

JULY 1938.

IMAGINATION!

Vol. 1 - No. 10

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"WHO IS DAW?" By BRACKISH WELLS.

"MATHEMATICA MINUS" RAY BRADBURY.

"RESURRECTION" By FRED SHROYER.



GUEST EDITOR
THIS ISSUE
CHARLES D. HORNIG



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of Dr Keller's book brot an evening
of unusual entertainment to me."

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IMAGINATION!

The Fanmag of the Future With a Future !

Vol 1 No 10 July 1938

Whole No 10

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WAY OUT WEST by Russ Hodgkins

BY the time this article has reached your attention, you will no doubt, have already glanced thru the rest of the issue, and noted the innovations. If you have left this column until the last to read you will be aware that they are the ideas of Chas. D. Hornig, who is guest-editing this issue at the request of the staff. Honorary member Hornig will be remembered by most fans as the editor of The Fantasy Fan and one-time ass't editor of Wonder Stories. He is at present vacationing in LA, and the temptation to have him "do" an issue for us was too much to resist.

TO those of you who are interested enough we are asking that you write and tell us what you think of the changes. The results will help to guide us in future issues. In particular we want reactions to double columns, paragraphing, page and article titling, same type thruout and the change in the cover. This issue is being mailed early so we can tabulate the results in time for the August number.

THE meeting of June 16 was enlivened by the discussion which followed the reading of the two speeches by Wollheim and Michel which were rejected by Newark Convention Committee. To the evident surprise of some members, it was disclosed that Michelism has supporters in the Chapter, who heretofore have refrained from bringing "politics" into the meetings.

DUE to the wishes of the majority, the Michelism debate which has been carried on in the pages of Madge, has been dropped. A council of three has been appointed to rule on such controversial subjects as are submitted for publication in the future; new-member Ray Harryhausen, Frank Brady and Yerke.

WELCOMED back for the summer is sun-tanned Pogo, from Arizona.

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS: to Morojo for absorbing booklet, "Crooked Rd"; to Forrest J for copy "Graph"; to JW Campbell, Jr. for "gift". Thank everyone - JCMiske.

SEND at once for that gale Summer issue of SCIENTI-SMAPS! You will find included in it a collection of the very best fan stories and articles by such writers as RICHARD WILSON JR., JAMES V. TAURASI, HENRY HASKEL HUNTER, etc. Plus many fine illustrations by Baltadonis and Marconette. Just 10c from the publisher, Walter E. Marconette, 2120 Pershing Blvd., Dayton, Ohio.

FANTASCIENCE FLASHES

By Claire Voyant

ACCORDING to Ken G. Chapman, S-FA informant to IMAGINATION!, the London publisher, Nevnes, will in the near future issue a new science with fantasy magazine! John Russell Fearn has sold "The Red Magician" to this source.

SPACEWAYS & Futuria Fantasia, the 2 new forthcoming fanmags, will be well advertised in IMAGINATION! at, if not before, the time of their appearance.

A SCIENTIFICTION novelet scheduled for Weird Tales is Kadra May-si's "The Isle of Abominations" in the October issue.

L. RON HUBBARD (whose autograph appeared in the first Hodge) may follow entry into Astounding ("The Dangerous Dimension") with a serial in Argosy about the "Scarlet Rogue" of the 270th Century.

RUSS HODGKINS has run across a picture of the Supreme Michelist in a source familiar to every fan but no doubt forgotten by the majority. JBN's handsome face may be found pg 545, Wonder Stories Quarterly for Summer '32.

ONWARD ESPERANTO!

By Erdstelulov

THE HYBORIAN
AGE

Robert E Howard

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limited edition.

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Los Angeles, Cal

FURTHER facts on the startling discovery that famed Weird Tales editor, Farnsworth Wright, commences communications to Fojak "Estimata Samlingvulo" (Esteemed One of Like Language): When a student at the University, he founded the Vasingtone Esperanto-Klubo! He has conducted a varied & worldwide korespondeco with Esperantistoj; contributed several translations (from Shakespeare, Milton, Robt Herrick) to "Dumabo", which was published at Bucharest, capital of Romania; also translated into Universalanguage the first 1/2 of Longfellow's verse "Evangeline".

DISILLUSION

by Sam Moskowitz

IN the title of this article, we have a word that one does not immediately associate with science-fiction. Perhaps most would associate it with what they have read concerning love and its workings. Nevertheless, it takes but a moment's thought to obtain more than a slight suspicion that "Disillusion" may also have its niche in science-fiction and its devoted fan world.

OBVIOUSLY, the first to feel such pangs of emotion are the comparatively new "fans." Fans who probably have read science-fiction for a number of years and suddenly break in upon the fascinating field adjoining their favorite tales. Always their hopes range high. Fanciful visions of what should be present themselves with an intense clarity that renders them most illogical.

IT sometimes is easy for the fan who has "arrived" to conveniently forget his past disappointments, to render the field artificially entrancing by the terrific whirl of his activities, that leave little time to consider the why and where of things, and the inside story concerning various incidents. To him they are just another in his concentration of events, simply words in an unwritten history book.

BUT to the new fan who sits wondering in his study, deciphering every possible meaning in every word of the scanty rations doled out to him, disillusion has a more acute meaning.

AT first few fans have little idea of what makes for a good story. The vivid, imaginative quality of the fiction they read is all that concerns them. That one author should turn out a very enjoyable work, and then with the readers department echoing his praises peculiarly disappear from the pages of their favorite magazines, possibly to reappear years later with an extremely disappointing, mediocre story is quite puzzling. It can't be the author they erroneously decide, it must be the editor. Why, that worthless hound won't give this author a break, and the fellow's a good writer too if his story two years ago is any indica-

tion of ability. And so in the next fortnight, the befuddled editor is showered with strong worded abuse and thereafter consigned to the role of a Simon Legree par excellence.

PERHAPS a year or so later the science-fiction reader joins the ranks of active fans, and in his meanderings comes across a few lines in a fan magazine something like this: "Jack McCovey, well-known for his popular story WORLD OF NOTHINGNESS in the July 1932 issue of DIFFERENT STORIES now reveals reason for his fruitless attempt to get further works accepted. It seems that WORLD OF NOTHINGNESS was entirely rewritten as a personal favor by a late master of science-fiction explaining the reason for its popularity. It seems that Jack McCovey has had over thirty stories rejected in the past two years in an almost futile attempt to break into print again."

THERE before him the uninitiated fan sees one of his greatest idols' glory crumbling to nothingness. He finds the man whom he believed a peer among writers just another worthless hack, turning them out a half dozen a week and getting a dozen rejected. Why should this mean anything to the individual fan, it is asked. Yes, why should it? Perhaps the only real explanation that can be given is that the fan's love of his literary choice is so deeply ingrained that the loss of the productions of any worthwhile author of fantasy fiction leaves a gaping void that is hard to fill.

HOWEVER, that is but one example of what great disillusionment is presented when the fan finds for the first time that the owners of his favorite science-fiction magazines, far from being the acme of human perfection are often no better than outright chisellers, keeping their public on false promises and their authors on little more. Can you imagine his feelings for the first time when he reads some quoted phrases from some prominent editor's remarks giving forth that personage's ACTUAL opinion of the character of the fans and just how he stands in relation to them all? (Continued on PAGE FIVE)

DISILLUSION

(Continued from Page Four)

THE blow is hard when one finds himself as just an eccentric sucker who must be humored to insure further profit, instead of an unusual intelligence whose suggestions rank upon sheer genius.

