the simple stuff which Mother Goose is made of. There are 3 main characters: John Storm, the Socialist (Communist in modern idiom); "old Murchison", the Capitalist; & King Gold, which under the altar cloth is simply the yellow stuff that the New Deal took away from you.

Storm has a trunk. In the trunk is a machine. Storm presses a button. The machine buzzes & slings out all kinds of rays which transmute gold to a gray ash. Murchison has a lot of gold. He exploits de woikers. So-o-o-o-- Storm threatens to push the button & turn all the gold in the world to ash if Murchison doesnt agree to stop all war. Just like that! (Sound effect: Snapping of fingers.) Murchison lafs. Ha! Ha! & a Sneer! Sneer! So for the good of the proletariat Storm presses the button. Buzz! Buzz! goes the machine--& all the gold in the world turns to ash.

Comes intrigue. Murchison & the other BC (Bloated Capitalist) set assassins on the trail of Storm. But he's too smart--he's a Communist--you can't fool these Communists--nosiree, not on your tinny-tinny tan! He slings around wires & electrocutes the wouldbe killer & in his sparetime dreams up a television machine by which he can watch anything in the world, if & when he pleases. (Aside to Hankuttner: Great possibillitys for a Spicy Science Story, there. Oh, you're welcome!)

(Slow soft music with a sinister undertone. Danse Macabre gradually merging into "Bei Mir Bist Du Schön". Faint far wail of trumpets & 2 cats sliding down a tin roof.) The Jewish Menace enters. Herr Braunschweig from dat Diaboliccountry, Deutschland (this bk apeard 1916-'19), smiling slyly, offers to buy all the worthless gold & pay for it in pure silver which he has cornerd from all 4 corners of the earth (Bible). All the franticapitalists grab at his offer. Herr Braunschweig just lafs & snickers. Mind you, he's got something up his sleeve.

The world is reeling dizzily to destruction. Mobs drool & demonstrate. Citys are under mass rule. Storm puts on rags & thru some miracle, probably divine intervention, confronts the assembled Capitalists in Murchison's office. "Will you stop war now? you old meanys!" he querulously demands. But it's no soap.

Braunschweig has all the gold ash in a huge cellar in Washington/DC. He invites all the Capitalists down to see his trove. There he springs the surprise. Why did he buy the apparently worthless stuff? Elementary, my dear Rollo: Gold is an element & any change in its form must be only temporary. According to Braunschweig's calculations the ash will turn back to gold in a few minutes! Which it does. But the heat of transmutation is so intense the gold becomes molten & Braunschweig & the other capitalists are all toast-ed to a turn thru graveyard alley. To quote, "King Gold was dead"; & we leave the human race on the rd to Utopia.

Laconiccomment: Gold ash & balderdash!

(Classify-ad

--Attn! Michelists: This is a MUST bk & may be bought from me for 3.50 cc--i.e., three dollars & fifty cents capitalistic gain. Adres Frederick B. Shroyer: 509 S. Union Dr, Los Angeles/Calif.)



VOICE OF THE IMAGI-NATION (The Readers pick up their pen & ink & let us know how bad we-- censord!)

*John V. Baltadonis* NHOJ V. SINODATLAB, really artist suffering "reverses", writes from Comet Publications, 1700 Frankford Av, Philly/Pa: "Greetinx: Few comments on IMAGINATION! --- Nice magazine, except for Ackermanish spelling .... which is a terrible nuisance. However, after I've read a few more issues, I might get used to the blamed stuff. Hope so. (So do I! --Madge) ~ Mimeographing is definitely a turn for the better..... Material in second issue better than first issue....lots better..And, from what I've seen of the fifth and sixth issues, all I can say is you're going places. (U bet! & having such a streamlined figure I figure on getting to those places quikr!) Just who is editor of magazine? Ackerman? (Bro Baltadonis has observed evidences of editing? What a triumph!) ~ Am enclosing \$1.00 for a subscription to IMAGINATION!. Hurry those back copies along -- I wanna finish Ackerman's story The Hazy Hord. Just when it became interesting, I found it was serial.....result: wce is I."

