

Mooney



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

The Fanmag of the Future With a Future !

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Cover Design	Jim Mooney	
Way Out West	Russ Hodgkins	2
Fantascience Flashes		3
Imagi-nik-nax		3
Interviews		
Clark Ashton Smith & E. Hoffman Price	Henry Kuttner	4
Onward Esperanto!	Erdstelulov	5
Questions & Answers		5
Radio Review	Mrs Allis Kerlay	6
Foolosophy		8
The Hazy Hord	Francis Flagg & Weaver Wright	9
Forecast		14
Fantascience Filmart	Forrest J Ackerman	15
Book Reviews	Herbert Häussler	16
Voice of the Imagi-nation		17
Our Advertisers		19

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WAY OUT WEST ("Hi-Lites of Local Leag Life") By

Russ #2 gkins

This column has been thrust upon the writer, who has no desire to be a columnist. But the rest of our staff insist that, as chief executive out here, I must speak for our organ--since this effort of ours is a co-operative enterprise, & we have eliminated the need for an official editor. My messages, I understand, will be run exactly as I write them--with the exceptions that if I slip in any "ands" they'll edit them to ampersands (the sign "&"), the ending "ed" as in "published" invariably will be replaced by "t" (i.e., "publisht"), numerals will be used rather than writing out nos., & commonly accepted fonetic forms, contractions, & abbrs., used at all times. These, our neotric nuisances contend, are IMAGINATION! Policy, & about it they are adamant...

I'll attempt to record on this pg interesting occurences at our meetings, notes re the making of "Madge" (don't take me wrong), social assemblages of members, &c.

To being with, our roster now numbers 30; our Honorary Members, 7. Recent newcomers are MayBelle "Anny" Anshutz, treasurer of the Esperanto Klubo de LA, Roger Starr, Pogo, Jack Gray, Ray Bradbury, Lucie B. Shepherd, & Ed Barrera. Among prospective members are Robert Lovelace, Leonard Adland, & Celeste De Pinto, who reminds us of Forry's foto of Catherine L. Moore.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN, unusual insect-satire by the bros Capek, was produced here a short while ago by the Federal Projects. Performances were attended by some  $\frac{1}{2}$  doz fans.

During the 13 days between 5 Nov & 17, 14 films, old & new, of an off-trail nature were shown in LA; "The Golem, Topper, Herr der Welt (robotale of 'Ruler of the World'), Man in the Mirror, King Kong, Bride of Frankenstein, Nite Key, Private Worlds, Birth of the Robot, Lost Horizon, Juggernaut, Things to Come, King Solomon's Mines, & Death Takes a Holiday". The first, a phantasy film of a terrifying 10' statue of a man endowed with life to liberate a persecuted people, was attended by a round doz. of our imagi-natives. About the same group saw "Birth of the Robot", technicolor import from England.

One of our readers raises the question of "Why Fiction?". Well, as we were short on material "in the beginning", the 11,000 words by Francis Flagg & Weaver Wright lookt mighty good. Shortly, however, we found ourselves with much more material than we could use. We shall have to present "The Hazy Hord" in 4 pts rather than the originally planned 3, in order to accommodate our regular features & additional attractions. The problem this issue was how to squeeze in all our regular columns plus some the extra articles. As "Madge" weighs just 2 ozs, any increase added by another pg would double our postage. But you may have noticed, in this issue more pgs are in smaller type, which allows some 14 more strokes per line, or 2 to 3 extra words. This is approximately another 175 words per pg &, in this issue, it all amounts to about the addition, virtually, of 1 complete large typt pg. If you math wizards want to get technical, go ahead & figure it out for us...Anyway, we're giving you more for your money.

Several subscribers have sent us 30¢ for 3 issues or 60¢ for 6. To these people we are giving credit of 5¢ & 10¢ respectively, as our rates, beside the yr, are: 3 copies 25¢, 6 for 50¢, 9 nos. 75¢.

## FANTASCIENCE FLASHES !

"Dreadful Sleep" by Jack Williamson will be the next serial in Weird Tales following "The Hairy Ones Shall Dance".

Gans T. Field, author of WT's serial starting Jan, also has submitted "Black Drama" to Wright.

Manley Wade Wellman has written 2 new ones for Ast.

"Beyond Annihilation" is by Henry Kuttner, now out at TWS. "Cuddles", as he affectionately is called by his friends, will have a 2 pt tale, "Thunder in the Dawn", in the Apr-May 38 issues of WT.

Roy A.

Squires 2d is now Editor of Unique.

A forthcoming Bloch offering in WT, which we presume another Egyptale, will be "Eyes of the Mummy".

Ray

Bradbury, localite, has written "Among the Metal Gods", aimed at Ast.

4SJ

just saw THINGS TO COME for 10th time!

Raymond Scott, Jehovah of Jazz, newly has composed "Celebration on the Planet Mars".

"Are We Civilized?"

--Peace picture--shows Earth's birth as a solar spectacle, several shots of the Jurassic Juggernauts from the famous old prehistoric film "Lost World".

To Herr Herbert Haussler, IMAGINATION!'s Deutschland Correspondent & the only known member of the SFL in that country, on 1st Oct was born a son, whom his father has named "Wolfgang Herbert". However one extends heartiest congratulations in his language, we wish them to our fellow fan across the Fanta-sea. At any rate, he'll understand the Esperanto, which Erdstelulov informs us is: "Plej elkorajn gratulojn!" (pronounced "Play elkor'ain grah-two'loin".).

Introducing!

## IMAGI-NIK-NAX:

From the Fantascience Correspondence Files of Forrest J Ackerman. An Informative Filler Feature.

Some may have forgotten since the immortal appeared nearly a decade ago, but when Interplanetary Extraordinary SKYLARK OF SPACE by Lee Hawkins Garby was published each part was preceded by info: "In Collaboration with *Edward E. Smith, Ph.D.* the development of the classic? "Skylark" Smith supplies the answers: "She was the wife of a very dear friend of mine---Carl Garby was my roommate in college during the years 1908-12. He was a Ph.D. in physical chemistry (sounds funny, but he was more of a physicist than a chemist). Unfortunately, however, he died a few years ago /befor '32/; and since I left the Government service in 1919, whereas he stayed in it until his death, and Mrs. Garby is still living in Washington, neither he nor she are able to collaborate with me any more. I wish they were. If it had not been for her urgings and assistance, I probably would not have written anything that anyone would care to read."

--Lacking few lines to complete this pg, we avail ourselves of that utilitarian little verse from an early TTT: "A quatrain is a 4 line rime, that's never out of place; it may be used at any time, to fill an empty space!" Just so...

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEWS By Henry Kuttner.E. HOFFMAN

Hoffman Price. E. stands for Edgar.

I had lunch litely on a pint of blood & a corpse's leg--a tough one at that--so I had some goulash. I had been driving for hrs. Now, in Price's home overlooking Redwood City, a repulsive little village on San Francisco Bay, I peerd thru a film of goulash & observd "How long have you been writing?"

"Yrs" he said. "Remember 'The Sultan's Jest'? That was my first yarn." Or maybe it was "Apricots from Ispahan". I don't remember.

"I love goulash" I said. "How about 'The Stranger from Kurdistan'?" This is perhaps Price's most famous yarn, which ran in Weird Tales back in 1926 or 1927.