THEN there are objects of disillusion among the fans themselves. Imagine a new fan in the field who sees for the first time an ad in FANTASY MAGAZINE concerning a new fan magazine on the market titled THE SCIENCE-FICTION COLLECTOR. Sixteen pages of information for the collector and at the dirt cheap rate of five cents a copy, six issues for a quarter. On the surface the COLLECTOR is without a question of a doubt the type of a publication that no real fan should miss. The very thought of some of the information the magazine may disclose all but makes the fan slaver at the mouth. Into an envelope goes a quarter; there is no need for a trial copy of a magazine with a title like THE SCIENCE-FICTION COLLECTOR. What happens when he receives the magazine? Well, that's just a matter of just to what degree he is a true fan.

HOW about these subscriptions sent out that never bear results? One soon becomes disgusted after he has experienced a half-dozen or so of these, especially when the magazines bear such intriguing titles as FANTASIA, THE SCIENCE FICTION WORLD, etc., etc.

UNDOUBTEDLY the final, greatest and in many cases culminating shock is experienced when the earnest fan for the first time views in full detail and understanding the true character of a well-known fan he has believed for many years to be "great stuff." In reference to this I can almost quote my own feelings on the matter. Reading for years about certain fans, scanning their writings with quite a bit of respect and believing most of what they stated. Ironically enough, though I always suspected that some of the fans were not quite "top notch," I had not occasion to view factual proofs of this until comparatively recently. Then it came as a most disconcerting blow; on such occasions your entire attitude on the brotherhood of fans becomes warped, perhaps in the truthful channels.

AT such a time, the entire field stands as a disgusting, worthless process consuming time that might have been much more profitably employed. It is at the moment of such revelation that one stands at the crossroads. I know of some of the fans with the staunchest foundations who regretfully choose the most convenient way out. Some there are, however, who survive the flip of the coin and emerge with just another chalk mark under experience. Those fans will last. Perhaps not in the way that the average fan looks upon activity, but nevertheless the individual will always hold somewhere in his being a warm spot for that group of individuals known as the fantasy fans and that unusual mode of entertainment conveniently titled science-fiction.

THE PERFECT STORY

by Charles D. Hornig

SOME science-fiction stories are poor some are good, and some are excellent. It's all a matter of opinion.

WHILE a few tales are universally accepted as being very poor or very good, the majority are rated by the readers according to their several pet plots, sciences, and manners of composition.

A FAN who appreciates good construction will call a tale "perfect," regardless of the exactness of the science, whereas a budding scientist will find little of value in a story containing an apparent scientific inaccuracy, regardless of its literary value.

AND providing a story is excellently written with accurate science, the tale will find a mild reception among those who do not care particularly for the author's mood, theories, or convictions.

A PERFECT circle is one that is geometrically flawless; a perfect writing paper is one that suits all purposes; a perfect photograph is one of absolute clarity--and a perfect story is one that would satisfy all its readers.

BUT as long as the mass mind of mankind is imperfect, the PERFECT STORY must remain an impractical theory--a dream to be cherished by every author, but to be written by none.

MATHEMATICA MINUS
by Archibald Bradbury

DEAR Students of Science:

I HAVE been reading a book by a fellow named Darwin called THE ORGAN OF THE SPICES. I find that a planet is a body of earth surrounded by sky. Interesting? (sound of shot) Mr. Darwin wrote: the bones of the head are frontal, backal, sidal, topal, and bottomal. We also have anterior, posterior, bacteria and cafe-teria. A human passes through all the life stages from infancy to adultery. Interesting? (Sit down and stop reaching for your guns—I mean ray pistols).

DID you know that mushrooms grow in damp places and therefore look like umbrellas? Did you know that the three parts of a grasshopper are the head, abdomen, and the borax?

GRAVITY was discovered by Isaac Newton. It is chiefly noticeable in the autumn when the apples are falling off the trees. Before Newton made this discovery it is believed that there was no fall at all—but the winters were long.

EGAD! What discoveries I have made! List to my list of listless things. To remove air from a flask, fill the flask with water, tip the water out, and put the cork in quick. Water is composed of two gins--oxygen and hydrogen. Oxygen is pure gin--hydrogen is gin and water.

THE tides are the result of a fight between Newton's gravity (see above) and that of the moon. All water finds the moon very attractive, because there is no water there and nature abhors such a vacuum. Gravitation at the earth keeps the water from rising all the way to the moon. If gravitation ever failed in this job, the man in the moon would become a water boy. I forget where the sun joins in the fight.

THREE states of water are high water, low water, and break water. Nitrogen is not found in Ireland because it is never found in a free state (ouch!).

WHEN you breathe you inspire. When you do not breathe, you expire. (If all this is too deep for you, go on to the next article).

RATHER than start a new paragraph at this point, see next column.

A CIRCLE is a round line with no kinks in it, joined up so as not to show where it began--it sort of meets its other end without ending, if you know what I mean.

A POLYGON with seven sides is known as a heptagon. It is also a dead parrot. (poly-gon, get it?). Hmmm.

NOW that we have cleared that up nicely and you have all turned over in bed to get a match with which to conflagrate this page (but be careful not to burn the other side), I should like to explain a little about the peoples of the world. Did you know that the Eskimos (or esquimaux) are God's frozen people? And that they wear es-kimonas? Oh so?

THE Esquimaux hardly have any wives at all. Can you blame the wives? After all--the nights are six months long. And (censored)! Phew!!

AN Indian reservation consists of a mile of land for every five square Indians. Out west, the only signs of life are a few stunted corpses. The big city Indians in New York make their own reservations--at night clubs. Incidentally, night clubs were originated by the Indians, and were first kept on hand to quiet the cabooses in the wee sma' hours of the mornin'.

VESUVIUS is a volcano and if you will climb to the top, you can see the creator smoking. Fiery god, eh?

AND now that I've run out of Darwin (did I start with him?), I think I'll try a little poem or two. I don't know how to write poetry, but I was told to fill a page, so here goes:

POEM-TREE

"I think that I shall never see
A science-fiction fan like me,
Who sits and dreams of rocket ships
And nourish-tablets on my lips."

II

"I read my magazines all day.
With age they're brown, and I am gray.
I'd go to Mars myself, know well--
If it weren't for this padded cell."

EDITOR'S NOTE: At this point there was a loud crack. Bradbury hasn't spoken since...and this is very strange...

FANTASCIENCE FILMART

Forrest J Ackerman

Skipit's Trip to Mars: Chapt 9--
 "Symbl (pronounced "some bull") of Deth"
 --Flash Gordon escapes from th electrode
 rm into wich he was thrown by Ming & Tar-
 nak. He rex th Great Lamp of Mars but is
 captured by Tarnak who steals th BS (Blak
 Safire) from him. Meanwhile Azura, Queen
 of Magic, escapes. Barin & Zarkov, fear-
 ing something's hapnd to Flash, go to th
 City of Mars. They look into a dethcham-
 brrrrr! wher Flash is strapt to an iron
 chair. Horifyd (as directd in th script)
 they see th disintegrateng rays of a deth
 machine move closer...& closer...to th
 hopeless hero--

#10: "Incense of For-
 getfulness"--Th d-rays burn his straps &
 F is free like a Flash. Later he, DA (no
 not Dist Atty--Dale Arden) & Barin jurny
 into th land of th Forestpeopl to get Ba-
 rin's roketship wich is moord ther. Dale
 is captured by hostil forest gards & ta-
 ken to th Sacred Templ of Kalu. Here she
 is forced to breathe an incense wich hyp-
 notizes her. Wen F atempts to rescue her
 she cuts him down with a jewld dagr!

