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PHANTASMA

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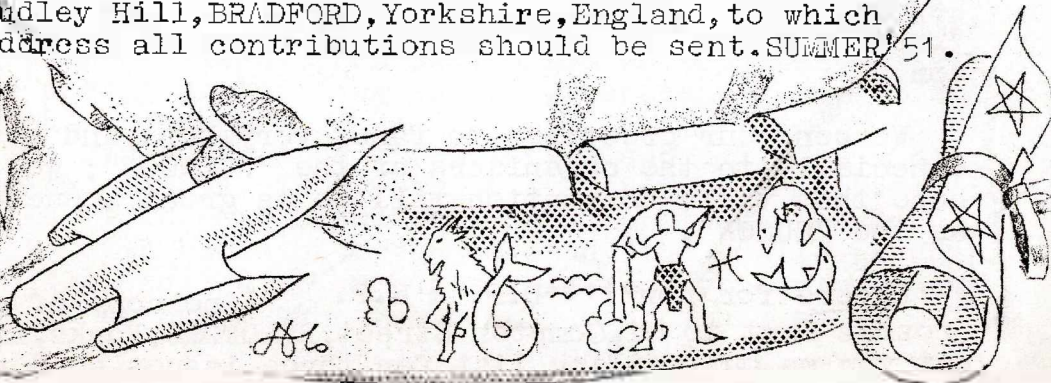
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EDITORIAL.

"BRITAIN BELIEVES IN TOMMOROW".

The Convention has crept, then rushed, upon us, and is now over, leaving all who attended with memories and new friends. It was a truly great event, and we send our greetings to all we met and talked with, and hope to see them all again next year, wherever the next Convention is held. There are several reports elsewhere in this issue, we hope that they will manage to convey to you the atmosphere of the "EUCON".

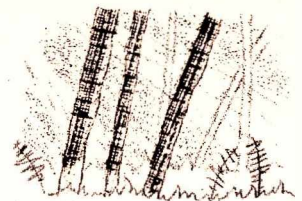
With this issue we announce several changes in the schedule and distribution of PHANTASMAGORIA. Firstly because of personal reasons, we cannot keep up the quarterly schedule we have maintained for the three issues to date. Instead we shall publish irregularly, a freedom from deadlines will we hope make for a better production and less errors on the stencils. Secondly, from and including this issue exactly 125 copies of PHANTASMAGORIA will be printed for each issue. Nos 1 & 2 had 250 copies, but owing to the tremendous rise in costs we cannot afford to give away more than a very few complimentary copies. From this issue therefore there are three ways you can receive every issue of PHANTASMAGORIA:- the first is to join that select band of people, the subscribers; the second is to exchange your own magazine on a subscription basis; and the third is to be someone for whom the editors hold a great regard. PHANTASMAGORIA No 4 is tentatively due to appear about December 1951, or very early in the New Year. However we may issue abridged Interim Reports before then, to keep you up to date on the "fued" between Winchell Willis and the rest of fandom.

We send our greetings to fans everywhere, and especially to the organisers of the "NOLACON"; we hope that their Convention will be as great a success as the "EUCON".

Cheers for now*****D.P. & M.P. (One copy of a prozine sent to 41, Compton Street, BRADFORD, Yorks, will put you on our mailing list for three issues, send now).



TRUANT



by
Clive Jackson.

The wood was very cool and quiet, and somehow solemn, like the nave of a cathedral. The impression was heightened by the sunlight, which filtered down through the lofty foliage as if through stained glass windows, and the straight, fluted, trunks of the trees marching away into the shadows like rows of Gothic pillars.

Billy glided down the glade with infinite caution, taking advantage of every vestige of cover, because the forest was alive with Indians, and the beleaguered garrison at Fort Williams was relying on his skill as a scout to get through the Indian Country for reinforcements.

Suddenly he froze, sensing rather than seeing a movement in the bushes ahead of him. Clutching his battered repeating rifle in small, grubby, fists, he edged forward, stalking the foe with a stealth worthy of Bill Cody himself.

Soon he was a scant two yards from the enemy, peering through a thin screen of leaves at a young woman who was, quite definitely, NOT an Indian brave on the warpath. Billy rapidly reoriented himself and studied his prey through the poisonous Martian undergrowth, keeping his disintegrator at the ready.

The girl was dressed in what appeared to be aluminium-foil overalls, and wore a glittering helmet with a gold badge on the front. She was bending over a white plastic box, something like a portable radio, with a circular antenna on top.

After a while Billy grew bored, for she seemed to be doing nothing at all, so he took a firmer grip on his disintegrator and leapt from behind his cover. "Bzzz---zzz!!! You're disint'grated!" he shouted, brandishing the stick and looking fierce.

The girl jackknifed erect, tensed and agile as a cat, producing a small, pistol-shaped, weapon from somewhere, in a single fluid motion; then, relaxing, burst out laughing, stooping with hands on knees to study the small intruder.

Billy scowled up at her belligerently; people should not laugh at Space Agents. But in a moment his scowl melted into a doubtful smile, and the smile into a chuckle and the chuckle into a laugh. Billy thought the girl looked

nice, much nicer than his step-mother or Miss Judd the school-teacher. When she laughed, she laughed with her face, with her eyes, with her body, with her whole being - and it was impossible not to laugh with her.

When they had finished laughing, the girl, still smiling at him with her wonderful brown eyes, said, "And what's YOUR name?" as if it were the most important thing in the world that she should find out. Billy smiled back up at her, and said, "Bill Williams," leaving off the 'y' so as to make it sound more manly.

"Bill Williams," said the girl with great interest. "I am Arkon Doray."

"That's a funny name," said Billy, "bet you aren't English, you talk funny too."

"Well, no; I'm not really English but we speak a language very much like it. Of course I had to learn to speak like you before I came here."

