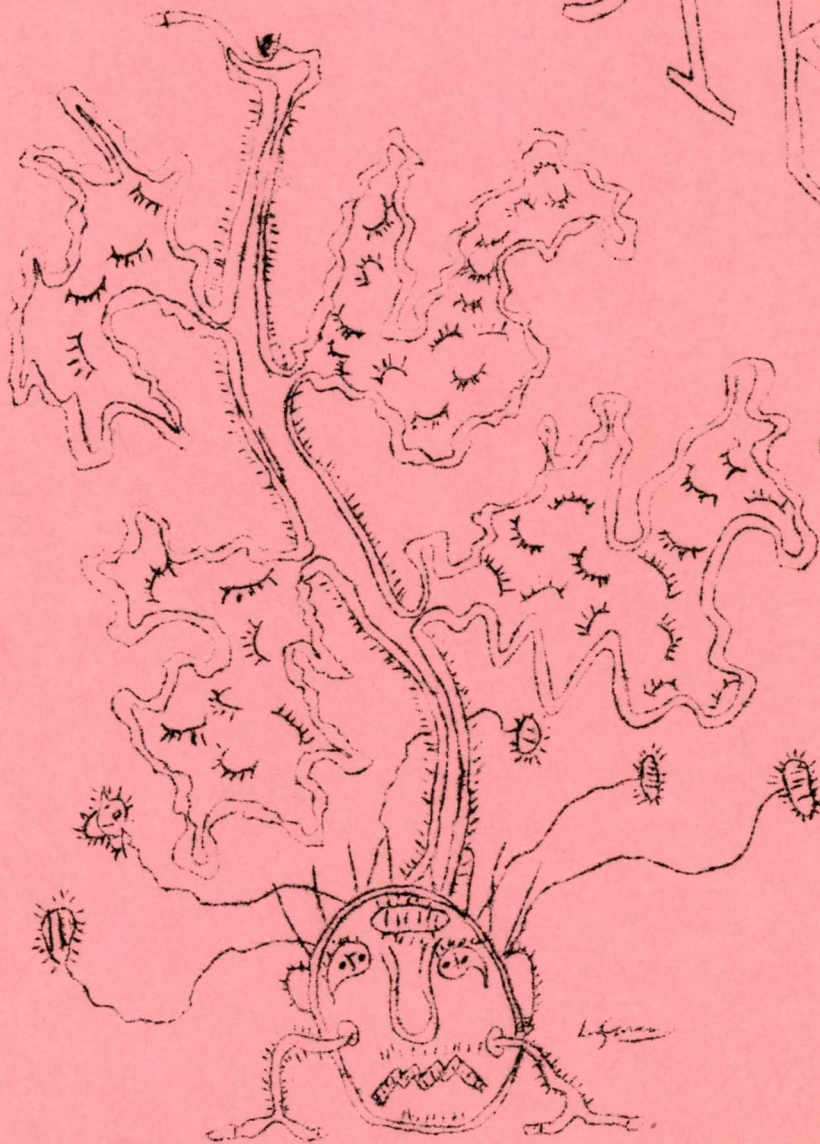


# IMP OSTIBL

NUMBER  
2



DECEMBER  
1950

10c

*L. J. ...*



Well, here we are again with another issue of our favorite magazine, Impossible. As I told you in the last issue, this magazine is dedicated to publishing stories which are utterly impossible.

I also stated that this was a magazine with a purpose, that purpose being to drive all other magazines out of business. **IN THIS GREAT** purpose, I have succeeded far better than I had dared to hope. I haven't driven any magazines out of business (that I know of) but I will give you a few of the facts which have come true since the publication of the first issue of Impossible.

To wit: A. Merritt's Fantasy has been changed from a bi-monthly to a quarterly publication. The editor gives no reason for the change, but you the subscribers, and I, the editor of our favorite magazine, know the reason for the change. The only black mark is that the editor assures subscribers to the magazine that they will get their six copies.

Item: Amazing Stories has abandoned its plans for converting to slick paper. I once had high hopes that AS would make good their threat, but obviously when editor Browne made those statements, he had not taken the publication of Impossible into consideration. Fatal oversight (as Cummings would say)! Editor Browne blames the change in plans to the war in Korea, but of course we fans know that this is only a subterfuge.

Item: Fantastic Adventures has decreased its number of pages to an all time low of 130 pages. The fact they they have snared L. Ron Hubbard and Lester Del Rey along with other notables into their pages is, of course, something over which I have no control.

Item: Out Of This World Adventures has finally come out with its second issue, after a delay of a couple of months (caused, of course, by the publication of Impossible). The publication of this second issue is a fact which in itself will eventually drive the magazine out of business, particularly with the inclusion of funnies for the second time.

3

Item: Area Fantasy Reader has come out with number 14. Has anyone seen number 13 anywhere? I haven't. Undoubtedly word of Impossible got into their presses and fouled up the works.

Item: The first postwar issue of Marvel has finally come out after a delay of a whole month. The fact that it finally did come out, however, will eventually prove functional in its early demise.