Madge," types (thank Science!--see automan Miske of 5000 Train Av, Cleveland/O, magination! as per schedule, and enjoyed it spot of the issue being the uproar-- it was - of Robert Bloch's. It was by date. BUT, I gotta argue- ment with What's the big idea of ig- noring my ignorance is bliss 'tis folly disgrace (what, Ur signature. ("Where Tubby wise!" --RC) It's positively a autograf. Jack?), be- cause the only reason you lads & lasses in the land of eternal sun- shine didn't include it was jealousy, yes sir, nothing less than jealousy. You can't do a thing like that to me when I've been patiently waiting for the opportunity to show up those fellows who have been bragging about their signatures. I ask, no, I want, or no, better yet, I demand that you print this letter and my signature." (Miske-calculating one of those curves in copying Ur autograf & our stylus-stenciling Ack-sport woud b Ack-used of scampt work)

*Larry B. Farsaci* Poetic contributor of "To A Meteor", "To a Star" &c. of 48 Lewis St. Rochester/NY, put a PS to a persona letter to Forry which, pertaining to "me", he ("th J") has turned over for inclusion in present ish. "I enjoyed very much bk review The Strange Mss. Found in a Copper Cylinder. ~ Next book reviewed should be Vic Rousseau's Messiah of the Cylinder. (This appeared Apr.) Although I've read this "MIRACLE" man masterpiece more than once, review by Fred Shroyer will be extremely welcome. It's sure to be unique! ~ For those who may have gobbled (and digested) article Amont Atheism & Stf: A reading of the Mossiah bk. may very likely change your viewpoint."

*Charles H. Abney* Organizer of the SFL & Hon Mem our Chapt writes us from Elizabeth/NJ that he's on his way back to LA, remarking: "I guess you know how dead Science-fiction is around New York. This may sound funny when you realize that all the mags come from there--but all the spirit seems to center in California. ~ From what I know of the goings on of the Science Fiction League, the Los Angeles Chapter is the most active of all. As a matter of fact, your Chapter is so far ahead of the rest, that it's practically a club of its own. ~ That 'Imagination'--you've got something there--I hope to see it printed soon."

*Esperanto Enthusiast* *Elma P. Ardus* of Laramie/Wyo writes from Men's Residence Hall: "Mia kara Fo Jo: My thanks for the copy of 'Imagination.' Would subscribe, were it not for the nostalgia which it a- rises--the desire for more experiences and acquaintances than a life-time may hold."



I'll be sending in a bit now and then for an add issue, tho." (All our issues r add.)

Amelia Reynolds Long the authoress, writes from Harrisburg/Pa: "A few days ago, I was quite pleasantly surprised to receive a copy of a very interesting s-f fan magazine called Imagination. At the time, I was just recovering from a case of nerves that had back-fired; and when I saw in that magazine a paragraph attributed to me, with my signature in facsimile, I began to wonder whether the recovery had been as complete as I had imagined, or whether I was seeing things. Then the paragraph began to look familiar; and suddenly memory clicked. ~~~ Horo's wishing Imagination all kinds of luck and continued success in the future."

JACK COBURN, pseudonym of a wellknown writer, burns: "Do you want to get me murdered? (Yes, having read Ur latest atrocious story!) Whassa idea of putting the names of 'Campingor and Weisbell' on the Coburn article? In any case, whassa idea of interjection your revolting (watt an old pun this is!), leprous gags? I can grit my teeth and stand advncd sping, but a few more of these hidecus puns and--well, I'm warning you, Fiddlestuffer, and oiling my thumbscrews and the Iron Truss. ~~~ By the bye, don't you think Imagination! is going in a bit too heavily for humor? Why don't you try and get some serious articles, interviews, and so forth, from Fearn, Binder, and so forth? This current issue is about the newsiest and also the most offensively modernistic of them all; I'm looking forward to the feud which will probably develop between Doc Yerke and Wollheim. Mr. Bradbury's Formula for Successful STF Story is the cleverest thing in the issue and the funniest--nc, it's probably a toss-up between that ms. and Monstro Shroyer's book review. Also, modernized spelling is supposed to be simplified spelling, no? Then why spell 'fantasy', 'phantasy'?" (Because it is phantastic. Similarly: "Baroque" & "unlike", by the nature of their meanings, we preserve in their old "phasoned" forms rather'n simplifying to "baroke" or "unike".)