"My 3d. I sold it to Wright, who didn't publish it for about a yr, & during that yr I don't think I sold him anything. He wasn't sure my stuff would go over with the readers. Then 'The Stranger' was printed, & it got such a good response that he bought plenty from me after that."

"You're not writing weird fiction now?"

"No" he observd. "Can't afford to. Adventure is much more profitable. Some more goulash?"

He lifted the cat from the platter & ladled out more goulash. Price's cat is a strange creature. It isn't his, really, belonging next door, but it croops into his house at every opportunity & steals food. It is a huge brindled affair, which leapt on my lap & thrust its tail into my face. I pickt myself up from the floor & resumed the goulash. Frankly, I prefer Price's own cat, a serious looking black, who eyes the world wearily & scornfully from its cushion.

Edgar Hoffman Price is a medium sized chap who reminds me of a dynamo. He is so full of inexhaustible energy that one expects him to burst in your face. He has a stiff ruff of dark brown hair, a bristling moustache, has traveled rather extensively, & is fond of taking motor trips to Holl & back. Recently he went to Mexico, or maybe that wasn't recently. At any rate, he went to Mexico, because he mentiond getting marcond on a mt rd by a landslide.

He works very quickly, averaging about 2 cigarets a pg. In fact, he knockt out a 9,000 word yarn in one day while I was there.

He has acquired a reputation for fast & reckless driving, tho I don't know why, for when we went to Auburn only 7 pedestrians were maimd, & none of them died.

At Auburn we threaded our way thru pastures, following something laffingly calld a rd, & arrived at 's homo.

perturbd, I must confess, by the curious noises that appeard to come from far underground, & by the loathsome shaped white objects which occasionally wriggled across our path. Nor was I reassured when Price informd me of the tales about a leprously shining wingd thing that sometimes perchd on the great oak beneath which Smith writes. Also, there were certain ft-prints--but better not to speak of that...

Smith is somewhat similar to Price in appearance, tho serious & quiet. He has been known to emit ghoulsh cackles whilst devouring small children, &, in fact, there are very few small children in Auburn, a rather odd circumstance.

Smith has a cat, which eats rats when it can find any. But after hearing it make a number of unpleasant personal observations in a squeaky but undeniably human tone, I studiously avoided it.



La Vic-Prezidantino (Morojo), Trezoristino ("Anjo" Anšuc--Anshutz), k Sekretario (Mr Ackerman, known to Esperantists as "Fo-jak") de la Esperanto-Klubo de Los-Angeleso also r mems of our local SFL Chapt! At th last meetng of th Esp-Klubo (attendd by 60, including aforementioned & additionally these Leagr: Vodoso, Pogo, Erdstelulov, Myrtle R. Douglas, Mirta Forsto, Bruce Yerke, Corinne Gray, & Tobojo) HGWells' recent fantasy fictionovel "Th Croquet Playr" was shown in

ONWARD

Braille! in conjunction exhibit Braille Esperanto Bks...  
 Dr WAGibson, activ 39 yr old mem th SCI-FIC ASSN in Eng, has writn originl 30,000 word stf story in Esperanto! Titolita MONDOPACO K STELOPACO (WORLD-PEACE & STELLAR PEACE), subtitolita "La Kvar Aventuroj de Dr Grant" ("Th 4 Adventures of Dr Grant"), it deals with Tero, Luno, Marso k Venuso--en la jaro 2034!

Th Imagi-nation Asks PHANTASTIQUESTIONS & We Imagi-natives Giv ANSRs

R.Baker askt last issue if "Maurius" (pseudonym of S.Benedict) had written any othr storys. Also, if "Ammianus Marcellinus" were nom-de-plume. We are fortunate to numr among our susbscribers RDSwisher PhD, who caught these questionis & can ansr them. In Amazing 28 July, he informs, Maurius had "Vandals from th Moon". &, according to FANTASY Mag, 34 March, pg 19, "Ammianus etc" was alter-ego of Aaron Nadel.

Dick

Wilson Jr wishes to know if Sax Rhomer is dead. Ansr's NO.

Also: "What does the initial stand for in Arthur KBarnes' name?". Henry Kuttner replys to that question: Kermit.

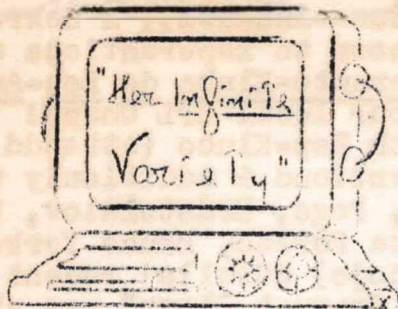
Inquires L.Farsaci: "Can U tell me anything about 'The Earth-Dwellers'?" Mr Ackerman ansr: Yes, this--Twas 2 pt phantasy by André Maurios, featured in Forum (40¢ mag) 28 Aug & Sep ishes. Purportedly excerptd from Th History of th Universe pubt by th Univ. of Timbuktu in 1992, it treatd of Terrestrialife in 1954 as interpretd by AE-17, Uranian Scientist. Illustrated. & sequel to "Th War Against th Moon". Of interest to record: Th Sep no. also containd "Th Centr of th Earth", science articl subtitled "An Anatomy of Hell".

The Archimage of Auburn for some time has been carving grotesque little images from the rock of his native hills--the Sierra foothills. These, together with his pictures--fantastic flora & fauna of alien worlds--& his demoniac library, are more than a little fascinating.

After a period during which he did little writing, Smith is at his typewriter again, & has sold several yarns to Weird Tales, & one to Thrilling Wonder. Anent his story, "Dweller in Martian Depths", he told me that Gernsback changed the ending of it by permitting the protagonist to live, instead of allowing him to meet destruction with his companions. Nevertheless the yarn was not popular because of its grimness. Only for Weird Tales has he been able to write as he wisht, & even there there have been rejections.

And then, full of pleasant memories & goulash

I went home.

R  
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An Unusual Ether Drama Re-Presented by MRS ALLIS KERLEY in Fiction Form. Imaginary 30 Century "sciencized spelng" by "4SJ" "auth-ressized"!

TIME: 1000 yrs hence!

used into her nature of which he wasnt aware: X-19 was a throbak! That all men were fashind to formula dint please her; that all women were identicl in appearance was intolerabl. "Y only othr day" she asertd "frond mine went way. Had robotwin of him made & his wife dint kno dif for whole yr!"

From here somehow conversation moved round to maryage. Th Historyn soon was to take a brido. X-19 broke down: "When all life is created in testubes y must we mary? Y must we mary!" Rhetoricl rebellion against civilization, against all th standrs of that distnt day.

But he only blandly replyd "Y to discourage romance ofcourse."

Which only made X-19 deeply envious of th 20th Century Dark Age when peopl werent all alike--& they loved!

Office optofone droned. Twas 5, a foremost scientist of th advanced age. His antigravity invention nrly was complete. He talkt with th Historyn about it. They were fronds.

