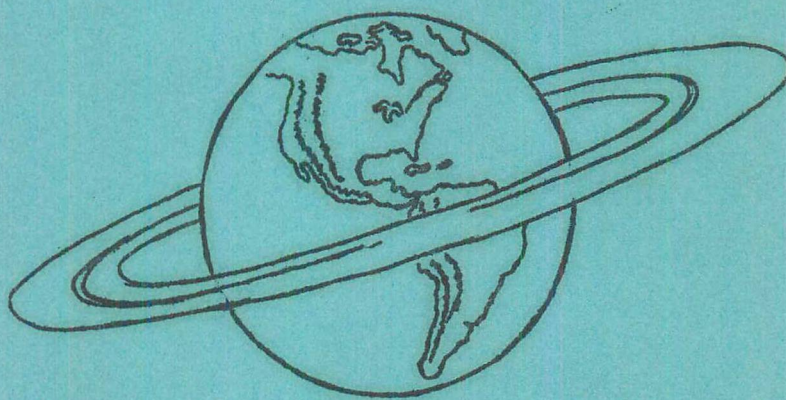


IMAGINATION!



RJH



INDEPENDENT





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\* Th Fanmag of th Future \*  
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\* With a Future! \*

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# I M A G I N A T I O N !

Th Fanmag of th Future With a Future!

November 1937  
Vol 1 No 2                      Whole No 2

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about the acme of the Impossible, I thought, for IMAGINATION! to achieve over night, as it were. It all came about because of the overwhelming reception with which "Madge!" was received: We sold out all 50 copies of her in a single day less than a week, which is in our opinion, some sort of a record.

After agilely dodging the numerous brick-bats, trinite capsules & old-fashion. (but effective) time-bombs & catching with equal agility the far more numerous roses, orchids & postcards, I gather that IMAGINATION! was received with relish by most of those who could secure a first issue. In comparing letters I noticed a marked difference in the criticisms of local fans & those from out of town. Most of the epistles from Easterners opinioned the Esperanto & Foolosophy pretty bad. Those around LA are much for Esperanto & that Foolosophy sufficiently funny. This "undoubtedly" demonstrates that we are dopes.

Universal was approval of the HI-Lites, & those who could read pg. 5 that it an interesting article too. Honestly, readers, I'm sorry the fifth page didn't turn out well, but there's nothing I can do about it, &, anyway, it was only one-twentieth of the whole issue. ("Yeah, & the most important one!"--CYNIC) (Hey, who said that? ED) In the complaint column was the so-called "super-spelling" used by 4SJ. I didn't like the idea either, but I didn't have the time to do the master-copies, & my spelling is even worse than Forry's; & as I am only the editor, & therefore do the least work of all, I had to let Forry do it. Sooooo. I have implored--er, ordered...mustn't forget the editorial dignity--Acky not to tamper with my spelling in re-typing this other than to eradicate errors. (Heh, heh! Now I have U in my power, Bruce! "Taboo or not taboo--that's th Q!")

Brief his-

tory of WHY "MADGE!" CAME OUT IN THE SHAPE SHE DID

By Ted Berk (ED's pussyuedo name, ca-

ch on?)

The heektograph was purchased Sept. 3d. First affair attempted: To do "L.A. Scientifiction Doings!" But initial try pulled a lot of jelly off the hekto. (50 pgs wasted.) Tried again--50 more mutilated. Started over, & succeeded to produce 8 pgs (400 sheets). Conference among AssociatEds, Artist, Chapt. Director, & myself. Because of scandalous spelling (YE ED responsible), the entire output was condemned to destruction: First slashed to ribbons & then incinerated--with the exception of several examples of each article, which were retained as reminders of the too-true proverb, "Haste Makes Waste". After this marvelous muddling, it evolved that Ackerman & Morojo must do the typing, if we were to appear at all; & Vodoso & Tobojo the nightmares offered as artwork. And bedlam began: Every afternoon, after school, YE ED hurried home to prepare proof; which was rushed to Forry's to make haste with to Morojo's to be typed on her 'writer when she returned from work, as Forry's was different from mine--larger. Thus, whatever was set up on mine had to be re-arranged to fit his. Thus, whatever was set up on mine had to be re-arranged to fit his. After the Masters were typed, Vodoso would slop on some ill-ustration &, while it was still wet, hop the streetcar for my "office". Immediately I'd grab the m.c., & slap it on the goo which was still blotchy from use the previous nite. This crazy merry-go-round continued 10 mad nites, at the end of which we all were sights. "Hektographer's Hand" (fingers stained with indelible inks) was prevalent, & tempers taut from combustion of the cylinder of solidified fat at opposite extremities. But on the 11th nite we stapled the "stuff", mailed the mag out to those who luckily had ordered in advance. 6 days, & we were sold out. The "Saga of the Second Issue" I shall relate next month. --YE ED YERKE.



Hi-Lites of LOCAL LEAG LIFE, told by Tobojo. From secretarial notes & other sources...

At the first Sept meeting all those present noticed a newcomer seated at one the tables. He was an elderly man, rather tall & stocky, with black-rimmed glasses. We were all curious to know who he was, for a fan of the apparent age 45-55 is a thing quite rare, n'est-ce pas? The while, our go-getter Forry U-know-who circulated in our circle with a lite of knowledge in his eyes. When the meeting was called to order, & after the regular business was attended to, our Secretary got up & introduced---"Posi & Nega"'s Poppa!

Jos Wm Skidmore!

He

talkt on the topic: "Color Chemistry"...

Our 2d Sept meeting was attended by 13. As if in vibration with that mystic number, our eminent illustrator member Mooney (of Weird Tales) had brot macabre masks, fashioned by himself, one a frightening face of FRANKENSTEIN...

Morojo extended invitation to all to come to her Apt. for special 5th Thurs Sept meeting. Copys of the first IMAGINATION! were distributed to the dozen guests. Pleasure was taken to welcome Paul Freehafer, fan from Idaho. Delicious donuts, & coffee & rootbeer, were servd. Feature stunt of the evening was the consumption of 7 donuts by YE ED YERKE, much to his own amazement & to that of all present. It just seems that he kept eating & talking & it all was so interesting that--- Several glasses of rootbeer were added to this extraordinary feat...

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at our Club, 6 Oct. 2d IMAGINATION! plans formulated. Meeting of the mems of Oversea Chapt 1, SCIENCE-FICTION ASSN (of England) held; communications from HQs read by Hodgkins...

On Columbus Day nite, 7 local-ites are known to have enjoyd a special revival program of 4 foren phantasy films at the Filmarte Theater in H'wood. Unprecedented program included "Paris Qui Doit" ("Paris Asleep") & a short surrealism subject Francaise. The Imagi-natives who went were: M'sieu Forêt (a little pun at Esperanpest Ackerman's expense: "Forêt" is Francaise for "a forest"!), Fritz Leiber Jr, Henry Kuttner, Harold Clark, "Anny" Anshutz, Pogo, & Morojo... "HanKuttner", just returned from visit to wellknown Northern Califantasyarnists (EHoffmann Price, CASmith), promises report at our next meeting, which info in turn'll be pub't in following number...