"Are you from Mars?" asked Billy. "I saw a film once with Flash Gordon, and the Mars people were dressed like you."

The girl chuckled, "Mars? Oh no, I'm an Earther just like you."

"Where d'you live then?" said Billy, still puzzled.

Arkon looked at him for a moment searchingly. She seemed to be weighing the pros and cons. "Tell you what, Bill," she said; "I'll show you my home."

"Is it far?"

"Not the way we'll go." She picked up her little box and put one hand on Billy's shoulder, looking straight into his eyes. As Billy stared back at her, Arkon's eyes seemed to get closer and closer, and larger and larger, until there was nothing in the whole world - the whole universe - but Arkon's enormous, limpid, dark brown eyes. Suddenly there was a sound something like a taut violin string breaking, but in his brain, rather than in his ears, and then he was standing beside Arkon on the top of one of the pinnacles of a vast city. The tower on which they stood was one of the tallest, and the city was spread out before them as far as the horizon, in a bewildering blaze of colours. The only buildings seemed to be the towers, slender structures of glittering glass and rainbow tinted plastics, no two alike and all giving subtle pleasure to the eye. The ground was thousands of dizzy feet below, and all the space between the towers was occupied by flower gardens and green lawns and little lakes and streams, which seemed odd to Billy who had once wandered among the grimy brick canyons of London and played in and out of the tottering rubble piles of its bombed East End. There were pastel shaded roads snaking between the towers in sweeping curves and clover leaf configurations, sometimes leap-

-ing over each other or diving underground, and they were alive with vehicles scurrying along like multi-coloured beetles. Wingless craft hovered silently or streaked overhead with a thunderous noise of riven atmosphere, some descending to land down among the gardens or upon platforms that projected from the sides of the towers.

After a long time Billy found his voice, but all he could say was "Golly!" in an awed tone, and Arkon smiled down at him and said, "Big, isn't it?".

Then she took him inside the tower to the apartment where she lived and gave him strange delicious things to eat and drink, that came out of a machine when she spoke to it. Billy was still overawed by his surroundings, by the richness and luxury of everything he saw or touched. The walls were covered by three-dimensional murals, vibrant with life and colour, and the ceiling appeared not to be there at all, so cunning was the illusion of open sky. The outer wall consisted entirely of a huge window, which had no glass in it; but when he tried to lean over the low parapet he came against a smooth inflexible surface that he could neither see nor penetrate.

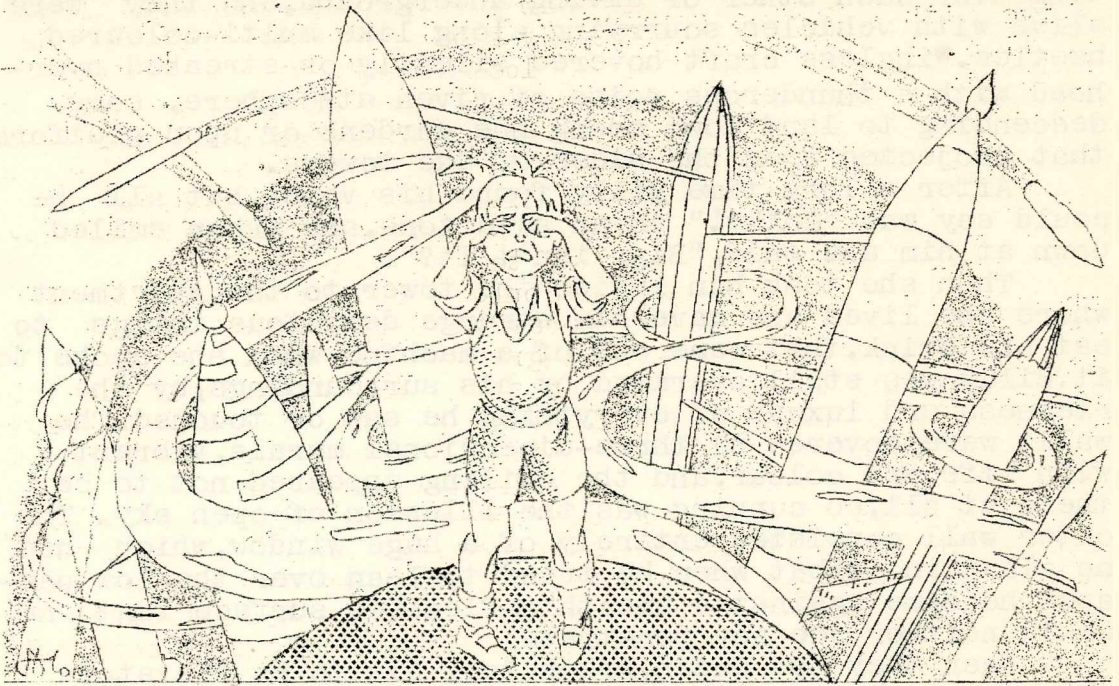
When they had eaten, Arkon took him to an elevator which carried them down to the ground level without detectable movement or lapse of time, and Billy took her hand and they wandered about the beautiful gardens and lawns.

There were many people there, strolling in couples and groups or sitting on the grass, all talking and laughing a great deal, and young and old without exception were graceful and full of dignity. They wore flowing robes of bright, soft materials, rather than metallic suits like Arkon's; although one group, playing a complex game with several coloured balls and long racquets, were quite naked.

Some of the people spoke to Arkon in a lilting, fluid tongue that was at once familiar and alien. Billy could understand only a word here and there, while other words hovered on the threshold of familiarity, but he guessed they were talking about him. They met one man in a suit and helmet similar to Arkon's, who seemed disturbed to see Billy; but Arkon talked to him for a while and he went away satisfied.

"It's against the rules to bring people from back-time," explained Arkon, "but he's stretching a point for you. You're a very privileged young man, you know."