X-19 departd unnoticed.

~~~~~ That eve as she sat in her apt, young male enterd & askt how she was this nite. "Tnite? Y same's any I spose" she respondd disintrestdly.

"--Then lastime I calld on U?" he continued. "U r X-sub-17???"

O!  
"No," she explaind--"that girl has moved."

"In that case spose might's well mary U."  
Realy dint make any dif since evry woman was th same. BUT X-19 had othr opinions.

Howevr, she let him stay lil while that eve. They chatd. When she turnd filsoficl their viewpoints clasht. "Here's to my world: May it always be rite--but My World...rite or wrong!" quoted X-10, th numeral-named youngman, as th key to his conduct.

X-19 exploded. If only she could'v livd in th past! Th unpredictabl past! How marvy life must'v been then "...when there were cyclones & earthquakes & tornados & all kinds excitermt..! U novr knew what was gonto hapn next!"

But even in th 30th Century some surprises were pos. Jus-then in walkt #57, X-19's apointd husband-to-be. For firstime in yrs: Triangl! People customaryly met in 2s, 4s, 6s--even nos.; but here were These 3! & they liked it..!

"Call me 'Teen', both U felos" sayd X-19 & oferd em eveng snak; but they'd had their ofts (concentrated food tabs) at 18:30 (6:30 pm) like ovryone else & consequentlly werent hungry.

Teen got to talkn again. She told th men how she'd found cookbk; had tryd recipe.

"Cookn?"--What was that? they wantd to know; & so she explaind how one mixt dif materials togethr over fire. She'd made some--fudge--she



said th ancients calld it; begd em to taste bite. Her companyns took nibl, but it was "awfulookn stuff, completely unappetizin."

Next morn Teen's historyn-frend calld on her; caught her readn poetry. "Is forbidn to amuse Urself" he remindd kindly.

She pleadd she only'd been modornizn some verses. "Lisn!" she requestd; read with child-like eagres: "Wher'd U come from, baby dear? Out of a testube, never fear. Wher'd U get those eyes of blu? Th govt-regulated hue! Wher'd U get those lil ears? Just a matr of chromosomes, my dears!"

Such a girl!

Historyn remarkd about her later on to 5: "Human nature's like pendulum:" he sayd--"Swings 1 way then othr..."

When X-10 calld on Teen next nite she was "at it again"; had dug up somethn new & naive to show him. He dint approve her dabl'n with ancient arts.

"I've made cannl!" she declared proudly.

"Turn out our intr-atomic bulbs." Then: "See!" she cryd triumphtly.

"What! That lil pinpoint of lite?" Incubator man was incredulous. "What's wonderfl 'bout that?!"

"O see!" she enthused disregardn th liquid air he throw on her endeavr. "It makes things --dif. See how it wavers? Makes chairs & tables dance. &...dnt I look just--lil dif?"

Something swopt over -10. He wasnt unromantic sort; just traird that way. He changed. "Y--y yes! U do! There'r cundls in Ur eyes! There r! & Ur nose: It's just tiny bit smallr'n othr girls'! & Ur mouth..."

This was what she wantd: A lover!

Teen began to visualize their life togethr. "U'll becom great with more study. U'll becom...One! & I shall be so proud to be Ur wife, dear."

Unfortunate, #57 came in justhen. He was fresh from 5's lab & had news of th antigravity belts. "Think! Soon we'll soar thru th air--wherevr we want to go!"

"Wherevr They tell us to go" correctd Teen bittrly, chagrind at 57's inopportune intrusion.

"Well, I dont giv electron for th Knity (Committee)!" swore X-10.

#57 took exception.

Teen perk't up.

Here was excitement!

She goadd on.

"I'd like to shove U into th 4th Dimension!" shoutd th one man.

"I dont like Ur face!" returnd 57.

"It's same's Urs!" retortd th rival. & twas so tru!

"O hit 'im, hit 'im!" hollrd Teen, atavisticly.

& then--suddnly--both men stopty; realized what they'd been about to do: Fite for a woman! Were millions women in th world--all alike--& they'd been on th verge of attackn ea-othr (like 20th Century men!) over one! They felt fairly foolish. Ridiculous! & they laft & fell again to discussn th antigravitator which undr full power would shoot off into space & never come back. Praps was athatime th idea was born in X-19's 30th Century weary brain...

5's optofone buzzd; was ansrd by asst who spun & stuttrd news that'd stunn'd his ears: "Th antigravity car!--it's shot up thru th roof undr unknown, inexport con-

trai!" Moment later, further report. 5 ground as he heard: "Ship's crash into 1 th opas!"

The electronic power absorbers! Enormous electric towers accumulatin power from revolvm earth! 5's supreme achievement was buryd beneath million tons twistd stoolito!

Teen, trapt in th stolen ship, was reportd suffocata. X-10 heard & implored attempt be made to rescue her. Teen--lyn Dyn...sobn for breath! -10 couldnt take it.

But 5'd hear nothin of plea to save 1 giddy girl's life when he could make 1000 more--did so, in fact, ovry day--just like her. Or, rather, not just like her, but perfect: This one had some strange mentl quirk that made her impulsiv & irrational...

"She's dif!" cryd -10--"O but she's dif!" So that was it! X-10 was retrogradn too! Ho'd gone sentimentl!

All 5, ovr th sober scientist, could see was his antigrav- itators' bein destroyd. Ship was ruind, definitely; but its precious engines yet might be salvagod. To save th girl'd mean to drill thru & destroy th marvelous mach- inery. That he nev'r'd do.

So X-10 defyd authority--gave th ordrs himself!

saved.

X-19 was

& th Change that sibly'd been creepn pon 30th Century civilization suddnly man- ifestd itself widely. Dictatorship disintegrated, standrized life colliapst. Peopl no longer were rational & reasonn, livn only for Efficiency. They desired to be imagi- natively mad & unrestrained. Actually began to use names again! X-19 calld herself "Evo".

& as Earth's new Evo & her husbnd rocketd for th Moon--that was their Honoymoon --allconquern surge of Individualism engulft Terz.

"The Pendulum" had swung!

FOOLOSOFY & SCIENTIFICRAX By V. Swyptem & Howe.

It is solderd in celo- fane in letters a litre hi: If Ur stomach rumbles it must be the truck U've eaten./

Bees dispose of their honey by celling it. This is consid- erd by them to be good bee-havior./

On twigs pickt from a trigonome-tree it quaintly is carved: "Many a politician could qualify as a horticult- urist, who has to be a good graftr."/

Termite Tales' rival: Sci-ants Fiction./

The inventor of mechanical toys who had only one failure: Made a toy tramp--& it wouldn't work!./

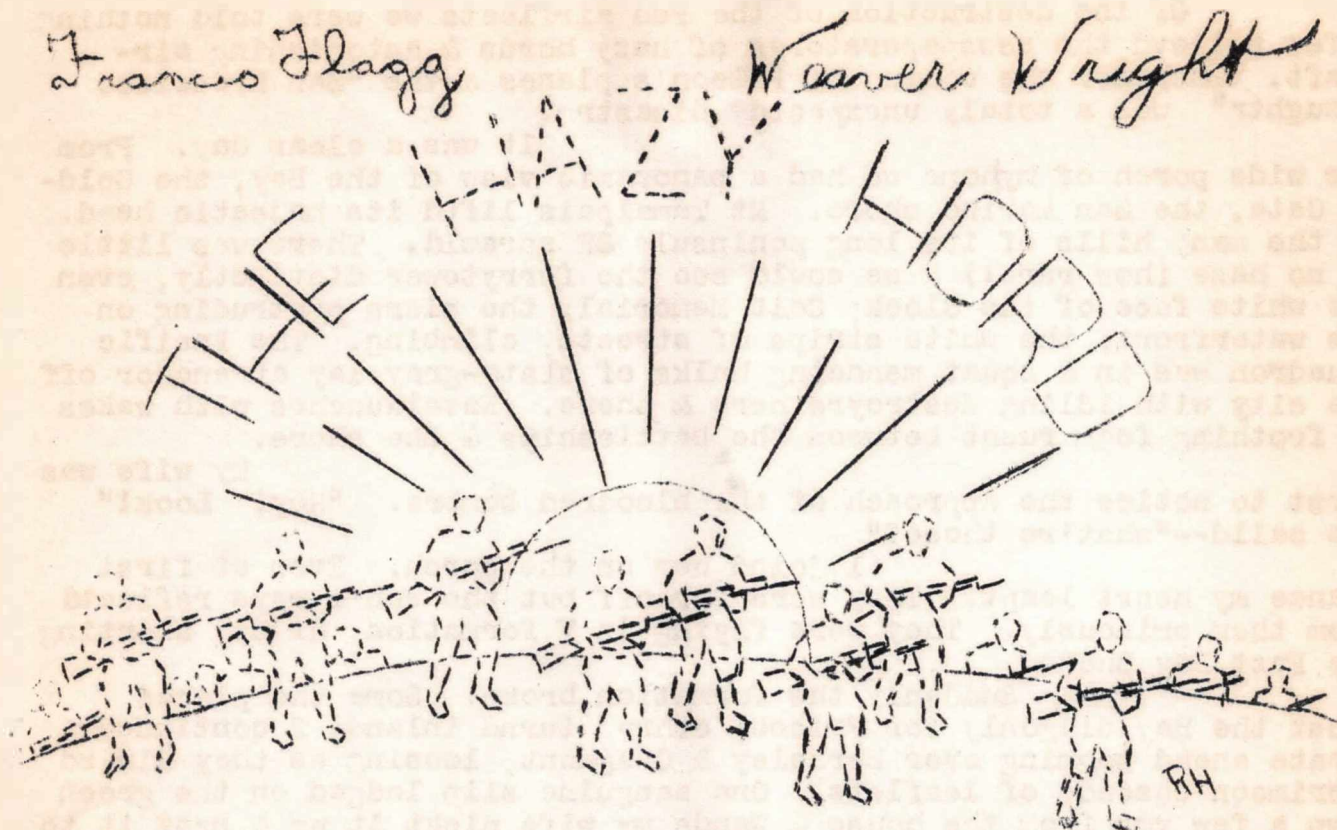
We have it on thoroly unreliable authority that when F. Orlin resignd as Ast's Ed he punned: "I beg Tremaine, truly etc." (Joke over.)/

Violet Raye./

Time-Traveler from Our Time, arriving in 2000 to find our Greatest City gone: "Alas poor York, I New it well..."/

On an apple core from Baltimore it simp-ly is inscribed in words of several silly-bles: "Wild flowers got that way trying to memorize their botanical names!"/

Scintillate, scintillate-- globule vivific! Fain would I fathom thy nature specific. Loftily posed 'mid ether capacious, strongly resembling a gem carbonaceous.....



INSTALLMENT 2. Mist-Map Menace America! "INVINCIBLE ARMY" appears uncannily on outskirts of Tucson/Arizona; town terrorized as supernatural soldiers, acting like automatons &, in form, as if made from one mold, invade afoot & in translucent truck & tank, conquering, killing without compassion citizens offering resistance. Federal Flying Forces, hopelessly outnumbered, wage futile aerial war against semitransparent crimson planes by the score--the incredible air armada of... "We, Poleon!". At the Capitol, the Cabinet is met in continuous session, vainly trying to cope with this sudden catastrophe...

