

WINTER MAGAZINE

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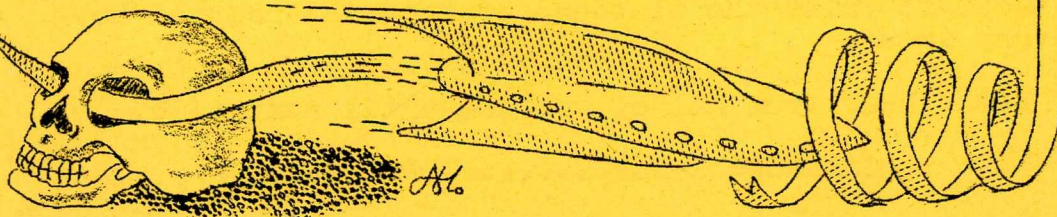
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The cover design and the illustrations on pages 6, 11, & 14 were done by the Art Editor, Alan Hunter.



E D I T O R I A L

Judging by the letters we have received, and are still receiving, the first issue of PHANTASMAGORIA met with the approval of most of the fans we sent it to.

Of course not everyone liked the whole contents of No.1, we would have been astonished if they had done, but we are pleased that so little was really disliked. Criticisms we were very glad to read, and as far as is possible we are trying to carry your wishes out.

You will notice that the hyphenated line endings which we experimented with in No.1 have been dropped, this was a space saving idea that everyone disliked, so bowing to popular opinion we scrubbed it.

Most people asked for art work, so we now proudly inform you that from this issue we have an Art Editor, ALAN HUNTER, you can see a lot of his work in this issue, and we feel that its high quality is an asset to any magazine. His name may be familiar to you, he illustrated several stories in NEW WORLDS 8. His full-page treatments of fantasy and s-f p ms is to be a feature of future issues of this magazine (PHANTASMAGORIA).

There is one piece of information that we must give to you, it is that from, and including, this issue the subscription rate of PHANTASMAGORIA rises to 2/- p r (3 issues for 1 prozine for the U.S.), single issues 7d post free. This has been forced upon us by the increase in the size of the magazine to 24 pages an issue, and also by the rapidly increasing prices of paper, envelopes, and materials generally; this we cannot help, it is a world situation caused by the stockpiling and war scare of the present moment. We can assure you that you will feel it is worth the extra money, and we are doing our utmost to raise the standard of material printed here every issue.

Let's hear from ALL of you, and until next time,

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

STRANGERS UNDER THE SUN

by Peter J. Ridley.

"Swine," spat Arno. "Concealed, arrogant swine. I hate them all. Lording it over us like Gods. Swine."

"Your hating them doesn't do them any harm or you any good son."

"Then you get old you think peace is everything but I don't, my pride and the freedom of our world come before peace. I don't want peace at any price, when that price means that we must grovel before them. No Kaspar, it's for you old ones to sit back and mumble of peace but the young are of my opinions. We will fight for our rights."

"Huh, just a silly little revolution that'll come to nothing and spill much good blood in the stupid process."

"Have you no pride, no patriotism? Can you sit by and watch your world plundered, raped and sucked dry by these invaders from beyond the system?"

"First I would like to point out that the invaders have made no move to pillage our world as yet, and since their first attack which was made with bloodless weapons, and in answer to our own panickstricken attempts to smath their ship they have hardly shown themselves. This is a situation without any parallel, precipitate action would be foolish. Any move on our part must wait until we know more about them."

"So we allow them to make their plans and prepare for the plundering which is the only possible motive for their invasion." Arno's mouth twisted sarcastically.

"I admit that there would seem to be no other reason for an invasion but loot, though they may be engaged in an interstellar war in which this planet holds a strategic position."

"It's a weak attempt at explanation, Kaspar, in any case the longer we wait before striking the stronger they'll be. We must attack them now with all our force."

"Perhaps my argument was weak Arno, but your talk of an attack on the invaders is idiotic. Since their weapons have paralysed our communications it is impossible to assemble a force of any size, and what weapons could you use against those of the invaders?"

"We'll fight with our bare hands if necessary."

"Suicide."

"I'd rather die than see my world conquered."

"Poor dramatic Arno. Your death would be useless. In any case the invaders are not vulnerable to bare handed attack. We don't even know where their ship is, and the few liason-men in this city are inhabitants of other planets taken by the invaders." Kaspar smiled at Arno's crestfallen expression. "Besides even if by some outrageous miracle you did defeat this invasion don't you think the invaders would send another ship? You couldn't hope to triumph twice against such opposition."

"Is there nothing we can do then? Must we submit to them?"

"We must, at least until we know more of them. I have several trustworthy men at work, trying to establish contacts with the lesser lights of the slave-administrators staffs. It is difficult of course but results are beginning to trickle in."

"Why don't you get in touch with the Chief Administrator you could then use the translators to solve the language difficulty."

"No Arno, the Chief Administrators, though slaves themselves would be loyal to the invaders, we want to get our information from people less likely to lie to us."

"I see," Arno nodded.

