



mooney



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

Th Fanmag of th Future With a Future !

Vol 1 No 4      January 1938      Whole No 4

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Organ of the L.A. Chapter, S.F.L, & the 1st Overseas Chapter, S-F A. Published monthly by the members. Magazine & 5 lines advertising free to members in good standing. All others 10¢ per copy, \$1.00 per year. Mailing address: IMAGINATION! Box 6475, Metropolitan Sta., L. A. Calif. Subscriptions & ads on exchange basis with other fan mags. For ad rates see page 18



WAY OUT WEST ("Hi-Lites of Local Leag Life") By The Chapter Director.

Well, here we go on another instalment of the "monthly monotony"... A roundtable discussion was held on our 18 Nov meeting, the subject being: "Which is superior, scientific or weird fiction?" Henry Kuttner lead off very convincingly, & in no uncertain terms propounded the superiority of weird fiction. However, his merciless onslaught had little effect on the loyal s-f patriots. Sides soon were taken & the "war" became lengthy, with but few of those present (there were 21) maintaining neutrality. The verdict finally reached resolved itself into the decision that the ideal forms of either were not debatable, which seemd to satisfy the majority.

At the 2 Dec meeting "Madge" was given a thoro going over. The policy of "simplifd spelng" featured the discussion, the majority favoring to maintain it, the rest passive, with only a very few violent objectors. So as the matter stands now "Madge" will appear in her present "trim" form indefinitely.

A visitor at this meeting & a new member at the 16 Dec, proved to be one Philip Fink, once of New York City. Needless to say, he was bombarded by questions as to what goes on & who's who in NYC. He confirmed our suspicions of 6 mos. or so ago as to the true identity of Astounding's "Warner van Lorne" --guess who!

To the LA Public Library went 1/2 doz local-leagers on 20 Nov to attend an address by Eric Temple Bell, famous for many scientifantasyarns publisht under the pen-name "John Taine". The lecture was given in conjunction with Natl Bk Wk, concernd Mathematics' contribution to Philosophy. When it was over the Dr was approacht by Morojo with the object of having him as Guest Speaker at one of our meetings. Forry introduced him to "Madge" in her latest "dress" (Dec). Gratifyingly enuf he proved most receptive. It now only remains for a date to be set for his talk to us. More of this later.

On 16 Dec our 2d Annual Xmas Party was held; in conjunction, the regular yrly election. The service of yours truly was retaind as Director, for which honor he is deeply grateful. Sec'y Perry Lewis being ill, Roy Squires was appointd to fill the vacancy.

Members & guests present totald 28, all of whom signd a petition urging issuance of a TWS Quarterly.

Guests were Emil J. Petaja, famous fan & fantasy poet now permanently residing in LA, working for Technicolor; Hans Bok, pal of Petaja's, fantartist extraordinary judging from the raft of remarkable exotic paintings he displayd; Billy Henebry, new boy but old fan, brot by Roger Starr; a gentleman with Henry Kuttner; & a young lady, Gloria Wiegand, with "Esperanto Test".

Welcome back was Sophia van Doorne after an absence of 9 meetings.

Hero of the evening was Art Barnes, who drove some 35 miles into town from Tujunga Canyon, then had the return trip to make around midnite.

The Xmas grab-bag was again a huge success. Everyone brot a gift; about 9 o'cl. a sizeable pile was ready for distribution. Opend one by one, the gifts evoked gales of lafter or sighs of envy, as recipients uncoverd fanmags, early issues of major mags, trick toys, fantasy fotos, bound imaginarratives, bks ("Rocket to the Moon", "Flash Gordon", "Cave Girl"), &c.

A mysterious bx was raffled off by jokester "J", which rattled & seemd to contain some liquid & had a match attacht to the outside, & which he declared was something no member had & everyone wantd & needed! The spectators proved speculators. Forry fascinated by insisting scarcely any investment could be too much to make for this prize, & a number of chances soon were sold. Conjecture as to the valuable (or invaluable) contents proved futile, as on opening it was found certain para- (see pg7)



## FANTASCIENCE F-L-A-S-H-E-S :

"9 Planets, Inc", 2d of Henry Kuttner's series about Hollywood yrs hence--hi adventure in the film industry of the future---has been acceptd by TWS.

Dr Keller informs Schwartz has ag-entd his story "No More Friction"...that his (the GoodDoc's) "Waters of Lethe", scientifiictionovel, is in the printing process...& that he currently is working on 2 weirtales, one concerning the original Siamese twins, the other in which, he states unceremoniously, "I am going to destroy the Hollywood Bowl"...!

The Burroughs bk "Tarzan the Invincible" was banned recently in Brazil, if our memory of the newsitem (which we foolishly forgot to clip & file) serves us rite, because it was consid-erd Communistic!

Robt Bloch, of "Fun-tasy" fame, has collabd on what he describes as "a unique bk that never will sell & is written wholly for our own personal pleasure, a strange & esoteric novel of 75,000 words." The story, Rob reveals, deals with Black Art, an aged sorceror. It tales of Mr Stoof, whose body did not reflect lite properly; the exper-iments of Doc Lessgland in rejuvenation; & other anecdotes of fantasy & science fiction humor. Incidentally, the Milwaukee Marvel lately has sold Wright 6 storys in 6 wks. Bloch head man at WT...

Too late for FANTASCIENCE FILMART: Dixie Dunbar, the diminutive dina-mite of 20th Century Studios, has borrowd the fantasy bk "No More A Corpse" from Forijay thru intermediary Edw Lichtig, stf fan & cine-man. The Loring Brentale is the one which was known as "Return of Geo Washington, by Geo F. Worts" when it originly apeard in Arg.

& another report of fanta-sy fiction's evidence in cinema circles is the info from Shepherd's Shop that luscious lady Ida Lupino recently rentd Edgar Rice Burroughs' "Monster Men"! from Lucie's Lending Library...

\* \* \* \* \*

## IMAGI-NIK-NAX:

Arthur K. Barnes bellows: "I hasten to call your atten-tion to a terrible & unkind error in the Dec 'Madge'. Hank has the terrific brass (when he's 35 miles away from me) to say my middle name is Kermit. Why everyone knows a kermit is one of those guys who lives in the Hollywood hills barefootd & coverd with lice. Now, my stuff may be lousy, but I do got shoes, & I brand the accusation as a gross in-sult & a vile canard!

"I also denounce Henry Kuttner as a thushol & dare him to publicly split an infinitive with me... Now let's see---what was this beef about? O? yeah. My middle name is Kelvin. Lord Kelvin, ofcourse, was named after me, & that satanic device, the Kelvinator, rates me immortality. Prosit! Excelsior! Woo-woo!"

