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# IMAGINATION!

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IN MEMORIAM  
JOSEPH WILLIAM  
SKIDMORE  
1892--1938



WILLIAM J. LAM

WILLIAM J. LAM  
1910-1970

# IMAGINATION!

The Fanmag of the Future With a Future!

February 1938  
Vol 1 No 5 Whole No 5

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Well,

Way Out West nrly became Fade Out West as far as "Madge" is concernd, at our 6 Jan meeting. The reason? Madge's semimonthly "going-over" ofcourse. The Brass Tack of contention being as usual the simplifd spelng to which the dishard minority is so violently opposed. Their warcry: "If it was good enuf for grandpappy it's good enuf for us." & the chaff--er, the Staff--shoutd back: "English as she is spoke!" From there on it was every fan for him(her)self, & be sure to duck the bottles & salt shakers. Strangely enuf the meeting disbanded with no casualtys & everyone still firm friends. What stopt the battle was the offer of the staff to withdraw entirely & let whoever wisht to, carry on with Madge in their own orthodox way. So as things rest at present (& this sounds strangely similar to what I recorded last month) Madge will carry on as is, nimbly dodging haymakers swung from our left, atom blasters from our rite, rocketships peppering us from behind, & quaintly enuf hoping for a kind word or gesture somewhere along the course our astrogator has plotted for us.

Our New Yr No. was done by novices at operating our newly acquired mimeograf, so that several stencils inadvertently were put on backward (these errors were not re-least, ofcourse), & all sorts other difficultys & delays beset our publishing crew, who scarcely were aware it was round Xmastime; but the Faithful Few "stuck to" & produced the periodical to provide our mems, & maild to our subscribers to be in their bxs nr New Yr Day as possible. No one seems to have noticed yet the amusing mistake where the title in Q&A Dept apeard in reverse, so that stead of "King of Conserve Island" it was typt Converse! We expectd inquiry from some alert reader as to what had been omitted from the Lovecraft Letter, where the asterisk was after "vampirism". A footnote was intended, about the terrific task it was to decipher that word. The chirography of HPL is, well--notoriously illegible, but that worst one (we thot it 2 for a long time) had everybody stumpd til Roy Squires finally unravelld it; & had been our intention to credit this potential cryptographer with the triumph, but space prohibitd...

Welcome back after an extended absence was Maurice Duolos (pronounced Morris Du-kló), LA lad who had "Spawn of the Ray" in the Feb AmS. He reveald Sloane held the story 25 mos after acceptance. Questiond as to what he thot of the illustration (which Frank Brady said lookt to him like an overgrown strawberry) MD declared he didn't like it a bit. 2 new members at the same meeting (20 Jan) were Fred B. Shroyer & Billy Honebry. Latter, localad; while FBS is arrived but recently from Decatur/Ind. He is a baroque-bk bibliophile, having added some 150 titles to his already colossal collection since his arrival in LA!

Regular club projects accomplisht were the preparation & publication of our Chapter Constitution, copys of which were distributed among the members. While in a generous mood we gave out gratis copys of the contents of the Library, & have the satisfaction to announce that very shortly we shall have complete files all 3 stf mags, including Qs, Air W, &c, well as numerous Weirds, Blue Bks, Args, Fantasy & other fanmags...

Revival of a real thriller to regale the local fanta-film fans was THE IN-VISIBLE MAN. Other recent re-showings: "Air Hawks" & "The Black Cat". An evening of special phantasticartoons from foren lands was featured at the Filmarte during Jan, attended by many a fan. Report on this program will appear by Mirta Forste in Fantascience Filmart for March.

On the evening of 30 Dec some the local weird fans gathard at the home of Roy Squires, in Glendale, for last ghoulish get-together of 1937. The party startd appropriately enuf with all present groupt round the radio to hear Witchos Tales. A number the new Unique were sold. & it couldn't have been an accident when the same circle wound up listening to the Black Chapel at midnito--or could it?--because there were exactly 13 present! Roy's Open House was a huge success, & no little credit due his Mother for making it so.



*Joe W Skidmore*

Tribute: By Bob Olsen & Forrest Ackerman

His many admirers will be shocked & saddened to learn of the passing of Joseph William Skidmore, early-time talented author of many popular sf stories, who met an untimely death at 46 in an automobile accident, 10 Jan 38.

Joe Skidmore undoubtedly will remain best known for his "Posi & Nega" series published in Amazing Stories, unique "electron narratives" that rank him among the most original & outstanding contributions to the literature of pseudo-science. To build a set of instructive & interesting stories around the adventures of 2 super-intelligent electrons required rare ingenuity, if not real genius, & this task Joe Skidmore accomplished with admirable skill.

In addition to his Posi-Nega narratives Joe wrote a nice little number of interplanetary yarns, prehistory yarns, an Atlantistory, & sciencetales of other themes. (A list of his imaginarratives, compiled by RJH--appears in our Q&A Dept, pg 7.) Still other stories from his prolific typewriter also were published in magazines & newspapers, at home & overseas, which specialized in aviation, adventure, detective, & divers types popular fiction. He was a frequent contributor, in recent yrs, to the "Fillers" in Argosy.

Those of us who had the privilege to enjoy Joe Skidmore's personal friendship knew him not only as a pleasant companion but a man of exceptionally hi character. (May 1--Forrest Ackerman--break in at this point, Bob? personally to affirm foregoing statements & pay my respects sincere to Skidmore..."Joe". He was a good guy. I know. From my talks with him I'm convinced sf was a serious subject to him, not just a pastime. He earnestly desired to disseminate scientific facts, one th "Old Guard" who ceaselessly sought to instruct at th time he entertained....)

One the most notable features about Joe's personality was his faithful & intense devotion to his wife. To those of us who know Joane Cromwell as a woman of unusual physical beauty, spiritual charm, noble character, & artistic talent, her husband's frank adoration of her is quite easily understood. Joe paid this lovely lady a great compliment naming numerous his most attractive fictional heroines "Joane Cromwell". The card he inscribed for FJA declared him "Joe W Skidmore A dreamer of dreams--whose sole bid for fame is that he is the husband of Joane Cromwell---"

& now Joe Wm Skidmore, who has thrilled 1000s with his fiction of fantasy & adventure, suddenly has been snatched from us to embark on the greatest adventure of all. Perhaps now he is able to see clearly & in reality some the things which he conceived merely as figments of his fertile imagination. Perhaps now his marveling mind, freed from the fettering mundane, may concentrate in clarity upon those Atlantean thots he so well loved to contemplate. If "Joe Skidmore" still exists...wherever he is now, whatever he is doing, those of us who knew him on this plane are certain he still is the same kind friend of man he always has been & that he still is using his rare talents to do what he can to make this world a better place in which to live--for the rest of us.