"All this has been leading up to the reason for which I asked you here. I want you to undertake nothing in the nature of violence, at least until our way has been given a chance."

"I am not all the young men of the city."

"Evasion Arno. You are their leader if not in name in reality. They will listen to you, whereas they would deride a dry old stick such as myself."

"Very well," assented Arno rather sulkily. "But I cannot hold them for very long, we must have more than mere arguments."

"And that is what my agents are trying to get Arno, information about the invaders, a hint as to their weaknesses. Knowledge that will enable us to free our world from their grasp. A grasp which you must agree, Arno, is hardly very harsh."

"Harsh or not it is there and must be removed."

"Perhaps sometimes a gentle dictatorship is to be preferred to war."

"I cannot agree with you Kaspar, the gap between our ages is too great, but I will do as you say and hold back our young men for as long as I can."

"Thank you Arno, I'm glad to hear those words."

There was a knock at the door of the room.

"Come in," said Kaspar, then as he recognised his visitor. "Come in Georg, you are welcome."

"Good day to you both," Georg glanced quizzically at Arno.

"You may speak in front of Arno Georg."

"Very well Kaspar. I learnt something very interesting today. This is not the first planet the invaders have taken, nor the second, I don't know the actual number but they have spread over the better part of the Galaxy."

Kaspar grinned wryly, "Your intelligence is not unexpected the polish and skill they showed in the whole operation spoke of considerable experience, though I did not think they could be so big."

"How can you be sure that this is true? How do you know that this isn't some arrogant lie of theirs?" Arno spoke angrily.

"It's true enough my friend, I have spoken to one of their slave-administrators, a being remarkably similar to us in every way, whose language is not too difficult to learn. I've made good progress and although our conversations could hardly be termed fluent we can make ourselves understood in simple terms."

"Then you aren't sure that this is right. How can you be?, a mistake would be easy."

"Not so fast lad, I don't speak without sufficient evidence. True our tongues find it difficult to express a concept of any depth as yet, but by a lucky coincidence we both have a knowledge of Astronomy. His diagrams are the basis of my statement, they show quite clearly that the invaders have covered the better part of the Galaxy. Since such a simple concept as hate is easy to express I also know that he dislikes them, and so it seems hardly likely that he would in any way exaggerate their conquests."

"I suppose you had an encephalograph running whilst he was with you Georg."

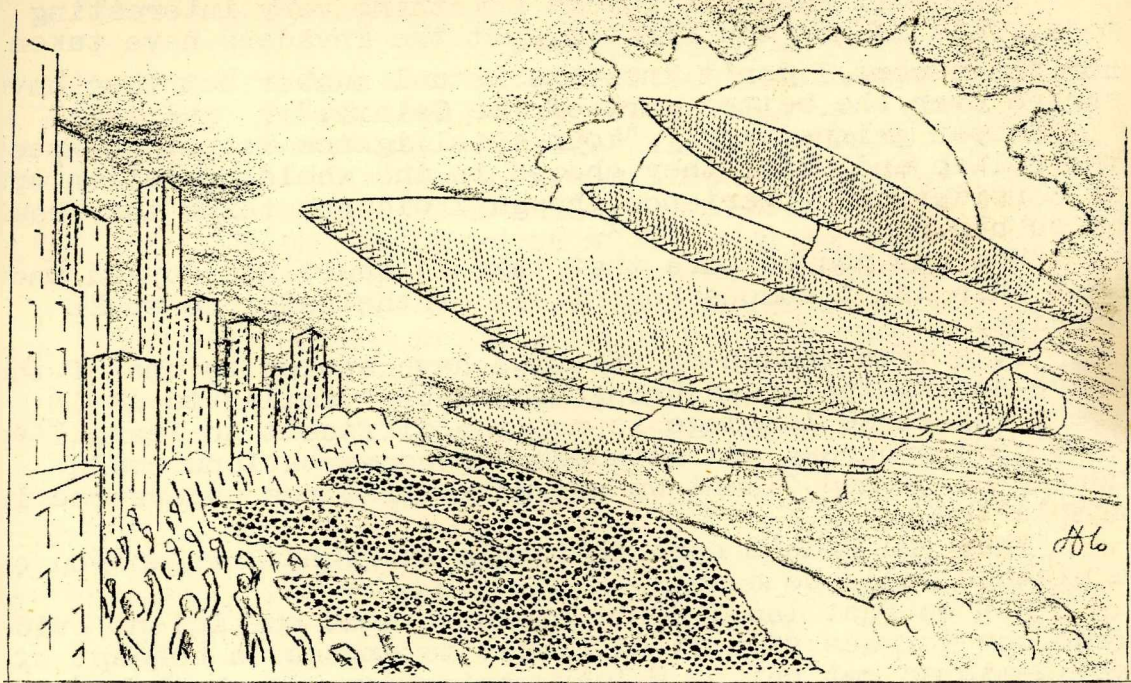
"Yes Kaspar, I did. The curves of hate were quite clear on the chart, though somewhat modulated."

"Did he tell you anything else?"

