

PHANTASMAGORIA

new series

the young fan's guide:-...

the eccentric fan



the average fan



the eccentric fan

Dear Joe,
I received
your letter this morning
and am answering it
straight away, as usual.
I quite agree with you
and feel that we ou
do something prett
with before fan
etely disrup
feel

the average fan

Dear Joe,
Seem to
remember getting
a letter from you
last year sometime
but it might not
have been you
after all.
What

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All other cartoons, headings and stick-men(regd.) are the unashamed and (we must be honest) inept work of the Assistant Art Editor, Derek Pickles. Heading to the "HORRORSCOPE" designed by Alan Wright.

To obtain the NEXT issue of this sterling magazine, you MUST do one of these three things:-

- A. Write a letter of comment on this issue.
- B. Send a copy of your fanzine to EACH editorial address, we will then send you TWO copies of PHT.
- C. If you're really bushed and neither publish a fanzine nor write letters, you can send money, but don't expect any acknowledgement nor receipt.

PHANTASMAGORIA is published very irregularly between periods of GAFIA, forgive us for we know what we do.

THE EDITORS SQUEAK

We're here again. We never promised you anything but the simple fact that we would publish when and if we felt like it, and that there was no charge for the mag.

We had intended to put this issue out a couple of months ago, but you know how it is, other more pressing things come up and you never get around to sorting material, out, editing letters, and roughing out an issue. With the start of the golfing season we decided we'd better do some fanning sharpish or we'd NEVER get the third issue out until September when the clocks go back the hour, and the evening golfing finishes.

As You'll have noticed unless you're colour-blind, we have a nice pale blue cover, and the number of pages has risen to 28. We hope that the drawings are cut a little better, practise helps, also we've taken Vin~~ce~~ Clarke's advise and purchased a drawing sheet. Don't blame the artists, their drawings were very good, the tracer is not too artistic.

We have a stack of fanzines on hand. Sometime we'll get around to commenting on them. This is something we DO do, but often we have 2 issues of an annual awaiting comment. Seems one or two people like the PHANTAS idea of no subs and letters of comment-Georgina Ellis turned MIMI into WENDIGO(from 1428 - 15th Street East,CALGARY, Alberta, Canada).Latest EYE to hand,No 4, 20 pages, all one colour, the editors say its and issue in a hurry, to fill in the interegnum between Stu Mackenzie, and the new editorial board. Price quoted for thish is 9d(from Joy K. Goodwin,

204, Wellmeadow Road, Catford, LONDON S.E.16). Also knocking on the door is the latest SATELLITE; photo cover, and beautifully produced, well worth sending for (from Don Allen 3, Arkle Street, GATESHEAD 8, Co. Durham).

Don mentions in his editorial that I (Derek Pickles) visited him in January. He mentions the 'Horinge' episode, but carefully refrains from telling you that it took me TWO hours to find ARKLE Street; I was sent to Arthur Street, from one end of GATESHEAD to the other, no-one knew where Arkle Street was. Eventually after asking in every shop I could find open, one of the assistants knew where it was. A mere matter of a mile walk. But I got there, and found that Arkle Street consisted of, on the left side, one block of houses, and the right a large bakery. After knocking at two wrong doors (in Gateshead and Newcastle there seem to be only flats, and what I took for a pair of semis was a block of four flats, two up, two down) I found Allen's abode. I saw the Golden Gestetner, met his family, and his very pretty girl-friend ((hello, Dorothy!!)) and saw the fanning room, a tiny closet under the stairs, which could model for compactness as the control room of a rocket. Sometime I'll go see him again, but this time I know where to find Arkle Street.

GRUE the impeccable fanzine (No 23) is a wonderful piece of work, seems to get better every issue-and that is a virtual impossibility...sent to British fen for a letter of comment (sorry now 1/6 from Chuque Harris), from Dean A. Grennel, 402, Maple Avenue, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, USA. Fifty-two pages of the most exquisite duplicating ever seen, with some of the finest work ever worth the trouble of fine duplicating. Write for it. FISSION is under new management, not too badly produced, Sam Youd writes entertainingly on his boyhood, and Arthur Thomson's (Atom) art makes a medium zine seem good; illo on page 14 is VERY good. (from Geoff Wingrove, 4 Tudor Close, CHEAM, Surrey).

Gerald A. Steward has a SAPS magazine called "GASP" which he is willing to send you on the same conditions as you receive PHANTAS ((see contents page)), produced on the

famous Gastetner. A personal-type zine, No 4 carries an 'expose' of hoaxes played(!) by the Derelicts. (From 166 McRoberts Ave, Toronto 10, Ontario, Canada).

ORION No 9 is the second of the lavishly illustrated issues of the 'regular' fanzine. "Atom" is the genius responsible for the cartoons, and very good too. (From Paul Enever, 9, Churchill Avenue, Hillingdon, Middlesex).