Robert Q Madge who edits Fantascience Digest under the COMET PULPS Banner, addresses us from 333 E. Belgrade St. Philadelphia/Pa: "I'm really not quite sure to whom I should salute this letter. The address is the residence of one Morojo (there is only one Morojo but I do not live in Bx 6475, Metropolitan Station!) and the handwriting of the person who addressed the two copies of IMAGINATION! to me is that of Perry J. ~~~ The February and March issues of IMAGINATION! were very excellently mimeographed and the material was excellent thruout. Russ Hodgkins' articles on local league doings are among the most interesting items in the magazine. I mourn with you the passing of Joe W. Skidmore; he has provided me with many an hour of enjoyment, but unfortunately, he shall do so no more. ~~~ The brief biographies of the various IASFL members are rather good -- I'm always interested in learning the wherefores and whatnots of my fellow stf. fans. Ackerman's FILMART, although not as good as his material in the old FANTASY, is worth reading. The brief interview with Jameson Thomas was interesting, although I do not remember having seen Thomas in any pictures. Erlick Freyor, in his article on Atheism and STF, aired my sentiments exactly. Many people before discovering science fiction tend towards Atheism, or at least they begin to doubt all the myths that are handed to them on silver platters. ~~~ The Readers' Department is one of your best features. Continue this by all means." (Ofcourse.)

A \* y g o ~ ~ Postcards his/her opinions, in tabulated form, from NY/NY: "Things I like about 'Madge': Futurized spelling Hodgkin's W.O.W. Voice of the Imagi-nation Sensayuma Among Our Moms. Dislike: Esperanto Radio Rovues Morely monthly appearance Lack of Yerke's material (his 1st 2 editorials wer th nutz)"

those Jack Speer Left-hand man of the Foo-turist Movement, foo-wards comments from foo-r away Comanche/Okla: "Dear Madge; 10/11 latest I! received. You'll find no commentary on the cover in this letter, as said cover was torn in the mails. Don't happen to have an extra one lying around, do you? (My. was "Madge" embarrasst at having her "dress" ript off! & by Uncle Sam!)



Another cover was ofcourse dispatch subscriber Spoor.) ~ Quite a few Oklahomans are also getting acquainted with Jupiter Pluvius for the first time, Russ. ~ Dear old RAP's forecast was very welcome. Hope he really goes to town with Amazing. S'-Help me, if Spicy Fantasy appears, I'll scream! ~ And Snooks is still snooking around. Why doesn't some editor lay hold of the gent and put the thumbscrews on him for another story? What the heck—the only story of his I read was his final, serious one. ~ I'm still waiting to see Foojak Among your Moms. ~ If Fantascience Filmart were like the last one all the time, 'twould be an improvement. ~ Put me on the back—I read all of Onward Esp, thus placing myself among the intelligent personaj. (Jos, Gakspir, via interesto ostas admirable! Erdstolulov.) ~ Ray for Dracula! More! ~ Yerke's Michelismanuscript was good so far as it went—though I was disappointed to find he even thought revolution necessary—but I fear it'll not discourage our Communist friends one whit. The issue will have to be decided in 1939. ~ Ah! Now I know who Azygous is! Perhaps not the same Azygous as did Call It What You Will—but the author of Telefony Fantasticonversation was none other than Richard Wilson, Jr! I accused him of being Solitaire, and while I turned out to be wrong on that ("Solitaire", a scientifictionewshound, we understand to b the penname of fan David Ackorman Kylo), I must've put the idea in his head. Anyway, I'll stake my no. 2 TFGBulletin on it, that Dicky did that article. (I dout it & I bot a #9 TTT on it. --FJA) It was excellent. ~ Smart trick, reversing the printing on The Living Lie so I couldn't hunt easily for Ackormanese blots. (Smarttrick? It was done with mirrors!) What was idea of doing the second page in ortho-typo? (To make it fit.) ~ Coburn's piece good, and sequel eagerly awaited. ~ Book Reviews better than usual. ~ Ray Bradbury's production, like your other April Foo articles, was good. Humor is the outstanding likeable trait in Imagination! ~ Hence, discontinuance of Phantastiquestions small loss. (U mean U woudnt miss the Dept if omitted? We have no intention of discontinuing it. For, for instance, subscriber Bleilor wrote in our Feb ish: "In my opinion 'Phantastiquestions' is the most interesting part of 'Madge.'" ~ Resurrection picks up amazingly after last month's bad start. ~ Voice of the Condom-nation probably a better title. (How about ACKERMAN'S ASSASSI-NATION? --Vox Populi. Who is this "Vox Populi"? I bot U ther aint no such persn. Probly a sudonym for Olon F. Wiggons. --FJA) ~ Though the signature vaguely resembles Wellheim's, I don't believe he wrote that letter. He's nuts, but he writes better than that. One thing does ring true, though--'Rationalization of spelling is desirable, but NOT NOW.' There, in truth, speaketh the Bolshevik. Nevertheless, I am really surprised. Can it be that Wellheim actually prefers that reform come by Revolution rather than by Evolution? FooFoo forbid! ~ Dad reads sf at times. Does that make me a congenital idiot?" (At least a congenial one, Jack!)

