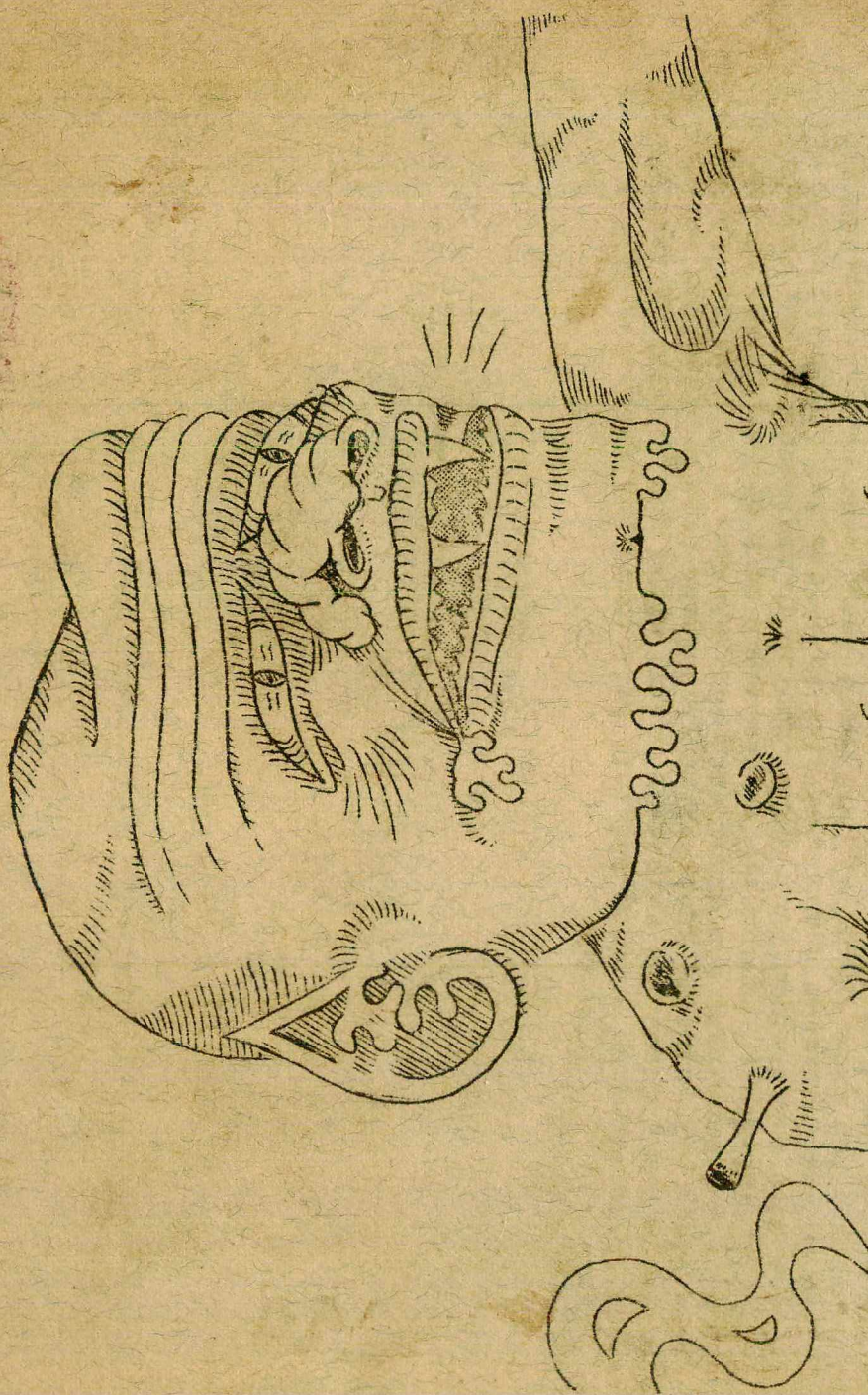
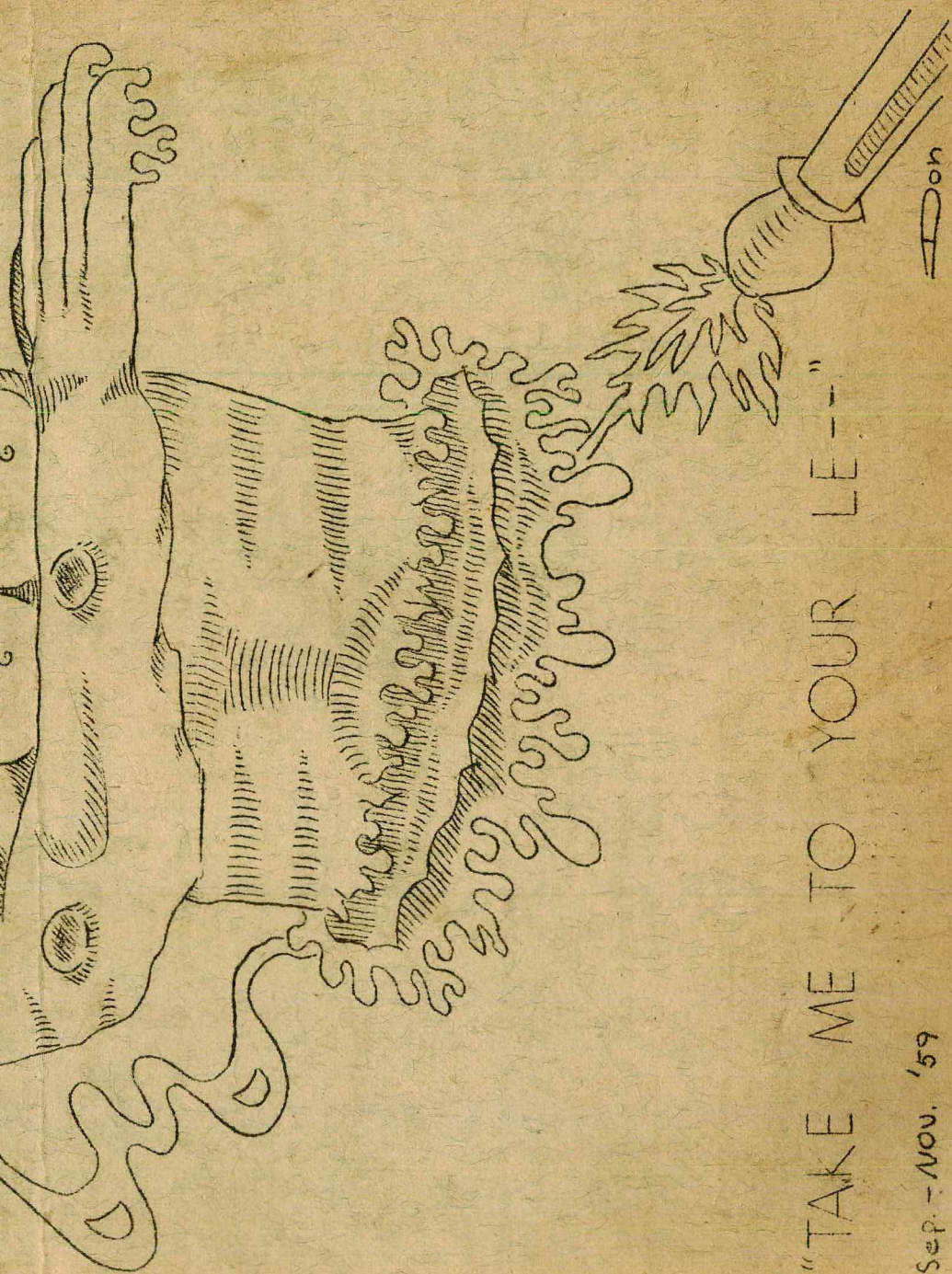


