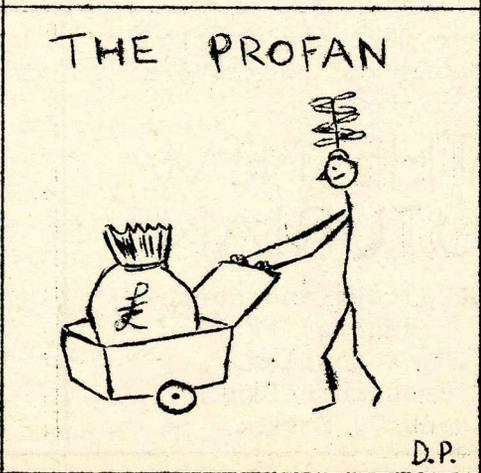
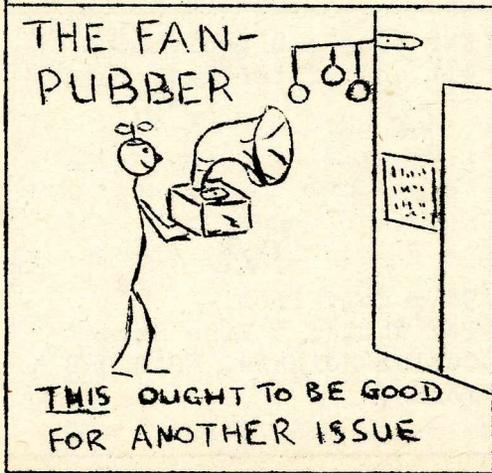
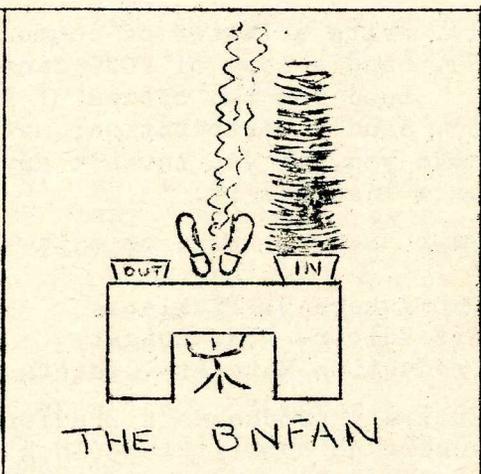
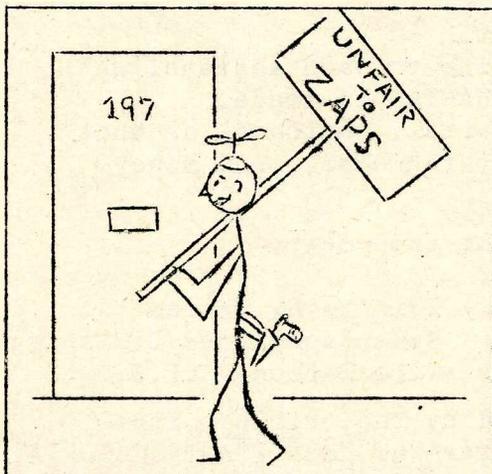


vol 1. no 2.

PHANTASMAGORRA

new series.

THE YOUNG FAN'S GUIDE :-



Derek Pickles
197 Cutler Heights Lane,
BRADFORD 4, Yorks,

England.

Stan Thomas
22 Marshfield Place
BRADFORD 5, Yorks,

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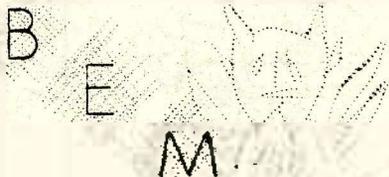
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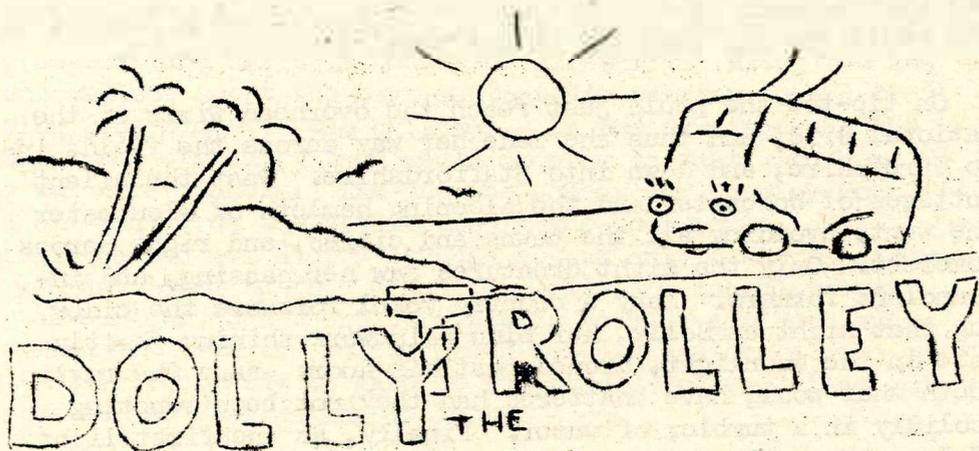
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THE EDITORS SQUEAK