We noticed in the SUNDAY "OBSERVER" for May 1st 1955, that the Russians are determined to be the first to colonise space. A standing Commission has been set up to "co-ordinate and direct all work on solving the problem of mastering cosmic space". There is no vagueness about the commissions terms of reference, one of the immediate tasks is to organise work on the construction of an "automatic laboratory" for scientific research on the cosmic. This is to be an artificial satellite which will revolve around the earth.-----speak with confidence that suggests that the Russians have been paying a great deal of attention to the problem of long-range rocket propulsion and have been progressing very fast. ((the above paragraph has been paraphrased from the * column report by Edwerd Crankshaw)).

For any of you lovers of the West (the Wild and Woolly) we advise you to contact an organisation known as "The English Westerners Brand Book" from Fredk Nolan, Coach and Horses Hotel, Low Hill, LIVERPOOL 6. This group publishes a monthly duplicated mag concerned with articles, book reviews, and letters from devotees of the Old Time West.

We don't know how many of our English readers take the Sunday "Observer", but we know that our day is made when the firm of E.H.Brook & Son, Gloucester Lodge, Courtfield Road, S.Kensington, London, place one of their extremely witty advertisements of delectable houses in Town or Country on page 2. Who-ever writes the adverts, we would like to raise our respective hats to you sir, for the wit you display. If we might quote a couple of hundred examples

we'd like you to read this one:-

£1990 Carlton Hill, NW8, Built by
Italian Diplomat, fit for a prosperous
British Tradesman, at a price within
reach of Gentleman.

or perhaps this:-
ONLY £2750 Freehold. Suit retiring
gentleman or extrovert artist. Near
Portmadoc, N. Wales. Delightful expensively
modernised Cottage amid glorious
scenery, yet not isolated from what
passes as Civilisation west of Chester.


The second advert was also referred to as "REPUT-
ED ONE OF THE LAST HAUNTS OF THE WILD, HIRSUITE, SANDLED
ENGLISHMAN".

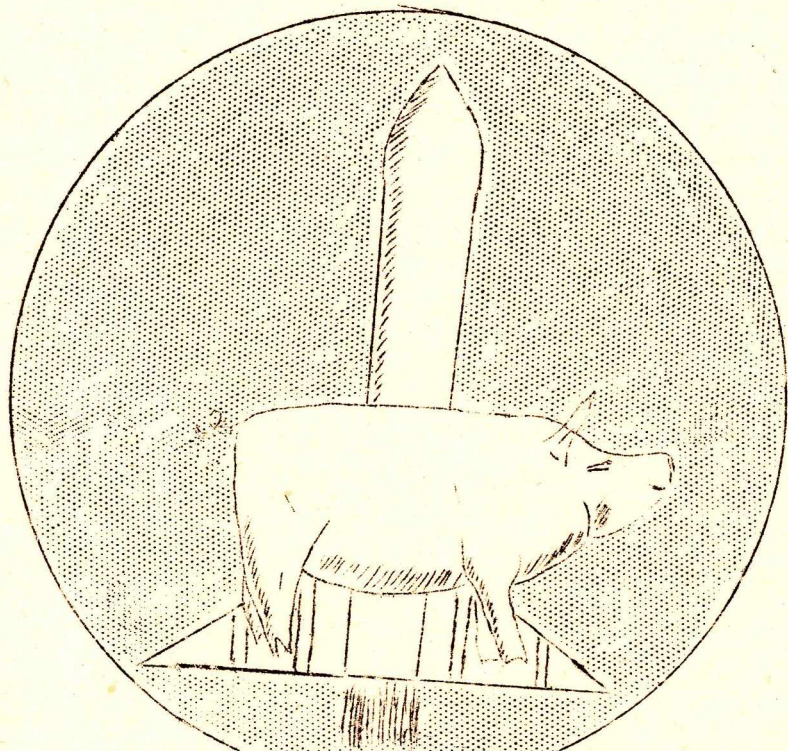
The story 'COLONIST' that we print on pages 7 & 8 is
by James Linwood who is 14 years old and a mad keen fan.
James contacted us through the review in AUTHENTIC AND
he tells us that he is a second generation sf reader, his
father having a collection of pre-war pulps. The heading
to the story was also drawn by James.

A hand written from Chuck Harris (of whom you may have
heard) says, we think!, 'Yes, I remember 'COUNTRY COUSIN'
but I don't wake up screaming about it at midnight quite
as often as I used to'...

OOPSLA arrives with astonishing regularity, and with
astonishing quality. As with GRUE, Gregg turns out area-
lly fine mag issue after issue. We still think the best
stuff that he prints is the material he writes himself.
(From Gregg Calkins, 2817 Eleventh St., Santa Monica,
Calif, USA).