#11
 --"Human Bait": F is woundd by DA but
 rescued by Barin. Meanwhile M-p-eror Ming
 (secretly in leag with th Forestpeopl)
 ordrs Dale brot to him. F, learning this,
 takes Dr Z with him to Ming's palace.
 Ming aranges for m to "accidently" find a
 lab. He substitutes xplosivs for th
 chemicls in th botls. Z hurls th testube
 of chemicls from him. A terific xplosion
 folows...

#12: "Ming th Mercyles"--Only
 stund, later they rescue th drugd DA &
 restor her to her rite mind by an anti-
 dote. F recaptures th Safire, then takes
 Azura prisnr. As F, Dale, Zarkov & Azura
 leav in a stratosled, Ming, who has bcom
 a traitr to Azura, sends his bomrs to a-
 tak m. Th stratosled is shot down & Azu-
 ra is fataly woundd. A wel-aimd bom x-
 plodes in front of Flash.

#13: "Th Mir-
 icl of Magic"--Unharmd by th xplosion...F
 lisns to th dyng Azura. She begs forgiv-
 nes for her wickeddeeds & givs F her magic
 Wite Safire. F goes to th Claypeopl &

restors m to their originl human form with
 th magic of th WQ's Wite Safire. Learning
 Ming's about to arm th Forestpeopl so
 they can war against th formr Claypeopl
 F leaps into a stratosled to investigate.
 He meets Marsian bomrs laden with war ma-
 terials. Useng his batwing parachute F
 lands on th enemy ship, nox out th gunr &
 ntrs th cabin. He batls fiercly with th
 pilot. Th craft, uncontroll, careens
 crazyly tord a clif...

#14: "A Beast at
 Bay"--Th enemy gunr regains consciusnes
 in time to control th ship & avoid crash-
 ng. F forces th gunr & pilot to surendr
 & takes m to th Cp. Ther th captiv pilot
 finds his longlost bro. Th pilot, pre-
 tending F is his prisnr, leads him to Ming
 who, with Azura out th way, is being
 crown'd M-peror of Mars. F breax up th
 ceremony, xposeng Ming's wikdnes to th
 nobles. Desperat, Ming grasps Flash &
 useng him as a shield, disapears bhind a
 secret wall panl. As th panl slides shut
 Ming shouts--"Flash Gordon dies!"

#15:
 "An Eye for an Eye"--F doesnt die. Es-
 capes deth at th mits of Ming. Ming does
 a Moses (bulrushs) at th Tero-fyng Nitro-
 gen-sukng lamp, wich has been repaired, &
 ordrs th chief ngineer to turn th power
 on ful blast. This, he reasns, wil draw
 Na from th earth so fast that all life
 ther wil speedily die. Th ngineer, how-
 evr, has turnd against Ming & refuses to
 cary out th ord. F arives & overpowers
 M. Th ngineer then lox M in th disinte-
 grateng chamber & turns on th deadly rays
 wich promptly kil him. Meanwhile Barin,
 Flash's frend, bomrs th Great Lamp, d-
 stroyng it forevr. Their work done at
 last, Flash & his frends take Barin's
 roketship to Tero &--"That's all, folks!"
 ~ ~ ~

That fan who tied RAM for 6th
 place in th FM 4th Ann filmaticontest
 turns out to b none othr'n today's Ed of
 Science Fantasy Movie Review, one (in
 fact th one & only) Walter Earl Marcon-
 ette!

LASFL mem Harryhausen has now seen
 "King Kong" t w e n t y - t w o times!!

WAY DOWN EAST
by Richard Wilson, Jr.

(A BLOW-BY-BLOW description of the First National or Fourth Eastern Science Fiction Convention--choose one)

RANDOM thoughts: Frederik Pohl's obvious malaise as he rode through anti-Red-Hague-ridden Jersey City with a Young Communistic League cap on his head on his way to the Convention via Hudson Tubes... The New York delegation chanting

"We're the Friends of the I-S-A.,
All its enemies we will slay"

as it
bussed its way through the streets of Newark...L. Sprague de Camp, student of phonetics, and his amusing dialect-mimicry...R. D. Swisher, Ph. D., who announced that he was writing a hundred-odd page essay on time-travel and requires only a guarantee that it will be printed in full before allowing it to be published in a fan magazine. He has probably been deluged with offers by now...The telegram from the editor of MARVEL SCIENCE STORIES, asking for a complete report of the Convention for publication in its next issue...Alex Osheroff, mighty editor of THE SCIENCE FICTION SCOUT, wildly bidding on everything in sight at the auction sponsored by the Los Angeles SFI until his seemingly inexhaustible supply of dollar bills had vanished into the hands of the auctioneer...The exciting news that John W. Campbell Jr. is seriously thinking of instituting a column in ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION listing the fan magazines, their prices, and names and addresses of their editors. His only worry is that this would be unfair to the hectographed publications, whose circulation couldn't increase any too much, leaving would-be subscribers No. 51-on out in the cold.

THE BATTLE OF THE BUFFET. Prologue:
"There will be," said William S. Sykora, smirking to himself, "a sufficiency of food. There will, in fact, be a superabundance of edibles. I am worried about what to do with all that will be left over." And he indicated the furrows in his forehead.

ACTION: We returned from a brief siesta in the fresh air to find a shoving, milling, shouting mob, five deep, in front

of a table which groaned (gross exaggeration) under piles of bread, bologna, soda pop, cookies, etc. Unlabeled and brimming with hunger, we plunged in, braving sharp elbows and sharper glances. We arrived, after much buffetting, at the table. Disappointment was keen.....

EPILOGUE: Close-up of Wilson looking disconsolately at spoils: two bread-and-butter pickles and one ginger-cookie, badly battered.....

THE GREAT MOCK TRIAL. The Time: Nearing Midnight, May 29-30, 1938. The Place: Silver's Cafeteria, Park Row, New York. Dramatis Personae: The Judge, Frederik Pohl; Counsel for the Defense, David A. Kyle; Public Prosecutor, John B. Michel; Foreman of the Jury, Donald A. Wollheim; Jurors, twelve---no, ten---good scientifans and true; Sam (Sham) Moskowitz, the Prisoner, Cyril Kornbluth.

OUR recollection of the exact proceedings are a bit hazy, but we do recall that the accused was charged with about everything in the statue books, and then some. The Prosecution asked, in stentorian tones, if the Accused was Guilty or Not Guilty. Whereupon the Defense pleaded Guilty, throwing itself upon the mercy of the Court. A closed vote, taken by a show of hands, proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that the Defendant was guilty in the first degree. As the Court, eschewing the customary black cap, intoned something about hanging by the neck until dead, dead, dead, several sympathetic souls offered the Prisoner an assortment of knives, none of them very sharp, with which to commit Harry Carey so that he might die with honor and his boots on.

ONLY the vigilance of the countermeasures prevented Mr. Moskowitz from being burned in effigy (the effigy being a paper napkin). The c-men, however, could not stop the sticking of tooth-picks into strategic portions of the effigy's anatomy, in the best witchcraft manner.

NOW you know, O Moskowitz, why you have been having those pains throughout your body!

CONCLUSION: Resolved that people have more fun than anybody.