If you have recovered your wits sufficiently after the shock of seeing the SECOND issue of a free fanzine, you will doubtless be reading this drivel. If you are one of these s&c fans, you'll expect a contents page. Look no further, you'll have to be content without one. Why the devil should we give a list of contents?. If you're interested enough to read the mag what do you need the contents listing for?. We know these brash new fanzines list contents but they haven't yet realised the space it wastes. You'll find a bit of everything thish, wit, an article that's really in the groove, and letters. Also a slew of cartoons, which we think are very good. Of course our sense of humour might not agree with yours, but you will have weird tastes. Of course we could always fall back, as a space filler, on a vituperous review of BEM, but why advertise someone's folly. We absolutely disclaim any responsibility for the ghastly stencil cutting of the last issue of BEM(We think it was No 3, but it seems more)not Tom's but Master Ashworth's. It was superbly duplicated, but you can tell what hard work it was, when the duplicator broke down after 22 pages, and it took a team of men and a welding machine to make it right again. Of course the advantage of bad stencil cutting is that your readers can't read the stuff you're palming off on them. On a visit to the Leeds Group we discovered where BEM gets its puns(?) they are all stolen from George Gibson, and George can't afford to have anything stolen, judging from ORBit. Mike Rosenblum was supervising the production of the cover of the new NEW FUTURIAN, and MalAsh was busily tearing Bergey covers from magazines(he is definitely a Harris-type crittur), someone mentioned there were photographs of Salome doing her dance in a copy of Colliers, and peace reigned in the corner for a while until a plaintive wail arose 'There's nothing

=====
"He went for her like a demented duck" (M.E.P.)



Dolly shivered with the cold as she hummed westwards along Leeds Road.

"Bah Goom," she cried, "it's reet chilly for July"!

She stopped to pick up a lone passenger muffled to the ears against the wintry blast, and with a forlorn "ting-ting" eased her aching chassis back into the stream of traffic.

Dolly, by the way, is a trolley-bus; one of the Bradford Corporation Passenger Transport fleet. All her she had roamed that bleak city of the North, with the chill and damp seeping relentlessly into her framework. Bradford trolleys, on the whole, are a cheerful lot, but Dolly was discontented. When she reached the railway station she gazed longingly at the bright poster which proclaimed: "Glorious Devon! Come to Sunny Torquay, the English Riviera!".

"Ee Dolly lass," she exclaimed, "That's t'place for thee!"

That night in the girl's dormitory - the old Thornbury Tram Sheds - the trolleys huddled together for warmth, whilst Dolly dreamed of tropic sunshine and balmy sea

was overwhelmed. With hot tears streaming from her headlights she stole quietly away and headed South into the night.

On tip-toe she could just reach the overhead wires of the National Grid, and thus she made her way across the fields into Derbyshire, and down into Staffordshire. Past the silent cottages of Worcester, and the sleeping hamlets of Gloucester she went, avoiding all the towns and cities, and right across Somerset. Only the night creatures saw her passing, and in-somolent farmers. Many a country yokel forswore the cider jug that night as Dolly, her blue paintwork shining ghostly pale in the moonlight, droned past his door. Many the rustic teeth that would have chattered had they not been reposing stolidly in a tumbler of water. Finally, as the first light of dawn appeared, a very tired trolley entered Devon, skirted the moors and free-wheeled gently down to the coast.

Next morning found Dolly calmly established on the Torquay sea front, soaking in the warmth and gazing at the lovely scenery. There was Torbay with its incredibly blue water, its red cliffs and golden sands. There were the lush palm trees and trim yachts, and the well-fed seagulls. And above all the glorious Devonshire sunshine. It was so beautiful she wanted to cry. Instead, she burped. All that high voltage on the journey had given her violent indigestion.

Meanwhile word had got around, and there was great consternation among the local busses.

"There be a furrin bus on the zai front this marnin' - a blue 'un!"

"A blue 'un? Where be 'e from?"

"'E bain't a 'e, 'e be an 'er."

"Aa-a-arr!"

"An 'er got feelers growed out of 'er 'aid."

"Aa-a-arr! 'Er be a furriner alroit."

"Aa-a-arr! Us can't unnerstand a word 'er saise!"

Dolly soon made friends with the Red Devon General busses in spite of the language difficulties, and settled down quite

happily in her new surroundings. The South Western Electricity Board fixed her up a couple of wires right along the sea front and she spent the days contentedly buzzing to and fro giving free rides to the children. In the evenings, as the busses went off duty, they would drop by to chat with her, so she was never lonely. The one who sought her company most was old Tad, from the Widdicombe-in-the-Moor route. His friends called him Shorty because he was only a single-decker. He had developed quite a crush for Dolly and longed to get her on her own, but there were always so many admirers hanging around. Even the snooty green Western Nationals were going out of their way to gaze at the comely Bradford lass and listen to her fascinating dialect.