"No, but I shall see him again, they allow their slaves considerable freedom evidently. Oh, there was one other thing which might be of considerable importance, by far the greater number of the crew of their ship are beings from various planets they have overrun, and presumably they have much the same feelings towards the invaders as ourselves."

"Well if they hate them all so much why do they work for the invaders?" Arno sounded puzzled.

Georg grinned at Kaspar, "A culture that has bridged the Galaxy would have quite a few neat gadgets for keeping serfs in order I should imagine."



Kaspar was alone the next day when Georg returned from his laboratory. Georg slumped into a chair and grinned at the old professor.

"I'm glad that hot head Arno isn't here today," he announced. "Because I'm going to say something that would send him crazy."

"You intrigue me. Out with it."

"Perhaps I do intrigue you, but I don't expect to surprise you, you old fox. Briefly it's this. I'm beginning to think the invaders aren't such a bad lot after all."

"Kaspar chuckled. "I was wondering how long it'd take you to come to that conclusion."

Georg continued: "Even when they first took over, all the deaths were caused by accident, I mean that they weren't a direct effect of the invaders weapons. We can hardly call them oppressive conquerors, in fact they hardly bother us at all."

"Which is the chief reason for Arno's so ardent dislike of them," interrupted Kaspar. "He'd like them all the better for a few bloody massacres."

"I haven't quite finished yet, there's something else, something I only discovered today, a piece of information that even you don't suspect," Georg smirked tantalisingly. "They

won't be here long."

"Surely you must be wrong," Kaspar paused. "I'm sorry, when taken by surprise we all tend to speak like young Arno. But at least let me ask why and how?"

"It's simple enough and extremely logical. My informant was of course the slave I told you of yesterday," Georg hesitated, as if marshalling his thoughts then went on. "Imagine a civilisation, young and virile that in a sudden leap ahead discovered the secret of interstellar flight. Exploring parties went out, to find the Galaxy inhabited by many diverse life forms, and planets the rule rather than the exception. Any thought of conquering and holding the entire Galaxy was obviously foolish, and yet to establish a limited empire was but to invite conflict when eventually some other culture also discovers the secret. Reluctant to throw away the advantage they held these people involved a scheme that would ensure their premier position. Evidently interstellar flight is impossible without a certain radio-active mineral, just how they can be sure of this I can't say, but they are far in advance of us. Their plan is simple, one or two of their people take a ship with a crew of beings from an already subdued world and go from planet to planet, first beating down resistance as bloodlessly as possible, then making a survey and either mining or destroying every speck of the interstellar flight material."

"Then they return to their home to breed and come back to occupy us at their leisure."

"Come Kaspar, you aren't thinking so clearly today. Of what use would that be. They would be constantly employed in putting down revolutions started by young firebrands like Arno, they would be weighed down by the cares and costs of administration, their people would be thin spread and vulnerable. No. They are not so foolish. Don't you see, they'll have a monopoly of inter-stellar trade which will make them the most influential and powerful group in the Galaxy."

"You are right Georg," admitted Kaspar. "I was not thinking clearly."

"There is nothing to stop them," continued Georg excitedly. "They will become masters of the Galaxy without spending a life, and why should they stop at one Galaxy when there are others for the taking."

"Now it is you who thinks muddily Georg, consider. Has any empire lasted on this planet?"

"But this is different, something new," protested Gaorg.

"No Georg. Think. They are a proud race, or they would not have even considered such a plan. Do you think that they will remain united once the task is complete? No, there will be factions and parties struggling for power. The smaller leagues will be likely to try and enlist help from the peoples of the planets they control or trade with. Coalitions, bribes, promises, treaties. You think that the secret can be held through the maelstrom I have pictured?"

Georg grimaced. "I was carried away by the vastness of the plan. You are right Kaspar, our breed will see the stars at considerably closer range than we do."

He waved a long spindly arm with three ball and socket joints at the window, through which the brighter stars glinted in the darkening sky.

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PROGRESS REPORT

by

R. J. Banks.

This is condensed for our readers from an official report by Captain Zukasy of the 3th Disc Squadron:

The sun was type S-4 (the same as our own), and the third planetary body was slightly larger than our own (this being the only planet in the system that had been inhabited in the last dozen millenia). The people, from the bone fragments we found, were quite like us. They were bipeds, standing on the average slightly taller than us, and with rounded heads much like our own. One look told us that they had been wiped out in a primitive atomic war. We found absolutely nothing intact, & everything was still far too radioactive to permit close examination. We had about given up our quest for salvageable artifacts and were preparing to go on to the next planet, a heavy atmosphere body of almost the exact same size and mass as the third planet, when we picked up a faint radio call. It was at a terribly low frequency and we only caught it by accident. It appeared to be an automatic distress signal. We traced it to a small island near one of the major land masses. When we reached the place, we found it HAD been a distress call, for slumped over the sender (a very primitive two-way radio) we found the only complete specimen of the race. The set was placed on a rock and near it were two other artifacts; it was the latter of these which has caused a sharp upward revision in our scientists estimate of the stage of civilisation which

the race had attained. One was a primitive hand weapon which hurled solid metal projectiles of the same type which our ancestors stopped using more than a millenia ago, but the other hinted at a science that had developed far beyond our own. This last item was an adventure magazine. The magazine told of space flight of a type somewhat similar to our own, though not quite so advanced; they must have had both time and dimensional travel, for there was one story each of these. The cover depicted a female of the species being pursued through a laboratory by a gigantic insect (all specimens of which must have either been previously eliminated by the race of bipeds, or exterminated during the fatal war); and the title was inscribed in the same square hieroglyphics of the interior---

"THRILLING WONDER STORIES".