PHANTASIA #2





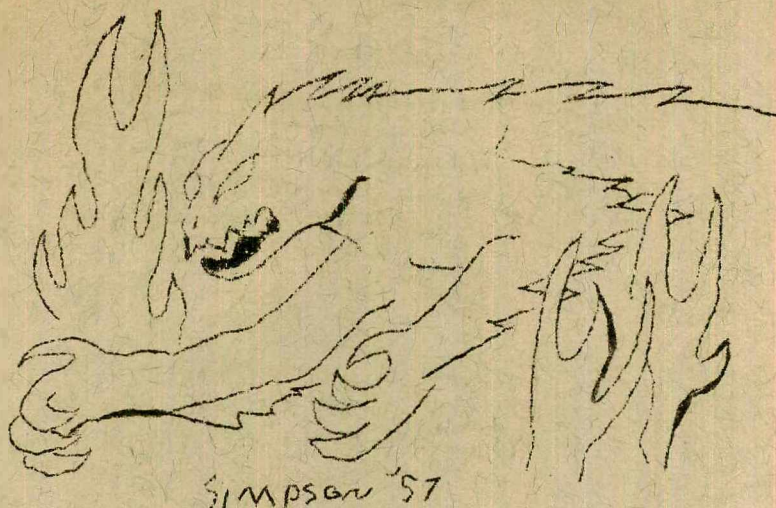
"TAKE ME TO YOUR LE--"

SEP. - NOV. '59

Don

SEP-NOV

1959



I have recently (And tearfully!) finished packing away all of my treasured SCIENCE FICTION BOOKS. The books together with my Ace Doubles and some assorted prozine collections have completely filled four standar size apple boxes. I never did get around to counting how many books and magazines I had, but that sure goes to show just how much money can be squandered on sci-fi. Allowing 40 book-club edition books per apple box, three full apple boxes make a total of 120 books alone. I estimate (and this is a rough estimate, but certainly I'm not under-numbering them) that there are 100 paper-backs and magazines in the re/remaining box. @ \$1.25 per book, and @.35 per paper-back, this would make a really grand total of \$18500; which is no small sum to have spent on SF during the past five years. This of course, does not take into account books given away, and magazines which I have lost during that time; and publishing a fanzine isn't chicken-feed either.

