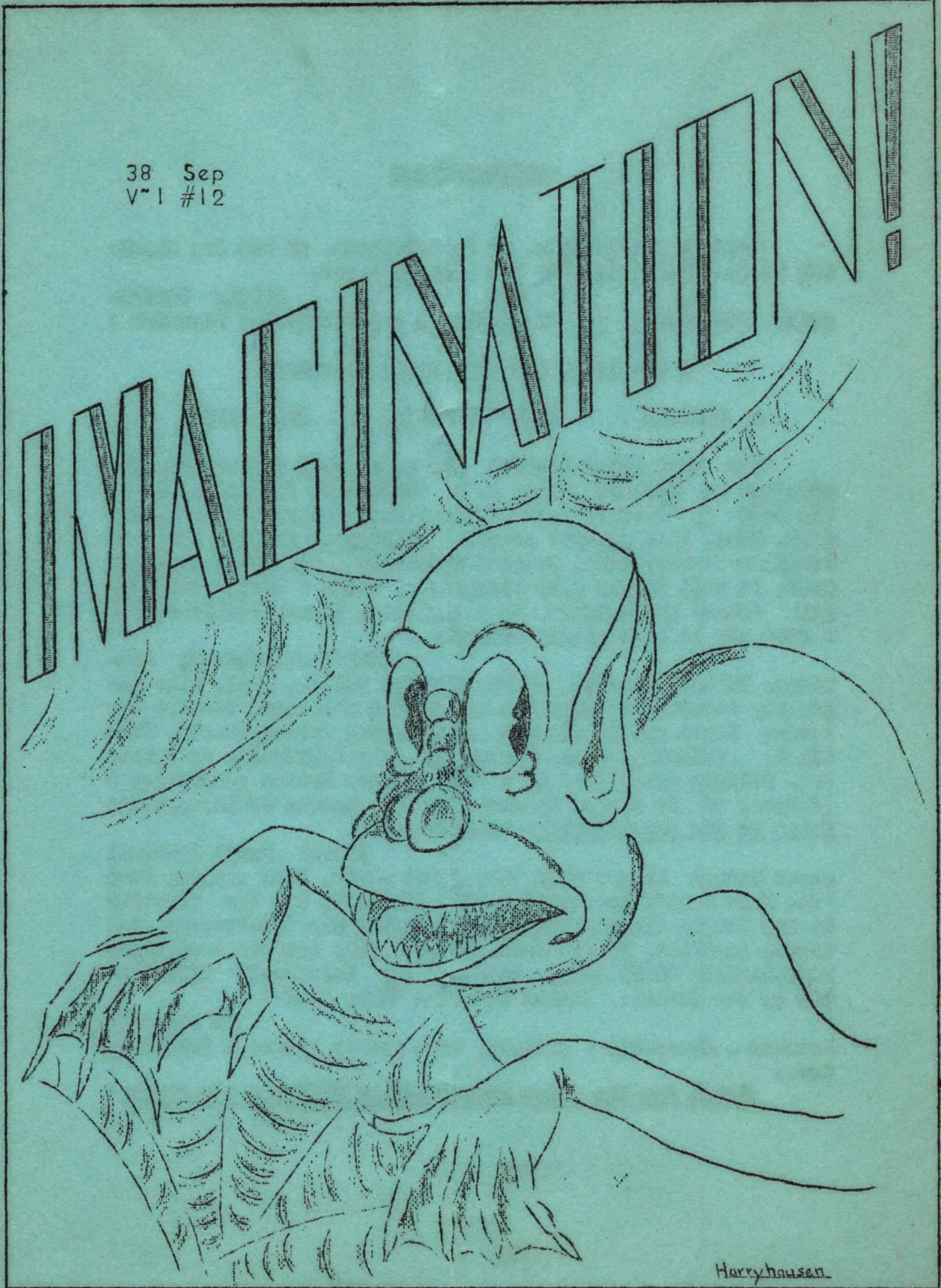


38 Sep  
V. 1 #12



Harryhausen



## ANNIVERSARY

Being a forecastale, so to telescope, of the Big Birthday issue of IMAGINATION! out October First.

Thirty Thrill-packt, provocative pgs of pickt fan & professional features!

A sample of the Celebritys to appear:

A. MERRITT

ROBT. E. HOWARD

JOHN TAINÉ

Our Cash Prize Contest has evokt such individual submissions as Richard Wilson Jr's "Fantastic Islands", "Bk of the Dead" by "resurrected" Robert Tucker. Speer, Miske, Moskowitz, Pohl, have promist entrys. Jabberwork is the work of Fraüline Featherstone, Madge's discovery & exclusive development; it will tickle your bunnyfone & leave U lymph with lafter. "Shame on Fandom!" is a striking, timely indictment by a name new to stf: Louis Bremmer.

Special articles by Ackerman, Kuttner, Kerlay, Yerke, Morojo, Hornig, Pogo, plus especially interesting editions of all our wellknown feature columns: Fantascience Flashes, guestarring JuliusSchwartz, Donald A. Wollheim, Willis Conover Jr &/or EJCarnell; Fantascience Filmart embellisht by a "cut"; Ether Eeries presenting a likeness of Dracula; Bk Reviews from Abroad; Grafologyarns; Voice of the Imagi-nation--unlimited!

Flash! Extra Special! Super Scoop! Bigger than "The Blind Spot", more shining than "The Moon Pool", colossaller than "Cosmos", for the firsttime in any fanmag the complete, unexpurgated classic-to-come, the sequel supernal, by the Great Master...Ray Douglas Bradbury's HOMEREB-COCHEN COMES BACK! Page-length! Inimicably illustrated by The Author. Hazier than the "Hazy Hord"!

In addition Another - Absorbing - Contest, with plenty prizes & Important ones.

Watch for the color conception of MADGE on the cover!

# IMAGINATION!

The Fanmag of the Future With a Future!

September 1938

Vol 1 No 12

Whole No 12

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Organ of Los Angeles Chapter, SCIENCE FICTION LEAG, & First Overseas Chapt, SCIENCE-FICTION ASSN. Publish monthly by the members. Magazine & 5 lines advertising free to mems in goodstanding; all others 10c per copy, \$ yr. Adrates, pg 19. Subs & ads exchanged on equitable basis with other fanmags... Adres: Box 6475 Metropolitan Station, Los Angeles/California



## WAY OUT WEST

Russ Hodgkins

As all our regular readers are aware, we included a petition in "Madge" last month adrest to the Publisher, Astounding Science-Fiction, requesting the early publication of John W. Campbell Jr's 2 sequels to THE MIGHTIEST MACHINE. Many followed our invitation to mail these; as evidence is JWC Jr's correspondence to us on the subject. As a matter of record we herewith publish his personal reactions to the endeavor. As Author Campbell it'd be GAR because he'd like the cash; Donald Angus Stuart, kin to the late Karl van Campen (deceast), is for it too because he eats when John W. does; but Editor Campbell vetoes because "he wants a lstrate science-fiction magazine, realizes that the above stories are individual - by 5 years old, and that the style and treatment used is now a relic of the old science-fiction. They won't be published because they aren't good stories now for TODAY."

From our New York correspondent, Dick Wilson, publisher the wely SF News Letter, we receive word he is contemplating having the first vol. of IMAGINATION: professionally bound. This is no gag. (Get it? Bound & gagged!) Before doing so, however, Dick urges staff to re-"print" the first (hectograf) number on the mimeograf. Now we wish it known that while we sincerely appreciate the honor implyd us, in wishing to perpetuate our initial no. (we've been trying to forget it!), we must decline with carro (tho the Esperanto thank aren't my doing, mind you!) for several reasons. First & foremost is that we don't have the time--even if we did we'd have better things to do with it; & 2dly--but why go on. The first reason amply covers the situation, rendering others superfluous. So sorry please...

Sorry, too, to receive this word from Roy Squires: "As I told several of the gang at the last meeting, I'll probably have to miss most of the meetings from now on. In fact," he goes on, it looks as tho we'll have to adopt a new name for our organization since the "entire" Glendalelegation is forced to suspend participation. Thus, there'll be no SFL: Squires, Fox, Lewis.

Some thot & effort is being devoted to the subject of a coat of arms & motto for the local chapt. The armorial emblem will be a binary, an original design to represent the LA Chapter plus the regular SFL emblem. Yerke has submitted a motto which has been well rcvd so far: De Profundis; Ad Astra, Latin for "Out of the Depths; To the Stars". Erdstolu & all the lads will no doubt wish to Esperantioize it...

