

# "PHANTASMAGORIA

## CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL.....PAGE 2.

### STORIES:-

"THE LONGEST LAUGH" by Peter J.Ridley.....PAGE 3.  
"TONIGHT AT 9-30" by John Allen.....PAGE 11.

### POEMS:-

"GALAXY'S END" by Allen Tetley.....PAGE 13.  
"ODE TO PIONEERS" by R.R.F.Bailey.....PAGE 14.

### KEEPING UP TO DATE WITH:-

"THE OUTPOST" a column by Walter Willis.....PAGE 9.  
"THE EDITOR SQUEAKS" by Derek Pickles.....PAGE 12.

"PHANTASMAGORIA" is published quarterly by Derek & Mavis Pickles at 41, Compton Street, Dudley Hill, BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND.

SUBSCRIPTION FOR ONE YEAR(4 issues) 1/- or one issue of a prozine.

EDITORIAL.

THIS COPY OF "PHANTASMAGORIA" IS THE FIRST OF A QUARTERLY ISSUED, AND VERY HOPEFUL BRITISH FAN-ZINE.

YOU SEE THIS AS A RESULT OF THE SWEAT OF OUR BROWS AND AN OVERDRAFT ON THE POST OFFICE SAVINGS.

SERIOUSLY THOUGH WE MANAGED TO PUBLISH THIS ISSUE BY STRAINING OVER HOT TYPEWRITERS AND WE HOPE THAT MUCH OF THE BURDEN OF PROVIDING MATERIAL WILL BE TAKEN OVER BY YOU, BY YOUR SENDING US THAT OPUS YOU'VE SLAVED OVER THAT MIGHT PERHAPS OTHERWISE BLUSH UNSEEN IN SOME OTHER EDITORS W.P.B.

SO DIG OUT THOSE THAT HAVE BEEN REJECTED & THOSE YOU FEEL SURE WILL BE AND LET US SEE THEM AND IF WE DON'T PRINT THEM YOU MAY AS WELL SELL THAT OLD TYPEWRITER. WE WANT MATERIAL OF ALL KINDS. FANTASY OR SF, WEIRD OR OUTRE, POEM OR ARTICLE ON ANYTHING REMOTELY CONNECTED WITH SF.

WE ALSO WANT YOUR LETTERS, COMPLIMENTARY OR DEROGATORY (WE ALSO SELL DICTIONARIES), AND WE'LL PRINT THEM.

FOR A START WHAT ABOUT CONTRIBUTIONS IN A SERIES OF PERSONAL THOUGHTS ON SOME EPIC OF SF OR FANTASY, SOME STORY OR BOOK THAT MADE YOU THINK AND FEEL, WRITE DOWN YOUR MEMORY OF IT UNDER THE TITLE OF " I REMEMBER " (APPROX 400 WDS).

IF YOU LIKE THIS ISSUE AND WOULD LIKE TO SEE MORE OF THE SAME PUSHED THROUGH YOUR LETTER-BOX WRITE TO US, TELL US WHAT YOU FEEL, AND ENCLOSE A CONTRIBUTION.....

CHEERS FOR NOW.....D.P. & M.P.

THE LONGEST LAUGH

a story by Peter J. Ridley.

The blackened patch beneath the jets gave off the peculiar sickly smell of smouldering vegetation. The olive green plants were burned to ashes in the centre of the circle, and darkened into limpness at the edges. Beyond the razed patch the jungle rose green and menacing, packed tightly and slimily wet.

Two humans dropped from the space ship and hurried towards the jungle. As they reached the perimeter of the blackened sere in the forest's smooth green surface, a brownish shadow detached itself from the vegetation and came forward to meet them. The native was naked save for a turban shaped headress. Muscles rolled smoothly beneath an oily skin. He made a gesture with his right hand. One of the humans from the space-ship replied similarly. The three commenced to writhe their way through the matted growth. Don Alvin tripped over a rotting tree trunk, landing in a stinking pile of decomposing liana. He swore loudly without trying to get up. Rita came back laughing. "Unsympathetic wench", growled the irate Don.

"Buck up you space-lubber", she encouraged him, helping him up "you'll soon get used to picking your way among the tree-trunks and not over them."

"Damn it, we weren't all born in this godforsaken hole, I'm used to civilised sidewalks".

She grinned and hurried after the native guide. Don followed wondering how she managed to look beautiful even when her face was streaked with sweat and her hair heavy with the moisture of the forest.

