

Blow  
yourself

To  
**IMAGI-NATION**

**Voice**



10¢  
Bx6475  
MET STA  
LA

The  
SCIENCE  
FICTION

F H  
J A  
COLLABORATION  
c c  
k k  
e e  
r r  
m m  
a a  
n n  
& n

Contents

"Science Fiction Briefs"-----Claudius--2  
 "Astral Books by Deported Authors"----F.A.Kummer, Jr.--3  
 "The Pulp's Have a Loyal Public"-----A.A.Wyn--4  
 "Man Into Monster"-----Henry Andrew Ackermann--5  
 "Ad Astra"-----Human Interest Correspondent--7  
 "The Real Star of Bethlehem"----Science Correspondent--8  
 "The Weirdest Song of 1940"-----The Editor--8  
 "How to Construct an Astrolabe"--Science Correspondent--9  
 "Beware the Cynic!"-----George Wetzel-10  
 "WAVELENGTH, the Magazine Electrifying"-----Staff-12

Publisht by '4e' Ackerman from stencils by 'Dub-  
 lin' (double-n) Ackermann. Subscriptions to  
 WAVELENGTH do not apply to this incomplete, a-  
 bandond issue, 10c for which (or a femme in  
 trade) shoud be sent to 'Singlen' Ackerman at  
 236 1/2 N New Hampshire, Hollywood. WAVELENGTH  
 is to apear as a hekto mag in conjunction with  
 the Science Fiction CONSCIENCE, publisht by Hen-  
 ry A. Ackermann at 50c yrly from 5200 Maple Ave,  
 "Pimlico", Baltimore, Md.



SCIENCE  
FICTION-----  
BRIEFS

by Claudius

-----:-----:-----  
Another science fiction magazine hit the stands the other day, the new, professional "Comet". It is published by H-K Publications, Inc., 215 Fourth Avenue, New York. It sells for 20¢ per copy. The first number, dated December, 1940 is now out and carries stories and art work by many prominent authors and artists. Our opinion of the first issue - Good. Comet is a must for every fan's collection.

-----:-----:-----  
Street and Smith's swell fantastic, "Unknown", has been forced to adopt bi-monthly publication. Ostensibly, the reason is low circulation. Those who "know" say that, though, "no magazine changes its make-up when it is selling. . ." This implies that when Unknown changed its cover, it was an indication of low circulation figures. We fondly hope that this set-back is only temporarily, for there certainly is every need for a magazine of its type in the fantasy market.

-----:-----:-----  
It is with a feeling of deep regret that we hear of the passing of "The Science Fiction Forward", the fan mag that supported the Prp-Scientist movement. However, even though the mag is no more, the crusade marches on. And Raymond Van Houten, its capable editor, is still 'agin' scientific fiction that portrays the horrors that science can create. He asks all fans to protest against that type of story.

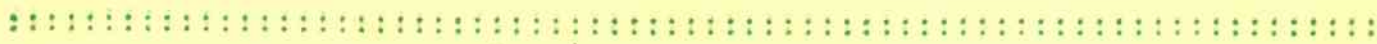
-----:-----:-----  
Robert A. Heinlein, author of many pleasant "Unknown" and "Astounding Stories" tales, has been chosen as the guest of honor of the Denver Science Fiction Convention to be held on July 4, 1941 in Denver, Colo. The newly organized Colorado Fantasy Society has made the choice. Based on a foundation similar to the Illini Fantasy Fictioneers, the Colorado group will sponsor the Denvention, as they are calling it.

-----:-----:-----  
There is a rumor circulating among the fans that the 1942 convention may be held at Baltimore, Maryland. . .

-----:-----:-----  
Have any of you readers heard some of the swell science fiction melodramas recently portrayed by the Columbia Workshop? If not, then you are certainly missing a treat. There was the story about a man whose eye reflexes became so super-swift that he became a star swatter in the big leagues. Then there was the yarn about the fellow who transposed his mentality into the body of insects. And, last week, "Anthony and the Devil" was produced, a story about a man who out-smarted Old Nick.



Astral Books by Departed Authors



by Frederic Arnold Kummer, Jr.