ornate chir- *Che H. H. H. H.* ography of the address on April issue of IMAGINATION, duly received by yours truly, leads me to suspect that the hand of Ackorman was somewhere involved in this unexpected but very welcome gift. While no comments were requested, I think it possible that you might be interested in the reaction of a purely unbiased reader of publication; one who was formerly a science-fiction reader of the first water. ~ The jovial spirit manifest in these wretchedly mimeographed pages is a real delight to my old heart. It compensates for the weird paragraph-indentation arrangement. It compensates for the unholy methods of spelling that doubtless have the good brothers Webster thrashing madly about in their respective rough-boxes--having by this time worn through their coffins by maintaining a perpetual rotary motion. The puns are unspeakable; a demon's delight. I couldn't think up worse ones myself. Best one in the issue, in my opinion, appears in last sentence of article on page 8, reading 'I was just WESSO L...!' ~ When I consider the countless fan-magazines, societies, leagues, etc. that now flourish, I look back with pardonable pride on the days of the ORIGINAL science-fiction society--The Boys Scientifiction Club, Forrest J. Ackorman, President. Ro-



ferring to one of the first letters ever received from Forrest, late in 1930, I note that I was the SIXTH member to join this honorable organization, which was shortly enfolded, through the machinations of one Jim Nicholson, by the Junior Scientific Association. Sic transit gloria mundi."

rancid; I was highly struck by the April  
me flat on my back and I haven't gotten

up since. (Haven't gotten is poor English but rich Esperanto). (That's a malica mensogo & I defy U to disprove it! --Fojak) ~~~ A nice, clean job, though. It impressed me that a philological dissertation might not be amiss,... ~~~ Now that Spring is in the air and the Bock beer runs hotly through my veins once more, I feel a burst of new creative energy -- for next week I shall be 21, and entitled to sell my vote. Therefore I simply had to signalize my majority by a major effort, of which you (you lucky, lucky fellow!) are the recipient. I am sure it will arouse you to a state of almost frenzied indifference."

to LA S-FA Chapter

concerning "Madge" from 20 Hollin Pk Rd. Roundhay, Leeds 8/England, to quote: "Madge" is developing fine. Having, by diligent study, become skilled in the art of translation, I can now find a tremendous amount of interesting material in each issue. I would prefer you to keep to the 'news and information' material, in preference to discussive articles. Not that I don't like the articles, but they seem out of place in such a rapid-fire journal. Tell Mr. Ackerman I consider his 'streamlined' paragraphing is merely an excuse for wasting space (see page 9 of March issue)." (Aside to Esperantist Mayer: Akceptu la ĵurvorton de samidemo. kdo. ke mi vero krodas ke ci oraras k ke ni povas pruvi al ci he ni havas sufiĉan spacon. Alifoje, espereble. --Fojak.)

at 170 Washington Av. W. Haven/Ct: "Enclosed you will find a check for ten dollars (\$10) for a ten year subscription. April foo, it's only a measly quarter to renew my sub for three more months. ~~~ The first thing I want to do is to censor Jack Speer for calling me a speculator. Even if he is the royal general of FooFoo, he can't do that to me! I'll appeal to our High priestess, Pogo, for justice. ~~~ So ETSnooks is still around. My, my, I thought he was dead and buried long ago. It really is good to hear from him. ~~~ So Erdstelulov is still around also. Coisos!!! I thought that he was gone forever. ~~~ I don't believe that Ackerman wrote "The Living Lio". Imagine, perfect English, even if the story wasn't so hot. I demand assurance that Acky did write it. (He did. --Hodgkins) ~~~ As a whole, this issue was excellent, and by far the best one. Let's have more like this one. (Y don't U submit something? What do U know for certn?) ~~~ Will you please have Fred Shroyer review The Golden Blight by George Allan England?" (Ofcourse)