HanKuttner hisses "Mr Barnes objects to being adrest as Kermit. He says, it seems, a kermit lives 'in the Hollywood hills barefootd & coverd with lice.' I am willing to admit Mr Barnes does not live in the H'wood hills; I be-lieve immediately after the publication of his latest story he moved hastily to Tujunga Canyon, wherever that is. His accusations & sland-erous comments I shall treat with the scorn they deserve. I refuse his challenge to split infinitives: Long practice has given him the advan-tage. Nor, in the last analysis, will I admit his middle name is Kelv-in. I firmly contend it is Kermit, & that Mr Barnes merely is trying to take advantage of his public, who is a nice fellow but too easily imposed upon. Foo."



*Russ Hodgkins*

Unlike the "J" in "Forrest J"--whose alter ego Russ emphatically is not, refuting rumored reports emanating from Eastern errorists that FJA is a plural personality supporting "Russell J. Hodgkins" as a pseudonym (a belief so baroque that all local fans baroque out laughing when they first heard it)--the initial stands for something, namely "John". The popular Pres.-Treas. of the '36-'37 term, just unanimously re-elected for leadership of a 2d yr, was born in '10 in Sydney/Australia, coming to America when 4. Unmarried, he is employed in the local Federal Reserve Bank.

Altho he never has submitted a letter to a magazine, nor written a fan article, Russ is a phantasy collector of the "phirst" water, possessing an extraordinary array of major & minor imaginative periodicals (well over 500), bks, scores of excerpted Argosyarns etc personally bound in professional manner--undoubtedly one the outstanding examples of its kind in California...in all fandom, for that fact.

He cut his eye-teeth on Merritt-ales "Metal Monster, Ishtar" & Farleyarns (the "Radio" series), meanwhile searching the public libraries for anything in the way of imaginative fiction. When Amazing Stories appeared in '26, s-f was an old familiar friend, & as such has remained to date.

Askt to name his favorite authors, stories, illustrators, he indicated the 40-odd feet of cupboard space his collection occupies--"There they are...I like 'em all." He enjoys weird & stf equally & owns a file of WT back to '25. In company such a famous flame of the fantascience field (pg 20)

*Morogio*

A feminine phenomenon is this vivacious dark-eyed lil lady stf fan whose age she states Sphinxly as "over 21". Her fathr's ancestrs originly from Wales, this tiny (4' 11 1/2") pkg of TNT truly may be termed a "Welsh rarebit".

Born in San Diego/Cal, she was brot up on Burroughs, an authr she still admires immensely, readng him at 12 along with Verne & Haggard. Took up offtrail tales in Arg; introduced to standrd stf by her bro by bound excerptd instalmnts th initial "Skylark". Her favorite fictionist is Smith, EE; authoress, CLMoore. Best scientifantasyarn in her estimation: "Brite Illusion". Her fantasy files feature fanmags.

Auditr by vocation; Esperantist by avocation, she first was Secy th LA Esperanto-Klubo, presentime Vice-Pres. --Praps it's aboutime her "singulr" name's explanation & pronunciation be informd th "outside world". Some may remembr she flasht into fantasy fandom as "Morogo". This was, one might term, her "initial name", maryd; renderd in th Esp alfabet as in Eng she might've been calld "Emargee". But th "g" was too gutteral, she enlitenes, so aftr awhile she substituted for it th softer "j"--which equals Eng "y". Th accent in Esp is always on th penultimate, thus MORO'YO. Miss Myrtle R. Douglas. On occasions she uses a pseudonym.

She favors "sciencized" socialism, or Technocracy. Is Anti-Alcoholist, Pacifist, Materialist. "Ackermanese" apostle, this sketch of her is being "Tomoroized" with streamlined spelng, not with her permission but at her insistence!

Th Scientifilm Supreme in her opinion: THINGS TO COME, which she has "experienct"--she puts it--6 times..."to date"! Raymond "John Cabal" Massey, one her foremost movie faves. Othrs, masculine: Herbert Marshall, Fredric March, Robt Montgomery, Geo Brent. Feminine: Marlene Dietrich, Anna Sten, Claudette Colbert, Simone Simon, Dorothy Lamour.

She declares she'd be delited to stowaway on a rocket!



"A MARSIAN ODD-YSEY" By Chas Williams. *Forest J. Stokman's* Fantascience Film

Explanation: In our Nov. no. 1 (J) related how a peculiar pamphlet published in 1926 recently had come into my fantasy film files. It forecasted a series of interplanetary yarns to be scientifilmed by one Chas Williams. His ideas concerning evolution on Planet 4 were adapted by me, pub't on pg 11 as "TIME GOES MARSIAN ON!". The present cinemarticle is a continuation of that initial essay.

"MARS, th World of War. Our conception th Marsians' wars of extermination & subjection we shall show in films now being prepared. These features'll show th human element in Marsians &'ll portray their baser qualitys.

"Among th Marsians'd be 1000 Luther Burbanks to develop animls & plants to perfection-point far beyond anythng conceivd by us. (Don't ask me 'Y?' --I'm only quotng th authr. FJA) Their horses'd be small, swift, & fierce fighters. Their cows, large, docile animls, milkt by machinery. Their hens'd be ostriches with 100 hen's eggs in one egg. Fruits & vegetabls'd be enormously largr'n ours & almost free of insect pests.

"Th Marsians'd ride thru th air on th backs of strong birds but also'd hav flyng machines developept to hi perfection-point.

"They'd be clevr, persistnt, & without pity, &'d make good animl trainrs. Their horses'd be strong, fleetfootd dogs--1,000,000 yrs ago our horses were size an ordinary dog. Th Marsians' steeds'd hav great strength & endurance & also'd be traind as huntrs & fighters.

"Th Marsians developept abnormal cunning & cruelty in raisng animls & birds. & developept em wondrflly as to size & special qualifications to perform multitude tasks. 'Teranoj'--earthpeopl--today r at th very beginng those scientific experimnts which've been practiced on Mars for many 1000 yrs & today r a welldefined science. Scientific experimnts just now've establisht that on Tero we can raise a rat to maturity in 9 days, which ordinarily takes 6 wks. Marsians do this with most their food-animls & also feed animls & birds food to make em more docile or pugnacious as desired.

"They developept a Monstr Human, a Frankenstein, nicely controld. Huge being with all th qualifications needd for defense or attack & for great tasks. Weird monstr, strange & appalling in its apearence but perfectly controld by its mastr for good or evil purposes. Sinistr being with gigantic body of bone & muscl, controld & actuated by small brain in anothr being.

"This strong, resourcefl race'd build wondrful citys, mighty templs & towerng bldgs. Th rich & powerfl'd indulge in excesses in food, sex, & worldly pleasures, even as U & I.

