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# IMAGINATION!

The Fanmag of the Future With a Future!

March 1938  
Vol 1 No 6 Whole No 6

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## WAY OUT WEST ("Hi-Lites of Local Leag Life") - Director Russ Hodgkins

The job of writing a monthly column such as this--& keeping it more or less interesting--has assumed proportions that this writer little suspected when he agreed to undertake it. Not being one who is gifted with a flair for writing, or for making news where little or no news exists, the haphazard way in which the various items are tossed into this monthly moan must be excused by the readers---- Just thinking about it makes me feel worse, so if you can put up with it for a while, we'll get on to the business at hand:

A real loss was suffered by the Chapt this month, when "Everybody's Pal"--Pogo--packed up & vanished into some state vaguely known as Arizona. There went our slip-sheet gal & faithful "Madge" assembler! "Patty" writes the gang: "The only thing here (Gila Bend) is a bunch of Indians, Mexicans & cowboys who act like they never saw anything with a skirt on b4. Well, if I can't be in LA 2 attend the meetings, then the least I can do is tell everyone about it & try & educate em." Thru her cousin Morojo we learn Patty has set herself up as "Hi Priestess of Foo Foo!", her right-hand man-i-Ack being that Esperanpest Foo-jak! Emblem of this organization is a tooth-pick shaped like a Pogo Stick..!

With an atheismanuscript (if I don't run it together that way, Whacky will!) in this issue, & the anti-Michelismanuscript coming up, it might be prudent to mention at this point that, as the radio announcer says, "Madge is non-partisan, non-sectarian, etc, & the opinions expressed in our pgs do not necessarily reflect those of the roster."

Due to the fact that ol' Jupe Pluvius favored us with a "heavy dew", the meeting of 3 Feb was not what it might have been in regard to attendance. Nothing important in the way of business on hand, Geo Tullis regaled us with an acct of his recent trip to Sun Valley/Idaho, following which, Fred Shroyer described his trip thru Death Valley & the folk-lore of the inhabitants thereof.

Duplicating our record "Keller" attendance, for no good cause that we know 29 turned up to our 17 Feb meeting. 23 members & 6 guests--1 feminine. Fred Shroyer gave a real entertaining extemporaneous talk on collecting stuff bks for a personal library, the keynote being not to neglect the phantasys, "for it is within that shadowy realm that surrounds the strict science fiction works that most of the great masterpieces are to be found." He cited the Merritt vols, little known bk "Tunnels thru the Air", & orally resumé'd Geo Allan England's "Air Trust". Followed a plea by Fred that there should be more Purpose--planning--in our get-togethers, rather than just to convene to converse about the current stuff. This evoked volunteers: Frances Fairchild will lead off with a paper on bacteriology, to be followed by Chas Gurnett on "My Perpetual Motion models & Why won't they work?!". Still later, "Stimmy" promises another session on Atlantis.

Feb was a Macabre Movie Month for the Imagi-natives, commencing with the LON CHANEY Evening at the Filmarte. Henry K, Frank Brady, Geo Tullis, Morojo, Forry, Celeste, Fred Shroyer, Hal & Vic Clark, & Wil Stinson & Lady Friend formed the Phantom of the Opera party--saw Chaney Jr, Peter Lorre, in lobby. Few eves later, similar group journey'd out to Inglewood to witness revival the original FRANKENSTEIN. Forry & FilmatiClark interview'd Mgr afterward to induce him to revive Dracula. "Crime of Dr Crespi" (the "Premature Burial" Poe pic) is skod'd there (Ritz Theater) soon. "The Mummy" recently revived at Voguo. Keep 30 Mar in mind for INVIS. MAN! Due to Roy Test's efforts, this will be brot back at the WORLD--"7" on B'way to Florence....

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

Arthur J. Burks, who has had several novels published in bk form under the byline Burke MacArthur, & is now submitting pseudonymanuscrrpts to Ast, has written "Etheria".

Ed Earl's Repp-utation may be enhanced by "Taan of the Crimson Crystal, Empire of Terror & The Wingd Hord".

Francis Flagg's finisht fiction: "Outpost of Lemuria, Thomas Incredible, The Nite People (which the LA Leag may publish as a bklet at a later date), The Unknown, Ghost in the House, Infinity (in collaboration with RRVogan) & The Slow-Motion Man (with Weaver Wright)".

Victor Rousseau, whose last name is Emanuel, has used the penname "HMEgbert".

Lowell "Islands in the Air" Howard Morrow may return to stf with mss "Wings of Tho, Avenging Fire & sequel Banner of Blood, Cruise of the Dolphin".

HGWells is being serialized in Red Bk: "The Brothers".

Current All-American Fiction contains immortalityarn "Janc. Brown's Body".

\*\*\*\*\*

IMAGI-NIK-NAX:

*Charles William Dillman*

"Briefly, my idea of what science fiction should be: In the very name 'science-fiction' it is apparent that fiction is the important word and sci-ence only a means of classification. That is to say a scientifically accurate forecast of future development written by, say, Millikan, might be most uninteresting. . . . No, if Millikan wrote it, it would be intensely interesting, but you get the idea. It could be good science; it could be a basically sound forecast of future events; and still it could be mighty dry reading not classifiable as fiction. \*\* "The story's the thing" to paraphrase William the Only. It must ring true. It must seem real when we read it. Then the science should be basically sound; and, built upon that secure footing, the experiences of the characters may become real happenings to real people like ourselves. \*\* "The witches' curse upon the writer who uses any device plainly contrary to modern scientific belief without a plausible explanation for the contradiction. Doyle placed people at the bottom of the ocean and 'explained' away the pressure by casually stating that there wasn't any excessive pressure-- which didn't make Doyle immune from a suspicion of lazy writing in that instance."

*Amelia Reynolds Long* "Perhaps it would interest you to know that OMEGA was written when I was in high school. It had rather a strange history: I first sent it to AMAZING STORIES; and two months later was told by Mr. Gernsbach, who was then editor, that they had no record of it. After I had finished calling myself things for not having had it registered, I made another copy, and sent it to WEIRD TALES; but Mr. Wright--who, by the way, is the nicest editor I've ever encountered--didn't think the end would carry conviction. After that I gave it up as a bad job, and tossed it into a desk drawer; so you can imagine my surprise when it appeared."



## AMONG OUR MEMS

nut haired, stocky,  
in Great Falls/Mont  
35 Apr Ast.

*T. Buegey*

--gay young Yorke, tousled chest-  
bospectacled, was born 17 Apr 22  
--but Life Bogan for him with the

He thinks Ast has dege  
AMS best in his opinion. TWS 2d.

norated but perhaps Campbell can pull it up.  
No use for Weird.