We are deeply & eternally indebted to one Lew Torrance, late of Winfield/Kansas, who practically shockt us into joyful insensibility with the announcement he wisht to donate to LA Chapter Library his entire collection of scientifiotion! This tremendous 200 lb library comprises over 400 magazines, including complete sets Science Fiction Digest & Fantasy Magazine, now safe & sound in LA. This addition places us in a position where we can challenge any similar organization to produce a more representative collection. We find it extremely difficult adqutely to express our gratitude to Lew Torrance. Needless to say he has been elected to Honorary Membership in the LA Chapter, in company with such other notables as Arthur J. Burks, David H. Keller, "Skylark" Smith, Bob Block et al.

This being the time the yr to renew our memberships in the S-FA the duty was done with speed & dispatch. The First Overseas Branch is composed of the following Angelenos: Forrest J (for jughaid) Ackerman, MayBelle Anshutz, Frank Brady, Morojc, Bruce Yerke, Pogo, Perry Lewis & your West Coast Reporter.

On Sat 13 Aug some 14 mems & friends inaugurated the first annual beach party & weiner bake. Meeting early in the eve at Morojc's, the 3-car caravan weard its way thru Hollywood, Beverly Hills & Santa Monica, picking up fans & food en route. Finally the party arrived at the beach at Playa Del Rey, where HankKuttner demonstrated his mastery of "atomic attenuation" by building a roaring fire amid admiring exclamations of the feminine contingent. His chest swelled visibly... Plunges in the Pacific w(h)etted appetites, making the food disapear as tho someone were using a dis-gun to advantage. When sign of an approaching dawn reminded of work to be done on "Madge", we departed.



## SCIENCE FICTION EYE

Julius Schwartz

Science Fiction Mystery: The late Garrett P. Serviss will be long remembered as the author of such superb science fiction novels as "The Second Deluge", "The Columbus of Space" & "The Moon Metal". Yet none of these stories has received as much publicity as his The Conquest of Mars.

Ever since a reader mentioned this story in Argonotes several yrs ago many fans have tried to locate it. As far as I know all such attempts have failed. A thorough search revealed no story of Serviss bearing that title was published in any magazine or bk from 1890 thru 1930. For a time I suspected this story was but a figment in the imagination of that Argosy reader.

Finally someone had the wise thought of contacting Serviss' widow in Paris. She revealed she too had been trying for yrs to secure a copy of this story--without success. She seemed to recall tho that the novel appeared serially in the New York JOURNAL about 1898 & may have been syndicated to other papers.

& now for the amazing climax to this mystery: An inquiry to the JOURNAL revealed their file for 1898, along with several yrs, was destroyed by fire! & to date they have been unable to fill in the gap.

Weinbaum Still "Lives": With the printing of "Revolution of 1950" (formerly "The Dictator's Sister") & "Tidal Moon" every word of science fiction written by the late Stanley Grauman Weinbaum has been published with the exception of his 2 novels, The Black Flame & New Adam. The former is almost certain to be the lead novel in the initial issue of the new Standard science fiction magazine. Ray Palmer is trying to persuade Publisher Davis to print New Adam serially in Amazing Stories.

"Tidal Moon", to appear in the December Thrilling Wonder, was written by Helen Weinbaum from the plot & first 447 words by brother Stanley.

Science Fiction Round-Up: Watch for a new game--"Movie Millions"--to be put out by one of the country's leading novelty manufacturers at the end of the yr. It was invented by Mort Weisinger, who's so confident it's going to make 1000s of \$s that he's bought a 1938 Buick on the "royalties". -- Inspired by Howard Hughes' round-the-world-flight, Eando Binder has written a story of a flight around the Solar System--probably to appear in Thrilling Wonder. -- A. MERRITT spent 4 yrs trying to obtain a first edition copy of his own famous bk, The Moon Pool. -- Have you noticed all Nat Schachner's science fiction appears only in Astounding Stories? Since he isn't under exclusive contract to that magazine he probably could sell his work to Amazing Stories if he tried. But this is certain: He'll never sell a story to Thrilling Wonder!

readers "would be amazed if I name of the famous fan who offered Madge's offer to extend

for back nos. returned by relinquishing 3 complimentary copies worth 16 additional! His subscription includes New Yr Number 1940--all free!"

-- Also, according to Claire, CATHERINE MOORE & FERRY ACKERMAN are submitting their Northwest Smith collaboration, Nymph of Darkness, from FANTASY Magazine's WT dedicatory number, 1935, to Wright as Nyusa. To same source CLM recently has sent a new Joiryarn, a sequel to which she already is preparing, & has sold GREATER THAN GODS to Editor Campbell.

Claire Bryant

informs me my they knew the took advantage subscriptions



## AMONG OUR MEMS

*Franklyn Brady* "Dracula", author of April Foo issue exposé of "LA Chapt, SF Plague" and your radio reporter of the Ether Eerles is a 14 year old fantascience fan 5'11", weight 176 lbs (without his batwings).

Frank started reading science fiction in Spring of '37, likes weird fiction as well. Fond of Argosy and thinks more fans should be interested in Operator #5 magazine. Likes all Wells stories, also Haggard. His 3 favorite authors are Kuttner, Schachner and Ernst; stories, the scientific series "Past, Present and Future", the weird "Dr. Satan". Likes the Lost Continent theme best of all; it is, in fact, his ambition to discover Lemuria.

Is a firm anti-fascist. Anxiously awaits 1945, when he will be able to participate in the program of the Republican Party.

As for atheism, he can "take it or leave it alone".

New member of the S-FA.

Favorite films: THINGS TO COME and Lost Horizon.

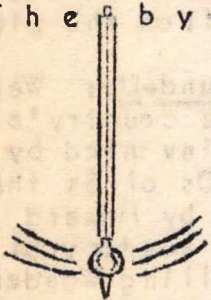
Wants to be a good scientist; combination of competent archeologist, physicist and astronomer.

His sole superstition seems to be that he doesn't believe in singing before breakfast.

Pet Peeves are these: Michelism, Ackermanese and Brundage covers.

He cannot show himself by day and casts no reflection in a mirror. And--the Awful Truth--he...is...a...coca cola fiend..!

The by *Charles D. Hornig*



Is it slowing down, the pendulum of science fiction?

When it swings "to" stf is mostly fantasy & when it is "fro" plots become scarce & storys merely the expostulation of theorys with fictional backgrounds.

Try to trace science fiction back to its early days of popularity & locate its "to" & "fro" periods.

We might say before 1910 stf was definitely on the to-swing. Many the masterpieces of the dim past were excellent fantasys with little regard for science. Then, from about 1910 to 1926, we find a lot of "fro-ness", especially in the storys that apeard in such publications as Gernsback's Electrical Experimenter & Science & Invention.

Since 1926, however, we must trace the pendulum's swing separately in each stf publication. We can recall times when it was definitely one way or the other in Amazing, Wonder or Astounding.

Today, in some publications the pendulum is swinging very slowly & it may not be long before it is motionless, striking a happy balance of science & fiction. When that day arrives science fiction will have reacht its maturity.

BELIEVE IT *Ornate*

*Henry Kuttner*

"A tasty sandwich" I said, gulping. "Cold tongue, I think?"

Mr Farnsworth Wright coughed delicately. "Not exactly; just a little something we had left over from the Black Mass last nite." He looked more closely at the roast & then hastily leand forward & extricated a glass eye. "Bill will be careless!" he complained. "We had a--a roast last wk & it was quite spoilt because Bill didnt notice the false teeth. The meat was all gritty."

Mr Wm Sprenger, the business manager of Weird Tales, looked up from his task of skinning a bat. "How did I know he had false teeth" he retorted bitterly. "At that age, too! Bah."

now noticed there was a finger in my sandwich, whereat, first ascertaining it wasnt my own, I set the tasty morsel down with a slight shudder. To cover my confusion I said "Well, what's new? Any the oldtime fantasy writers come back lately?"

Nodding, Wright opened a drawer in his desk &, reaching in--pulled out a small headless infant which I inspected with due politeness. Apologetically: "I'm afraid I don't quite understand--"

Glancing down, Wright understood. He flew into a violent frenzy. "Bill!" he demanded; "what's that refrigerator for? I can't open a drawer without find--why," he went on, turning to me, "do you know what happened only yesterday? I sat down on a brain! A brain, mind you--in my chair!"

"I only left it there a moment" Mr Sprenger minimized.

"The things I have to contend with..." Wright moaned. "HK, are you troubled with such things way out west in that League of yours?"

"Brains?" I blurted. "Well..."