"Wondr citys heatd by internl heat. Tropicclimate drawn from th almost limitless source of th planet's interior. A caged monstr breathng freely & bringng forth th luscious fruits & gorgeous flowers of a subtropicclimate with beautifl women & clevr men livng, lovng & dyng to th uttrmost.

"But beyond th Dream City's Gates livs a wickd but virile race. Strange pygmys with hairy bodys & shaggy beards & wondrfl endurance for bodyly & mentl endeavr. Their brain & brawn improved by th bitttr cold, they'll write their story in marbl while those of th Dream Citys'll write their idyllic tales in sand, to perish like th flowers of a day.

"Can this strong & virile race reach our Tero? Not impos but entirely unlikely. Hard to conceiv means whereby humanbeings could cross th void between Mars & us. (O so?) In fact looking at it in practicl mann'r th subject can be dismissd as impossibl. (What imagination! --FJA.)"

MORE ABOUT TH MARSIAN MOVIES ANOTHER MONTH.

~~~New Yr News: Sequels to "Topper" ("Topper Takes A Trip") & "Eternal Mask"...



"HOLLERBOCHEN'S DILEMMA" - Short Sciencetale - By Ray Bradbury.

Hollerbochen faced a crisis. He could tell what would happen in the future. He could see when he would die---& it was very distressing, as you well may imagine. Every branch of his life lay before him. He knew he would die the next day. He saw himself being blown to bits by a tremendous explosion.

Hollerbochen had another marvelous feature about his person: He had the unique power to be able to stand still in time for a few minutes. But only for a pitifully short few minutes.

He faced death & was terribly afraid.

"The Day" dawned & Hollerbochen looked into the future with his magic mind. He wished he never'd found the fateful power he possessed so strongly. He knew he could pursue 1000s of paths into the future that day. But each one culminated in a horrible death for his person. Which one to choose was up to Hollerbochen entirely.

He left his apt. & walked toward the elevator that would take him down 12 stories to the hotel lobby. Somehow he had a premonition of impending doom. On the way he decided to stand still in time to see what would happen if he did so. The cables of the elevator broke a second later as a vision of Hollerbochen entered the car. It landed loudly on the hard cement stories below. Hollerbochen drew back aghast at what he had witnessed: He supposedly had viewed himself enter the vehicle & be killed by its crash! He pinched himself to see if he were alive. But he knew he was because he was standing still in time at the moment.

Shaken, he returned to his room & tried to think clearly. He knew he dared not leave the hotel by the elevator--else be killed. So he left his room & started down the stairway.

On the 3d floor a man accosted the clairvoyant with a gun & demanded his money. Hollerbochen quickly stood still in time & as the revolver went off he was not affected by the bullet tho he saw a phantom figure of himself fall dead on the carpet.

Hollerbochen retraced his steps very discouragedly. He didn't want to die but it seemed inevitable. For the next hr he tried going out time after time but always as he would approach the elevator it would crash in exactly the same way. He wondered absentmindedly if the people in the plunging prison were getting tired of being killed so many times. So far they'd fallen 15 within an hr. Also, every time he'd start down the stairs the same robber would appear & take a shot at him. It was becoming monotonous. He wished the robber'd run out of imagination.

Hollerbochen wanted to save the lives of the people in the elevator. So he decided he never would leave the hotel at all. He had only 2 ways to exit & they both were blocked by death.

The passengers in elevator "3" had had a most unpleasant experience. In a brief second they had felt they were falling. They felt themselves hit the floor many times. Then the machine coast its crazy antics & stopped at the main floor. They walked out, wondering at their odd dream--for obviously it really couldn't have happened.

Spike Malone stuck his gat in a fat man's ribs. Impulsively he fired when the victim refused to hand over his money. At that the man disappeared! This incredible action occurred many times. Finally it stopped & Spike murmured something about going to get a good strong drink as he fled the fantastic hold-up failure spot.

Hollerbochen stood still in time & waited. He had determined he'd stay in the hotel forever.

He wondered about the inexplicable explosion he'd seen in his foresights of the future, where recurrently he was blown skyward by an unknown force.

He suddenly realized he



ized he had been standing still in time for quite a while. His head was beginning to ache terribly. A queer noise was ringing in his ears. It grew in intensity by the second. His head felt fearfully large, his body Brobdingnagian.

The noise rose to a deafening crescendo. A dull rumblin preceded a loud explosion as Hollerbochen, hotel, & city were blown into minute atoms.

A tremendous amount of energy had been generated by Hollerbochen's standing stationary in time. He never realized this & he never would. When he stopt in time it in turn had flown around him for a short space. But he had waitd too long & a giant spacewarp of stupendous force had been straining for release. It had found that release, but in doing so taken Hollerbochen, the hotel, & the city, with it out into space.

Thus Hollerbochen had brot about his own death, the death he had predictd & seen but didn't quite understand.

Hollerbochen had solved his own dilemma.

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The Imagi-nation Asks PHANTASTIQUESTIONS & We Imagi-natives Give ANSRS  
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Lester Anderson asks the adres for the Weinbaumemorial. Our Chapt Librarian R.Test supplys this info: "Rap"--2616 W Michigan St, Milwaukee/Wisc.

Henry Schalansky wishes to know bit about the "Double Man" tales. Pogo replys: "This was a series of 4 short storys 'surpassing in weirdness & occult mystery anything ever before offerd in literature'--to quote the Editor's Forward to the first fantasy, which apeard, I believ, in the 15 July 1919 Thrill Bk, semi-monthly imaginative mag. Tale 2 was titled 'Death by Duplicate'; 3, 'My Duo-Ego Sweethearts'; & last, 'Dis-entombd to Wed'."

Everett F.Bleiler asks: "Firstly, has the story 'Maze of Creation' by Laurence Manning ever been printed?"; not to the knowledge of anyone out here..."Did Manning ever write for any other magazines than 'Wonder'?"; Yes, Mporjo ansrs, He apeard in fanmag Planeteer, 35 Apr issue, with "The Coal Thief"...3dly, who wrote 'The Planeteer' & its sequel 'The King of Converse Island'?"; responds RJH: Homer Eon Flint.

"I have heard"--writes Linus Hogenmiller--"that a mag called 'Mind, Inc.', now defunct, I understand, once publisht stf." We presume affirmation or denial is desired. Mr Ackerman ansrs: Yes, MIND-INC did devote portions of its pgs to stf. Most notable exampl I hav at hand is th 30 Apr issue which contains Karel Capek's worldfamous robotale "RUR".