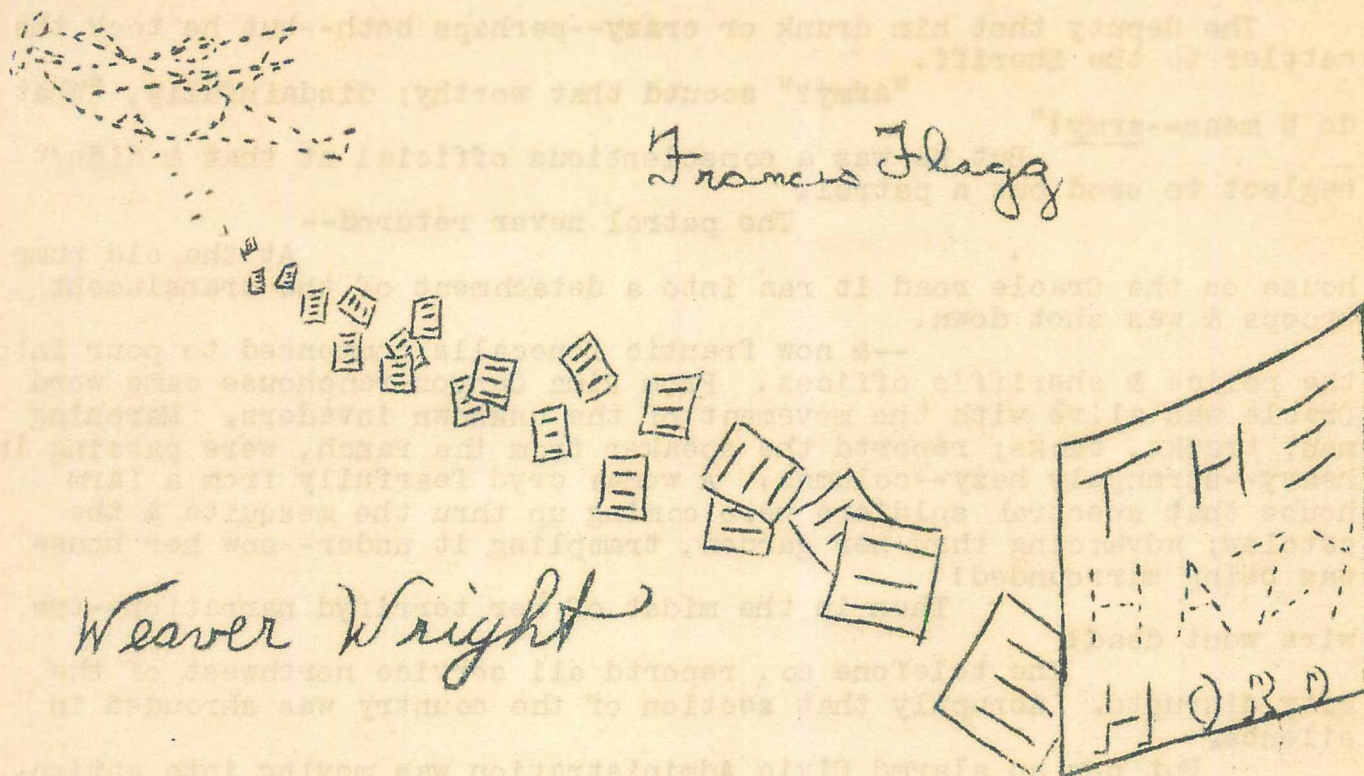
FANTASCIENCE FLASHES! By Ev. Reware. B o r n!

To our Hon Mem author BOB OLSEN, 13 Sept, bouncing 9 lb 2 oz boy--Kenneth!

TWS Mgr, Mr Margulies, issues first of Bulletins given gratis to the more prominent fanmags. From IMAGINATION!'s copy we can tell U: Publisher Pines is contemplating condescending to that dream of fandom: A QUARTERLY! -- CASmith has a story skeded for appearance in TWS soon, "The Dark Age", concerning the collapse of mechanistic civilization. -- Sequel to "Via Etherline", "Via Asteroid", by GAG (Binder bro pseudonym of "Gordon A. Giles") in Feb 38. -- FBLong Jr to have "We the Invisible" in early ish. -- Next "P&B" interplanetaryarn by Johnny Jr: "The Brain Pirates".

Lovecraftale "Beyond th Sleep-Wall" won't be first in Th Bizarre Series aftr all but reprintd Merrittale "3 Lines of Old Francaise" which actually is undr way as attestd by well-printd proof seen at "th J"'s jernt.





Those who lived during those 4 fantastic days never will forget them--decade ago now when the amazing army appeared as if by magic in the Southwest & spread destruction & death thru 3 States.

First presage-ment of the bombshell to burst was when the translucent red plane buzzed over Tucson & its environs loosing 1000s of leaflets.

"Citizens!" asserted the fotostatd forms--"At 10 am, 3 June 194-, We move to occupy Tucson. Any resistance to Our army's advance will be dealt with by Death. Civic Administration, Notice: U are calld on to maintain law & order, quiet the citizens, & to refrain from mobilizing any opposition to said advance & occupation. Signd: Poleon, Commander in Chief, INVINCIBLE ARMY."

These sheets were scatterd broadcast by the claret-colored plane in the early dawn of 2 June. People read them & laft. Many thot them clever advertising dodge on the part of some local or nat'l businessfirm. The evening papers carryd  $\frac{1}{2}$  col on the subject on an inside pg, scoring the littering of the streets with such truck. The Mayor was quoted as saying he would take steps to prevent the recurrence of the nuisance; & the Police Chief spoke vaguely of "apprehending the culprit".

Then on the morning of 3 June, at 7 am, a cowhand drove into Tucson in an old Ford & told his incredible story to a deputy sheriff.

"Yes," he declared--"I saw soldiers; 100s of 'em; carryin' rifles & submachineguns & wearin' gray uniforms--& all lookin' queer, kinda unsolidlike. They was in the river bottoms, on leased grazin' lands, 'bout 19 miles out."

He indicated a smasht windshield, pointd to certain ragged perforations in the body of his car. "Bullet holes!



They shot at me! How I got away without bein' riddled, I don' know!"

The deputy thot him drunk or crazy--perhaps both--but he took the cattler to the Sheriff.

"Army?" scoutd that worthy; disdainfully, "What do U mean--army!"

But he was a conscientious official at that & didn't neglect to send out a patrol.

The patrol never returnd--

At the old pump house on the Oracle road it ran into a detachment of the translucent troops & was shot down.

--& now frantic fonecalls commenced to pour into the police & sheriff's offices. From Pima Canyon ranchouse came word Oracle was alive with the movement of the unknown invaders. Marching men; trucks, tanks; reportd the speaker from the ranch, were passing in heavy--strangely hazy--columns. A woman cryd fearfully from a farm house that spectral soldiers were coming up thru the mesquite & the catclaw; advancing thru her garden, trampling it under--now her house was being surrounded!

Then in the midst of her terrifyd narration--the wire went dead!

The telephone co. reportd all service northwest of the city disruptd. Abruptly that section of the country was shrouded in silence.

But now an alarmd Civic Administration was moving into action. The leaflets it had dismiss as an advertising stunt or the product of a dementd person; & it scarcely could credit the existence of such an army as described since no maneuvers of Nat'l Guards or Federal Troops were taking place. Nonetheless the local immigration authoritys mobilized borderpatrolmen, the army airport sent out planes.

Then all Tucson was electrifyd into an awareness of what threatend by

THE AIR ATTACK....

## Chapt 2:

Commander Clark; who happend to be in the Tucson area with a force of 8 planes of the American Flying Corps, leading his ships in close formation at an altitude of 4000 ft; lookt down & beheld that which made him stare in disbelief: A mass of 1000s of men, heavily armd, surging up from the river bottoms in gray waves & debouching into the Oracle road!

From whence could they have come? He couldn't imagine. From the PacificCoast? Impossible! No alien army could've landed on American shores & penetrated 500 miles into the interior of the continent without the alarm's being given. Ofcourse Commander Clark thot of Japan, of transportation by aerial craft; but whatever nationality these troops might be, they were white, & it was absurd to think aerial craft could've transportd so vast an army, so numerous an equipment of machineguns & tanks.

