

IMAGINATIVE
FICTION

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In this issue:

DEVOLUTION(a short story)

by

Robert A. Madle

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Editor

John V. Baltadonis
Art Editor

Milton A. Rothman
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Vol I

Editorial

No 2

I suppose I have an explanation to make. Many of you are wondering why you are receiving the second issue of Imaginative Fiction instead of the first. Well I'll tell you. After long and steady work we finished the first issue. But, alas, all copies except a few were destroyed. We didn't bother sending the few copies that were left.

We hope to receive some subscriptions from you fans. The price is only 5¢ per copy, 25¢ per year. We believe that most of you can afford this small sum.

As yet we haven't contacted many of the fans and authors, but we are working tooth and nail to get together a good fan magazine. We have already received material from Milton A. Rothman, Charles H. Bert, and Oswald Train. We are in the hopes that you fans also will send in material. Anything in the fantastic field is welcome.

I am closing with the hope of building up our circulation and giving you a good fan magazine. Soon we may either mimeograph or print the magazine. It rests entirely with you.

COMING NEXT ISSUE!!!

"Brain-the Destroyer" a short story with a surprize ending.

ANNOUNCING!!!!

The FANTASY FAN will make its re-
appearance within a short time. It
was formerly published by Charles
D. Hennig, but was discontinued be-
cause of lack of support. We urge
all weird and science-fiction fans
to support this publication with
subscriptions and contributions. It
will have the same policy as the
former FANTASY FAN with a few cha-
nges. This neatly printed magazine
will sell for the price, ten cents
a copy, fifty cents a year.

"DEVOLUTION"

by

Robert A. Madle

"Old Specs" had always been interested in time. It afforded him great pleasure to explore his idea of time. Now I had received a card requesting my presence at his home. The card had said that he wanted to see me as soon as I could spare the time. He also hinted that he had something important to tell me, and I knew it concerned his theories.

As I sped along Frankford Road my thoughts travelled back to the old college days. I recollected how I had first made friends with Professor James Dunson, how I dropped in every day after class was over to help him with his experiments, and how he had given me a job as his assistant.

In about an hour I had arrived. He came out and greeted me personally. We then went into the house and when I was seated comfortably, he explained why he wanted to see me.

"Jack," he began, "you took an interest in me and my theories when you went to college. That is why I sent for you. You remember I was always interested in time. You will also recollect my interest in the future of the human race. In my talks I set forth many theories, but they were all wrong."

"How do you know they are?" I asked. For answer he beckoned for me to step into his laboratory. As I walked in I made an ejaculation of surprise. I saw a machine which reminded me of a planetarium projector, only it was far more fantastic and intricate. As I gazed in open-mouthed ast-

onishment Danson began talking again.

"This machine is a sort of time traveller. Although we cannot travel into the future or the past in person, we can see what will happen by means of this machine you see before you."

As he talked he was turning various dials. A blue glow surrounded the machine. In a few seconds he turned the machine around. It was now facing a screen he had set up. Soon the machine projected a whirling picture on the screen.

"We are now picking up the time screen," the professor explained. The picture on the screen grew clearer. We caught a glimpse of a man. His head was very large. "That man," the professor explained, "is of the year "200,000". As evolution continues, man's brain enlarges. Tons are sweeping by. It is now the year '20, 000,000. Man is so far advanced that we cannot compare ourselves with him. That red-orange disk in the sky is the sun, now dying."

He had stopped the machine. We seemed to be riding in an airplane. All at once he stopped over a certain building. We were looking inside of the building. A man and a girl were working over some machinery (if I can call it that). The machinery was undecribable, as practilly everything else was (or will be) in that fantastic era of the future.

"Those two people are the only people left. The rest have probably been frozen."

"What are they going to do with that machine?" I asked.

"That is a time machine they have invented, they intend to travel into the past and save their lives."

Even as he spoke, they stepped into

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their time traveller. It began to revolve. Faster and faster it spun. Ages flew backwards. I noticed as the travellers went back in time their heads grew smaller. I mentioned the fact to Dunson.

There was a glitter in his eyes as he said, "Prepare yourself for a surprise."

By this time their heads were a little larger than our own. In a few minutes hair began to grow from their bodies. They were changing to apemen! Soon they were snarling and fighting. Their brains were too small to comprehend what was happening. As they went back in evolution, they went back in time. Lower and lower they degenerated.

Finally the time machine stopped. The door opened and two puddles of protoplasmic mass slowly trickled out. Man ended where he began, and where he ended was the beginning of the human race again. This same thing will happen again and again, until the end of all creation.

THE END

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MILTON A. ROTHMAN (A Poem)

by
Ray Est. Suzanna

Milton A. Rothman is a twerp!
Oh! how he likes to burrrrrp!
Now and then he begins to wheeze
The Daring Young Man On The Flying
Trapeze.

Sometimes he makes a try
At Lawrence Tibbet on the sly.
Othertimes with Mariella his friend
On opera singing he delights to trend.
On his visitors he takes delight,
In throwing them out early in the night.
When a babe, his head had hit some
slats,

And now his belfry has in it, Bats!!

The End

MOVIE REVIEW

"The Crime Of Dr. Crespi" - A Republic Picture with Eris Van Stroheim in the title role. This picture while well acted isn't of much interest to the weird or scientificfan. Dr. Crespi is the head doctor of a hospital. His love was stolen from him by his friend who was also his assistant. He swore to avenge himself. His assistant was terribly injured in an automobile accident and his wife who had been Stroheim's flame, came to Stroheim and seeked his aid. After a while Stroheim agreed, but while operating he secreted a fluid into his assistant's arm which put him into a state of catalepsy. He could hear, see, but he could not move at all. He was buried alive, but some of the

doctors thinking Stroheim poisoned him went to the cemetery the same night he was buried and dug him up. They carried him to the hospital and performed an autopsy. As they were to perform the autopsy he rose from the table and stumbled directly to Stroheim's room. He passed a nurse on the way who screamed and summoned the doctors. They rushed in to Stroheim's room. Stroheim coldly picked a gun from the drawer and blew his brains out.

rating-fair -RAM

'COMING NEXT ISSUE!:'

- 1-many more pages
- 2-articles by famous fans
- 3-contest announcement

Support us to the utmost. Send in your
25¢ for a year subscription now!

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

*****WANTED*****

All issues of 1923-4-5-6 Weird Tales. Also all copies of Strange Tale, Oriental Stories, Magic Carpet, and Thrill Book. Anyone wishing to part with the above mentioned magazines communicate with Robert A. Madle 333 E. Belgrade St., Philadelphia, Penna.

*****FOR SALE*****

Copies of Amazing, Wonder, and Astounding Stories. I have issues dating back to 1928 which includes the famous "Skylark Stories" When writing, state what issues you desire. My magazines are priced reasonably-----
John V. Baltadonis, 1700 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia, Penna.

Will trade for fan magazines and weird fiction magazines. State what you wish to trade for, in the line of science fiction magazines.---Jack Agnew, 2303 E. Belgrade St., Philadelphia, Penna.

Subscriptions to Imaginative Fiction are for sale. The price of this magazine is only 25¢ per year. Address all your letters to 333 E. Belgrade St., Philadelphia, Pa.

*****CORRESPONDENCE*****

I will faithfully correspond with all fans interested in science fiction, both sexes and no age limit.--John V. Baltadonis.

Correspondence is wanted with fans interested in fan magazines. Robert A. Madle.

All advertisements and insertions in correspondence column are free to subscribers.