Thinks thot-variants (pro-  
nounced var-eye-ants) "utter drivol". Thome-preferences; Science-adventure & in-  
terplanetary. Used to think "van Lorne" was good--"but found out who he was."

Avid

air fan--but never been near an aeroplane.

Roads 15 mags per month! Intends to be  
a writer, journalist. Already edits school paper. And sports 2 pseudonyms!

Disgus-

ted with human race, believes "benevolent Dictatorship better than bungling Demo-  
cracy."

His pick for greatest pic of all time: THINGS TO COME.

Another Atheist.

Makos

funny noises on a saxophone; also funny noises with mouth, said to be French.

Always

up in the air (the aviation influence?) about Ackermanose; but "very much interest-  
ed in Esperanto."

*Perry L. Lewis* One of the chapter's early members, became enmeshed in our  
complex material existence during the early part of the  
twentieth century in El Paso, Texas. He soon tired  
of cowboy life, however, and at the mature age of one month he  
packed his tri-cornered trousers and journeyed westward. At the age of  
eight months, and after making an intensive survey into the climatic, business,  
political, and housing conditions of the western states, he finally decided to set-  
tle down in Southern California. True, he admits, the dew was found rather unusual;  
but this offered no really serious obstacle since he was very fond of swimming. Ex-  
cepting numerous self propelled excursions into the Pacific, he has never since been  
without the boundaries of the state. He hopes to break from his 'hermitage' in 1939  
for the S-F Convention in New York, however: "Wanta be around when Wolheim and Ack-  
erman meet," says he with a satanic gleam in his eye.

This tall, blond, usually serious visaged individual, has a colossal capacity  
for unleashed laughter, upon occasions.

Asserts he began the perusing of scientific fiction in magazine form back in  
1929; ceased reading it sometime near '32, and has since been assimilating pseudo-  
scientific fiction in, strangely enough, the same periodicals. His files of s-f  
magazines are fairly complete, lacking a comparative few of the rarer numbers. De-  
clares he doesn't know why he collects the current "science fiction" pulps. Pet  
peeve is the lack of science in science-fiction.

Likes the writings of some WF authors, Lovecraft in particular.

Thinks Ackermanose the most dangerous contagious disease in existence. Is the  
most active crusader against the use Ackermaniacal simp. spelling in chapter organ.  
Despite the differences of opinion, he likes Forrie immensely--though, at present,  
he's not quite sure it works vice versa. He has instigated too many recent revolts  
against the rule of Ackermanose in 'Madge'. (I love U, 2F; in evidence of which;  
Observe Ur biography utrlly unaltrd--even paragraph as U prefer! --4E)

Pacifist. Ambition: Censored, on second thought, at self-request.

Forrest J. Ackerman's FANTASCIENCE FILMART

Several realistic miniature sets in the cinema, notably the London of 1940 showing the new Charing Cross Bridge, & an NYC with double-deck sts, aeroplanes, airships & autogiros mooring on roofs--the bombing to bits of the Brobdingnagian bldgs...

I have been so fortunate as to obtain an exclusive interview for IMAGINATION! with Jameson Thomas, masculine star of the movie. "It was an exciting experience" Thomas said. "Yes, we considered ourselves quite in advance of the times then, playing rôles in a picture revolving round possibilitys 10 yrs hence. The story was startd as a silent, U know; & then sound & talking came in & we re-shot it." "No, I didnt know" I said. He continued: "I was interestd to see; here in Hollywood, several yrs ago; the 'Trans-Atlantic Tunnel', produced by the same people, & in which, U may remember, (which I did, definitely) the history of HI TREASON was introduced, incorporating the construction of the Channel Tunnel of 1940."

"The PAX insignia worn in the picture? Yes, they stood for Peace."

"Sorry I can't tell U whether The Peace Song & 'There is Nothing New In Loving' (music of 'tomoro' in the film) were recorded or releast in sheetmusic form."

As an experiment I quoted some the dialog which'd most imprest me (see Feb Filmart). "U remember my lines better than I! young man" declared cinemactor Thomas as I departd.

Jameson Thomas has apeard in American scientifilms "Invisible Man" & "Sing Sing Nites".

Thanx to--  
Mirta Forsto for facts on recent phantasticartoons from FOREN cinemafactorys: "The Ether-Ship", in newest technicolor, from NEDERLAND; "Das Blau Wonder", also artisticolor, DEUTSCHLAND; "Joie de Vivre", surrealistcartoon from FRANCE; "Prince Achmed", IRANTAN (PERSIAN) predecessor of "Snow White", feature-length, painstakingly created by certain silhouette process--all about Aladdin & his magic lamp, a flying carpet, wingd horse, enchantd isle, &c.

/"The Dybbuk", Yiddish phantacelluloid paralleling Paramount's "Supernatural" of some yrs ago insofar as both treat(d) of the soul of a dead person procuring a place in a living body.

/GREAT NEWS! Philip Wylie's scientifictionovel GLADIATOR is getting screen-treatment! For those not familiar with this advance-biologyarn...it's an exciting story of a scientist & his sensationl serum which makes his son superman of strength, speed &--invulnerability! Hugo Danner--"Gladiator"--can lift boulders like match-5xs, jump higher than a house, bend a rail rd rail, outrun a train, pull a boaconstrictor strate, stop machinegun bullets..! A bk with a Big Wallop that shoud make a smashing science action-adventure film, b "bx-office"!

The Fantasy Film Studio, (New) Universal, announces another 'shocker'-- "More Thrilling than 'Frankenstein'": "The Mystery of the Black Doll".

Skeded: Sequel to DR X, the synthetic-flesh film, to star Karloff in technicolor!



## Anent Atheism &amp; Stf -- By Erick Freyor.

In a recent article in Cosmic Tales the correlation between atheism & science fiction was stressed; or rather, the relationship between sf readers & atheists. Its author reached the conclusion, thru contacts with other fans, that there is a predominant tendency to discard all basic beliefs either entirely or retaining at most only a tenuous abstract conception of a Deity which might best be described as an "oblong blur". This is not at all surprising.

However, I feel that caution must be exercised in attributing all these desirable philosophical developments solely to the steady diet of stf. Natural selection, tho a trite fraze, undoubtedly has a great deal to do with this reported phenomenon. I infer by this that science fiction is the kind of literature that would be read & appreciated by an individual who already has discovered that the mumbo-jumbo of the latter-day Witch Doctors doesn't "track" with the discoveries of modern science. This type individual finds the average stories of luhve, western "God-awfuls" & detective misadventure hopelessly boring with their Mission Padres who solve the romantic problems of Hellfire Harrys by advising them to put their trust in God & pray in the twilight ea eve nr the old Mission tower; their sloppy sentimentality, Guestionian homilys & tear-jerking themes characterized by lil litching girl-babys who kneel by their beds & whithper "Pleath, God, make dathy a better man".