But to get down to coffins--er, I mean cases: The offices of Weird Tales are strikingly unglamorous, as are most editorial sanctums. There are complete files The magazine since its inception &, too, cypis the Canadian edits., pub't some yrs ago. (The only dif. is in the ads & front cover legend, "Printed in Canada".) Wright, by the way, has just accepted a new serial, "At the World's Edge", by H. Warner Munn, author the wellknown "Werewolf of Ponkert" series.

Suddenly discovering Sprenger had stealthily opened a vein in my wrist & was avidly quenching his thirst I arose & hurriedly departed thru the nearest window.

I was weakend but still game. The old spirit of scientifiction urged me on, occasionally kicking me in the pants when I hesitated.

Having heard rumors of a magazine called Amazing Stories I found the offices of Ziff-Davis & walked in. Amazing is one of a group of magazines edited there & ofcourse the fact that one these is Popular Photography has something to do with the trend in Amazing's covers. From all indications the oldest st magazine is having a renaissance under its new policy; it is definitely going monthly & will feature a new Weinbaum serial very soon. Cover fotos will be alternated with cover paintings, Rap revealed.

One pleasant factor I no-



ticed is that all the fantasy editors are deeply & sincerely interested in science &/or weird fiction. The unique policy of Amazing seems to have had excellent results & an entirely new group of readers found: Those who are, so to say, pulp mag fans rather than sf. Logical result of this is such a group will become more & more interested in science fiction per se & inevitably a larger reading public automatically will create more & maybe better sf magazines.

Another promising factor is that topnotchers in other fields, such as FAKummer Jr & L. Ron Hubbard, are turning to science fiction, at the requests of Weisinger & Campbell. Since a writer who specializes in & turns out nothing but fantasy is very apt to get in a rut, the advantage of an influx of new & good authors is easily seen. It may not be long before we run across yarns good as the old Amazing tale "The Green Splotches" by Pulitzer prizewinner TS Stribling...

Springing litely into Rap's stratosteroid I soon found myself in NYC. After testing the atmosphere (a mixture of carbon dioxide, hydrogen & an unfamiliar element which I name steehnk) I donned my spacesuit & stepped out upon alien soil, planting the banner of the SFLeag in a convenient manhole. "Now" I said to myself with a grim titening of my lips "for some exploration!"

Editorial offices in New York are strange. Each office owns a subterranean vault, subdivided into cells in which writers are chand hand & foot. When an adventure story is desired the editors deal out a ration of raw beef. When a scientale, the writers are given comprest-vitamin tabs.

There was a small storm of excitement going on in New York when I arrived, as a guy by the name of Otto Binder had managed to escape & was hiding in the Holland Tunnel, refusing to come out & snapping at people who came too close. He was finally lassoed & dragged, screaming & protesting, to Radio City, where he is now on exhibit. Despite this ghastly tragedy, Otto, a slim, sandy-haired fellow, is extremely interested in science fiction, as, indeed, are most the sf writers I met. More inclined to consider the technical side of it are Willy Ley, a large, muscular, studious-looking chap; & L. Sprague de Camp, who is somewhat smaller, wiry & possess of a bristling dark moustache & an astonishing memory for little-known scientific experiments & incidents. Curiously alike at first glance are de Camp, Frank Belknap Long Jr, Clark Ashton Smith & E. Hoffman Price, tho each is worlds apart from the others in temperament & personality.

Massively-constructed is Manly Wade Wellman, an expert with foils & something of an authority on occultism. Virgil Finlay, a large, bland & energetic guy, has had considerable experience in the ring. John (Butch) Campbell is round-faced & blond, with a deceptive appearance of seriousness. Mort (Grand Slam) Weisinger comes nr Wellman in size but lacks a moustache. Mort can reject a story more jovially than any other editor of my acquaintance.

IS'matter-fact, sf mags seem unlike other pulps in that the eds are genuinely interested in their work. Nor--as a rule--do those editors demand the writer limit himself to a stereotyp formula, tho occasionally authors will do this thru preference, the eds.

A bronze statue of Forrest J Ackerman was to be unveiled in Times Sq the day I departed. I did not wait, as NY & Cal would not be in perihelion again for 3 yrs. Laden with specimens of ore, precioustones & an old sock of Wollheim's (which will be exhibited under glass in the offices of the LASFL), I headed home.



FANTASCIENCE FILMART FJA - Guestar, Richard Wilson Jr

IF WAR COMES TOMORO, Spoken in Russian & Deutsch, with English titles. Releas thru Amkino.

The picture opens one nite in the capital of the USSR in, the subtitle informs us, 19--, sometime in the future. There is a festival with dancing & fireworks & happy faces, Transarctica Airlines announces thru a huge newscaster that tickets may now be purchast for a nonstop flite to America via the North Pole.

Suddenly the news comes that there have been distrubances on the border caused by the troops of a certain Fascist country. The nation is not named but its insignia is a modifyd swastika & its soldiers speak Deutsch. Russia is not very subtle.

The enemy masses its forces & attacks, crossing the border about midnite. One Red sentry manages to hold off 100 or so of their infantry with a machinegun while his companion rides for reinforcements. By the time the lone defender is killd by several handgrenades the Red troops arrive & chase the enemy back to its own country.

Russia then declares war & a kamrad named Voroshilov repeats his vow that should a Fascist nation force war upon it, said Fascist nation shall be crusht--but on its own soil, not Russia's.

The war starts in earnest with Red infantry routing the enemy, Red tankorps routing the enemy, Red cavalry r. t. e. & Red planes ditto. The Russian army makes use of its new stunt; Parachuting 100s of men behind the enemy lines & crushing them between 2 forcos. Many battlos are shown. There are magnificent scenes of Russia's longdistance tanks racing over the battlefield, crashing thru woods & hurtling trenches. Each battle ends with the Fascists in disgraceful retreat, Red cavalry happily hacking the enemy's rear with sabors or Red tanks crushing enemy fieldpiecos or Red planes bombing onomy ammunition dumps out of existence or other scenes highly pleasing to Communistic pride.

Finally the Fascists are crusht. The workers of that country revolt & raise the Red flag. The USSR apparently is going to rule the boat on nation for when a captured officer asks a Red soldier what the thundoring of boovos means he replys "That is Kamrad Soandso. He is going to water his horses in your capital."

If War Comes Tomoro is called a "documentary of the future". It is not, says the prolog, a threat but rather an answer to threats made by Fascist war-mongors. The picture is quite entertaining & in spots very thrilling. Recommended.

RESURRECTION By Fred B. Shroyer: "The Life & Adventures of Peter Wilkins, A Cornishman", by R.S., A Passenger in the Hector. Published by Berwick, Ave-Maria Lane, London. 2 vols. 1784.

As long as I'm resurrecting I might as well pull a real Lazarus and I can't think of anything that's been more in need of resurrecting than this book or, rather, these books. Leather bound and scarce as cocktails in Forry's flat (Boy, FBS must b hardup for material to review nonexistent bks! --FJA) the synopsis on the title page can probably describe the contents better than I: "His Shipwreck near the South Pole; his wonderful paffage through a Subterraneous Cavern into a kind of now world; his there meeting with a Gawwy, or Flying Woman, whose life he preferved, and afterwards married her; his extraordinary conveyance to the Country of Glums and Gawrys, or Men and Women that Fly. Takewife a defcription of this ftrange Country, with the Laws, Cuftoms, and Mannors of its inhabitants, and the Author's remarkable Tranfactions among them." Lavishly illustrated with remarkable wood cuts, written in a manner Merrittesque with a dash of Verne, it is one of the gems of my collection. ~ Peter Wilkins marries one of the Flying Women named Yowwarkoe (ancestor of Yorko?). When Peter pants for osculation, however, wifey's wings oscillate in front of her face. Probably Pete originated the saying "How I'd like to clip your wings, baby!" Just a passing thought, a more theory, as it were. The upshot of it all is that Pete is blest with birdlots...





Being purely personal opinions re 20 prominent persons in Sff.