With radio earphones clapt on his head, & sneaking into a microfone, he communicated with Military HQs at Ft Huachuca. The Commandant of the Fort answerd:

"U say U estimate 20,000 men, heavily armd? Yes-- yes-- what's that? Moving toward Tucson! Ofcourse; I'm entraining them now." He had under his command some 3000 Negro troops, well drilld, & was hurrying them to the threatend town. "I'm notifying Washington at once" he continued. "Do nothing til U hear



from the Capital."

But the borderpatrolmen precipitated disaster: Coming into contact with the vanguard of the mysterious invaders they call'd upon it to halt. No notice was accorded their command so they opened fire. Which attack was returned by a withering fusillade that did deadly execution.

Then; flying low & feeling convinced of the inimical intent of the outrageous army & what his duty should be under the circumstances; Commander Clark signal'd his ships to attack.

Bombs fell & burst & audacious invaders were blown this way & that.

Instantly! as if from some hidden vault in the heavens above, from northwest a vengeful vermilion plane came hurtling, accompanied by another & its brother. The sun glint'd sinisterly on their slim ruby bodys & sparse red wings. Like angry flying insects they launcht themselves on the US ships.

Commander Clark shot down the first with a well-directed burst of machine-gun bullets. Then he strove for altitude; saw with anger 3 of his 8 planes plunging to earth as he did so.

Now there were 20 of the wicked, whizzing wasps; 40; 100! He bankt; dove; his cartridges crackled sudden death: 5 of the crimson enemy craft streakt earthward aflame, like scarlet shooting stars.

But against their overwhelming--& constantly increasing--nos. it was impossible to prevail. Signaling the retreat, & with the 3 surviving planes of his command, he fled south, pursued but a short distance by the Poleoncraft.

Meantime 1000s of citizens mill'd thru the streets of Tucson, terrify'd by sight & sound of the sky struggle. Newspaper extras pass'd from hand to hand. A daring reporter had gone out with the borderpatrol & in some miraculous manner managed to escape safely with a picture of the invading vanguard. This was reproduced on the frontpage of the Star.

For some reason--owing to the air attack, perhaps--the advancing army halt'd for 2 hrs or more. In the interim a lone, sanguine skybird again dropt a barrage of literature.

"U have chosen" said the 2d slips "to ignore Our first command; We shall not give a 3d. Citizens, remain peacefully in Ur homes. Those offering no resistance to Our advance need fear nothing; those caught with arms in their hands will be destroy'd without compunction." This 2d message was sign'd simply Poleon.

Over Tucson the sky was patcht with Poleon's planes; into Tucson from the northwest strode his supernatural legion.

Southward the roads were choked with escaping autos, panic-stricken people afoot & on horseback. All available trains were speeding south & east, packt with horrify'd humanity.

No trains came into the town from the West because railroad officials had wired for them to be detain'd. 1000s of folk, unable to flee or preferring to stay in their homes, await'd the advent of the awesome army with fear & trembling. American Legion members patrol'd the streets but in face of the irresist-



tible might of the advancing menace dared make no attempt to defend the city.

Telegraphic communication still was maintained with other states & cities. Newspapermen at their keys; Western Union & Postal Co. employees humped over desks; a radio broadcasting station, notified the country --the world--of the incredible outrage occurring.

"Tucson Attackt By Unknown Enemy! Ghostly Grayclad Army Overwhelms Desertown!" --These were some the scare headlines in newspapers of 100 cities. Newsboys shrieked them in Denver, NY, Chicago..

At Washington, DC, Govt officials stared at one another with incredulous eyes. The President inquired bewilderedly "But gentlemen! how could an army corps spring up in the desert?"

Called on for an explanation the War Sec. said no units of Fed-Forces were near the locality concerned. He refuted as absurd the rumor that the assaulters were rebellious ranks from the regular army or irate farmers from the Southwest.

Telegrams from LA, Frisco, Seattle, informed all quiet on the West Coast. No foreign vessels were in port save a rusty tramp or so anchored in the stream & the usual freight steamers of overseas lines loading at docks.

Recovering from the first stunning astonishment the military authorities moved methodically to control the situation. Punitive planes were ordered to the scene of action; soldiers were assembled nearest the point of attack. All this within 6 hrs of the coming of the extraordinary army & the verification of its existence.

Meantime, speaking from Phoenix over a radio hookup, the Arizona Gov. sought to contact the mysterious personage behind the preposterous affair.

"Poleon!" he implored--"I, as Chief Exec. of this State--as the Spokesman for 100s of innocent people whose lives & property are threatened--ask U: 'What do U want & Why do U attack us?'"

The reply rasped thru receiving sets, metallicly, arrogantly: "All I want of U is submission & surrender; why I attack U is to conquer & rule."

### Chapt 3:

#### THE HEROIC REGIMENTS

From Ft Huachuca 2000 Negro soldiers commanded by both white & Negro officers arrived in the vicinity of Tucson after its occupation by the phantom forces. They debarked from their trains to the south of the city & prepared to offer what resistance they could to the still advancing enemy. The fracas that followed is described by the one participant who survived, a Negro Sergeant:

"We were armed with rifles, sub m-guns, gasbombs. Red planes flew over us as we crouched behind cars & in hastily dug ditches. Never before had I seen so many planes. At first they didn't drop explosives. The Col. called on us to hold steady & we all cheered. Ahead of us the infantry deployed over the country. Then the baby tanks rolled into position about  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile away & a fellow next me muttered 'Mother! are we supposed to stop 'em?' But there wasn't any talk of giving in, not even when one the devils dipped low & commands fluttered down for us to surrender. That was  $\frac{1}{2}$  hr maybe after we had taken up our positions. Everyone knew we were in a tight corner but all were grim-lipped & determined.

"The fighting started by a ma-



chinegun volley against advancing infantry. There was something curious about those soldiers beside their nebulosity: They approacht so deliberately, halting at times for no apparent reason; actd in sections as it were, without a word of command or a bugle blowing--& all in such an automatic accord."

The dark-skinnd Sgt. was emfatic about this: How the foggy foe moved woodenly yet competently & every movement was executed with the precision of men on parade. He was a college graduate; & befor joining the army had been a newspaperman in Harlem & a feature-article writer: Perhaps the tendency to dramatize odd events was innate in him. --Yet others too commentd on this unique characteristic of the "Invincible Army" in action.

The faces of the foe were pale, indistinct (he noted thru fieldglasses); & even at the time, he said, he wonderd about it because soldiers' faces, the faces of men much in the open, are bronzed by exposure to weather.

"Their countenances were lite" he told "with the whiteness of those who work in offices or factorys."

"They came on; we fired; & then Hell broke loose! There was no stopping those tiny one-man tanks with machineguns. One of them upset in a ditch, that was all; & another must've had its gas supply toucht off by a bullet or handgrenade for it blew up & swervd & went in circles for a moment like a pinwheel. But the other tanks--& there must've been 100 of them in that firstline plunge--smasht thru our defenses, swishing bullets to rite & left. After that it was steel to steel with the ghostly grays, & things happend like they do in a nitemare--horribly, kaleidoscopically: A phantom figure lunged at me with bayonet; I parryd the thrust & ran it thru with a twist to riflestock. I just had the impression the man seemd slightly insubstantial when something spongy hit me on the shoulder, hi up. I spun  $\frac{1}{2}$  way round but didn't fall. But the rifle slipt from my hands. I drew my automatic.

"All around me men reeld & fought. The din was deafening.

"I think we beat off that first attack of infantry but the strangely translucent tanks turnd & came back. Some them plowed thru our ranks parallel with the front. Then from above the everpresent planes loosed their deluge of death. After that I don't know. Blackness blotted me out with the first roar of aerial bombardment & it must have been hours later that I came to & crawld from under a pile of corpses. Those dead undoubtedly saved my life, since I later learnt the semi-solid soldiers callously slew the wounded.