& as they sat there looking at each other (the Pres & War Sec), stunned by the magnitude of the danger threatening--danger undreamt-of as yet by their colleagues, the Nation at large--Diofanous Duplicates were sweeping over the divide upon Deming & the awed US Army! The tanks, the motorlorrys, pufft & climb; & those who could not flee before the advancing enemy stared apathetically from windows & doorways of adobe abodes. All this the Pres, the War Sec, could visualize for of all this they had hourly news. But they could not anticipate the pellucid planes winging west!

#### Chapt 5:

#### BOMBS OVER THE BAY

I was living at Cragmont, which is a suburb of Berkeley/Calif hi up against the hills, when the events narrated foregoing were taking place. During those dire days I had read the newspapers of Oakland & San Francisco, seen & heard the developments broadcast by my sonovision set; yet like 1000s of citizens on the Pacific Coast I failed to grasp the reality of what was happening 700 miles east.

It must be remembered, however, that the news, the sensational enuf, was censored. Tucson & Phoenix had been occupied by some unidentified army originating no one knew where; but the Frisco Facts reported cryptically about a Red Uprising which soon would be repressed by Govt

Forces.

Of the destruction of the Fed airfleets we were told nothing & few believed the newspaperstories of hazy hords & astonishing aircraft. Therefor the coming of Poleon's planes & the "San Francisco Slaught'r" was a totally unexpected disaster.

It was a clear day. From the wide porch of my home we had a panoramic view of the Bay, the Golden Gate, the San Marino shore. Mt Tamalpais lifted its majestic head. On the many hills of its long peninsula SF sprawld. There was little or no haze (how rare!) & we could see the ferrytower distinctly, even the white face of the Clock; Coit Memorial; the piers protruding on the waterfront; the white strips of streets, climbing. The Pacific Squadron was in & squat menacing hulks of slate-gray lay at anchor off the city with idling destroyrs here & there. Navalaunches with wakes of frothing foam rusht between the battleships & the shore.

My wife was first to notice the approach of the bloodred bombers. "Roy! Look!" she calld--"what're those?"

I joined her on the porch. Even at first glance my heart leapt. They were far off but the sun's rays reflectd from them ominously. They were flying in V formation, hi up, skirting the East Bay Shore.

Suddenly the formation broke. Some the planes crost the Bay diagonly for Frisco; others turnd inland; 2 continued strate ahead zooming over Berkeley & Cragmont, loosing as they did so a crimson cascade of leaflets. One sanguine slip lodged on the green lawn a few yds from the house & Wanda my wife pickt it up & brot it to me.

We both read it with what feelings may be imagined.

"Cityzens! Our Army occupys Tucson, Phoenix, Prescott--& this is but the beginning! Soon Washington itself will be invaded. The citys of the Bay Region are commanded to surrend'r & save useless bloodshed & destruction. Resistance will reap death. Signd, Poleon."

We didn't know it at the time but such slips were being scatterd at San Francisco, Sacramento, & San Jose.

The reaction of the military & naval authoritys of SF to this message was not, however, one of peace. From the direction of the Bay a great gun growld, then another & another. Puffs of white smoke rose--driftd. The fleet was signaling sailors on shoreleave to return at once.

Across steel-gray expanse of Bay launches leapt.

Sudden-ly the air was filld with shells that flowerd like exploding mushrooms. A Poleonic plane waverd in its flite, pitcht sideways & fell like a plummet.

At the Presidio antiaircraft guns synchronized to fire with the purr of aeroplane propellors went into action. Planes of peril whined earthward or into the waters of the Golden Gate & Pacific.

But now from the east another fleet of the foe's foggy planes surgd into sight; & at 5 minute intervals red reinforcements arrived til over San Francisco & the Bay the sky was clouded with the enemy aircraft.

We did not know it then but thru the vizivox a harsh metallic voice calld on the military & naval authoritys to cease firing; but these officials ignord the command.

Poleon's peculiar planes fell like beebeed birds but still there seemd no diminution in their nos. Then--without warning--the translucent airterrors rained destruction. From Cragmont we saw it all. Soul-shattering sight! One minute the strong city lay lazily on its many mountaints, serene, secure; the next it was an exploding inferno of smoke & flame!

"Mike Odd!" I groaned, gripping Wanda's white arm. Then the hazy hail of horror swept down upon the Pacific battlefleet & a leviathan of the deep blew up with a thunderous crash. Shrapnel rained around us. A huge chunk of solid steel crasht thru the roof of our cottage. Miraculously neither my wife nor self was hurt. Othrs were not so fortunate. A man standing on the road was killed instantly by a flying mass of metal. An auto was overturned seriously injuring its passengers. All this within 100 yds of where we stood stunned by enormity of the onslaught.

In Berkeley the damage was even greater to life & property. Oakland too suffered terrific losses.

At Goat Island naval station--where an anti-aircraft corps had exactd its toll of airterrors--the result of that incendiary assault was appalling. A munition dump detonated; tank after tank of gasoline exploded as did tank oil at Martinez, a small port farther on up the east shore of the Bay.

Flung to the lawn, partly by our frantic efforts to flee the damaged house, partly by the concussion of the continuous explosions which seemd to rock the world, we lookt fearfully Bayward. San Francisco was a crippled corpse encarninated by crematory conflagration; the Brobdingnagian Bridges mutilated monarchs, broken, twisted wrecks; Goat's Island a swirling smoking crater. Where the proud Pacific Fleet had swung at anchor nothing was to be observd but a few battered hulks heaving, some sinking beneath the waves even as we watcht. All around lay a scene of ruin & desolation awful to behold...

In the sudden silence following the first earsplitting explosion--which seemd emfazed by the dull detonations spacing this silence--we could do nothing but cling to one another expecting at every moment to be hurld ourselves into...eternity. But after that initial onslaught Poleon's planes loost no further thundr-bolts. Hi in the heavens they swung, banking, dipping, circling; 100s of them it seemd, 1000s; terrible in triumph...

& then...in the very moment of their overwhelming victory...as if possest of a common insanity they went amok, crashing into one another, tailspinning, plunging down in stricken scores! In 60 secs the sky which but a brief moment befor had been obscured by their blanketing bodys was empty of all save drifting smoke & a few white clouds!

Who who witness the inexplicable, the almost instantaneous destruction of the awful aircraft, only could stare astounded. Poleon's planes crasht on the Berkeley Hills, spirald into the streets & bldgs of the citys of Alameda, Oakland, Berkeley, & Richmond, causing untold damage & loss of life. I have befor me a record of that terrible time as I write & there is acct of planes pitching all over the Sacramento & San Joaquin valleys. Smashing skybirds startd a disastrous fire in the heart of San Jose.

But most astounding was the unanimity with which the accurst craft crasht & with what hapnd to the "Invincible Army".

## Chapt 6:

## MENACE ENDS

At the same hr &, nr as can be ascertaind, the same moment the incredible armada fell in the Bay region the Federal Army with its auxiliary State Troops faced the enemy forces in battle array at Deming. For a description of what occurd there we again turn to the reportr Grene & the bk he later publisht.