Item: The first issue of Galaxy Science Fiction was delayed for two weeks, and the second issue was also delayed two weeks from the date announced for publication. Of course, it could be that it takes longer for the train to get over here to the Great Northwest, but we can't accept that as an excuse. The true fans over here know the real reason for the delay. Of course, now that Galaxy has come out, it should prove instrumental in the downfall of Astounding Science Fiction, due to the high quality of material that Galaxy has been running. I, the editor of Impossible, have no argument against quality.

Item: In a recent issue of Astounding Science Fiction, there was a small footnote to the effect that the magazine was going to be changed. The rumor has been circulating that ASF was going to change its format to that of a large size slick magazine. All this was supposed to take place some time in the Fall of 1950. Whatever was supposed to happen hasn't happened yet, most likely due to the publication of Impossible. Undoubtedly the appearance of this, the second issue of our favorite magazine, ASF will make a change all right, but it will probably be to the old style pulp.

Item: Fancus Fantastic Mysteries has seen fit to fire all of their interior illustrators, thereby compensating in part for the tremendous losses they have been facing since the publication of Impossible. Their sudden change to slick quality is, of course, irrelevant to this discussion.

Item: Startling Stories and Thrilling Wonder Stories have not published a single new story by Henry Kuttner since the publication of Impossible. For eight straight issues, Startling Stories has not featured a novel by Kuttner, and the forecast

4 reveals that the next issue won't have one either. What havoc I have wrought!

Item: The second issue of Fantasy Stories was delayed for three whole months. There is no sense repeating what the cause of this delay is.

Item: Future combined with Science Fiction has seen fit to raise its price from fifteen to twenty cents. I also notice that the latest issue contains a story by none other than Richard S. Shaver.

Item: Where is Star Science Fiction?

In spite of the blows which my publication has dealt to a great many professional magazines, science fiction marches on, and some magazines were even able to improve in spite of my magazine. For instance: Planet Stories has become a bimonthly. The new quarterly Science-Adventure Books has started up. Other Worlds has stepped up publication. Imagination has started up with a bang. The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction has become a bimonthly. Startling Stories managed to have a good cover on their January 1951 issue. Fantastic Story Quarterly continues to run.

Pocket sized fantasy stories are still on the upswing, with other companies taking the hint and making up for the deficiencies found in Avon pocket sized novels. Notable recent additions to the ever growing list are Max Frlich's "The Big Eye" in the Popular Library binding with a cover by Bergey, no less. Ed Hamilton's novel "Beyond the Moon" is in an attractive Signet form. This one, originally called "The Star Kings" is the second Ziff-Davis fantasy novel to see print on pocket size. From Avon comes Farley's "Radio Man" under the new title of "Earth Man on Venus".

From Hillman Publications, however, comes the most notable work in the field of fantasy in a good many years. Jack Vance's new collection of stories grouped under the title of "The Dying Earth" is rapidly creating a sensation in this part of the country. It undoubtedly proves that Jack Vance is one of the most skillful of present day fantasy writers.

The particular charm of "The Dying Earth" lies

in the utter simplicity of the manner in which it is presented. The scenery and characters presented are at all times more real and vivid than reality itself. Not since the time of A. Merritt has anything of this type been attempted, and not since the time of the renowned E. P. Edison has it been done with as complete success. 5

The collection consists of six stories laid in the same background, though for the most part they contain different characters. Each one of these stories I consider to be a masterpiece in itself, and this I cannot say for any other collection I have yet encountered. The local group of fans are thinking of starting up a cult of Vancism, but just how far such ideas will advance is not known.

A scene from one of the stories in the collection is presented elsewhere in this issue in the form of an illustration by Phillip Barker.

Reports from the readers of Impossible indicate that the most interesting items in the first issue were the editorial, for which I feel grateful, the book review, the story "The Accelerating Machine", and the horrendous illustrations. The feature story fell rather flat to most people, which only goes to substantiate my original view that the story was a failure in the first place. Well, I warned you that editing had done nothing more than wonders, didn't I?

Thanks to the response, W. Kraus has consented to write another story for us, continuing the adventures of the frivolous Professor Ames. We are also looking forward to further adventures of the diehard for future issues. Also by popular demand, L.R. Garcone has consented to draw a few more of his awful monsters, but I personally don't know what all you people see in him.

Those of you who have read the second issue of Sinisterra will remember Robert Edison's story, "On My Pipe". In this issue of Impossible we present the sequel. I personally like this series, but like other things, whether it will continue or not depends on reader reaction. At present the author is with the University Touring theatre, and somewhere near Grand Coulee last I heard from him.

6  
Once more I reiterate my plea for stories and articles for Impossible. You don't even have to live in the state of Washington, or for that matter, you don't even have to live. What I want primarily is the type of thing that might have been used in the old ASF department Probability Zero, except that they don't have to be the story within the story type of thing such as those in PZ were. The two shorts by Kraus which I have presented can give you a good idea of the type of thing I want. In articles, I prefer controversial subjects, and the more likely it is to start some kind of an argument, the more I want it. What fandom needs is a lot of good hot friendly feuds going to keep it alive. So put down your pet peeves on some kind of paper and mail or deliver it to Burnett R. Toskey, 3233 15th N.E. Seattle 5, Washington.