(WOW continued) phernalia only actd to camouflange this important item, which was an announcement to the effect that 1/2 the raffle money would be accorded the winner in advance payment on his or her dues! & who should win but the Treasurer! --& the match? 4SJ, the AKKA-man, en"lite"nd that: With dues settled for mos. to come, the winner...would...have...money...to...burn...! Can such wit be matcht?

We asks your indulgence for errors of omission, repetition, or whatnot, apearing in our pgs. It should be kept in mind the Staff of "Madge" is comprised principally of people who work all day & may devote time to their hobby only in the evening when they are tired. Forry was so fagged, last nite of all, he was calling fractions "adjectives" (couldn't think of the correct word!). "Madge" keeps us up many a midnite.

Hastily apologizing for a less presentable issue, perhaps, than the preceding 2, due to difficulties of preparing the periodical during the hectic Holidays, I say "Au revoir & not Ghoomby."



WRITERS OF THE FUTURE, By *Benny Huttner*

The fantasy reader of today is Tomoro's fantasy writer. A very large majority of present-day weird & pseudo-scientific authors at one time were, or still are, fans. Fantasy is an intensely specialized field, & as a rule only one who understands it thoroly can hope to turn out acceptable stories of the type in demand. I believe that in 5 or 10 yrs many the names we now see in the commentators' columns will be wellknown authors of imaginative fiction. & to one whom --like myself--fantasyarns are somewhat of a hobby, this is a good sign. Such fictionists of the future will have a thoro training & a good understanding of their work, & both the weird & the pseudo-scientific story will be improved in quality, tho inevitably the demands of pulp writing will lower the standard.

An excellent approach for the aspiring fantasy writer is to read fantasy, if he be not apt to neglect the broader view, & to concentrate on this angle to the exclusion of what may be termed "the common touch". While at a casual glance it may seem only a sound knowledge of science & mythology is necessary to write a marketable "imaginarrative", this is not true, & the reason many new writers grow discouraged. Their stories may be vivid & unusual & logical, but they are not "human". In the last analysis, just as pseudo-science is based on science, so fantasy is based on normal life. & a knowledge of life & humanity is essential if an author expects to do his best work. He must know how human beings react, what their character traits are, or the people in his stories will be impossible puppets who never for a moment convince the reader & thus create the vital illusion of reality.

Suppose Bill Bumpus is writing a wonder story about Mars, & space-travelers who land there. He knows his science, perhaps. All the pseudo-science is logical. But his characters--they do not react normally, as real people would under the circumstances. They simply are pusht about by the author; their words, the writer's, put into their mouths in a highly implausible fashion. They may give long lectures on Martian biology; they may do or say anything on earth (or Mars, rather); but unless the author knows human beings they never will seem lifelike to the reader. In this regard it might be well to mention S. Fowler Wright's "World Below", one the few really realistic novels of the future ever written. &, too, HG Wells can be instanced as one who acquired a knowledge of normal life before he built his fantasies on a solid groundwork of reality.

It isn't necessary to become a globe-trotter, crook, or conductor, to observe life. Bks or stories which deal with the norm are helpful. The fantasy writer should not live in a world of unreality, or his feet will be so far from the ground he cannot build any literary ladder which will enable the reader to climb by easy stages into an imaginative Shangri-La. If Bill Bumpus is telling about Terrestrians on Mars, they should act like earth men &/or women. Moreover, his acquaintance with life will enable him to create convincing creatures which are alien to mankind. Too often such monsters merely are human beings in other bodies, talking & acting as no really abnormal creatures ever would.

Ofcourse it is necessary to acquire a broad grasp of the principles of story construction: Plot, conflict, suspense, climax, & all the rest. These can be gained by study of publisht stories, & comprehensive reading of the numerous textbks which deal with the craft of writing. Just as no carpenter can expect to build a good house without knowing the purpose of his tools & how to use them, so the new writer must master the technique of his chosen vocation, or avocation. It can be done, & it is done every day. Simply to scribble off anything that comes to mind isn't enuf, tho it is valuable, as is all practice-writing.

When an editor sees promise in an amateur, he encourages the embryo author, tho naturally he can spare but little time to an individual, as he sees so many scripts daily. Submission of a carelessly typt, single-spaced, uncorrectd story, usually rates a blunt reject; but conscientious endeavor to improve generally eventually rewards with recognition.



2 YRS AGO HPL RCVD FROM FJA A COMPOSITE KODAK OF THE 'MASTER MANIAC & DAMSEL IN DISTRESS' FROM MACABRE MOVIE "MAD LOVE", ACCOMPANIED BY A CARD EXPRESSING WEIRD WISHES FOR A 'CTHULHUICHRISTMAS & NECRONOMICONEW YR'. THE DAY BEFORE XMAS, 1934, HPL ACKNOWLEDGED RECEIPT OF THIS STILL OF THE CINEMA'S 'LORD HI MINISTER OF ALL THAT IS SINISTER'. "HP-LOVECRAFT RE PETER LORRE" WE PUBLISH FOLLOWING EXACTLY AS RCVD BY FORRY --PRECISELY AS PENNED BY...LOVECRAFT!

66 College St.,  
Providence, R.I.,  
Dec. 24, 1935

*My dear Sherman: —*

Let me thank you most sincerely for the malignly hypnotic photograph of the egg-domed gentleman which reached me yesterday. Surely this pleasant chap looks as if he had but recently wriggled forth from an accursed tomb, & were prepared to wreak upon mankind any & every sort of evil from mere vampirism\* to cosmos-blasting invocation of the ultimate black powers of horror! It's a wonder that the accompanying lady doesn't look more frightened than she does . . . & one may imagine the hideous bass dissonances which issue forth from that shadowy chickering as clammy corpse-fingers draw a danse macabre on its time-stained ivory keys!

This portrait is really very timely, since a great many correspondents have been urging me to see some film - in fact, any film - in which the sinister Mr. Lorre is featured. "Mad Love" has been especially recommended, & I have been quite alertly on the lookout for it, but somehow or other it has escaped me so far. After this glimpse I shall double the alerttness of my vigil. Ordinarily I see very few films -- & most of the allegedly weird ones which I have seen ("Frankenstein", "The Ghoul", &c.) were so naive & conventional in their appeal that they did not encourage persistence in the quest for thrills. Lately, however, so many have assured me that Lorre is the real thing, that I am determined to make his projected acquaintance at the very first opportunity. Again let me thank you for the vivid view -- which I shall add with appreciation to my files.

With the season's best wishes, & trusting that your New Year may be replete with startling messages from the trans-galactic ether, I am

Yrs most cordially,

H. P. Lovecraft