"Under cover of nite I crept from the battlefield, managed to reach a house on the outskirts of town--don't ask me how. Some people took me in & did for me what they could. Fortunately there was a medical student there with a surgeon's kit. Tho there were 3 bullet wounds in my body none of them were vital punctures; & as for the rest, well, I was young & healthy & so I lived."

Such was the story of the sole survivor of what is now known as the "Tucson Massacre". Yet curiously enuf the Negro narrator didn't mention what one would suppose the first curiosity to have arrestd his attention. But Grene speaks of it in his bk

"THE MIST-ERYOUS".

Chapt 4:



Grene was a reporter for the Phoenix Gazette & witnessd the Salt River Valley Invasion & the capture of Phoenix.

He tells of the disastrous wiping out of a Federal airfleet 30 miles south of Phoenix: Myriad maroon planes, semitranspicious against the sun, overwhelmed the Govt forces; & tho many were destroyed their nos. never seemd to decrease.

What struck him particularly was the sameness of the soldiers-- supernaturally sprung from nowhere-- advancing under aerial protection. Seemingly they were of the same height, the same build. & their type also was curious. One naturally would expect militarymen to be in the majority young in years with the sturdyness of youth. But the invaders strangely were all elderly men! tall & thin with long faces, faded eyes, & balded brows... Grene noted this at the time & had plenty opportunities to observ it further later. It borderd on the uncanny, the occult, that 1000s of men--a vast army of them--so meticulously should resemble one another, should be so unmilitary in their physique.

Grene also saw something else the professional soldier overlookt: The unnatural army seemingly had accompanying it no officers, hi or low, to direct its operations!

With 1000s of other fugitives the Gazette reporter fled southward into New Mexico & was present when the Fed-Forces faced the hazy hord at Deming.

Deming is a small bleak town some 100 odd miles from El Paso, situated in a barren mountainous country. Rushing westward by truck & train; concentrating from various army posts; augmented by Natl Guards of the States of Texas, Colo., Utah, & New Mex., the Fed Division to the no. of 20,000 men prepared to give battle.

Meantime over Phoenix & Prescott (as already in Tucson) Poleon's planes loosed 1000s of leaflets ordering the populace to submit on threat of death. These sheets bore the now notorious name.

"Who was Poleon?" the Country's Press wonderd vainly. "What Nation did he represent? What unprincipled power was attacking America!"

& Washington askt these questions, they were broadcast from the Capitol where the Cabinet met in continuous session.

On the 3d day came this crushing answer: "We, Poleon, represent no power but Our own Invincible Will to conquer! Surrender, & Ur lives will be spared; resist--& the Army of Armageddon will wipe U off the face of the earth!"

The receipt of this reply was met with a laf of derision by the gathered solons but the President's face was white, the War Sec. raised a shivering hand For they knew what still was secret from the others: That  $\frac{1}{2}$  the fighting planes of the US had been obliterated!

Against land forces both leaders felt confident of victory; but of what use gas & guns & infantry's masst attacks when skys were scarlet with the flight of fantom planes? The Pres., the Sec., thot of the stupendous sums industrial intrigue had schemed to pour into the profitable manufacture of obsolete armaments, & curst causticly. They saw it clearly: Who held the air, contold the outcome of combats. & the "Mist-eryous" were sovereign in the sky!

To be c o n t i n u e d ....



"TIME GOES MARSIAN ON!" Fantascience Filmart by *Forest J. Ackerman*

Peculiar pamf pub't in '26 just othr day aftr decade found its way into my fingers. It forecast series intrplanetales to be scientifilm'd. Authr Chas Williams' convictions concernng Planet 4 especialy'r interestng & apro Poe (to pun at Edgar Allan's expense) to repeat here & now since certn similr speculativ series has been appearng in "Novaj Teroj" (Novae Terrae: Organ of S-FA's US Chapt 1, LA) regarding th Shape of Homo Sapiens to Come, etc...