They came to an open air theatre, where graceful girls and lithe-limbed youths were dancing a ballet in marvellous harmony of form and movement, and they sat watching for a while until the lights began to go on in the great towers



and the early stars peeped shyly from the darkening sky.

Arkon said, "Well, Bill, I think I'd better take you home now." Billy's heart sank, and he spoke quickly, choking back the ready tears.

"Don't send me back, Miss. Please let me stay here with you. I won't be no trouble, honest."

Arkon put one hand under his chin, tilting back his head so that she could look into his brimming eyes. "Hey now, none of that! What about your mother and father, Bill? You can't just go off and leave them can you?"

Then it came, the misery and the pain and the insults that had been his lot for half his young life, tumbling out in one flood of tearful pleading. His father, whom he could hardly remember, killed by the Germans in France; his step-mother, shrewish, embittered, nagging and screaming at him, and often beating him; the farm-hands, hulking ignorant men who swore at him and cuffed him, the refined torture of the village school, where the children tormented him because he smelt and had no parents, and the sadistic Miss Judd tweaked his ear or whacked his knuckles with her heavy ebony ruler.

Arkon listened with her arms round him and her eyes full of compassion and regret, and when he had finished she

stroked his head and said, "Now you must be brave, Bill, and understand that you can't stay here. I'm away most of the time, so there'd be nobody to look after you, and besides, it is against the law."

The boy's eyes filled again with tears, and Arkon said quickly, "Wait a minute, Bill, it's not as bad as you think. Now you trust me, don't you?" Bill nodded hopefully.

"Well then, do you believe me when I say that nobody will ever hurt you or be rude to you again?"

Billy's heart rose: how could you ever doubt such a wonderful person as Arkon Doray? "Yes, I believe you," he whispered, overwhelmed with a great happiness.

"Good boy!", "smiled Arkon, squeezing his hand." "Now look at me, Bill." And once again Arkon's eyes filled his whole consciousness, and there was the same snapping sound in his head, and there they were back in the wood again.

But this time it was different; something was in his mind that hadn't been there before, and he felt a great peace, and strong, quiet, confidence that he had never known before. He looked up at Arkon with shining eyes, albeits a little sad at leaving her, and Arkon gave him her wonderful smile and held out her hand.

"Goodbye, Bill," she said, "and remember what I said."

"I'll remember. Goodbye, Miss, and thanks ever so much."

He shook hands with her solemnly, and just before he turned to go Arkon bent and kissed him quickly on the cheek. Then she watched his small figure marching away between the long rows of trees, still carrying his wooden gun and once he turned and waved, and Arkon waved back.

When he reached the farm it was dark, and as he entered the big stone-floored kitchen his step-mother confronted him, arms akimbo and her sharp, bitter, face thrust forward. "Where have you been you little wretch?", her voice was shrill and uncouth, grating on his ear drums. "Running wild in the woods like a filthy savage! Ruining the decent clothes I scrape and pinch to buy for you! Ungrateful little beast!" She was working herself up to the point when she would strike him around the ears or across the mouth. Billy closed his ears to the tirade, not frightened as he had always been, but angry that this stupid woman should insult him so.

Something was welling up inside his mind, the something that hadn't been there before, and suddenly with conscious effort he made it burst out like an invisible bullet towards his stepmother. Instantly the nagging voice was stilled, the hand that had been raised to strike him

was arrested in mid-air, and the woman shrank back with dawning bewilderment and fear spreading across her thin features.

Billy walked to the table where his supper was laid out cold and unappetising, but when the woman came bustling forward and took the plate muttering, "That's gone cold. Let me warm it in the oven for you,"; Billy knew then that he would never be miserable again.

*** **

PLENIPOTENTIARY

by Peter J. Ridley

THE ASTEROID WAS DEAD AND AIRLESS, AT FIRST SIGHT.

"Umm, ham sandwiches!"

A BRILLIANT CONTRAST OF BLACK AND WHITE.

"Only one cake, damn it!"

STEALTHY MOVEMENT IN THE SHADOW OF THE WRECKED SHIP.

"Still it is a cream one."

A CONTORTED FACE INSIDE A SMASHED HELMET.

"A pity the brown paper jacket hid the cover blonde, but if you want to read in public....."

THROUGH THE BROKEN DOOR OOOZED AN AMORPHOUS AND SUBTLY HORRIBLE MASS.

"Blast dinner time's nearly over."

THE GIRL SCREAMED.

"The girl screamed".

Joe looked up from his copy of "Horrific Asteroid Yarns". The rather nice young typist who had been eating her lunch nearby was displaying a pair of neat limbs as she hared towards Piccadilly, the expressionless metal legs of her chair testified by their gesture to the sky the speed of her going. She was not alone. The usual lunchtime population of Hyde Park appeared to have gone mad, and demonstrated their affliction by leaving the vicinity with considerably more speed than the time of five to two warranted. A heavily built woman lumbered past Joe, heralding her passage with repeated exclamations of "Lawks a mercy!"

Joe peered round: except for the peculiar activity of its patrons the park was as usual. The grass had begun to brown under the fierce sun, and the trees seemed somewhat worn at the edges, nevertheless they continued to throw a welcome shade. Something was missing! The noise of

the traffic in Piccadilly had stopped!

Joe noticed a large patch of shade which appeared to exist without the usual support of a tree. The remains of his lunch fell to the ground as Joe stood up. About fifty feet up and perhaps a hundred yards to his right hovered an object which the evening papers would hardly fail to name a 'Flying Saucer'. A dome shaped craft of shining metal, on the underside of which glowed three bright spheres, it swam tipsily. As Joe stared he noticed that there were four spheres beneath the saucer, but only three of them shone. Even that light dimmed now to a dull red, and the machine landed gently fifty yards from the tree under which Joe stood.