## ONWARD ESPERANTO! By Erdstelulov.

Scienca Gazeto, th prominent printd, intrnationally circulated Espub (Esperanto publication) for students & savants (now in its 6th yr) makes note of IMAGINATION! in its 35th no., characterizng her as "Anglic"--this is not Ackermanese for 'angelic'! incidently, but rather signifys 'English'--"with Esperanto propaganda". Additionly, th Ed givs "Madge's" measuremnts (!) as "216 x 281 mm" (millimeters)...

Wash/Dc: Esp'ist here has writn originl 6000 word work on rocketry, serious space-conquest script probly to be pubt abroad soon in pamphlet form (in Tomoro's Tongue, naturly enuf!); title, "Flugado Alimonden"--"Flite to Othr Worlds". --Furthr facts in future.

Anjo, Morojo, k Foĵak--Treasurer, V.--Pres, & Sec'y, respectively, th LAEC (Los Angeles Esperanto Club, or EKLA--Esperanto-Klubo de LA)--took part in play about Esperanticupid at th Zamenhofestivl, miDec (mid Dec-embrr), witnest by 50 local Universalinguists honorng th auxiliary-artificial language creator's birthday. This item is of especial interest when realized th 3 mentioend r our own Leagrs, th Misses MayBelle Anshutz & Myrtle Douglas, & ScientiForry...

\* \* \* \* \*

## FORECAST:

For our Feb no. & the next few:

Hi-Lites from HI TREASON (the profetic picture of 1940)--actual conversation quoted--in conjunction interview with its principal player, Jameson Thomas.

"1998", radio drama reviewd by a new pseudonym for an old name.

Allis Kerlay's storyization of "2001", fascinating footlite fantasy realistically résuméd in approx'ly 1700 words!

Biografys of Kuttner, Mooney, Olsen, Test...in time, all our localites.

"Advice for Amateur Magicians", Ryner the Great's essay for essaying Necronomiconjurers.

"Conquerd Power", cinemarticle by Celeste De Pinto.

"Ashtrays & the Downfall of Civilization"--It Will AVE U.

"The Television Detective" by DR KELLER--feature fiction.

\*Bk Reviews from Abroad



Featured Fiction: "THE HAZY-HORD" By

*F. Flagg, W. Wright*

Instalment 3. Over nite & out of nowhere there springs up in America a force of fantoms: Misty & mysterious men, marching like automatons, alike as if of one mold, armed with tenuous but effective rifles & machineguns, backed up by semitransparent trucks & tanks & protected from the air by translucent planes. First Arizona towns are attacked; then, diaphanous duplicates appear in Northern Calif., to blow up the Bridges, slaughter San Francisco, terrorize the Bay Citys. America's Army ineffectual against the mad might of "We, Poleon!". Til, incredibly as the 4 Days' War began it abruptly ended when the Hazy Hord & pellucid planes fell to earth inert en masse.

What was the explanation of the rapid rise & fall of the "INVINCIBLE ARMY"?

10 yrs later, Roy Tesque, resident of Cragmont (across the bay from Frisco) at the time of the catastrophe, is in Ariz. surveying the Tortillita Mts. An engineer accompanying him informs "This is where The Hazy Hord originated."

That was rite! This was the vicinity where the amazing army had arisen to over-run the surrounding country, spread. Down there in the riverbottoms the incredible insubstantial infantry had massed with machineguns & baby tanks, I understood; from somewhere in this neighborhood the scarlet planes had soared into the sky on their mission of murder. I stared, fascinated.

"Yes" continued the young engineer "it was here They had their source."

"Not their source;" I said--"that is unknown."

Then he said something which made me look at him incredulously: "Unknown to the public--but not to the Govt."

"What do U mean?" I demanded.

He shrugged his shoulders. "The reasons the govt has for keeping silent are known best to itself. Perhaps the truth struck them as too fantastic for general belief; maybe Washington wants to maintain secrecy while trying to duplicate Poleon's invention. That" he carried on inconsequently, motioning to the mound at the base of the small cliff "is where Poleon lies buried..."

"& how do U know all this?" I asked in that tone of voice.

"Because--" he replied unruffled, rolling a cigaret & taking a deep puff--"I was the one who gave certain info to the govt...who slew Poleon...."

"No" he averred noticing my disbelief "I'm not trying to deceive U, I swear by Science I'm telling U the truth! See that machinery there? The govt took away some parts but what was left they hacked to pieces. But I can give U an idea of what the machinery was used for, how it nearly did for the US--maybe the world!"

"O I know!" he continued "this sounds like mad talk, U probably won't believe a word of it; but nonetheless I'm the man who saved America--perhaps the world! --from the rule of a madman. --But let me tell U the details..."

"It started 14 yrs ago when I was a student at the University in Tucson. Professor Aritos held the chair of physics--maybe U've heard of Prof Aritos. He was wellknown to the world of science if not to the general public. He was one those selfcentered geniuses who lives for Sci-



ence as some men liv for Fame, money, or a sweetheart.

"His coleag & Friend, Dr N. Spurgeon, was not on the teaching staff of the University tho sometimes he lectured there by invitation. Who he was, from whence he came, I do not know, but he was reputed to be immensely wealthy. A tall slim man of 45 or 50, with a long face, dark eyes, & thinning hair. In his way (he had writn, I undrstood, an authorytiv treatise on physics & mechanics) he too was a genius; but mad--0, from the first I thot him mad!--with an intense gleam in his eyes.

"Prof Aritos was short inclined to be stout; a man sometimes sharp in his mann'r but kind heartd at bottom & givn to absentmindedness.

"2 more dissimilr peopl than he & Dr Spurgeon would be hard to find but doubtless one supplyd what the other lackt.

"I knew (because having to work my way thru college I was employd jointly by the Prof & the Dr to help in some their exper-iments requiring routine supervision) both men were interestd in radio & investigations that had to do with the broadcasting of--mattr. 'Con-sidr!' commandd the Prof--'if the human voice can be sent thru the ether & pickt up by a receiving set, y not, for instance, ton coal?'

"'But the voice' I protestd 'creates sound-waves; the coal doesn't.'

"The Prof smiled indulgently. 'There would be difficultys of course. Yet the sound-waves U speak of are energy-waves. All things can be re-duced to vibration or varying degrees of frequency. The medium demons-trably exists, we know that; the problem is to materialize our knowledg in the propr sending & receiving cabinets.'

"Which implys a radicl de-parture from radio construction of today' declared the Dr. 'The song, the speech, can be sung or spoken over & over & pickt up by 1000 recei-vrs. Would this be tru the coal? Then the miracl of the loavs & fish-es....' he shrugd his shouldrs. 'U perceiv, my lad,' he sayd sardonically 'that he who entrs this field of investigation must put off the shoes of dullness & ply the shuttl of Imagination!'

"I have sayd that from the first I thot the Dr dementd. This is tru. But he had a hypnotic per-sonality. He spoke in a fashion at once brilliant & strange. I think his mann'r fascinated as much as repeld me. His was not the preoccupa-tion with pure science that characterized the Prof. With him science wasbut the means to an end. Raw student tho I was I noticed & commen-ted on it.