*Jim Mooney* after spending his early yrs in Florida, found the barking of the alligators hindered his work. James N. Mooney looks little like the layman's conception of an artist. Dark, of medium height, & weight somewhere in the vicinity of 140 lbs or more, this 18 yr old fantartist's favorite pastimes are art & discussing philosophy. Generally a pencil stub is somewhere in his pocket & often without warning he will snatch it out & hastily begin to sketch. He seldom leaves a paper napkin without covering it with portraits of people near by.

Like Virgil Finlay, whom he greatly admires, he readily can use oils, water colors, inks, carbon- & grease-pencil, & other mediums, with facility. When working he will continue long into the nite. Occasionally he has vivid nightmares which sometimes he can transcribe. One such dream-inspired picture depicts a human confronted with a monstrous, cyclops-eyed head rising from seething mists; done in pastel, it is unusual in its outre suggestion of alienage. A singularly gruesome pastel, "Portrait of the Deceased", was completed by candle-light in a cellar; so ghastly is the picture that it could be reproduced in no magazine. One of his best pen-&-ink drawings, illustrating Henry Kuttner's "Spawn of Dagon", will appear in WT soon. Farnsworth Wright may be credited with discovering Mooney. Recently Bongo, as Jim's friends refer to him, has been working with plaster masks, having completed a death-mask, one of Heu-Heu (from Haggard), & one of Karloff as "Frankenstein".

Jim prefers weird to science-fiction, has a morbid addiction to gigantic black cigars, & is much less able to write a letter than to create a picture. He agrees with Russ Hodgkins about the merit of Morritt; is sympathetic to Esperanto. (Note to FJA: If you put in one your lousy puns at this point I'll knock you for a ghoul!

--Biographer.)

*Roy A. Spinn* he insists, is his legal name, despite the divers non-de-typewriters he employs on occasions. The "A."? He recalls truthfully answering that question no more'n 5 times 'n' doesn't desire to create a 6th.

Born in the archaic 20th Century, he says, "at the age (mental) of yrs 'n' yrs", in Indiana. Gradually migrated westward, stopping only because of mediocre swimming ability 'n' his yet being practically no parsecs nearer Polaris.

Roy began to read "the" mags with the 36 Jul Ast 'n' has acquired on appearance, read, digested, 'n' filed with the ultimate degree of delicacy, every issue since--the ever complaining no number in his collection in satis-factory condition. His collection, if meager yet as regards mags, features voluminous correspondence, numerous mss (with their respective rejection slips framed 'n' hanging on walls of his scienti-sanctuary); also mss of 'n' 2 original illustrations for GALACTIC PATROL!!!

1st SFL meeting attended was 19 Aug 37 'n' has misst none since. Only thing about meetings disconcerting to him's certn femmembr (if U recall Ur Franaise: "Cherchez la femme!") he swears's identical in appearance young lady his acquaintance.

In mats of filsofy, religion, 'n' politix's distinctly a Squiresist, waiting only til he "discovers hyper-sub-electronl power to rebuild the world 'n' establish Sanity." Adamantly declares can't undrstand how anyone aftr reading stf can stand weird fiction. Writes best with his hat on, 'n' "Black Chapel" broadcast (11:45 pm-12) puts him in rite mood for writing. Record's 9,000 words "late one nite 'n' early next morning." Can't comprehend y, when he taps a typewriter like Hankuttner's, he can't sell his stuff too.

Believe a body either born to b a fan or never'll be, 'n' that insane asylums should b fertile field for scientifictionuts.



# "HI TREASON"

FANTASCIENCE FILMART By Forrest J. Ackerman

Something like 7 yrs have elapsed since this profetic pic recd its US preview--50 ft from my backporch! (I live directly behind a cinemansionet.) I saw it 6 times; rank it with the ace scientificinematructions presentd to date--such great, outstanding scientifantasy silverscreen achievements as METROPOLIS, OUR HEAVENLY BODYS, LOST WORLD, SIEGFRIED, THIEF OF BAGDAD, DELUGE, JUST IMAGINE, BY ROCKET TO THE MOON, GOLD, INVISIBLE MAN, THINGS TO COME, &c.

Preparatory to a résumé of the plot I present adaptd quotations excerptd from newspaper accts, ads, &c, preservd from the past for posterity on just such an occasion as this...

"Breaking the spell of the stereotypd talkie, HI-TREASON forecasts world events in 1940, a period when the Peace Movement has grown to large proportions & reacht a point where militant action is taken to prevent war." ++ "Machinery, Science, & culture, will dominate the world 10 yrs hence." ++ "An unusual romance showing the female of the species dominating the social-political life of the world at the end of the next decade." ++ "A theory of this play is that 10 yrs hence fashion will provide for the women +4s, for the men soft silk shirts & knee breeches." ++ "A Futuristic Fantasy of the World in 1940." ++ "A profetic glimpse of the Future, with Women the Saviors of the World!" ++ "The drama Unique--a story of the World to Follow!" ++ "Television & newtyp aircraft r in common use; Europe is united in an inter-natl federation; & America is known as 'the Atlantic States'." ++ "The last war was a war to end war--will the next war be a war to end Humanity?" ++ "Strange machinery for commerce & great deathdealing devices for war." ++ "A dramatic picture of the whither-&-whence of nations & boundaries." ++ "Will the World be Topsy-Turvy in 1940? Will menacing influences threaten safety of all people?? Will the marvels of Science forestall approaching Doom???"

SYNOPSIS: 1940. Gards at gates separating Federated Atlantic States from Federated States of Europa. An Atlantic is playing cards with a European. The European lays down his hand: "Whad'ya got?" '2 aces.' "The pot's mine: I got 4." 'Wait a minute! 1st time I ever seen 6 aces in a pack!' "Yeah... Sayyy--where'd U get em?" 'Just what I was goin' to ask U.' "Take Ur hands off them cards! Take em off, Atlantic!" Heatd argument ensues. Other gards cry "Hey, whad'ya wanna do--start another war?"