One day poor old Tad could stand it no longer, so he decided to pluck up courage and make his proposal. After a great deal of revving-up and back-firing he finally whispered "Come along of Oi, me buck! Oi'll take 'ee up on Dartmoor and us'll nestle in the 'aither, all on our ownsome loike."

"Nay lad," replied Dolly. "It's reet champion of thee to ask, but there's nowt doing!"

"It be real purdy up yonder," he coaxed.

"Ee but there's no wires oop ont Moors. Tha knows ah can't get on 'bart wires!"

Old Tad went away crestfallen, but the next day he was back with a brilliant idea.

"Arkee to Oi, maid," he said. "Why don'ee 'ave one of there yer hoperations for a new aingine? Now take old Fraid. Es aingine was fair worn out was old Fraid's. They a-hop-erated on 'im and whipped 'im in a new 'un. Now 'e be goin' round large as loife."

"Bah Goom!" cried Dolly. "Tha's got head screwed on right road! Ah could have engine like thee and travel all over t'place!"

"Aa-a-arr!" said Tad.

"Ee!" said Dolly.

Later she wheedled him into showing her his engine.

"Coom, Tad lad, don't be bashful! she said as he shyly lifted his bonnet.

She gazed in awe at his mighty cylinder block, then tittered at his tiny generator. Mischievously she pried open his distributor and disconnected his sparking plugs. Finally, with a squeal of girlish delight, she pulled out his dipstick.

"Ee, it's loovely," she cried, "but one thing's got me fair floomoxed. If tha don't need wires, wheer does t'energy coom from?"

"Petrol, me ducker."

"Ee, fancy drinking that mook!"

"You'm a proper ol' fule, bain'ee!" said Tad, "Oi don't drink; they pumps'n in this yer little 'ole." And he unscrewed his petrol cap.

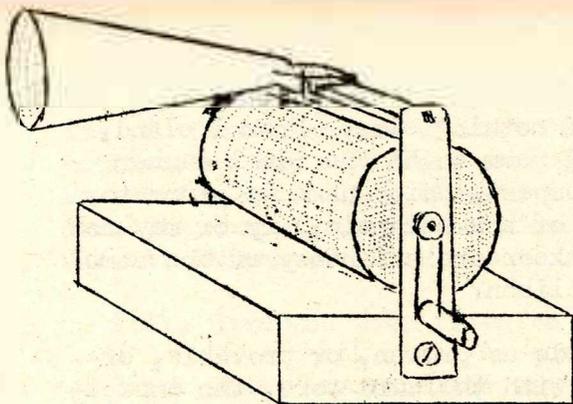
Dolly turned a brilliant mauve. "Disgoosting" she cried.

She swung around, ting-tinged indignantly and flounced off back to Bradford. Leaving poor old Tad scratching his roof in astonishment. "Wurmin!" he cried, and spat oil on the road.

Now Dolly is back among her own kind again, a little more contented with her lot. She is the one with the sun-scorched paintwork.

NIGEL LINDSAY.

"On all the street-corners of Gautamala City during the invasion could be seen groups of men dressed in the distinctive uniform of the Secret Police" TIME MAGAZINE.



WHERE
YOU
FIND
IT!

The more gramophone records I buy, the more I am struck by the evident close connection between country dance music, on the one hand, and fantastic literature, together with it's recognised appendages (such as yourself, for instance) on the other. So as I now possess upwards of 150 records of this type, I've recently been looking into them closely, to see just what I can find.

Superficially, an obvious reason seems to suggest itself - namely that it would be highly remarkable if folk music and folk legend were not in some way connected. However, a thorough examination of the evidence reveals comparatively few "straight" fantasy references. Old Nick gets a mention or two for example. The De'il Among the Tailors, a very well-known reel (I've got it no less than six times, among various selections) would seem to cover a very interesting legend somewhere. Maybe it's one of these things that every infant Caledonian hears at his mother's knee. I wouldn't know. I'm just curious Or for variety, you can find the same gentleman doing the strathspey In the Kitchen. I can only hope he likes salt porridge.

Still in the legendary class can be placed the Fairy Dance (another reel) and, I suppose, The Wee Man at the Loom. Rumpolstiltkith, mayhap). The Babes in the Wood, too, would seem to fall into this category, not to mention Castles in the Air, better known perhaps as the music to the Ball at Kirrie-uir. But that's the lot.

Leaving legendry behind, we come to a class of tune whose titles are so equivocal that they might mean practically anything. Roaring Jelly, a sprightly jig tune, conjures up ○

interesting possibilities, if nothing else. From Ireland, the Locomotive Hornpipe would seem to be the ideal number for a Shunt Ball. And the Tempest, which name is given to various dances on both sides of the Atlantic, may or may not have some connection with Shakespeare's fantasy of the same name. Wherefore art thou, Caliban?