Another real gone mag is VARIOSO, which has some of the
cleverest covers we've seen, No. 13 is really good. (From
John magnus, 203 Noah Oberlin, Ohio, USA).





Percy was a pig, an intelligent one, but the happenings of the last few weeks had been too amazing, even for Percy to Comprehend.

Firstly, Percy had been taken from his comfortable sty, and sent to a large white building in the middle of a desert, think of that a desert!! Then, he was placed inside a great metallic sty shaped like a carrot, think of that, a carrot!! The condition of the sty simply amazed Percy, the straw was actually clean!

Then, without warning the whole sty rocked and swayed Percy felt every bone in his fat body being wrenched from him, but his misery ended as he drifted into a deep sleep.

When Percy awoke he found himself floating, yes floating. His fat body was hanging between the floor and the ceiling, or was the floor the ceiling and the ceiling the floor. Percy had heard humans say "Pigs Can't Fly", but this was silly. After a few attempts, Percy found a way

of propelling himself to his trough, he kicked his legs back, and he sailed forward. Instead of a trough he found a tube like aperture, remembering the feeding system of his younger days he sucked the tube vigorously. His actions brought forth a thick green liquid, which, although taste-less nourished Percy's stomach, and there, four feet above the floor Percy drifted into long awaited slumbers.

For over three months, three things governed Percy's life in this strange sty. Eating, sleeping and thinking. Questions ran through Percy's head, questions he could not answer. What was the purpose of this sty? How on earth, or wherever he was, could he float? And above all, where was he going?

Then, one day, Percy awoke to find himself on the floor.....the floor!! He could walk again. Then to Percy's horror the sty began to rock and sway as it had done before, and he passed again into a deep sleep.

He awoke to find himself being herded, by a human, out of the sty door into a glass tunnel leading to a great glass dome with buildings inside, and all around a flat red desert. He was being led to a new home...A new life.

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD.

ACROSS

- | | |
|------------------|----------------|
| 1. Big Name Fan. | 2. No. |
| 3. Neuter. | 4. Iso. |
| 5. Fez. | 6. Parsee. |
| 7. Si. | 8. Esoteric's. |

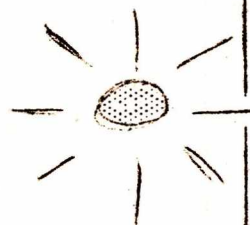
DOWN

- | | |
|----------------|----------------|
| 1. Bentcliffe. | 2. Grue. |
| 3. Anew. | 4. Mort. |
| 5. Fain. | 6. Neofanners. |
| 7. Enzyme. | 3. Tutor. |
| 9. Staple. | 10. Paper. |
| 11. Ooze. | 12. Apse. |
| 13. Fair. | 14. Aces. |

LINDSAY'S



BRIGHT



IDEA

Today I want to talk to you about a subject dear to the hearts of all of us. So far you've only known Lindsay the light-hearted, the irresponsible leg-puller who tells you all about discontented trolley busses and such nonsense. But now you are to encounter Lindsay the philanthropist; Lindsay the noble. The hardworking unselfish guy who made possible the ConVacation for rich fans in Torquay this July. That mad loveable character who ventured out IN THE NOON DAY SUN to search for a comfy hotel so that a few uncaring wretches may spend a fortnight's debauchery and wicked gafia in tropic surroundings.

But now I want to do something really worthwhile. Something inspired by the recent crop of stories about old and tired fans. It's time, I thought, that something was done for these poor creatures. Not in the distant future, but now, Right Now.

An Old Fan's Home must be built.

In glorious Devon it shall be situated. Amid the loveliest scenery imaginable, viz: Torquay, where the climate is mild all the year round, where snow and fog never penetrate, and where rainfall is permitted only when the crops need it. Here then the Old Fans shall spend their last days in carefree contentment. In the Spa waters every ailment shall be washed from their vile bodies. The



rich ozone will clear their lungs and put new blood in their veins. The gentle sun will day by day thaw out their old bones and bring colour to their cheeks.

What is more, they will be with their own kind. Not scorned and denied the cravings of their fannish senility, but provided with every amenity they could desire. That, dear friends is what the old and tired fans have in store, and now this is where you come in.

No, don't turn away in scorn and derision. For remember just who these Old Fans will be. You, of course. You there, scanning these lines with your keen young eyes which will one day be dim and rheumy. You yourself will one day be glad to seek sanctuary in Lindsay's Old Fan's Home.

Cough up then all you youngsters. After you've given your all to the TAFF send the rest to me, for I can't build this Home on faith alone. All you middle-aged fans too send a little more because you will reap the benefit far sooner. Do not be parsimonious. And you fan-editors. I want you all to put me on the free list for your magazines so that I can get together a good fanzine library for them. You filthy-rich pros too. Don't imagine I want to leave you out. You shall not share the fate of the poor guy in the Xmas EYE. You will be welcomed by the trufans in the twilight of your lives as lost sheep returning to the fold. So, secure in this knowledge, you can send me most of all. You can transfer the odd shillings and pence in your bank accounts.