In a city fairly well supplied with spirit mediums, Mrs. Helen Wells, of 593 Riverside Drive, has the distinction of being the only one I have ever heard of who has the sanction of the New York "Times". Sandwiched in among the public notices you will find her little advertisement mentioning "Scientific Revelations from the Unseen World; descriptive booklet on request." If you request descriptive booklet, you discover that Mrs. Wells in touch, by clairaudience, or hearing spirit voices, with some five hundred spirits has had many of the literary and scientific ones dictate books to her. . . Dickens has, and so have Pythagoras, Emerson, Omar Khayyam and Bishop Cornelius Jansen of Ypres.

You can buy their writings, neatly mimeographed, at prices ranging from fifty-five cents to one dollar, ten. When I called on Mrs. Wells.. in a mood of spiritual inquiry...I asked first about the Times taking an advertisement rooted in such a controversial subject as the unseen world. Mrs. Wells, a fresh-faced, white-haired, gentle old lady, wasn't a bit surprised by the question. She said the Times had sent a Miss Gow, a "sob sister" or human interest reporter, around to investigate. "I proved it all to her," Mrs. Wells told me briskly. "She left here convinced right down to the ground. . .bright as a whip, she was."



Mrs. Wells offers four courses of "scientific and psychic study" for skeptics, beginners, advanced students and scientists, respectively. One of the books for the scientists' course is entitled "The Correlation of Thought Forces with Chemicalization," which ought to give you the idea. There is a foreword signed "Dr. Alonzo P. Mathewson, M. A., Teacher of Astronomy in the Court of King George IV." Mrs. Wells's collaboration.. with the writers of the spirit world...is simplicity itself. Every morning from 11 to 12, except Saturday and Sunday, she sits in a green wicker chair in her rococo living room overlooking the Hudson and repeats aloud what she hears dictated by a spirit. This is taken down on a typewriter by her secretary, a Mrs. Zadory, who later mimeographs the books right there in the apartment.

The spirit authors appear on a rigid schedule: Pythagoras on Monday with Dr. Wilbur Stoddard, a deceased English chemist, now writing a book on atoms, on Tuesday; Mrs. Wells' son, Bertrand, now three chapters along on a book called "Punctured Tires", on Wednesday; on Thursday, one Azaroph ( "I don't want to say anything about him," Mrs. Wells says. "He is very old. ), and on Friday an assortment of ghostly small fry. "Do these people dictate to you in English?" I asked. "Of course," she answered. "No use their talking to me in a foreign language; I don't speak any of 'em."



Mrs. Wells was born in Syracuse eighty years ago. She came to New York in 1910 with her husband, a well-to-do retired manufacturer, and her son. They both died within three years, and she became interested in

table-tipping, automatic writing, and, finally, clairaudience, communicating with her husband and son and building up contacts with hundreds of other spirits.

Today she is president of both the Spiritual and Ethical Society of New York and the Bureau for Scientific Investigation and Demonstration of Psychic Phenomena, and has "written" some fifty-five books, for which, she said, she was no more accountable than I was. "I just write what they tell me," she says. It's not a bit solemn, either. Once, an anonymous spirit author dictated a farce, "The Pepperpods on Tour."

\* \* \* \* \*

The Pulp  
Have  
A  
Loyal  
Public

.....

by A. A. Wyn

-----:-----:-----

As publisher of approximately fifteen Western, Detective, Flying-Spy and Mystery magazines, I am particularly amused by something that I read in "Time" magazine recently. The writer of the article in question, supposedly one of those "who ought to know" ( but who don't ) stated the characterization of this publishing world as "little known and officially unrecognized."

"Little known," by whom? "Officially unrecognized", by whom? Certainly the 10,000,000 people who go to their news stands each month to buy pulp magazines know and recognize this publishing world. When you consider that these 10,000,000 buyers, in usual computation, make over 30,000,000 pulp readers, you have an astounding percentage of the entire American literate public.

For your information, here are some facts about the pulps. There are approximately 125 pulp magazines published each month, buying the following:

Upward of 35,000 tons of paper a year, at a cost of approximately \$-1,500,000.

More than \$2,000,000 worth of printing a year.