But, putting all these aside as proven, or provable, or something, we are still left with the hard core, the inexplicable, the Little Did He Know department, which is the real meat of this article.

Take Hamilton House, the jig on which the theme-music for the film "The Maggie" was apparently based. That could well be equated with the publishers of both Nebula and Authentic. If the former should claim its exclusive use, the latter can be consoled with the thought that there are more country dance tunes containing the name Campbell than any other name. The Campbell's are Coming, Campbell's Frolic, and umpteen more dedicated to some particular member of the clan - far more than enough to go round all the relevant Campbell's I can think of.

Still on personalities, Lord Rosslyn's Fancy would seem to be a contraction of a well-known American writer - though where he's collected the title from I wouldn't know. The Rock and Wee Pickle Tow (or Too), though a puzzler, contains a clear allusion. And William Starr has recorded a "Set of Jigs" including one called Peter Baillie's Wife. Well, I had the pleasure of meeting Betty Baillie, not to mention Pete himself in Manchester recently.

Talking of stars, these of course are in it too. Star of Munster, Star of Robbie Burns - tunes not even the most hide-bound interplanetary enthusiast need be ashamed to listen to. And the field of mag titles is ably represented by the Wonder Hornpipe.

Scottish tunes beginning with MacSomething are, of course nineteen to the dozen. Nevertheless I can't help but mention

one of them - Machine without Horses. A bit dated now, of course, but may well have sprung from the science-fiction of an earlier age. Then there's a strathspey called The Iron Man. The composition of this one, by the way, is credited to J.Scott Skinner.

Well, have you ever tried to skin a Scott?.

Jimmy Shand has recently put out a record under the title of Coming Thro' the Rye. It contains four tunes, all in waltz time. The first is the title tune, then comes a little number called Logie o' Buchan, which is of course strictly irrelevant, and I only mention it because it's the only tune title I can think of that manages to sound like a football team without the use of the word "Chelsea". But it's the last two tunes that bring the record on to this list. The third one is called Evanie Water, and is followed by My Heart is Sair for Somebody. But the name Evenie (or Evanie) Sair definitely rings a bell smewhere. Didn't she figure in one of the Black Flame stories?.

I'll end this catalogue on a strong science-fantasy note, not unworthy of Burroughs himself. There is a lovely tune, also in waltz time, which Jimmy Shand seems to have composed himself, and dedicated to a certain beauty spot on the east coast of Scotland. However, I can't help thinking that up on the Moon, at the edge of one of the rolling Lunar seas, would be a far, far better place to find a Lunan Bay.

Well, there it is. I hope I've proved my point. One other thing occurs to me - the question of the positively enormous list of country dance tune titles that have not the remotest connection with fantasy, science-fiction or anything else of the kind. But I doubt if you'd be interested.

ARCHIE MERCER

"I'm as broke as Lady Chatterley's bedsprings" (A.K.W.)

"The rocket came to a flaming end" (D.P.)

"Have you brought your dummy with you?" "No, Mal's coming later"