It can be seen that those who have had access to librarys (& who hasnt?) & who possess fairly analytical minds inevitably will arrive at atheism--or at least agnosticism, even tho they have been so unfortunate as not to have discovered science fiction. & when they do make the acquaintance of "our" imaginative literature; & find within it theorys, ideas & suggestions compatible with their knowledge; they automatically will accept it as their literature.

On the other hand the typical religious individual could be fed stf with a hypo & his reaction still would be a wry face & fearful look over his left shoulder to see if the Wrath of God be upon him---yet!

It has been said of science fiction readers that they are ardent escapologists, using the odd & exotic worlds of their authors as dream houses east of the equinox & west of Antares where they may retire on more or less frequent occasion & indulge in a hebe-frenic holiday. This accusation comes mostly from the religious ones who, if they were capable of logical reasoning, would realize that the old adage of the pot calling the kettle black was being amusingly & clearly demonstrated: If the science fiction fan does lose himself at times in the supramundane realm of Imagination he at least realizes his action. Our Godly friends perpetually are dwelling in mirages but they accept their illusions as reality.

In conclusion, I'm a bit fearful science fiction will have very little success in lifting the lamb from the flock. The lamb doesn't want to be lifted. He is quite content with the delicious dreams he enjoys in his life-long spiritual jag.

Who reads scientifiction already has a conscious or unconscious seed of skepticism which stf grantedly will bring to fruition. & this acceleration of intellectual progress is, in my estimation, sufficient justification for this type literature...

The Infidel's Epitaf: HERE LIES AN ATHEIST, No God Did He Know...Now "All Drost Up & No Place To Go--!"



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Lewis & Shroyer read, imediately buy; FJA takes 5; Wilbur Stimson orders 13! --That privately printd provocativ pamphlet, or bklet, by VanZandt...calld Th Crooked Rd. Not stf, nor yet anothr "ism", but--but send 20c & see for Urself! Myrtle Douglas: Bx 6475 Met Sta --LA.

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"A Charming Interview" with *Robert Bloch* (By ROBERT BLOCH)

When I recvd a copy of IMAGINATION! thru the mails I opened it with avid interest. After considerable & costly correspondence I located a lunatic afflicted with a knowledge of Ackermanese, & Exasperanto, & had the accursed thing translated into ancient (1938) English. I was amazed.

Then a Mr Ackerman, a gent of whom you may've heard (too much)--tis rumord round the Imagi-nation that he's engaged to "Madge"--askt me to do an article. "Write as U nevr wrote bfor:" he requested--"Write good."

Well that confronted me with several problems: 1, Should I write the article in Esperanto? or in the more obscure dialect of dinky? --better known as Esperanto; 2, How much should I charge for the job--& just how fat a chance did I stand to collect it?; 3, What kind of an epic was this to be?!

After solving Holler-Bloch-en's dilemma (by forgetting it) I finally decided to do an interview. But with whom? I wanted to make an exceptional job.

Upon scrutinizing the entire science fiction & fantasy fields (& trying to keep from lafing while I did so) I quickly came upon the one name that was pre-eminent, outstanding, paramount & MGM. Obviously the most famous figure of all was ROBERT BLOCH.

(Applause.)

Now it wasnt easy for me to interview brother Bloch as he is a very shy & modest fellow. Not exactly retiring, tho--he never sleeps. But in order to meet this bashful wonder-man I was forced to disguise myself so that he wouldnt recognize me. This I did by undergoing a slight surgical operation (having my brain removed) that I might masquerade as a fannag od.

For awhile the Blochead refused to believe I was an f.m.e., declaring I appeared much too intelligent.

But after a siege of many days (I never did siege such a guy!) I at last succeeded in entering Bloch's home; sharing his bed & board, often going so far as to bathe & shave him & act as valet ("Valet nice work if you can get it"--old Chinese proverb). & if I do say so myself...I aided him no end with my writing.

I found Robert Bloch to be a fascinatin' monster. We agreed on every topic & had a common cause for interest in the subject of Robert Bloch.

Time passt &, with the weight of the world on my shoulders, Atlas I broacht the subject of an interview. After a little coaxing on my part, my pal broke down (with a bad cold). I coaxt him more--about 3 qts. At last he consented.

"I'll talk!" he screard. "I'll talk, chief! Only make that pink olofant stop beating me with that rubber hose trunk! Aaargh..."

Here, verbatim, is our interview:

Q: Your name is Robert Bloch?

A: Well, yes; that is, I think it is: I am often mistaken for Robert Taylor.

Q: What do you do for a living?

A: Eat & sloop.

Q: None of that cheap minstrel show stuff! Bloch. --How do you earn your lavish fortune?

A: I write for Weird Tales. In my sparetime I take in washing.

Q: Much money in it?

A:



A I clean up!

Q: Sorry I had to shoot you! Bloch, but lay off those old gags... Now: Just how do you spend your time?

A: Counting the money I make from writing.

Q: Be

more explicit.

A: Well in the morning I count the \$ bills.

Q: Yes? & what do you do

when you're finisht?

A: I count the \$5 bills.

Q: & when finisht with that?

A: I count

the 10s.

Q: & when you finish with them?

A: O I never can finish counting my \$10

bills!

Q: Well enuf of that. Ah, who do you consider are the world's best authors?

A:

O I guess Shakespear ranks about 2d & Edgar Allan Poe 3d...

Q: Is it true you spent

some time on the coast last yr?

A: No; I was on the county. Aaaaargh!

Q: That's the

2d time I've had to shoot you, Bloch. No regrets.

A: Whew...that was a close shot;

Just misst me!

Q: Misst you? Hmf: Where's your left ear!

A: V-ery funny. Yes, now

that you mention it...I was in Karloffemia.

Q: Did you meet Jim Mooney?

A: No but I

met his brother Paul.

Q: You stayd with Henry Kuttner, didnt you?

A: I'd like to tell

you about that if you don't mind. It's the saddest story of my life...

I know "Henry Kuttner" as a writer of weird & science fiction. For several yrs we corresponded. Last May he invited me to his hovel in Beverly Hills. I left Milwaukee & had a hootie trip. I'd never been to the coast (my parents don't allow me to play outside the backyard). After 5 days I pulld up at Hank's place at 6 in the yawning. I buzzd the bell. An enormous gray wolf apeard. I hadnt noticed it at first--not until it had bitten off my left leg did I stoop & see the slavoring muzzle of the beast.