"Wish I'd stayed in the ship," he thought, "that's something I do know, how to manage a space-ship". He stumbled, disturbing a large cup-shaped leaf which poured a pint of luke-warm water down his neck. Don swore again. Blast all women. If it hadn't been for Rita's wild charms he'd never have come on this trip. Old Dan Curtin, Rita's father, had been just another biologist with a bee in his bonnet who wanted to hire a space-ship for some mad scheme. But when Rita had added her blandishments to her father's arguments Don had given in. The old coot had even given the drug he was looking for a name, "Augmentacin".

---

Are YOU a member of the SFS? if not write to Frank Fears,  
6, Ferme park Mansions, Ferme Park Road, Crouch End, LONDON N 4.

Don quoted the old scientists precise words mentally.

"I call it Augmenticin because it is said to increase the natural mental powers for a short space of time. I'm sure the natives have it. 'Mad as a hatter', mused Don, "must be to live on a planet like this."

The tree-trunk flung itself across his path. Don got up, looked hopefully at his mud splattered figure and plunged after the others.

They came abruptly to a small outcropping of bare rock, round which were huddled half-a-dozen mud huts. Don noticed that they all had miniature forests growing on them. Round the huts was a thick barrier of thorn bushes, the guide, whose name was Rita, whistled twice and part of the thorn wall moved inwards. A crowd of chattering savages soon surrounded the Earth people. Rita had opened her pack and was distributing presents, while talking to them in their own tongue. Don who didn't even know how to curse in the native patois, was perforce silent. He felt very self-conscious standing mud-covered and mute while round him everybody chattered and laughed. At last Rita was finished, and they were conducted to the chief. He was tall dignified looking native, who received them smilingly. Don wondered if he could ever look dignified dressed in a urban and nothing else, and decided he couldn't.

The chief rose and waved them towards one of the mud huts, Rita turned to Don. "We'll stay here a couple of days Don, I think we've struck lucky, the chief is very friendly, and seems to know something. He's going to show us our hut now." "Did you say 'hut' singular," demanded Don.

"Yes I did, but you needn't look so embarrassed my boy!, all these huts are divided into two separate parts."

The chief stood aside courteously to allow them to enter the hut. Don followed Rita, ducking through the low doorway. When his eyes adjusted themselves to the comparative darkness inside Don could see that there were two doors leading off a central passage, which ran right through the hut. He investigated.

The dark little room was lighted only by the reflections from outside, but he could make out a low bed and several clay receptacles. The doorway he saw could be blocked with a massive wooden shutter, which was evidently held in place by bars which dropped into wooden holders sunk into the concrete-like mud.

Don emerged into the sunlight to find Rita talking to the chief. The native looked enquiringly at Don, who grinned. Rita

chattered some more and then the tall dignified man turned away, herding the crowd of village children before him gently but firmly.

"I asked him to send them away for a little because we are tired after our journey. He's very nice isn't he? Just like an old town councillor."

"No man could refuse you anything" said Don seriously. Rita preened herself. "Compliments," she laughed. "Actually though these people have somewhat different standards of female beauty. Have you noticed their women?"

Don gave an exaggerated shudder. "Well I must look something like that to the chief."

"If I catch you putting mud in your hair, or wooden plugs in your nose young Rita, I'll put you across my knee." Rita made a most unladylike noise and commenced to comb the water from her hair. "Look who's talking about mud in hair," she retorted. Don realised that he was plastered with the slimy mud of the rain forest, which was beginning to harden on him. He took one of the urns from the hut over to a spring which came cascading down the rock, filled it with water and washed the worst off. Then he stripped to the waist and poured several urnsfulls of water over himself. As dry as a damp towel could make him he strolled back to the hut. Rita who had evidently bewitched one of the natives into bringing her a pitcher of water, looked almost as if she'd had a cold bath, instead of a lukewarm swill.

Don grinned at her. "Will you dine with me tonight, Miss Curtin," he enquired. She pouted at him, as if making a difficult decision. "I think it might be arranged Mr Alvin," they laughed together.

While Rita got out the food Don fiddled with their walkee-talkee. Finally he got through to the ship. "Want to speak to your father, Rita", he asked.

"Yes", she stuffed the remains of her ration of spam into her mouth and handed Don his portion. "Hello Dad." She swallowed largely and wrinkled her nose at Don, who was enjoying her efforts to speak and eat at the same time. "We've arrived at the village okay. The chief is very friendly, and I've a feeling we're on the right track at last. Yes, I expect we'll be here about two days. We'll call you up about this time every day 'til we get back." "Hey Don, don't eat all that pineapple you pig. Sorry Dad, not you."