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. I REMEMBER (No. 1 in a series of personal reminiscences by fans.) by Bob Shaw.

Among all the hazy, star-dusted trails I have travelled in the pages of science-fiction perhaps the one mapped out by Clifford D. Simak's "CITY" series is the most thought provoking.....

When 'Aesop', the last in a series of seven stories opened Jenkins the robot was seven thousand years old and the human race as we know it had almost vanished. But the Simak universe had not changed. The SIMAK universe, in which the evenings are all long and pleasant and the breezes whisper softly in the forest. The tiny creatures that live in the forest are stirring in their nests, and always the stars are not very far away, "The rocker creaked and the wind raced in the eaves and a window rattled. The fireplace talked with its sooty throat, talked of other days and other folks, of other winds that blew from out the west". This dreamy, peaceful cosmos reminded me irresistably of the famous "Wind in the Willows," and called up a feeling not very often associated with science-fiction---nostalgia.

Yes! It was nice to sit and muse about the new Man, travelling hand in hand with all the other animals down the road of life. Man changed and made more kindly by seven thousand years of Jenkin's careful conditioning. But yet.....?

The shadow, the horrible formless thing that sucked the life from unlucky frightened animals, HAD to come. For as I read on, it was becoming obvious that things were not right. perhaps I should have been horrified, when, as the Webster came face to face with the thing, the seven thousand years of peace

and gentleness sloughed off him in a flash. I SHOULD have been horrified, but my only emotion was a quiet thrill of joy.

"The shadow backed away--backed away in a sudden pool of fear that lapped against its brain---fear and horror at the flaming hatred that beat at it from the thing that walked towards it...the man was almost on it, walking straight and upright---a man with puny body and ridiculous fists---and courage."

I suppose the reason I felt good is that I too am a man and therefore afflicted with the same complaint--'cussedness! Man has to do it the hard way, the tough way. The trouble is that we are proud of it.

It seems that man has a very nasty, vicious way of dealing with anything that stands in his path. Maybe some day we will get over it, but somehow-----I don't think so.

"I S O L A T I O N"

a poem by Clive Jackson.

The tall ships of Earth, silver motes in sterile space,
Crawl across the tenuous web of V.H.F.,
That link the circling worlds of Man's dominion.

Somewhere along the frail thread
A gap appears, widening in both directions;
Creeping, creeping with the speed of light
Until the electronic sentries on the terminal worlds
Know that a ship is lost.

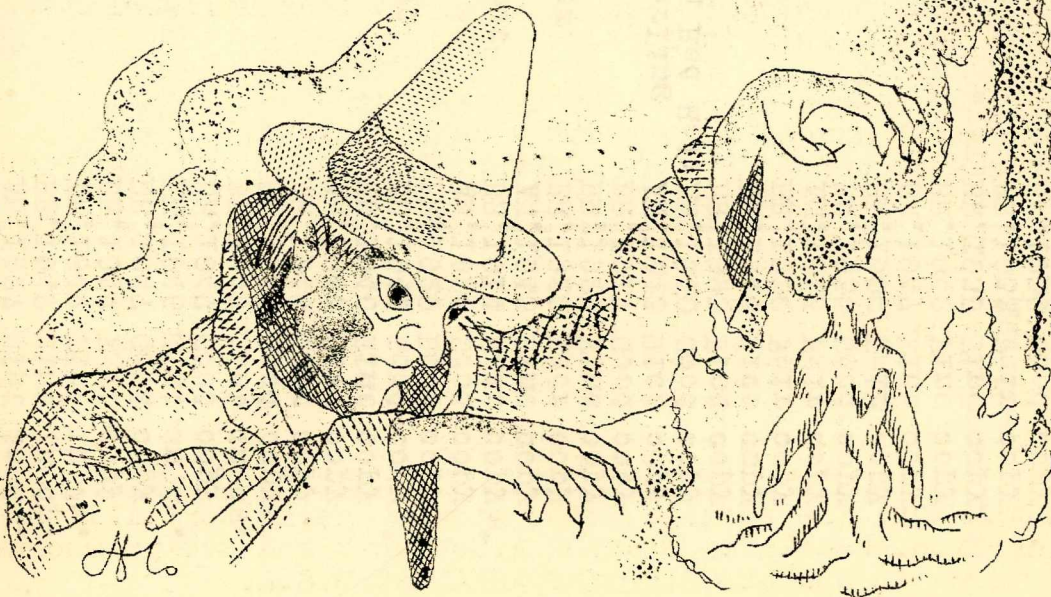
Now the rescue crews blast up and out
To comb the void with radar's second sight,
Hoping to perceive the imperceptible,
Hopeful still when hope has long since died.