AMONG OUR MEMBERS:
THE BIOGRAPHY OF FRED SHROYER
(Or, "From Fan-Question to Fanned-Answer")

YE Guest Ed was given the duty of interviewing this month's victim of the biography craze. But if Ye Guest Ed hasn't guest wrong, this is a biography to end all biographies. Getting vital facts from Shroyer is like trying to get blood out of a tooth--I mean, as tough as pulling stones.

FROM what YGE (Ye Guest Ed) could gather, the world was first blest with Fred on or about 1915 or later, although he seems to recall some incidents of the Spanish-American War. YGE cannot be sure of the facts, for he has been given to understand that all birth records were destroyed either in the Chicago Fire or the Frisco Quake. Then again it might have been the Johnstown Flood. No, guess we better settle on the Fire, as Fred first saw light (if he ever did) in the How-my Dunes of Indiana, not far from the Windy City.

HE recalls that he was born on a Thursday, because the next day they had fish. His first words to his mother (as he recalls them) were: "What's all this rubbish I hear about Prohibition?" His first love was a cute little, curly-haired, blue-eyed--teddy bear from his aunt. His first distaste was for the fourth chapter of "The Perils of Pauline."

PET Peeves: reformers, moralists, unstuffed olives in Martinis, and more reformers.

PET Pets: Absynthe (because it makes the heart grow fonder,) Anatole France, Thorne Smith, and the Pollyanna Stories.

HE spends a good part of his time (according to his own confession) in liquor stores searching for blotters, pencils (of which he sells on the corner of Beverly and Vermont--stubs half price), bottle-tops, match-covers, and calendars (even old ones, he says). At other times, he will spend an entire afternoon calling wrong numbers on the phone (this is great fun!), or working on the second movement of his bar-glass symphony.

WHEN asked about his plans for the future, Fred told YGE that he looks forward only until today, but if there is a tomorrow, he hopes that the gin will hold out.

UNDER duress, he confessed that he does read science-fiction (bound to come to that sooner or later) and likes the stories of Aldous Huxley, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Walter Dela Mare, and A. Merritt. His favorite stories are "Kollerbochen's Dilemma," "Turnabout," and "Ship of Ishtar."

HIS outlook on the future of Mankind explains his plans for the future (see above). He says that history will continue to repeat itself at ever-descending levels, until, finally, it is ashamed to repeat itself.

THE LASFL is going to miss little Freddie, for he has returned to his little grass shack in Kokomo, Indiana--and from there will probably go on, for a while, to Paris (either France or Kentucky).

THE members of the LASFL can only hope for his early return to the outstretched arms (forty or fifty, like an octopus) of the club.

BUT if he should not return, long shall they of the LASFL remember his parting words:

"MY buddies--and buddiesses," here he wept, "you can't always sometimes tell--what you least expect the most!"

EXCLUSIVE STORY: Two days after this article was written, Fred provided a farewell beer-drink for YGE, Russ Hodgkins, and Herman Doepke. And as though three bottles apiece were not enough, the four trudged to a jernt--uh, cafe--to continue farewelling. It took a long time to say good-bye to Fred, we all hated so to see him go. After the tenth glass, we couldn't see him coming or going anyway. By that time we were weeping in our beer telling each other how much we loved us. YGE still insists he wasn't drunk, though. He didn't have a hangover, either, but he still wonders what happened to Sunday of that week. There we were, New Jersey, Australia, California--all bidding good-bye to Indiana, all agreeing that transportation was the best form of travel.

SO YOU'RE GOING TO PUBLISH A FAN MAG!

by Charles D. Hornig

DURING the past few years, a great many science-fiction fan publications have come to my attention. As publisher of one of the very first, THE FANTASY FAN (a sixteen page printed magazette), I feel qualified to outline a few of the major difficulties in getting out an affair of this kind--for the benefit of amateur and would-be publishers. Addressing them directly, I say.....

DON'T expect a large circulation. Even if your effort is one of the best of all time, remember that the science-fiction field has a very limited clientele, and the fan field, with all its potentials, comprises a very limited number of the readers of science-fiction.

THE majority of people who read science-fiction newsstand magazines are only occasional perusers, have no interest in science-fiction as a movement, and wouldn't give a dime for all the fan magazines of the past, present and future, regardless of how good they are.

IT is perhaps an exaggeration to say that there are a full thousand persons in the United States who could ever be persuaded to purchase even one science-fiction fan magazine regularly. Any publisher of such a project who, after two years of turning out a high quality paper reaches the circulation of two hundred, is doing remarkably well. A circulation of three hundred for any single publication (as an average figure) would exceed even that of the best printed affairs of earlier years, when there was no real competition.

REMEMBER, publishers, that the very large number of such publications now circulating add to the difficulties of building up a circulation for your own effort.

OCCASIONALLY, a newsstand magazine may give your publication a kindly mention--but even when your name and address appears, do not expect any miracles in the matter of results. Rarely will a science-fiction magazine accept even a small advertisement of a fan mag. but even the best of ads or notices will rarely bring in more than ten subscriptions.

THE purpose of this statement is not to discourage amateur publishers, but to give them an idea of the limitations of the field, so that they will not wake up some morning astonished that the mails are not filled with subscriptions.

FOR the maximum of success, try to secure articles from persons who know science-fiction. At least, see that your reading matter is interesting and informative. Well-written biographies of authors and stories of their struggles in making sales--their unusual incidents with editors and fans--always make good reading.

DON'T just ramble on about what you think, except perhaps in occasional editorials. Above all, avoid reminiscing about the "days of old," unless you can tell the reader something he does not know.

TO have your paper receive proper attention, try to make it easily readable--if it is mimeographed, have each impression clear and distinct. Remember: to strain the eyes of a reader is to strain his patience. Even a good article will receive poor attention if sloppily presented.

ONE of the most important of all things is to remain faithful to your subscribers. Don't raise their hopes by telling them of the wonderful things you will give them if you can't give facts. Publish at regular dates, and refund money when you find it impossible to continue publication. Never let your subscribers think that you are gypping them.

DON'T expect too much, plan to find appreciation among a select group of first rate fans (and not the mass of science-fiction readers). Work conscientiously to make your mag the best, and you'll have a lot of fun. Any financial loss will pay for itself in experience gained.

AND, oh yes! If you run low on articles, DON'T try your hand at politics, religion, or other partisan subjects. Don't take sides in any argument (editorially). Don't offend your readers, and you will be rewarded by a growing list of subscribers who are your friends.

RESURRECTION
by Fred Shroyer

THE WILLOWS by Algernon Blackwood. (Found in several Weird Anthologies, including "The Best Ghost Stories," edited by Bohun Lynch and published by Small, Maynard and Company)

DESPITE the fact that this story--which might be called a novella as it runs about a hundred pages in the average novel form and size--is usually found rubbing elbows with out-and-out Ghosties and Ghoulies in collections of the supernatural story, it is well deserving to be called science-fiction, as it deals with other dimensional creatures from a world that interlocks, perhaps, with our own. Readers who remember George Allan England's "The Thing From Outside," will be struck by the similarity between the two stories. In fact, in my opinion, the stories are a little too similar to attribute said similarity to coincidence. Enough of this, though, Shroyer, you nasty, suspicious old wretch!

THE inevitable "I" and a companion whom he addresses as the "Swede" have gone into the swamp-lands created by the river Danube where it begins to meander in shallow, sluggish streams between shifting sand banks. They are on their way to the Black Sea, traversing the waters in a canoe, and as they enter this desolate and deserted land, they are filled with a vague sense of misgivings. There is an aspect about this place that seems to have a brooding character; a sense of crouching things and imminent horrors that remain just beyond the point of visibility. As they progress into the innumerable water lanes, the Danube, in the process of reaching the flood stage, becomes more tempestuous, and roaring and raging through its channels creates in a short time little isles and as rapidly destroys them in its almost sentient capriciousness; only to recreate new ones.