A great exultation rose in Joe. He was to be the first human to greet the Aliens. Humanoid, horrific or thought forms, Joe would be the first to meet them. In his proud capacity of Terran Ambassador Joe straightened his crumpled flannels, and brushed the crumbs from his sports jacket before advancing towards the ship. As he covered the ground between himself and the Saucer in slow dignified strides. Joe felt grateful to the authors who had prepared him for this moment, but for them he would have followed the other screaming sheep in their panicked flight.

Soon he stood beneath the Saucer: it was, Joe judged, about 100 feet in diameter, while the four spheres on which it stood were as high as a man. They were still hot too, for he could feel a prickling sensation on his face and hands. Joe waited impatiently: the Saucer remained quiescent. Already Joe could see the figures of the more adventurous creeping from tree to tree.

A metallic sound startled him, a small round hatch opened in the belly of the ship, and a ladder came out jerkily. That was all, no curious figure descended, no alien oozed through the hatch. Joe took a look at the still distant, but nearing daredevils, then strode to the hatch. He could see nothing inside, but suppressing his qualms Joe climbed the ladder. The hatch closed behind him and he was in darkness, he felt his bodily sensations diminish until his separate ego floated on the blackness.....

Joe was lying on a kind of bed. His whole body was thickly plastered with a white ointment. He sat up, there was no sign of his clothes. The room was square, the walls of metal, the only furniture being the couch on which he was lying and a wide shelf sprouting from the wall beside him. There was a rattle, and Joe saw a newspaper lying on the shelf, a little swinging door still moved slightly. Joe lifted it and tried to look out, but the chute bent upwards

He picked up the paper with ointment sticky hands,
"SAUCER IN HYDE PARK"

Some 10,000 Londoners today saw the Flying Saucer which flew low over the City, and finally landed in Hyde Park. The Saucer seemed to be in difficulties flying slowly and jerkily from the direction of Kent it panicked lunch-time crowds, when at two o'clock it hovered over Hyde Park seeking a landing place. Eye witnesses state that it belched flame and withered trees as it came to rest. For ten minutes the Mystery Ship lay in the Park, then before an investigation could be organised the Saucer leapt into the air and disappeared. Since then the Police have cordoned off the Park, and certain important scientific figures have been seen entering the barred area. A Police Inspector informed us that the cordon was for the Public's protection, since the Saucer had radio-actively contaminated the ground."

Joe slammed the paper down: not a word about him, the most important figure in the drama and they hadn't even mentioned him. Anyway he knew why the Saucer people were keeping away from him. He was radio-active, the ointment was obviously some kind of cure. Either they were humane beings, or perhaps they wanted their specimen healthy.

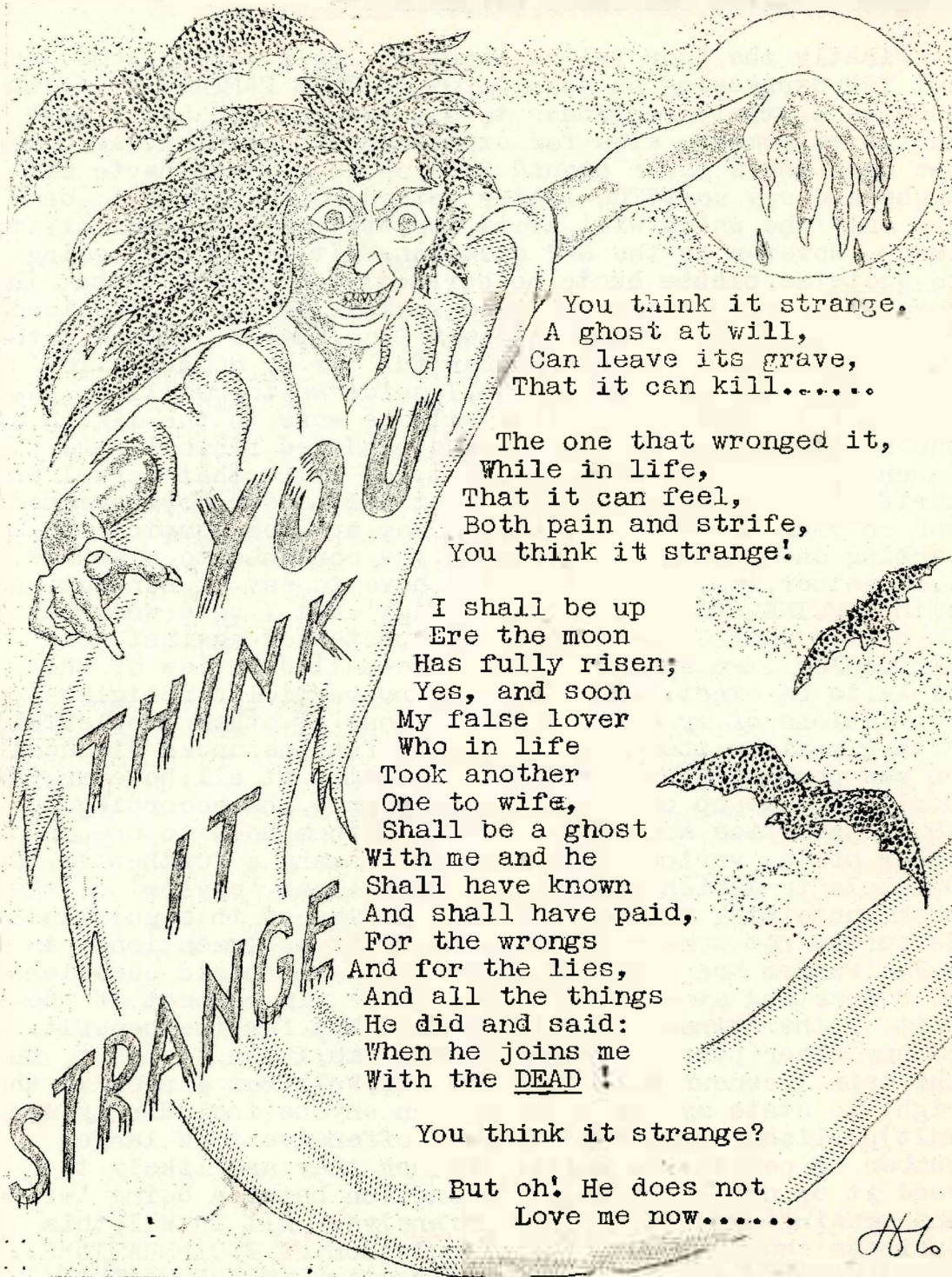
The door of the chute rattled again, this time it was a dish which lay on the shelf. Joe investigated, it was a white circular platter, of a material resembling china, and on it was what Joe took to be food. About half a dozen roughly rounded cream coloured objects, a few hunks of a red-brown substance, and some sickly yellow spheres. Another rattle interrupted him: a knife and fork appeared. The fork was all metal and had four prongs, but the knife, while having a metal blade had plastic grips on the handle. A curious device was engaged in the plastic, hieroglyphics similar to the letters 'W.D.'