Dividing that \$18500 by five (The number of years), I get \$37 per year, which doesn't seem like too much. The average life-span being 65, I shall subtract 13 from it, this being how old I was at the time I started this foolishness. This leaves me with 52. Multiply \$37 by 52 and you get \$1,92400 which would be how much I would spend on SF literature during my life-span; this takes into consideration my yearly fits of Gafia which stop all flow of literature and fanzines for a period of several months. Of course with the price of ink, paper, and type spiraling upward, by 1965 all of the books and pro-zines will cost 10% more, or an estimated total of \$2,09738. Gadzooks!!! What if I live to be a hundred?

Anyway, the reason my books are packed away is for the simple reason that I must sojourn to college. While my interest in SF won't be diminished, I will have to cut down on consumption, to be sure.

This issue we've got an article and a short story, and some fmz reviews, if I can rake up some fanzines pretty soon. He he. I'm still getting complaints about my rating system.

All contributions should be sent to me, David M. McCarroll, 644 Avenue C, Boulder City, Nevada, USA.

ARTWORK should be done in ink but I prefer that should be done by you on a standard size mimeograph stencil, for which you shall be ree-imbursed.

MANUSCRIPTS should be accompanied by a three cent stamp which will be used to mail Phantasia to you whether or not your material is used therein. At any rate, you will recieve notification as to whether your material will be used or not.

DIANETICS

by John Berry

This article by the one and only John Berry. For three years I have saved it to be used in the bhig, bhig, issue of Meade which I was to have, but which unfortunately never materialized. Here is the unpublished mss, "DIANETICS" Please remember it is 3 years old.

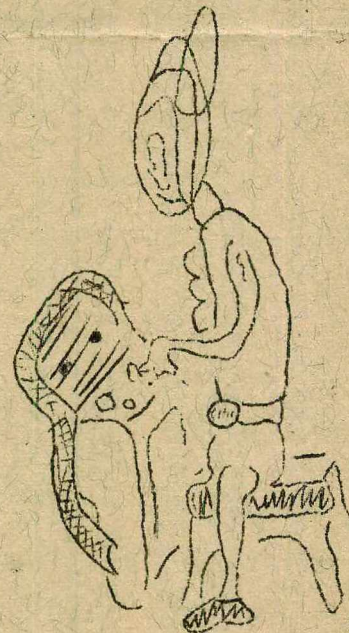
Thank you for MEADE. I note that your worthy reviewer, my friend Merrill is curious to know how many children I have. I take it that Jerry, because I am so prolific in my writing output, is of the opinion that I am equally prolific in other spheres. Alas, the tribulations of trufandom are such that I find it necessary to use up whatever energy I possess in the unmitigated pursuit of it.....consequently, (Although whether it is a credit to me or not is a mute point.) my child-rearing potentialities have ceased since my entrance into full-time fanning in 1954.

Before that date, I am proud to announce, my wife was blessed with two children, one of the male gender named Colin, the other a girl, now aged three and a half, called Kathleen.

My wife, Diane, is supremely conscious of the fact that 100% actifanning is going to centralize my interests, and therefore she finds it almost impossible to persuade me to attend to the mundane chores of a "man-about-the-house." She doesn't like this state of affairs. Conversely, however, she realizes that if, by some dishonest ruse, she diverted my attention from fandon, I would become restless and ill-at-ease, and begin to look for some other outlet to appease my dormant instincts. This, then, is the enigma of the unfannish wife. Her husband is pursuing his hobby at home, admittedly, but she finds his interests so absorbing that she rarely sees him, and when he does effect conversation, it is merely to ask for a rag to wipe duplicating ink off his fingers...or his face...or his hair...or, as happened to me recently, my tie which had unfortunately got caught in the rollers of my Gestetner.

However, should she strongly object to this seemingly exhausting recreation of her husband, he will suddenly become aware once more that there is more to married life than peeling potatoes.

To get over this difficulty, some wives have come so imersed in their husbands hobby that they too exclude everything from their field of interest except eating and sleeping.



"DIANETICS" being set on type.
July, 1959

PHANTASIA PP. "3"

Dianetics

This, then, is one of my main concerns for the future of the human race. The only people interested in science fiction and Fandom, and therefore directly in touch with the interstellar future of mankind, become so absorbed that their chances of perpetrating their exclusive interest through their offspring becomes less and less a natural possibility.

Some people may not agree with this, but I challenge anyone to point out a faaan with a large family.....True, DAG has six children, but GRUE hasn't been out for 18 months. (*Written in '54 or '55, this was of course true. ed.)