Futuristigar buzzes up to border. Examind by Atlantix, passt over Europeans. Inspector: "Any liquor on board this car?" 'No sir.' "This passport sposed to b U?" 'Ya.' "Say, what's this in this lil compartment back here?" The deceptive driver, caught smuggling alcoholiccontraband, kicks starter, speeds thru. European gard throws bomb from top his tower. The Atlantic rum-runners r blown to bits. & it's guns barking immediately on both sides the border. --A scoulless syndicate of inter-natl financiers deliberately is agitating war for profit; war is imminent because of the frontier fracas.

"This is London, calling the World! The recent Border Incident may lead to war! At 24:00 (12 midnite) the President of the FSE will broadcast a message of World-Wide importance! Stand by!"

Michael Deane, Major in the European Air Force, optofones Evelyn Seymour, dawter of Dr Seymour, Peace League Pres.







Mystery Manuscript (By way of explanation: The following was mailed locally to Hadge's mailbox anonymously. It was typed with few errors on yellow or "2d sheet" paper which was torn, & wrinkled into 1000 creases. The lower right-hand corner was burnt away as tho a signature originally may have been affixed.)

ADVICE TO AMATEUR MAGICIANS was sketched for this page this issue but we regretfully must admit the ms has been misplaced. We hope Ryner kept a carbon which we can secure to present next time. Meantime, the "Mystery Ms". Statements concerning which actually are as outlined. This is not a manufactured mystery.)

My life has not always been as it is now. The passing years have softened but not erased the memory of those dark days before the coming of the dawn. During that period of my early existence my conscious self never fully realized the want it felt, never understood the vacuous vacancy that shadowed it. Subconsciously, perhaps, the intangible yearning within me was less a mystery, for upon the discovery of my first, long-awaited love. I knew instinctively that unknowingly had I ever searched for that which I had now, all so undreamed-of, chanced upon.

It seemed that a joy-giving light had materialized within me, giving a sense of sudden awakening to beautiful things that had ever before remained beyond the all-encompassing wall of stark reality. New interest blossomed, bringing home to me the marvelous thought that here, on a scene with which I was so familiar, had come a wonderful Entity, waiting for me to discover its inconspicuous presence, and bringing with it that which was to sway the path of my life, involving a momentous swing in the unseen, inexorable workings of an inexplicable fate. The future, before so dull, blazed with a new, mind-freshening luminosity, beckoning me on to a world of greater glories in the limbo of things to come.

Thus it was, that day in March, 1926, when I met my mistress of whom I had always dreamed and, below the line of conscious thought, longed for: she whom I have followed devotedly ever since, forever thankful for my deliverance into her romantic environment, the light of my life, Scientific Fiction.

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The Imagi-nation Asks PHANTASTIQUESTIONS & We Imagi-natives Give ANSRS

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Skidmore's Storys: "Dramatis Personae", ASQ 31 Fall; "Are You A Coward?", My Self 31 Dec; "Romance of Posi & Nega", AmS 32 Sep; "Souls Aspace", AmS 33 Feb; "The Beetle in the Amber", 33 Nov; "Adventures of Posi & Nega", AmS 34 Jan; "The Torch of Life", Marvel Tales, 34 Jul-Aug (bimonthly mag, not 2 pt tale); "The Velocity of Escape", AmS 34 Aug; "The First Flite", all following fiction from AmS except one listed exception - 34 Nov; 35: "An Epos of Posi & Nega", Jan... "7 perils to Quichos", Feb... "A Saga of P&N", May... "A Legend of P&N", Oct; 36: "The Maelstrom of Atlantis", Feb (2 instalments)... "A World Unseen", Feb (Wonder) 2 issues; AmS 37 Jun, "Murder by Atom".

Jack Spear asks for "more info on RUR". Informs FJA: "RUR" is th abbrev for ROS-SUM'S UNIVERSAL ROBOTS, th profetic play from Praha (Prague) 1st performed in USA in NYC on 9 Oct 22. In this famous footlite fantasy Československauthor (Czech) Karol Čapok introduced "robot" (adapt'd from Polska's--Poland's..word for "work": robota) as a popular substitute for "automaton". Bk brot out by Doubleday, Page & Co. ~2 Readers inquire dup-identity "Anthony Gilmore". We thot it more or less common knowledge by now: Co-Eds Bates & Hall of Clayton Ast.







ONWARD ESPERANTO! A Dept customarily conductd by Erdstelulov, & Fojak (FJACK, who sciencizes spelng in th Tomoro's Tung Topix); this issue, editd, from info suplyd by locl Esp'ists, by Mirta Forsto, in th temporary absence of its regulr authr.

FLASH! From Fojak, news that Douglas WF Mayer, Gen Sec th SCI-FIC ASSN, has bcom Esperanticonvert! Doug declares: "Fine, inspirata de la ekzemploj de vi mem kaj Dro. Gibson, mi havas sumigata suficiĉan energion lerni Esperanton. Nenio povas kontenti min nun ĝis, kun la helpo de vortaro, mi skribas al iu, kaj mi elektis vin pro viktimo." Weldone 1st atempt, Doug! Translation: "Finally, inspired by the examples of yourself and Dr. Gibson, I have summed up sufficient energy to learn Esperanto. Nothing can now content me until, with the help of a dictionary, I write a letter to someone, and I have selected you for a victim." (More power to U, amiko "Mejr"! Choose some more "vix" from among our mems. Morojo can read Esperanto & is a mem of th august body of which U r Minute-Maker.)

Folowng, excelent argumnt in favor Esp stead Eng for th International language, adaptd from "Another Language" pubt by th Linguaphone Institute, NYC:

# MOTHER TONGUE

Robert Marks

English, they say, is the language most used,  
Most spoken--most written--most cruelly abused.  
The plural of box we all know is boxes,  
Yet the plural of ox is oxen, not oxes.  
A goose is a gooso, but two are called geese;  
So why isn't more than one mouse quoted "moose"?  
But the plural of house is houses, not "hice",  
Yet a mouse and his family are mentioned as mice.  
The plural of brother is brothers, or brethren.  
And yet, we say mothers but never say methren.  
The plural of man? The answer is men.  
But the plural of pan? Who'd dare to say pon?  
If more than one tooth we designate teeth,  
Why isn't more than one booth termed as "beeth"?  
If one thing is "that" & three things are "those"  
Then why do we swear at the cats & not cose?  
A cow in the plural is sometimes the kine  
But whoever spoke of two vows as vine?  
You readily can double a foot & have feet  
But try as you might you just can't make root roet!  
If this in my hand were two 'twould be "these",  
And yet the plural of kiss never is "kese".  
We classify pronouns as he, his, and him,  
But never, it's certain, as she, shis, & shim!  
No wonder, then, foreigners nearly go mad  
And speak our good English  
A t r o c i o u s l y BAD!