"Is Mars Inhabitd?" Intriguing question, it's been askt for ages, ansrd at varyous times--chiefly by story pub't some yrs ago about Marsians makng trip to Tero" (Earth--wrote Williams. & what follows it'll be understood I (J) hav adapt'd from Williams' work to present most effectively to IMAGINATION!'s perusers.) Twas strange but rather unlikely & phantastic story; certly's remarkabl...clevr writers would permit their imaginations run way with em when obvious reality, based on actual conditions on Mars as we know em to exist, would've been so much more interestng. Consider th pon-pic of th Marsians as That Writer describes em: Th disposition & charactr of a devlfish! Monstr oyst'r's body, reard on dry land, & th analyticl mind of doz college profs--all rold into one! Now imagine this being enjoyng itself in weathr 50° below 0, drest in tailrmade steel suit! This really strange being, according to th writer, originly was plant which pull'd its roots out th ground & start'd to walk round, praps to keep warm. &'s point'd out naively by him /What's all th hush about HGWells? & his "War of th Worlds"?/ this walkng mulberry bush had great advantage over th Teranoj (Terrestrians) 'cause It (not he or she) had no Sex Problem! Now SEX /Ha! I know I'd catch Ur attention, "capitalizng on sex"!/ --Sex is th Creativ Flame. Even th Flowers send Kisses on th Evening Breeze & th trees mate with ea-othr.

~~~~~Let's considr Mars' Climate. 'Cause Climate virtually determines th bodyly & mentl attributes of th creatures developept. Man on Tero evolvd in th Temperate or Torrid Zone & migrated from there into th coldr zones where he became hardnd, intellectual, & increast his life span by about 50%. Pen Pic of th Tiny Savage Marsians: They'r litl peopl about 2' tall, weigh at Tera Weight about 20 lbs. Very hardy, very activ, & rather shrewd. They look almost exactly like us 'cause they could develop only from 4-footd mammal (animal havng one leg undr ea cornr, head at one end, tail at othr). This creature pawd with its front feet & thon aftr few 100,000 yrs advanced far enuf to throw rocks & sticks & put up barriers against attacks by enemys. & aftr furthr 100s 1000s yrs this Marsian walkt erect; th protrudng mouth receded & th slantng forehead bulged out; & so we had small & almost viciously energetic countrpert of Man. It was inclined to look up rather'n down. Eyes & ears keen but voice rather undevelopept & tendng to be harsh & piercng. Sexually somewhat subnorm; more constnt in Love than ardnt. Betr hater'n sympathizer & not strong on sentiment. Undoubtdly this's true picture...Marsians today & Million Yrs Ago. Naturly hardy & litl subject to disease 'cause th extreme cold'd support few germs & weaklngs among em'd die or be killd off. Marsians'd liv 200-500 yrs & so in few 100,000 yrs'd gain immensely in wisdm. They'd harness th elements & develop electricity, radio, & transportation. They'd be strong & vindictiv. They'd kill their incompetnts & exterminate th weaklngs, th drugfiends, Society's enemys. Their collectiv & individual courses'd almost be as lackng in sentiment as Nature; would bring Results. Teranoj (Our Planet's Peopls) soon must come to this if they want th Race to improve stead do t eri o r ate. Th time that preventativ science now's addng to many lives often's worse'n useless. Sentimnt often's unbalanced & must one day giv way to...hard commonsense. Someday disease'll be rated as crime & treatd as such by confinemnt or death~~~~ Marsians being good haters'd be very effectiv killrs & so'd carry on ea-othr's destruction as fine art til one competnt group gaind complete control of Mars. TH MARSIAN WARS We Shall Show in films now being prepared... // Flash! My Glendale pal "Polo" fones me "14 rocketists interviewd at Para for facts in filmng Voyage to Mars!" ~ Black Widow bought for BK ~ 2 "Sky Island" scripts skedd! ~ Dec: CRAZY RAY!



IT HAPND IN HYPR-SPACE, by Hanky Panky.

& got in such a tension <sup>(Barry Hunter)</sup> Once was a man flew in a rage

He found himself abruptly in an alien dimension.  
& a tesseract perceivd him as he jibrd & he cust

" passionately pursued him with unbridled shrieks of lust.

" all th 4th dimension rang with noises loud & clamorous

--For nothng's:

Noisy'r'n a tesseract gone amcrous!

She chased him down th windngs of a nonEuclidean st  
& he stole a look behind him & then fled with frantic ft.  
But at last she got him cornrd when he tript on an equation  
& she clutcht him by th trouserseat with litl hesitation

" " dragd him as he strugld to her strangely angl'd dwelling

" " dropt him in th bathtub & listend to him yelling

" " murmurd "Call me 'Tessie'" & she artfully carest him

" " showd him her continuum & to her bosom prest him...

& now behold what hapns to a felo who is blameless

If he get into th

Toils of one like Tessie who is shameless!

For, a key was thrust within

Th lock; th door was opend wide

& Tessie titrd "Husband!" as Something  
Swept inside.

& It pickt th hapless human up & dumpt him in th can.

For--

Tessie, she was marryd to...a TESSERACKERMAN..!

\*\*\*\*\*

FOOLOSOFY by Kno Knuth Ing. Combined with SCI-  
ENTIFICRAX, V. Swyptem.

On Tablets of Genuine...

Jackswastika it sagely is inscribed:

Feedng fuel to th fires of life only makes it burn fastr. Don't be a--  
fuel.

/Anny: I bought a dress th othr day to put on around my house.

Monjo--"Mygosh! how big's Ur house?!"

/On bits of blotng paper it is

etcht in acid: A criminal is like a hardboild egg, yelo inside.

Jogo: Sis, d'U use toothpaste?

Pogo: Y, none my teeth'r loose!

/On pgs of pure bluff it is bleacht by

peroxide: A man with a Big Front can be hit in back!

/Roy: Did U hear

about \*\*\*\*? (We tactfully delete this name, our Director's, due to th  
embarrassmnt it'd cause Russ were he to be identifiyd as th "party of th  
first pt" in connexion this shameful episode.) He was so inebriated he  
stumbl'd out a 12 story windo &, maybe it dozen make sense, but--he's a-  
live! U see, he was wearng his lite Fall suit!

Rob, dry(Martini)ly: Or

"Death Takes An Alcoholiday".

/Rockets to th rite of em, ditto to th left

--Rays in front of em,

Atomblastrs in back...

By Hamilton, hissit noisy!!

--RDBradbury.

"That's all, folks!"





Esperanto th language of ATLAN-  
TIS! What phantasy this? Only  
last ish U read, U say, this yr  
is 50th Anniversary of Esp--then  
how could it've been th common  
tongue of th ancient legendary  
isle? Isle tell U! (O Erdste-  
lulov! U pundit!) I refer not  
to th moot Atlantis but th MOD-

ERN ATLANTIS. From th Magyar mag' (Hungaryan) "Az Est" articl was rend-  
erd into Esp, submitd to "Esperanto Internacia" & recently reprintd in  
that pub. Now Anglicized for presentation in "IMAGO!" th info is: "Th  
most practicl companyon durng my study-voyage was th language Esperanto  
--I'v it to thank I acquaintd with th island Atlantis...

2 centurys ago  
Danish pirate Capt with his treasures took up livng on a mastress litl  
island of th Atlantic Ocean which might be some remaindr of th onetime  
submerged "Shangri-La", Atlantis. Later adventurous descendnt of th  
pC, Olah Mott, discovered th island, occupyd it with th treasure trove  
there & undr th name "Atlantis, th Ideal Republic" foundd th smallest  
but most interestng state of th world. Only 25 persons live on th is-  
let & th State Officiallanguage is Esperanto. They endeavr to realize  
th "ideal republic". Upto th presentime more'n MILLION men & women'v  
askt admittance as cityzns but th requests can't be fulfilld 'cause th  
Utopia's 3000 kloms ("kilometers", SFowler Wright: "Love in th Yr 93  
Eugenic Era") from Miami/Fla & th watr-supply's limitd.

ATLANTIS has

postmark with th motto: Seek, See, Bliev."

\*\*\*Jurki (Yerke) passes to  
me peton (request) from readr RBaker of Vancouver/BC: "Ask Erdstelulov  
to state in 'Onward Esperanto!' what he thinks of Jesperson's interna-  
tionalanguage Novial." Kara Kliento: Regret I can't giv U my opinion  
of this artificialanguage as I amn't acquaintd with it. My sole scrap  
of info concernng same's misty memry from somewhere out th past of hav-  