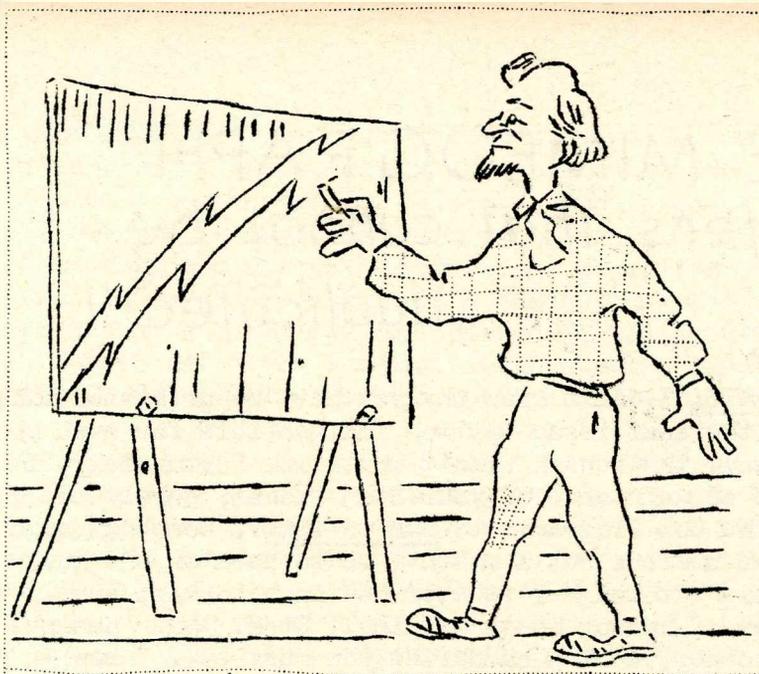
PROFILE



ALAN K. WRIGHT

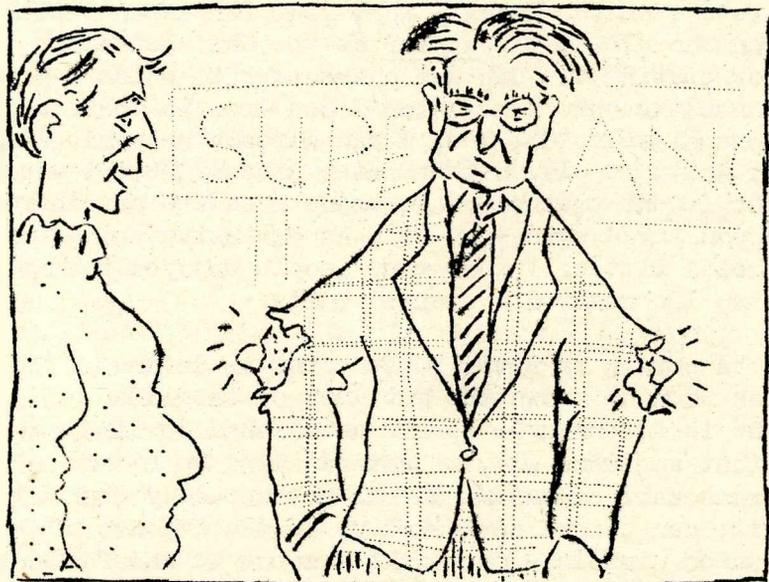
In case anyone is interested, here is the lowdown on our pet artist, whose works ((dis)) grace the pages of this ish. When we told him we were giving him a 'write up' and asked him for a few facts, his handsome face grew pale, "Please don't print my address", he begged, "I'm too young to be shot at even by Zap gun-men". At this juncture a ravishing blond model appeared and our artist has been locked in a dusty garret with her ever since. It is therefore left to us, to give you the facts as well as we are able. Here then is the story - for what it is worth.

He was born 23 years ago in the backwoods of Kent, where he still resides. It was at the tender age of 3 that his artistic ability first became apparent. He grew a Vandyke beard and began painting nudes on the bathroom walls. He retained the beard until the age of 5, when he started school, a rule of which clearly stated, all pupils must be clean shaven. Not much is known about his schooldays, except that he left suddenly. For a couple of years he was a pavement artist and he once told us that he made quite a 'pilo' out of it. Suddenly the ever seeking hand of National Service gripped his collar and with many a cry of, "You can't take me, I've got flat feet". He was dragged into the disgruntled ranks of the RAF which he served faithfully for two very long years. It was while serving in the RAF that he first encountered Stan Thomas, a humble erk who spent his greater time languishing in a stuffy P.B.X. consuming weak tea and luridly covered novels. Needless to say there sprang up between these two airmen a friendship which flourisheth still, and on the occasion of Stan's recent marriage, the artist journeyed Northward to perform the duties of Best-Man. Prior to the wedding, he spent several days in the company of the Bridegroom, during which time, after repeated beatings, he consented to provide us with artwork.



WRIGH

WHIZZO! LIGHTNING CARTOONIST.



WRIGH

I CAN SEE THAT YOU'VE BEEN RUBBING ELBOWS WITH THE BNF'S

THE MIMEOGRAPH

letters that cannot be
duplicated !!

BRIAN LEWIS. I don't know why you have regurgitated PHANTAS; apparently the last issue was too indigestible for even your palate; but anyway, the rehash wasn't worth it. Fortunately, I haven't made the acquaintance of your Stan Thomas; surely the guy didn't expect the Con Programme to run to time?. Somebody ought to educate these neofen. But I mustn't be too hard on the guy - he gave me the biggest laugh I've ever had in a fanmag; surely that priceless gem of humour isn't original, Stan? that 'Business Meeting' quip! Brother, what a humourist you must be.. I bow in adoration. And how the hell can someone decide on a Convention's success when he attends only eight hours out of ~~the~~ forty eight Con-time?. As for the report on the Trial - why, your fan doesn't even bother to mention the HJC didn't appear at the Con; let alone the trial. And as for slating the zap gun characters (to which I proudly claim admittance) the only conclusion I can draw is that he didn't possess one himself. Oh, yes, I can already hear his indignant rejoinder; What! He play with a water pistol? Never! --come off it laddie; I went to the Con to enjoy myself - at other people's expense? you say - sure - if it's an expensive thing for them to be drenched a little. I know many people enjoyed themselves at my expense; so I contentedly emerged quits.

"A person is never so vehement in defence as when he knows the futility of the idea he is defending". We are astonished to find that a person who, if not claiming to be of reasonably sound mind, has not actually denied it; can become so worked up in the defence of water pistols - one might suspect he manufactured them and was afraid of losing a market. But it might be the hangover from Manchester.

