

Phantasmagoria

(NEW SERIES)

THE COMPLEAT FAN.

THE S.F. READER



①

THE ACTIFAN.



⑥

THE NEDPHAN



②

THE B.N.F.



⑦

THE CONVENTIONEER



③

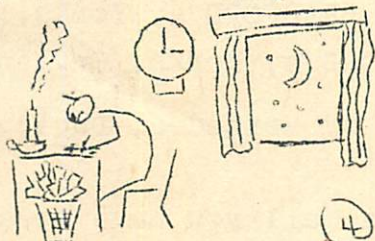
THE TRUFAN



⑧

(YOU'RE NOT ON MY LIST!!)

THE FAN AUTHOR



④

THE HAPPY FAN



⑨

THE FANZINE READER



⑤

THE ULTIMATE FAN



⑩

DEEPEE

THE EDITOR'S SQUEAKS

PHANTASMAGORIA is resurrected, along with Cheops grave ship, we emerge from below the sands of time.

But with several alterations- firstly the editors change again. Now they are Derek Pickles, and Stan Thomas. Known henceforward as DEEPPEE and ESSTEE.

The other alterations are listed below and we believe the first is unique.

1. NO SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE REQUESTED. If you send money we won't refuse it, but there is NO SUB RATE.
2. You can make sure of receiving future issues, which will appear when we feel like it, by
 - a. Writing a letter of comment.
 - b. A contribution.
 - c. Your magazines.

In the case of c. let us know if you intend to exchange, so that you will get future issues, if you don't drop us a line, you won't get further issues. If you are exchanging send a copy to each address below. We will send you two copies of Phantas, IF YOU ASK.

Everybody understand ?? Good.

Policy- we haven't one.

We'll print serious constructive fanning efforts, or humour, poetry, belle lettres, or anything the Post Office won't object to.

That seems to be all for now, doubtless we'll think of something for the next issue.

At least we're honest about it....

Yrs,

DEEPPEE & ESSTEE

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Phantasmagoria is published by:-

Derek Pickles, 197 Cutler Heights Land, BRADFORD 4, Yorks, England.

Stan Thomas, 22 Marshfield Place, BRADFORD 5, Yorks, England.

Credits:- Cover by Turner. Typewriter by Mercedes, Duplicator by Gestetner, finances by damned hard graft.

Contents:- We haven't numbered the pages, all you have to do is to read through from front cover to back cover.

PHANTASMAGORIA Vol 1 No 1 (New Series) is dated 21st June 1954.

Money, Letters, Material, Writs, may be sent to either address.

THE ULTEON! '60^{all}

by JOHN ALLEN

It was a typical Convention Day, raining cats and dogs, sometimes it rained blood; rain seems to be Manchester's forte.

After much travelling I arrived at the Convention Hall, tired and weary, yet withal proud that I was there. The guard halted me and we exchanged password and counter-password:- "Who the BNF are you" - "I'm a Trufan through and through". I was ushered into the vestibule where one of the Convention Committee was released from his strait jacket long enough to have me sign a lein on all possible future earnings as a pro.

Then to Interrogation:- "Your papers"..... I produced them - an authentic postcard from Vin\$(he's sold lots more stories) Clarke, the illuminated address enrolling me as subscriber No 27 to NIRVANA(which has a VERY limited circulation) and finally THE FINAL PROOF - the foolscap sheet covered with the red haeroglyphics that are peculiar to HE.

The official rose at seeing this last, and shook me firmly by the hand, his eyes shone with the realisation that I had known HIM before the days of the Varityper.

"Here's your pass, Trufan, Sir" he said, "There's only the formality of the forehead tattooing, and it can hardly be felt now the needle has been sharpened".

A few minutes later I was led to the door of the Convention Hall, the sentry saluted with his regulation Zap Gun(Mk LVII, guaranteed 1500 efficient jets without reloading), and threw open the door.

I stepped inside and was met with the traditional blasts of water from the pistols of all in the room, they were grouped round the door, and soon I was soaked to the skin.

Then with traditional rites, I acted as though I had lost my temper, snatched the nearest pistol and smashed it beneath my foot. At this the assembled TF's cheered with true fannish enthusiasm, calling out "Trufan through and through," "Hyphen do you get like this", and similar cries.

The semicircle then parted and through the lane of Chinese masked faces I saw the platform, the throne, and HE..... seated there in regal splendour upon his cobwebbed printing press, notebook and pencil in hand, throat mike in place, with the midget amplifier cunningly built into the Beanie Crown. There he sat in all his glory, surrounded by his neophytes Char, Shob, & Jite; and other lesser personages to typographical to mention. It was AWA(as in other religions Ghod must not be referred to by his real name).

I advanced, carefully avoiding the pages of the latest "!" which were spread out to dry on the floor.