Horror dawned on Joe, ignoring the cascade of food he turned the plate over. Inscribed in blue letters on the back were the ominous words; "AIR MINISTRY PROPERTY".

*****-*-**==*==*==*==*==*
"CHALLENGE" has now been combined with "DIFFERENT", the magazine of poetry of the atomic age. Poems welcomed, limit 34 lines, write to "DIFFERENT", Rogers, ARKANSAS, U.S.A.

SLATER "SLATES THE IRISH WINCHELL".

Firstly the poor fellow lacks in logic...he cusses me out for expressing an opinion on SCIENCE FANTASY No.1, and then he blithely continues to cuss me out because I have cussed at someone else for expressing an opinion! Say, can one open one's mouth around here, or do we just havta sit tight and say nowt? The latter method would appear to be the only one which will avoid upsetting Walt's sensibilities. However on the S-F question, Walt, if you are going to quote me, please quote me correctly. I commented that the cover had been 'COMMITTED in a vomitorium', not 'conceived'. I still hold that view, but apart from that I can see nothing particularly 'cruel and hurtful' in my comments. To quote from the same paragraph, I said: "Editor Gillings has given it a slant we consider will be more to the liking of the newcomer than to the old and hardened fan, but more power to him for that". If, Walt, you think that 'cruel and hurtful' I can only conclude that the London boys skinned you on your visit to London, and you are now completely lacking an epidermis! Secondly, you continue to misquote... or rather, lisrepresent what I have to say in connection with 'INCINERATIONS.....from effigy'. All I said was that I supported Charles Lee Riddle who protested against one particular item in that 'zine. A so-called review of the Bible, to be exact. Whilst holding no particular religious convictions of my own, I respect those of other people. This rather noxious item printed in the fanzine under discussion was perhaps hardly worthy of mention at all; however, the world is made up of a great many people, and according to 1947 statistics some 692,400,000 of them hold to one or other of the various Christian faiths, and a further 15,980,000 hold to Jewish beliefs. A scurrilous 'review' of the book containing the basis of the faiths of this multitude is surely not something to be cheered? As I mentioned in O.F. 'fandom has a lot to learn about the basic question of respecting other folk's beliefs'. In respect of the rest of the 'zine, I made no comment, but for the benefit of any other person who has misread me, I can say that in the main I concur with your remarks, Walt. But I reserve the right to state my own opinion when anyone (including you, Walt) publishes anything which is offensive to a large number of people..no matter whether they are likely to read it or not. There is a distinction between being 'witty and amusing', and just plain offensive. All in all, this business should double the circulation of INCINERATIONS... so we've done a bit of good, indirectly! /KEN F.SLATER/....



You think it strange.
A ghost at will,
Can leave its grave,
That it can kill.....