I have tried my best to rectify the position. I have evolved a new scientific approach to married life, detailed in HYPHEN 18 ('BLISSKRIEG') and I am working on other revolutionary ideas which I shall forward for fannish perusal when I have concluded some difficult experiments.*

* (I never again recieved word from John, so I can only conclude that the experiments which he refered to may have backfired. Maybe I will be excommunicated from Fandom for saying this, but I don't know whether JB is living or dead, or if living what his address could be. the editor.)

I have one other thing to say about the subject. A noted bnf once asserted that a faaans active life in this media is from three to five years.

This means that my time is nearly up, and consequently, if I follow the general pattern, I shall soon become gafia.

So if you hear of any wives who are being neglected by their fannish husbands, let me know.

-John Berry-

lost:

The address' of:

John Berry Bud Berg

Gary Elder ~~John Berry~~

Don Steufloten

TIME MAGAZINE & Alfred E. Neuman!!!!

Time Magazine, July 13, 1959.
(viz, Jul. 6) Barbara Bernstein writes: Sir: Your cover bears a striking resemblance to ~~Alfred~~ Mad magazine's Alfred E. Neuman."

LEGAL NOTICES & etc., &etc., shall be here entered.

— YOU MUST SEND ART TO BE USED IN THE NEXT ISSUE. EACH DRAWING ADDS ONE COPY OF Fantasia TO YOUR SUBSCRIB.

— YOU MUST SEND AN ARTICLE OR SHORT STORY TO BE USED IN ONE OF THE FOLLOWING ISSUES. ONE WRITTEN ITEM ENTITLES YOU TO TWO ISSUES OF THIS MAG.

.....
A VINTAGE PRESS PUBLICATION, PRINTED ON THE DWE PRESS.
.....

In the dice game of craps, there are five possible ways to roll 6 and 8, and six possible ways to roll a 7, but the odds on all 3 are 6 to 5.

JUNK
YARD
bud
berg

Captain W. L. Clarke of the starship, "Triumph III," nodded curtly to his first officer, Lieutenant Rovin Wood.

"Carry on, Mr. Wood."

At this command Lieutenant Wood relaxed from his ram-rod like stance and continued to adjust the knobs and buttons on the panel which controlled the artificial environment fed to the still figures in the plastiglas cylinders. Captain Clarke checked each of the figures in the cylinders, noting on a clipboard the various feed adjustments.

"It's really a shame about these people," said Lieutenant Wood, indicating the bodies.

"Eh, what's that, Lieutenant?"

"These things..."

"Oh, yes," replied the Captain, "But it is a solution to our problems."

"Sure, sure, but you would think the 'Headshrinkers' would be able to help them," growled the Lieutenant.

"Nothing can be done for the criminally insane, you should know that!"

"We certainly have a fine load of them this time, but I guess it is a way to populate the habitable planets in the Empire, but they are so damned irresponsible. All they do when we set them down on a planet is start a war! If we could only tell them what the score is, but no, they have all memory of the Empire wiped from their minds, are given false identities, and set free. It just isn't right."

"Now take it easy, Lieutenant, everything will be all right. We'll be rid of those guys in about five or six hours. You're just a little jumpy, that's all," said Captain Clarke in a soothing voice.

CAPTAIN CLARKE! CAPTAIN CLARKE! ONE HOUR TO TOUCH* DOWN AT PREDETERMINED SATELITE RENDEZVOUS! CAPTAIN CLARKE! PLEASE REPORT TO THE BRIDGE IMMEDIATELY! The intercom stopped with a squawk.

With this summons, Captain Clarke spun on his heel and walked out of the Animation Department, and proceeded to the bridge.

Lieutenant Wood returned to his work, completing the adjustments for a man named: Hitler, Adolf.....



The untimely death of Henry Kuttner in 1958 --and of course the death of anyone under ninety years old is always referred to as an untimely death, but in this case it has meaning, for he was just over forty when he died -- came as a blow, a shock to me. A rather special, under-the-heart shock.

Since he died I have heard from those who knew him what a real, genuine, personal shock it was. Two or three science fiction professionals stated in unmistakably genuine tones that they felt as if they had lost a brother. I can't claim any such personal shock, because I never knew Kuttner; I never saw him; I never corresponded with him. Among my vast and towering correspondence there was never a line in his handwriting, nor so much as an impersonal autograph on the margin of my carefully preserved and bound magazines. I never saw a picture of him in any fanzine or prozine. Why, then, this overpowering and absolute sense of any empty place in the world? The answer lies somewhere within the covers of those crumbling pulp magazines, and somewhere inside that enigma which is the writer's storehouse of emotion and creative spirit.

The first science fiction story I ever read was Henry Kuttner's THE DARK WORLD. I have elsewhere written of the odd combination of circumstances which acted together to bring it into my attention. I was then sixteen years old, and upon reading this story, a very curious change took place in my entire life. I became, within the space of two hours, positive of two things which had never actually brought themselves home to me before;

1. I wanted to write.
2. I wanted to write science fiction, and nothing else.

And from that resolution, made on a joggling train in an upstate autumn night, I have never swerved or deviated, and nothing has ever been quite the same to me again. So it is obvious that --always and forever-- Henry Kuttner, and all his works, would hold a very deep, and very special place in my affection.