But the lost ones - how hard it is for them to hope,
Alone, in all that alien emptiness,
Drifting alone in space.....
Drifting alone.....
ALONE.

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Poem limit 34 lines..

WITCH

A crouching form in cloak and hat,
Crooning a song of devilish hate,
The spark and flare of burning fat
As a wax doll melts upon the grate,
Shadows leaping up the wall
Of devil and demon, gnome and sprite,
While the winds, shrill and moaning, call
With phantom voices through the night.



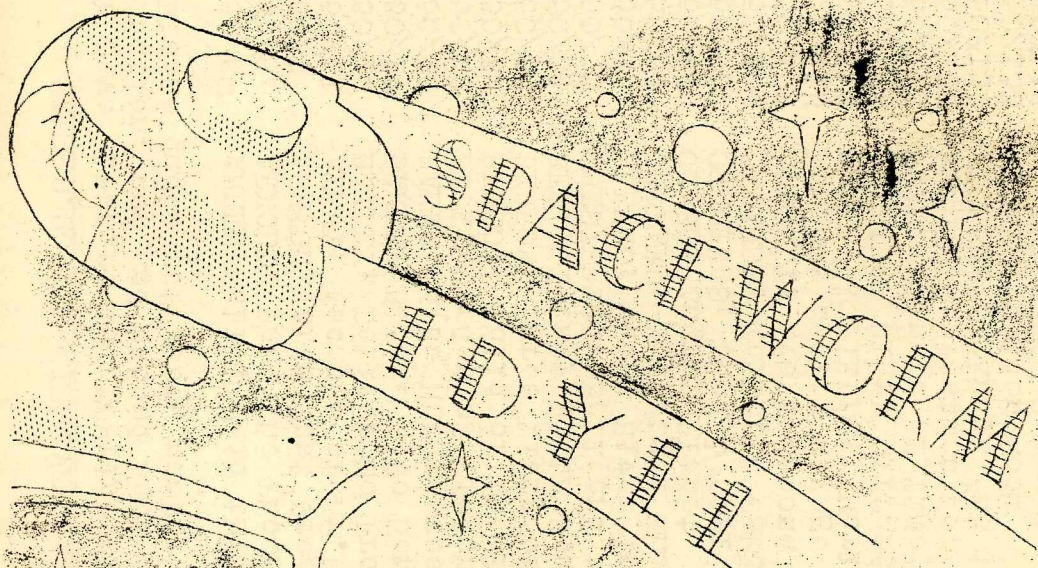
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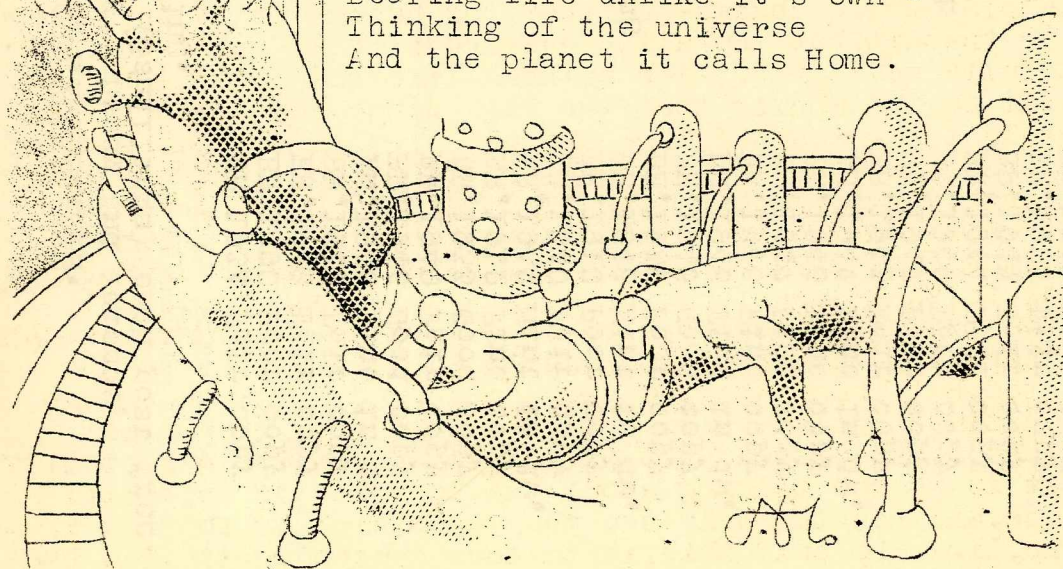
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Lying in a metal wheel,
With jewelled space all round,
Sets a creature thinking
- Especially when it's bound
For a star called "Sun", with planets
Bearing life unlike it's own -
Thinking of the universe
And the planet it calls Home.