ng been told it was one th myriad imitators of or unsuccessful "imp-  
rovementns" on Esperanto, its name being derived from th Esp "nov"--"new"  
--& th initials of Intrnatl Auxiliary Language... Dankojn (thanx) for  
Ur interest.

\*\*\*New Fruit with Esperanto Name! "To new orange-species  
cultured from seeds accidentally found in California th US Prof Dr Howard  
BFrost has givn th Esperanticognomen 'Trovita'."

\*\*\*Famous Future Fic:

E-  
vent of considerabl scientificconcern is th recent translation into Esp  
& publication in th Netherlands of LOOKNG BACKWARDS by Edw Bellamy--de  
Eduardo Belami, "Rigardanta Malantaŭen". For furthr info on th Esp ed-  
it. this wellknown work, tale th yr 113 E (113 Esperanto: 2000 Anno  
Domini)--& th Internacia Asocio "Belami"!--inquirys in Esp should be a-  
drest to "IAB Sekretariejo: Gerard HBosma, Kerkweg 152; Santpoort/Ned-  
erland".

#### OUR C\_O\_V\_E\_R

The design on our cover illustrates our conception of what will happen when, ac-  
cording to Sir James Jeans, the moon reaches Roche's limit. When this occurs our  
satellite will be within 12,000 miles of the earth, and the tides raised on the solid  
moon will shatter it into fragments. These pieces, millions of them, will continue  
to circle around us--a counterpart of the ring that distinguishes Saturn from its bro-  
ther worlds.



INTERVIEWS: Arthur K. Barnes by Roy Test.

Art says he's past 20, likes movies, & reads science fiction--even his own storys. He became interestd in science fiction round hi-school age. He always "more or less had a hankerin' to write" & stf seemd to be as good as anything for a beginning. In 1930 while still in college he had his first story acceptd by Amazing Detective Stories. Unfortunately, he never was payd for this story.

In ths summer of 31 Art sold his first important stf story to Gernsback, Master of the Pit. However, it appeard as Lord of the Lightning. A few months later....Gernsy acceptd his Challenge of the Comet. From then on he wrote fairly regularly, had 2 or 3 acceptances a yr.

He started a series once, but gave it up--U guess y! Seeing that science fiction gave him more experience than cash, he tryd detective & sport storys, at which he is doing nicely now. Barnes & Norbet Davis collab as "Dave Barnes" quite a bit on detective stuff, & once on stf. They wrote The House That Walkt back in 33 & sent it to Wright for WT. Farnsworth didn't seem to like the ending so he returnd it, & Barnes wrote another ending. In fact he wrote 5 different endings for it, & Wright didn't like an of them! The story layd around for a couple yrs, & finally Art sent it to his agent. Rite away he rcvd a check for it from TOP NOTCH. Tremaine used it in ASTOUNDING, tho.

Has had a couple of storys recently in TWS, & probably will have more. At present, however, he finds it more profitable to write sports or detective storys.

Phi Beta Kappa!

He went to UCLA for 4 yrs & made

*Art Barnes.*

Catherine L. Moore

by Jack Erman.

"Catherine th Great", toast of WT, is 2 persons! One, an austere, introspectiv, enigmatic woman; thothr, charmng, disarmng, gayoungirl!

Kat--I call her that, aftr her Esperanto first name Katrino--is employd in a bank durin th day (by a "grand boss"), has only her eves to write.

No story of hers complete, she says, less she leav out some major point til too late. "I meant to make Shambleau's eyes shine in th dark."

She's writ "Were-Woman."

"Greatr Glorys" originly titled "To What

Dim Goal."

I askt how "Jirel" were pronounced. "I don't know:" she replyd--"Mothr says 'Jirel'." (This rymd with "Fire-Hell".)

CL sez "Peopl simply don't write now as they did in th gee-oh-dees ('good old days') when EESmith was publishng." Yet, "proably in 100 yrs th whole subject of stf'll be up in th klasix--isn't it a shame we've got to die & miss it? All those gorgeous storys that'll be writn aftr we'r dead--!"

Kat cut her teeth on Burroughs' Barsoom bks. Believs Henry Wilcoxon th perfect "John Carter" for th moompix.

Would "love to see REH's 'Earth-Worms' with Myrna Loy."

Has weakness for Slavicheekbones. Femme film faves: Marlene Dietrich, Anna Sten, Sari Maritza.

Calls the odor of gasoline "glamorous".

Is tone-deaf.

Saves stamps for their Prettytness.

Declares "Calif th only place for me! Not only because it's so beautiful but because such grand peopl live there." (Toot-toot!)

Wouldn't reveal what her midl initial stands for; thas th "L" of it...!

*Catherine Moore*



BK REVIEWS FROM ABROAD: By Herr *Herbert Hinzler* Translated from The ESPERANTO By MayBelle Anshutz....

"Flames Out of the Universe": In this romance the author Laffert paints a word picture of a voyage to the planet Mars.

Earth astronomers had observed in the sun a growing danger. For some reason an area had become excessively hot; & should an explosion occur, the gascloud, which in that event would be ejected, because of the raising of its heat to unknown temperatures would kill all life on Tero--especially should it happen at a time when our planet was situated in line of the explosion.

On Mars they find an unfriendly race.

They return to Tero.

Now

the solar explosion! Tero suffers from it, but principally in the Asiatic countries, because just at that time the cloud reaches the home planet. In Europe are also terrific damages. Nevertheless, the destruction there is not on so grand a scale as in the Orient.

The cloud continues its way to Jupiter & Saturn. For the time-being Tero is saved. But what might be the case if many millennium hence again should occur a similar catastrophe, & if then Tero should be in a less favorable position? This possibly would mean the doom of human & all other life.

But we need

not worry about that contingency!

### "The Calling of the Stars"

Leipzig: Congress of Astronomers. A hi-lite of the meeting was a lecture by an Italian star-studier, who found in a meteor which fell on the Tero not long before a strange sign; namely, a triangle with 3 stripes at the tip. Therefor it is possible proof other unknown worlds also are inhabited.

A project to conquer space by rocket was being readied.

The

rocket starts.

On the way to the Luno it meets another rocket from Nippon (Japan) which started at the same time & with the same goal in mind.

In a cave on Luno, after many explorations, they suddenly find the same sign which had been engraved on the meteor.

A strange thing!

They go farther, arriving at the planet Mars. Very surprised are they when on the way they realize the small Jupiter moon Ganymede, which everyone believed to be a planetoid, is in truth a gigantic rocketship--& carries the same strange insignia! On Mars, after many adventures, they again find the symbol; & finally discover its significance, that it treats of a highly cultured people who, because of the destruction of their home-sun, had to search elsewhere for favorable living conditions, & during their travels thru space also came to Tero--but it was not then a place where they could exist. They therefor chose Mars & conquered the indigents.

Many & strange were the adventures of the brave heroes from "the Fatherland", & only a few of their crew finally reached the home planet Tero; while the Nipponese astronavigators for some unaccountable impulse have traveled away into another system to an unknown goal...

Next ish: INTO THE EARTH! Exciting

bk synopsized from th Deutsch by HHH, tradukita el la Esperanta de Mirta Forsto into ultrAmerican.



Th Imagi-nation Asks PHANTASTIQUESTIONS & We Imagi-natives Giv ANSRS!

R.Hodgkins' reply to R.Baker: "'Maurius', authr AmS '6th Glacier'-- S.Benedict in actuality. No othr storys by this writer known to me. Nor whethr 'Ammianus Marcellinus' is pseudonym."

To Baker: "All I know about 'Alraune', bk I want myself, (see correctd spelng, incidently; also, authr H.Ewers--not 'Hewers') is it concerns testube baby named Mandragore Alraune--pronounced 'Mahnd-rah-gore-eh Ahl-row-(as in 'round') eh'--who, ravishngly beautiful but soulless lures men to their destruction. Deutsch bk. Filmd in th 'Fathrland' silently & in talky version with Brigitte Helm (robotrix of METROPOLIS)." --FJA.