"Kutt-

ner?" I gaspt. The creature nodded, still slavoring.

"Cut out that slavoring!" I or-

dord, irritated.

"Pardon; it's just my drool personality" explaind the impertinent animal.

~~~~~In his rm, Hank enterd a large evolution-accelerator-anthropomorphical machine situated beside his bed & emerged in more or less human shape. When I saw him thus I felt more at ease. I remarkt on what a convenience it must be for him to have 3 heads. One was in the center & the other 2 grew from his gargantuan shoulders. The head on the left faced backward. The cat in me caused me to inquire Why?

"O I had

that head turned over a woman" he explained. I felt more at home. This weird-scientific writer did have human qualities; tho at first his little eccentricities annoyed me. Such as the clicking of his hoft feet on the floor & the way he chopt his chow with a disintegrator gun stead of cutting it.

Then began my Cali-Ferry stay. At foist all was all x. Henry introduced me to Mooney, the mad hermit of Palms. I met that funnyman "Farco J", "Esperantost"--tho not his famous brother Wasserman--& a host of local scientificenthusiasts. CL Moore came out. & I saw Follywood, Tia Juans, San Diego, Chinatown, Coconut Grove, Brown Derby & a cigarbutt once smoked by Sam Silverwyn. It was all very good--particularly the butt. Butt I reminisce.

I was nrly ready to leave when the Thing came. The Thing always comes in weird stories. It came this time.

For a month I had been puzzling over the fact that Hank disappeared each day. The 2d morning he changed into a bat & flew out the window. But day after day he went out. Wks passt & no Hank til after dark. I wonderd.

Finally one afternoon I was invited into a movie lot by my producer friend Jake Disfarb. We drove onto the great soundstage. I was tremendously excited. I recall the lites, the hustle of the crews, the splendid set. & in the middle stood that diminutive olfin figure of the Star, with a crown of golden curls. It was then I fainted.

I remember nothing til I woke in the bx-car which took me back home. Then only did I recall the ghastly revelation that explained it all--the mindwrenching moment I recognized the goldenhaired little "girl" on the set. It was Henry Kuttner in a blond wig!

Yes, world, that is the terrible truth--HENRY KUTTNER IS REALLY SHIRLEY TEMPLE....!

#### ADVICE TO AMATEUR

MAGICIANS. By Ryner the GREAT!

(Note about a Novelty: The 1st of the following 2 "ossays for ossaying Necromonigonjurors" was skaded to appear in our preceding issue, unfortunately was misplaced in fray of Moving Day of "Madge"'s place of preparation. "Mystery Manuscript" was substituted last month & in meantime it developt Ryner had not carband his contribution but graciously oford to rewrite it from memory. This he did. Then--the missing manuscript shrad up! We could not make up our minds which we liked the better. Both seem most interesting & sufficiently dissimilar wothat as to be not boringly repetitious. So as an experiment we publish both for your entertainment & comparison.)

The amateur magician is apt to get into trouble if he dables in sorcery without taking the necessary precautions. It's no fun at all if you evoke a lamia who is anxious only to eat you, as many have found; but on the other hand the expert mage can get quite a lot of amusement out of a lamia.

Vampires are another matter, especially the type that carrys necrolaria, or gibbeus fever, in which your flesh drips off by degrees til you're a skeleton of your former self. However, the necrolarian vampire (or "nocking vamp" as they are known for short by those who don't know them long) may be differentiated easily from the harmless graveyard variety for while resting the more deadly kind always assumes a semivertical position with its tootsys pointing toward the heavens.

A great deal has been said in favor of chubby brats to be used in Black Masses & for stows. Ofcourse one always must consider the possibility the stow may not like the taste of a small child...

If you're interested in calling up demons be sure to know something about protective pentagrams. Those



are drawn on the flr with some luminous substance & consist of circles, 6-pointed stars & rather silly-looking symbols. Faust got along without them--but then look what happend to Faust. Reciting the revolting royerP s'drol (Lord's Prayer, backward) is a blasfomust. Most amatourists on the occultrail boggle at this point, sometimes choking to death on their own tongues; but a fonograf record playd backward saves a goodenl of trouble. A sacrifice is required & a deck of cards comes in handy for a game of solitaire while you're waiting for the next stop. At this juncture the demon is supposed to manifest itself. Usually it doesnt. If it does, it is advisable to run like holl..!

Ectoplasm is something that troubles many magicianovicos who falsely imagine it to be the gelatiniccomposition of an 'octograf. It practically is impos- sible to get rid of. Micotraps are of no avail; for one thing, cheese never attracts octoplasm. No one ever has discovered how this truly remarkable substance is created tho there is a loony legend that it scoops out peoplo's mouths & throat turns into a ghost. This is a lie.

The only way to get along with octoplasm is to ignore it com- pletely. It is very proud & if it isnt loved it may go away. If it doesnt, you go away--unless you are strongly attracted by octoplasm. It has a foul fishy odor & adores classical music, tho it is allergic to Haydn.

Ghouls are nongregarious. They are handy scavengers & at least one should be kept in every man's collar. There are several variotys; The furry kind, which growls; the bony type, which mutters; & the scaly sort, which burps. A drawback is that ghouls must be kept well fed or they will ränge abroad in search of nutriment & scrabble in graveyards. This may lead to trouble. I don't like to think about it.

Crematorys enrage ghouls & thru some curious form of association they abhor ashtrees. Their toes, however, are very sensitive; if attackt by a ghoul you can distract its attn by pinching its toes. They have no teeth & cannot bite but mumble you to death.

In the W. Indies a great deal of trouble was caused some time ago because ghouls were making unprecedented raids on the zom- bios. Labor troubles resulted. The zombies struck & only offers of increast wages induced them to leave their coffins. Desperate, the plantation-owners imported se- veral herds of werewolves to eat the ghouls but the werewolves proford the taste of the p.-o.s & ate them instead! Peoplo began to talk & the Windies got a bad reputa- tion, which just shows you.

By now if you don't know how to be a sorcerer it's just as Well.