THE whole vista about the two adventurers is marked by countless willows which are destined to a short life, indeed, before they are uprooted by the unpredictable waters. Yet there is a sense of the alien and consciousness about the willows; they seem to live in some queer, vicarious way. And the travellers, camp-

ing for the night upon one of the willow-isles, felt that the wind is telling them that they are unwanted here; that this is a land wherein no earth-life may dwell without penalty. Even the waters surging at the land about them, tearing it away, is obviously hostile to them.

NIGHT comes and the wind rises. The two men, lying within their tent pitched in a hollow, try to sleep. When sleep does come, it is a disturbed sleep filled with fear and apprehension. The narrator awakes, hears the violent wind and leaves the tent to see if their belongings were still safe, and then--he sees the things! "They shifted independently. They rose upwards in a continuous stream from earth to sky, vanishing utterly as soon as they reached the dark of the sky. They were interlaced with one another, making one great column, and I saw their limbs and huge bodies melting in and out of each other--a hue of dull bronze about their skins." He returns to the tent, trembling, rationalizes the apparitions into hallucinations. The next morning he, in terror, finds that the willows have crept closer to the tent! Also, a canoe paddle had been taken and the canoe punctured.

THEY decide to stay another night in the same place. That evening they hear the creatures humming, and realize that they do exist. Powerful, alien, other-dimensional! And somehow they realize that they themselves must die as a sacrifice to these Outsiders.

A NIGHT of horror passes. I could never do justice to that second night, and any description of it would be a parody of Blackwood's masterful style. The two are spared, and they soon learn the reason for it. They find a corpse of a peasant in the river, but as they start to drag his body from the river for burial, they are stopped from a humming that emanates from the corpse! "It was exactly as though we had disturbed some living yet invisible creature at work." They know then that the peasant had been accepted in their stead by the Things.

THE story stops with this realization, leaving the denouement to the reader's imagination.

FIFTH SERIES

by Dr. Acula

THIS month the reviews will be from the Witches Tale broadcast.

"AND now here's Old Nancy and Satan, her wise black cat."

"HUNTER and ten year old I be, Satan. Well, let's get right down to business, and we'll spin the folks a little bedtime story. Now douse all lights. That's right, get it nice and dark and gaze into embers--gaze into 'em deep, and soon you will see a small village in Hungary where our little tale takes place--'The Bloody Countess.' Hah! Hah! Hahhhh!--'THE BLOODY COUNTESS'!"

THE story is about one group of spiritualists, one of which is a woman who claims she can bring the dead back to life in a seance. Also in the party are two group of lovers. To make identification easier, I will call the woman Mrs. Bradshaw and the lovers Bob and Jane; and Bill and Louise, since these are the main characters in the story. To prove that her spiritualistic powers can bring the dead back to life, Mrs. Bradshaw takes this group to an old castle in Hungary, where she intends to bring a certain countess back to life. She thinks that she can control the dead person she gives life to.

THE countess, though, believes that bathing in young girls' blood increases her beauty, and after Mrs. Bradshaw succeeds in her purpose, the latter cannot control the countess when she sees Jane and Louise. Jane is immediately abducted by this lover of blood-baths. She and Bob both perish--Jane in the countess' death-chamber, and Bob when he tries to save her. The rest flee from the castle and warn the nearby village about the countess. Not content with Jane, the countess goes to the village to get Louise. She accomplishes this, and Bill naturally chases after, accompanied by Mrs. Bradshaw. After tapping plenty of panels in the countess' castle and crawling through many secret passages there, they catch up to our blood-bathing friend just in time. Mrs. Bradshaw holds up a cross, and Bill shoots a silver bullet at the countess, one act of which causes her second death.

LATELY, The Witches Tale has switched its broadcast time and station quite frequently.

NOTHER Old Nancy bedtime story that I heard was about snakes. A Texan, who I will call Jeff, married a Grecian woman named Sonia while he was travelling in that country. He takes his wife to his ranch with him, and there he introduces her to his brother and sister, Jimmy and Joan. Joan immediately dislikes Sonia for some unknown reason. Jeff tells his brother and sister that since his marriage, he has had nightmares of a North African Viper biting him.

SOON after Jeff's arrival, Jimmy shows Sonia his snakehouse. When she gets in there the King snake starts striking against the glass front of his enclosure towards Sonia. This is a curious thing because King snakes are not harmful to humans, but only to some other kinds of snakes.

A LITTLE while later, Jeff dies, and Joan accuses Sonia of injecting snake-venom into Jeff, because numerous punctures were found on Jeff's body and in this way he was killed. The doctor disproves this by diagnosing Jeff's death from shock.

SONIA orders Joan and Jimmy out of the house because Jeff's will left all his property to her. Joan and Jimmy go out to the snakehouse to figure out what Sonia had to do with their brother's death.

SONIA enters while they are talking and locks the snakehouse door behind her. Joan tries to shoot Sonia, but by some occult power of Sonia's mind, Joan is prevented from doing this. She tells them that she has the power to change herself into a North African Viper and states that seeing her change into a snake is what killed their brother. She also said that she had been substituting Viper-venom for Jeff's blood. But doing this with people through the ages, she had maintained her youth and beauty for thousands of years. She then changes into a Viper and crawls toward Joan to bite her. The latter fires wildly but cannot hit the Viper. Finally Jimmy tells her to shoot at the glass in the front of the King snake's cage; which snake kills the Viper, alias Sonia, ending the creature's "endless" life, making everything come out all right, and the property reverts to Joan and Jimmy.

WHO IS DAW?
by Brackish Wells

OUT of a soup of vile smells, malignant tumors, and distorted ash cans looms the utterly unimportant mess known as DAW. Screwy tales bandied at pool halls or written on table cloths ask: Is DAW really DAW?

THERE immaterializes a scene from about two weeks ago. It was 11:42 p.m., and there had been a NYBSC (New York Butt Snatcher's Club) that Easter Sunday afternoon. The place was a malted milk shop near the Bronx. Around a table sat a hopped negro, two taxi drivers, and a pencil peddler. Also at the table were two others; Cedric Small and DAW (Daughters of the American Waste). They were telling obscene stories. DAW was cutting his toe nails.

SMALL says that he thought he'd join the Boy Scouts. DAW lisps casually that he'd rather be a Camp Fire Girl. Small, disbelieving that anybody could be a Camp Fire Girl, remarks, "I'll bet you're Dan Beard." DAW cracks his map with a smile and says, "Go on."

UNDER the table he admits that he had repeated the Scout Oath in front of certain people under a noon-day-plum with a "V" in it. Small was certain that DAW was DAW, and claimed to detect a hole in DAW's sock that corresponded with a hole in DAW's sock. DAW, under his Klassy Kut Kote, merely thumbed his nose.

FROM that night on, the story that DAW was DAW was spread thick, far and wide--Ced Small shooting it for all that it was worth (\$0.00). Dope after dope overlooked it. To all non-existing inquiries, DAW went out of his way, now, to shrug his spindly shoulders. Many dopes continued to not give a damn who DAW was.

WHAT are the facts? Am I really I? (Oops! I forgot that I'm writing under a noon-day-plum--DAW). Is DAW really DAW? When not asked, DAW has never admitted it.

BUT as he was never asked, he never denied it. Neither did Comrade Stalin ever deny he was God. Nor did Susie Lupstachik deny that she was Greta Garbo.