FORREST J ACKERMAN; Ubiquitous Und Unctuous. Vies with DAW & should soon surpass him. JNO V. BALTADONIS; Illustrator Inimitable. Head of Comet Publications. CLAIRE P. BECK; Phantasy's Pessimistic Peruser. Earnest expostulator of empyrean emanations. Issues most worthwhile American amateur fanmagazine extant. LITTERIO B. FARSACI; Rochester Red-Hot. A new, very promising fan. Serious tendencies. WALTER H. GILLINGS; Wonder Warehouse. From his "warehouse" have come the writings in the old FM, the marvelously-printed Tomorrow & the talent to become Editor of Tales of Wonder, England's first scientifiotion magazine. ROBT W. LOWMIES; Literary Lion. Serious Fan. Writes excellent material. ROBT A. MADLE; Fantaglimmerer Fantastic. One the PSFS mems. God's gift to Gerty. A wellknown guy. WALTER EARL MARCONETTE; Versatile Variant. A newcomer that can write, draw & publish with equal excellence. Truly a variant. Dick Wilson; "If he could only cook!" DANIEL MC-PHAIL; Rocket's Rocketeer. An old fan who has contributed copiously to the cause. A tried & true fan. JNO B. MICHEL; Mighty Michellist. Could be more active in the sf field. Sincere but follows the wrong path. MOROJO (Myrtle R. Douglas); Ackerman Adherent. Prominent California devotee. One the few feminine supporters. SAM MOSKOWITZ; Newark Nave. (Don't get me wrong. Look up that last word.) Prolific fan writer. Commendable guy. JACK SPEER; Oklahoma's Oracle. Candid Commentator. A promising fan. Is a punctual replier to mail. CORWIN F. STICKNEY; Fantasy Fanner. This fellow fanned the flames of fantasy. His publication, the Correspondent, put a fine slick-paper fan-magazet within the reach of all. Many new names were introduced via Stickney. He's a good author, too. JAS V. TAURASI; Profuse Promulgator. One the harder working enthusiasts. Tries to aid every new movement or trend. ROBT G. THOMPSON; Time-Travel Treatiser. A young, intelligent fan. I predict he'll go far. OLON F. WIGGINS; Denver Dignitary. Faithful ponal. Issues his SFFan promptly. A regular follow. RICHARD WILSON JR; Indispensable, Ingenuous, Imocuous. An excellent correspondent. Publishes a wkly newsheet. DONALD A. WOLLHEIM; Purveyor of Pernicious Propaganda. America's #1 Fan. DALE HART; ( ) Write in your own remarks about this blankoty-blank personage.

## TWICE TOLD TALES

*Weaver Wright*

Can an author plagiarize his own story? I don't know about the technicalitys but I do know Ray Cummings' "The Man Who Saw Too Much" in the Oct 38 Thrilling Wonder is an amazing re-write of his own "The 3 Eyed Man" which apeard 15 yrs before in Argosy-Allstory.

The original opend with Tubby already in the hospital. But compare the 2d paragraf of it with that of the Wonder story (which I presume most of U can bring to hand, if interested): "I ain't sayin' it is--I'm tollin' you what he said. With one eye you can only see things in two dimensions. That's what he said."

Tubby's companions in both instances r "Jake" & "Pete".

The presentale is replete with situations & sentences almost identical with the original. "There is only one complete modern optical laboratory in the world" re-appears with "modern" changed to "master". Prof Seer is now Prof Syte. However, the mint originly apertained to the world of the 4th Dimension & no mention was made of the Metallic Man.

In conclusion, U have been lured into a clever advertising trap, as I have one copy of the 3 Eyed Man for sale to the highest bidder. Adres me at 3504W3, LA.



# MATHEMATICA MENACE

"Oz" Bradbury

Dear Stew-dense of Science:

So many special deliverys, telegrams & telefone calls have come for my bother (er, brother) since the publication of his lecture about Mathematica Minus in the July "Madge" that I, envious of my pseudonym's success, have written this 2d thesaurus of disconnected theoris & just plain pineapple-sauce...

I spent 5 minutes yesterday busily working in brother Archy's lab & here is what I found:

The difference between air & water is that air can be made wetter but water cannot.

A magnet is a thing you find in a bad apple.

Ammonium chloride is also called silly maniac.

Ammon-

The process of turning water into steam is called Conversation.

The process of turning water

The probable cause of earthquakes may be attributed to bad drainage & neglect of sewage. (OH? There's something in the air!)

The carth makes a resolution every 24 hrs.

To collect fumes of sulfur, hold a deacon over a flame in a testube.

To

All brutes are imperfect animals; man alone is a perfect brute.

All

The animal which possess the greatest attachment for man is woman.

The animal

Is an instrument for raising temperance.

A thermometer

The zebra is like the horse only striped & is used chiefly to illustrate the letter Z.

The zebra is like the horse

The dodo is a bird that is decent now.

The dodo is

There have been 3 Ages of Man since Time Began: The first one was when they used stone; this was called the Stone Age. The 2d was one when they used bronze; this was called the Bronze Age. The 3d one is since we garb ourselves in clothes; this is known as the Garb Age...

My, my! I've been writing now for over an hr & I'm tired. But here are a few more to stunt your growth:

My, my! I've been writing now for over an hr

A mt range is a cooking stove used at hi altitudes. -- Sienna is famous for being burnt.

A mt range

An interval in music is the distance between one piano & the next. -- A morality play is a play in which the characters are goblins, ghosts, virgins & other supernatural creatures.

An interval in music is the distance between one piano &

A monolog is a conversation between 2 people, such as husband & wife. -- An anti-dote is a funny story you've heard before.

A monolog is

A sure-footed animal is an animal that when it kicks it does not miss. -- 3 kinds of blood vessels are artery, veins & caterpillars. -- Morojo is an MD. Yes, Myrtle Douglas!

A sure-footed animal is an

Well, as Henry said to Caesar: "Beware the Brides of March." Now I must go. I hear the gentle fizzle of my opium pipe....



## BK REVIEWS FROM ABROAD

Herbert Haupt

(Conclusion, by MayBelle Anshutz, of a translation from Esperanto to Ackermanese of the Deutsch novels The Fleming Towers & Return from the Universe, #s 2 & 3 of a series by CVRock, started in July by Paul Frochafor.)

~The toranoj are invited to follow the "foreigners" & are led into a very beautiful salon. Soon they learn these strangers are not true Venusanoj but came many yrs ago from another system, searching for a new place for their race. They also visited Toro, which at that time was still ruled by the reptiles. On Venus they found a human race of low level & the conditions of life there were then better than on Toro. They remained & naturally with the greater knowledge were the reigning race on the planet.

But recently the race nrs extinction because it evolved the mental science more than the body capabilities.

Their servants of the gods, the priests, made possible the interchange of ideas only by concentration. But that hi race still had human offerings at its feasts. The queen of the Venus race had been captured by the priests & guarded in one the 5 towers marking the center of their kingdom. The toranoj succeed in fleeing before they themselves must serve as a sacrifice to the Gods of the Evening Star, liberating the queen & taking her with them in the ship.

## RETURN FROM THE UNIVERSE:

Now after various beautiful & ugly experiences the teranoj have longings to return to their mother world, & direct their ship homeward. On the way they must take care lest they approach too nr the sun ...but this danger also passes happily. & when they are in their own atmosphere again they see much has changed in the interim, that where previously were found northern forests now are more southern-appearing regions, with marshes. However the greatest surprise comes when they are called by the radiofone & greeted at their return from the vast void. There are their friends & sometime coworkers, whom they believed already long dead. They found refuge in the north in Greenland, safe from the negroes who in Europe & Asia & Africa ruled the world. But with the help of the brave space conquerors & spys of the white people found among the black enemys they after not too long a time succeed in expelling the blacks from Europe & Again set up the supremacy of the white race.

## BK REVIEW FROM BDWY

T. Bruce York

This bklet is one every materialistic scientifiotion fan should have. It is unique & a "science sond", as our friend Mr Ackerman would say, to those who, like myself, explain the universe from the bottom up & who ponder over the mystorys of life from a material angle.

THOT is authored by T. Day, pub't by American Bk Pub Co of 310 W 9, LA/Cal, for 10c. I have not been commissioned to plug this pub; I just don't want to keep a good thing to myself.

The author goes strait to the point & does not oggle around in the usual lost hopeless manner. It is easy reading.

Day takes the universe as a lifeless, unrulod world & in convincing, 2-syllable words shows how life could be formed & developd up to the present state of alleged reason.