Approximately \$250,000 worth of art work, and another \$250,000 worth of photo-engraving per year.

More than 100,000,000 words a year at a cost of more than \$1,500,000

-----:-----:-----

Mass production of fiction entertainment at a low price. . .the majority of the pulps are now selling at ten cents. . .naturally does not permit of leather-chaired editing. Good writing never has spoiled a well-plotted pulp story, but it never made a bad one good. I have seen... and many's the time, too...work in a pulp editorial office stop while some one read aloud a paragraph or two of really excellent writing. But 100,000,000 words of thrills a year are not easy to find.

Besides, every pulp publisher employs one, two and up to a dozen ed-

## MAN INTO M+O+N+S+T+E+R

by Henry Andrew Ackermann

"What a night!" exclaimed Mrs. Twerp. "You hollered like a lost soul. I hardly slept at all. You kept screaming, 'Let me go! Let me go!' all night long."

"I'm sorry, Sweety-Pie," said Mr. Twerp contritely as he poured milk on his breakfast cereal. "I had the willies again."

His wife smiled disdainfully.

"Things chased me," exclaimed Mr. Twerp. "Terrible things with eyes that glared and lips that snarled to show gleaming fangs and I seemed to be stuck to the ground so I couldn't run away. It was horrible!" He shuddered at the unpleasant recollection.

"Why should anything chase you, Justin Twerp, even in a nightmare? Well?"

"They do."

"If they caught you what would they get?"

"Aw, now Honey-Bunch, you're always belittlin' me," said Mr. Twerp. "I earn good money, don't I? I don't drink or run around, do I? There are lots worse husbands than me: . . ."

"Where?" shrilled Mrs. Twerp, warming to her work.

"Aww, now Baby-Lambkins, lay off, can't you?"

"Because you look like a sheep must you bleat like one, Justin Twerp?"

Diffidently he pushed his cereal bowl toward her. She pushed it back, still empty.

"No," she stated with finality, "you cannot have a second helping of Bloated Rice. I won't have you getting fat on me."

"Aw, now Clara," protested Mr. Twerp, "I got a big schedule ahead of me today. You might let a man have a breakfast that'll stick to his ribs."

"Did you say 'man'?"

Mr. Twerp ignored this cutting question. He repeated his request, but his wife was adamant in her refusal. "Wipe the egg off your vest and take The Earl of Devonshire out for his morning exercise," she ordered.

"But I don't want to be late for my appointment," complained Mister Twerp. "I'm to meet Mr. Margulies today at ten and. . ."

"Here's the Earl," said his wife, paying no heed to his feeble remonstrations as she shoved upon him a mean-eyed bull terrier.

"But, Clara," said Mr. Twerp, "The Earl always tries to bite that poodle from next door and the man who owns it says he'll punch me nose if it happens again."

"Punch back," said Mrs. Twerp. "You're as big as he is. Bigger."

"Now, Sweety-Pie. . ." began Mr. Twerp.

"On your way."

Ten minutes later Mr. Twerp returned with the dog and a bleeding nose.

"The Earl bit the poodle," he declared.

"Causing your nose to bleed?"

"Well it was like this. . ."

"What did you do to him?"

"Well, the whole thing in a nutshell amounts to this. . ." started Mr. Twerp.

"Oh, go to your office, you spineless crayfish, before the cat will think you're a mouse and start chasing you.

-----:-----:-----

After dinner that evening Mr. Twerp donned soft felt slippers and curled up in his easy chair. He was spent by his efforts of the day but he took comfort from the fact that the World Science Fiction Convention Annual, a science fiction fan magazine, was in his hand.

He read that Kenry Huttner's "Man Into Monster" was awarded the honor of "The Most Creepy Story of 1940."

Mr. Twerp hadn't read far, however, when his wife loomed up before him like an ill-omen and said, "Put on your shoes, Justin. We're going to a picture."

"I don't like pictures," said Mr. Twerp. "Besides, I want to rest up so I can leave early tomorrow morning for the opening session of the D-vention."

"Don't you want to see 'Man Into Monster'?" she demanded.

"No."

"It's your duty to see it," declared his wife.

"I'd rather stay home and read," returned Mr. Twerp complainatively.