"He followd current events keenly; he connectd the things he sought to discovr with methods of destruction, of conquest, & with certn politicl ideas. I was by way of being a bit of a Marxian social-ist & he ridiculed what he calld my 'youthful naivety'.

"Democracy--' he would declare with a withering laf, his intense eyes gleaming--'bunk, twaddl! Socialism--an illusion, a will-o-the-wisp! The peopl can't govern, they don't want to govern. What they want is a strong hand to rule them. The best ruler is & always will be a military genius. The Man On Horseback!' he cryd--'that's what this country needs, The Man On Horseback!'

"Of course I argued with him heatedly, with all the enthusi-asm of my young idealism, & of course he would lisen to me courteously, his dark eyes dancing. The Prof would ansr these outbursts of his with



his usual absentminded rejoinder: 'Ha ha! Quite good. Yes yes. The Man On Horseback. HMMMMM' & then rambl off into some abstruse reflections on the experiments they were making. The Dr would listen earnestly, contributing abstruse remarks of his own. Several times I heard him exclaim: 'If Alexander had commanded such methods we dream of, if Caesar!'

"I have said that my duties in the lab were matters of routine supervision, & unfortunately I had neither the intellectual curiosity nor the wit to visualize as a whole the problem they were trying to solve. What wouldn't I give now to have listened more intelligently, to have observed the various machines more closely! There is never a truer saying than that familiarity breeds contempt. Even genius becomes commonplace when you contact it day after day. Nor are the doings of genius always impressive. To observe the Prof arrange a crystal, focus a light, scratch his nose, stare at the ceiling, study an equation, rearrange the crystal, focus a light, & so on ad infinitum for countless hours scarcely was calculated to add to one's opinion of his mental stature.

"Likewise to watch the Dr put a piece of iron ore in a cabinet, press a button, peer into another cabinet, shake his head, mutter unintelligible words to himself & return to the first cabinet to repeat the maneuver in a slightly different fashion (this not for days or weeks but months!), also made one doubtful of his intelligence. Truth to tell, though I did not doubt the genius of both men (the Dr especially, though I deemed him mad, impressed me with his conversational power & strange manner) I felt that their powers had weakened, that like the seekers after perpetual motion they were reduced to doing silly & inane things. With the cocksureness of my 20 & 1 odd years I began to regard Prof Aritos as a vastly over-rated scientist & Dr Spurgeon as nothing more than a  $\frac{1}{2}$  cracked dilettante.

"When I finally graduated from college & severed my relations with the 2 men, success appeared to be far from them as ever. 'I went east for a year, did some work in the Adirondacks; then returned to the Southwest, one day on the streets of Tucson I ran into Prof Aritos. He gripped my hand warmly. 'I'm glad to see you! he declared, his round face beaming. '& you meet me in the hour of triumph. Yes, we've done the miraculous! The Dr will be delighted to have you call. Come tomorrow & we'll show you something that will make you believe in black magic!'

"Such language was unusual for the Prof to use; it smacked more of Dr Spurgeon himself. 'I'm sorry' I said 'but I can't visit you tomorrow, Prof; I'll be out of town over the week-end. Make it Monday evening & I'll dine with you.'

"But I was fated never to keep that engagement. Sunday night the lab was destroyed by fire. Next day the bodies of Prof Aritos & Dr Spurgeon were taken from the ruins. That murder had preceded arson plainly was indicated by the fact that both men had been shot, Prof Aritos at the base of the skull, Dr Spurgeon through the forehead.

"I helped identify both bodies & attended the double funeral. Then a little saddened by the terrible tragedy & vainly puzzling as to the motive for it I took up my duties on the staff of the state engineer (a position I had managed to gain) being directed to do certain routine survey work in the Tucson Mountains.

"I was in Tucson when the first fantastic plane flew over



the town loosing leaflets.

"When the immigration authorities mobilized the borderpatrolmen I joined their ranks & went out to meet the Hazys. The hail of bullets that wiped out most of the borderpatrol fortunately left me unharmed & I rolled into a ditch by the wayside & lay still. I couldn't see except directly overhead--& then but a narrow strip of blue sky; but I heard the thundrous crash of exploding bombs as the Fed planes went into action. This lasted but a few mins tho at the time it seemed an eternity. I am not ashamed to say I was as terrified as a man can be, that I managed to crawl along the ditch & into the shelter of a nearby culvert. Finally there was a comparative silence save for a monotonous creaking & tramping of feet. Several dead bodies carelessly were thrown aside & one spongy soldier fell near the culvert in which I crouched. I saw his face & for a moment that shock had unseated my reason.

"The face was long, the eyes dark, the brows balded.

"I thought: I'm seeing things!

"Then I got my nerve back & crept forward to examine the face more closely. Yes, there was a mole on the chin, to the left side, & the right ear had that curious bulge in the lobe. But 2 mos. before I had helped identify the partially charred body of Dr Spurgeon by such blemishes (tho his features had been recognizable enough); I had seen his corpse in a coffin, witness its interment--& yet here in the person of this dead soldier lay Dr Spurgeon!

"I think I must've made some betraying sound or motion for suddenly a bayonet point probed into the ditch & I leapt erect deeming myself in danger of instant death & yet transfixed in my place by the astounding fact that this startling soldier with the bloody bayonet like the dead one in the ditch also had the face & form of Dr Spurgeon!

"& then I saw passing in their 100s, their 1000s, the ghostly gray-clad infantry...& every man-jack of it that I could see--in height, in face, in form--was a replica of the dead doc!

"I noted all this in a few secs--far faster'n it takes to tell--in one wild glance it seemed; for there was death in the blank eyes of the soldier lunging at me with his weapon, finger crooked on the trigger of the rifle.

"Then when it appeared the next moment would see me launched into eternity...the phantom froze in his tracks. No other expression can describe the abruptness with which his ferocious attack ceased. I felt the prick of the point against my chest & cold perspiration bathed my body. So for pregnant seconds we stood.

"Then he drew back, other blank-eyed soldiers came up, I was lifted bodily into a motortruck, the truck turned, retracing the course it had come, passing the long columns of steadily marching men who turned on me blank eyes & expressionless faces & brought me to this place.

"It was much as I see it now, save that the great double doors to those buildings over there were open & from them issued a continuous stream of the translucent troops, m-guns, tanks. I saw the curious crimson planes taxi forth, turn to one side, speed across that level field yonder & take to the air.