Baker: "About th Giesy-arns. DSP PALOS, first of th trilogy, concerns Jason Croft, who from childhood was traird in th knowledge of th occult. From a Hindu tutor he learnt th mystrys of th Orient. Time came when he decided he could by th sheer power of his mind leav his mortl body & with his astral form fly th hiways of all space. He would discard his flesh & blood body on a couch for several days at a time, wandr at will thru th planetary countrys of th farthest heavns. Th story tells how he finally acquired a physicalife in Palos, one th planetary bodys of th sun in th Sirius systm (th Dogstar) & how he won Naia of Aphur for his wife.

In ZITU'S MOUTH-PIECE we see Croft returnd to earth where he takes up th account of his experience where he left off. When he again went to Palos he found th hi priest, Zud, had been proclaimd 'Mouthpiece of Zitu' & th peopl were regardng him as an incarnation of their nationl God. Croft showd th secret of his astral operations to Zud. Croft's wife deserts him when she discovers he's from Tero & goes to th Perpetual Virgins of Ga. Th remain-dr of th story tells how Jason wins back Naia.

JASON, SON OF JASON: Sr Croft returns once more to Tero, persuades Dr Murray to make th 'trip' with him to Palos. Unto Jason & Naia a child is born. Shortly afr his son's christng Croft is summond to Palos & arrives to find Naia & litl Jason'v been abductd. Th rest th story concerns th recovry of his wife & child." --Pogo.

Parker WSnapp: "FORTEAN SOCIETY MAGAZINE may be orderd from th Society's Secy, Tiffany Thayer, at 25¢ per copy, \$2 a yr, from 444 Madison Av, NYC." --H.Clark.

FORECAST

Features for Dec & Soon:

Acct by Henry Kuttner, his recent sojourn with CLARK ASHTON SMITH & E. HOFFMANN PRICE.

"Hollerbochen's Predicamnt", unusual shortale by RDBradbury, local Leagr.

"Her Infinite Variety", ms of millennium hence--profetic radio play reviewd in detail...with dialog...by Allis Kerlay.

Series illumina-tng biografys & autobiogs of our mems: Director Hodgkins, Roy Test, Mo-rojo, et al!

Résumés: TH CRAZY RAY (Pic about Paris put to Sleep!) & DAS CABINET DES DR CALIGARI!

New Story by Dr Keller!

"About Robert Bloch".

All

our Popular Features plus

Constant

Surprises!



VOICE OF THE IMAGI-NATION! (These are messages to our magazine. Some gave us melancholy moments--those that came in the mourning mail; others, more than compensated for our tears that fell--or was it rain...what! in Southern California?--by their appreciative expressions which gave us a number of enjoyable lafternoons. We run, this time, all the comments we can accommodate in 2 pages of our smallest type, still leaving quite a bit of interesting correspondence unquoted: Would you like this dept enlarged? Our policy will be to publish praise & pan alike, in the writer's individual style; i.e., unrotoucht by inhuman hand; & in the rotation in which we receive the remarks.)

OUR FIRST FAN LETTER: From ROBERT L. CUMNOCK, Hollywood, who informally signd himself *Bob C*; in an envelope employing the super green & brown "type-writeribbon" which is startling the Imagi-nation, & ombollisht by no less than 4 Esperanto seals; came these encouraging words: "Just got Thru reading I M A GANATION! I think its just as good as The Critic....the best since FANTASY....in fact its my favorite. Lets go in for even more abbreviations. ~~~ Is my name supposed to be among Ur payng well-wishrs? If it it supposed to be in the mag I sure Can't find it mabybe I didn't look hard enuf... (Comrad Cumnock's Congratulations apeard pg 3, line 15.) Ratings for Imagination!: Fool....osophy by T.B.Y. Al hectograf job fair its even better than FANTASMAGORIA. Fantascience Film-art truly an art. So Ur artist is Vodoso oh I saw a few drawings & printings that lookt distincly Ackermanish! (Printings, porhaps. But VODOSO did cover, "Flashes", "Esp", "Filmart", "Introduc", "Coming", & "Look!".) On Tablets of Pure Neutronium IT Wisely is Written that all good l e t t e r s must come to an end so adiau... ("Adiau" is Esp for "So Long".) Scienceroely Urs for more abbreviating."

From CARROLL WYMACK, San Francisco/Cal: Receiving your mag. was a real surprise. After reading its contents can realize how busy you & co- workers have been. There is one criticism I have to make-- Ye Ed. asks for it. No doubt you have readers around the tender ages from 11 to 14, which some of the articles will be difficult for them to grasp. Maybe some of them will be your best critics. ~~~ Wish you all the luck in the world, in this now project."

Next came kind words from WEIRD TALES' Wonder Woman-- CATHERINE L. MOORE, Indiana/Indianapolis--who autograft herself in Tomoro's Tongue *Polomo*: "Thanks for sending me the first issue of IMAGINATION, which really shows imagination and should grow into something really fine. The perfect fan magazine has yet to be produced--maybe this is it."

Conflicting comments contained in communications from *Richard Wilson Jr.*, ATOM Ed--Richmond/NY. In letters to IMAGINATION!'s Ed Yerko, Co-Ed Morajo. To Yerko: "Congratulations on your good luck in selling out the first issue of IMAGINATION! with such rapid rapidity. How many copies, may I inquire, were printed? (See editorial.) Any how, here's my dime for the second issue - reserve it for me now, so I'll be sure to get it. ~~~ I'm still spellbound - perhaps dumbfounded in the more apt term. In the first place the whole thing is rendered into sort of a farce by the idiotic super-spelling(?) of 4SJ. But since you apologize so nicely for what he did without your sanction, I very magnanimously forgive you. Generous, ain't I? ~~~ The cover is only fair, reminding me of an opium-eater's conception of Coney Island and several oxygen tanks, with a red-tailed Japanese beetle thrown in for good measure---don't tell me that's a rocket-ship! ~~~ I don't see how you rooked those authors, et al., into paying 15¢ to have their good wishes printed in the initial number. (All credit to our Advertising Agent Ackorman. 15¢ wasn't standard sum, however-- Friendly expressions of interest in our endeavor appreciatedly are acceptable at any time by us at Classify-Ad Rates. Or quarter pg--as bought by ARTHUR J. BURKS--25¢.) The editorial is to the point and witty enough. "Plans for the Futuro" was illegible. Page six was LOUSY, Especially the right hand side. "Way out West" is good. Flashes are newsy. Esperanto...fooy. FJA's stuff would be okay--he gets a lot of good material



--if he would only learn to spell. (TO WHOM IT MAY DISCONCERT, by th muchly malignd Mr Ackerman: My hi school curriculum, preceding college course, featured among my "majors" 4 YRS' ENGLISH--including Newswriting, Journalism, & Business Eng; my marks from "scrub" to Senior--8 semesters--being ALL A's! "A": Equivalent of "Excellent"--th highest grade one can get. I'll challenge any my critix any day to "Speling Bee" in that intricately illogical, ancientyp Eng of 1937 which I am quite capable to use but don't care to since it irritatos my sense of sufficiency. Why waste time & typ on "thought" & "through" & "vaudeville" too? when unnecessarily lengthy or clumsily complicated words may be reduced to simplr terms? such as "thot, thru, vodvil". --Any argumnt about "traditionalanguage" only'll shock me at its shallo thot, let me warn U in advance! coming from any STFAN; so, skip that--s'il vous plait!) His style is absurd & sickening. (This same "absurd & sickening" style inversely so impresses Mrs Lucie BShepherd, proprietress the HOLLY-WESTERN MAGSHOP, that with express stipulation that MR ACKERMAN prepare her ads for her she has contractd for so much space ea ish in our mag that her payments practicly cover IMAGINATION!'s monthly mailing bill! --for which we're duely delited.) Your "Hi-Lites"--very good. I can't make head or tail of the book reviews. ~~PLEASE~~ don't let Ackerman do the master copy again. I won't even mention page 12. 13 is just as bad. Scientifantasincerelyyour-sciencerealy." While to Miss Morajo: "I may as well congratulate you and the rest of the I! staff on the swell job done on the first issue. The only improvement I can see would be having the magazine printed, which is, of course, out of the question for so large a content. The screwy spelling is also okay so long as darling 4SJ doesn't get the upper hand and turn the happy horror into something wholly unintelligible."