"Nevertheless," said Mrs. Twerp grimly, "I want to see it. And you're going to take me to the premiere whether you like it or not."

"I'll go but I won't like it," said Mr. Twerp, unhappily, as he laced up his shoes.

The Twerps reached the theatre where the World Premiere of the Super-Chiller, "Man Into Monster", story adapted from the famous novel that Kenry Huttner penned, was to take place.

They eyed for a moment the gigantic electric-lighted poster outside. It showed a gibbering, misshapen horror that had a face filled with ghoulish blood-lust. And, quivering in terror, in the lower half of the poster was a beautiful brunette. The display was announced as:

WORLD PREMIERE HERE TODAY!!!!

of

"MAN INTO MONSTER"

( Adapted From The Story By Kenry Huttner )

Starring

BORIS KARLOFF

GRETA GORGEOS

Two Hours Of Horrendous Experience By La  
Screen's Most Terrifying Human-Horror

And on other, smaller posters the Twerps read:

"Monstrous, Murderous, Merciless"- Star Diplomat.

"Best Karloff Picture Ever!"- Jimmy Fiddler.

( Continued On P. 13 )



\*  
\*AD\*  
\*ASTRA\*  
\* \* \*



by Wavelength's Human Interest Correspondent



Perhaps the world's youngest star gazer, his father thinks, is four-year-old Benjamin Leerman. Ben would rather look at the moon through a telescope ( a good, big one! ) than do most anything else that small boys can do.

He can readily point out the dry ocean beds on the earth's satellite and move his father's five-foot long telescope to find a particular crater that he is fond of. His father, Joseph B. Leerman, a grocer, became an amateur astronomer twelve years ago and has an observatory in the rear of his home, at 3019 East Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Maryland. His home-made instrument will be on exhibition at that city's Enoch Pratt Free Library in the spring.



Benjamin named his cat, Tycho, after a particularly deep crater. He is more interested in Tycho than in any other Lunar locality. He had a dog, now departed, whom he christened "Jupiter."

The planet Jupiter is second in Benny's cosmic affections and does he like to pour over his father's astronomy books ( and how! ) and pick out Jupiter with its four moons on the planetary maps. At the time of this article he was a little impatient for Jupiter's reappearance. He had not been able to find it for several weeks, and his father has assured him that it is only out of sight and shortly will be back, floating within range of his instrument.

He almost cries for the moon sometimes. When the elder Leerman thinks that his son has watched the heavens late enough and it is time to go to bed, Ben argues with feeling for one more look at Tycho. He looks at the great white landscape for a half hour at a time. A few months ago while moon gazing, he remarked to his father, "Daddy, if we could take a ride on the moon in a machine, we would have a very rough ride."



He wants Santa Claus to bring him a telescope this Christmas that will be all his own, and his father thinks that if Ben proves to be a faithful astronomer he may get it. He has tried to make telescopes as his father does. He was found recently putting together a wooden frame for one, and attempting to grind a reflector by rubbing cracker meal on a pane of glass; having seen his father use gritty materials in grinding.

Ben's sister, Beatrice, who is eleven, is only mildly interested in her father's hobby. Her specialty is tropical fishes. She has a great variety of them. But they do not interest or amuse Ben at all. When asked about his sister's interests, he glumly answered, "She likes fishes!"

"What do you like, Ben?" he was asked.

"I like the moon," he replied quaintly.

\* \* \* \* \*

FANS! ADVERTISE IN WAVELENGTH, THE MAGAZINE ELECTRIFYING FOR A-1 RESULT  
Our rates are reasonable, We circulate where the Buying Power Is N How!  
1/4 page- 25¢                      3/4 page- 75¢ 1/2 page- 50¢                      Full Page- \$1.00





The REAL \*Star\* of Bethelhem

.....P:

by Wavelength's Science Correspondent



A rare heavenly conjunction of two planets and a newly discovered comet. . .which astronomers believe may be one explanation of the Star of Bethlehem. . .shone in Christmas skies this year.

Professor William H. Barton, Jr., executive curator of the Hayden Planetarium, said that the Cunningham comet and the planets Jupiter and Saturn would be in visible conjunction by Christmas. And they were. For the first time since 1683 the two planets were in conjunction.