JULIAN PARR. PHANTASMAGORIA is a great improvement, I spent many minutes really enjoying the cover, to start with. But which 'Turner' did do the cover? The Ultoon, although sometimes a little above my head(not being au fait with the details of Convention conventions) was well-written and showed fertile imagination: mine is obviously not fertile enough, for the nearest interpretation I could get for "Hyphen do you get like this" was "Hi, Fen -" and there I stuck. Incidentally, surely not "sign on the dotted line?". It took quite a while for the Mohair Loop to ring the bell with me - at first I thought it was pure distorted writing. Even now I'm not sure that all those peculiar words are technical terminology, and was that short article really first written about sf fans???. The report on the Supermancon was interesting and tied up with others I've read. It was worthwhile for the mighty laugh I had to give of Vargo Statten being called to give artificial inspiration! I must say that Michael Jenkinson, rancid as this particular verse is, as it grates down your spine, does at any rate show some sign of ability,(compared with Wansborough). Any chance of a real attempt from him?. Mind you the phrase about "The upper levels of your soft warm knee" lead me to ask about your stipulation, in the editorial, that you print "Anything the P.O. won't object to". Finally, let me congratulate you on the wonderful, and, we hope, effective debunk you gave us on Trolley-bus Fandom. Some day I'll get this little article duplicated alone, and have a hundred or so sheets, ready to send to any fan who seems to be losing his sense of proportion!..... I'm glad to be back.

We credited 'Turner' with the cover to find out if anyone actually read the editorial. To our surprise they do. Cross our hearts - the Mohair loop was written especially for PHANTAS, we out out several of the more extremely technical words and phrases to give the 'furriners' a chance.

NIGEL LINDSAY. Thanks a lot for sending me PHANTAS. I had a good old chuckle at John Allen's 'Ultoon '60'. Plenty of fannish wit. I was most interested in the short article about Trolley-bus

Fandon, because of a recent incident that closely affected Torquay. I believe it was kept out of the papers, but I am able to present the true facts (enclosed) for your readers if you care to publish them. You will realise of course that the names I have used are fictitious.

The amazing revaluations of Dolly the Trolley appear elsewhere in this issue, and we feel sure that our readers will thank Nigel for his efforts in bringing the true facts of this case to light.

GEOFF M. WILGROVE This is shocking! Here I've had PHANTAS since 29th June and I've not even thanked you for sending it, or commented on it. Not that it's anything new for me to be as long as this in replying to anyone - I have been up to three months late on one letter. Not to worry. Though I expect I've missed No 2 by now. Comments. 'The Ulteon' interesting and amusing. Not really much one can say about it, 'Mohair Loop' - Can this guy Binligger spell? Or what do 1) Selvedgness 2)font 3)spirms, mean, I get the rest. 'Unjaundiced Eye' - just another Conreport though none the less interesting for that. I have read better accounts tho' this was more detailed. 'Scoop' - I didn't read. Don't like poetry and it didn't look interesting anyway. Apologies if it was. 'Trolley-Bus Fandom' - just shows what queer sorts of things people do for pleasure!

No you haven't missed PHANTAS 2, don't forget we GIVE it away, so you can't expect it with the un-failing regularity of NIRVANA. We haven't room to give detailed explanations of the terms you don't understand in Mohair Loop, but all terms used are from the wool textile trade.

DICK RYAN Got a copy of vlnl new series Phantas some little while ago - - notice that the postmark is 28 June so it's been lying around here a month. Bad habit of mine. Usually I

try to answer letters as quickly as possible, but fanzines - well, I let them lie around, thinking maybe I'll get a letter from the editor or something and be able to kill two birds with one stone, or thinking I'll be able to find another excuse. This time I have none - - you're going to be exposed to a letter of comment, and there's no help for it. the best thing in the issue was "The Ultoon". I appreciate an article kidding sacred cows if it's well done, and this one was. The trouble with satire is that when it's well-done, it's rare. (English version of the preceding pun; satire is rare when it's well-done). "The Mohair Loop" - - hum. Binligger does not live in a mill town by any chance?. "The Unjaundiced Eye" I guess this was the same Convention that the Belfast bunch and Vinç reported on in '-'. There were one or two items that correlated. Thanks for sending me the issue.

Glad to hear from you Dick. we thought that you had folded, along with MAD, but we liked DEVOIR - some lacerated Latin for you; 'pro bono publico' - who's for better pubs.

TERRY JEEVES I liked the cover, but wish you wouldn't sign yourself DeePee, or DP, I automatically think of 'Displaced Persons'. Anyway the 'toon was a welcome change from the overworked (by me included) spaceship stuff. Opening the thing I must admit to liking ULTOON 60 a great deal. Unfortunately I seem to remember someone using a similar theme, was it in S-T?. However this 'un was better. The Mohair Loop, this I didn't like, too laboured, and losing it's point (ouch) through too great an effort to squeeze in textile terms, at the expense of the parallel commentary. Unjaundiced Eye. Good, but too short. Pity yer author couldn't have stayed the whole weekend, and done the thing up in it's entirety. SCOOP..... ..Egad. I know what you used the scoop for, but where did you put it when you shovelled it up?.