## GrafoLOGYARNS

Too many of us r prone to judge without having the facts before us. ~~~ Grafo-  
logy is not a fortune-telling pastime nor intended to foretell the future or reveal  
the past--only insofar as certain character traits found in the handwriting may indi-  
cate to what extent latent talents or defects may b used. It does not attempt to tell  
U when & where a money legacy may become yours nor when U may b marryd but it can  
help U put yourself on the road to winning your own logacy or teach U how to b happy  
"tho marryd". ~~~ How many of us write as we were taught? Most of us learnd the  
copybook style of writing & letter forms but only those wanting to assert their indi-  
viduality or having an individuality to assert broke away from the norm. ~~~ Unless  
there b a ruled line on which to write how many can keep their writing from ascending  
as the pen or pencil travels across the pg? Even with a ruled line as a guide note  
how seldom the base of all letters hits the line. It jumps above or below. & to the  
eye of the trairnd grafologist these variations indicate some particular trait of cha-  
racter--but not some particular phase of good or bad fortune to come your way. ~~~  
Even to the untrairnd eye the sample of writing being analyzed herewith shows clearly  
it is not the writing of an ignorant, uneducated person. To the trairnd eye this writ-  
ing tells considerably more: (Editorial Note: Mme Dark analyzed the handwriting a-  
nonymously; in other words, the identity of the author was secret from her--& has re-  
maind so to her until she receives this issue with the copy of her column, mildly  
Ackormaned at her request--so no quostion of prejudice possibly coud arise. We  
heroby affirm she had no knowledge whatsoever the writer was--DR DAVID H KELLER);

Here we find a person who enjoys rapid thot & action. He is always on the go  
mentaly & physiely. He has a warm, sincere & affectionate nature, is friendly, likes  
people & social activity. While U will find him ready to talk, he will not bore U.  
(A pretty accurate picture, don't U think? The LASFL can particularly vouch for the  
latter assertion.) ~~~ He has an analytical mind, considerable curiosity & enjoys  
investigating things. Has good reasoning powers, imaginative powers r highly devel-  
opt & he uses this imagination in his work. A hi sense of honor is shown & some hu-  
mor & wit. (Who can doubt it?) Pride & independence r not lacking. ~~~ Consider-  
able nervous vitality is evident in the writing & some inner pressure which does not  
find active expression. He has the ability to see ahead & carry out his plans. ~~~  
Literary tastes r of a cultural nature. He also has what is called a mathematical  
mind--not particularly the mind of a bookkeeper or accountant but one which figures  
out things.

## ETHER EERIES

"House of Human Gargoyles" Dr Acula

Having an intense hatred for all normally formd humans a mad midget with hypnoti-  
control over a contorted giant, Sascha, has establishd a house of horror. In true  
Terror Tale style, the Newlyweds, on their honeymoon, fall into the clutches of the  
crazed freak & his evil assistants. The midge decides to give the fellow, Fred, the  
first workingover, removing his legs & substituting the horrible crippled limbs of a  
slave, Fleischner. But the door of a closet in the operating room opens & out steps  
a human travesty, once Clyde Barrow, matinee idol. He releases the other human gar-  
goyles who in a climax reminiscent of Dr Moreau's fate in Wells-Wylie's "Island of  
Lost Souls" pin down the puny one &--use your imagination! In the end, believe it or  
not, the inmates fire it & the mansion of mad misery is burnd to the ground!

I was surprised to hear Esperanto mentiond on one the Post Bran Flakes commercials of Robt  
Riploy's show. They said "Life is swell when you keep well", a slogan of theirs, in  
the universalanguage... "Vivo 'as bona kiam oni restas sana", Erdstelulov supplys  
the translation, adding, with unquenchable "ontuziasmo": ONWARD E S P E R A N T O !



# HOW TO BE A SUCCESSFUL STAFFED HERALD HERSHEY

Editor: "Miss Twitchell, send me in a pack of manuscripts."  
 Stenog: "Yessir."

Ed: "Pick me out a story, Miss Twitchell.  
 What is the name of the story you have pickt?"

Og: "It's called Goon  
on the Moona, by Harry Kumquat."

Ed: "'Quat did you say? Ah, yes;  
 Harry. I knew his Dad well. You should have seen that ape in a bath-  
 ing suit! He named Harry after his chest... Story sounds good; print  
 it."

Miss T.: "Yessir."

Ed: "Pick out another now. (Pause) What's  
 the title?"

Og: "Jumping Jupiter by I. Hopi."

Throw it out."

Og: "He's your wife's brother."

Ed: "Hey, what's the  
 idea of throwing away a perfectly good story--give it here! --What's  
 next?"

"The Adventures of Crash Boredom."

author?" --"No." "Tear it up. Next."

Ed: "Here's one by Morris J. Ack-  
 ermonsk. Space-time tale called To Mars is Another Day." --"How does  
 it look to you?" "Strait from the shoulder...nuts!" --"We'll print  
 it. Get Lasso Gapesso to draw a picture of Myrna Loy for the cover."  
 "But, boss, this isnt a movie mag!" --"So sue me! It makes the mon-  
 ey!"

"How about a picture of Kumquat on the cover?" --"We tryd that  
 in '29 & look what happend to the country! & no Author Cow Barns, nei-  
 ther--what do you think Russia revolted for, something a Soviet?"

"How  
 about that slogan contest?" --"Ah yes, I like this ones: INCREDIBLE  
 STORYS--'if it's a good story, it's incredible!'"

"We recvd a message  
 In a bottle this morning from the Pacificoast crowd, Defiant Friction  
 Leag. They're holding their meetings in rowboats on H'wood Bd now."  
 --"I thot that flood was over." "It is; but you know what vivid imagi-  
 nations those guys've got..!"

## IMAGI-NIK-NAX

## Hezekiah's Dilemma!

A monstrous game is running rampant in New York's scientifiction circles, a  
 nitemarish sort of continued story about a hero named Hezekiah & a villian called Ho-  
 mer Zilch. Playd by such celebs as Weisinger & Campbell, it consists of getting Hez-  
 ekiah into preposterous predicaments & leaving the next in line to extricate him. A  
 typical Campbell problem: "Zilch captures Hezekiah, ties him up & welds steel bands  
 around him. He then puts him into a quartz globe, extremoly friable. In the globe  
 is a sledge-hammer, nitric acid & a brush. Around the sfer another globe is built,  
 also of fragile quartz, & the space between the 2 is filled with water. Outside the  
 2d globe a steel shell is constructed & in the space within that ruydium is packt.  
 The idea is for Hezekiah to oescape. Since ruydium bursts into violont flame when it  
 gets in contact with water--"



VOICE OF THE IMAGI-NATION! (Congratulations & strangulations as Madge closes her first yr. Here our clientele comments on a "swell ish" or a hellish, &, as U see, we r still suffering repercussions from the revolutionary--or, as majority indicated, devolutionary--July number.)

an overwhelming one from

Our lead letter is

O. "CONGRATULATIONS!

of a magazine of the  
seen! ~~~ Many a time

*Jack Chapman* 5000 Train Av: Cleveland  
.....upon the worst issue  
size of 'Madge' I have ever  
I've been disappointed by a magazine, but this  
is the first time I can say, most sorrowfully, I can assure you, that I must confess  
to being disgusted - or perhaps nauseated would be a better word. ~~~ Although we(I)  
may criticize an article or department because of bad writing or shallow subject mat-  
ter, it is very seldom - never before that I can remember, in fact - that a piece may  
be branded as being, at the very least, in bad taste. ~~~ The fact that I dislike  
the cover, that the mimeographing is your worst yet, that I don't like the uniform  
type - especially the absence of the clean type on Morajo's machine (U r obviously  
referring to the Vogue, which is FJA's), that the double columns lose all gain in  
space made by the small type - as well as being very sloppy looking, that most of  
your material which is not offensive is bad, all of that I can excuse, but never such  
things as the piece entitled 'Who is DAW'. I don't, of course, know who wrote it,  
but there isn't much doubt in my own mind (there should b) but what it was Bradbury  
(for he is blameless). Irregardless of that, it certainly is not to your advancement  
that you printed, or even considered it. I certainly know that if I were Wellheim  
I'd certainly do everything in my power to have the writer ostracized - look it up  
(ph. we already know: It means to stick one's head in the ground, like an ostrich,  
doesnt it?) - by all decent fans. The boorish fool who wrote that isn't fit to be  
associated with. Frankly, the fact that Hornig, who is still an editorial flop,  
purportedly chose the material for this issue is the only thing stopping me from for-  
getting Madge's existence - not, of course, that that would mean anything to you. On-  
ly that I never thought to find anything so rotten, so low, so crude in Imagination!  
~~~Then too, it's not only that the writer was downright insulting, but also his refer-  
ence, 'They were telling obscene stories'. Perhaps I'm a prude, but I dislike any  
reference to cheap, rotten sex! I have no objection to, for example, realism in-  
telligently handled, and I enjoy the cartoons in Esquire very, very much! But that  
sort of thing is only disgusting. And even worse, much, much worse, in fact, was  
that the paragraph from Bradbury's article running as follows: 'THE Esquimeaux hardly  
have any wives at all. Can you blame the wives? After all--the nights are six  
months long. And (censored)! Phow!!' ~~~ Things have fallen to a rather low state  
when Imagination! becomes a publication for the obscene stories already mentioned.  
~~~Now that I havethat off my mind, I proceed to more happy (comparitively) matters. I  
believe I gave a list of things not liked just a moment ago, but I'd like to tear a-  
part the other articles, if you don't mind! ~~~ Beautiful editorial this month,  
very beautiful. Yes! ~~~ Even the advertisements fell off - in quantity, I mean;  
the method of presentation couldn't be worse than it was in June. ~~~ 'Onward Esper-  
anto!! was better than usual,... ~~~ 'Disillusion' was all right, but I wonder if  
you or Moskowitz really think he's telling any but two or three of the reader's any-  
thing. Certainly it doesn't take long for any real fan to find out most of his, if I  
may so style them, 'Pocvos'. I can't agree wholeheartedly with some of them, but  
most have a good basis in fact. ~~~ As far as Hornig's 'The Perfect Story' is con-  
cerned, I guess his mind must have been one of his 'perfect circles' when he wrote  
it. You know, working at top speed and getting...nowhere! Why didn't you just copy  
a few dozen names from the telephone directory if the space had to be filled. Cert-  
ainly I would have gained more information from that. ~~~ I read, and enjoyed, only  
the first three or four lines of Ferry's FF. I'm glad to see that he doesn't like  
writing it any more than I do reading it, which I haven't ever yet. ~~~ I notice  
that I skipped Bradbury's mess. I wish you had done the same thing. Humor!, Egad!