TWILIGHT OVER UTOPIA For over 2,000 years there was only one s-f plot. It was pretty simple too. The hero was transported by some more or less perfunctory device into ~~the~~ a world far removed in time or space from his own, spent some 300 pages looking round, and came back home in the last chapter to tell the tale. From what used to be merely the irritating formality of getting him into position there stemmed the story of interplanetary flight, the gadget and superscience story, and the whole flood of modern s-f. But these crude forefathers of s-f weren't usually trying even to write fantasy, still less science fiction. After they had sketched in the means which brought the hero to the strange land, with all the painstaking realism of Edgar Rice Burroughs, they just wanted him to go on a sort of intourist jaunt about the place asking stupid questions so that they could have the natives come up with smart answers, all proving that everything here would be just fine if we got ourselves stung with the particular bee that buzzed in their bonnet--land reform, social credit, the single transferable vote, or some brand of religion, polygamy, nudism etc., I even read one dedicated to monorail railways, "Erene" or something it was called. The author certainly had a one track mind. But what all these stories had in common was the assumption that the world can be better than it is, and very likely will be. With the popularisation of science it was only to be expected that the Utopia plot would change and that the heroes would spend more time in transit, but the alien culture plot is still handled wonderfully well by British authors like Stapledon and C.S. Lewis. It is in America that the big change has taken place. In the last few years future and alien cultures have started to deteriorate. Usually they are as bad as our own, sometimes much worse, very seldom better. How Come?? There are two things which can change human society; new things and new ideas. Americans have always concentrated far more on things, on gadgets, than ideas, and 20 years ago it was confidently expected that in a few more years everyone would have enough motor cars, refrigerators, and radios to make him happy and contented. But then came the depression, and a few years ago their ultimate gadget blew up in their faces. To a nation which has scared itself out of its wits with its own atomic bomb it is no use talking about the benefits of scientific progress, and now the only use they can think of for new inventions, like the spaceship, is to bomb somebody with. See DESTINATION MOON. As for ideas, if these are not all Unamerican already they soon will be. First Communists, then Socialists,

Radicals, Liberals, Democrats---Senator McCarthy is working his way up. The trouble is that Americans have convinced themselves that their peculiar museum piece of 19th Century capitalism is the essentially American Way of Life, and therefore, naturally, the best. If an alien or future civilisation has anything different it must inevitably be worse. But most of their futures are just like 1951 America, only more so, to indicate the passage of time. Bigger companies, bigger wars, the Red menace shifted to Mars. A miserable and hopeless prospect, but fortunately implausible. Whatever the world is like in 3,000 A.D. it will not be like present-day America. You have my personal assurance. But if America has lost faith in the future, we haven't. The present situation -- decadent reactionary America and optimistic go-ahead Britain (wait till your American subscribers see that Derek)---gives our British authors an opportunity to rejuvenate s-f. Let us have the novel of ideas back in s-f, and make a distinctively European contribution to the field again.

FANDOM RADIATIONS: New prozine with the jaw-breaker title of TWO COMPLETE SCIENCE-ADVENTURE NOVELS, announces that Van Vogt's recent novel THE HOUSE THAT STOOD STILL will appear in their fourth issue. This prozine is a wonderful moneysaver. First issue had Azimov's recently published PEBBLE IN THE SKY, until then only available in expensive hard covers.... New prozine, WORLDS BEYOND reported to be folding already, and other projected titles cancelled. Looks as if the market has reached saturation point.... World's leading fanzine, NEKROMANTIKON, has Stanton Coblenz in its fourth issue but the amateur authors were even better! Gold, editor of new top prozine GALAXY bitterly attacks ASF's refusal to allow Hal Clement to sell reprint rights of his NEEDLE, scheduled as one of GALAXY's s-f novels. Looks like its war to the knife with Campbell.... Rumours are circulating in the Celtic fringe of a possible new fanzine from Wales. Put down that stone, Scotland, and start duplicating..... Fanzine NEKROMANTIKON mentioned in the column can be obtained through me, 1/- a copy.... I also produce a thing called SLANT which isn't too bad. Next issue, 42 printed pages, due by the time you read this. Two issues for 1/6.... SIRIUS, an American fanzine, has announced that with its next issue it is going legible!.... ..I understand the reason for the non-appearance of the SCIENCE-FANTASY NEWS is that all the energy of the London Circle is being devoted to publicising the Convention. The idea, it seems, is to spring it on American fandom as a wonderful surprise.

* * * * *

HE DIDN'T ASK FOR MORE

an article on fan-poetry
by John Wilson.

Poetry is essentially a kind of music, wrung from the harsher medium of prose. It is a frippery, a convention of our civilisation, governed by a set of rules similar to those of etiquette. Well written, with a judicious choice of adjectives, and a careful use of metre it can be as pleasing as a symphony (I remember being tremendously impressed by the vigour and pageantry of Chesterton's "Lepanto"). The chief difference, apart from the use of metre, between poetry and prose would seem to be the richer and more original use of adjectives in the former; so much so in fact as to make the reading of poetry a divertisement requiring considerable concentration; a possible explanation for the decline in the popularity of poetry.