"The buildings were large & yet it seemed incredible they could've housed the amount of men & equipment I saw pouring from them.

"The motorlorry bearing me rounded those buildings & came to a pause



before a large one in the rear. A prey to chaotic fears, dreading I scarcely knew what, I obeyed the gestured orders of my captors & entered this bldg, they themselves remaining outside.

"The room into which I stepped was lighted brilliantly. 4 immense glass globes stood near its center, shimmering like crystal. Elongated tubes projected & were connected by intricate wiring to queer devices. A huge dynamo squatted to one side & purred pulsatingly.

"I did not see all this with the clarity with which I describe it now; for in those few moments I was overwhelmed by the strange sight, blinded by the vivid blue lights which waxed & waned in the great globes. Only later did I clearly discern what lay at their centers.

"The man rose from the controlboard over which he had been stooped & came towards me. He was clad in the familiar garments of the lab, a white jacket & trousers much stained & creased. So I had seen him 100s of times in the past, with his thin face, balded brows, & intense eyes. There could be no mistaking him. The man was--Dr Spurgeon!"

#### Chapt 7:

#### FOG CLEARS

"The scientist smiled at me, a twisted smile... Never for a moment had I taken one of those others I'd seen for him. Their movements had been too wooden, their eyes too empty. But here was vitality, spontaneous expression. 'O it can't be!' I  $\frac{1}{2}$  whispered--'You're dead!'

"'No' he corrected with the same curious smile. "'I identify your body,' I declared, stammered 'but I saw it buried!'

"'It was not I who interred' he declared 'but my double, my projection.'

"'Double?...projection?...' I mouthed the words stupidly. 'Sacred Science!' I exclaimed--'What does it all mean? those 1000s of men who look like you...yourself...this place...'

"'Come here!' he instructed. "I advanced to his side, not without a tremor of fear.

"'See that figure, those machines, in the broadcasting tubes?'

"My eyes had accustomed themselves to the waxing & waning of the blue lights & I saw the gray-clad figure standing at rigid attention inside the first globe, the motorlorry, tank, & plane in the others.

"'They are being broadcast' he said 'to receiving stations in those buildings out there, whence they emerge in their 100s, their 1000s.' His burning eyes held mine. '& all those soldiers are I--do you understand?--I!'

"I only could stare back at him.

"'Ah,' he exhaled--'You don't, not quite; but those broadcasting globes are a new type radio that Prof Aritos & I invented. I admit: Without the Prof's genius to complement my own, perfection would have been delayed. But the fool talked of giving our process to the govt & was prepared to demonstrate it to you; so I had to remove him. By means of the matterradio--'" (To be concluded ....)



VOICE OF THE IMAGI-NATION! (Here the readers rate--often berate--our previous efforts, & we run their remarks in the rotation rcvd...)

From NYC one-time Ed of TTT,  
to throw in a glossary with

writes: "You really ought  
it.

West Haven/Ct declares: "Dear Editor, oops, forgot there was Louis Rosen of no editor. Recieved the third issue of 'Imagination' and it was fair, not even as good as the second issue. I am still complaining about that atrocious spelling. Futuristic or not futuristic, it is very difficult to read. If I ever took the magazine to my English class to show what a fan magazine is, I would be laughed right out of the room. My teacher would certainly have a lower regard for me and what I read. I am certainly not an iconclast to go against them. ~~ What you should have are more articles and better ones. News, news and more news. ~~ Well adeiu."

Everett G. Butler of Jamaica Plain/Mass: "Yesterday I received 'Imagination!' No. 3; it is a great improvement over no. 2. However, No 2. was not so bad as you might have implied from my last letter."

WARREN DOUGLAS writes from Humboldt/Ariz: "I coundn't get heads nor tails of the, 'Imagination'. What kind of abbreviated system that one Roosevelt tried to get started some years ago or maybe it is the one that he did start. ~~ In reading, 'The Hazy Horde', I couldn't make much of it at first but after I got onto the system a little better it wasn't so hard to read."

JACK SPEER, Comanche/Okla, states: "Departing from my usual custom of reviewing everything in a mag, including the copyright mark, if any, I'm just going to hodge-podge around in this letter. ~~ I am immensely flattered by the inclusion of my name in the list of famous SFA members, and on the strength thereof am enclosing a quarter for the next three I!'s. ~~ Still being egotistical, I talk of my letter in the voice of the I-! So sorry I don't sign my scribble to my letters so you could reproduce it, but it's always seemed to me a terrific waste of time, changing from typewriter to pen or pencil, and, in the case of fan letters, a useless formality. ~~ Re pal Wilson's letter and your replies, the special type of indentation definitely does not help the eyes, which need to rest while going back to start a new paragraph, and it certainly doesn't conserve space. But I don't object to it. ~~ My forte is inconsequential, so I'm wondering why my I! was addressed in alternating red and green pencil. (Well, U wouldn't want a black I! would U? Seriously, the red & green was sposed to convey an Xmaspirit. --Madge.) ~~ Foo-losophy was terribly good-- I especially liked that alliterative phrase 'It is soldered in cellophane in letters a litre high'. (Ackerman is overcome at Ur appreciation.) And 'Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star' was so good I'm pirating it for the school paper. (Well, we pirated it too.) ~~ As I said, the whole issue is funny. But, as Brisbane solemnly warned, if you try to mix seriousness and humor, you'll be misunderstood and things'll be a mess generally. So fantastic are some of the statements I don't know whether to believe them. In the last issue, the New Atlantis seemed incredible. More info, please, if true. Is't a sovereign state? (Ur latter question we cannot ansr. But a Capt John L Mott, resident of the Utopia Island where Esperanto is the Official language, visited Los Angeles late in '36 or early in '37, according to Ackerman, Baker, Cotton, Douglas, & other Esperantists, being accorded quite a bit of attention in several the local papers. Erdsteulov says he was not here at the time, but this John L. Mott would seem to be the descendant of the original discoverer Clah Mott, mentioned in the translation from the Magyar mag.) And 'Her Infinite Variety' in this issue. Was it really put on the radio, and if so, where? (Whilst the exact date is unknown, the futuradiodittyarn--wow! when we coind that one we must've been de-mintd!--actually was aird...about 1930, over a Northern California station.) Whacky's spelling makes it impossible to tell whether the story is intended to be serious. If so, it's one of the stereotypedest themes that was ever mimeographed. ~~ Where was the saga of