~~If I ever said anything complimentary about 'Fred Shroyer the man(?)', consider it rescinded. I still like his Michelism articles, but I'm beginning to wonder what motivated his writing them. Does he feel about the matter as I do - which I won't bother to explain - or is he just another of these guys condemning anything and everything to show how 'smart' he is. Nuts!! Is there anything worth while? ~~ How many times do I have to be handed pieces on fan magazines - either better or worse than Hornig's. N'importe,-they're all rather old stuff by now. ~~ Boy, this issue is rotten! ~~ I thought Cosmic Tales #5 bad, but, well! The editors were sincere, at least. Why didn't someone strangle Hornig when they saw what he was doing? ~~ I'm sorry; I apologize profusely, weepingly, and with many tears. I passed over Dick Wilson's piece. Wilson seems to be one of the few fans capable of writing decently and naturally, so that his material is really interesting. Honest, his piece is so good that if you hadn't published the two pieces I objected to, that it would make this issue still a great one. I never enjoyed a fan article so much in my life. I nearly wept when I came to the end. S'help me, that paragraph entitled 'The Battle of the Buffet' is a humorous masterpiece fit to go down in history as companion to... to, oh, to..to.... ~~ I can still see Sykora. Ah gee, but that was great! ~~ Resurrection was o.k., but why choose pieces so easy to procure? ~~ 'Ether Series' wasn't so hot. The writer shouldn't devote the column to one series. There are any number of fantastic - scientific and weird - series on the air. ~~ I wish Wollheim could sue the fool who wrote 'Who is DAN'. I don't know Wollheim, not do I like his silly politics, but certainly you treated him in an unfair, cowardly, childish manner. I think an apology is due. Why, I'd protest such treatment even if Ackorman were the party in mention'. (Hey, I know an apology is due--from U! --FJ) ~~ Five pages of 'The Voice' this issue, oh? REALLY? You know, you'll have no quitting school. Imagine, after all those years, I still can't count to five accurately. Phooey, you fabricators'. ~~ Won't you please go back to your old style of composing. (New readers: No have) Even the simplified spelling is greatly preferable to this mess, this editorial nightmare. Maybe you don't realize it, but it was the novel, straightforward manner of presenting the magazine which made(makes?) it so popular. ~~ I still haven't been able to make much out of the four pages of letters. Waste of space, inaccurate and all that. Quote directly, no rephrasing, please. ~~ I thought you were intending to represent more reader in the Voice? Less than ever before, I'll betcha. Only eight or nine; and then two from Hart! ~~ Nice book reviews, only a lot of good 'Flaming Towers' does me. And I still don't know much about Keller's novel. As far as I'm concerned, Keller is too prolific to be good... ~~ You took a lot of space telling us nothing about FJA's middle initial. Why did he think his name was Clark? (Carefully reread 4 lines beginning 6th from bottom, left hand column, pg 19, July '38 IMAGINATION!) Why did he change James to 'J', and that was a good crack about Wonder Stories, and Hornig's insert wasn't, and where in hell is Morritt? (Where in hell? Well, he works in the offices of Hearst's American Wkly --) I'm rather tiring of waiting for him to appear as was scheduled some months ago. ~~ How's about rejecting Bradbury... permanently! ~~ Enclosed is 45¢ for next Madge and 'The Hyborian Age'. ~~ GOODBY!" (G'bye; don't do anything we would do.)

"I'm sorry" says "Elmer P. Rodu." of 1218 S Cedar St. Casper/Wyo "that Maggie dropped her ackermanese (no capital on the word--it doesn't deserve one), and the so-called streamlined paragraphing. ("Nonstop" is the name we've hit on; nonstop paragraphing!) The mag used to have a personality of its own--a certain wild individuality that made one proud to have it lying around. (By Botolcouse! Do U get that, gang? PROUD!) Now (then; this protest also is of "pyrotechnic" issue #10), instead of the styles of FIFTY YEARS FROM NOW THAT SHE FORMERLY WORE, Maggie comes thru the post dressed in the prosaic style of ten years ago, speaking English instead of 'Nustyl,' and wearing a standard makeup instead of her former experimental attempts. Frankly, I don't like the change in the old girl. Give her full rein over herself--let her appear in magenta ink on a yellow paper if she likes--permit her to throw in an odd page each issue printed in Bantu, Wallon, or Swahili--and she'll become her old absorbing self again. But never make the mistake of becoming completely orthodox--her chief inter-



est lies in the beautiful difference of her." (For once a woman is rendered speechless! Such praise--so seldom--overpowers me. Sorry practically wept, from reaction. --Madge)

you any  
per and  
I

*John B. Minkoff*

wronged Shroyer in thinking he engineered the censorship. Nevertheless, my sentiments, though Hornig called them absurdly pompous or something like that, was and remains that of the letter. I realize of course that you people have to satisfy your customers (a free press, of course!) by publishing what they like, no matter how nonsensical and utterly wrong it might be. ~~~ Don't think that I'm preaching an absolutely serious and rigid policy for Madge. My word, I'm the last, the very last man in the world to get too serious about anything. But utter tripe is too much. And I believe that Shroyer's opinions and more especially the entire last issue as edited by that pale Lily Hornig (this is not an insult to Hornig whether he thinks so or not) were baloney of the worst order. I cannot recall precisely the things I disliked, but remember Moskowitz's horrible article with a bad taste in my mouth. ~~~ How, how, if you don't mind my asking, did that awful thing get in?... Do you realize what that Moskowitz article was? A disconnected, irrational, florid, blowing of words that in the stages of analysis are found to mean nothing at all. ~~~ Whoever let the thing in either had a colossal sense of humor or knows nothing whatsoever about writing. ~~~ ...I want to resubmit my previous article rejected by you people. My reasons for doing this are entirely selfish inasmuch as they relate to the Michelistic movement. I consider the article an adequate reply to Shroyer and his ilk and I think I am entitled to a chance to vindicate myself before the same audience that Shroyer addressed. Certainly all the readers of your magazine must be interested in fair play." (What say, fair players--is it or aint it?)

*Bob Tucker*

the "dead Dictator", 216 E Monroe St; Bloomington/Ill; "Received the sample copy of IMAGINATION yesterday and consider that I have got a dime's worth. ~~~ Am taking your invitation on page 18 of the July issue to heart and am enclosing a contribution... ~~~ I enjoyed this issue very much (the second I have ever saw -- having received a copy from you folks last Fall sometime). I really like the cover for the neatness and color do much to attract the eye. I believe the contents page on of the best either in fan or professional magazines. Like the double column and paragraphing idea very much, as the other way went to make up a lot of confusion. ~~~ And I'm still in a sweat wondering whether Pogo Pogo are those islands I mentioned in the last letter or one of your members walking around on two or more feet." (Pogo's no stick!)

"I

like the Aug. issue better than Charley's" succinctly states CARROLL WYMARK of San Francisco.

JACK COBURN, fanmag alias for a wellknown author, tells us: "The new Madge! is most pleasing, though, as usual, the news columns are more interesting than the fony stoff. I like the cover. Kuslan has some good ideas in his article, though I'm afraid the dream of paying s-f writers 3¢ a word vanished with the halcyon days of 1928, when Clayton, for example, did pay that fairly often, and never went below 2¢. The character-analysis feature is an excellent idea;..." (Maybe some of U wonder now & then just what was left out where those dots of omission appear... Mostimes it's something irrelevant. This time there followed the semicolon; "and I was deeply touched by your reference to" & then the author proceeded to name himself --so, since we r not at liberty to divulge his identity...)