Leland E. Cunningham of the Harvard College Observatory staff discovered the comet last September 18th.

"The great astronomer, Kepler, was so impressed by a conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter that he figured back and found that in the year generally accepted as the Nativity these two planets were not only close together as they were this Christmas, but had been joined by the world Mars to form an extraordinary sight in the sky," Barton said. "Perhaps that was the 'star' the Wise Men followed to Bethlehem."

\* \* \* \* \*

The Weirdest Song of 1940

.....

by The Editor



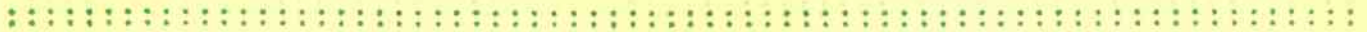
Your Editor nominates "Strange Fruit" as the Weirdest Song of 1940. If any of our Readers think that they know of a weirder ditty, please send the words of the tune in to the Editor, stating whether or not ( as far as they know ) the song was published in 1940.

STRANGE FRUIT

Southern trees bear a strange fruit,  
blood on the leaves and blood at the root,  
Black body swinging in the southern breeze,  
Strange fruit hanging from the poplar trees.  
Pastoral scene of the gallant South,  
the bulging eyes and the twisted mouth,  
Scent of magnolia sweet and fresh,  
and the sudden smell of burning flesh!  
Here is a fruit for the crows to pluck,  
for rain to gather, for the sun to rot,  
for a tree to drop.-  
Here is a strange and bitter crop.



How to Construct an Astrolabe



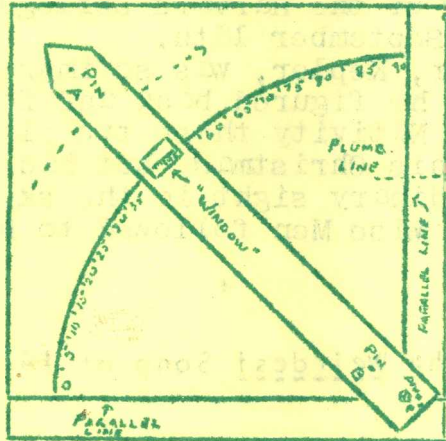
by The Science Correspondent



If you were an explorer and discovered an uncharted island, how would you mark the island's position on a map?

You will undoubtedly answer, "Find the latitude and longitude of the island and then mark the place where they cross each other." That's the answer, all right, but the point is, how are you going to find the latitude and longitude? You can't see them and unfortunately there are no signs up, either. How did Columbus chart the island of Santo Domingo

The experiment about to be described will show you how to make a device for finding latitude called an astrolabe (made almost entirely of pencil markings, and made it you can find you live and then check given on a map of your was the forerunner of was used in Columbus's



to be described will and use a simple device. The device is an astrolabe and of cardboard, string pins. When you have the latitude in which the answer with that State. The astrolabe the modern sextant and time.

The North Star, you know, is right above the North Pole. A man standing at the Pole would have to look straight up in order to see the star. A man standing a little bit above the Equator could just barely see the North Star (because of the curvature of the Earth). Between these two extremes, the star appears at different heights in the sky depending on where the person is who views it. (South of the Equator, of course, it cannot be seen at all.)

know, is right above standing at the Pole straight up in order

Now, this very fact makes it possible for us to measure latitude. On each degree of latitude the North Star appears in a different position in the sky. If we can measure the star's height in degrees in the heavens, we can find our latitude. Our astrolabe will do this.

The drawing is almost self-explanatory. The square is a piece of cardboard. It is perfectly square. The pointer is also of cardboard. It is pivoted on the square so that it is free to move. Two pins are then stuck in each end of the pointer. These pins are used as "sights" when the astrolabe is used. When you have attached the pointer to the cardboard square, hold a pencil against the side of the pointer and move it so that a quarter of a circle is drawn on the cardboard square. Mark 90 equal divisions on this quarter of a circle, beginning at the top and working down to 0 at the bottom. Cut a square hole in the pointer so the numbers may be read.