Wally Weber has promised some material for Impossible in the future, and he had better come through with it. In fact, I am putting in this notice so that he will see it and so that his conscience will bother him until he finishes his promised story. Zobble, by the way, edited and published by Wally Weber, is scheduled to appear very shortly. Actually he told me it might be delayed until next Summer, but I'm going to keep on his tail until he finally breaks down and puts out the thing. From what I've seen of the proofs, Zobble promises to be quite promising.

I have just learned from my review in Startling Stories that Impossible is published bi-monthly. This is the first time I was sure just what my publication schedule was, but now that they have decided for me, it's as good as any.

Sinisterra number three is scheduled to be published shortly, and this issue will contain a review in pictures and articles of the Portland Convention, which unfortunately I was unable to attend.

Letters from the readers of Impossible are needed from those of you who would like to tell me what you think of the magazine, and if enough good letters come in, I will expand the magazine to make room for them.

MIDNIGHT LOVE

G.M. Carr

Love is like a red, red, rose

Whose perfume rises warm and fresh  
From some strange garden where there grows

~~Between the moon's magical light~~

Eternally a flowery mesh

That wreathes its beauty round my heart

And holds me spellbound ~~more~~

In fragrant bowers of loveliness



MIDNIGHT LOVE

G.M. Carr

Love is like a red, red, rose

Red as raw, bleeding, dripping flesh

Whose perfume rises warm and fresh

to tantalize thy hungry nose

From some strange garden where there grows

~~where the moon's macabre light~~

Eternally a flowery mesh

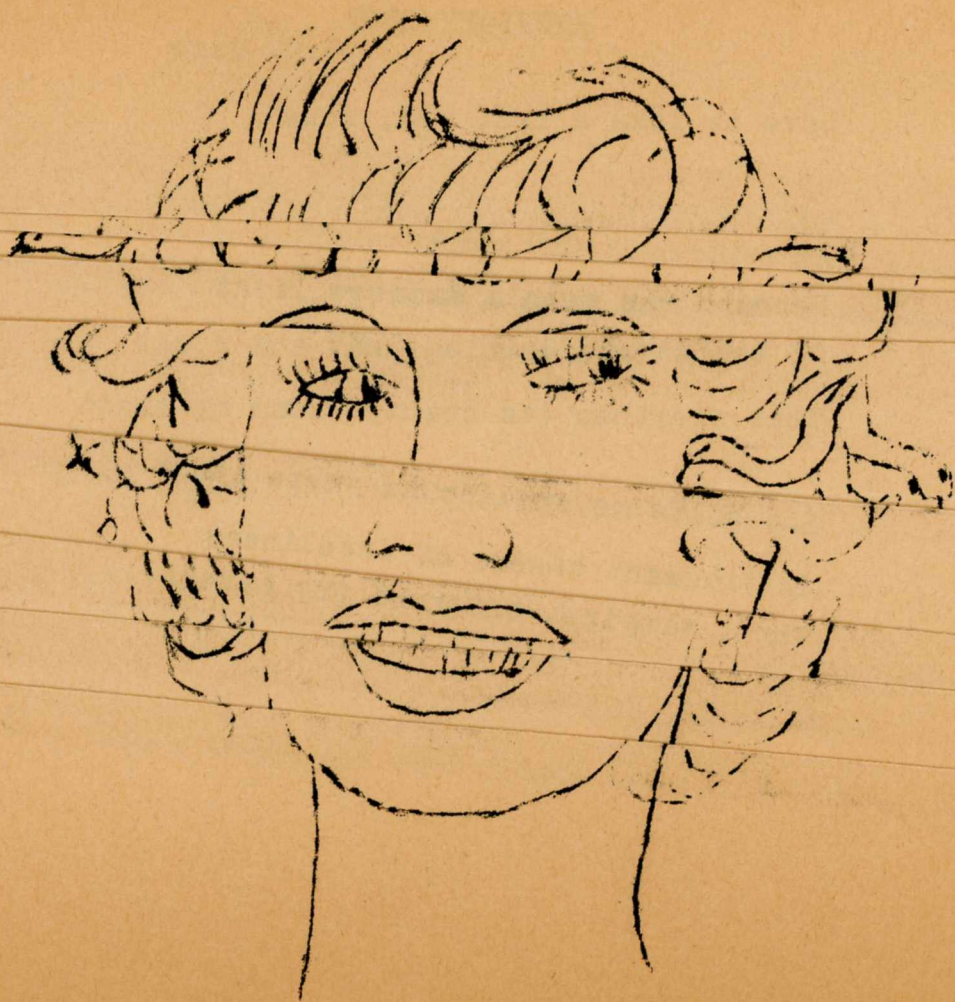
Of tombstones leaning left and right

That wreathes its beauty round my heart

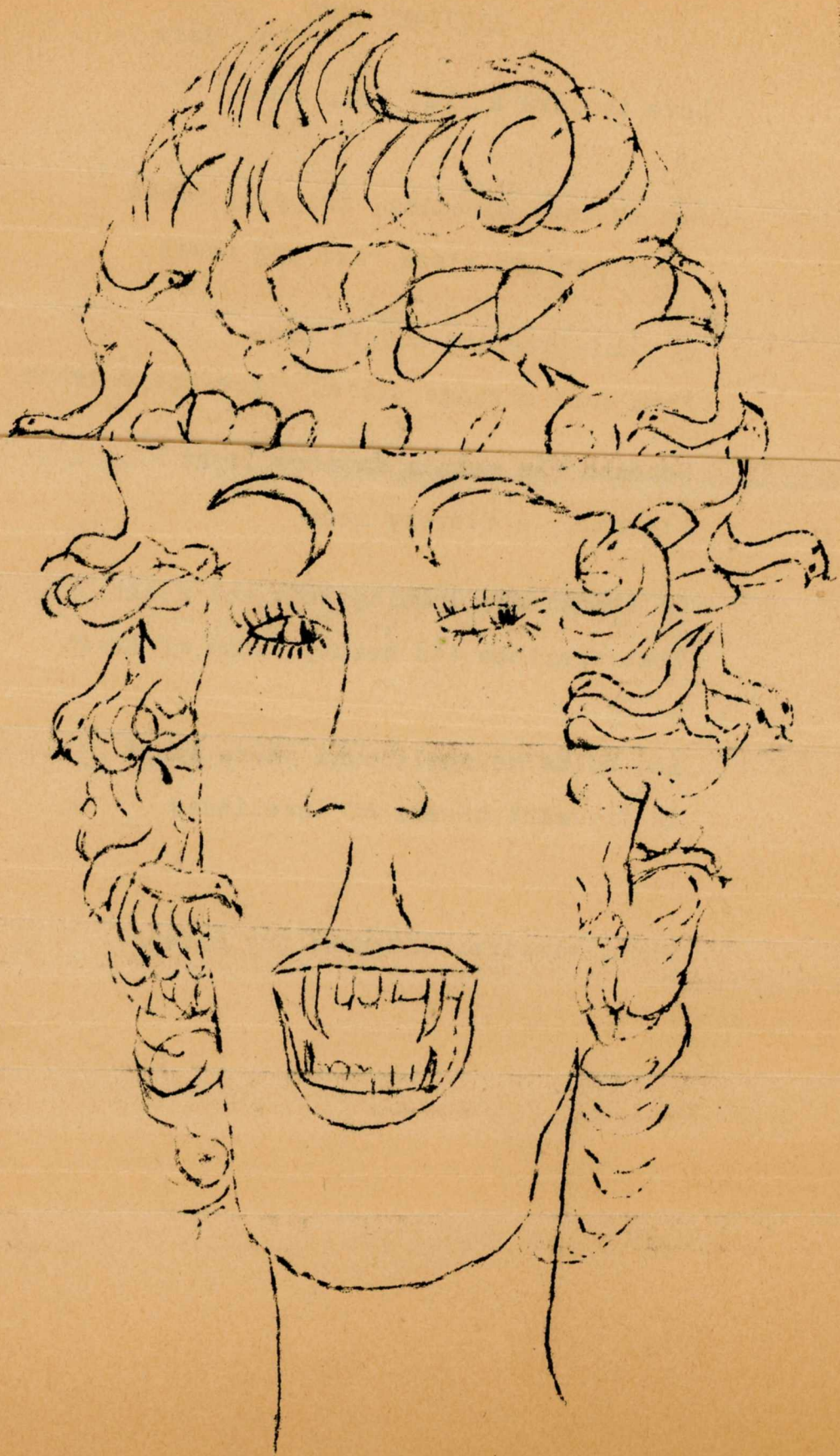
And holds me spellbound where apart

In fragrant bowers of loveliness

Thou, vampire, offerest thy caress...