They had finished their meal, and Rita at least had been talking to the natives, whilst Don dozed. Now night was co-

ling on, and little fires pockmarked the darkness over the village. "Tomorrow we must begin to look for further signs of the drug being used," said Rita.

"Why couldn't you ask the chief about it?," queried Don.

"Because dimwit, I don't speak their language very well and have no idea what they call the drug or from which plant it comes." "Oh," said Don, then persisted, "well what makes you think they've got it here."

"Perhaps you wouldn't notice it Don, but this village is as different from the others we've visited as chalk from cheese she paused and stared out at the black forest. The dim flickering firelight turning her golden hair into glinting copper. "The children here, they're perfect, no disease, no deformities; and the adults, no sores, no growths. Even the old people look strong and happy. I don't think they've attained that height without some stimulus."

Don pondered the statement, "I think you're right," he allowed. She turned, her mood changed. "Thank you for those few kind words, sir," she mocked.

Don launched his hand in a half-hearted slap which she avoided with ease. He yawned widely. "Well I'm going to bed, Rita."

"I shan't be long after you," Rita yawned too, "don't forget to fasten the door after you, the wild animals are harmless in the daytime but it isn't safe to leave the door open during the night."

Don stooped into the hut. Going to be damned hot with the door blocked, he thought, despite the ventilation holes which went up through the thick mud roof. He picked up the door, it was difficult to manoeuvre in the confined space but Don felt safer when it was finally up. He noticed a small hole which pierced the door about three feet from the ground, a slim spear lay near by, it wasn't difficult to guess it's purpose.

The bed was a low bench of the same mud as that which composed the walls and was covered with a deep pile of rushes. Despite the fact it wasn't quite as comfortable as his sponge rubber bunk Don slept well. He didn't even waken when the door creaked under the gently applied weight of one of the jungle carnivora.

Don sat with Mata, their native ex guide, in the shadow of his hut. The native was engrossed in a game played with small bones. He tossed them up deftly, catching them again in a different pattern. Don studied the game. Just like 'Jacks' he thought. After a while he wanted to try it, he made signs to Mata, who understood readily enough and handed Don the seven bones.

Don proved quite adept and soon had Mata practicing some of the variations which he had extemporised, They were still playing when Rita came round the corner of the hut unexpectedly. Don scrambled to his feet sheepishly while Mata just sat back on his haunches and grinned.

"Hello Peter Pan", said Rita sweetly to the embarrassed Don

"Well, I was just....."

"No need to explain, don't let me interrupt your game; I'm going to have a talk with the chief."

She stalked by, Don felt as though he'd been caught robbing the poor box. He looked at Mata who shrugged his shoulders and spread his hands in such a French gesture that Don expected to hear him murmur "a qu'oi bon?". But of course he didn't. They continued to play for some time, then Mata tired of the game, and propping himself up against the wall took a small wooden box from his turban. Opened, the box revealed a brownish powder, Mata took a pinch delicately between two fingers, held it to his right nostril and inhaled. Snuff, thought Don. Seeing Don's interest Mata offered him the box. Don took a pinch. The powder stung and tickled the top of his head in the most delicious way. Don smiled gravely and returned the box. Mata stood up and started off at a trot towards the thorn wall, waving Don to follow, they went through the gate and into the jungle a short way along a well trodden trail until they reached a clearing round a smallish pond. The water obviously contained a high proportion of some salty substance, since there were deposits of white crystals at the edges, it didn't smell too sweet and was somewhat muddy. Mata waded in and allowed himself to float horizontally. He gestured to Don to do the same. Don approached the pool, the water stank, he drew back. Mata waved again. Don shook his head and sat down to watch the native. There was a fly buzzing round his head. Don eyed it casually. He noticed that its wings beat 3,090 times a minute. A dull, nagging, pain pervaded his buttocks, Don wriggled the pain increased. He rose to investigate. As he transferred his weight to his feet a vicious spasm tore up his legs. Gasping with pain Don slumped back. Then he leapt upright again with a scream of agony. The unfortunate Don danced round the clearing shouting and swearing, for each time he put his feet to the ground an excruciating pain shot through him. Dimly through the clouding world of pain he could hear Mata laughing and shouting from the pool. Inevitably he tottered to the edge of the muddy water and fell with a r-

esounding splash. Surccase. Don's writhing anatomy settled down to a steady ache. In the heightened state of his senses he realised immediatley that he had taken a pinch of "Augmenticin", albeit quite by accident. Mata, laughing at his side had obviously known the drugs effects. Increase in the brain sensitivity and you increase its pain feeling capacity too. Don resolved not to leave the pool until Mata did so. Floating as they were in water their bodies were completely relaxed, and their brains were free to use the added power given by the drug.