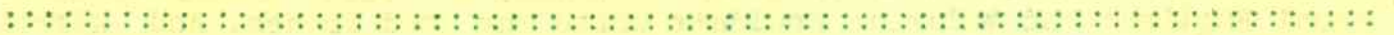
latitude On each degree of latitude the North Star appears in a different position in the sky. If we can measure the star's height in degrees in the heavens, we can find our latitude. Our astrolabe will do this.

Now tack the astrolabe to some kind of support, such as the side of a house, or a telephone pole, or a tree. Then sight the North Star by moving the pointer until the star is in line with pin A and pin B. The reading which appears through the window in the pointer is the latitude in which you live. Refer to a map of your state and see if you are right.

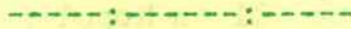
The weight hanging by a string from the corner of the card is used to see if the astrolabe is hanging straight. String and card should be parallel.



BEWARE THE CYNIC !



by George Wetzel



Hastily donning by way of disguise, a red tie, a yellow flannel shirt, blue checkered pants, a furrowed hat, and yes, my plus-fours, I crept down the street at a run to keep the curious from getting a too-close look at me, as I don't intend letting my identity become public property. After raying an officious individual in a blue uniform, that was held together by bright brass buttons, when he attempted to collar me for what he called indecent exposure, I approached the Dwelling. It was with no little trepidation that I arrived at the front entrance of the "dump" as I had overheard some one call the place. For a moment, I trembled at the thought of encountering the mighty, the great, the distinguished Iconoclast's visage. Through fear-weary optics I observed 2 bells, I marked "Science Fiction Fans", and the other "Screwballs", with a line through it and the correction "Nicer People?" There was also a knocker with the legend, "Knock and Wait". I knocked. . .and waited for twenty-six minutes. . .without result. This display of Fabian tactics made me feel sufficiently small, so I ventured to press the second of the two bells. The door was opened by a clinking metal thing known as "Robot". I soon found myself ushered into the Presence. I thought it better to enter on all fours, and thus, with downcast looks, I could only hastily notice that the Master was down on the carpet searching for cigar butts. When I entered, his massive, intellectual forehead moved from behind the desk, and I saw that he was supplied with a flamboyant head of hair, and a snuff-colored suit of dittoes.

"Good morning," I said, as I gained my self-possession. "I have called on behalf of the Society for the Protection of Pet Theories as well as protection of the SFTPOBEMOSFC, to inquire if it is true that you sabotaged the Newarkon, and have put 4E, along with Tucker, where they belong which is in h---- ( Whoa, there! Censored! Editor ). Also to learn why you have let Damon Knight still remain at large. Plus the fact that your tong-men have finally caught up with that phoney, that redhot from 'Frisco ( or is it L. A. ? ), Pong."

"Pong!" he roared, wiping the remains of yesterday's meal from his vest. "Is that pipsqueek still in the woodwork? I'll slaughter him, I'll mu-uuu-rrder him, the rascal!"

Here the Demolisher began to bite his nails until he reached his wrist; then he began to doodle in a most inspired fashion.

"Please compose, sir, yourself," I pleaded, as he started to strike a wooden statue that cowered upon his pitted desk.

Catching sight of the bottle that I pulled from my pocket, he quieted long enough in his ravings to indulge both in drink and obnoxious sinuendo.

While he alternated to gurgle the foo-water and burppppppp, I brought the interview onto more safer grounds.

"What's your opinion of E. E. Smith, Binder, and Hamilton?" I asked.

"E. E. Smith," he answered in a somewhat restrained manner, is painfully suburban. Binder, so far as I have patience to read him, know nothing at all about bimetalism and his views on Wagner are crude in the extreme. Hamilton should be spanked. I would not give the bones of a chocolate soldier for the whole gang of 'em."

////////////////////////////////////  
 "Are we to give up our belief in the more modern writers of note, as well?"

"Most decidedly. Take Vernes for instance. He couldn't even write decent English; and Wells, he couldn't write any good French. And Alfred Bester, who I am told wrote "The Skylark of Valeron" and "The Legion of Space" and much other sensational stuff of a by-gone day, besides knocking off Shakespeare in his spare time knocked Russell Chauvenet. . . but then he deserved it. They are all as hopelessly prehistoric as Wandrei and 4E. It positively hurts me to think how contemptible they are compared to myself. Why, it is as much as I can do to keep from tearing my hair in handfuls with disgust at hearing them called 'eminent' writers!"