At the Torquay ConVacation in July the site will be chosen and the biggest BNF present will be invited to lay the foundation stone. If we all chip in we can have a good inscription on it. Further bulletins on the Home's progress will be issued in



BUY A FLAG, SIR??

this magazine, but in the meantime I would like to receive the following from anyone who is interested:

a/. Nominations for the first inmates so that I shall know how big to build the West Wing. I appreciate that they themselves will be too shy or proud, so I'm relying on their friends to write in.

b/. Applications for positions on the staff. Tell me your qualifications and say what position you would like. Remember the needs of these Old Fans will be somewhat different from those of ordinary folk, so there should be some interesting jobs for some of you.

Please write to me direct at;

311, Babbacombe Road,
TORQUAY, Devon.

so that I can incorporate your letters in my next report. I'll also give a small prize to the sender of the best name for The Old Fan's Home.

Let's be hearing from you, huh??

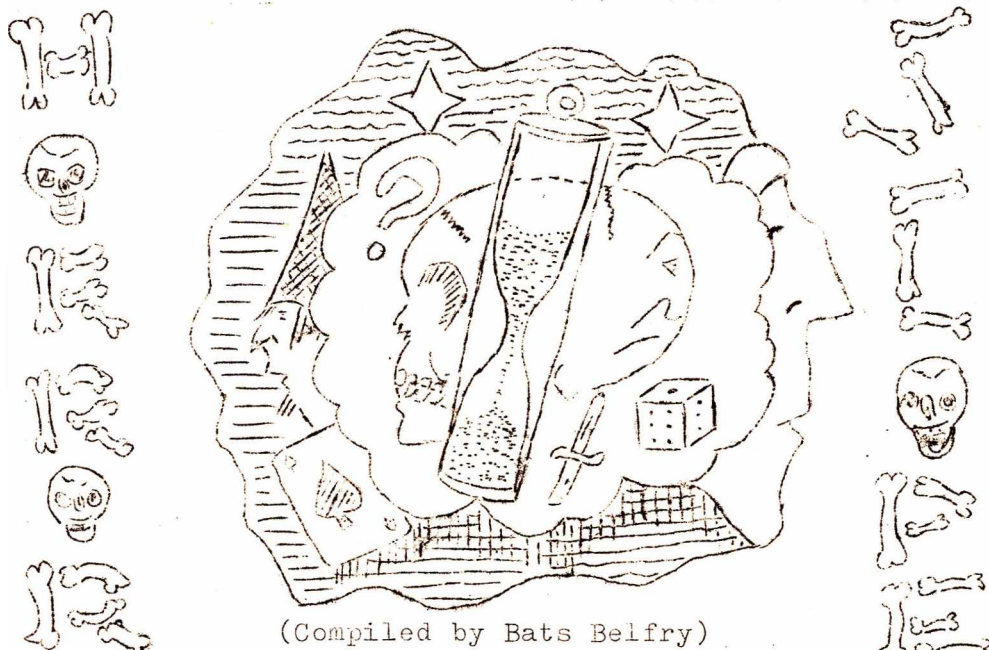
Sincerely,

Nigel Lindsay.

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HERE ARE THE ADDRESSES OF THE KIND PEOPLE WHO WROTE US
AND WHOSE LETTERS APPEAR IN 'THE MIMIEOGRAPH'

Dean Grennell 402 Maple Avenue, Fond Du Lac, Wisc, USA
George Richards, 40, Arnecliffe Road, Wakefield, Yorks, Eng.
Archie Mercer, 434/4, Newark Rd, North Hykeham, Lincoln.
Joan Carr, is in process of moving to Cyprus.
Terry Jeeves, 58, Sharrard Grove, Sheffield 12, Yorks.
Irene Boothroyd, 10, Millside, Colne-Bridge, Bradley,
HUDDERSFIELD, Yorks, England.
P. Howard Lyons, PO Box 561, Adelaide PO, TORONTO, Canada
Norman G. Browne, 33, Lyonsgate Drive, W.H., TORONTO.
Russell K. Watkins, 110, Brady Street, SAVANNAH, Ga., USA
Ron Bennett, 'Ronhill', Little Preston Hall Road,
Swillington, Nr LEEDS, Yorks, England.



(Compiled by Bats Belfry)

Raddish pink and poached-egg yellow are this fortnight's lucky colours. As usual, the next two weeks will comprise fourteen days, a phenomenon accompanied by quite a lot of weather. A wave of dry-rot passing over Zambesia will complicate navigation South of Villefranche. Cucumbers are now ripening, but should not yet be transplanted at Zebra crossings. All backward rhubarb should be bent forward without further delay. Visibility desperate, high pressure low, situation normal.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU.