Jay Franklin, feature writer of World Affairs articles in LIBERTY, was encountered at Shop's Shop by Erdstelulov, whereupon E-v was interviewd informally by Franklin on Esperanto Facts for a feature on th artificial language which he (JF) announces he intends to submit to LIBERTY. "Undoubtly ESPERANTO is a Good Thing"--Jay Franklin.



ASHTRAYS & THE DOWNFALL OF CIVILIZATION! Paradox Plus: "Positive Negative"--IMAGINATION!'s Incredible Novel-length Variant hotale, a MUTANT Feature for Feb (it will leave U mutc...) By Oscar G. Drizzlefacc, WPA

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The ashtray in itself seems a puny thing incapable to influence greatly the affairs of this world of ours. But consider--if there were No More Ashtrays...how quickly we should be plunged into.....c h a o s!

It is a scientifact that during the process of burning any article gains perceptibly in weight. What, now, would be the result if there were no receptacles provided in which to place this added weight? We should have a very serious condition--that of the presence of weight without a place for it to exist! A positive negative! Or complete paradox of Nature which itself could not exist!

Because this condition could not be it is impossible then for the cigarets themselves--which on burning cause this additional nonexistent weight to accrue--to endure. This brings about another serious situation: Millions of cigarets are manufactured daily & the mass of this multitude is very great. If it suddenly were to cease existence there would be a tremendous vacuum where it once had been. Into this vacuum would rush 1000s & millions of cubic ft of life-giving air lowering the air-level the world over & forcing the inhabitants of hi plateaux & mt peaks to seek shelter in the lower regions. Tibet would be depopulated immediately, with the Tibetians refugeeing into overcrowded Eastern localities. Civil Wars would rage over the possession of enuf land on which to live & European Powers swiftly would be drawn into the fray to protect their interests.

However something else is occuring simultaneously: Cigaret factories are in an uproar. The cigs themselves no longer exist therefore none the raw products that go into them can have any place in this plane. The cigaret factories are busy grinding, drying, cutting, & toasting, tobacco that is not there & wrapping the weed in nonexistent rice-paper! Workmen go mad trying to make nothing from even less while machinery collapses under the unparalled strain of making something that never will exist out of nothing that has existed forever!

& since the tobacco cannot be, whole fields of it all over the world abruptly will disappear causing unimaginable havoc; rice-paper in which the cigs are wrapt will vanish the same way & with it vast acres of rice. 1000s & 1000s of Chinamen & their Tibetan enemies will starve--even stomachs full of rice will become empty!

Everybody then will go crazy & kill each other-- all because some stupe threw away all the ashtrays. HEED THIS WARNING & BEWARE!!!

IMAGI-NIK-NAX: TWS Contest--- "What I Would Do If I Were Ed of Thrilling Wonder--", the prize-competition question proposed by LASFL under consideration for future featuring.

TWS's Associated, once said, visualizing his Ideal *Mort Weisinger* 3tf Mag: "I would make my magazine a sort of 'de-luxe' affair. Smooth paper, no 'ads', smooth cut edges, and a glossy cover like the Blue Book--- Stories by only big shots. Nice dream, eh? Still, you can never tell." We are waiting, Mort!



CONQUERD POWER: Memorys of a Forgothn Phantasy Film as told to Jack Erman by Celeste De Pinto.

"I saw it 15 yrs ago. (Erman: 'Pardn please; shall we spel this in "Ackermanese"?') Miss De Pinto: 'O but definitely! I insist. No "k" in "kneeling", &c.') Yung tho I was at th time, I hav retaind a lastng impression of Conquerd Power because it afectd me so severely. (Erman: 'I kno, like th Chaney-arn "CPRA-FANTIM" when I was a yungstr.')"

"Th chief charactr was money mad, a miser. He had acumulated a large fortune by lending to those in desperate straits at usury. Th Scrooge livd in a large old mansion. In th basemnt was a medium size rm. & there he kept his gold. In a cradle! It was his supreme passion. He adored it, as he would an only son.

"One nite...neelng...rockng th cradle...runng his fingers thru th monoy lovnngly, lingrngly, caresng ea coin...for hrs. About to lay his cheek ag-ainst th gold when--

"Th coins quivr!

"Th surface writhes...

"He's awd. Imagines th money actualy has become endowd with life. Hav th evil doods he's done to gain th gold givn it malignant being???

"2 MONSTROUS clutchng metalicclaws rise from th goldn depths to doom him.

"Terror--what to do? Dashes to door: Has lockt self in!

"Like th inside of a great vault is th treasure chambr. Iron bars on th windos & dito on th door. & loerng in at him at th door, hideous hornd countrpart of Lucifer!

"P a n i c --& he runs to windos, bats at bars. Th horibl Hades man re-apears. Th victm sobs, wves, crys for sucor; th while th diabolicreature lafs raucously, mocks maliciously. --& then, like th Golem (pronounced Goy'lem) or King Kong, it crushes togethr th walls; & th power of his wealth cannot save the trapt money tyrant."

BK REVIEWS

FROM ABRCAD: By Herr Herbert H ussler. Translated from Esperanto by Morojo. "Him-melskraft" or "Sky-Power" by Hans Dominik ("Might of th 3", "Atlantis", &c.)

AE-sta-tions r establisht in Deutschland. ("AE" th acceptd abrev for "atmosferic electric power plant".) At an altitude of 8000 meters soar th balloons which suport th huge net for extractng th energy in th air. Th plant can produce around 200,000 kilo-watts.

There also r such experimnts in America. But with envy th Am engineers must admit th Deutsch r more succesful. Not only is th production of th Deutsch sta much greatr but for some reasn th Am sta is destroyd by a catastrofe of nature.