Later that day Rita and Don set off from the village on their way to the ship. Owing to Don's experience they had a small supply of the drug, and a few plants, carefully carried by Rita in a special box.

Mata was again guiding them. Don found that although the jungle growths still craftly placed themselves directly in his path he could avoid them with a little care. The black patch burnt by the ships jets already showed a fuzz of green. The ship stood tall and silver against the dull olive backdrop of the forest. Rita hurried forward, she had given Mata present before leaving the village, and handed the box to her eagerly awaiting father. Mata was amazed and intrigued. Rita and the old scientist were still rhapsodising over the Augmenticin plants when Don darted into the ship and began sorting out his stock of cigarettes and matches. He stood at the door of the ship throwing them down to Mata, after showing him how to smoke them. At last he had no more and still waving Don closed the lock.

"What on earth did you give him those for?" demanded Rita,

"I gave him a big present before we left the village."

"That was no present my sweet. You doubtless remember that Mata and the rest treated my martyrdom as a huge joke. Well, when they start smoking those cigarettes....."

Don grinned largely and hugged himself, wincing a little.

\*\*\*\*\*

ARE YOU A MEMBER OF THE "SCIENCE FANTASY SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN???"

IF NCT, WHY NOT. WRITE TODAY TO :-

FRANK FEARS, 6 FERME PARK MANSIONS, FERME PARK ROAD,  
CROUCH END, LONDON, N. 4.

THE OUTPOST a column by Walter Willis of "SLANT".

VENI VIDI VINCI! After Mike Tealby of Wonder and I had (I came to see Vince.) perpetrated the oneshot fanzine call -ed naturally, SLANDER, I put on my bulletproof vest and went up to London to see the Circle we had described. First impressions of the place were that it would be alright if it were in the country. As it is, you can hardly see it for houses. I went to one of these called a lion's cafe (seems they serve people too) to meet Vince Clarke, and in a few minutes he arrived, carrying with him for identification a copy of NEW WORLDS and the original Ted Carnell. My Irish charm----I wear it round my neck----quickly disarmed Vince. He only had a rusty old hatchet anyway, and after burying that we went along to the famous White Horse, in Fetter Lane. Incidentally, it is not generally known that this thoroughfare was named in honour of the chain magazine scheme.

I had been told that the White Horse is "always half full of wits" --- well it was SOMETHING like that the man said--- --and right enough there they were, all the extinct volcanoes of British fandom, some of them almost mythological. All standing around, and then standing another round, not so much talking to one another as waiting for an opening. Some of them playing chess, ordinary two-dimensional stuff, others throwing darts, shooting lines, swinging the lead and other traditional games. Some of them even discussing Science Fiction. They were all very nice people indeed. Those that hadn't heard of me pretended they had, and those that had tried very hard to remember where. I met people I had written off as dead years ago.

They seem to stop drinking very early in England, so soon after 10 everyone began to go home, their fanning finished for another week. I went with Vince Clarke & Ken Bulmer to the flat known for reasons lost in the mists of antiquity as "The Epicentre". It is near Holloway Goal. In fact I believe it WAS Holloway Goal, before the League for Prison Reform got going. In the wilder parts of North London, where the hand of civilised man has never set foot, is this long grimy street, sinisterly deserted. On one side is a railway shunting yard. This is known as the good siding. Opposite are Bulmer & Clarke. This is known as the bad siding. In front of their house a watchful corporation has installed a single warning lamp of a shade of green I had not seen since the boat docked at Liverpool. Pausing only to sign a certificate indemnifying the caretaker against any claims by your relatives, you start the long climb

to the flat. If your oxygen holds out, and you are not caught in the tangled masses of SFN deadlines which cover the stairs you eventually arrive at the door. This must be opened carefully. Heaps of whitened bones tell of the fate of earlier travellers who were crushed by one of the periodic avalanches from the mountains of unanswered correspondence which give the walls that peculiarly curved appearance. In a clearing in the jungle live Bulmer & Clarke, and curiously enough once you reach there you will feel perfectly at home. This is because Bulmer & Clarke are charming people, whose only fault is that they do not let us see enough of them. And you cannot blame them for that. Apparently they get very little help from the rest of the London Circle, and by the time they get home from work and have had their teas they cannot use their typewriters because of a wakeful baby in the flat below. It is this wretched child who is really responsible for the sad state of British fandom. I wish I had time to tell you more of my experiences in London---of my visits to cultural centres like the Casino & the Folies Bergere, of how Ken Bulmer invented the steam engine, of the production of Clarke's withering counterblast to SLANDER, of the discovery in one of the earlier strata of a copy of the first issue of Ray Bradbury's fanzine---but I don't even have the space to mention these things.