That was a round dozen years ago. My attitudes and tastes have altered; are more sophisticated, more demanding. But for me one sphere of enjoyment remains unbreached by later, more literary sophistication, and that is the series of tales, neither science fiction nor fantasy, but a most particular sphere of fantasy-adventure, which Henry Kuttner wrote for STARTLING STORIES and THRILLING WONDER STORIES between 1946 and 1950. I can still dip into any one of these stories and emerge hours later with the same shining sense of undiminished wonder.

Needless to say, I have made a point of reading all the other Kuttner tales -- the early ones in WEIRD TALES, his middle period in ASTOUNDING S-F, even the later detective stories. With one exception; I have never read the FAIRY CHESSMEN.

The early Kuttner tales, in WEIRD TALES and elsewhere, were

Continued On Page 6

Marion Z. Bradley

To Henry Kuttner:
A Bouquet

undistinguished; some derivative from Lovecraft, from Merritt, from William Hope Hodgson. They were well-written and adeptly put together, but otherwise no different from the work of any other talented writer. One exception perhaps, was the series of stories about "Elak of Atlantis" which, while not themselves masterpieces, gave a hint of the turn which Kuttner's fantasy was to take in later years. A very curious tale appeared in one of those old WEIRD TALES magazines, a collaboration I believe between Kuttner and one C. L. Moore, which starred a collaboration not only between authors, but between characters; Elak of Atlantis and Miss Moore's "Jirel of Joiry". No bibliographer and no magazine collector, I cannot document my memories except in the undying reminiscence of a good story read.

The influence of Catherine Moore began to be felt in 1945, when with SWORD OF TOMORROW, Kuttner began to dip into the shadow-world of the mind, and deal with psychological horror, mingled with action and adventure; that feeling of slipping mental gears into a shadowy-other-world which he exploited in the DARK WORLD and LANDS OF THE EARTHQUAKE.

He did not neglect science fiction for these colorful fantasies. Taking up the world of C. L. Moore's CLASH BY NIGHT--the undersea keeps of Venus--he wrote FURY, and under the pen name of "Lawrence O'Donnell" produced such tales as TOMORROW AND TOMORROW, ~~MUTANT~~ and VINTAGE SEASON.

But for me, Kuttner's finest work lay in the other-world fantasies. It was too good to last; they were the dying flare, the last upsurging flame of a valiant tradition which could not be revived, by whatever genius. Fantasy was dying; adventure fiction was giving way to soberer tales of small men in big futures. Little by little the color began to give way to skill, to an increasing deftness of narration which made the soberer stories he was forced to write seem almost as vivid as the original fantasies. With the collapse of STARTLING STORIES and TWS, Henry Kuttner, quiescent for a long time, almost vanished from the science fiction scene. We heard that he was studying at a California university. When he reappeared, it was first with a stark suspense story, MAN DROWNING, and then with a series of extraordinarily fine mysteries about the psychoanalyst-detective Michael Grey; THE MURDER OF ANN AVERY, THE MURDER OF A MISTRESS, THE MURDER OF ELEANOR POPE, and just before his death, THE MURDER OF A WIFE. In these tales, the preception of a shadowy other-world has sharpened its focus; Kuttner is now aware that the dark world, the other world, lies in the human mind.

But it was not the mystery writer, fine as the mysteries were, whose loss struck me a painful blow.

Back in 1947, 1948, and 1949, I wrote enthusiastic fan letters commenting on Kuttner stories, and doubtless my juvenile enthusiasm lacking in the cynical proportion and perspective was somewhat overdone; but it was sincere. Nevertheless; in about 1949, I began to be embarrassed about it, ashamed of what other fans called my "Kuttner-worship". Fans, pro writers and editors teased me about it until I shut up. I don't think I have mentioned Kuttner, in print, since that day.

Nor did I ever summon up the courage to write him a fan letter, even a modest non-committal note telling him how very greatly I enjoyed his work. But my attitude has not changed in these dozen years. I still consider the work of Henry Kuttner to be the finest science-fantasy ever written. If this is Kuttner-worship,--well, I accept the term.

Sometimes, now, I wish I had written that fan letter; even if it made me feel foolish, I wish I had written it. Perhaps it would not matter to him that at a great distance, a teen-age girl had found her life's purpose crystallized into resolute certainty. Perhaps it would not matter to him that I considered (and still consider) his work as the finest ever written of its kind. Perhaps it would not matter to him that I looked forward with real anticipation to the work he would do when he had climbed past detective stories--as he climbed past the adventure-fantasy--; the permanent contribution which a writer of such skill and perception could not help but leave on the literature of the day. And certainly it does not matter now when --wherever he is--he has better things to think of.

But wherever he is, or whether there is any immortality at all, one thing is true; that men live, after their death, not in any printed word but in what mark, what permanent impress they have left in the hearts of those who live on when they are gone. That their truest immortality lies in the pleasure they have given to others.