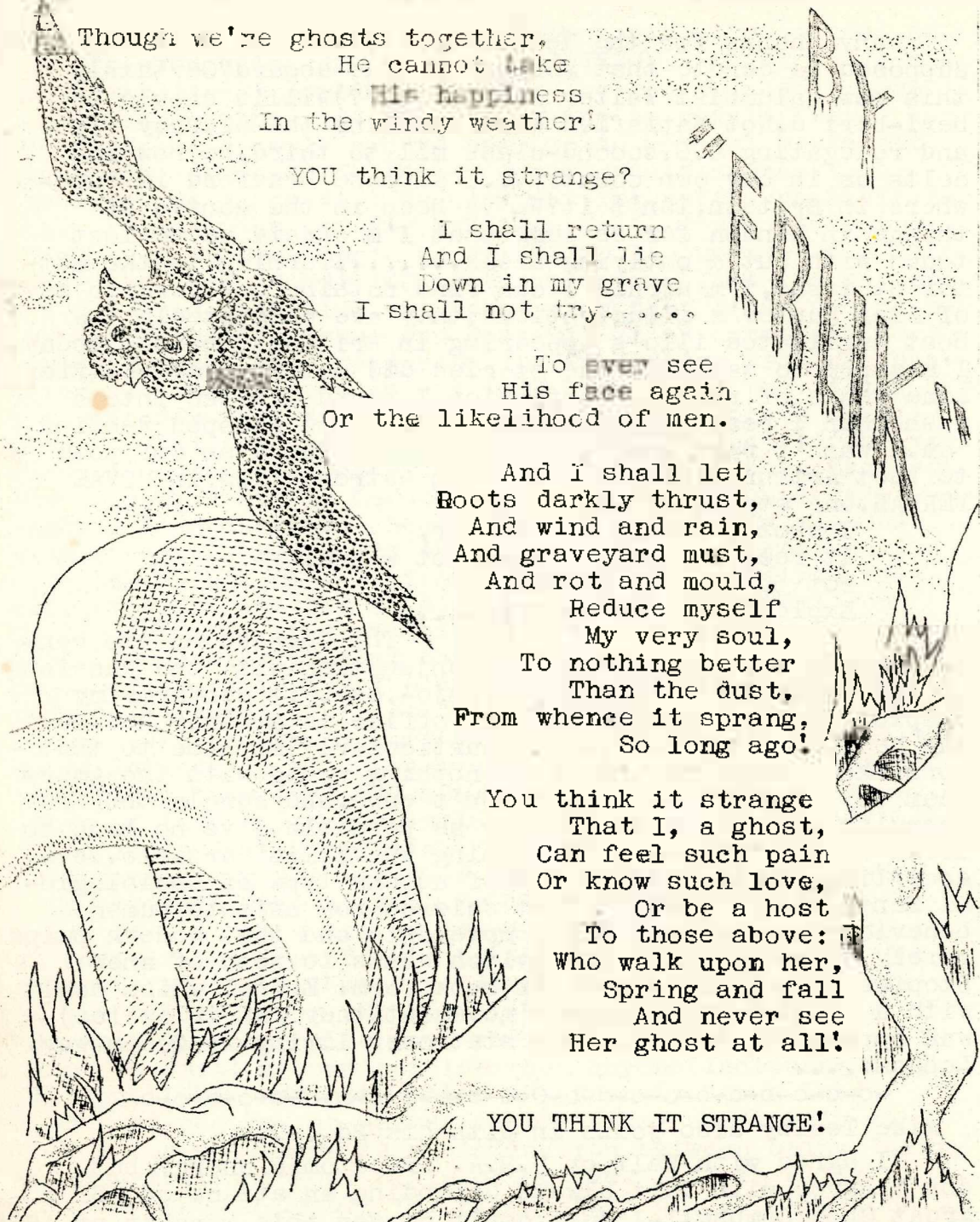
The one that wronged it,
While in life,
That it can feel,
Both pain and strife,
You think it strange!

I shall be up
Ere the moon
Has fully risen;
Yes, and soon
My false lover
Who in life
Took another
One to wifa,
Shall be a ghost
With me and he
Shall have known
And shall have paid,
For the wrongs
And for the lies,
And all the things
He did and said:
When he joins me
With the DEAD !

You think it strange?

But oh! He does not
Love me now.....

HL



Though we're ghosts together,
He cannot take
His happiness
In the windy weather!

YOU think it strange?

I shall return
And I shall lie
Down in my grave
I shall not try.....

To ~~ever~~ see
His face again
Or the likelihood of men.

And I shall let
Roots darkly thrust,
And wind and rain,
And graveyard must,
And rot and mould,
Reduce myself
My very soul,
To nothing better
Than the dust,
From whence it sprang,
So long ago!

You think it strange
That I, a ghost,
Can feel such pain
Or know such love,
Or be a host
To those above:
Who walk upon her,
Spring and fall
And never see
Her ghost at all!

YOU THINK IT STRANGE!

More letters from fanzine editors:- Firstly,Vince Clarke.

Many thanks for the Yellow Peril...or was that cover supposed to denote that you had plague aboard?Certainly this new calumnist Walter A.(Aibister?)Willis should be beri-beri'd.Not satisfied with stealing the Blarney Stone and relegating U.S.second-class mil to third,he now incels us in our own country...I suppose Bradford is somewhere in Britain,isn't it?We've been in the centre of things in London for so long that I'm afraid we've lost touch with out & outlying areas.....Turning to the matter at issue,I'm afraid I can find nothing but good to say of Alan Hunter's illustrations;they are undoubtedly the best duplicated illo's appearing in British fanzines today. I'm sorry to say that the stories did not impress me.After some years of reading fanfiction I found I broke into a rash when I read mimeographed stories and stopped reading 'em.I wasn't rash enuff. I've never found an s-f poem to beat Arthur C.Clarke's epic on astronautics in NOVAE TERRAE,one stanza of which ran;

I shot a rocket in the air,
It fell to Earth I know not where,
But 50 tons of T.N.T.,
Exploded in the Rectory.....

The Chinese on the central pages was interesting;in conjunction with the Russian in the first 'Pht'(boil-,getu-,enjo-,etc.)it confirms my suspicions that someone in your office is a Dirty Red.Some may be just plain dirty.This particularly applies to that korzinka Willisovsky.There is nothing wrong with the American way of life that death won't cure,and surely they're hurrying that along as quickly as possible.I've no time to dwell on the fallacious reasoning in Willis' article..even accepting his definition of s-f as any type of sociological fantasy,it's obvious that science now affects human behaviour as much as social movements,and that modern pulps merely extrapolate.If Waltivitch wants to read of anew Utopias they still appear in book form.'Erone' which dealt with a 'back to the bicycle'movement(they run in cycles) was apparently written by a stationer living in Queensway, London.....

-o-

Mike Tealby also joins in with his 2d.....

I agree with Walt on U.S.A. and atomic energy but don't agree with Walt always defending an attack on ASF & great Ghod Campbell-I just don't go for this worship of ASF. ...There are far better mags on the market now! (SEE P.15...

Re Walt's defence of INCINERATIONS I haven't seen the mag but was interested to see Walt's remark that Davies is entitled to his opinions and the right to express them as much as anyone else-O.K.I agree - but I've not noticed Walt saying that in the case of Dick Shaver! If Davies has the right to his own opinion, Shaver has also!