"Twas 2 hrs past noon" records Grene. "The Fed-Forces hastily had dug in. Earthworks were thrown up, heavy batterys set in position, & the Hazy Hord faced us across praps  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile of barren territory.

"Poleon's planes flew overhead dropping the customary commands.

"At 2 o'cl the enemy advanced. I was with the Staff of General Kutkins, the officer commanding, at the time, & the Gen sayd 'If we were facing soldiers alone, tho outnumberd drasticy I'd have little doubt of the outcome; but as it is--' he raisd a hand--'look at those planes! They've drivn our own supporting aerialcraft to earth; the sky is theirs...'

"The inimicable infantry forwarded to within  $\frac{1}{4}$  miles of our first line defenses & halt'd. Tanks were wheeling into position. Still Gen Kutkins hesitated to give the ord'r to fire. I heard him muttr something about 'suicide', about the 'useless sacrifice of men's lives'. & then he swore suddenly 'But we cannot surrendr! No; we must fite--'

He turnd on his heel & crispt commands rite & left. Orderlys scatterd. Crouching gunrs sprang to life. Along the ranks rippld a tense wave of expectation.

"When the enemy again advances--fire!"

"Men gript their rifles, machinegun crews poisd their leadpoisonrs. Ahead of us masst on the side of a slitley rising ground the extraordinary army could be seen indistinctly. Section aftr shadowy section was moving into position with the precision of pieces playd on a chessboard. They had no heavy guns but they had m-guns, rifles, & tanks.

"& the planes! The red red skybirds circled over us like countless flocks of falcons, the purr of their engines a steady rhythm on the air. The Feds possest but few antiaircraftguns, the use of which was utterly inadequate against such swarms.

"Thus mattr's stood in that pregnant moment befor the opposing forces lockt in battle, in that crucial second befor the enemy could advance, the guns open fire, the air deliver death...

"But what--! The hord was halting! A miracle was happening. An officer gript me by the shouldr.

"Look! Look!"

"The misty automatons were moving--but not toward us!"

"I was using fieldglasses. It was an amazing, an unforgettable sight; for those spectre soldiers were falling. They were falling like stocks of grain mowd down by a Wall St reapr. Not here & there but in one topple. & from their ranks came an odd sighing that was simultaneous from 1000s of lips. & even in that chaotic moment I thot of the Assyrian Host & of Byron's lines: 'The Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast & breathd in the face of the foe as he passt.' For over that mighty mass it were as if the Grim

Reappr ruled... The sound of falling bodys & clashing accoutrement came in a wave which rose, reacht its peak, & died away.

Then beside me some one shriekt & threw up a pointing hand. I stared skyward. As collapst the curious infantry, so the pellucid planes were plunging...

& so the Menace of the "Mist-eryous" passd, for what hapnd at Deming occurd simultaneously in Tucson, Phoenix, Prescott. Everywhere Poleon's planes dove to destruction, everywhere his diafanous infantry sank in death...

1000s of people stird as if out of a hideous nitemare & askt themselvs what had been the cause of it all. From whence had the supernatural soldiers come, what agency had caused their strange annihilation?

To the first question no ansr could be returnd tho there were those who persistd to speak of foren aggression. To the 2d question superstition sayd: The Wrath of God blottd out the invader. Solemn services of thanksgiving to heaven were celebrated; in lofty cathedrals Te Deums were chantd; in lowly halls Holy Rollrs talkt in tongues. Hallelujah. Amen.

At the Nation's Capital cabinet officers ponderd the problem, the net result of which was to ordr a thoro investigation into the origin of the Hazy Hord & a drastic increase in the aerial strength of the country.

Meantime the Fed Army that had come to offer forlorn battle remaind to help bury the dead. Fantasticorpses! Diafanous, & all alike...

Cityzens were presst into service; great trenchas were dug; into these the 1000s of spongy soldiers, so incredibly alike in form & feature, hastyly were pusht, the queer cadavrs sprinkld with quicklime & coverd with earth.

At some places bodys were burnd & their ashes scatterd.

Slowly San Francisco rose Phoenix-like from its ruins & the panickt populations of varyous Southwestern citys returnd to their homes.

For some reason save for damage done by an occasionl falling plane the towns of the Imperial Valley & Nevada escaped injury. This also was true of Los Angeles & San Pedro tho the lattr was a naval & harbor centr of some importance & conceivably might've enterd into the enemy's plans of attack. Be the reason what it may, despite the crashing of several planes at Pasadena & Huntington Pk, San P & LA went scathless.

Twas estimated some 50,000 peopl (exclusiv of the enemy dead) lost their lives in the brief 4 Days' War, 40,000 of which perisht in ill-fated Frisco alone. The numbr injured was 4 times in excess this figure.

But tho State & Fed Govts estimated & investigatd, tho an alarmd America clamord for identyfikation of the enemy & future protection against a repetition of the unanticipated attack, no adequate explanation of it all ever was vouchsafed the public...

So mattrs stood when 10 yrs later in 195- I came into the Santa Clara Valley on a reclamation project. I am an engineer beside an occasionl writer of storys & the State of Arizona had requestd my services in an advisory capacity. The project was being undertaken with the co-operation of the Federal Com-

mittee on Rivrs & Harbrs & embraced a survey of the Tortillita Mts.

One day in the company of a young engineer I was sighting thru a glass when I remarkt the rambling adobe bldgs. They restd in a pocket of the mts & a closer approach showd everything about them was in a state of disrepair & abandonment. Windows were smasht, doors sagging; furthrmore, piles of rusting machinery lay about, tho I could not identify the nature. At the base of a small cliff was a mound. Someone had raisd a monument of stone at its head & on a piece of board supportd by the monolith was lettred with paint a few words. I could make out an L & an O but for the most part the lettrs were undeciferabl. I turnd to my companion & askt what place this was.

sayd with a curious look. "It's the place where they originated." "Y don't U kno?" he

"They?" I questiond. "THE HAZY HORD."

(Pt 3 introduces Prof Aritos & Dr Spurgeon; contains demi-denouement.)

\* \* \* \* \*

FORECAST:

In our New Yr No. & first mos. of '38:

Letter from the late, Great HPLovecraft. The day before Christmas, 1934, HPL wrote FJA concerning the cinema's "Lord Hi Minister of All that is Sinister". HP LOVECRAFT RE PETER LORRE (of "M" fame, & "Mad Love, Man Who Knew Too Much, Flugport Ein Antwortet Nicht, Crime & Punishment, Mr Moto"... )we guarantee to publish precisely as penned, in our Jan 38 edition--just ahead...

"Hollerbochen's Dilemma", clairvoyantale (short) by LA Leag mem Ray Bradbury.

"Writers of the Future", illuminating essay by Henry Kuttner.

"A Marsian Odd-ysey"--more of the unique CinemAckermanManuscript "Time Goes Marsian On!".

"Conquerd Power", by Celeste Depinto.

"Advice for Amateur Magicians", by Ryner the Great.

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Forrest J Ackerman's **TRANSSCIENCE FILMART**

With Kuttnerian candor, Henry K reports re "4 FOREN PHANTASY FILMS & '4E'":

At