September 25 to October 22. Good news from a distance. It must be that pal of yours on Mars.

October 23 to November 22. Prepare for a long journey, you are going places. Sounds like a tuppenny ride on a bus.

November 23 to December 20. Take your courage in both hands. If it proves too heavy, borrow a wheel-barrow.

December 21 to January 19. You must disguise your excitement. Wear a set of false whiskers and walk with a limp.

January 20 to February 18. You are about to boil with indignation. Add one tablespoon of finely-chopped Parsley simmer for five minutes and serve in a soup plate.

February 19 to March 20. There's a rainbow round your shoulder, but all the same you must still wash behind your neck.

March 21 to April 20. You are about to become involved in a dark plot. Take along a spade and a box of matches.

April 21 to May 20. Meet your troubles half-way. Jump on your bike and you'll get there quicker.

May 21 to June 20. Now is the time to catch up on some fun. Take your running pumps.

June 21 to July 20. Your artistic temperament is showing. Draw your pocket money. But, before you ask Dad, draw your breath.

July 21 to August 21. The next few days are bursting with possibilities. Stand by and wait for the bang.

August 22 to September 22. Link by link you are loosing your grip. Aren't you a sausage!.

On 19th April we paid a visit to the newly formed Huddersfield Science Fiction Society, and we have membership cards(honorary ones for which we paid 2d) to prove it.

The Soc. is run by a committee of which the guiding light is Irene Boothroyd(You haven't LIVED till you've seen Irene arrive dressed for outer space on the back of a tremendous motor cycle). They meet in a public house, a convenient arrangement for thirsty travellers, and have a library of rather dog-eared mags and pocket-books, at least they READ the stuff.

Very serco at the moment but they are a very nice crowd, and we shall certainly go there again.

We want, of course, as official representatives and Committee Members of the two strong Bradford SF association(combined with the Amateur BeerTasters Federation which in turn is amalgamated with United Hoggers & Dog Walkers Society).