Basically poetry is but a more picturesque way of telling a story, or describing an object, and in this light the usual requirements of ordinary fiction apply equally to poetry; an original story or plot, an avoidance of the commoner clichés, and some knowledge on the part of the poet of the conventions of his medium.

In all the poetry spawned by the numerous fanmags I've read, these three essentials have been startlingly absent, and poetic license has invariably been debased to an excuse for the use of ridiculous adjectives, hackneyed ideas, and sloppy sentimentality.

Poetry would seem to me to be immensely more difficult to write than prose; yet apparently for no good reason, other than the gratification of their sadistic instincts the fan-poets gush their hackneyed tripe onto paper, and hurry to send the manuscript to a publisher, with no more thought than you or I would take before drafting a letter to Aunt Sarah.

My personal conclusion is that Editors accept the poems rather gratefully, as convenient space fillers, or alternatively as a kind of comic relief from the more serious sections of their 'zines. So please Mr. Fan-editor fill the spaces with something more interesting, a picture of Jane Russell, or even some of those INTENTIONALLY amusing little rhymes that begin "There was a young----": anything but allegedly serious poetry. I shall end this diatribe with a plea to Roscoe the Beaver, particular guardian of fandom.

"May he preserve fandom from the poets, who spew
their meaningless phrases over the pages of too
many fanzines.

(Turn page)

May we be saved from such cliches as "Black darkness of the Stellar Night,"and "Dark gulfs of space."

(That was a well worn one,was it not?).

May the pens of the poets run as dry as their muses.

May their typewriters rust,and their paper mildew while they peer after inspiration.

May their blank verse rhyme,and their metre fail to scan.

May the minions of the Inland Revenue Commissioners fall upon them,and at long last,after all these chastening influences have worked upon them may they be reformed and become once more ordinary,normal fen.

* * * * *

"THE OUTPOST" AGAIN more thoughts by your old(!)
friend(?). Walt Willis.

THE SLATER SLATED: I am of course a great admirer of OPERATION FANTAST,known throughout the world as "Britain's leading fanzine"(to prevent the widespread indignation among readers of SLANT leading to unrest and bloodshed,I had perhaps better point out that Northern Ireland is of course,strictly speaking,not part of Great Britain)but there are a few points in the last issue which I would like to take Ken up on.One is the cruel and hurtful things he says about Walter Gilling's SCIENCE-FANTASY.This is not the result of a meeting of the Walters or anything like that,I just think Ken has been unfair.The cover for instance,which Ken was shall we say lukewarm about--actually his remarks were to the effect that it looked as if it had been conceived in a vomitorium--I find rather agreeable.Let us not make any odious comparisons, but it was I thought,a pleasant and distinctive change from Clothier's rather unrestrained style. An artistic success and a commercial failure,said Vince Clarke(a character in my forthcoming book MY LIFE WITH THE LONDON CIRCLE,or ELEGY IN A CITY CHURCHYARD) and I'm inclined to agree.As for the stories,I must say I thought they were pretty good.I expect Ken has been looking back through rose-tinted spectacles at the post-war FANTASY,but then everybody knows that prozines aren't what they were a few years ago.They never were.

The other victim I want to defend against this vicious fellow Slater is one F.C.Davies,who throws into fandom a quarterly bombshell called INCINERATIONS.I had been hearing the reports for months before I saw the magazine.Vicious, unprincipled,obscene,blasphemous,said all the old women of fandom in a shocked chorus,and now even Ken Slater,of whom I

would have expected better, backs them up. Admittedly Davies says what he likes and doesn't pull any punches, but he is entitled to his opinions, and to express them, just as much as anyone else. I suspect the reason he has attracted so much criticism is that he does the latter rather better than anyone before. I wouldn't say I would defend to the death Mr. Davis's right to say what he thinks--he sounds well able to take care of himself anyway--but as long as he is witty and amusing I don't mind advising all of you whose minds are, like mine, so broad as to be virtually two dimensional, to read the magazine for yourselves.

DIANETICS: In a review of the bestsellers of 1950 TIME magazine refers to DIANETICS as "a gelatinous porridge of poor man's psychoanalysis which was originally dished out, appropriately enough, in ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION." "appropriately enough" indeed, I resent this unfair attack.

ASF: Congratulations, and a well deserved pat on the back to Vince Clarke and Ken Bulmer for their prompt and efficient action against the foul blow struck by ASF against British s-f fans in raising the British sub rate to 10 dollars. Everyone should rally round in this crisis. Follow Ken & Vince's lead in protesting against this mean discrimination by Street and Smith, and see SLANT 5, due shortly, for further developments. In the meantime send YOUR protest to Street & Smith, either in your own words or in those of Vince & Ken's excellent open letter. ((The editors of PHANTASMAGORIA wish to associate themselves with Walt's remarks, and hope that prompt and insistant action by British fandom will make the new owners of Street & Smith alter their policy of trying to force foreign subscribers away.))