DAW definitely rumors around that he is a Boy Scout and a member of the IWW under a noon-day-plum, and that there IS

a "V" in it.

WHEN Horace Offal received a bill from the New York Gas Company, he discovered that both DAW and DAW had been using his gas and charging it to him. Would DAW be able to use 30,000 cubic feet of gas alone?

DAW's address is not given. DAW states definitely that he knows an address or two in Passaic, New Jersey (the Public Library and the Municipal Men's Rest Rooms). But there are addresses as far west as Toehead, Nebraska of this kind. Has any dope ever used the Public Library of Toehead, Nebraska? There is no record.

DEAF Orlis Tremendouspain once made an appointment to see DAW at his home. But DAW was at Scout Camp. Several months later, during last summer. Tremendouspain called again, but DAW was doing his homework. Finally Tremendouspain met DAW sipping a strawberry soda and they were in close association for several minutes until Tremendouspain finally paid for DAW's strawberry soda. But Tremendouspain was never in Bulgaria!

WHAT were DAW's actions last summer? His friend can account for every week and there is no evidence to show that he was actually at Scout Camp. He was seen playing leap frog with two little girls at one time, and the rest of the time under discussion, he played hop scotch. Yet a former Ward Heeler said that the Republicans would never have a chance at the next election. His friend, on his way to a CCC Camp, turned over in Los Angeles and told the railroad dick that it was common DAW knowledge that DAW had a contract to work in a day nursery. But he couldn't give definite proof.

IN loco circles (U.S.) it has been three weeks since anybody has given a damn whether DAW was DAW. The dialog has died in delirium. If we put the evidence together, it seems obvious that the Giants will make a good try for the pennant next year. But then, you never can tell.....?

NOTE: DAW, who couldn't possibly be a Communist, will not be paid for this item (which he didn't write) after publication.

VOICE OF IMAGINATION!

Vox Pop Department

WHAT IS RONG?

R- BAKER of Vancouver, B. C. Canada wants to know why "wrong" is spelt wrong, or "rong" in the title of the pamphlet, "What is Rong with Science-fiction." Perhaps, Mr. Baker, that is just one of the things that are rong--I mean wrong.

HE considers the magazine well-worth the increased price "to see what feather-heads Californians are, anyhow," and he also says:

"I AM gratified to note the item on page eighteen in re the individual styled Morajo. It is a hopeful sign of that progress that worried Messrs. Shroyer and Wollheim so much when an average middle-aged married woman actually takes an interest in scientifiction."

One of your adjectives is amiss, Mr. Baker. Morajo, if YGE may voice his opinion, is far above "average."

SURPRISED BY KUTTNER

DALE HART of Highlands, Texas writes that he was surprised to learn that Kuttner had three stories in the first MARVEL. Aren't we all! He likes FJA's Filmarts, except for the reviews of Flash Gordon, and the only kick he has against the Wollheim-Shroyer "progress" debate is that he doesn't give a darn about the subject.

"WOW is always good," says Mr. Hart, "and Van Lorne bit very engrossing. Who is WVL? Bradbury waxed humorous."

DESPITE the fact that the June Voice of Imagination contained two of his letters, he tells us, it was excellent.

FROM MICHEL HIMSELF!

THIS month's mail was blest with a letter direct from John B. Michel, founder of the much-discussed Michelism. After being shown a copy of Madge by Wollheim, he noticed that no more "Micholimanuscripts" are to be printed and he would frankly like to know "whether you people are sincere workers for a better world or just an inane bunch of semi-psuedo-intellectuals playing around with ideas you only half-comprehend or fail to understand at all. Is it censorship?"

ONE thing we do know, Michel, and

that is that Madge is a non-partisan science-fiction fan publication--not a Communists' organ. The "defense of progress" articles have been taking up too much space that should be used for articles that find more interest among our readers. Remember that the true scientifictionist is not a radical in the political sense.

IN your letter you state that "it is unwise to allow the termites within a structure to tear it down without hindrance. It should be perfectly obvious that Shroyer and his ilk are utterly opposed and contemptuous of everything you hold dear as a scientific state man."

NOW, we ask you, is that nice? We know Shroyer personally and must say that he is a most likeable fellow--we like him in our presence and he is a very interesting chap. There should be more like him in this country. Your tone in discussing the situation is ridiculously dramatic. Don't try to make peace-loving science-fiction into bloody politics.

CDH takes full responsibility for the above answer to the Michel letter.

CREEPY RADIO SHOW

FROM Richard Wilson, Jr., editor of the Science Fiction News letter at Richmond Hill, New York comes the recount of a spooky story on a recent Rudy Vallee show "wherein a dying woman wired her boyhood sweetheart to visit her before she died. The fellow came, in due course, and the two reminisced about old times. Just before he left he promised her that they would be together 'very soon.' A short while later the maid entered with a telegram announcing that the sweetheart had been dead for ten years."

MR. Wilson thinks that Dr. Acula's "Ethereal Eeries" are interesting and that he might use the above story in some future column.

IN the same letter, he says "FJA's mention of the prize-winners in his old Fantasy contest makes me long for more of them. How about having Madge sponsor some--at least one? (Continued next page)

VOICE OF IMAGINATION!

(Continued from preceding page)

"'UPSIDE Down in Time' was great.

'Who is Warner Van Lorne?' might have sounded more convincing to those who suspect Wollheim of being Van Lorne if DAW hadn't written it himself. Three pages was entirely too much room to give to the Michelism argument; I'm glad to see that mention of the thing is hereafter taboored.

"RAY Bradbury's directions to scien-tifamery were explicit. His cover was good, too.

MR. Wilson thinks that Shroyer's latest "Resurrection" was not quite up to par and that he does best "when reviewing books of fantastic hokum that don't meet with his approval."

"HOW come the orthodox spelling on the cover," he asks. "An oversight?"

SPEAKING of orthodox spelling, what do you think of the present issue?

"HOW TO BE FREEDOM"

THAT perpetual enigma, Azygous, who never signs even that pseudonym but gets one of his friends to execute the penmanship each month (always a different one), returns with a plan whereby any fan can be permanently in the Voice of Imagination--and he offers it "free and without charge to those who will read,--"

"1 (INFALLIBLE) Write a letter in Ackermanese, full of futurisms and crammed with condensation.

"2 (PRETTY nearly ditto) Take up Esperanto and use it often in your Madge correspondence. (Aside to Ackerman; does the fact that the suffix ac, which in Esperanto signifies contempt or scorn, mean very much?

"3 SAY something very nice about Imagination, which sounds sincere, even though it may not be.

"4 SAY something very nasty--become as obnoxious as possible, but not in more than one letter--only one will be published.

"5 BE witty and use lotsa puns. The LA-men (laymen, get it?) dote on them.

"6 BETTER yet; have some phrase in your letter which will be worded in such an obvious way as to enable the Madge-icians to make a cheap pun of it--they love

to show off.

"IF this doesn't work, it proves that you're a Sacred Cow and an Utter Dope."

EDITOR'S NOTE: we do not personally endorse Azygous's system, but it's a free country and you can try anything you so desire. One man's opinion is as good as another's, and a whole lot better!

TO THE POINT

WE take pleasure in printing here an unabridged letter from a veteran science-fiction fan, Robert W. Lowndes of Springdale, Connecticut:

"THIS letter is written in protest upon your publication of the article by Mr. Shroyer in a recent issue attacking Michelism and, in effect, denying scientificity every vestige of meaning.