the outset I should like to state plainly that I'm writing this in English. Good English, too. My "thoughts" all contain "ughs" (ughs is rite! --J), & I do not abbreviate "Magdalene" into "maudlin". If this script appears hasht into an unintelligible mass of Exasperanto, the reader must blame Forrest J Ackerman, or, as his friends affectionately call him, "Belshazzar". (That's malicious gospel! --Ack.)

Another thing

I want to know is why Forry took a pair of fieldglasses (not to mention the accompanying lasses!) when he attended the revival of DAS CABINET DES DR CALIGARI. On this unique program, preceding the famous Deutsch melodrama (which, someone informed the audience, has been running, as I remember, 7 or 8 yrs solid at one cinemansion in Paris!), were several unusual short subjects. A French surrealist bit called "The Château" consisted of a series of disconnected views of things which apparently went to make up a château, while a chorus croakt froggily in French, occasionally bursting out, "chachachacha Château", in order to pound the point home, so to pun. There was a fascinating cardboard mask, which alternately lookt glum & wickedly amused. Also, cardboard birds flitted fast past a fonôtre (window), & ink was spilt on a stairway. With a final cachinnation of "chachachacha Château", the novelty ended & Forry lowered his fieldglasses.

KOMPOSITION IN BLAU was an effort to match colored geometrical designs to music. Small scarlet squares popt up on a blue background, grew hastily, & marcht about, until an oval of green sneakt on the screen & swallowed them. There was some attempt to match the higher tones with the liter colors--yellow, for example, typified a piccolo, or squeak, while purple exemplified the hunting cry of a scientifiictionist in pursuit of a 1926 April Amazing Stories...

The next number, known variously as THE CRAZY RAY, "Paris qui Doit", "While Paris Sleeps", was made 15 yrs ago. Run from a poor print, this epic of Parisian life was rather Apache film. Prof Crase invented a ray which retarded life. Save for a few aviators, & the Eiffel Tower's attendant, the entire city stagnated, with the aid of trick fotografy. Meanwhile, Prof Crase, with fine nonchalance, continued his studies til forced to turn off his ray, which he did after several hrs abstruse mathematical calculation... & then reversing the controlever. Later the machine was misoperated, with the result the whole metropolis rusht madly about (after the manner of Wells' "New Accelerator") like Ackermaniacs after Mar-lain-eh Deet-rich's autograf...

After that, CABINET OF DR CALIGARI. Filmed in 1919, this was intended to express the viewpoint of a lunatic. It begins with a garden scene showing a zombie-like creature telling his companion, with an air of deep secrecy, that there are spirits all around us guiding our destiny. "Ah," says the other ham--"but have I told you my story?", & launches into the lunacyarn. Most notable feature about the film is the scenery, painted in a markedly Cubistic & futuristic fashion by a potential Esperantist. Apparently, the cast, too, was supposed to express the insanity attributed to them in the mad narrator's mind, out only 2 succeed--Werner Krausse, as Caligari, & Conrad Veidt, as the Somnambulist. Krausse is a deliteful charlatan. His rubber face & magnificent tongue express every thing from insane malignancy to lecherous delite. & Veidt, with a chalk-white face & heavily painted lips & eyes, clad in a tight black garment, is effectively macabre. The plot deals with the murders committed by the Som at the instigation of Cal who keeps his pawn in a coffin-like box. In the end the Som dies in a ditch, & we discover all is the fabrication of a frenetic; that the characters are the inmates of the asylum of which Caligari is the head, not a homicidal maniac.

Forry put down his figs.

I am planning to spy on him at "The Golem", to see if he takes a telescope.

BK REVIEWS FROM ABROAD: By Herr *Karl* *Stäfel* Translated from The ESPERANTO  
By MayBelle Anshutz.

"Die Flug in die Erde"--"Flite into the Earth"--by CVRock, pubt  
by Henry Burmester, Bremen-Berlin-Leipzig.

A Deutsch Engineer officialy was donated  
funds to build a "terribore". In the model it workt modely.

Aftr several setbacks  
he startd the boring; at the rate of 100 meters a min. descended in the interior of  
our Tero (Earth) til depth of 980 kloms (kilometers) was reacht. The expedition's  
chief now orderd halt 'cause according to calculations there remaind scarcely 20  
kloms befor an empty space would begin.

He flys back to the surface to arrange sev-  
eral things, befor departing, however, forbidding furthr work. But returning with  
his asst aftr several hrs, they do not find the machine where they left it: Those  
in charge had gone rite on boring.

The engineer & asst immediatly followd by aero-  
plane (shaft had diametr nrly 30 meters). But they can't reach the Boring Machine  
befor the gatastrofe. It falls forward into the empty space. It was impossible to  
stop it. But the 2 survivors who remaind outside the machine see their labor  
crownd with success: In the centr swings a litl bullet shaped globe; an earth  
within an earth! Returning to the top, naturally expecting to be rcvd triumphantly,  
they are dismayd & overwhelmed by unfavorable criticism. An unfriendly faction  
had workt against them & calld evrything bluff & risk without purpose. This fac-  
tion playd up the loss of life on the BM & accused the engineer altho he was guilt-  
less. & strangely enuf the public believd the malicious lies. Finaly the enemy  
attain their end--the forbidding of furthr work & the withdrawing of the financial  
backing.

But the engineer with the help of a friend of his fellow-workr finaly finds  
a financial backr who will subsidize the construction of an aeroplane to reach the  
inner earth. Engineer starts with only a pilot. Radio telegraficommunication soon  
ceases 'cause radio-activ waves do not permit it. The pair reach the inner globe.  
There discovr a miniature metropolis, bldgs 8-10 meters tall. At first they don't  
see any humanbeings, nor any life. But suddenly they see men--if such small stat-  
ured beings can be calld men. Standing 1.30-1.50 meters, the pygmys greet them in  
the Latin language! Fortunately the engineer can converse in it.

Local rebellion  
breaks out during which their machine's destroyd so they can't return. The engin-  
eer's fiancée, a Dr, togethr with the coworkr, proposes rescue. But mankind still  
doesn't place faith in the affair. The unfriendly faction even caused a volcanic  
orruption at the entrance to influence the world to believ such a large shaft dan-  
gerous & by such diabolical means they have it seald by a thick cement layr. But  
not befor the woman reaches the internal earth by a 2d plane.

Aftr a revolution in  
which they are regarded by the proletarian party as an enemy they repair the plane  
& reach the flite platform of the lower end of the shaft. They dispose of the sev-  
eral meters of cement by dynamite & happyly regain the surface. With them comes  
their friend of the inner earth, the litl man Tablatius. Unfortunately he cannot  
withstand long the different life cnditions on the surface & dies aftr a shortime.  
Befor the end, howevr, he writes a history of the people living in the centr of the  
sfero concerning whose origin exist several suppositions. Because there they have  
the same division between day & nite, altho there is no sun, moon, or stars, one  
presumes for some cause unknowm til now the peopl many centurys ago livd on the  
outside. The litl men have a hi cultura & in the field of electical technics even  
surpass the surface men. The Deutsch engineer promist the pygmy from the inner  
earth not to end but again to have connection with the kernel...