Madge II that you promised? (Sorry, insufficient space. But I am flattered that U'd cared to've read my 2d saga. --Madge.) ~ And who, incidentally, are three-fourths of the people mentioned? Esperantists? (U hav the wrong ratio; it's four thirds.) ~ Suggestion for Foo: 'Tis indelibly impressed in slabs of soap.' Ghoom-by."

Some lines from a 11 pg handwritten letter from *P. Baker* of Vancouver-BC/Canada: "Just 2 words or maybe 3 on your Nov. No. Why do you modestly style yourselves dopes? I always understood dopyness to be the result of too much carbon dioxide whereas the style of Madge suggests more to my mind; a frivolously brought-up lunatic writing under the influence of a blast of pure oxygen. ~ You promise us a saga of the second next month. There never will be such an experience for you as the making of the first (we hope not!) -- you know there never is. The third 4th 5th etc will be just the monthly grind. (Reader RB is wrong. To me & my associates every issue has been an experience--a happy one--lotsa headaches, but somehow the boys manage to keep goodhumor. Had we more rm we easily might introduce a Saga-cious column, so to speak, recounting the errors & inspirations of each issue. A particularly funny memory of Madge #2 is Roy Squires' transposition, in stencilling a pg of "Hazy", of the "i" in "solid", so that "solid steel" became Ackermanese "soid steel"! before the mistake, which swept us into gales of merriment at the time, was correctd. The history of "Hazy Hord" illustration, instalment 2, is interesting, too. & forecasting a fauxpas, the "harmless ghoul" that "Stimmy" turnd into a "hamless ghoul"! in typing rearrangement of Ryner's "Advice to Amateur Magicians" preparatory to stenciling... "Madge".) ~ The narrow minded little creature which you style atom-Ed (we assume any similarity to a causticcommentator Richard Wilson Jr, who edits fanmag "Atom", purely is coincidental?) objects to Esperanto & condensed spelling does he! never mind he's more to be pitied than laughed at -- in the blood probably. his daddy was a respectable small-tradesman no doubt who didn't believe in flying-machines - by gum no! & his granddaddy, far enough back; was probably well-forward in the front row when the local witch-burnings took place. However you might hint to Eddy that in the twentieth century the ability to sign your own name legibly is not considered inconsistent with a belief in ghosts & lucky-days (see his signature in Nov. Image (his sig may be seen below)) & tell him to compare it with mine hastily scribbeld though the latter was."

*Richard Wilson Jr* of Richmond Hill NY writes: "The third IMAGINATION! having arrived, and having been read, I duly---and perhaps dully ---go about letting you have my opinion of it, whether of not you care. ~ Her Infinite Variety' may've been all right as a radio drama, but put into print and futuritisticaly disfigured, it shares the fate (at least the fate I assign to:) 'The Hazy Hord' which I contend is a waste both of time and space. ~ Kuttner's 'Fantascience Filmart' is excellent this month. He should take this away from the J altogether. Let's have more of Hank's stuff. He has an exciting style. ~ Even the book review is good this time. Be sure to let us know when 'Die Flug in die Erde' gets its English translation. Let the readers' column go full blast. ~ I enclose a quarter for the next three issues of I!"

*Robert Bloch* mails a word from Milwaukee/Wisc: "Friend Kuttner kindly forwarded me a copy of IMAGINATION - and needless to say, I was delighted with the magazine. It has the air of professional quality in both its format and articles, and a deciphering of its ideographs is well worth while."

(Have U ever read a letter & wisht to contact its author--but unfortunately the adres was lacking? We often have felt that feeling of frustration, & in order this unsatisfactory attribute should not mar "Madge's" character, henceforward we shall publish each writer's residence. In the event any individual should wish this info withheld, it will be necessary only to initial communication "PWA": Please Withhold Adres. --Staff...)



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Pg 2 IMAGINATION! '36 July. Editorial... from th privately printd unreleasht predecesr of th Leag organ. Wollheim & Wilson rave about it! Fly 5¢ (only 1 nickl!) to me with sae (1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ stamp) for this famous message to fandom. Morojo: Bx 6475, Met Sta; LA.

Profetic pubs previous to '30. State wants, send stamp. PL Lewis: 309 S Everett St, Glendale Calif.

SFD 33 Nov \$3.50. Will be maild 1st class, flat. (1 copy only; please write in advance.) Virgil D. Smith: Ant 33, 688 Shatto Pl; LA/Cal.

"Sport" stf for th scientificurio collectr. 2 varyations in Marvl Tales. V1#2 (34 Jul-Aug) with green cover, anachronisticly presentng illustration from "Matr-Mastr" (ARLong)--which didnt apear til 6 mos aftr! 60 printd pgs, featurng REH, FBLong Jr, Skidmore, Vincent, Wellman... 75¢ ppd. 2dly --MT #5. Look-see if Ur copy reads "The Neb. of Death" By GAE. If not same may be secured for 35¢. FJA: 236 $\frac{1}{2}$  N New Hampshire, Hollywood.



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SCOOPS #1, out-o-print Eng stf magazet, profusely illustrated prof pub, ppd 75¢. Vodoso: Apt 33, 688 Shatto Pl; LA.

(British) "Last & First Men", copys 50¢ ea ppd. MayBelle Anshutz: 4053 W 21, LA.

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I will trade FM 4th Ann for 1st Madge --Morojo: Bx 6475, Met Sta; LA/Cal  
THE SCIENCE-FICTION ASSOCIATION includes in its roster such famous fans & authors on both sides the Atlantic as Ackerman, Beck, Carnell --Chapman, "Esperantest", Gillings, Hansen, Herbert, Hodgkins, Johnson, Koenig, Kuslan, Lewis, Mayer, Morojo, Pragnell, Russell, Smith (DR), Speer, Vodoso, Warnes, Wiggons, Wilson, Wollheim, Yerke... Honorarys: Low, Stapledon, Tremaine! If U would like full details of the aims & accomplishments of this organization, adres Secy at 20 Hollin Park Rd, Roundhay; Leeds 8/England. The Assn publishes Novae Terrae, SF Gazette, Tomorrow, British Sci-Fic Bibliografy, & Amateur Science Storys. Specimen copy NT, Gazet, or "Tomore", sent on request. Wings Over the World with Scientifiction!



as "Catherine the Great" (Miss C.L. Moore), he is one the "gee-oh-dees" gang, or legion of fans which laments the loss of the allure stf stories had in the "good old days".

6 feet, slender, blond, good-looking, levelheaded, Russ' one unredeeming attribute is his uncontrollable passion for them loud sox!

His favorite expressions are "Anyhow" & "Get off me".

Hodgkins has 23 pipes, a 60 lb "pup" (Irish setter "Mickey"), every Esquire & all issues Coronet.

In sport he takes an active interest in golf, passive in football. He "doesn't dance particularly"--from which we but can conclude he isn't particular how he dances! "Anyhow", he distinctly dislikes swing "music".

On the eternal issue: "Lovecraft, hate 'craft?", Hodgkins expresses an ardent admiration for HPL.

His ambition is to travel, travel, TRAVEL! & without the aid of "Exasperanto", thank you! ESPERANTO is anathema to him & the word he declares describes the "infamous Acky style" exactly is: Whacky! Despite these differences of opinions, utmost harmony always has existed between Chapt Dir RJH & Exec Dir FJA, who are the best of buddies.

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