PROFILE

NIGEL LINDSAY

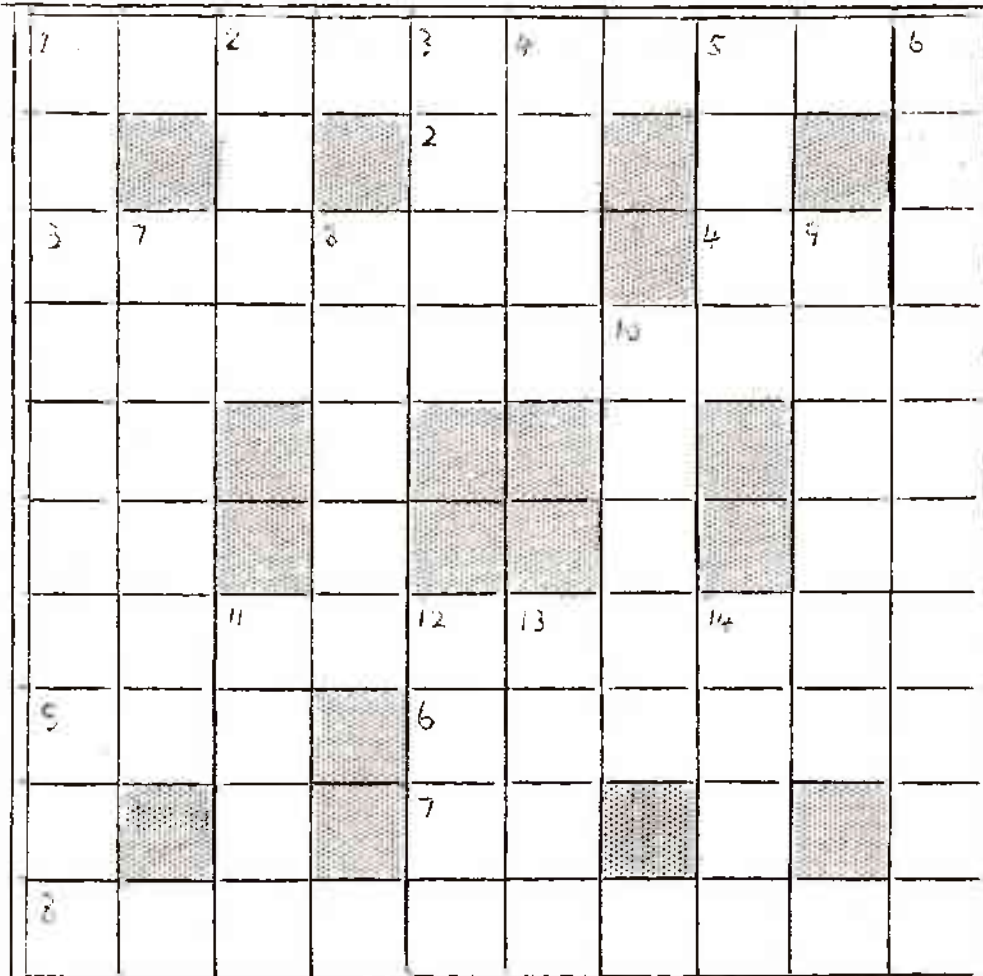


I was born ages ago, in 1920, in Croydon (The birthplace of the great Ving). That was the year they hurriedly built the Croydon by-pass. You'll read elsewhere that my ancestors settled in Devon in the year 1093, so you may wonder how it was I came to be born in Croydon. Forget it! My Grandad was an undertaker and my Ma was a florist and they used to let me tear round the streets of Croydon on my tricycle and scare the living daylights out of old ladies.

It was in 1930 when we moved to Torquay and I thought that was great fun. I joined the Boy Scouts and left after the first taste of camp. I chucked in dull piano lessons and carried on by myself with a Billy Mayerl instruction textbook. I used to paint futuristic pictures and build Meccano robots. I became a clerk in the Town Hall and started studying for exams. I was too shy to go out with girls.

In 1940 they called me up in the Army Pay Corps. I got into the RAPCATS dance band, and got rid of all my inhibitions, and in 1946 came back to civvy street full of big ideas. I was going to give up daytime work and run a twelve-piece band, but today I'm still doing daytime work and playing in a trio! At that time I had to choose between studying hard and becoming one day the Borough Treasurer, or continuing with band work in the evenings and remaining a non-entity. Well, it wasn't too hard a choice; I took a good look at the Borough Treasurer and decided to remain a non-entity. So now I'm poor but enjoying life.

Five years ago I was Nationalised. They made me a cashier in the South Western Electricity Board where I spend my time making merry quips to the consumers and reading fanzines under the counter. I like sausages, Heinz Beans and chips. I hate collars, braces and sock-suspenders. I'd rather have a tooth out than a haircut.



CLUES ACROSS. 1. Who do you think YOU are?. 2.Are YOU a sybscriber to NIRVANA?. 3. Burgess's sex!! 4.Be-headed issue of Radio-activity. 5.Was your red?? 6.Indian sect who really made their wives burn. 7.Iberian Assent. 8.Some fanzines are this.

CLUES DOWN 1.H.J.C's Number One Fan!! 2.The true blue fanzine. 3.How you start each day. 4.What SLANT is now. 5.This fan is definately not blind. 6.State before 1 across. 7.Latest addition to your tooth paste is against this. 8.You need one of these to learn. 9.This holds most fanzines together. 10.Fandom couldn't do without this. 11.Primeval in reverse. 12.Away from the nave. 13.Opposite of foul. 14.Top in the pack(anag.)

WILLIS

EXPOSED

WE ARE BRINGING THE FOLLOWING TO LIGHT BECAUSE
WE FEEL THAT TRUTH MUST OUT.

Any student of fan-history, any seeker after knowledge, must have noticed a strange discrepancy, an amazing fact that should make even the most blase amongst you blench. It is the fact that Willis has never published any work written by that genius, that fan of fans, Derek Pickles.

I know that this statement will cause searching of contents pages of SLANT'S and the front covers of HYPHEN, but, the truth will out, Willis has never published anything by Pickles.

Of course I class not letters amongst material, letters are merely the apology for not writing some brilliant article, satire, or twist story.

You will notice that all the neofen are represented in Willis & Co., Magazines, Ashworth, Bulmer, Harris, et al; but rarely anyone who kept the torch flying through the days of the pulp Amazings.

Everyone, but everyone seems to have appeared at one time or another on the almost virgin pages (Verging on the illegible) of HYPHEN except for that startling omission, the well-known fan and empty envelope collector Derek Pickles.

Of course a possible reason is that He has never sent any material to Willis!!!!!!

Horror Scope is reprinted from SCHOOL CAP, No 4.

Published September 19th 1954 by Charles Buchan's Publications Ltd., 408, Strand, W.C.2.

!***!!***!!***!!***!!***!!***!!***!!***!!***!!***!!***!!***!!***!!

COUNTRY

COUSIN

by
chuque
harris

Dennison didn't look like a werewolf at all. He was sitting in the lounge of the Bay Hotel, sipping his drink and silently cursing the sticky oven-heat of Bombay that made his white suit clammy as soon as he put it on. His teeth, of which he had once been extremely proud were badly decayed, and many of them had had to be replaced by glittering artificial dentures. His hair had receded from his forehead, and his waist had thickened with the approach of middle age.