~~~~~Coming: Résumés  
of "Unter den Wellen des Atlantik" ("Under the Waves of the Atlantic") & Hans Domi-  
nik's new bk "Himmelskraft" ("Sky-Power").

VOICE OF THE IMAGI-NATION! (Summations of our 2d issue, run in rotation recvd & in original spelling, punctuation, et al, of ea commentator.)

"I just took my first scrutinizing scornful squint at your mag. Imagination and think it's Swell and hope it goes over the top full blast."

*Bob Lodge* Los Angeles.

*George P...* writes from San Francisco: "A long lost friend comes back triumphant, riding between the covers of his own mag. (Not mine, Geo; not mine. OUR. --Forry.) In spite of the telescoped spelling et al. I am very glad to read this little sneet. May it prosper & graduate to pulp & glazed covers--"

*Richard Wilson* of Richmond Hill/NY an airmailletter: "The second issue of IMAGINATION! cannot be compared with #1 any more than H. G. Wells' writings can be compared with, for instance, the maudlin drivel of Clifton B. Kruse. It is readable thruout; immensely neater; deep sigh--the readers' letters haven't been unutilated. Oh joy! Editorial & Hi-Lites are quite good. Enough professional fiction appears to spare my wading thru 'The Hazy Hord' and its Aisms. Kno Knuth Ing alternates between sheer genius and ditto idioy. (The inimitable Herr Ing is slightly worried by your judgment of his jokes...inasmuch as he is 2 people & both are perturbed as to which is an idiot!) More interviews are in order. (More interviews are in store.) Why, may I ask, the undecided indentations at the beginning of each paragraph? (On the contrary our innovation in indentation is very much decided. If you will observe closely, each begins directly below where the last left off, thus eliminating some evestrain & also conserving space.) 'Time Goes Marsian On!' is pretty good, if you ignore the spelling, which is just about well-nigh impossible. Erdstelulov's mention of the present-day Atlantis is, as Dr. Sloane would say, interesting. I agree with Miss Morrojo. The electrifying Green and Brown ribbons are truly neurotic. (Ha, a neotrick) I wouldn't be seen in one."

Penner of the 2 poems "To A Meteor" & "To A Star" in our first issue. *Litterio B. Farsace* of Rochester/NY says: "U don't kno how glad I am to 'hear' from U. Y, I've been looking in all the current mags, for one of Ur caoerful letters. (This communication came to Mr Ackerman.) IMAGINATION is a surprise to me."

*Joe H...* of Lawrence/Kans comments: "Imgtn, from what seen of it, is a fine fan folio. Have not had to completely peruse contents of both numbers, each looks like the tops in mimiced/hekted (respectively) fan mags, inssofar as textual material is concerned."

*Ernest H. Blair* of Jamaica Plain/Mass believes: "Your new magazine, 'Imagi-nation' is very good, in fact, in content, it is as good a fan magazine as I have ever seen. But I don't approve of its being printed in 'Phonosperrantinglish.' It would be immeasurably improved if all the coined words, misspellings, and incorrect idioms were omitted. ~I am enclosing a money-order for a six month subscription."

LOUIS KUSLAN of West Haven/Ct sends 3 mo. sub, says: "I can truthfully say the second issue of 'Imagination' was a great improvement over the first. Maybe, that's because anything would be better than that the first issue. Cover, very good .....Editorial, very good, very humorous, or maybe I'm just silly.....The Hazy Hord, good, but why have stories, can't you give us articles, as we have plenty stories in the pro mags.....Fantascience Film Mart, fair.....It happened in HYper-space,

very, very entertaining... Foo and sfcraX, lousy, the so called jokes were older than the Pleoclene Age.... Esperanto, I still don't care for it.... Interviews, most excellent... Book reviews, passable.... answers, o.k..... forecast, enlarge this please... voice, enlarge also..... ads, unkle dunkle (thats Kusleranto for O.K.). The mimeographing was very good, but the spelling, even if it is supposed to be futuristic, is wiffle piffle (Kusleranto for very putrid). Since you are so bent on Esperanto, why don't you have a beginners column, so that we can at least learn the so called language of the future. (Good little grammars are too cheap, explains our Esp Staff. Vadoso volunteers to supply textet of the Universalanguage to any interested party sending 10¢ to him at Apt 32, 688 Shatto Pl; La/Cal.) With that I say 'Nov Smotch Ka Pop'. Yours very scioncerely."