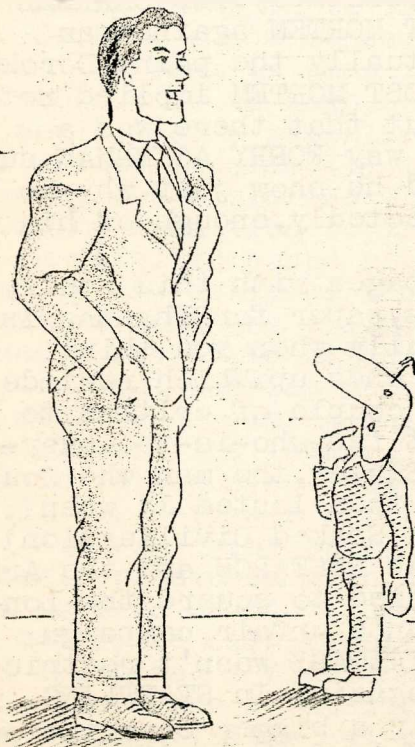
"THE OUTPOST"

by Walter Willis.

Cartoons by Bob Shaw and Alan Hunter.
 .Cut onto stencils by Alan Hunter.

I wasn't myself for a good part of the Convention--when I find out who I was I'll let you know---the reason being an arch suggestion by that arch fiend Ted Carnell that I should have to make a speech.I do hate to see people suffer,especially myself.However,innocent of the doom hanging over them,the rest of the guests seemed to be having a very good time.In fact it seems to me that the Convention was a wonderful success,from every point of view.Most of the credit should go to three men, Ackerman,Carnell and Temple.Other striking personalities

included Alan Hunter and his beard.It suits him too,if not quite down to the ground.And Derek Pickles,with his surprising size.I had expected a lot of Pickles,but not just in that way. I got quite a jar:I suppose it must have been the large economy size. (I know you never thought I would sink so low as to make puns about Derek's name.How little you know me.)But the biggest surprise was H.J.Campbell,editor of SCIENCE FICTION FORTNIGHTLY.His beard made Alan Hunter's look almost like 5 o'clock shadow,and the rest of his hair looked as if it was his ambition to become a Big Mane Far, As far as I can see this magazine has more hair-raising possibilities than we ever imagined.Seriously,he seemed a very likeable and intelligent chap,and I felt a great deal of sympathy for him at times.Especially during one conversation he had at the White(P.16



B.S.

Horse, with a well-known author. Campbell asked him baldly (it must have been a difficult thing to do!) if he would write something for him. The author asked him who he was, though of course he already knew. Campbell explained that he edited SFF. "Must you?" said the author rudely. Down in the forest something stirred, but Campbell with an obvious effort smothered the crushing retort he was well capable of making, and listened patiently while the author, of whom I had hitherto held the highest personal opinion, explained exactly how many cents a word he could get for his stuff in America. He was nearly getting two black eyes per word in England. Personally I thought Campbell should have been invited to speak at the Convention. It may be of course that he was, but refused, and certainly Ted Carnell was generous enough to pay him a well deserved tribute in his own speech. Other things that stand out in my memory are:- TED TUBB'S amazing talent as an auctioneer. Maybe it was his dianetic training that enabled him to clear the table so quickly, and so profitably. TED CARNELL valiently defending his feature POST MORTEM against an attack which had never been made. Actually the point Derek wanted to make was that the title POST MORTEM implied not only that the last issue was dead, but that there was a strong suspicion of foul play. The way FORRY ACKERMAN surpassed our expectations. Not only did he show just why he is Fan Number 1, but there was, unexpectedly, enough of him to make Numbers 2 & 3 as well.



"S.F. FORTNIGHTLY"
NOW COMES OUT
ONCE A MONTH



FORRY ACKERMAN

I could fill 20 pages with this stuff, but as Derek says, paper for Phantas is very dear, especially when you think where most of it ends up. Which reminds me that I have a couple of critics to answer. First, that fan-who-is-too-busy-to-fan, Capt. K.F. Slater, the man who founded the SFS and then losted it when with Egerton (Seek Soaked Civilisation) Sykes, of ATIANTEAN RESEARCH and the Ark Lark, he vainly tried to square the London Circle. But Ken's unfair campaign against SCIENCE FANTASY wasn't restricted to his own magazine. In STARTLING, which has probably a bigger circulation than O.F., even if it doesn't distribute

(Cont. Page 17.....)

Forry Ackerman. Bill Temple got up and attacked Walter Gillings. When the debacle was over some of the younger fans had to be carried out and revived. About four hours after the proceedings had started Willis, Bulmer, and Clarke arrived with the programme which let us know what we had been doing all morning. Further proof of the axiom that British Fans have no money was evident at the auction which was cheerfully manhandled by Ted Tubb. The first Wonder Quarterly went for fifty bob, which was the most extravagant buy of the day.

In the buffet I received a cup of lukewarm tea which didn't EVEN look warm (I don't like luke-warm tea), two sandwiches with tinned salmon in them (I think tinned salmon is a cod), one sandwich with cheese (I was cheesed off with it), and one flaky jam tart (I'm not very stuck on jam tarts). I didn't like the buffet very much. A shortened, abridged, reduced version of excerpts from part of the film "THE LOST WORLD" was shown to a few members of the audience. The rest, being more than ten feet from the "screen," had no idea what was happening. When the lights were doused (about fifteen minutes after the film started) the fen with books etc. on display were seen anxiously edging closer to their collections. And very wise too! Ego Clarke looked after the musical accompaniment. I saw a very touching piece of spooning on the screen to the resounding strains of what sounded like the "Entry of the Gladiators". When Ego caught on, he switched records just in time for us to see a death struggle between two prehistoric monsters accompanied by some tender, romantically lilting music. It was great! After it was all over a bespectacled young chap got up and after saying they had been let down, asked if anyone had a 9.5mm. projector with him. Strangely enough-nobody had! That was one thing I noticed about the Convention-nobody had any 9.5mm. projectors with them.