There r a few spys of th American plant, United Electric, in Deutschland but one alone can "delivr". In fact he even is able to obtain models of diferent aparatus. This "ag-ent" doesnt kno th info & models he acquires actualy r handed him, as it were, to send th Am workrs. He also isnt aware some th models already r obsolete, that th Deutsch AE-stas no longr use em because of betr resources. Also, th balloonets cant be duplicated in American labs.

Th engineer also discovrs durng th exploration work a new material of such hi atomic weight & so dense it's not workabl by presentime tools because all r softer'n it. Very small piece weighs several tons! But th elem-ent is necessary for th AE-sta because only by it is it pos to control th very hi po-  
wer of th electric energy which it isolates wel.

After long arbitration th 2 stas ag-ree on cooperation for th good of th 2 countrys.



THE HAZY HORD By Francis Flagg & "Weaver Wright" to divulge the co-author behind the later pseudonym is Forijay Hackerman (if U hadn't caught the pun on the pen-name before). We do not run a resume of the preceding 3 instalments as if U haven't been paying attention to our featured scientificiasco from the first we figure U would be far better off to forget about it.

#### CONCLUSION:

"—By means of the matteradio I broadcast a replica of myself & sent it to shoot Prof Aritos, set fire to the lab & then shoot itself. The finding of my body in the ruins removed any possibility of a search's being made for me."

"U may imagine with what feelings I listened to this confession. 'But still I don't understand' I said.

"Nor I" he admitted--"not quite. For that is the marvelous thing about the matteradio: An object is capable of being broadcast an infinite no. of times without it itself's being affected. Modern psychology speaks of the "split personality", of mind's being an infinite no. of things. Perhaps this diagnosis applies to material structure as well; perhaps man is not one but a million individuals & the matteradio the mechanical means to demonstrate this fact. If so it is not powerful enough to split the mind since the broadcasted replicas of oneself are not endowed with separate intelligences, being mere physical automations motivated by the will of the person being broadcast." He shook his head. "It is all a mystery. But isn't electricity itself an enigma? & yet we utilize it, as I am utilizing the subtle power generated by the matteradio, without complete comprehension." He left mirthlessly.

"The man's mad--" I thought--"a mad genius run amok" & as I realized the colossal power implied in what I heard & saw my heart sank...

"It was simple to create this place without causing comment" he continued. "I myself, multiplied by the matteradio...did all the necessary labor. One adobe brick became 100,000. & so with one motor truck, one machinegun, one--everything!"

"& this army of mine cannot rebel; it is absolutely loyal, having no will but my will. In the beginning clad in a gray uniform I broadcast myself; then I set a replica to be broadcast continuously at 1/2 min. intervals. Now there are 1000s of myself on the march, driving cars & tanks, flying aircrafts. & it doesn't matter" he added grimly "how many of those 1000s are killed: The "radio" always can replace them. Only if I myself were slain..." He paused abruptly.

"It wasn't till later an understanding of what he almost had revealed came to me.

"I stared at him appalled. 'Think of the bloodshed,' I said hoarsely--'the useless slaughter. 1000s of innocent people will suffer!'"

"He left again, his mirthless laugh. 'You should I care for that? Consider' he said 'the mass stupidity, the ignorance. The nations are at each other's throats; the ordinary ruck of people are starving. Could I add more to their misery?--& what are a few million lives more or less among such a herd of brutes? The masses exist for but one purpose: To be pawns for the superior man. Alexander played with them, & Caesar. Napoleon stalked across Europe using crowd heads & dynasties as pawns. Today they are the playthings of dictators & capitalists. I tell U I will play with them all--the Lords of Finance, the Big Bankers. Haha! I will use the "superior" men of capitalism as I use the masses; for I am superior to them as they are the ones they rule. I will tower over them; I, Napoleon Spurgeon, the greatest military conqueror of all time...!' His voice broke.

"For a moment there was silence. The blue light waxed & waned. I stared around me like a man in a dream. 'This can't be true,' I thought--'it is impossible it should be true!' After awhile I said: 'But how can U



control such an army?

"He led me to the controlboard from which he had risen on my entrance. Into its surface was sunk what appeared to be a yd sq of dark glass. He pressed a button & reflected in this glass were the figures of men, tanks, motorcars & aeroplanes pouring forth from the bldgs outside. He pressed another button & another & section by section I saw the gray hord in motion, the rd on which it marched, views of Tucson & the surrounding country. 'Every unit of my army can be observed by means of this instrument' he informed. 'This machine is a television eye with a radius of 1000 miles. Fortunately for U I was looking into it at the moment U arose from the ditch, otherwise U would have been slain--as all resisting my advance were ordered slain.'

"Y then did U save me?" I asked at length, afraid to put the question & yet impelled to do so by that very fear.

"For a moment he hesitated as if at a loss for words, as if there were something he was loath to confess. 'Because I was lonely;' he replied at last in a musing voice more to himself than me, as if surprised at himself for such a weakness--'because I desired someone with whom to talk. All those soldiers are but broadcasted replicas of myself. They are real flesh & blood but without independent minds. Or rather, their every thought & act is what I will. What thoughts I possess at the moment of their projection, they possess: to advance, fight, conquer, kill those resisting: that is all they know, or need to know. But intellectual intercourse with them is impossible; & a man cannot talk to himself forever, he needs another being in whom he can confide, with whom he can share his victories, his triumphs--otherwise all he does, all he achieves, is savorless. I had not expected it to be thus, but so it is, & in my growing loneliness I regretted killing the Prof. Then suddenly I recognized U. 'U,' I said to myself--'U shall be my confident, my Lt, the Lt of Napoleon Spurgeon!'" His eyes flashed, his voice quickened. 'U will be that or...' his hand vanished into his bosom & when it came into view again-- 'Choose!' he declared tensely, as he leveled a wicked-looking automatic at me.

"I looked into his blazing eyes & saw life or death hung in the balance-- & I wanted to live. How many times since, in the light of what happened, have I regretted not hurling myself on him then & there! Perhaps the bullet would've missed me; perhaps it would've inflicted but a superficial wound. I was young & strong & in the ensuing struggle might've overcome him. But I was afraid to risk it. Madness often has endowed its victims with superhuman strength-- & Dr Spurgeon was mad! Not mad in the ordinary sense perhaps but certainly insane on this subject of military conquest! He had the Napoleonic, the Man On Horseback, complex; I was in his power. The thing to do was to placate, to conciliate, to await a better opportunity to act. --So I told myself, little realizing what my cowardice was to cost me in future suffering & unavailing regret.