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UP TO DATE

"THE EDITOR SQUEAKS"

At last we get full details of the "EUCON", May 11-14th, 1951, an OFFICIAL leaflet giving place, times, costs etc., Everybody who is somebody, and quite a lot who aren't, will be there, initial membership fee is 2/6d (50¢) sent to the Convention Secretary, "WHITE HORSE", FETTER LANE, LONDON EC 4.

We feel sure you'll like the contents of this issue, there is a varied selection which should suit most tastes, so write in and let us know what you feel, and give any suggestions you have for improvements. We still want material of course, so shoot that opus along to us.

No 3 (due to you in June), is a Convention special issue, articles by leading fans, news etc., and the INSIDE STORY of British Fandom, by one who's been inside. There will be some fiction tho'. A short story by Clive Jackson (great gnashing of teeth in Belfast over this), some more poetry, and some more illustrations by ALAN HUNTER.

Read the other day in EVERYBODY'S that this year will see the opening of Britain's (and the world's) first atomic power station. It will cost 7½ million pounds, three times as much as a conventional one, but will have no fuel bills in its active life of 30 years. The fuel bill of a normal station costs 18½ million pounds in the 30 years, a net saving of 11 million quid, so we can see after the first 10 years free electricity. Note the difference in outlook between Britain and the U.S. as regards atomic energy (see "THE OUTPOST" for a more detailed explanation).

I'd been forewarned about SLANT 5, and had laid in my dark glasses already, and were they needed, YES! The SLANT staff were apparently so pleased they could print in colours that trying to find the stories the cuts illustrated was rather difficult. For people who may still be wondering where the stories were; well you noticed the little footnotes under the pretty pictures... YOU DID! (Clever Boy), well, they ARE the story. But seriously it's a fine issue, and if you haven't a sub in already you're missing hours of enjoyment (But of course if you're debating whether to sub to SLANT or PHANTAS pick the magazine with the long, imposing, name).

(Please turn to page 22.....)

THE MIMEOGRAPH

or FETTERS FOR THE EDITOR.

D.McILWAIN: "I liked Willis's column, and would like to see more of this type of thing--features about personalities etc--in preference to fiction, a little of which goes a long way in fanzines" As you will have noticed we are trying to make it more personal by our series 'I Remember' No 1 of which appears in this issue, but we want more, come on readers, write in with YOUR memory.

TOM MACDONALD: "Anyway it made a good start....of course 'THE LAST LAUGH' is first choice; I think the ode would be second. But why did the editor squeak? Perhaps the result of a cold; probably the result of living in Bradford." There is NO comment to this letter.

ALAN HUNTER: "Congratulations on 'PHANTASMAGORIA' No.1. This remark is prompted not by the general standard of your new fanzine - which is no better, but certainly no worse, than the first issue of most fanzines. The many points demanding criticism you no doubt already appreciate, so I will not trouble to list the obvious. Congratulations, therefore, on "P" itself, the production of which is, alone, sufficient reason for approval. You have taken a courageous and meritorious step. May you continue to publish regularly and improve with each issue." Many thanks Alan for your nice letter, and readers Alan has now become Art Editor of "P", but see elsewhere for full details.

BILLVENABLE: "I liked Phantas mainly for the material, which was very good. Dunno why, but you Englishmen seem to have a record for putting out interesting and well-done fanzines. I've never seen a British fanzine I didn't like. You picked a good format, and your half page size is something I would not attempt because I'm too lazy. You do need a bit of art work here and there, and a picture cover would look nice." Thanks Bill, step forward Ken, Mike and Walt, and take a bow as fanzine publishers. Bill also publishes ALEPH-NUL a N3F sponsored zine from 137, Park Place, R.D.No.4, PITTSBURGH 9, Pa., USA, free on request to overseas fan.

Bob SHAW: "I have accorded to you the somewhat dubious honour of being the recipient of my first fan letter so here goes. I'll get the criticisms over first. What would otherwise have been a very neat cover was spoiled by the variations in

the dimensions of the pages. Of course that could not be helped. Also this business of the line endings, all those hyphens. ...ugh!.... Now that's off my chest I can say that "GALAXY'S END" was much better. Battering down all my prejudices against poetry in S-F... it was good. "THE OUTPOST" was extremely readable despite the fact that the Latin part in it passed miles over my head. At least I'm honest about it!" Sorry folks but that seems to be all we can get in this issue, but we want all your letters, otherwise we don't know what you want, or how you want it.

~

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"THE EDITOR SQUEAKS"-continued.....)

New British prozine titled "SCIENCE FICTION FORTNIGHTLY" appeared. Pocket book format, and with, so far, only book length complete issue, stories. The publishers state they are trying to raise standards, have readers letters etc. Adult S-F, behind so far juvenile covers. Well worth the 1/6d (25¢) charged. Subs can be arranged, \$1.50 for 3 months (6 issues), \$3.00 for 6 months, \$6.00 for year (24 issues), through this magazine.

We, (the staff of PHANTASMAGORIA) will be at the "EUCON", can we see YOU there, its a never to be missed chance to meet and talk to those people you've only heard of, and about.

Till June then.....Adios All.

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