RANDOM RADIATIONS:- Cedric Walker's "Guinea Pig" duly appeared in the first issue of the revived MARVEL, as foretold in SLANT 2....still more new prozines coming, including one called 2 COMPLETE SCI-ADVENTURE BOOKS, to reprint recent sf book novels....John W. Campbell's wife has divorced him and married Geo. P. Smith....coming issue of AVON FANTASY READER contains Clive Jackson's "Still Small Voice" reprinted from SLANT....same author's "Swordsmen of Varnis" from SLANT 3 well received by readers of OTHER WORLDS says managing editor Bea Mahaffey....New Hubbard Dianetics book coming....NEW WORLDS 8 delayed by printers strike....Cartier joins PLANET....Cover of NEKRO 3 causes sensation....GALAXY OBVIOUS successor to ASF.....

For two issues of SLANT (a printed magazine)  
send 1/6d to the editor and publisher,

WALTER WILLIS, 170, UPPER NEWTOWNARDS ROAD,  
BELFAST, NORTHERN IRELAND.

\*\*\*\*\*

"TONIGHT AT 9-30"

a short story by JOHN ALLEN

The shutters swung slowly to and fro in the wind, banging upon the window irregularly, with a crash that pierced the darkness and silence of the night. Faintly in the distance the sobbing moan of a dying animal hung in the air!

Inside the house all was silent.....almost; for the faint sounds of unearthly music crept through the still, deserted rooms and hallways, intensifying the darkness and leaving an air of disquietude, a tingling of the nerves, causing apprehensive chills to trickle down the spine; the short hairs at the back of the neck to rise and the ears to flatten against the skull.

Suddenly the music stopped. Voices could be heard, a door slammed shut, and silence reigned once more; then the harsh tones of a frightened man demanded who was there, no answer, again the demand was made with the voice now rising as the tensioned nerves strained towards snapping-point.

Then a ghastly scream, made even more horrifying by its coming from a man's throat; a horrid, RENDING, sound, slobbering and grunting which faded away to absolute silence.

Steps sounded hollowly from inside the room, the listener's heart leapt, then throbbed heavily, shaking the walls of the chest with aching intensity; a hand fumbled for the door-knob, it turned, the door opened until the listener was almost revealed; the figure of a man, thick-set and muscular appeared in the opening, silhouetted against the light; he turned - - - and spoke - - - - -

"Very good play on 'Appointment with Faer' tonight dear, wasn't it ??????????????"

\*\*\*\*\*  
"PHANTAS" 2 is due in FEB '51.

UP TO DATE.

"THE EDITOR SQUEAKS".

Firstly, we hope that you like this issue; the two stories, the two poems, and the column by Walt Willis. Let us know!! .

This issue has been produced under nightmare conditions, and against an impossible deadline, so excuse any mistakes. "Phantas" will improve with time (we hope).

VIEWS: What's all the secrecy about the "Eucon"? so far no DIRECT news about it, only snippets of news in various fan-mags, nothing at all from SFS or London in general.

Mentioning the London Circle of fans, is it a vicious circle as nothing seems to percolate out but dated news.

Fandom in London must be  
Cold,  
Isn't it time the White Horse  
Foaled!!

Seems as though some rival faneditor (no names) must have heard of "Phantas", the local paper the other week carried a report of a spherical object twice the size of a football found on the moors near Bradford. It was attached to a parachute, and stencilled on the side was "BOMB, ATOMIC, MARK 1", obviously the Radar tracker sighted at Dudley Hill had siezed up.

"Phantas" has no rigid editorial policy except to print GOOD amateur stories, poems, and articles. No slant this way or that way, only the wish to entertain and interest YOU the fan, so let us have your comments on the stories etc, we want criticism, constructive criticism, and we want your offering to amateur authorship.

NEXT ISSUE: Pete Ridley has turned in a really fine yarn for number 2, called "Strangers under the Sun", absorbing, and with the neatest end I've seen in many a long month.

Also another short by John Allen, "Vicious Circle" semi-weird. Walt Willis's "Outpost" again with topical comment. LETTERS:- depending upon what you folk send in.