Add Henry Kuttner could light his way to heaven on the delight he gave to me alone.

--MZB

--*-

--OF KUBLAI KHAN-- 1298 AD

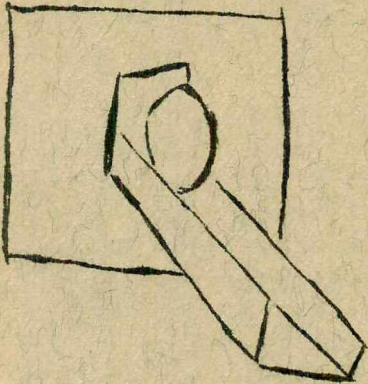
HOW THE GREAT KHAN CAUSES THE BARK OF TREES, MADE INTO SOMETHING LIKE PAPER, TO PASS FOR MONEY OVER ALL HIS COUNTRY.

-He makes them take of the bark of a certain tree, in fact of the mulberry tree, the leaves of which are the food of the silkworms,--these trees being so numerous that whole districts are full of them. What they take is a certain fine white bast or skin which lies between the wood of the tree and the thick outer bark, and this they make into something resembling sheets of paper, but black. When these sheets have been prepared they are cut up into pieces of different sizes. The smallest of these sizes is worth a half tornesel; the next, a little larger, one tornesel; one, a little larger still, is worth half a silver groat of Venice; another a whole groat; others yet two groats, five groats, and ten groats. There is also a kind worth one bezant of gold, and others of three bezants, and so up to ten. All these pieces of paper are issued with as much solemnity and uthority as if they were of pure gold or silver; and on every piece a variety of officials, whose duty it is, have to write their names, and to put their seals. And when all is prepared duly, the chief officer deputed by the Khan causes the seal to be smeared with vermillion, and impresses it on the paper, so that the form of the seal remains imprinted upon it in red; the money is then authentic. Anyone forging it would be punished with death. And the Khan causes every year to be made such a vast quantity of this money, which causes him no cost whatsoever, that it must equal in amount all the treasure in the world.-

So You Have Always Wanted To Se Your Name Printed In A Fanzine!

HERE IS YOUR LUCKY CHANCE!!!!

All you have to do is write your name in the blank provided below, or better yet, send your name in the PHANTASIA along with some of your artwork, or a short story or article.



THE MORE IT CHANGES

by Harry Warner, Jr.



illo by Bourne

Dark days seem to have dawned for the prozines. The sunny years of fine growing weather for the number of science fiction magazines have given way to a murk in which old and new publications are disappearing. Some publishers say that they'll reemerge when things brighten up a little. Other editors frankly admit that their magazines are not perennials, and when they fall over, they're dead.

However, ever since the late 1920's, new science fiction magazines have been hitting the newsstands, in depression and prosperity, when the public was anxious to read all the prozines available and when it shunned them. If the future can be foretold from the experiences of the past, we'll be seeing new science fiction magazines from time to time, no matter how nasty the weather on the publishing horizon. And I'm very much afraid that these new prozines will be so much like the old ones that you'll be forced to look at the cover or index page to make sure what title you're reading.

For publishers and editors who are dealing in the radically new and different story subjects, the men who put out the prozines have been abysmally conservative and unimaginative. Think back and try to remember the science fiction magazines that have been really different. There was *Amazing Stories*, which was different for the kind of story that it featured--action rather than fictionalized science. There was *Marvel Tales*, which didn't last very long, but got more sex into its few issues than you'll find in all the issues of *Astounding* from the first until next month's. And there was *Science Fiction Plus*, which had enough innovations of format and story types to qualify for the rating. I don't think any other publication genuinely belongs in this list, unless it would be *Startling Stories*, which was the first to feature consistently complete novels.

Tally up the list. Two of those five publications are among the most successful in prozine history. Two of them didn't last long. The fifth, *Startling Stories*, had a middling success. So it doesn't look as if innovation in prozine publishing automatically means that your magazines has been infinitely started on the road to failure. The mortality rate among the conformist magazines has been infinitely greater.

It seems to me that this might be a good time for publishers venturesome enough to want to start a new prozine to go the whole hog and try to produce something a little different. CONT. On Page 9

It's obviously much easier to put out a decent-sized magazine containing about 128 pages and selling for about 35¢ and containing a few novelettes, with short stories filling out the issue, and as many illustrations as the old budget permits. But the trouble is most of these typical magazines have either vanished from the stands or threaten to do so, and a lot of them have been started in the past five years or so.