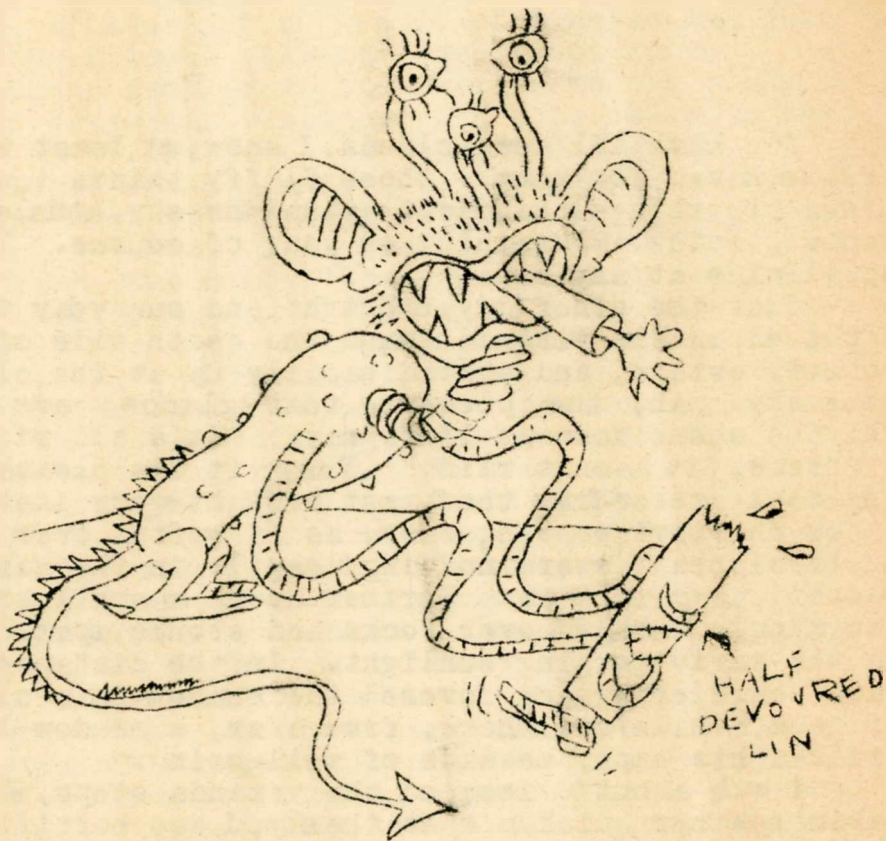


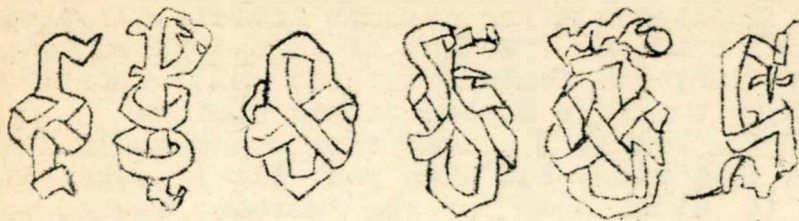
11



A published letter or short article will entitle the author to one free copy of Impossible and a published story or feature article will entitle the author to two free copies of his choice.

Well, folks, I guess that's about all I have to say this time. But have your little round dimes handy to plunk down for the February issue, which should appear sometime early in January.





By Robert Edison

You have all seen clouds, I know, at least most people have. You know - those fluffy things (quite often big things) that float around the sky, and always spoil picnics. By raining on you, of course. They spoil mine at any rate.

Just the other day, a bright and sunny day too, I paused on the veranda around the north side of my country estate, and stared happily up at the clear blue sky. Ah, the pleasure that glance gave me! The Sun shone down as if to say, "It's all right, I'm here, it won't rain." Yes, it was pleasant; the cool breeze from the forest brought every instant a new and invigorating odor, as if wafted over the multicolored flowers nodding sleepily in the garden sleeping away from me. Further down, a small brook laughingly bubbled over rocks and stones, sparkling in the early morning sunlight. In the distance, a faint shimmering haze covered the meadow in a cloak of gold, while somewhere, from afar, a meadow-lark trilled his happy message of well-being.

I was about to descend the veranda steps, when, taking another quick look at the sky, I was horrified, to say the least, to see --- a cloud! A cloud. "As I live and breathe," I muttered to myself, "a cloud!" Indeed, such was the effect that the appearance of the cloud upon me that I feared my day, the day I had chosen for a picnic, would be spoiled, if not.

utterly destroyed. A cloud, in my paradise! I had only recently purchased this country estate, and had I known that its beauty would be marred by, of all things, a cloud, I certainly would have given the agent that sold it to me a sound piece of my mind! Indeed I would have! I looked quizzically at the Sun, and was temporarily reassured upon seeing the angry frown that creased his torrid brow, that this lone cloud would not long disturb me. "Ah," thought I, "that cloud shan't last for long." As if to disprove my very thoughts, another cloud made its debut. Another one; "Good gracious me," I murmured, alarmed, "must the rascally clouds persist in ruining my day, or do they just want to play a friendly game. With myself as the loser. This seemed to be the case, however, for the first cloud was merrily and totally engaged in pursuing the second arrival over quite a large expanse of sky, darting hither and yon as if it were a cat in hot pursuit of a mouse.

This upset the Sun no end, for was it not his domain on which they were trespassing? Most certainly it was, and it would warrant a bit of a reprimand too; I daresay a good punishment. However, the two clouds were not to be denied their sport, for they frisked about as gayly as ever, and my hopes for a picnic; I did have hopes for one, you know, seemed to wither with the coming of --- horrors! Another cloud. And another, and still another, till at last the sky seemed packed with the wispy creatures, each tumbling over the other in an effort to create the most mixed up and mad hodgepodge that ever existed. Alas! My-day was ruined! Near to tears, I falteringly made my unhappy way to a chair in the classed portion of the porch, and stared moodily up at what was now a bright sky no longer, but a howling mad conglomeration of life-like clouds outdoing one another to clutter up various portions of the heavens. Even the meadow, and the massive trees of the forest, and the brook and my own dear garden seemed to feel the disheartening influence of the clouds, for the meadow was bleak and grey, and the trees in silence stood still, while the brook burred with a restrained

murmur, and the flowers in my garden seemed to pause in their nodding, then wilt and droop.