Bowing low, I intoned the ritual, "Blessed are the words of Ghod and Hamilton is his profit". Then turning to the West, I bowed three times and intoned sonorously, "Good old Vin\$, he fans on still neath the Golden Gate, and never returned from the '58". Then towards Pentonville, "TED'S group marriage was a good idea, but he picked an island much too near". (In the absense of TED the TUBB and Vin\$, "i" is published under the capable direction of Norman WANSBOROUGH AND BRIAN BURRETS).

the ult continued o o o

The time was now on hand for the opening of the business session. the tumultitude took their places in the chairs placed before the throne, and the chairman opened the proceedings.

"Fans and humans; I have great pleasure in presenting the first speaker at this Convention - your friend and my friend, Mr Vargo Statten III". The audience cheered, and joyously emptied their pistols at him. Then VS III mounted the platform, attended by founder members of the VSSFFC, who reverently bore the sealed glass case in which the relics of Saint Alpat were preserved.

"Ladies and gentlemen, and fans" - he began, then with the traditional cry of "Oh Ghod - the Universe shattered AGAIN!!", the audience rose in a body and ran screaming from the Hall into the Bar. Several bottles later, the monitoring speaker in the bar clicked on, and the drinking stopped long enough for VS III's closing remarks to be heard - "I wish to thank you for your kind attention and esoteric questions, which will be answered later" - at this signal everyone grabbed the nearest drink and ritually poured it into a large brass bowl before dashing back into the Hall.

The next item was a lecture given by a Mr A. Einstein, his subject being 'The Theory of Relativity', after ten minutes he became so involved that no-one could tell which aunt was which and interest soon waned.

The next, and final item on the programme was the highlight of the whole Convention, everyone was present, and the silence was broken only by the faint sounds of a klaxon from the river. This final item was the thing for which all present had worked and slaved for their Certificate of Actfan, Grade 1, (Grade 2 and below are only allowed the Watkinised version of '58). It consisted of readings by that second William Jennings Bryan, Bob Shaw, from the 'Gospel according to Clerk Vin\$ (authorised BEM translation).'

After the readings, the willing waitresses entered and disbursed refreshments, these were provided by members of The Mersey Docks and Arbour Board (Liverpool was by now a garden city), the waitresses being supplied by the Lime Street Impoverished Gentlewomens Assn.

Among the famous present were Lord White, proprietor of the Nova group of publishing houses, and Sir B. Varley. Bart., the well known owner of the Tartan Hotels group. The latter succeeded in reducing his time taken for the reduction of the level of liquid in a bottle by three minutes. He received his prize of a stomach pump with the gravity that was appropriate.

Everyone then retired to the third floor linen closet where the remaining 29 days of the Convention were spent, as were the Conventioneers.

[illegible]

QUOTABLE SAYINGS:-

- " I thought the Supermancon was superb" - Wm F.Temple
 " I thought the Supermancon was superb" - Arthur C.Clarke
 " I thought the Supermancon was superb" - Robert A.Heinlein
 " I thought the Supermancon was superb" - Ray Bradbury
 " I thought the Supermancon was superb" - H.J.Campbell

(THIS ADVERTISEMENT IS DONATED BY THE " FRIENDS OF CCHEN ASSN).

the unjaundiced eye ...

was a wow! His act consisted mostly of allowing someone to pick a card, and then guessing which card it was. With chances of 52 - 1 against him, he did exceedingly well. In a show that lasted 15 minutes he failed only 4 times. In my opinion he failed to get the applause he deserved.

When a panel of well-known authors get together to answer questions on sf, it would be thought that an interesting time was to be expected. What we got was quite the reverse. All the questions were answered by three of the panel (John Brunner admitted he only answered so he could speak into the microphone!), though once we did get them all talking, but only to each other, whilst they completely ignored the audience. Perhaps the cause of this lack of interest on the panel's part was due to the fact that the majority of the questions were supposed to be funny ha., ha., and regrettably were not. The panel did agree on one question, 'What was their opinion of Ray Bradbury's writing?' - to a man they agreed that they didn't know how he got the stuff published, but wished they could sell their own work as well. They also agreed that they didn't believe he wrote SF. Several questions later Syd Bounds bobbed up and said 'I LIKE Bradbury' and bobbed down again.

After tea, which by a curious coincidence (no fault of the Con Committee) was taken during the tea break, Sydney Bounds gave one of his talks on writing SF, which I didn't hear due to noise and restlessness.