A 10 pg epistle! inspired by first IMAG! from *R. Baker* of Vancouver/Canada, who says (among other paragraphs too numerous even to resumé): "What fun, Keller must have had with you simple-minded Californians when pulling your legs with that pretty story about his infant daughter who spoke Hebrew in the cradle or something like that. I am told that I bellowed like a bull at that stage; ask Keller what mine was--sales-talk?" (Keller is quite a kidder--he told us he'd "never seen any place like Southern Calif"...which you see you can interpret any way you want. Ofcourse, there's the old saying--"No fool like a fantasy fool". But we believe the Good Doctor was in earnest about Angelica. What do you say, Doc?)

Us- ing her Esperanto name, LUCIE SHEPHERD *Lucie Shepherd* tells us: "Imag! in its infancy has proven itself a great attraction to our sci fic fan cusstomers-- Consider it headed for a fine future-- Cover in a class by itself-- Amico Ackerman's snappy style is swell! His 'cinemarticles' et cet are major attraction to me-- Hura for Esperanto-- Good luck to the local league-- C'mup & see me s'metime--"

LOUIS KUSLAN of West Haven/Ct types in red: "That magazine of yours is very punk. The material was awful. Esperanto phooey. (We'll soon be believing "Life Begins at Fui!") Advertisements, okay. There's an idea for you. Let's have just ads. (We've heard some fan publisher already's done just that.) Do you want to ruin my eyes on that lousy heکتographing job you did? (No.) Enclosed is a dime for the next issue. (Dankon.) Don't take the above too seriously as I am rather grouchy today." (We are taking your dime seriously.)

*Allis Villet*  
(Formerly ALLIS VILLETTE of Alberta/Canada) of Westwood Pk/Calif, asks a few questions, in complimenting us on our first ish, which we hero answer: Rite, "IMAGO!" on Vodoso's "raket" was Esp. Meant "IMAGINATION!". Incidentally, your abbrev. "Madge!" delites us & we are adopting her! ~ The "scarlet signature" was of L. RON HUBBARD, redheaded air & adventure author "aniko" (we can alliterate in Esperanto too!)--i.e., "friend"--of "Forijay"'s & "Arturo" Burks. Acquainting with Ack, Shep, & CLMoore has enthused him to write his first stf story, a bk of 25,000 yrs hence tentatively titled "The Lost Millenniums", aimed at Arg. ~ Your radio review is all x! Acceptd! The Synopsis'll be stencild soon & U'll be seeing it in "Madge!". Come again, kamaradino!



**CLASSIFY-ADS Rates:** 6 characters...1¢; 3 consecutive insertions same ad, 9 chars...1¢.

**For Sale:** LARGEST Stock Backdate Mags in H'wood; Largest Stock Pseudo-Scientales & Supernatural literature of any such 2dhand shop in Great LA! 500 AmSs from 1st to latest; stax Ast, Won, Wrld, Air W, Sci & Amaz Detect, Orientl, Magic C, Ghost, Fantasy & Othr Fanmags, S&I, Arg, Blu Bk, Pop Mekanix, Pop Sci, Stfic Am, Spider, Doc D, Doc S, Imaginativ Excerpts & Bound S-Ph, asf... Natl Geografix, Fortune, Esq, Life, Look, Etc; lots foren periodix. 1¢-a-day Lending Libe including Burroughs bks, "Day th Brown Hord, Man Who Masterd Time, Peril-Prince, Purpl Safire, Green Fire, 3 Go Back, New Bodys for Old, No More a Corpse, Kontrol, When & Afr Worlds Collido, Last & First Men, Vicarion, 7 Ftprints to Satan, Creep--Shado! & Not In Our Stars, Lost Horizon, &c"... 1000 score stills! Proprietress publicizes local Leag, advertises Esperanto! Vizitu ĉi vendejon, support this shop! 5518 H'wood Blvd, HOLLY-WESTERN.

**Wantd:** Will giv quartr for first "Madge!". MayBelle Anshutz: 4053W21, LA.

**For Sale:** Select stock, "Superibns". Make Ur corsp colorful! with this revolutionry combination: Electrifyng Green & Brown typwritribn! It's New! Novel!! NEOTRIC!!! Already modernizing th mails with this tricky "tape" ar Ye Ed Yerke; Fantascience Field's "Ferry" (Associated Ackerman); artist Vodoso; Bob Cummoek; Ted Bork; VSmith; Tobojo; Mirta Forsto; Roloko; & Myrtle RDouglas. Made to fit any machine, simply name Ur make; maild any adres in US, ppd \$. Morajo --Bx 6475, Metropolitan Station; Los Angeles/Cal.

**For Sale:** SCOOPS #1, Eng's out-o-print profesh pub. Good condish. 75¢ ppd. Vodoso: Apt 32, 688 Shatto Place; LA/Cal.

**Acknowledgmnts:** Rcvd with appreciation 1) from Publishrs: NUCLEUS FAN subscription free, first SUPER-FAN, & promise of complimentary copy upon publication th first bklet in th "Bizarre Series"; 2) from Friends ("For no good reason that I know"): "To Forrie J Compliments Joe Hatch"--classyly assembld copy Jack Williamson's "Space-Legion", early WT--Berta Burnill, file of 25 FANTASY Mags & SFD--Irving Smith, & bk "Twistd Clay" (insanityarn--hm, hint???) from Shepherd's Shop. --FORREST J ACKERMAN.

**Wantd:** More mems for th INTRNATL SCIENCE ASSN ESPERANTIC. Evry stfan capable of communicatng in Tomoro's Tongue elegibl. LAWare: 400 Clinton St, Iowa City/Iowa.

**WantEd:** A typewriter that can spell. T. Bruce Yerke.

**Wantd:** Demonstration that chivalry is not dead! Some obligng SFL mem to sell Leag emblem to young scientifiotionalady who joind afr supply was exhaustd, earnestly desires to own & wear th insignia. Please drop me postcard if U'll part with Ur pin, statng at what prico. Pogo, c/o Corrine Gray: 3430 Lanfranco, Los Angeles.

**Wantd:** By Hamilton, "Metl Giants (WT originl), Moon Monace, Sea Horror, Within Nebula; pts 1 & 2 Across Space, 1 & 2 Time-Raidr, 1 & 4 Outside Universe". Phantastique #1. Vodoso: Apt 32, 688 Shatto Pl; City.

**Wantd:** Curious 35 Jun, Curious Q; copys Cosmic, CQ; Astonishng, Arcturus, Meteor, Planet, Comet, Sci Fic, SFReview; "Earth-Guosts" pamf; "Venus-Vanguard"; JSA "Pass-On" pubs; Tellus News; Black Bear mag; Cummings-erial "Thot-Girl"; th bks "Absolute at Large" by Karel Capek, "Alraune"--Ewers; "Young West"--Solomon Schindler, "Planetoid 127"--Lew Wallace, "Ultra-Violetales"--Silvio Villa, "Metropolis" in Eng by Thea von Harbou, "Brain"--Lionel Britton, Goo Hepworth's "!!!!", "World Below"--Wright, & "Last Men in London"--Stapledon. Forrest J Ackerman, "Fantascience Field": 236 1/2 N New Hampshire, Hollywood.

**For Sale**  
--If Ur heart wouldn't hamr to hapn cross copy Marvl Tales with cover anothr color



--or even dif design! (I've seen 2 variety #2 MT in FJA's files)--or U'd not relish to run down report: Certn few coys FANTASY were pub't on slick paper; & smiingly pay Pyramid Price if evr U could purchase one...this ad won't interest U. But for th "Fanatic Few"...fly 5¢ (only 1 nick!!) -to me with stamp-1¢-adrest env for pg 2 (I havn't any othrs myself) th precedng Independent--printd...unreleas!--IMAGINATION!! Morojo: Bx 6475, Met Sta; LA.

For Sale: Almost evry AMS Monthly, &--ANNUAL, Sci & Air & plain & Thrilling W--& as there of; Sci & Amz Detects; Clayton & S&S Asts; S&Is; Miracls; Marvis; Myst.Mags, Storys; Mind Magix, Myselfs, Magic & Mystales; WT; Orientls, Magic Cs; Stranges; S c o o p s; Ghosts; Black Cats; SFSeries, "Between Worlds"; "Last & First Men"; FANTASY, Fantastic, few fanmags, endless excerpts by Burks, Burroughs, Cummings, Farley, Flint, Hall, Hamilton, Howard, Keller, Leinster, Lovecraft, Merritt, Moore, Quinn, Smiths CA & Garret, Wandrei, Williamson, &c. Fantascience fotos. Esp textets. If in earnest kindly accompany inquiry with stamp. & be specific, PLEASE! I can't respond to idle requests for allday jobs like to list evrythng I've for sale. Fraternally, FJA: 236½ N New Hamp, H'wood.

Wantd: SFL seals. Will giv 5¢ ea for used, 1¢ ea unused. Shep: 5518 H'wood Blvd.

Wantd: S-FCrrspndnt #2, Lincoln SFL Doings, 14 Leaflet, IO, Tomoro #1, D'Journl, Astonishing, Arcturus, Superfluous, Supra-Mundane, Purpl Flash. Bk, "Uncommon Knowledg", GWStimpson. Morojo: Bx 6475, Met Sta; LA.

For Sale: Assortmnt stf mags previous to '30. State wants & send stamp. Perry L. Lewis: 309 S Everett St, Glendale/Cal.

NOVAE TERRAE, Monthly Organ of th SCI-FIC ASSN of England. A worthy representativ of Great Brit's Stf Activitys. 5¢ per copy or 45¢ yrly from Maurice KHenson: 95 Mere Rd, Leicester/Eng.

"WINGS OVER TH WORLD", IMAGINATION!! \*

\* *Leslie F. Stone*