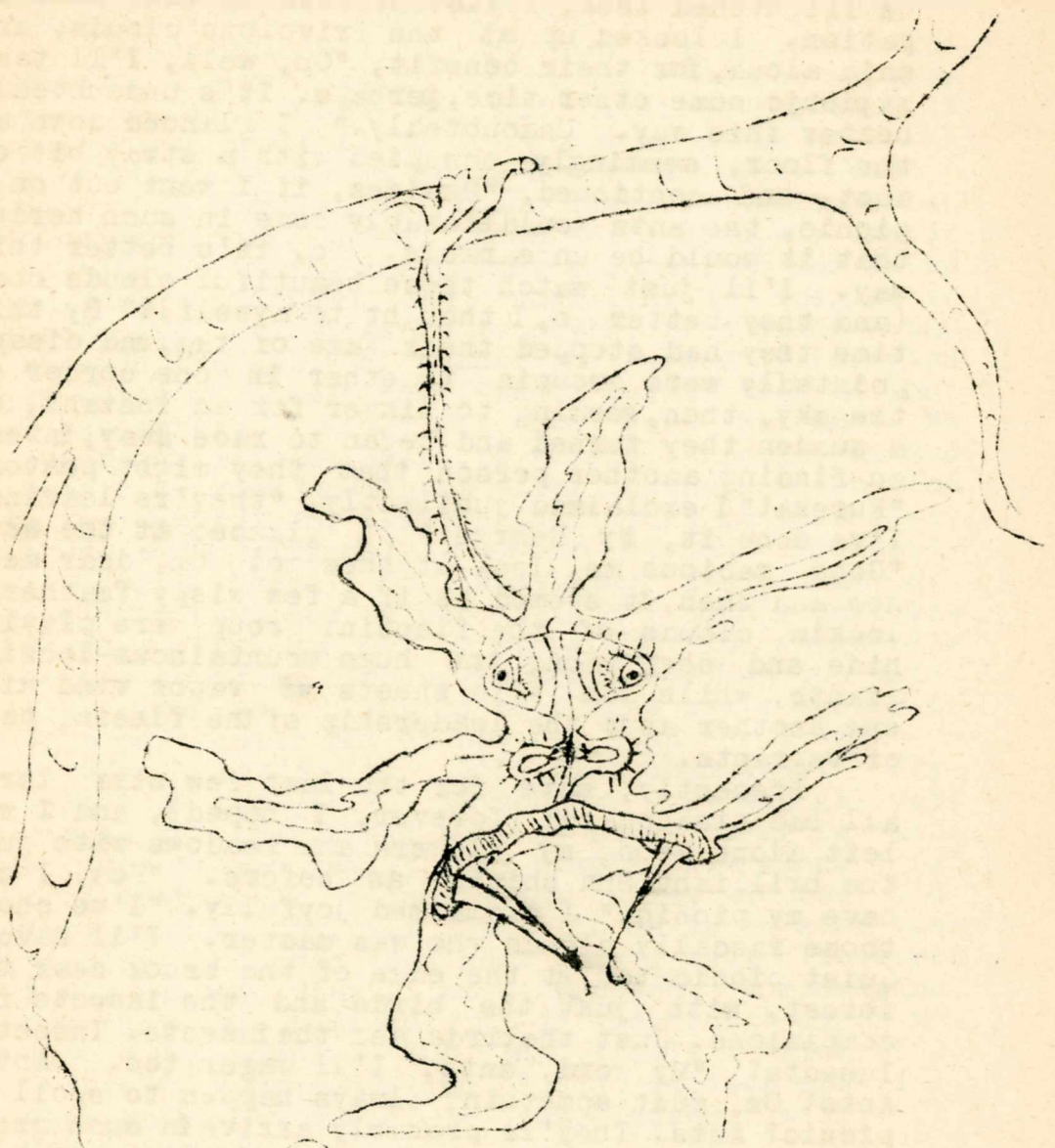
Disconsolately, I lay back in my chair and watched the madness of the clouds continue as they went on with their mad and carefree capers. I endeavored valiantly to think of some means by which they might be driven away, but to no avail. Then I had it! I would outwit those upstart clouds, those picnic-spoilers, those, those --. I stopped, unable to think of more unpleasant accusations and fates to wish upon them, and, unwilling to indulge in profanity, I sat down in my chair, from which I had risen in my display of temper, and earnestly attempted to think of something. I would outwit them; of that I was sure. I would fix them, yes. But how? My hopes sank with my heart, as vainly I thought of and then discarded one scheme after another. Bribe them into leaving? No, that wouldn't work in this case; these were extremely stubborn clouds. Extremely stubborn. Force? No. What good would that do? I didn't know how to use it, and I didn't have any anyway. What to do? I shook my fist vengefully at the bounding clouds, and shouted, "Just you wait. I'll show you. You'll soon know who's master of this particular bit of sky. I wish --- I wish --- My word, that's it! I'll wish them away!" Why hadn't I thought of it sooner? It was all very simple, not that it had been so easy for me to think of, but it was really very simple. All along I had been wishing no clouds would come, so they did. Very simple. Now, all I have to do is to wish them to stay, and once they know that I have discovered their secret, they'll have no object in remaining, for they can have no fun if they can't anger me. Also very simple. "Oh, why didn't I think of it before?" I murmured aloud. "Good gracious me! I'll show those --- those ---- yes, indeed I will. Oh, yes indeed."