the earnest student who wishes to prepare himself for occultricks must be ready to give his all. (This is the 2d version.) There is no rn for the dabbler. A spirit of willing co-operation is vitally necessary. While the customary bks & apparatus are helpful, magic can be performd inexpensively--til the student has traird 1 or 2 of his familiars to rob banks. Also medical schools sometimes pay well for cadavers, as, for hexample (the blamed typowriter's bowitcht!), when a corpse has playd its part in a Black Mass there is no further use for it. It is inadvisable to put it in the garbage can; The nabors may talk. Either bury it quietly in the back yard or sell it to a hospital.

Now that you're well started you must consider the dangers, of which there are many. It sometimes's difficult to dispose of demons after you've calld them up. Unless you're only talking on the telephone.

A ghoul is a different matter. Treat it firmly but be sure to food it well. Such creatures thrive in a dank wet place & always seek it; I often have been embarrast when offering a friend the use of the bathtub to find a ghoul comfortably esconced within it, perhaps nib- bling nonchalantly on a former occupant of the tub. This has happend so often that few people wish to take baths in my house. (Interruption unavoidable. To b concluded.)

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Prizewon Profetic Play from Europe--  
 Atmosfericly editd ("21st Century  
 Spelng") by "4SJ" from th original  
 review by MRS

*Miss Torbay*

FORWARD: Phantasy footlite formulas are so scarce that when the legitimate stage on rare occasions concerns itself with the scientific-fictional I'm certain to attend. Several other "Little Theatre" sciencethrillers I've seen are "The Living Lie", & "The Soul Surgeon" at the Spotlite, Cinema City. Present production, enacted at the Theatre Workshop/Hollywood, as local fans would know, was the most futuristic of the 3...

Play opens with Prolog in All Nations' Assembly Hall. Here a Pres, Speakr & a Mastr Scientist review horrendous histry th precedng 1/2 century:

Twas in 1954 th teribl 2d World War broke out, th White Races' "Aerial War" that atackt its men, women & childrn from th stratosfere, loosng death & dstruction to their land til they had to buro deep into th earth & dvise oxygen aparatus to escape burstng bom & lethal gas of suicidal surface. When conflict endd they stayd in their beehive Subterania, there creatng egshaped uncrushabl cars & in othr branches greatly progreest in Science-&-Invention's Arts.

But th Yelo Races had conservd their energys while Whites weakend emselvs; & finally, feeling superior, Yelos struck. Folly fantastic...3d World War was lost by All: Fanatic or coerced scientists separated air's elemnts makng its breath poisn to planet's ntire peopl!

Thus th Asembly now is met in undrtakng imperativ: To end War FOREVER! For War has bcom too terific --anothr outbreak & Humanity's annihilation is inevitabl!

Th Mastr Scientist speaks. In esence says: "Tis my conclusion War's imposibl to outlaw til...Man himself is made indestructibl! Only when he no longer can b killd can murdrous conflict cease." He then reveals his noledg of an xperimnt ford this xact end, already undrway. Asembly's intrsted & televisionl contact establishd with Ocean Island #7 where youthful scientist Dirk Thane reports his progres on creation Imortaly Eternaly Yung Woman--his wife. Asembly unanimously agrees to sponsr scientist.

ACT 1. Midocan rock island lab, television-relay base. On pedastl bathed in ambr lite yung woman stands in flowng diafanous dres. Copr coils ncirel her rist from which wires run to electrical aparatus. She almost's xhaustd from tirng Imortalizing Xperimnts. Her husbnd revivifys her nvisionng her superlife to come.

Shortly aftr th Mastr Scientist, yung xperimntr's old instructr, arives on island. Thane xplains his theory to him: "Individual must die y: To giv way to progeny. Only Race is imortl. But if th perpetuatng power could b isolated & concentrated in individual..." That's what he's been working on. "Then woud b no need for reproduction. Each'd liv on, last its kind."

A Delegate arives & aftr inspectng lab leaves to strol in adjoining



garden to which wife's retired.

Subordinate scientist Thane says to MS: "Here, take this note-bk & check with me? It's duplicate my experiments' outline. If anything should happen to me I want U to carry on my work..."

ACT 2. Th Gardn. Th Delegate discovers th wife, alone. He queries her: "Is she happy? She can't b. Neglected by her husband no doubt? 2dary consideration to him whose career comes 1st?" Insidiously he plays on her overwrought emotions, paints aluring word-pic th outr world where she might regain happiness--with him; declares he loves her. But with lil encouragement, for--

"I love my husband" she states simply.

"Ah, but

does he love U?" Suspicion's seeds sudnly r sown in her morose mind. Sensng her anxiety Del catches his cue. Becoms aparent to audience his game's greatr'n passion's fulfilmt when he proposes disguised purpose plan whereby wife ostensibly may test her husband's love:

"Come with me in my aerocar. Let broadcast b made to Ur husband I'v kidnap't U & hold U for ransm. Ransm: His formulas & notes. If he chooses U U'r reassured of his love. If he won't sacrifice his bk U kno I care."

Wife,

distrust for fear loss her husband's affections, is blind to this obvious plot, this effort to obtain Imortality Key so that some unnown nation's invulnerable men may attack & conqr world..! Such impending disaster dramatically's averted when as pair's about to plane away girl's Mothr appears on scene & recognizes "Delegate" as Internatl Operatr 7! She shouts his identity. He denys; claims her crazy, that he nev'r's seen her bfor.

"But I'v seen U!" she cries vengefully. "U'r responsible for this scar on my wrist: That day--as I bent over th Human Intelligence Files in th Research Dept. Ur spyng magnetic ray--burnt my metallic bracelet--turn'd it to moltn fire-circl on my flesh! I glimps't Ur face in th television!"

Trapt, Operatr whips out raygun (& startld overimaginativ me involuntarily as its aim menaced audience in my specific direction: Aftr 6 yrs' reading about rayguns...at this tense moment I 1/2 xpect'd withing blast slightly to terminate my interest in Tera topix!). But spy was seized from behind by th 2 scientists (attracted to th affair by Mothr's loud accusations) & strugglingly carry'd away...

ACT 3. Again within

Lab. Poisd on platform yung wife ndures penultimate experiment. 1st, imperishabl rose her husband created; then butterflys & small animls baptized by Imortality. Now he's closing Life-Vitality Circuit within her body.

Reasurngly he takes her hand. She stares at his clasp. "I see U hold my hand--but I don't feel U!" she xclaims.

"Success!" he shouts.

"Here, cut Ur finger with this knife!" Dully she obeys; breathes,

"No

blood!" Repeats on veins; stabs breast. No hurt! "What'v U done to me!" she cries.

He nfolds her; kisses.

"I see U mbrace me, caress me--"

she screams hoarsely in her "but I--feel nothng! Nothng! & &...I can't cry! --O, giv me back my feelngs...giv me back my tears!"