That man MISKE is here again! "Received today was the old faithful for August. Early, but quite welcome. ~~~ After that nightmare, that Abyss-spawned creation of last month, well, fellows - and gals, Morojo - I was touched; yessir, touched. It's a pretty good issue, and, of course, compared to the last, it's pennies - or manna, or something - from heaven.



The cover could have been improved if the artist had been a bit more careful with the small figures. So you're goin' to have a contest, are you? S'help me, I'm gonna enter. I have already put my great intellect to work and I'm sure that it will soon come forth with a magnificent brainchild... The new contents page is all right. S' a matter of fact, I give you my permission to keep the new method. (Thank for nothin') WOW was pretty good; yes, it was even very good. Fanta-science Flashes still isn't large enough, but what you so have is usually quite interesting. Most interesting bit of news for me was about Marvel Tales. Did you know as far back as early December Crawford was contacting distributors? He was in Cleveland, for my favorite dealer...said a woman representing Crawford had been there to make a deal with him about buying remainders. She said the mag would be out in January...but it wasn't! Aren't you surprised? (Flabberasted) Apparently they were planning big scale operations, for the dealer told me he signed for five thousand, which I imagine we can take with a grain of salt. (Only peanuts & popcorn do we like salted; when it comes to mags, we want 'em mint!) Nico biography. So what? (So this: U can't blitl th HPFF & go unpunish! U r hereby santonst to recceiv one xtra --free--issue of IMAGINATION!! My xpenso. --Pogo) ...What if 'Facts Are Clean'? Just because of it an I to be forced to open up one of my favorite magazines and find featured articles on 'The Love-Life of a Newt', and, well, use your Imagination! (A splendid suggestion. " " " " Salamander might constitute an s.a. essay of the first water--if we only newt!) I don't like Kuslan's magazine, and I wouldn't be any more happier about buying it than I would the present-day messes. Maybe he just didn't go into detail enough. His format is pretty good, but after all stories are a little important, and just tripling the rates won't...be enough. What kind of stories would he print? 'There's the rub'. To Hornig goes a still loud-or block of the old R/SPBERRIES. Only decent thing about his article was the crack about the skeleton, which wasn't original. (the crack, I mean.) I gasp! I scream! 'T'is impossible! We...we have...yes, we have...MERRITT! Ah, friends, I wept, weeped, wopt - one of them is right! - with joy. On account of Merritt is my favorite, I enjoyed every li'l word of it... 'Dead Reckoning' is by far the best article in the issue, and was read with shrieks of joy and laughter. But then sometimes I laugh at the damndest things! I still don't think anything of Bradbury's is worth the reading --- but I read it just to make sure. But I wasn't disappointed. This handwriting feature seems worthless to me. Few of the fans know the authors well enough to guess them, and I'd much rather read a straight biography. Besides if you want us to believe handwriting can be read...nuts! (It may be readable, but not, ah...analyzable.) I thought 'Ether Series' to be a horror! (The column is "Ether Series") Ditto'Dreamland', which is extremely dull, and uninteresting, and uninformative as well... 'Way Down South' is most remarkable for the fact that it finally appeared. Where is the 'Asylumstory' thing. Done for permanently? (Uh-huh) Enclosed is dime for Sept. Madge. Plus nickel for the 'forbidden page'... P.S.--What's happened to Jack Spoor? P.P.S.--I'll sign your petition and get two or three more signatures, but I think Campbell and Smith's space-novels are LOUSY! However, anything to oblige, you know me - I hope not!"

"The August issue was excellent-" declares "Nanjo" FEATHERSTONE of 205 Ventura. Alta-dena/Cal "and I was glad to find the old Ackerman Element (almost said elephant) back as or yore. If the heat doesn't git me - I shall try out for your contest. Meanwhile I must be off (no remarks) hot on the trail of a wayward dime for that hussy Madge's next issue."

Salesman SAM, the MOSKOWITZ man, of 603S11. Newark/NJ.

sez: "I received your July "Madge" some time ago and was very pleasantly surprised. Hornig certainly did a complete job of making over the magazine. I don't know whether you have decided to adopt his format permanently or not...nevertheless I'm for it. I liked especially Hornig's article and the readers department. There were two humorous spots in Wilsons exaggeration. 'WHO IS DAW'---hmm? Brackish m'lad--are YOU a Micholist! (?) You've got a swell idea in that \$ contest. Needless to say, (and I'm not being hypocritical) I would have entered the competition for the fun of it



without any inducement other than the prize of being included in the anniversary number... In the meantime I'm anxious to know how my article in last "Madge" was received. Please rush me August number."

RICHARD WILSON JR drops a line (facsimile follows) in lieu of a signature to "Compositors. Imagination!" from the Science Fiction News Letter, 86-10 -- 117 St; Richmond Hill, Ill: "Greetings; All apologies to Nancy Featherstone for my graining table. If she will express it to me I shall do my best to ship to her in its place a kitchen, dining-room, multiplication or whatever other sort of table she prefers. Just so long as it isn't a table d'hôte. (My exaggeration, however, did have two G's in it.) ~ Way Out West is in top form again, thanks be. Pogo's biography was interesting, as were Lowndes' paragraph and Louis Kuslan's wish-fulfillment article. 'Tempus Certainly Does Fugit!' (at least it should have been left so) was a little gem. 'Dead Reckoning' was a bit too gruesome (or growsome), tho tho cut illustrating it was a masterpiece. ~ To think that a magazine of science-fiction should sink so low as to incorporate a graphology 'expert' in its pages! Imagine an astrology department in Astounding! Horriblehorriblehorrible. ~ 'Ether Series' are dull... I sympathized with T. Bruce Yerke's indignation in 'Dreamland'. Does this make me a Michelist? I liked 'Way Down South on Broadway' as I do all peeps into goings-on at LASTI meetings. A loud huzzah, or something not so old-fashioned, for the six pages of comment. ~ Enclosed are 3¢ in stamps for the Shroyerjection..."

MADGE is happy to hear from that Goofy Gal "Trudy": "Don't print my address, but if someone wants to write to me, toll 'em to send whatever info they have or want, to me in c/o WT, Chi." she PSES to a lengthy letter to halve, much as we regret, which we have "Dear, dear Madge! Just hadda dig out the old typor and let you know how vur', vur' mooch I likod yer mag. ~ It sims the July issue brot out dubbie colyums, stida full page print - hum - fr m'own opinion, I profor the double column, reading is easier - mabbo my eye alignment isn't just what it should be, ----- and then, horrorrrrrrs of horrorrrrrs, - I find a misspelled word in Way Out West - kindly toll RussHodjks that the worrud is "accode" and not "acceed". (Haha! One on U too: "Worrud" aint spold that way but vurdo--we think...now U've got us vor'd!) Peculiarly, I like the cockoyed paragiraffing, although it will probably take months n montz to do it m'self. Ah, me, - slaves to convention, we are. (Speak for yourself. Trudy! --Madge) ~ Hop, wot, won, ware and wy is WOW, which pops up too mysteriously often in this issue. (Way Out West) ~ Voll, hollo, Chas Hornig - long time no hear about- Tempus fidgets no more than I when friend Boss Mac decides to take an hour to dictate two memoranda - '1933 - I'm not the office boy, I'm the eddytor' tusk tusk, as the walrus said, what is this worrud coming tu with all these infant prodigios... ~ Hoboi hoboi did I loff at Dead Reckoning by A. Ghoul... ~ Come the vox poepuls - Friend Hornig and FJA get a liberal panning from most of the reoders - why? - furthera perusal, proves that the eddy torial staff goes in for the samothing as Coblentz - I'll botcha like puns and coffee for breakfas' - (it's stale, but so are the puns). ~ Why not a back cover to Madge - would you and you and you attiro yourself in garments that covered just the front of you? -" (Now none o' that back talk!)