I danced a jig on the veranda, (I confess that I must have been acting like a man possessed, having at last found a solution to my dilemma) hardly able to contain my glee. I stopped abruptly. "This isn't doing one bit of good," I thought, "I'd better get

to work." So thinking, I stopped my silly dancing and went over to the glass. On my face was a look (a frightened look, I must confess) of smug anticipation. I looked up at the frivolous clouds, and said aloud, for their benefit, "Oh, well, I'll take my picnic some other time, perhaps. It's undoubtedly better this way. Undoubtedly." I glanced down at the floor, seemingly occupied with a stray bit of dust, and continued, "Besides, if I went out on a picnic, the ants would probably come in such hordes that it would be unsearable. No, it's better this way. I'll just watch these beautiful clouds come (and they better go, I thought to myself)!" By this time they had stopped their game of tag, and disappointedly were grouping together in one corner of the sky, then, seeming to linger for an instant, of a sudden they turned and began to race away, intent on finding another person that they might pester. "Eureka!" I exclaimed jubilantly, "they're leaving. I've done it, by George!" I glanced at the sky. "Good gracious me, look at them go. Oh, dear me!" now and then, it seemed as if a few wispy feathery-looking clouds of the fleeting group were playing hide and seek among the huge mountainous-looking giants, while long thin sheets of vapor vied with one another as to the leadership of the fleeing pack of vagrants.

Presently, save for the last few stragglers, all had disappeared (forever, I hoped), and I was left alone among my flowers and meadows with just the brilliant Sun shining as before. "Now, I can have my picnic," I exclaimed joyfully. "I've shown those rascally clouds who was master. I'll have a quiet picnic too, at the edge of the brook near the forest, with just the birds and the insects for companions. Just the birds and the insects. Insects. Insects? "My word, ants, I'll wager too. Ants. Ants! Oh, must something always happen to spoil my picnic? Ants. They'll probably arrive in such great armies that they'll leave no room for me, but take over the food like conquering foes. Just fancy ants and marmalade on bread! Oh, my poor picnic --- oh dear me --- Ants, --- My word, ants!"







T E M P T S  
E X  
M A C R I A A

by W. Kraus

"Time travel," explained Professor Ames, "is merely a matter of reinforcing the time flux until the warp is produced to the desired magnitude."

"I don't believe it," someone said.

The professor turned from the two men facing him with a satisfied smirk on his face, and said, "You will please to follow me."

The procession led into the adjoining room. Facing the three men was a huge black globe, slightly flattened on the bottom, the better to balance itself on the floor, and a square outline in its side, suggesting the presence of a door. Knobs of steel showed here and there, and a stout aerial protruded from its top.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I present you with the one and only time machine in existence!"

Advancing, Professor Ames pulled open the door

of the large sphere, and stepped inside, beckoning to the others to follow. The two outside looked at each other briefly, shrugged their shoulders, and stepped within the close confines of the interior of the mad professor's invention. Now facing them was the most fantastic array of dials and levers that anyone could imagine. Wires and condensers were in a tangled mess covering one wall, and a second glance revealed that a few resistors had been thrown in for good measure. The professor looked confident as he saw the cowed expressions on the faces of the other two.

One spoke up. "But now that you have a time machine, what are you going to do with it?"

Ames looked as if he thought they should have known, and finally said, "I'm going back into time, of course. I have to solve the ultimate paradox once and for all. I'm going back one hundred years into the past and kill my own grandfather."

"Aren't you afraid you'll be destroyed?" one asked.

"That's why I'm taking YOU along! If such a thing should happen, the knowledge can come back with you, and I will have sacrificed my ALL for the glory of science." And with that remark, he suddenly reached out and jerked on a lever.

Behind the two men, the door thudded shut.

By the time they realized that they had been trapped into going through the crazy experiment, it was too late to back out. As they turned around to push their way out of the door, it was open again, and from behind came the professor's voice. "Behold, now, the world of 1851!"

The three stumbled out of the machine, and looked around them in surprise. "Strange," Ames said, "I didn't know that my laboratory existed in the time of my grandfather."

Indeed it appeared that they were in almost the same place they had started out from. One of the men left to see if he could pick up a local daily newspaper in order to correctly ascertain the date. As he left he almost bumped into the fourteen year

old youth who was at that moment coming through the door.

"Ah," came the satisfied voice of the professor, "this must be my father, yes it must be." And before the terrified boy could move another step, Ames was upon him. The man left behind tried to drag the fiend off, but when he finally succeeded, it was too late.

It was too late in more ways than one. Not only was the boy dead of strangulation, but also, the professor existed no more. He had dissolved into thin air under his very fingertips. The man looked in wonderment around him.