J. CHAPMAN MISKE, purely perchance obtaining the dubious distinction of being the first reader to have 2 letters in one issue, caustically comments: "Pretty bad, this April issue...that cover is horrible. I notice you didn't give the artist's name; I don't blame you!! (Mr John R. Hodge omitted his signature thru modesty.) ~~~ TBY's reply to 'Micholism' was great. It's only a lot of silly bunk that will do more nothing than hurt science-fiction."

posts from Bx 2, Gila Bend/Ariz: "Madge arrived in perfect condition. I think the covr was perfect. Who drew it? (None other than your old friend John Hodge, who devised the drawing from suggestions by Jack Erman.) ~~~ Bruce's article was very enjoyable & I did like it. Dr Acula's article was keen too. Also Fantascience Film smart."

of Indianapolis/Ind: "MADGE is decidedly screwy, but I definitely like her! ~~~ Informal format fits style in which mag is presented. Be seeing you in 1939!"

(My Merry Mon'll greet U with open arms--Way Out West! Madge.)



The Imagi-Nation Asks PHANTASTIQUESTIONS & We Imagi-Natives Give ANSRS:

Messrs Mayer, Miske & Moskowitz wish to know: Who is Warner van Lorne? A: See Forecast following.

J. Chapman Miske: "Did Weinbaum have any stf publisht outside the major mags?" Russ Hodgkins replys: Yes; "The Challenge from Beyond" (in collaboration with Donald Wandrei, "Skylark" Smith, Harl Vincent & Murray Leinster) in FANTASY Magazine 3d ann & "Graph"--"not strictly science fiction (stated the publishers) but worthy of printing in FANTASY we are sure"...4th Anniversary Issue.

-FORECAST:

"Madge" & June will b herz soon! with--

Lorne? By Braxton Wells.

Who is Warner van

MICHELISM MARCHES ON (This is just a prognostication but we r wondring if The Master Himself mightnt favor us with a rebutal to the Freyoreply to the Wollheimanuscript)

"Upside-down in Time" by HanKuttner.

"How to Become a Stf Fan" (as if U didnt know!), an unnecessary article by Ray Bradbury.

&--we believe--"Broadwalk Asylumystery", Play Review of Time Turnd Back in The Greatest Metaphysical Experiment! by Jack Erman.

While, if we can't crowd more into June, July shoud see the publishing of such peculiaritys as

"How to Run A Successful Ghost Agency" by Doug Rogers.

by Dr Acula's Dawter!

"Way Down South--on B'way!"

"Dead Reckoning" by a ghoul!

Azygous may come again & there r prospects of articles by SaMoskowitz & Jack Spear. Also Douglas WF Mayer has 1/2 promist a piece on a scienti-socio-logical subject.

More excerpts from fantascience correspondence files, tidbit talks from the famous of the field: Merritt, Moore, Stone, Starzl, Rap!

Among Our Mems we soon shall x-ray Ray Bradbury, "Anny" Anshutz, Fred Shroyer, Hal Clark, Frank Brady:

FOR SALE: SCIENTIFANTASY PSEUDONYMS (PROFESSIONAL)--104 Authenticated Cases of Noms Caché--telling U who is behind "Dow Elstar, Thornton Ayre, Gabrielle Wilson, Gans T. Field, The Planet Prince" &c! Full names of MPShiel, JUGiesy, RFStarzl &c. Ever hear of M. Olche-witz, Miss G. Gordon Trenery, Francis Arthur Jones, Judson W. Reeves? Ofcourse U have--countless times! The letters in the last name (of the pseudo-name) of one paradoxically may b rearranged to read "Never"! The alter-ego of another is a name synonymous with "Danger". One wrote the "Tani of Ekkis" series & the other has been responsible for many an ecryarn. This amazing compilation is NOW AVAILABLE at only 10c from Russ Hodgkins: 1903W84 Pl, Los Angeles/Calif. Or U may have it 1/2 price with 6 mo. IMAGINATION! renewal or extension (complete cost, 55c)



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