"Don't we have no ideals then left for us to cherish?", I despairing, asked. "Don't you still retain even a good opinion of the Equator?"

"The Equator, my good sir, is too despicable for words. It has no idea of humor, and cannot appreciate a paradox. I do not recognize its existence as a serious factor in modern life."

"Then you probably don't think much of the Solar System, if I may hazard a final question?"

"I consider it a vastly overrated institution, in spite of the notice it has received from interested parties. I spend a half-hour every day despoising it. This is a useful practice, as I find that it keeps an Universe in its proper place. It makes me feel like Atlas ( Charles or maybe that old Greek from mythology? Editor ) or was it Archimedes? As I walk down Fleet Street, it's a most exhilarating sensation I assure you, pushing the planet away from beneath one's feet. Which reminds me that I measured my length on the pavement ( with the help of a banana.) the other day, and got up with the most profound contempt for the Law of Gravitation.

Just at that moment a missive sailed through the window with the most disregard for glass that I have ever seen in an inanimate object. The Iconoclast disappeared under the desk for more cigar butts. I grabbed my lid and made for the door. But a funny thing happened. . . Some smart lad had rearranged things a bit so that a second window was where the door had reposed originally. After I had managed to disengage myself from pieces of the former window pane, I turned around to see the Great, the Gigantic, the Asture Presence bending over the thrown object. With a gallant gesture of bravado he leapt to the smashed window through which the object had arrived ( making sure first that the instigator of the vile deed had departed ) and shook his fist:

"The redhots!" he gritted. "Smash my windows, will they!" Common decency keeps me from recording his further assertions.

"I'll pulverize them!" he beefed. "I know who did it. . . Pong and that worm in the woodwork, Pogo. I'll send the Trolls out after the d-- ( censored. That's twice now, so watch yere lip! Editor ) bunch. The Trolls, the whole Troll pack. You know what they did to that statue. . . or don't you know? Then you know what the Ghu and the Foo have coming to them, if my boys get busy with them."

I bleached at the horrible thought. The Trolls. . . the most horrible fate to befall anyone. Even the Ghu and the Foo didn't deserve such a ghastly end.

The Master Mind turned slowly and gaped at me, his eyes were wicked, little red wagons were chasing each other in their scarlet midst.

"Don't look at me like that!" I cried.

"And you," he laughed a dirty laugh on account of its a dirty laugh that he laughs, most always because it is a dirty laugh he laughs. . . "And you," he says again, looking like a rat, "I'll sift you through immensity where it will require omniscience to find you and omnipotence to put you together again."

"No, not that!" I begged. "Anything but that!"



WAVELENGTH--The Magazine Electrifying!

.....

by The Staff



Here it is! WAVELENGTH, the Magazine Electrifying! Bound to no high tradition but the high standard of quality in science and fantasy fandom set by Raymond Van Houten, Gerry de la Ree, Jr., Harry Warner, Jr., Marvis Manning and others too numerous to mention.

Masterpieces of fantasy- We bring you a magazine that will be filled with thrills and science. We shall have only the best writers who are pioneers of the frontiers of fandom in this and future issues: Frederik Pohl, F. O. Tremaine, Forrest J. Ackerman, Donald Wollheim; Raymond Van Houten, Rajocz, Harry Warner, Jr., Gerry de la Ree, Jr.; Henry Andrew Ackermann, Frederic Arnold Kummer, Jr., George Wetzel, and others of equal prominence...men who are blazing a trail of fandom through today's wilderness. They will be regular contributors.

We shall have real, exciting adventure yarns that will grip you and hold you enthralled. WAVELENGTH will, with your support, set a new high mark in scienfantifandom.

Wide variety of themes, more features, new writers ( fans are welcomed in our pages ) and illustrators as well as the good old ones - will win a greater and more appreciative audience for our type of publication than any other fanzine of its type has ever won before.