This is the kind of letter we like,
and receive, a little material we like more.

ARCHIE MERCER PHANTASMAGORIA (Help! Abbreviate that word!) No. 1, Vol 1, New Series, received with many thanks in spite of the fact that the title's about three times as long as the rest of the Mag put together. I read through it - what there was of it - with mixed feelings. To start with, you seem to have a strong penchant for putting people under indefinite obligations. If you can't take the trouble to think up a proper price, you don't DESERVE to get the money. What the hell d'you want? a guinea? Ten and six? Half a dollar? A bob? Not that you'd get it, particularly the earlier examples, but it is nice to know. So I suppose I'd better compromise. Therefore I enclose herewith a genuine Mercatorial article. It isn't aimed directly at you, even though your name's referred to in the course of it. You may have gathered that I'm endeavouring to make a name for myself (specifically, Mud) as a humorous writer for fanzines. This article is an attempt to show that I can be serious on occasion. I hope you like it. I read practically the whole way through the Ultcon under the impression that it was nothing but a cheap sarcastic report on the Supermancon because the '60 in the title had got itself confused with the decoration, and I'd overlooked it. On reading it a second time, with the angle right, it wasn't all that bad. Particularly the bit about the waitresses. The Mohair Loop, too, I didn't tumble to till the very end. Even then I had to accept the majority of the puns as read. It appears to concern the clothing industry, but I doubt if anybody not familiar with same would really appreciate it. And a nudist wouldn't understand it at all. The Unjaundiced Eye, tho' it's unusual to have a con reported by someone who only attended part-time is at least the truth. Pity he didn't come for Saturday as well, then he could have really gone to town about it. The only thing I can think of in mitigation was that the '52 Loncon wasn't any better. (I wasn't at the '53.) Then there's a poem. About which, I honestly don't know what to think. In despair, I hasten to lay before you the following stirring (and, I fondly hope, inoffensive) little epic.

It may not be as good as Scoop, as I say I can make practically nothing of the latter - but at least I can, I think, claim that it's meaning's clear.

Fearn came forth to stir the north with the ravages of Scion.

Paul got Chuck to stir the muck in L.S.F. Orion.
From the Yorkshire deeps an odour creeps,
Beneath the door it trickles.

And there comes a yell of "Who the hell has gone and stirred the Pickles".

And there's no need to protest that heights and deeps can't be the same thing. I know. But it's all covered with the terms of the licence. To sum up here's what you want. A shorter title,

A longer mag,
A definite price,
And it's in the bag.

P.S. I'd like to meet Mercedes. Sounds as if she ought to be my type.

In spite of the protest we shall call the next issue of our unique magazine by that hallowed name PHANTASMAGORIA. However as a special concession to you - you may call it PHANTAS. It wasn't that we couldn't fix a sub rate - we cannot of course rate the worth of PHANTAS in fithly lucre - that made us fix the conditions for the lucky few to receive further issues. Glad you saw the puns in Mohair Loop- so many didn't... Mercedes is really something, especially when she's dolled up in a new ribbon.

JIM McARTHUR. This was a considerable disappointment. The cartoon on the cover led me to expect better things of the contents. Maybe I was in a bad mood when I read it. Some of the puns in Ultcon seem quite good while others look out of place and unnecessary. If the Dashcon report had never been written I might have liked this better. The Mohair loop was merely stupid. The Unjaundi-
ced

Eye is dull compared to other Con-reports. S.T. appears to be the only person who didn't enjoy the Con; he does not seem to have given himself much chance: most of the fun as reported elsewhere occurred outside of the programme. The sting in the tail works however, tho' I just see it now. Scoop is only good in bits, nowhere as good as Wansborough. Trolley-bus Fandom wasn't too bad though I have a feeling that it has already been mentioned in Hyphen. If there had been more of the magazine, or if it had been printed on smaller pages this article would not have looked out of place.

We were under the impression Ultcon '60 was satirical - we will admit there were puns in it, but only when justified. We cannot understand the comparison with the Dashcon report. We suggest you reread both pieces again for comparison.

JAN JANSEN Haven't my file with me, as I'm at the office, but I have already written to you, thanking you for the comments on A4. I remember that much. Also the ending "watch out for interesting items from 197".. I was surprised however that that item was the new series of PHANTASMAGORIA. Quite a nice surprise indeed. Are you going to start running a strip on your front covers? You seem to have started out that way, and it does make a change from the usual fanzine covers. That representation of the various fantypes as you represented them should draw comment. Your editorial was to the point. No money? Ghee, you're right. Unique indeed. How many do you expect to run of each issue? Start with a couple of hundred and wind up with a thousand or so? Or aren't there that many fans about? Didn't know there were two Conventions going about the same date, and in the same town. (Or is Manchester a city?) Seems to me that the Ultcon was the most enjoyable one, but had only the very slightest relation to SF, whilst Stan went to visit the Mancon. Much as the rest of fandom may deride Stan for his strong statement against the Zapguns, I am inclined to agree with him. I haven't yet had a chance to visit