The highlight of the day's proceedings might well have been 'The People v H.J.Campbell'. At first this was riotously funny. Ted Tubb as counsel for the defense, didn't approach the case with the cunning and dexterity of Perry Mason, but some of his witty remarks and actions brought quite a few hearty laughs from the audience, while the unconcealed flattery he hurled upon the presiding judge made the counsel for the prosecution(Terry Jeeves), jump to his feet objecting strongly, only to be waved aside by the judge (even though his briefs were well made). The judge was concentrating more on drinking wine from the neck of a bottle and squirting water from a Zap Gun on all and sundry. The whole thing took on a farcical aspect when the witnesses appeared, and did not seem to enter into the farce. After a little while interest began to flag and it was obvious that the trial had gone on too long. It eventually collapsed, no decision was reached, which was not surprising when I noticed in the programme that the accused was co-author of the script.. By this time the hall was fairly full, and most people seemed to be trying to avoid the people(??) armed with glorified water pistols who were spraying the room, and carrying on running fights round the hall. These pistols were being fired by people in hideous masks(perhaps an improvement on what they covered) with the apparent brains of infants(if that isn't an insult to infants). Why must these Zap Guns be brought to the business meetings?., meetings arranged to (nominally at least) discuss SF. If there isn't enough time during the night to exhaust the guns and the users, cannot half an hour be set aside during the meeting so that these people can soak each other thoroughly, and leave the adults to enjoy a quiet meeting. Ted Tubb was the subject of so much of this spraying that although he took it in good part, I felt that towards the end of the trial he could have cheerfully demonstrated the quickest method of making a pistol disappear. He got so much water in his lungs that Vargo Shatten had to be called upon to give artificial inspiration.

By this time it was 8-30, and time for us to leave. It had been an interesting if rather disappointing day. I think perhaps the best thing of the Convention was the Official Programme. The format and layout was excellent.

[illegible]

SCOOTY

SLANT brought you Wansborough, BEM brought you Wansborough.

PHANTASMAGORIA has discovered a NEW STAR:-

We are proud to present to you..... MICHAEL JENKINSON.....

=====

Dear Derek,

Thy writing is familiar now
thro' it all I see
It is to thee my friend I bow
the news on Zenith you sent me.

T'was long I waited, ere but vain did I grow sick and ill and
Were it not a sin? weak Oh!
I waited ere for many a day in grief I was,
till when the news of Zenith came, Oh my dearest come on in.

Why did you keep me waiting so my friend,
oh gentle Derek for this news to break?
It came with thus a gentle soothing light
my weakening brow to heal - but Gh!.
how it gave me such a wondrous heartache!.

Hell! who dost thou thinkest thus I am?
to torture me with speak of "No Zenith"?
but "Come Now", says time I will not, You have regenish,
will not WAW'S Hyphen do you? or Mal Ashworths Bem?

But just, I am to weak "I cannot"! "You hear" persist
Oh Gentle Zenith "wait!". I come to thee I do not flee,
It is with thee my gentle mother I cannot resist,
But come gently as a Bem would do to the upper levels
of your soft warm knee.

Do not be shocked, oh sweet Derek.
Tis that, thy warm sweet love of Zenith I guarantee,
Yes, ere time like a mouse is awed at a tall
grey mast, as in the setting gentle sun - a Derrick!

Oh Zenith! Come to me.....

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As the reader may have gathered by the references in the poem, I
(DEEPEE) am connected with a magazine called ZENITH. If you're not
a subscriber, you ought to be ashamed of yourself- but you can regain
your selfesteem by sending a bob(1/-) either to myself(address inside
frontcover), or to Harry Turner, 10, Carlton Avenue, ROMILEY, Cheshire.

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WILLIS EXPOSED:-

Don't miss our sensational expose in the next issue of PHANTASMAGORIA.
Read the TRUE facts about Willis in America, the INSIDE story of what
happened in Chicago, the real reason he dare not return to the States,
why the MCarren Act was passed in such a hurry, why the U.S. want to
search British ships on the high seas.

Don't miss the first exciting episode, written in a locked room by
that famous string-puller :-

BOB BLOCH

TROLLEY-BUS FANDOM ...

This report appeared in the local rag which is partially disguised as a newspaper - 'The Telegraph & Argus', on 21st June 1954.

"Forty members of The Trolley-bus Society visited Bradford for the day, and hired a trolley-bus from the Transport Department. Ensconced in this vehicle they proceeded to cover all the routes travelled by trolley-bus in the city.

Five of the members travelled by road from Nottingham, about 100 miles away, to have this ride. One of these five wanted to ride this special bus No 588, because he used to ride to school on it. Another was spending a fortnight's holiday travelling the country riding on trolley-busses (he intends to ride on 15 systems in the fortnight)."

When one studies the implications of this visit, one's mind reels at the possibilities it brings forth - 'how does one distinguish between one trolley-bus and another???. (Apart from its number).

Does the texture of the road vary???, do the vibrations alter???. Does the psychic rapport between passenger and bus still hold one, even when driven by an alien???

Do slight variations in the electric supply give one a DIFFERENT feeling???? Does the great wave of emotion that swept over one when good old 588 approached still well up???

Who was it who said fans were unbalanced people?????

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and,
Stan Thomas, 22, Marshfield Place,
BRADFORD 5, Yorkshire, England.



TO:- S.M. CARR

83 25 - 31ST N.W.

SEATTLE 7

WASH.

U.S.A.

THIS IS A COPY OF PHANTASMAGORIA (NEW SERIES) No 1. TREAT IT WITH DUE REVERENCE.

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