There's certainly room enough for pioneering in the field, particularly if the publisher has a bit more cash on hand than the average publisher will risk. For instance, no science fiction magazine has ever tried to exploit two sources of revenue that are indispensable to almost every really big magazine: subscriptions and advertising. The record magazines like High Fidelity and HI FI Music Review are excellent examples of publications that tapped previously unheard of sources of advertising revenue to grow fat and prosperous. Science fiction readers have enough specialized interests to warrant investigation of genuine efforts to produce a magazine that can rely on advertising revenue as well as a share of the newsstand price. Fantasy and Science Fiction is the only prozine to my knowledge that has ever gone all-out for subscriptions, and it seems to have fared the recent storms better than most publications. An energetic circulation manager for a magazine could do a lot to bring in revenue in larger hunks than the nickles and dimes that come from newsstand sales.

It's a little harder to think of brand new things that might be done for the format of the prozines, because most of the possibilities have been tested gingerly in one publication or another over the years. But many things haven't been systematically exploited. Photographic covers, for instance; page sizes a bit out of standard; a distinctive type face for the bulk of the magazine; at least a small amount of imagination when it comes to dressing up the first page or two of the story with a mixture of type and illustration; a really first-rate science fiction comic strip; contests of the type that make it practically essential for the reader to buy several issues in a row; more use of photographic illustrations inside to replace the work of artists; you take it from there.

In fact, when you think back over the years, you must conclude that the publishers and editors of the weird and fantastic story have been more original than the science fiction fellows. Famous Fantastic Mysteries, with its predominance of fantasy and weird, was the first major reprint publication; Weird Tales lured the readers with women who looked like women on the cover; Unknown introduced the contents-page type of cover. Maybe it's significant that the shorter lived weird and fantasy publications were the ones that just imitated.

There's nothing really new under the sun, but science fiction magazines, of all publications, ought to make an effort to fool the readers into believing that the old adage is wrong.

-Harry Warner, Jr.-

+++++

"Ghood heavens!" "I've got a space that needs filling!" I said to P. T. Cook, who was sitting in the midst of a pile of pillows atop my bed. "Help me think of something", I said. "I cant," he wailed, "I just can't" "I know your not a true-fan, but maybe they would forgive you just this once....providing it is a goooood idea," said I.

Cook, (fakefan that he is) slumped dejectedly on the pillows. Never a space filling thought passed his lips. Chocking with rage I said "Okay with you, see if I pay your way into N3F after all." Sobbing noises filled the room.
+++++

ROLL dem bones?

Dice seem quite the topic of conversation lately. Everyone agrees that my fanzine rating system is poor, and most think that I must cast lots to obtain the rating which a fanzine reviewed in my column receives. Well, today is a day of happiness and cheering in Terrytown-or wherever fans congregate-because I have now adopted a uniform rating system. Previously I rated fanzines as to what I thought they deserved, regardless of size. Fanzines written entirely by one man were rated on "the fanzine-which-is-written-by-one-man basis, and so forth for all the other fanzines.

Now my new rating system goes into effect. Fanzines are rated on size, attractiveness, legibility of reproduction, contents, and so forth. Of course the big fanzines with lots of poor material may come out ahead of small 'zines with good material, but that's the way you want it.

The highest possible score is 50 points.

RETROGRADE #1.....Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place N. E.,
Minneapolis 21, Minnesota.

Rate...29 points. This fmz is impeccably mimeographed in red and blue ink with illustrations via the Gestefax Electraprint method. It is a good wholesome fanzine, but it lacks faanish artwork and stories. It promises to be much better in future issues.

WRR #1.....Wally Webber & Blotto Otto Pfeifer,
4736 40th N. E., Seattle 5, Washington.

Rate...24 points. This fanzine is dittographed, and though the repro is nothing to rave about, it is readable. This looks to me like part of a bid for the bhig, bhig, 1961 Worldcon. Good heavens, Wally, at the bottom of your last page you mention a Psionics Experiment. Why, what you write about I've done many times, but not in that fugghead manner at all. Try this: I have written five numbers below. They are one through five. Now please choose any one of these five numbers and write it on a slip of paper, and I will tell you which one you have chosen.' My tests have proven that 95% of the time people will chose the number 3.

FANVIEW #7.....Johnny Bowles, 802 S. 33d. St., Louis-
ville 11, Kentucky.

Rate...18 points. Mimeographed. This is four pages; a little news and some reviews. FANVIEW #6 was bigger, had more illo's, and was gooder inside. This one reeks of badness. If Johnny were to put in good material and use a little more effort the fanzine would be more worth putting a stamp on.

GROUND ZERO #4.....Belle C. Dietz, 1721 Grand Avenue, Bronx
53, New York.

Rate...23 This is a half-size fanzine, but according to the McCarroll fanzine rating system this counts as being whole size. Reproduction by mimeograph fair to poor. There really isn't much to review in this because of the TAFF candidates and other oddities which non members don't appreciate.

HYPHEN #22.....Walter Willis, 170 Upper N'ards Rd.,
Belfast, N. Ireland.

Rate...44 A fine, fine, 'zine. And all the way from Eire too! But I don't quite understand the caption on the cover illustration.....THE MIMEOGRAPHY WAS POOR IN SOME PLACES. Overseas fen always seem to make such good covers but they spoil the insides by not using correction fluid or by lack of ink. Perhaps the funniest article was "Rhapsody in Grunch," by Vinç Clarke, with "Sweet and Lo!" by Bob Leman a close second.