The need for a finer, brighter, more entertaining fan periodical exists. Are we moving in the right direction? When you have read this issue from cover to cover, please write and tell us whether you think so or not. All letters, as far as is possible, will be published.

See our special subscription offer ... amazingly generous ... on page two of THE SCIENCE FICTION CONSCIENCE.

Thank you!

\* \* \* \* \*

BEWARE THE CYNIC! ( Continued From Page 11 )

Then I saw him draw out his annihilator and come toward me. I froze with fear. Everything went black, no, it went red. I don't remember... Mebbe it didn't go at all. Anyhow, he started to fix me up, but then I saw his eyes flick past me. There stood a science fiction fan. But who my savior was I don't know.

He jumped at the figure brandishing his weapon; cried, "Now is the time for all good Trolls to come to the aid of their brother." And he also said, "The quick brown Troll jumped over the lazy dumb Ghe and Fo!"

I left hurriedly, feeling thankful that I was only an Obscure Item.

\* \* \* \* \*

THIS IS YOUR MAGAZINE. SUPPORT IT.

By sending us material, stories, articles or art work. By writing - either to us or to others who appear in our pages. Remember, we are not "stuck up". This mag is edited by a real fan for real fans and it is expected that it will get all the support that is coming to it. How about this, Fans? Are you with us?

////////////////////////////////////  
 THE PULPS HAVE A LOYAL PUBLIC ( Continued From Page 4 )

itors and re-write men who, after spending half a day to a week on a story, at least make sure it is clearly, forcefully and grammatically written.

We all know that plenty of bankers and brokers, lawyers and doctors, salesmen and Senators are addicted to reading pulps. How often have we heard them say, "Pulps? Um, yes ... I read them myself once in a while, they help to put me to sleep." The sly liars! Imagine our blood-and-thunder stories, sweated out to provide the utmost in spine-chilling, blood-tingling action, being used as a sedative! We disown such faint-hearted friends ... give us the honest pulp fan who writes, "Your mag's great! Wish it came out once a week!"

-----:-----:-----

You may laugh at the stories we use; you may laugh at the paper we use ( we have not as yet archangels for advertisers to enable us to sell profitably at a nickel a magazine costing 24½ cents to produce). But you can't quite laugh off the 10,000,000 Americans who plunk down their hard-earned cash once or twice each month for their favorite mags.

And who knows what some future historian may say about the relative merits of the forests of pulp that go into the magazines and books of today? After all, the masses throughout the world enjoyed the entertainment of slap-stick Charlie Chaplin long before the high-brows discovered that he was an artist "incomparable."

But I should be the last one to think about the verdict of the future. I've got a Western pulp, a Detective pulp, and a Mystery pulp, all going to press. There is a foot and a half of manuscript to be read, all with their bang-bang and rat-tat-tat, and corpses galore ( the number of corpses per story having gone up since the depression ).

\* \* \* \* \*

MAN INTO MONSTER ( Continued From Page 6 )

"It Out-Frightens 'Frankenstein'; It Is More Dreadful Than 'Dracula! Public Ghoul Number One Is Seen At His Best."- The Washington Call.

"I want to go home," said Mr. Twerp quickly as he read these posters; but his wife propelled him into the theatre.

-----:-----:-----

When the Monster ( Boris Karloff ), with many a fearsome snarl and slobber twisted the head off Sir Abercrombie, Mr. Twerp tensely clutched the arms of his seat. When with gibbers of blood-lust the Monster disembowled the chauffeur, Mr. Twerp began to quiver and gasp. It was a nerve-wracking picture. The story concerned the Monster, a score of victims, and a haunted castle and Mr. Karloff turned in a superb performance.

And when the Monster, leaping in demonic glee, as its strong, hairy arms reached for the heroine, came nearer, ever nearer to the cornered girl; its corpse-like face filled the entire screen, Mr. Twerp gave a little squeak and quietly slumped down in his seat.

Ushers took him to the manager's office. "He's fainted," they told the manager.

"Great!" exclaimed the manager. "Some picture!"

Mrs. Twerp revived her spouse with dashes of cold water in his face, Mr. Twerp feebly opened one eye and said, "Take me home."