ROBERTUCKER twice: "Upon being awakened from my oasy slumbers this cockerow, did find your welcome presonce upon my humble stoop, and over the daily eye-opener of tomato juice and brandy did digest your august (pun) self. ~I did not find your cover as eye-appealing as the July visit, altho the taste of color you have is to be commended. On the inside front cover I find the announcement of the Birthday party, therefore find enclosed a contribution to make it livlier. I prefer the type of contents page as you had in the July issue. ~ But, upon turning the contents page --- ugh! I did find that you have resorted to the previous method and dropped double columns. Am distinctly not in favor of this, tho if it affords you less work and more words, as you claim, will abide with it. 'W-O-W' is positively

*Just Trudy's  
Hornig*



your most interesting charm. And at last I have found out that Pogo is a member of your western clan and not an island. A. Ghoul's 'Dead Reckoning' is well worth the 1/4¢ the page it appeared on cost me. Charles Dee Hornigs writings are always welcome in this establishment and hope to see you bringing him along on future visits. 'Way Down South on B'way' was just so much corn meal mush, to be swallowed as quickly as possible whilst a clothespin held the nose. However, I will be fair and read it again. Possibly this time I may discover what its all about. Pappy Dr-acula however was extremely interesting. Better shoot his offshoot. ~~~ The one outstanding complaint Madge, is your most annoying habit of talking in a form of pidgin English known as Ackormanese. Aiky himself I hold nothing against save being the founder (or so I am led to believe) of this eye straining, hard-reading form of modern torture. ~~~ Now run along, and come back next month a nicer girl. ~~~ Aw River,"

That amazing fan-omenon, a reader who doesnt rant about Ackormanese & allyd subjects? is WILLARD DELBY of 1005 Chas. St. Everett/Ma. who says that all he can say "about MADGE is that it is Okay. I read it from one end to the other and like the whole thing."

FARNSWORTH WRIGHT: "I appreciate more than I can say your kindness in sending me THE HYBORIAN AGE. You have done a real service to the memory of a great literary craftsman. May you flourish as the green bay tree! ~~~ Thanks also for the copies of your excellent fan magazine IMAGINATION. I enjoy it greatly. I got some chuckles out of the strong ghoulish humor of DEAD RECKONING. It fairly rocks of formaldehyde. The magazine is ably edited and full of meat. ~~~ Unwittingly you did me a personal service with your resumé of FLASH GORDON'S TRIP TO MARS. I had been taking my 8-year old son Robert (Bobby to you) every Saturday afternoon to a neighborhood theater to see this serial. But he missed the 9th chapter because he was sick that week, and has been begging me ever since to take him to some other theater where that chapter was showing. Now that he has read Mr. Ackorman's summary he seems entirely content. Such humorous touches as 'the mits of Ming' pleased him immensely. ~~~ I was glad to see Hornig again when he stopped in at LP office last week. I hope sometime to meet my esteemed editor-colleague, Forrest J Ackorman. Best regards."

Azygous' twin brother? Dick Wilson Jr having admitted the Azygous identity, we now hear from a new New York enigmaticcommentator, who types on translucent, legal size paper, in red, black for emfasis, employing the "nonstop" paragraphing, signing self s simply--Guanon, saying: "Greetings, Gals, & Guys of LASFL: ~~~ Surprised? ~~~ Why in the name of all that is wonderful & marvelous don't U give MADGE a better chance to succeed? Why do U persist in putting her out partly in that terrible type that cannot be read? (A X don't U critic pay attn? madge aint got no rich Uncle in the typewriter manufacturing business--that's 'cause-why we can't sport any superior typ.) I would suggest the use of Vogue or standard pica for the whole mag. It may be that U can get more material into an ish by using the elite type but of whar value is the additional material if one cannot read what has been written? Prapa it isn't entirely the fault of the type. I note that sometimes all the letters but the q's & p's r easily distinguishable. Operators, observe. (Unfortunately, your admonition comes at a most inopportune time as our best operator fractured a finger & her hand has been bandaged.) ~~~ Consider the lug ish which I've just finisht trying to read. ~~~ The failure seems to be mostly in the readers' dept. More than half the interest is lost because one must determine whether certain characters are errors or just poor mimeographing. ~~~ Now that's off my mind, I must say that I believe the mimeographing is getting better each ish, the material is consistently good, & MADGE's magnetism is irresistible-- she has personality plus... Ackormanese & other Ackormanisms r what make her synonymous with the title of the new Tallulah Bankhead play, 'I Am Different'! ~~~ MADGE should wear an illustration on the cover whenever a suitable one is available. The August cover is clever & very well done. Suitable interior illustrations, such as A GHOUL (XLNT), enhance her value. Cannot decide which I like better for MADGE, the plain or the elaborate Table of Contents. However, I favor the omission of the numerous dots between names & numbers. ~~~ Glad to (see pg 20



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THE HYBORIAN AGE: It's all the rage, note, not only with admirers of the late, great Robert E. Howard, but every fantasy fan appreciative of imaginative genius. Universally praised by purchasers, Ltd. edit., lastime it will be advertised in IMAGINATION!. Order your copy now & have no regrets. 35c ppd from LANY Co-operative Publications (PacifiCoast Representatives): 1903W84 Pl, Los Angeles/Calif. ~ THE NECRONOMICON (History of), by HP Lovecraft. Printed. 15c ppd from W. Wright: 3504WB, LA/Cal. ~ Dr Keller's "Television Detective", a new story. 10c via Voloso, c/o Morojo: Bx 6475 Met Sta, LA. ~ Stf & Non-sense, 10c. Jack Erman: Modern Apts, 3d & Vermont; LA. ~ THE BLIND SPOT, RADIO MAN, GIRL IN THE GOLDEN ATOM, SHARK LOMER, TREASURES OF T.M.T. LUS, TULED OUT, MAN IN THE MOON, PLANET OF MERIL, METAL EMPEROR, MAN ON THE METEOR, SKY BO-MAN, SEA GIRL, SNOW GIRL, SHADO GIRL, MOON GIRL, RETURN OF GEO. WASHINGTON, JASON - SON OF JASON, LORD OF DEATH, QUEEN OF LIFE, TUBBYARD, BEYOND THE STARS, BRAND NEW WORLD, COSMIC COURTSHIP & countless other classics--sent wantlist, sae. NB: Wantlist inquiries only can b cared for; no requests for complete stocklist. Also weird from '24, Amazing et al from VLM; TIT, SED, FI, UL, RT, Fantasy Fan, Fanciful & 5000 other fanmags (not to b taken literally); fantascience fotos; & endless delectable items to deprive U of your dough but make U OH! so happy!-- so describe your desires. "J": 236 1/2 N How Hampshire, Hollywood. ~ IMAGINATION! thru the months. Lacking any issues? Every one, 20 large-size, attention-holding pgs. While they last: '37 Nov (#2--#1's gone again! o give 1 yr renewal or extension for ea. '37 Oct ish returned) 25c; Dec, 30c. '38 Jan, 35c; Feb, 30c; Mar, 15c; Apr, 20c; May, June, 10c; July, 15c; Aug, 10c. ~ Falcon-otto, Holkins, Glasser, Yorke, FJL, Squires, Cunnock, Korlay, Yorke, De Pinto-- all pleased purchasers of the Green & Brown typewriter ribbon; & now, Misko! Don't take a ribbin' on your back black--take a ribbon! Goodness gracious, b novacious! \$ ppd for any make machine. Morojo: Bx 6475, Metro Sta; Los Angeles/Cal



The Voice (concluded) "--see Russ get even with the July ish on WOW. Always like to read about what has been done by you dippy-doodlers. & WOW is well written it's like living it all over. Fantascience Flashes, Imagi-nik-rax, Among Our Memos & fillers, very interesting. Grafologyarns, a pleasant surprise. Does Mme Dark really live in Franco? (Ah, la belle france! Eet ees ze ongly plece wair wone really leeves... n'est-ce pas? Her adres is deux rue le jour which, in English, means "2 Rue the Day"--U pay 5c postage to Paris.) In my estimation, the order of merit of other depts in Aug ish is Fantascience Filmart, Onward Esperanto, Book Reviews from A-broad (does Herr Hausler actually live in Chermany) (absolutely; no fooling a-bout this) & Ether Fories. Latter very verbose; believe editing to about one-fourth its size, in Aug, would have been sufficient space for its uninspired resumo of megor stfal interest. (& about a quarter had already been olipt out!) Order of merit of the articles: Dead Reckoning, Tempus Certainly Does Figet, Dreamland, Way Down South on Broadway & If I Had \$100,000. I have listed Dead Reckoning & Tempus Certainly Does Figit ahead of Dreamland because I like entertainment. ~~~ I heartily agree with Mr. Wells & 'Doc' Lowndes. Regarding conventions & taboos, I believe a mgazine publisht by & for people who are supposed to be intelligont, reasoning beings should not hesitate to handle any subject of general interest to its readers. I believe no subject should be considered 'too hot to handle'. MATGE should put on her asbestos gloves & take the matter fearlessly in her hands-- if it is worthy of consideration. ~~~ It seems I have failed to mention the VOICE excepting in my complaint at the beginning of this ?what is it. I agree with several of the other readers concerning its importance. I believe it alone is worth the price of the whole magazine-- tho of course the two are inseperable. May MATGE never lose her unique VOICE, & may the IMAGINATION never get well (in other words, I like it sig!). ~~~ Sciencetoly,

Imagination!

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