He didn't particularly like being a lycanthrope. After his first metamorphosis at the age of fourteen, the memory of the soft body of his victim had alternately excited and repelled him. The passing years had increased his appetite for flesh, but had also made him extremely cautious.

He had learnt that the change always came with the new moon, and lasted until he had satisfied his hunger. Apprehensive of attracting attention to himself, he had often locked himself in his cellar and sated himself on a huge haunch of horse flesh. Frequently though, his will power had failed and he had roamed the lonelier parts of England, waylaying late travellers.

However, at the time of the new moon he had been seen dragging a newly-killed corpse through the shrubbery at the rear of his house. The morning paper screamed "Killer-Dog at Large." The police, after searching the grounds, had called to enquire if he had seen any such dog in the vicinity.

Alarmed, lest the police should notice how often he had been in other neighbourhoods when people had vanished,

Mr. Dennison had quietly disappeared. By devious routes he had made his way to France, travelled across the Mediterranean, through the Suez Canal and across to Bombay.

Dennison suddenly became aware of the Eurasian girl next to him was a native sympathising to him about the heat. He threw off his reverie and turned to her. "Terrible," he agreed. "Fortunately I'm leaving for Ahmedabad tomorrow, another week in Bombay would just about finish me."

A smile dawned in the milk-chocolate coloured face. "What a coincidence, I too am leaving tomorrow. I am motoring my way to Delhi, but will be stopping the night in Ahmedabad. If you like, I could give you a lift. Our railways are still very primitive, and you'd be far more comfortable with me." She smiled archly.

"Well er....., thank you very much, but.....," he halfheartedly protested.

"I insist," the girl said gaily, "but we will have to make an early start if we are to arrive before midnight. Could you meet me in front of the hotel at 7.30 tomorrow morning?"

"Well, thank you again," he said. "By the way, my name is Dennison -----James Dennison." With this belated introduction he handed her his card.

"How typically English," she laughed. "My name is Christina Dravid, but I'm afraid you'll have to take my word for it-----there's no room for cards in this costume. I'm sorry to have to rush off, but I must pack. Until tomorrow then." With a wave of her hand she was leaving, her lithe brown figure setting off the European suit to perfection.

He arrived punctually next morning, but found her awaiting him, in a rakish Cadillac. He climbed in beside her.

The journey began without incident. The car, purring over the rough road, ate up the miles. They reached Baroda in the late afternoon, and after a snack, set off again.

Just before dusk the smooth purr of the engine took on a querulous note, coughed once, and died away. Dennison, who had dropped a carefully prepared bag of sugar in the petrol tank whilst the girl was washing in Baroda,

congratulated himself on his timing. However he gallantly climbed out and examined the engine. He was slightly surprised to find that the fault seemed to lie in the cooling system and not in the feed.

Christna got out of the car, walked over to the grass verge and threw herself down.

"That would have to happen," she said. "I know nothing about cars and if you can't fix it we will be stuck here until the morning. Still, it will be quite romantic, there'll be a new moon in a few moments."

Dennison, perfectly aware of the coming moon-rise, put down the wrench he was holding and eased himself down beside her.

He felt within his body the peculiar vibration which announced a change was imminent. He began to look forward with relish to assuming his other shape and ripping open the young brown body that lay beside him. In the sky a faint glow heralded the moon. He smiled at his companion.

"My dear," he said ironically, "You look good enough to eat." She laughed, "I hate to flatter you, Jimmy, but I feel that way about you too."

Dennison decided to panic his victim---he rather liked the added flavour that adrenalin gave. "No" he said melodramatically "I meant it literally. You may not believe me, but I am that fabled creature a lycanthrope, a werewolf!" He tried to look awesome. His bones seemed to be melting and he felt the ecstatic pain that always accompanied the change. One horn of the new moon was already visible..

His companion showed no sign of alarm. She giggled. "Oh dear, and I've left my silver bullet at home. You're very funny, Jimmy. We don't have wolves in India--were or otherwise. We do have tigers, though!"

Through his blurred vision, he noticed that his companion seemed to be changing too. The laughing face before him was hazy and indistinct, her body, a mass of orange and black. He managed a sound half way between a howl and a scream, before her smiling, slaverling jaws tore out his wind pipe.