"REGARDLESS of what your policy on material may be, irrespective of ideals of freedom of expression, there must be a line drawn in the most broad and tolerant of publications. Freedom of expression cannot be extended to allow any individual, or group of individuals, to use the same in such a manner as would tend to destroy this very freedom.

"LIKEWISE, a science-fiction publication cannot afford to extend its broadness of policy to such an extent that it will print articles sabotaging science-fiction itself and trying to prove that everything science-fiction stands for and believes in to be false. Science-fiction has its very roots in the belief of progress; to deny or attempt to disprove that man has made, is making, will make, or is capable of making progress is to divorce oneself completely from science-fiction and everything pertaining to the same.

"IF Mr. Shroyer thinks that humanity is rotted permanently, and has ever been so, certainly he has a right to say so. You comprehend, I do not deny him the right to express his views. But I do censure you for aiding and abetting such anti-progressive activities by publishing them in a magazine whose very title proclaims the constant development and evolution of mankind."

WE hope that the presentation of this letter will help prove IMAGINATION! to be a magazine of free speech, as it shall continue in the future.

VOICE OF IMAGINATION!

(Continued from preceding page)

MICHELISM AND COMMUNISM

OUR old friend, Sam Moskowitz of the "Convention City," Newark, New Jersey, writes us a long, long letter. We wish we had room to print it all, but here are the important parts:

"I was especially interested in WOW and the fact that you Los Angelesites are planning quite a number of interesting experiences. I'd like more dope on this Futuria Fantasia, if you don't mind. FANTASCIENCE FLASHES! I'm glad to say is a first class news column--could be longer....WHO IS WARNER WARN LORNE? was certainly unilluminating. Is that the thing you referred me to when I asked the Warner Van Lorne is? We all know it wasn't Wellheim. Hoh, hoh, your contention that you know just about everything there is to know is not very truthful; especially when you're stymied by a question like Who is Warner Van Lorne. You professed to know the answer, if I'd read correctly.

"MARVELOUS move this eradication of Michelism from IMAGINATION! I don't see where anyone gets any interest out of them. If you will read over all the Michelism literature you will come to the not-too-amazing conclusion that the so-called Michelists don't know what Michelism is themselves; and that they admit a world state is one of their minor objects; if the world state is one of their minor objects, then there is no difference apparent between Michelism and Communism or any other radical tendency. Michel is a Communist and makes no bones over the fact. This all boils down to the simple fact of -- What's the big idea of featuring Communism in IMAGINATION! ? The Communists have their own journals.

"I LIKED Ethor Berics and Bradbury's piece. Can't seem to interest myself at all in Resurrection. Put it out, says I. If you keep your readers' columns expanding at their present rate, you will soon be able to fill the bill of the undofunct Science-Fiction Comment. Better be careful about your rate of expansion, or the readers won't have any articles to prettly about.

"SUGGESTION--Since I am very happy to hear of your professed surplus in scientific commodities, may I be as pertinent as to suggest that you issue a Quarterly, Semi-Annual, or Annual to use up this surplus?

"LISTEN to who's harping about fair tactics. Braxton Wells, of all people. Excuse me while I omit a lengthy H-A-W."

SO you still don't know who Warner Van Lorne is, eh? My, my! Well, at the least, you know who he isn't!

YOUR comment on Michelism seems to reflect the opinion of a great many of our readers--but accusing Michel of being a Communist is a very serious charge!

WE would like to issue a supplementary publication, but it is not possible at the present time. Thanks for your enthusiasm, though.

OPINIONS DIFFER

FROM Rochester, New York comes the following comments from Litterio Farsaci:

"I THOUGHT that Shroyer's Resurrection one of the best features in the current issue. His column is getting better with each month.

"AS to Michelism--I think it's O.K. No matter how little, it does its part toward making the world a better place to live in.

"SOMEDAY, I hope, 4SJ will become as much interested in scientifiction as he is in scientifilms. Just imagine! Ever since he broke into the first page of the first issue of THE TIME TRAVELLER with his lists, his interest has been practically all on 'fantasyfilms.' Don't you think it's about time for a change?"

THE above letter, you will notice, differs entirely with the previous one on the subjects of Resurrection and Michelism--all of which adds to the editor's perplexity in choosing articles for publication. The Editor, like all editors, consoles himself with the belief that he is giving his readers what the majority want. We hope we are not kidding ourselves!

YE Guest Editor would like to put in a comment here in re Mr. Farsaci's comments as to Ackerman's activities. Through my intimate acquaintance with Forrest, I know that no one in the country can possibly take a greater interest in STF than he.

VOICE OF IMAGINATION!

(Continued from preceding page)

WOLLHEIM AND WAR

WE must admit that Wollheim, right or wrong, never fails to draw comment, such as in the following letter of Jack E. Speer, Oklahoma City scientifiocationist, be objected to."

"AMONG Our Mens, two prepared pacifists this time. More like it! Even I, militarist, Fascist, reactionary, etc. (other words supplied on request, apply DAW) that I am, might well be called a 'prepared pacifist.' Incidentally, wonder where the Wollheim stands on this-- does he advocate abolition of CMIC, ROTC, Army, Navy, (not to mention the Marines), and all the rest?

"IF intentional, think it was very unfair to cut my last sentence off at the semicolon; if you were going to print the thing as an articlette, you shoulda finished the sentence; there was a very important qualifier appended thereto: 'If there is somewhere in the world today a man who will prove himself such a person, I will welcome him; but we must proceed on the assumption that there is not.'

"I AM rather inclined to agree with Erick that we do not today stand at any cross-roads more than ordinarily terrifying. With Lord Strabolgi, I hold that, barring accidents, there will be no war in Europe at all immediately.

"ALL of which boils down to; if you are socialistically inclined (and I am); don't waste your time supporting a lost cause. (Yes, I mean you!) Instead, put whatever support you have behind a socialistic group that has a chance to succeed --the evolutionary socialistic New Deal, which happens to be in control of the Democratic Party and the United States of America, and which is trying mighty hard to bring us the 'scientific-socialistic' state. Dragging in the however-highly-desirable World State simply muddles the issue.

"IF Mr. Wollheim could only realize it, almost every magazine and newspaper in the country, except the impotent Catholic press, is anti-Fascist. And if they also be anti-Communist--well, his argument has at any rate lost its force.

"POSSIBLE solution of the mailing

dilemma; make that back sheet of extra-heavy paper, and then seal it with two bits of cellulose tape in addition to the Esperanto seal. Possible solution of the too-much-material dilemma; do almost entire mag in elite type. It's readable, and till the pressure lets up, use of it shouldn't

We are sorry your sentence in the last issue was clipped off in the middle and are happy to make the correction here. Just one of the difficulties of stenciling!

YOUR remark about a European war has its significance in the interpretation of the word "immediately."

YOU will notice that the present issue of IMAGINATION! is done in elite type. How do you like it?

EXPLANATIONS

THIS month's mail bore a very unusual sheet from Dale Hart, in which he attempts to explain several mysteries of existence.

HE gives the following, as Claire P. Beck might say it:

"UTOPIA can be found only in the dictionary--and Scientifiocation can't even be found there; furthermore, I'm convinced it never will be found in Webster, Gernsback notwithstanding."

AND as for the origin of Luna's craters, he's got it all figured out:

"THEY are but the retained 'hickies' of Luna's adolescence (I suggest yeast). Or maybe some unquarantined, transient pla-not gave her the smallpox. Remember when those children next door gave you the chickenpox and measles? Or, since, as everyone knows, the moon is made of green cheese, perhaps some cosmic creature, or creatures, feasted upon the poor thing--and if you think these possible 'explanations' wild, read some science-fiction stories!"