As if to rebuke the writers for their caustic-criticism of "Ackermanese" contained in preceding paragraphs, comes this strong defense --tribute to the talent of THE Scientifictionist, from of Phoenix/Ariz: "Received the second edition of 'Imagination' and enjoyed reading its contents from cover to cover. The style is clever and it's originality refreshing. Your publication gives an outlet of expression to those who by virtue of their advanced unconventional thought and expressions are denied it in some of our so called modern publications. The composite mind of the public is prone to cling to the old accepted ways of thought --speech, expression, and methods. Anything new and original is not understood and therefor looked upon with suspicion and, in many cases in history, were derided and scoffed. A person with original thought or imagination is usually a sensitive person, and when expression is denied them, they are apt to be resentful and hide it rather than be derided. Sometimes an exceptional individual who has both imagination and the guts to back up his own ideas comes along, and presto he is termed genious. If people were given more encouragement in their expressions of ideas--even if they do seem revolutionary, radical, or farfetched it is my opinion the world would be a much more pleasant place to dwell and we would be much farther ahead with our science & inventions. If for no other reason other than the opportunity it offers to express imaginations I think your project is worthy of support. The value of imagination can not be calculated in money nor should it be. My own work is in the nature of science and research--I know the value of imagination, and respect that quality in others." (As Sloane would say, "This letter speaks for itself." Its effect upon Forry was remarkable: we think he had a little touch of the blues at all the boos, but the above has boosted his spirits considerably. He requests to remark: "At last! An individual afr my own heart--& not with a paralyzr-pistl! Also, I wish to say I shall SUE any one for SLANDR who even sugJESTS I wrote this lotr to myself & had an acquaintance mail it, or somethng-sort: that I in any way influenced its composition. It was unsolicited--utterly: super surprise to me! I am no genius, kind comrade: ingenious, may be. Be that as it may, thanx a thousand million for the encouragement.")

de la AMERIKA ASOCIO POR INTERNACIA SCIENCO.

ova writes: "Thanx for your interesting found very entertaining."

While LES ANDERSON of Frisco/Cal repeats on a postcard: "Thanx for Imang." Then: "Printed lousily--too hard to read. Take more pains on it next time and double-column it." (Sorry no can do re d-c'ing "Madge". Time & tide wait for no fan, U know, & we already have too much time tied up in the prodxuction of our periodical.)

Using his Esperanto name JAKO SPIRO, Jack Speer of Comanche/Okla comments: "You realize, of course, that Imagination! doesn't follow the 'Changing Trend Among Fan Magazines' (stf fan Speer evidently reads The Science Fiction Collector), being rather like Fantasy. It may be the last gleam of a day that is departed, or a type of mag that will always be needed. ~ The general make-up is pleasing but for one or two matters. One is that you don't mark off the different articles. When I turned to Leag Life, I thought it still part of the editorial. ~ Your puns are all very clever, and I sympathize with your modernistic spelling. (20)

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

Clayton Ast 30 Sep, 31 Dec, 32 Mar & Nov. Have covers. 15¢ ea, plus postage. All 4 for 50¢. Roy Test: 251E69, LA..

SCOOPS #1, Eng's out-o-print, profusely illustrated prof pub. Shape, "all x". Vodoso: Apt 32, 688 Shatto Pl; LA.

V2 Ns 1 & 2 Novae Terrae, 10¢ apiece ppd. Both for 20¢ ppd-- 1st Class. TBYerke: 660 N Mariposa AV, LA.

"Evrythng for th Esperantist". Stamp for stock-list. Ege: 457 1/4 N Fremont AV, LA.

Noveltyarn... from th Netherlands. Importd bklet about "Th Last USAmerican" (1000yrs from now) in th Language of th Millennium--Esperanto! Per copy ppd-- 35¢. Morojo: Bx 6475, Met Sta; LA Air W #2 Very Good Condish, 75¢. S WQ #2 coverless, \$; V3 N2, VGC--75¢ ppd. RStarr: 2730 Bellevue, LA...

"Sport" stf for th scientificurious collector. 2 varyatons in Marvl.. V1N2 (34 Jul-Aug) with green cover, anachronisticly presentng illustration from ARLong's "Matr-Mastr".... which didnt apear til 4th ish! (35, Mar-Apr)! Featurng REH, FBLong Jr, Harl Vincent, JWSkidmore, & Manly W Wellman. 60 printd pgs, illustrated. 75¢ ppd. 2dly, last MT: Look see if Ur copy reads "The Nebula of Death" By George Allan England. If not, same may be secured for 35¢... FJA: 236 1/2 N New Hampshire, Hollywd Attn Fanmag Eds! Allen Glasser, ED TH TIME TRAVLER (sf field's famous, 1st fanmag) takes tricky "tape" for his Remington Noiseless Portable to "neotricize"--in company with th Ed of Nucleus Fan, Roloko, FJackerman, Bruce Yerke, Pogo, & mountng more-- to make colorful, attractiv, novelty new & unique, his scientificorrespondence! Th especially created combination Green & Brown that must be seen to be appreciated. Supplyd to fit any make machine, simply name-- to any state in th Union, \$ ppd.... Morojo: Bx 6475, Met Sta; LA.

WANTD Will pay 5¢ ea for unused SFL seals --1¢ for used. Roloko: 1428 N Crescent Hts, LA/Cal.

Offerng 35¢ for-- 1st Madge in good condish maild 1st class. MayBelle Anshutz: 4053W21, City.

Leag Lapel Insignia (SFL). If U will sell please tell Pogo, c/o-- Corrine Gray: 3430 Lanfranco, LA.

I want...to Ack-knowldg receipt: Complimentary copy latest enlarged Nucleus Fan. Free Fantasy Fans from I Smith. Fotos from "Things to Come" from I. Neuman. Fantascience Digest --Morojo. Thank U, frends. FJA.

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## VOICE OF THE IMAGI-NATION! (Cont from 18)

It looks a lot like shorthand would in longhand. I am driven to distraction by supposedly progressive fans using such archaic and British spellings as phantastic, favour, and recognise. ~ The cover is good, but inaccurate. The moon would make only one ring, and Russ has shown three, as in the case of Saturn. (Russ refers U for his authority for the 3 rings to the recent issue of Hayden Planetarium's publication "The Sky", article on "End of the World".) ~ It Hapnd in Hypr-Space was very good. ~ Haven't read all of the tale yet."

*Robert A. Finkler* extends "Congratulations and thanks for the second number of 'Imagination'. Enclosed find a dime for the same. ~ I believe scientifiction to be a major constructive force for civilization. ~ I was particularly interested to see the interview of the talented G. L. Moore. Her 'Bright Illusion' is one of the greatest stories in all literature. I have button-holed many of my friends and practically forced them to read it." (Catherine the Great's latest scientifantasy aim at .st is "Worlds Without End".)

*Dr. W. A. GIBSON*

declares: "I could hardly believe my eyes when I opened the issue of 'Imagination!' & beheld the familiar sight of Esperanto text. I have been an Esperanto fan since 1928 & like Kdo Ackerman keep a stock of 'libretoj' & distribute them to my protesting friends & sometimes even to my patients. (I am a dentist by profession ~~at~~ **tho'** I also have my medical degree). I have a great belief with possibilites of Esperanto & always manage to reduce anyone who argues against it to a state of speechlessness but alas my friends are mostly too lazy to bother about learning it. I took up Esperanto chiefly as a mental exercise & for amusement & curiosity, & finished up by devoting all my spare time to it for 6 months. I am writing to commend the Esperanto column, & urge the continuance of this feature." (Dankon, Doktoro!)