"'Dr!' I cried quickly--'all this is strange to me; even yet I scarcely can grasp the amazing truth. If I seem to hesitate it is because of that, because it hardly seems possible U should pick me out to honor so signally.'

"His piercing eyes probed my own like pinpoints of sharpest steel. For a moment I wondered agonizedly if I had used the wrong words of acceptance.

"'Enough' he said at length, putting the automatic back in his bosom. 'My power shall set U above magnates & princes.' He tapped his forehead. 'I carry the whole plan of my military campaign here. It is a game of chess I play. I advance myself as pawns, as knights, as bishops, rooks, as queen. But the king-- Haha! I am the king... & how can the opposing players get at the king to checkmate him?' He laughed raucously & linked his arm with mine. 'But come; U need a bath, something to eat. Later I shall tell U more, much more.'



"So began my 3 days as 'Poleon Spurgeon's Lt. Replicas of himself broadcast with the intention to serv prepared our food & waitd upon us noiselessly. It was bordring on the uncanny to observ one tomato (thru the small broadcasting unit) yield a doz; 1 potato, 1 egg, 1 loaf bread, 1 jug milk, multiply their #. Involuntarily I thot of Grecian legend, of the wheatn loaf that nevr would grow less & the pitchr of milk that nevr'd run dry; & curiously enuf I began to wondr if behind such pagan myths mightnt reside a scientific miracl.

"Here was abundance for mankind at the pressing of a button. The general use of such an invention well might revolutionize the social economy.

"Then I speculated as to whethr such broadcastd food might not lack some subtl quality necessary to health & nourishment, some needed vitamins, just as the bc bodys of Dr Spurgeon lackt certn mentl initiativ. I communicated these thots of mine to the Dr & we discust the questions raisd; he with the thotful, the authoritiv accents of the brilliant scientist, I with a certn awe of the implyd potentialitys.

"& now this is the insidious thing I must relate: As the hrs lengthnd into one day & then anothr, almost imperceptibly I fell undr the power of the Dr's personali-ty. Did he hypnotize me? I do not know. Not consciously praps. But mad tho he was the man possest magnetism to a superlativ degree. & praps in evry heart is the latent lust for power, the scarcely recognized desire to rule, to be outstanding. Praps 'Poleon' tapt this ambition in myself. It was godlike to press a button & see a vast army advance; to press anothr & perceiv the picture of myriad airmachines darkn the sky. Yes, & I sudnly had the overwhelming conviction nothing could oppose 'Poleon'. That he could create forces even more fantastic, that no nation could withstand; that he was omnipotent, the scourge of science, the man of destiny!

"Dr Spurgeon talkt this language--the language of Attila the Hun, of Alexander sighing for more worlds to conquer, of Caesar crossing the Rubicon--& with it all there went a feeling of being engaged in a colosl game of chess; a feeling engendr'd praps by the remoteness of the scenes on which I gazed, the unreal quality of them as viewd thru the machine. I saw Tucson occupyd, & Phoenix; I saw the Hazy Hord pouring over the rds to Deming, to Prescott. The wiping out of the Negro regiments aroused a litl horror but later it was as if they merely were pieces swept from the board by a maestr playr. Dr Spurgeon croucht over his controlboard, the presiding genius of attack, & I exultd in the moves he made. Yes, explain it as U will, I who first had heard his plans with horror & loathing, who had yielded to his will (so I told myself) the betr to accomplish his ultimate ruin, was now his adherent body & brain! Such is the price of cowardice ...of weak procrastination--& bittrly I was to pay for it!

"Step by step I followd the Hazy Hord in its advance. The sufferings of the panicstrickn peopl fleeing befor it moved me not at all. The Federal army with its auxiliary supports massing at Deming seemd pityfully inadequate to oppose our combined tank, infantry, & aerial attack. 'They cannot stop us!' I cryd exultantly.

"'No,' agreed 'Poleon smiling sardonically at my enthusiasm--'they cannot stop us.' He deflectd a lev'r. 'Look! While the infantry advances on Deming I hav sent my red planes west.'

"In the dark glass on the wall formd the hills & towering bldgs of a great city. I saw it as if from a slight elevation, the bay spread at its feet, the wharvs projecting, the ferry bldg upraisd.

"Then the viewpoint shiftd & I gazed down upon the Golden Gate. Poleon's planes were passing over the peninsula & as they flew they loosed a barrage of white leaf-lets. 'Warning them to make no resistance' explaind Dr Spurgeon. 'If they do...' His hand made a fateful gesture.

"I stared aghast. Like one struggling from drugd sleep to an awareness of his surroundings I saw the billowing smoke of the Presidio



batterys, the shells bursting & fantom planes falling. The whole city, the bay befor it, unrold to our gaze. The batlships commenced to curse the airbombrs with cannon blasts. I began to sob to myself 'Mothr! Ena!' The pellucid planes in perfect formation wheeld over the doomd city...

"Shockt out of the evil spell that had held me in thrall for days I gript Dr Spurgeon's arm. 'No!' I cryd--'no!' But even as I plead the planes loost their deluge of death. I saw the ferrytower go over like a broken stick, the great skyscrapers toppl, fall. Mkt St became an erupting volcano of flame & smoke.

"Sick with horror & grief I launcht myself on Poleon. Even as I did so I glimpst in the glass batlships blowing up, saw the slaughttr of the fleet. Then my frenzyd fingers had found the madman's throat & I was shaking him as a terrier shakes a rat.

"Was it that horror & grief lent me superior strength? So praps in that moment I believd but since then the truth has occurd to me:

"1000s of the mist-men were sucking sustenance for flesh & bone from this one man. From the first, tho he did not show it, he must hav been weak as a kitn. At any time I might've overcome him, as in that last moment I did overcome him.

"I pluckt him up. He was surprisingly lite. Weight seemd to hav gone out of him as well as strength.

"In my blind fury I whirld & flung his feathrweight form. His body met a mechanism.

"Yet even as his form described an arc thru the air he drew his pistl. I paled as I felt the breath of the bullet on my forehead.

"From the base of the machine he raisd himself, his face murderous with rage. But befor he could arrange his arm for a 2d shot his eyes sudnly blankt, his body straightnd convulsivly. Then as a tree toppls he went down, clutching at his heart; & in the glass on the wall a moment befor the lites blinkt out I saw the planes tumbling...