he argues with her "so soon now U'll b superhuman. Forevr hapy. & I shal folo. We'll liv on togethr. U, eternaly yung & beautiful. --U woudnt want to hav Urself gro witherd & old, disintegrating day by day --?"

Somewhat molifyd she whisprs...she's to hav baby. "What of him?" she asks.

"But U can't hav a baby!" he informs her firmly. "I told U: Imortl Being's last th line... & now--when I inject this Longevity Li- quid into Ur veins...U'll b IMORTL BEING!"

At this her maternal instincts surge super strong. She renchs herself from Life Wire, throws self on her husbnd.

Lab lites flash out. When visibility returns wife & Thane lie stil on flr at rekt aparatus' base.

Mastr Scientist rushes in. Re- vives wife. But her husbnd's--dead. "I killd him" she confeses.

But MS undrstands, consoles her. "Xists within us" he xplains "certn Rite & Rong sense we call--Conscience. If outraged, as was Urs, it acts in- stinctivly. U r not to blame for Dirk's death. I had seen his work was crime against Creatr, & argued with him. I kno now we shal havto end War some othr way." &: "Ur baby wil b born" he comforts.

Sloly then he shreds th duplicate sheets, destroys th Dream of Death's

End....

+ + + + + + + + + + + + + + + + + + +

A Bit About  
THE TELEVISION DETECTIVE  
Abe Lurbe

Dr Keller MD--the "MD" well might mean "Modern Detective"! For most the Imagi-nation's familiar with such of his scientific sleuthing storys as THE MENACE series & other "Taine of San Francisco" tales-- "Burning Water, Scientific Widowhood, Trec of Evil, Feminine Metamor- phosis, Wolf Hollow Bubbles, Island of White Mice" &c.

Announced to a- pear here this issue, the alteration of our policy--eliminating fiction to feature All Articles--has occasiond the separate publication of the Televisionarrative. Readers who did not fancy fiction in our fanmag will welcome this arrangement since it does not deprive them of the de- sired type content; on the other hand we know a number of our subscri- bers were anticipating the ms by LASFL's Hon Mem--so in fairness to them we are specially offering the supplement at 5¢.

THE TELEVISION DE- TECTIVE--relating of "a rather remarkable victory for science"--has been skilfully stencild in ultramodern Vogue, graced by the Good Dr's autografacsimile. Little difficulty should bc experienced in reading it for Tt has been edited in almost standard English.

NOW available, you may secure it one of 3 ways: Subscribers, send 5c & stamp (1 1/2c to cover post); occasional customers, 10c ppd; 3, "Madge" will give one copy free with ea. new 6 mo. subscription or 50c renewal or extension.



## RESURRECTION (Old Bks Reviewd)

It is an extremely delightful task to resurrect the bks of yrs ago as the joy one feels fingering thru their yellowd pgs is similar I imagine to the ecstasy of an archeologist who after yrs patient search finds the tomb of some ancient Pharaoh before Bloch has used it in a story!

A STRANGE MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN A COPPER CYLINDER is a product of the first Science Fiction Dynasty. Issued by Harper & Bros in the yr 1889 it can be read today with the same enthusiasm & enjoyment it must have evoked when reviewed in the literary periodicals of those days. It is an utterly odd & fascinating story with an undervein of satire which adds the carbonation to an already excellent Port.

Passengers of a pleasure yacht speculate as to what a peculiar object floating on the sea might be. It turns out a copper cylinder. Opened, discovered to contain many sheets tightly rolled--papyrus! Covered with writing--in English! Story proper:

Adam Moore, author of the ms, is Mate of the Trevelyan. While ashore with a companion a tremendous storm arises; when abated, the ship is gone & they are left adrift in their lorry. Winds & currents bring them at last to the desolate wastes of the South Polar regions, lit by the lurid glares of 2 ancient volcanos. They encounter cannibals & Adam's companion is eaten but the narrator is fortunate enuf to escape. But he is resigned to die when sucked into the caves of an underground river. As his boat floats along in utter darkness he hears a splashing & hiss--fires blindly & in the explosion's lite sees a huge sea serpent! Later, exhausted, he sleeps; awaking, finds self on a blue sun-swept sea. Around him, land--& tropical trees.

Large galley draws nr; men hail him, men drest in graceful tunics. He is fed & treated as a Lord & taken to the capital city of the Kosekins--an ODD people to say the least: Having huge eyes supersensitive to lite they live mostly in caves during the long 6 mos Polar Day. When the Nite falls they inhabit their city proper. There are 2 main classes Kosekins; The respected & minority pauper portion & the unfortunate majority which consists of the wealthy of the land: The Kosekin's sense of value is reversed from ours. They love death, hate life; strive to give away or lose money stead making it! Every Kosekin's ambition is to become eventually penniless so that he can starve to death stead having to bear the humiliation of palaces & slaves. The Kosekin falls in love but his love is only requited when his sweetheart dies or is married to someone else. The top in tragedy is when lovers thru some terrible circumstance are married to each other!

Moore finds one person in this topsyturvy land that has a sense of value similar to his own. They fall in love in the good old American manner & the story recounts their strivings to defeat the wellmeaning Kosekins who continually offer them opportunitys to become separated or meet death!

There is a full menu for the fervid fantasy fan; The hunting of the prehistoric beasts, flights in the nite on huge wingd lizards, & other thrilling episodes.

Bk ends with the hero & lovely lass esconced on the ancestral throne of the country, worshipt by their subjects & sovereigns of all they survey. Very wisely they do not attempt to change the mores of their people--nobly declaring that they will sacrifice the blessing of death & the glory of poverty & retain the curse of wealth & the ignominy of fame for the people's sake.

(What famous old work would you like synopsised next--Geo Allan England's "Air Trust"? "The Moon Maiden" by Serviss? "Messiah of the Cylinder"?--Rousseau. Mr Shroyer will be glad to accommodate if he can --& he probably can!)



VOICE OF THE IMAGINATION! (The Safety Valve for the readers' steam, where all're invited to boo or not to boo; in own individual spelling, punctuation & grammar; & appreciative words to Madge are—all too few!)