a convention, and undoubtedly some of the chaps get rather delirious, especially after a couple of beers (I do) but the prospect of getting partially, or completely soaked, when one has to spend most of the day in the same clothes doesn't strike me as inviting. Possibly however Stan will have made a target of himself at a future Con by his statement. Let's have it in the form of a holiday camp, the way some faneditors have publicised and have a good riotous watercon, where everyone can don bathing suits or bikini's and it won't hurt anyone's feelings. Those appearing in full dress would obviously be out of bounds for the shooting, and similarly should not be carrying or helping the watermongers. Should anyone be found guilty of doing away with these proposed rules, that all his stuff and himself be chucked in the nearest river, and kept there a couple of hours. If it is too warm so that he might enjoy it, dump him in around two or three in the morning. The Mohair Loop was a good short. You seem to have set yourselves defining the fan as he is. Another poem. Oh Gosh. Was that in the paper? Well I always thought that fans were the nuttiest guys outside the looney bin, But I'll have to change my opinion. Your comments were appropriate and well done. I shall indeed be looking forth to seeing the next issue, I hope due not too far away from now, and shall as from No 5 be sending an extra copy to Stan as requested in the editorial. Best wishes. By the way it does remind me of A 2 you know, not by the contents, but by the same foolscap size and number of pages we had then.

Thanks for the comments on Phantas, muchly appreciated. Surprisingly enough people want more of the stick-men strips on the cover - we've probably started a new 'back to the primitive' artwork in fanzine trend. Nope - certainly not going to print a thousand copies - probably settle down to around 100 copies or so - and if no letter, no next issue - we're callus devils, no mercy whatever. The solution (ugh) for curbing the Zapgun boys is of course to hold

the next Con UNDER WATER.. so far this has not been suggested. But it is the ideal answer. Of course they will probably squirt air at each other.

KEN POTTER Thanks for the new PHANTAS. This shows promise, looks like it will eventually be a 'zine that pleases me, whereas the old PHANTAS didn't. The cover I didn't like. The Ultcon I didn't like. The Unjaundiced Eye was to damn jaundiced for my liking. Water pistols were funny once. When James White first began his writing about them that was hilarious. But I guess the Mancon will be the last place they will be seen in the hands of all but idiots. I must admit some people made rather too free use of the weapons. Possibly even I did. One must admit definately in the hands of a Burgess a water pistol is not really of any interest. There are a lot of things I don't like about the new PHANTAS, small things like the cover, the format, etc. But something I do like is the editorial personality - which is most important, although in embryo it seems and why that should be I don't know. Anyway this will be a good fanzine I think. But it's all very bewildering and I'll just wait and see.

We are bewildered too - by your letter - we've printed it though we more than suspect you're damning PHANTAS with faint praise.

MAL ASHWORTH This is criminal; not only are you sending we editors of subscription fanzines, who have to gyp our subbers to stay alive, into the gutter, with this "No Subs" policy of yours, but you must be giving lots of folks lots of twinges of conscience (those of them that have any) if they don't write to you after having received a copy of No 1 New PHANTAS. Me included. Yes I liked the cover; the idea was very nice and could be extended in future issues. e.g. next time you could have portraits of individual fans like L. E. Phan.

I don't wonder you are joyous at this discovery of yours in the shape of Michael Jenkinson. It appears, from his letters in Authentic, that he's not even human - I can believe it! What a fannish character tho'; I wonder how many tentacles he has? His style differs somewhat to Wansborough's; Norman's humour comes mainly from his words whilst Michael's on the other hand comes from ideas. Yeah. I loved the odd bits of humour sprinkled throughout but the really miraculous Thing was Stan's Mancon report. This was wonderful - incredible. There was every other Con reporter in Fandom vainly striving to find some original angle from which to write his account and Stan just calmly steps in and reports it as though it were one of the continuous lecture-sessions of bygone years. This was radical; the result was that he came up with an unforgettable piece of fan humour - unforgettable. He managed to heighten the effect too by using all the cracks of every previous year about the Con Committee and suchlike and by such marvellous phrases as "business meetings", "leave the adults to enjoy a quiet meeting" and "the whole thing took on a farcical aspect". Truly an "Unjaundiced Eye" - the Eye of a Mature, adult and Discriminating Fan. The Ultcon report, now, I thought absolutely great. This was really good and easily the best lengthy item in the issue. "Mersey Docks and Arbour Board", "Fans on still 'neath the Golden Gate, he never returned from the '58", and several other bits were particularly appreciated - also the "Watkinised version". This I much enjoyed.

We're glad you think Stan achieved a radical report - we were so sick of reading Con reports by people who attended all the time and who ascribed the reasons why their report was not complete to the alleged fact that they were dead drunk in smoke filled rooms the whole weekend.