Shaking off the dazed expression, he re-entered the time machine and busied himself with trying to figure out how to manipulate the controls of the thing. By the time the other returned, he had it figured out.

When that other one returned, he was running, and his face looked as if it might be running a high fever. He stumbled up to his companion. "My God, man!" he stammered. "This is the year 2051 instead of 1851!"

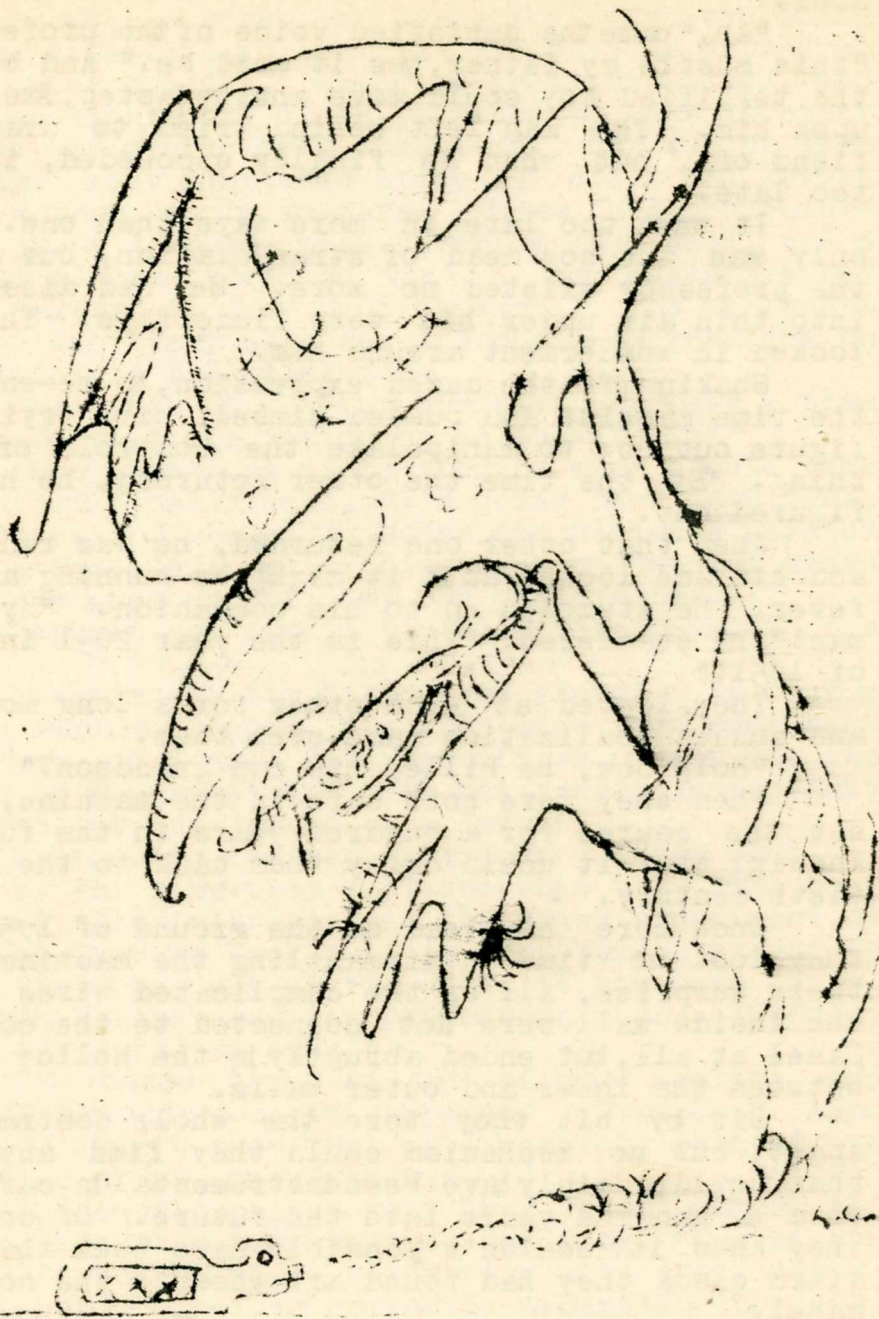
They looked at each other for a long moment, and sudden realization came over them.

"Holy cow, he killed his own grandson!"

When they were both safe in the machine, they set the course for a hundred years in the future, knowing that it would carry them back to the twentieth century.

Once more they tread on the ground of 1951, and they lost no time in dismantling the machine. To their surprise, all of the complicated wires along the inside wall were not connected to the control panel at all, but ended abruptly in the hollow space between the inner and outer walls.

Bit by bit they tore the whole contraption apart, but no mechanism could they find anywhere that could possibly have been instrumental in carrying them a hundred years into the future. Of course, they knew it couldn't possibly have been that old alarm clock they had found attached to the control panel.



BOWETT R. TOSKEY  
3933 15<sup>TH</sup> NE  
SEATTLE 5, WASHINGTON

RETURN POSTAGE  
GUARANTEED