Quoting *Sam Moshowitz* of 603S11, Newark/NJ: "My Dear Guess Who? Who inell is it? I was quite pleased(?) to receive that "thing" through the mail. There are so many things I object to that I am at loss where to begin. I've got it. I won't begin, I'll first transact some business. Enclosed you will find fourty (?) cents for the second and third issues of IMAGINATION! Please send them pronto so that I'll have something to rave about. (All x!) Goody, goody, I've found a pet peeve. ~ As to the "thing" (Imagination). I could say it provides a unique factor in the fan field (Fielday for the Imagi-nation from the first) and laugh it off thataway. I could but I won't being that there were a few things I enjoyed. First of all that circular for NERO AND OTHER POEMS was great. Thats the type of stuff we want. Secondly I like those Biographies. Marred though they are by the improvished ("imppovrisht" or "improvisod"?) spelling (incidentally my own spelling is so very poor that maybe someday I'll be forced to adopt your brand of slaughtered English in self defense. That might be the reason Ackerman started the thing. I believe that Mooney is capable of better art work even with memoograph stencil than the one he drew for your January cover. That 'Hazy Heard' creation is quite unreadable. ~ ...organize your pagos...will take...more space...but the neatness will be worth it. This shortened English you use should be a one or two page department (So?) as a curiosity and not a continuous means of torture. Your readers column is O. K."

J. CHAPMAN MISKE (No attempt to reproduce signature will be made until fotostaticosts come down!) writes from 5000 Train Av, Cleveland/O: "I received my copy of 'Imagination!' (Don't dare to forget that exclamation point.) two or three weeks ago, and have finally summoned enough initiative to send for the February copy. ~ I enjoyed the magazine very much, but it could stand a bit more stf nows - don't you think so? (Yes.) The only thing that I disliked was your really radical simplified spelling. It is really the sensible way to spell, but I personally think that you go to extremes in places. (U mean Ackstreses.) ~ I only hope that the rest of the year is as good as the first number"

"Clear ether" for *Ray A. Squires* of 1745 Kenneth Rd, Glendale/Cal: "Dear 'Malgicians': At last has arrived the conclusion of the 'Hayseed Horde', offering finally the opportunity of reading the tale in correct order. To be quite frank (That's how we want U!), gentlemen, &c, one becomes confused no end in reading a half dozen pages at random from a story of this length, as it was forced upon me to do whilst stenciling odd pages from the several issues containing the epic-cure. The brief snatches I acquired of the story seemed somewhat tinged with the style of Wandrei's story dedicated to the high mor(t)ality rate among s-f writers, 'Fatality Unlimited'. ~ Perhaps some implication floated above my head, but I hardly see cause for terming the book review by Sodipi a 'Utopianarrative'. On 2nd and forthcoming thoughts, however, you may be eminently correct. (Absolutely!) My dictionary lists 'Utopian' as meaning 'Excellent, but existing only in fancy or theory...' Am I to understand that this book is not a reality? Or did the death of everyone in the transatlantic tunnel bring about a Utopian condition in the submerged territory? (Good guesser!) Or perhaps the word should be spoken thusly: 'U top I an' ar rative'? ~ Your biographer missed acquiring my ill will only because of his having omitted certain references to women which were in the tentative ms I unsuccessfully attempted to destroy. (Attempt commendable.) ~ Mystery Manuscripts now, eh? Seems to me that was about the least mysterious thing in the issue, it being one of the few items not afflicted with Ackermanu-scriptologicalunacy. ~ Anybody wants buy a Unique?"

117 St, Richmond Hill/NY,  
slipped up a bit on your  
giving Jack Spoor's address as Comancho, Idaho.

*Richard Wilson, Jr.* In an airvelope from 86-10  
wrote in red: "You  
geography this issue when  
This crudite gentlemen--



if, as I presume, you were referring to the Spoor---resides in the state of Oklahoma. (Error acknowledged: Idaho lot on my mind when copying the correspondence last month --Madge.) ~~~ That R. Baker, who referred slightly to my witch-burning ancestors, has a soul of wit that you ought to cultivate. Have him (her or it) do you an article. It'd probably be a scream. Probably. . . . Can you give me this bloke's address? I perceive a kindred soul behind his horriification... (Baker: 1319-1/2 Howe St, Vancouver.) ~~~ That new type you're sporting is very mossy stuff. The spaces between the letters are too wide, making for uneasy reading. I take notice you went to a lot of trouble to insert the stencil in those millions of typewrites you use twice (the word "twice" belongs with "stencil", not "use", in case you're puzzled) in order to get special effects, etc. It's not worth the effort. Bet no one notices it. (EXTRA! "Wilson Confesses He Is No One!") ~~~ Please! Hereafter, except for short stories---and no more than one per issue---no more fiction. ~~~ "Ashtrays & The Downfall of Civilization" was pretty sad stuff. From what I have seen, I gather that the better writers among the amateurs are fearful of submitting material to your publication because of the horrible change it will undergo. Talk about novelists getting new plots from the movie-ization of their first novels. Contributors to Madge are in the same boat. ~~~ Had you left the review of "High Treason" till your February 1940 issue, it'd've been a lot more appropriate. Your readers' pages still aren't enough. When will we have a magazine devoted solely to letters? (When Green & Lichtig bring out Science Fiction Comment--which for several yrs has been sked to appear in Jan...but they don't say what yr!) ~~~ "Mother Tongue" is very good, tho I'm still too lazy to take up Esperanto. (U woulnt b if U earnestly'd investigate how easy it is to learn. --Morjia.)

## CHARTER SUBSCRIBER

Louis Hudson of 170 Washington Av, W. Haven/Ct. comments: "Received #5 'Madge' all ok, and right on time. ~~~ Joe W. Skidmore's death was a great shock to me. I never cared too much for some of his stories, but he was a good author, anyway. That's the fourth or fifth death of a science-fiction author in the last few years, if I'm not mistaken. (Wainbaum, Daniels, Reeve, England, Lovecraft) ~~~ I see that there are a few words which I spelled wrong in the last letter to 'Madge'. I'm very sorry and humbly apologize to everyone one whom I have mortified by my execrable (I looked it up) (go did do!) spelling, and I especially apologize to Jack Spoor. However I am still against futuristic spelling, but not so strongly as my pride has been injured. ~~~ The best thing in this issue as usual was 'Way Out West'. It is very good. However there should be a news column, which should be nationwide. ~~~ So my prediction that #1 'Madge' would go up to a dollar was realized. MY, my, I am some prophet! Perhaps it will go up even higher. ~~~ Enclosed is one quarter for renewal of subscription."