"'Poleon'--Dr Spurgeon--was dead...stone dead. & altho I did not know it then, his army died with him. It was but a projection of his energy, his life, & when I killd him--" he stared at the rusting remains of machinery in front us--"I killd the 'Hazy Hord'."

The young engineer was silent a space. Afr a- while he recommenced: "No," as tho anticipating my query--"I can't explain y this should be any more than I can explain how Dr Spurgeon could broadcast himself. It is all a mystry. His bullet misst me but hit the dynamo. Something blew up. The 4 immense globes were smasht." He was still again a moment. Then: "I buryd 'Poleon over there. With my own hands I raisd that stone monument & wrote on that piece of board one single name, with the date of the mo. & the yr. There he lies...the Napoleon of the leaflets..."

We sat wordless while I ponderd the remarkabl story. "What I still don't undrstand" I sayd at length "is y U sudnly attackt Dr Spurgeon afr hav- ing falln so completely undr his spell. What made U do that?"

"My Mothr & my fiancée perisht in the Bay Citys Bombing--" choked the chap & abruptly turnd from me & hid his head in his hands...

FINIS

~"The Flame Men", reports Paul Freehafer, was broadcast 8 Dec 37, 9:30, WBAP. "Phan-  
tastic experimentl ether-drama of a visit to our earth of a tremend-  
ous incandescent being whose origin, apparently, was in the torrid depths of the sun  
& who, miraculously, enterd our own atmosfere with catastrofic results to mankind."



BK REVIEWS FROM ABROAD: By Herr Herbert Häussler. Translated from The Esperanto By "Sedepi". Unter den Wellen des Atlantik--"Under the Waves of the Atlantic"--By Piet vanEyck. Utopian narrative somewhat similar to Kellermann's "The Tunnel".

For a long time it's been deemed desirable to connect Europe & America to make a firm alliance between the Old & New Worlds. The plan of a young Deutsch engineer seems to promise more than any preceding. By an apparatus he found that under the ocean's floor are long caverns which he proposes to utilize for the project. On the European continent it'll commence in the island Staffa because the worldfamous Fingals cavern is there--the beginning of a long natural cavern system which continues almost without interruption to the American continent where the end is in the immense Kentucky Caves. Only in the middle of the Atlantic is there a stretch where the apparatus won't work; seemingly there won't be a cave at this place. Otherwise, because nature is so favorable the construction won't take long; in not more than 4-5 yrs the tunnel will be ready.

But the proposition doesn't please an American trust-owner, the boss of the biggest commercial line (of ships) in the world, who foresees ruin. But he can't prevent the start's being made. At both sides experiences of the first wks & mos. prove the correctness of the engineer's theory. Yr after yr passes. At the end of the 3d occurs a sensation. There almost has been attained the spot where undersea caverns aren't registered. At the borings are found bones; later, an entire skeleton! The archeological profs judge the findings human! Of a race one possesses of an advanced culture! --Atlantiskelton!.

After several mos' very secret labors the sensation is even greater. A Scot worker, now & then somnambulant, has a so-called "2d sight", professes that after boring thru the wall there'll be a hall & in this a mummy. & the profesy comes tru. Following, a layer is found with an enigmatic inscription similar to the hieroglyphs of ancient Misr (Egypt). Deciphering establishes that here has been found the submerged ATLANTIS!

But that isn't reason to stop the work, which unremittingly goes on. Til the entire tunnel is ready for the monorail which in 45 hrs would rush thru the entire trip from Europe to America. --But nature doesn't obey human will. At one place the earth tween tunnel & ocean flr isn't so thick as elsewhere & the sea scoops thru; before it can be stopt, surges; floods the tunnel quickly killing all in it. & so the seemingly success-slanted super engineering enterprise of Europe-America subsea-cylinder is "liquidated".

#### FORECAST:

Mss for mo. of Mar & Apr--

A clever Television Tale by

DAVID H. KELLER.

"Why Stiff Writers Go Crazy", comical mythical correspondence between author & Editor, by Jack Coburn.

Mrs Allis (Villette) Kerlay contributes complete acct of "2001", prize-winning European profetic play; realistic résumé of approx. 1700 words!

An article on Eugenics.

"Among Our Memos": Roster Interviews: Test, Yerke, Olsen, Kuttner, Lewis, Pogo...

In response to requests for another fantasy yarn, BOB BLOCH obliges with a ribtickler entitled "A Charming Interview" (with Robt L. Bloch, by "BoBloch").

"The 'Prehistoric' Planet" (cinemanuscript) by Chas Williams.

Due to numerous requests, inauguration of an authoritatively informative column reviewing intriguing rare imaginative bks of the past, by Fred Shroyer.



VOICE OF THE IMAGI-NATION! ("The Peruser Dissertates"--& sometimes tells us to go sit on Brass Tacks! Now is that the proper attitude? At any rate, we run our readers' remarks unchanged & in the order they chanced to be rec'd by "Madge".)

8) *Augustus Mayor* First Report from Oversea! From ENGLAND (20 Hollin Pk Rd: Roundhay, Leeds makes an Esperanticomment on "Madge", which Mr Ackerman Anglicizes--with the invitation, to avoid possible insinuation of the old saying that "translators r traitors", that he urges Mr Mayor call "Correction!" if FJA misconstrue any meaning of his: "Permit me to compliment you on the energy and the avidity with which you are producing IMAGINATION. I am becoming reconciled more or less to the spelling. It is acceptable, possibly, if it is done rationally, but you are often guilty of using long, hybrid words where shorter, single words would suffice. One example of which I think is the use of 'Deutches' for 'German'. The former word has two more letters than the latter. (We'll let Forry state his stand on this Ack-usation: "Firstly, 1 of th 2 lettrs r dispsed of by corooct speling: 'Deutsch'. But this is sophistic, for should 'th Fathrlandrs' hav a name 10 times as long as its English equivalent, I should urge universl adoption of th originl. This's th point: I argue that in deference to 'Deutschland' evry country should call it by th nomenclature of th natives, not 'Germany' by USAmericans & 'Allomagne' by the peopl of France, but by its actual name.) ~However, when one has become accustomed to the idiosyncracies of the editors, the magazine becomes entirely interesting and, in many articles, very informative."