SEEMS ALL FOR NOW, SO TILL FEB '51, ADIOS.

GALAXY'S END.

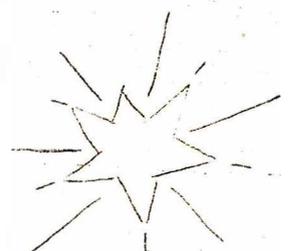
a poem by Allen Tetley.

Out in the trackless darkness of time and space,  
A spark flared briefly,  
And was dead.

But yet, in that one moment of ecstasy,  
Man had conquered all; with ravening power,  
Torn from the living heart of inert matter,  
Bridged the dark gulfs of space.



Now, on the dark, dead, worlds from which he sprang,  
Pulsing with insatiable might,  
All that had been, was gone.  
Shaped by the abrasive hand of time  
Into a dusty oneness,  
For Life, with Light, had fled.



---

IF YOU HAVE ANY SF MAGS TO SELL, OR THERE ARE ANY YOU  
NEED TO COMPLETE YOUR COLLECTION:- WRITE TO  
"DELL'S", 209/11, KIRKGATE MARKET, BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE,

- 11 -

"ODE TO PIONEERS"

a poem by R.R.F.Bailey.

Do you ever think of the ancients ?  
Those born on Mother Earth,  
Who wondered at the shining Moon,  
And how it had it's birth.

Who pondered its construction,  
How big, how far away;  
And whether it had always been,  
And if 'twould fall some day.

Who dreamed that they could reach it,  
And planned thus year on year.  
Who gave their lives, to soar - and crash,  
But conquered all their fear.

They built their flimsy rockets,  
From heartbreak, pain, and sweat of brow,  
That you might ride in comfort,  
Who tour the star-lanes now.

So when you pass, close to Sol,  
That lonely, single, yellow star,  
Say a prayer to those men of old,  
For they made you what you are.

---

THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN FEDERATION is the largest body of organised fandom in the world, it has its own magazine, library, manuscript bureau, and numerous other activities. For full details write this magazine, or Capt. Ken Slater. (his address will be found on inner back cover).

DO YOU SUBSCRIBE TO BRITAIN'S LEADING FANZINE ????

IF NOT, FIND OUT WHAT YOU'RE MISSING BY

WRITING TODAY TO "OPERATION FANTAST",

AT

CAPT.K.F.SLATER,  
13 Gp.,R.P.C., OR  
B.A.O.R. 23.,  
c/o G.P.O.LONDON.

M.TEALBY,  
8,BURFIELD AVENUE,  
LOUGHBOROUGH,LEICS,  
ENGLAND.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES 3/- PER YEAR.

---

DON'T MISS THE "EUCON" IN '54.

THE PLACE--LONDON.THE TIME-- MAY 12-14th.,

MORE DETAILS LATER.

---

HAVE YOU READ "WONDER" ??????????????????????????

IT'S AN UP-AND-COMING BRITISH FANZINE

PUBLISHED BY MIKE TEALBY,8,BURFIELD AVENUE,

LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICS, ENGLAND.

SUBSCRIPTION 2/- A YEAR. ISSUED QUARTERLY.

---

WANTED:- By Editor of "PHANTASMAGORIA"  
Volume 1.,No.2.,of "FANTASY REVIEW."

---

THE STF-FANS CLIPPINGS SERVICES.

RUN BY FANS, FOR FANS.

---

CLIPPINGS ON GENERAL OR SPECIALISED SUBJECTS

e.g. SCIENCE NOTES. PSYCHIC REPORTS.

BOOK AND FILM REVIEWS.

ARTICLES ON FANTASY AUTHORS, ETC. ETC.

MAILED TO SUBSCRIBERS ANYWHERE IN BRITAIN

OR THE U.S.A.

THIS IS A SERVICE DESIGNED FOR YOU, - -

THE ACTI-FAN. SO WRITE TODAY

TO

DEREK PICKLES, OR PHILIP J. RASCH,  
41, COMPTON STREET, 567, ERSKINE DRIVE,  
DUDLEY HILL, PACIFIC PALISADES,  
BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE. CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

---

WANTED.

"FANTASTIC NOVELS" Vol. 1., No. 5., (March '41)

" " " Vol. 4., No. 1., (May '50)

"F.F.M." August 1950.

Write to:- John Gunn, Milton's Head Hotel,  
Milton Street, NOTTINGHAM, Notts  
ENGLAND.

---