OKLA--Jacks us up! "To Madge: You seem ing things wrong. Why, the first time Jack Spoor of 117N4 St, Comanche-- to have a knack of do- that you declare (that is his complete adres) must you place Comanche up in Idaho? ...what genius ever came from thero? ~~~ I am also biling over at the intication I can't spell such a simple word as 'mortified'. I feel that when a person has as many as seven semester A's in English behind him, he has a right to maul the language some--which is why I don't mind Ackermannose. ~~~ On the subject of streamlined spelling...if a new system of orthography is adopted, and future generations learn it only, all present-day publications will become obsolete--Ackerman's grandson wouldn't be able to read his Scientificinaterially Speaking. ...Says I--and I don't think you'll deny it (We don't. FJA & Morjia.)--neither Ackermannose nor Esperanto are perfect--they represent a compromise. ~~~ Meantime, keep Erdistolulov penned up on that reservation. The department broke the bounds this time and flowed clear across the page. Which is too much for Esperanto, even though all the stuff was good. ~~~ The new typewriter turns out good work. Do you realize you have three kinds of typewriting in the issue at hand? Leave out the large-sized ortho-type completely, and use the small



ordinary type only where necessary to conserve space. ~~~ Pen-points throughout the issue: Ackerman should've worked his material into better shape before making the stencil of it. Gave first part of the synopsis too detailed, ending too sketchy. ~~~ Ash-Tray story great. I blanch every time I see an ash tray since reading it. But--tell me--don't you, please, think the science was a wee bit off somewhere? ~~~ The Hazy Hordo was pretty good, though poorly proportioned. ~~~ So to the Voice of the I!, and since I'm likely to run overtime on this, I give you permission--ain't I generous?--to delete if and as necessary. ~~~ Cuss DWF Mayer for swiping first place in the dept from me! Your use of 'Deutsch', etc., which Mayer comments on, represents another compromise with a situation that shouldn't exist. ~~~ Coined words are all right when there's a use for them, but many of yours seem designed only for a saving of typing time--and actually they take longer to type as you do them. Take 'Futuristigar', f'r'instance. To save spacing once and writing another c, you've backspaced, used the shift key, and hit the hardest key on the typewriter to reach. (Sorry to disappoint U but we don't do all that work. U don't seem to be aware of the little laborsaving system of fastening one's finger on the space-bar when striking a letter to be underlined or accented, so that the carriage doesn't shift during the operation.) ~~~ To my letter and your remarks: I see nothing obscure in my remark that A Martian Odd-ysoy is still good; I referred to part 2 of Fojak's reprint of that pamphlet on projected scientifilms that came into his hands. ~~~ I think that was pretty dirty, taking a short quote from Wilson's News-Letter re Imagination! and then cutting him off before he gets through. ("Madge"'s conscience is quite clear. She did not consider the quote short in relation to the whole. Certainly nothing in it was complimentary. & we were under no obligation to reprint any of it...free publicity for the NL!)

AUSTRALIA Speaks!

*Marshall L. Brennan*

of 72 Barrow St, Brunswick N 10: Melbourne--  
Victoria writes: "I miss F.M. (cont'd pg 20)

FORECAST: In Our APR 1st--or may be May-- Our Next II. will be Dedicated to the Imagination as we expect all our readers to die--lating! (Apr Fool!) The compositors (we have no Editors, IMAGINATION! being a cooperativendeavor) decided they "wanted to be a loon" & so our periodical will be issued next mo. from the Pun-itiveary! We expect to surpass the HI in Fun-tasy establish't in the Apr Fool edition of the early Sci Fic Di-jest.

Heading the Humor will be WHY STF AUTHORS GO CRAZY, By Jack Coburn; closely followed for 1/2 wittyness by Azygous' "Conversation in a Fond Buth". & ofcourse you'll get the conclusion to Ryner's Advice to Amateur Magicians.

"Among Our Mem's", we'll pick to interview from Henry Kuttner, Hal Clark, Paul Frechafer, Vodoso, Fred Shroyer.

"The 'Prehistoric' Planet": Ches Williams veers to Venus in the 3d cinemarticle of the series started by "Time Goes Marsian On!".

"A Reply to Michelism" by TBruce Yerke.

Review of play "The Living Lic", an evolutionary yarn, by Forrest J Ackerman--& the important part: ANNOUNCEMENT ACK-STRORDINARY--The Incredible Occurrence of the Age!--You Won't Believe It Til You've Read It With Your Own Eyes: The AKKA-man Swears He Will Write An Entire Article in ORTHODOX ENGLISH! "May C a t a s t r o f e b f a l l m y COLEC-TION & my name becom Wellheim if I do not 'Turn B-ack th Clock', becom Ack-limated momentarily to 1938" avers the Effjay. HISTORY Will Be Made! On This Unprecedented Ack-asion, so dash to Your Dealer NOW--No, telephone your favorite newsstand!--to be sure this revolutionary issue will be Reserved for You. AMAZING! MUTANT!! MIR-ACK-LES!!! + + + +



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March 1, 1938

To The Imagi-Nation!

Again we have the pleasure of informing you of a new Edgar Rice Burroughs novel, released February 15th and titled THE LAD AND THE LION.

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but 'Madge' is just what a FanMag should be--Full of vital and amusing matter. Pity Fantasy went, she was the best before 'Madge'. There is only one F.J.A. with his strange doings and interfering with the peace of mind of those who prefer the plain old King's English; however, it makes reading last longer, and what more does a Scotchman want?"

MARISUE

CRANTON of Phoenix/Ariz: "IMAGINATION! is a little bit of nothing whittled down to a fine point!" (The foregoing shrieks for itself.)

We might never've recovered from Marisue's flattery if hadnt kept up (from Bx 2, Gila *Logo* Bord/Ariz) singing our praises:

"Bei Mir Bist Du Schön! Ja, I mean to exclaim: Madge is a sensation! Most fan-tastic of th 'Nation! Onward Ackermanese! Forward Pop-Pop!"

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

J. Chapman Miske: In the 3 major stf mags Weinbaum had published 18 storys (RH). SPMoek wrote "The Red Peril", AmS 29 Sep. Praps U've confused title with "The Red Peril"--it was by Weinbaum...in Ast 35 Nov (JE).

Bob Bonett: Flash Gordon's "Trip to Mars" is New Universl serial, 15 chapt. Features much same cast as preceding, 13 pt, old U, "FG". GIRL IN TH MOON (also known as Frau im Mond & "By Rocket to th Moon") UFA production (from Der Vaterland)--re-least praps by Para. in USA--silent cept for music score & certn synchronized... sound ofects--no plays U'd kno... (EJA)

Now pseudo-stf mag now out: CAPT HAZARD, "Master of Modern Science". BURROUGHS' "Forbidden City", Tarzan tale, 6 pts, starts 19 Mar in Arg.

TO TRADE:Orig. edit. "Martian" (DuMaurier) for Madge 1. Fred Shroyer: Apt 108, 509 S Union Dr; LA/Cal.

ACK-NOLFEDGMNES: Rcvd with thanx --Gratisubscription to Telepathic, from Allen Glasser; complimentary copy Tesseract, from Publishr; "Trip to Mars" pressbk. Universl. --Forrest J Ackerman "Fantascionco Field": 236 1/2 N. New Hampshire, HOLLYWOOD.