From JACK SPEER, Comanche/Idaho, we hear (& that is his complete adres, incidently, for anyone intrestd): "Dear Madge; You've changed some in the past month; some changes are for the better, some for the worse. ~ The cover was good. Keep 'em simple. ~By omitting the separate page for the 'Fannag of the Future' declaration, and other economies, you're giving us more reading material. ~ Way Out West even better than usual. ~ Fantascience(Fanatiscience?) Flashes OK. ~ Imaginikmax mighty good. ~ Are we to understand from the Hodgkins biography that Forrie the J has no right to the J? (Don't know where U got that misimpression. The "J" in "Russell J. Hodgkins" stands for "John"; the "J" in "Forrest J Ackerman", altho it means "Jehovah" in certn stf circles, is incorrect if punctuated with a period as it is not an initial.) Almost buried amidst the Esperanto and Ackermanese I find Miss Myrtle R. Douglas. Is that Morajo's original name? (Gee, Jack, don't U think "MOROJO" is originl? But I see what U'r driving at; yes. "Myrtle R. Douglas" is my maidenname.) ~ Martian Odyssey still good. (Ur meaning is obscure to us.) ~ Hollerbochen's Dilemma biggest mistake of the issue. Illogical, unscientific, poorly written, etc. (Ur name readily lends itself to a doz. dif. puns like "Speer-ing the author's feelings" but they r all as bad as that one so we shan't inflict further.) ~ Writers of the Future didn't appeal to me. (Beware Kuttner's ghoul Oliver!) ~ Letter from Lovecraft interesting. ~ Since 4/3 of I!'s readers are Esperantists, says you, I reckon we can grant them the little Onward Esperanto corner without griping. ~ Haven't started the Hazy Horde yet. Is it worth reading? (Ast, Won, Ans, et al. may've been wrong...) ~ Baw! We want Foolosophy and Scientificrux back! (We r substituting articles like "Ashtrays" in this issue & the "Charming Interview" in our next for a standard humor dept.) ~ It is eternally engraved on everlasting bilstone: Man who live in glass house should not throw stone. Before Louis Kuslan gets mortnified over 4sj's spelling he should look up the words he spelled 'recieved' and 'iconclast'--that is, if those mistakes are his. (They most certainly are! We meticulously transcribe every individual's errors here--no matter who's MORTNIFIED!) ~ Happy Foo Year." (How Foo-lish!)

*Henry Lemaire* of Pomfret School, Pomfret/Ct says: "'Imagination' is swell! Somehow I feel more interested in it than in any other



fan-mag. Perhaps this is because it is the work of a group of fans rather than of one. As you probably know, fandom is in a pretty sad state in NYC. According to D.W., the one organization now going is utterly worthless, and he is chairman. ~~~ I would like very much to see in your magazine a gossip column like Weisinger's in SFD. Forrie should be able to write that. See if you can get Schwartz to contribute a column - perhaps on the financial state of the S-F field. However, let me cast my vote against fiction except for an occasional short like 'Radio Review'."

From Dick Wilson's "Science Fiction News Letter" 8 Jan 38 we excerpt opinion of our own pub: "IMAGINATION!, we fear, will be with us forever. The January 1938 issue has already arrived. We gather (or think we gather---since no one can be sure that what he reads in this mass of illiteracy is what he thinks it is) that Morjo's real name is Myrtle R. Douglas. Arthur K. Barnes and Henry Kuttner quibble about the significance of the K in the former's name. The latter claims that it means Kermit, while its owner maintains that it's Kelvin. There is a good, queerish short story by Ray Bradbury: 'Hollerbochen's Dilemma.' A letter written by H. P. Lovecraft two years ago is published."

Everett F. Shibley 55 Round Hill St, Jamaica Plain/Mass: "Yesterday I received 'Hedge' #4; in my opinion it is inferior to #3. However, the cover appealed to me very much. If I interpret it correctly, 1938 Imagination is so outstanding, it blasts 1937 Imagination out of existence 'à la Buck Rogers.' I wish you success. ~~~ Please give my thanks to Miss 'Morjo', Mr. Hodgkins, (and to Mr. Ackerman, of course) and the others for answering my queries. In my opinion 'Phantastiquations' is the most interesting part of 'Hedge.' ~~~ Incidentally, the title, 'A Marsian Odd-ysey' is slightly ambiguous, because 'Marsian' is an adjective meaning 'pertaining to, or of the Marsi, a Latin tribe.' Accordingly, the thought occurs to me, while reading Mr. Ackerman's column, of an expedition thru the territory of the Marsi, around Lake Funicus, seeking archaeological traces. ~~~ Incidentally, I have a great deal of fun with 'Imagination!' I show it to my friends, and ask them to read it. (This refers to the first two numbers) Some of them are ashamed to admit their ignorance in not being able to read English, and claim that they can read the mag; but I don't believe them."

LUCIE B. SHEPHERD, of the 24th and Highway Hollywood/Cal declares: "People won't take a new lease on LIFE at 1¢ a copy, but they want more IMAGINATION!!"

Louise Hudson 170 Washington Av, W. Haven/Ct comments: "The fourth issue of 'Hedge' was received and it was quite good, at least, it was better than any issue so far. However, you will probably slip up on the next issue to make up for this issue. ~~~ By the way, did you see the article on Arthur K. Barnes in the current 'Helios'. (Yes, 'Ho' & we trade subs.) Wah-hoo, it is pretty caustic and seems to have more than a little truth to it. Well, let's see how Mr. Barnes will reply. ~~~ I see in the ads that fifty cents is offered for #1 Hedge. Well, I guess that it is pretty lucky that I got my copy before. Maybe the price will go up to a dollar. (It has! The fever for our initial number is phenomenal!) ~~~ What do you mean in the ads by 6 characters for 1¢. Is that 6 words or 6 letters. (Letters, signs, punctuation marks, numerals.) Let me know as I am planning an ad in a couple of issues. ~~~ Here's my monthly kick against futuristic spelling. Why in the name of Foo do you keep it up. Practically all of us 'foreign' fans are against it, but maybe we don't count. ~~~ I'd like to correspond with any fan who would care to. ~~~ Amazingly yours."

Dale Hart of Highlands/Tex: "This fan mag 'Imagination!' is good! I especially like Questions and Answers. Like Richard Wilson, I wondered what the 'K' in Barnes' name represented, but I'm up in the air as to whether it's 'Kermit' or 'Kelvin,' though I believe the former is correct. All the features are good. ~~~ May your fan magazine soar to etheral heights!"



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