Bob Shaw's "Two Years Before the Potato Hatch" was also very worth reading. "Post Scripts" is one of my favorite fanzine letter columns because I can pirate names out of it to send my fmz to.

gel

QUID #1.....Al. Swettman, 2336 So. Pasfield,
Springfield, Illinois.

Rate...29 GEL I don't mind a fanzine being printed in blue ink, but.....This bhoys needs quite a bit of practice with his AB Dick--he hasn't quite learned how to ink it, and the results are poor. "Paradox Regained" works over the same hackneyed time travel + paradox plot, but does evoke some reading interest. With better reproduction this fanzine may become a pretty good fanzine.

Letters recieved from Rick Sneary, John Koning, Mike Deckinger, Bob Lichtman, Wally Webber, Guy Terwilleger, Vic Ryan, R. J. Armstrong, H. Warner, J. Arthur Hayes, and others.

Watch for my new school address. My home address will remain the same.

Reports on the widly publicized NEVADACON are on page 12, and that will end this frabjous issue.

Protestant churches in England are on the rampage against Mormon zealots who are stealing Protestant congregations out from under Deacon's noses. The Catholic Church states in has nothing to do with the matter.

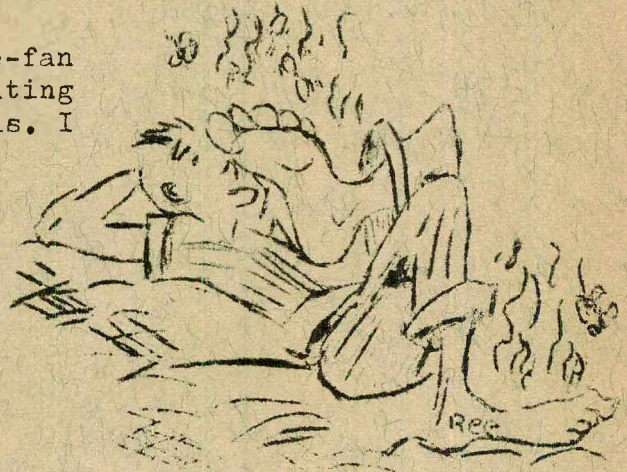
NEVADACON '59

The August 26-27 Nevadacon came off without a hitch, early yesterday morning, with all participants enthusiastically carousing during the cricket fights. Four male crickets of sound limb and body were pitted against each other. Timee crickets were promptly dispatched, and went to join their maker. The proud victor was placed in a cricket cage which later yesterday afternoon was sat upon by S. Curtis; a milkman found lurking on the scene of the accident.

A phone call revealed that fake-fan Merrill was unable to come to the con, stating various reasons such as "Grow up, you fools. I am above such foolishness."

Guest of honor John McEwan, (not a fan) gave a lively discourse on the demise of magazines in general. For a while there was a discussion on Religion Vs Science Fiction, but this soon petered out.

At the height of the con, (11 pm on Wednesday) refreshments were served in the form of Coca Cola, Rhoot Bheer, and Cherry-Coke-lime. Cook, the fool, brought me a gallon of what I thought was spiked coke, but it turned out to my disgust to be only Rhoot Bheer, which I abhor.



Enthusiastic delegate, P. Truman Cook during "sleep-easy".

I then lit some Joss sticks purchased in Las Vegas, and unveiled what was to be auctioned off: A real honest to goodness home made clay statue. Amid jeers the bidding was started, but soon interest waned as everyone was too busy getting away from P. Cook whose feet had a decidedly pungent odor. Needless to say, Cook's bid got the statue (8 inches high) for the ridiculously low price of \$2.25. This statue was later given to me after I had told him with no mean words that I coveted it.

As I write this now, at one in the morning on Thursday the 27th, we remaining NEVADACON campaigners are preparing to start a "sleep-easy." "Sleep-easy" is the word I coined for a contest in which the winner is the participant who has managed to stay awake the longest. I got up at 7:15 ~~XXXX~~ yesterday morning, so I have been awake approximately 25 hours and fifty minutes. This contest will probably end in about 24 more hours, because of the small time allowable and because everyone eggs each other to go to sleep. There are no rules against using such commercial products as "No-Doz" but some of the contestants complained about the use of such drugs-they pronounce the word DHRUHGS, drawing out the 'U' a bit.

I forgot to say that this whole thing is taking place at my house, on Avenue 'C' in Boulder City. The room in which this is occurring is decidedly small; 10 feet by 14 feet. The room has a crowded writing desk, (typer, ash-tray, short-wave radio, fanzines) a bed, dresser, and a stack of apple boxes full of sf books & prozines. In short, this con was and is being held in the place I live in, 644½ avenue C, to be correct. The time is now 2:15, the sleep-easy is under way, and this brings glorious Phantasia #2 to a close.



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