SUNDAY I was so weak after the previous days session that I was unable to crawl out of the mattress until nearly lunchtime. The first item which I was able to take an active interest in was the International Discussion. The overseas guests were asked to speak about the state of SF in their countries. Walt Willis got up to say a few words-and did



just that. When he sat down (about 30 seconds after he got up) nobody would believe it was over. Then there was wild cheering. It was voted the best speech of the day. Next came the presentation of the International Fantasy Award. Forry Ackerman accepted it on behalf of Willy Ley and Chesley Bonestall for "THE CONQUEST OF SPACE". Forry is a big, handsome, obviously American Chap with an easy smile and a musical voice. The Convention would have been rather lost without him—as well as just BEING there he lent some very funny short films, donated some marvellous gifts to the auction, made some great speeches, and, in general, gave things a lift. Thnak you, Forry! After the second auction and second buffet, which I dodged, we saw Forry's films and a technicolour one lent by Ego Clarke, on which he commented as it was being run. It was a tremendous film from the gans point of view. I'll always remember the shot in which the V2 keels over while taking off and blows itself to smithereens. Ego, too, is a very good talker with a great enthusiasm for his subject (especially when it's himself) and an impressive fund of knowledge. I felt very annoyed when the finale came—things had just begun to warm up and I was just preparing to revenge myself on my postal enemies. A certain young lady from Bradford actually had the check to WIN the Bonestall picture for which there was a raffle— I wanted it!..... Van Vogt's own annotated 1st ed. copy of "WEAPON MAKERS" went for £4/5/-..... a lot of fans were annoyed when they found that Lee Jacobs had annexed Bill Temple's "ONION DRIVE" yarn for the U.S.A.... .. somebody on the Convention Committee was wearing his friend's new shirt.... it is rumoured that Ego Clarke plans to hold the next Convention at the bottom of Cppernicus... .. see you at the MOONCON. 'Bye'

"TERRA-FURMA"

a poem by Bert High.

Think of all that we have done,
This wondrous race of Earth,
Time has proved our genius,
And Darwin proved our birth.

But to all our genius,
One thing still remains,
The unexplored regions of,
The Galaxy and great star-lanes.

"TERRA-FIRMA", continued from page 19:-)

One day Man will beat this power,
That holds him, keeps him bound,
To this great Earth, so old, so strong,
Until the way is found.

But Man's eyes will always wander,
To the heavens in the black of night,
And he'll dream of the day he'll forge his way,
To the wonder of free space-flight.

"THE EDITOR SQUEAKS"

by

Derek Pickles.

Having by now partially recovered from the happenings jocularly called the "FESTIVAL CONVENTION", recovered enough, that is, to actually want to DESCRIBE some of the people and happenings that I met and saw; first of all, if you haven't a strong stomach don't read any further, if you have, take the same advice. Someday I hope to be strong enough to attend another CON, and then I may be able to solve the Sphinx's second riddle-"What is a S-F Fan??".



YOU ARE NOT
AVERAGE PEOPLE!

One of the most vivid memories I have of the Convention is of Mr. Hill, an elderly, but obviously highly intelligent, man joining in a discussion of magazines and their appeal to the public, and saying with great force & feeling that the people present at that meeting could no longer speak as a 'reader of science-fiction' because once you reached the state when you become a 'fan', write letters, produce magazines, attend meetings, you are no longer a reader, and therefore you have no authority to say what the public's tastes are. Mr Hill received one of the most enthusiastic bursts of appl-

ause that I have ever heard.

Of course one of the events of the trip to London was meeting Walt Willis (and his very charming wife), and the rest of the "SLANT" staff (if staff isn't too serious a word), after seeing them in action in the "WHITE HORSE" and other hostelryes, I now know why there are so many

illustrations in "SLANT", its because of the fact that James White sticks to orange crushes and Walt & Bob don't, obviously by the time they're ready to start composing they cant tell the 'p's' from the 'q's'.

They are tho' extremely nice people all of them, not quite normal, because if they were they wouldn't be fans & have been at the Convention in the first place, and in the second place you are at home with them at once.



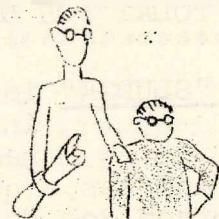
B.S.

Two of the great attractions at the meeting were, naturally the beards of Alan Hunter, & J.W.Campbell of SFM. One was Van Dyke, and one was Van Gogh, the cartoon will help, the gentleman on the left is AH.I (and Mavis) spent several days in Alan's company, with him was his charming wife, Joyce, they are both extremely nice folk, and we only hope

they could tell half of what we said in our not too broad Yorkshire. For accents tho' the Wild Irishmen took some beating, half the time we couldn't tell a word they said, & the other half only part of their conversation, but we got on very well in sign language.

The funniest part of the proceedings was when Bill Temple told one of his legendary stories of his life with the "EGO". 'The Voyage of the Space Onion' was the wittiest and most hilarious yarn I have ever heard, even exceeding his story at the "LONCON" in 1949. Briefly it is the story of Clarke and Temple attempt to reach the Moon in a space-ship which is a gigantic onion, working on the principle of mitogonic rays, the bare idea is astounding but the details were superb, especially the trouble they have when supplies run out and they have to exist on the onion itself and the consequent biological effects on C & T. Unfortunately (as Bob Shaw says elsewhere) it has been lost to British fandom.

To correct a wrong impression that has arisen from the limbo of fandom I would like to explain the Derek & Mavis part of PHANTASMAGORIA. Mavis is my younger sister, now 18, who helps with the production of this superior 'zine. She has been taking an interest in SF for about 18 months & has been of great help with 'P'. Mavis is my only sister by the way, whose interets apart from SF run to cricket, and other vigorous sports. THAT'S ALL FOR NOW.....CHEERS, DEREK.



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PLANETARY
ONION ?

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