WITH apologies to Morajo, Dale also says the following:

"WOMEN of the future, says a scientist, will have but four toes instead of five. That won't help. The ladies of that distant day, no doubt, will try to wear shoes so small they will only accommodate three toes. The foregoing is an authentic statement made by a savant. I ask; how does he get that?"

READERS: The Editors want to know just what you think of IMAGINATION!

BOOK REVIEWS FROM ABROAD

by Herbert Haussler

(Translated from German to Esperanto, from Esperanto to English by Paul Freehafer)

THE FLAMING TOWERS by C. V. Rock. Explorers land safely on the planet Venus and at first find peace and safety. Exploration reveals no human or similar life near them but soon there is trouble with the Mejianos, whom they had rescued from the rocket in space, and who do not wish to co-operate in the life of the colonists.

ONE day their engineer-guide senses that an alien force is trying to overcome his will. Could there be intelligent life on Venus? Had they mastered tele-hypnotism, to be able to overthrow the human brain from afar? Or were they invisible beings? The neighbor planet begins to show its wonders.

AGAIN in the ship's office he feels the influence, and only by strong resistance can he avoid speaking of secrets in its construction and operation. But he discovers that a guard of net stops the strange influence proving that the waves of the alien will do not pass through this guard. Thus protected, he foresees the danger, and to avoid it each member of the band must always carry a steel helmet to be secure from the strong mental influence of the gnome Hyrov.

ONE day they are attacked by strange men. They are natives of Venus, but greatly resemble the men of Earth. However, they are uncivilized, and the colonists succeed in repelling the attack. But somewhere on the planet Venus is a more cultured race whose influence they have already sensed in their brains so many times.

IMAGINATION!

--welcomes contributions of merit from its readers. If you have ability to write one or more good science-fiction fan articles, don't hide your talents under a bushel!

"MADGE" will be very glad to consider anything YOU may compose for our other fans. We want you to feel that this is truly YOUR magazine in every respect. Your suggestions are always welcome. We want "MADGE" to be the very best in fan magazines.

BOOK REVIEW

by Morajo

THE SIGN OF THE BURNING HART by Dr. David H. Keller. This is the Doctor's ambition achieved--to write the Book Beautiful. First done in July 1924, it was rewritten September 1936 in collaboration with his late wife, Ruth, and published recently in France in a limited edition.

THIS 163 page fantasy is the memorable story of a man who is supposed to have grown up as most human beings do but he must have been protected in some magical manner from the evil influences of environment. He is so naive. He philosophizes as one who knows how to think freely, untrammelled by the customary taboos and fears of civilization.

MOST of the characters in the story act very much as human beings all over the world have acted and will continue to act for generations without end, but some of them are delightfully pleasing in that they behave as human beings should do.

THE tale-teller invented a magicamera for his hero. By means of it, he is able to detect the true character of the person photographed. The most beautiful woman ever to sit before this wonderful contrivance immediately after the sitting took mortgage on the life of said hero. and after the mortgage was paid off, other amazing things happened to him.

CHRISTOPHER, the hero-philosopher, keeps a queer shop. He has the most astonishing library which he places in the shop for sale. But he is reluctant to sell his wares.

HIS experiences with the fair sex are fantastic in the extreme; for example, the maid and the mortgage. Human weaknesses are boldly exposed and women's reactions to various situations artfully unexplained in fabulous insertions of other romances.

YOU will come out at the end of those intriguing episodes wondering how far is a string or how long is up, but not very actively because everything has such a rosy glow. I think the author knows his women very well and understands them better than he likes to admit.

THERE is no denying it: The "Good Doctor" is good!

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IMAGI-NIK-NAX
FJA's Middle Name
by Weaver Wright

EDITOR'S NOTE: Unlike the bush-beating Braxton Wells' "Who is Warner Van Lo-me?", this article actually tells you what Acky Sacky's meza nomo (middle name, to you) is--if you will persevere.

IF you know already, you'll learn at least one new interesting fact. And remember--it is all authentic; for no one knows Ackerman more intimately than Weaver Wright--unless it is one of Acky's other alter-egos!

THE Effjay is in a pretty bad way today, I can tell U. Ever since he was instrumentl in selling a set of Astounding for his old fan friend Allen Glasser. A reader of IMAGINATION! bought the bunch--&, in reading thru the old depts, for the firsttime came across a letter signed by the AKKA-man in full. Ever since that dire day 4SJ has been heckled to distraction by Dale Hart, who takes a fiendish delite evrytime he doth write Jack Erman to remind him that his identity's middle name is--James! "Else," comes the challenge the J now knows by Hart, "also how explain that letter" (& here the Texas sporting inquisitionr repeats all the important data) "so signed?" Woe, oh woe, oh--& it comes out here. Whea! Well... Now he'll toll--

FJA was born Forrest James Ackorman. The Sacramento records will reveal it. But he doesnt feel it. He has an Uncle named A; just A, no punctuation because it's not an abbreviation for another name--tho they always call him Ed. So A's name seems to've become Ed stead what it originaly was. Viceversa, Ack has altered his to J (no dot).

ODDLY enuf, it might've been 4E's lot to b known as ~~Forrest G. Ackorman~~, for the first 1/2 of his life--& early yrs of his stf career (if such it can b calld)--he is now apald at the fact that he never knew...he thot his middle name was Clark! Evrybody calld him Clark. He scribbled his name that way at school. Explanation: he was named after a friend of the family, Jas. Clark.

HE says when Huge Greenback pays for "Earth's Lucky Day" (publisht in the old

Wonder, one of the few mistakes I made in accepting stories - YGE), it'll b Ack's Lucky Day & he'll straitway endorse his check over to the proper authorities to have his middle name legally changed to J! So says 4S. Do I believe it's sciencere-ly one of his aims to eradicate the ames from James? O but definitely; in fact, there's no dot about it!

(NOTE: Ye Guest Editor for this issue hereby apologizes for any Ackermanese that may have leaked in to this article or anywhere else in the madge. It seems that YGE once lost a very important spelling bee by using a forerunner of Ackermanese and is prejudiced against it.)

FORECASTS!

YE GUEST ED was just full of surprises this issue, one of which was to juggle around the contents so that last month's forecast made a poor space-filler. (But don't worry, fans, things will be back to normal next month!)

IN forthcoming issues, we'll continue ondoavoring to give you as many good articles per number as possible.

AMONG the stuff and things we have on hand for next month and otherwise early publication are:

"IF I HAD \$100,000," by Louis Kuslan, crowded out of this issue.

"TEMPUS CERTAINLY DOES FUGIT," "THE PENDULUM," and "HAS SCIENCE-FICTION A FUTURE?" by Charles D. Hornig, who forced acceptance under duress.

"AND THE BULL GOT UP AND WALKED AWAY" by T. Bruce Yerke, in which the political situation is definitely settled, sort of.

"WANDERING IN A DIME STORE, OR MY THEORY OF PERPETUAL NOTIONS," "HOW TO RUN A SUCCESSFUL GHOST AGENCY," "HOW TO BE A SUCCESSFUL SCIENCE-FICTION EDITOR" "DAFFY DEFINITIONS," etc. by Ray Bradbury. These humorous tid-bits will make you laugh yourself to death (remember us in your will).

AND, as ever, "MIDGE" welcomes articles from both its readers.

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