THE

MIMEOGRAPH

DEAN GRENNELL I can't for the life of me recall receiving Issue No 1 (New Series) of Phanmag(?). At least nothing the readers comment about stirs a chord of recollection. But I most assuredly did like No 2. I admire your format--much handier for reading in bed than the larger magazines but still enough larger than the half-lettersize to give you room for a nice well-balanced page. Good job. And I also admire that Olympia of Stan's((that's the maroon-coloured machine)). In fact, I've long since determined that if I ever buy another portable it will be an Olympia with elite size type. Liked the bit about MalAsh being "a Harris-type crittur". Consult your solicitor(don't I speak British fluently?) to see if there is anything actionable in this statement from the standpoint of either Mal or Chuque((not Old Wood-Chuque??)). Thanks for listing GRUE, too. It might be noted that it isn't necessary to insert hyphens between the components of the town's name. Just plain Fond (space, small "d") du (space, capital "L") Lac will get it here. But at least you spelled it correctly. Man(or should I say men)you ought to see the ways they can think up to spell Fond du Lac--Fan du Lack, Fondle Ack(Redd says that's what Wendy does)Found you Lack,etc., & cc,. And the ways they have of spelling my name!.....and the combinations they sometimes get of miss-spelling the two, all with no apparent attempt at humour.....but thanks again for the plug and glad you liked it. Liked Lindsay's "Dolly" item though no special comment occurs. Ditto Mercer's record-ramblings. There is a certain connection between the record (or is it the dance)called "Paul Jones" and the outré social mores attributed to the society of NY pros called the Hydra Club. Or so I'm told. Aprapos of this, there is also the so-called "pop" record of Patti Page singing "Changing Partners".

Wright's cartoons are better drawn and have more of a point than most fanzine cartoons.

Thanks for the compliments, after seeing several issues of GRUE, one of the most beautifully produced fanzines we feel very flattered.

GEORGE RICHARDS I never know who to address letter(s) of comment to, the publisher, or the editor...Maybe that is one of the reasons I never DO write letters of comment. The other reason of course, is that all the other bods who write in say all the things I intended to say, and say them so much better....So this letter is really a Thank You for the two copies of PHANTAS that I have had up to date, and a bigger thank you for not asking me to PAY for them...Anyway, I don't feel competent to comment on the literary((uh!*))value of the contents of PHANTAS but I must comment on the turnout..It's good..Neat and tidy, and quite readable..Some of the higher priced zines would do well to copy you there((Whatever they're priced they're higher priced than PHANTAS))..Keep it up and you will have a fanzine almost as good as Paul Enevers ORION.....

We like compliments, but for the people who do not know ORION, we would like to point out that our George is co-editor of that mag.

ARCHIE MERCER P.(n/s)II is a great improvement over its predecessor(well,look at who wrote it for you,for a start) It's still not as good as it might be, in the same way as a salt peanut is not as good as a three course dinner... And I have a typical Mercatorial beef there, because I appear to be,in one way or another,(ir)responsible for approximately one in 5 of the total wordage,EXCLUDING the title. However as I'm getting the rest free, I suppose I can't really complain - only go through the motions((we thought the reverse was the case!)). Anyway it gives me an excuse for not contributing to the next one.- I don't mind, admittedly, seeing my name and output in print(I

believe there's a word for that somewhere) but I like to see some room for other people as well. "Dolly the Trolley". These gentle little tall stories of Nigel's provide very pleasant reading. Dunno quite why, but I definitely like them. "Where you F..." oops, er, can't go critting that - besides I LIKE it. Profile, then. Well, can't very well crit that sort of thing, either. Apart from the Vandyke beard I'm willing to believe all it says of him. But the cartoons opposite - 'sanother matter. Bottom one's OK but the top one appears to overlap somehow with BEM3. Surely you haven't got much public that Tomal hasn't, and vice versa?. But I really love that bit about having a Con under water-such a good idea that I've a mind to have you up for wasting it-instead of throwing it away like that, you should have written a Conkep on it. A con of that nature ought to go down well - I suggest the Liverpool clubroom as a suitable site. Then a couple more cartoons, both good, to round off the issue-what there was of it. Yours for a free P3.

This goes to show that we can't please everybody. Imagine a FAN complaining that too much of his work had been published.

An Underwater Con could be fun and in the next letter we get the female view, and a very nice view too.....

JOAN CARR First of all the format was a big improvement. Hope you continue "The Young Fan's Guide" as well. I don't know HOW you are going to continue it, but I keep my fingers crossed. I was particularly interested in JJ's letter and your reply thereto. What a wonderful opportunity for the femmes to really shine! I can just picture the scene now.....the males look like slightly differing versions of Ego(minus flippers of course-unfair competition)and each is equipped with a spare oxygen tank to which is fitted a length of hose, and a nozzle that can be held and operated by the hand. When the femmes appear -- in Bikini's naturally, such childish things as air pistols and conventions will be put on one side and you will settle down to

the really serious job of choosing Miss Fandom of 1955. The prize will be a free trip to the United States - in September of course - so that the winner can compete in the Miss World Fandom competitions.....Conventions could not be held under water tho'. We femmes are notoriously known for wearing bathing costumes at all times and places -- excepting under water((???)).(On second thoughts maybe you had already thought of this and only put the idea forward as a subtle method of getting rid of femmes at Conventions. I wonder?). Enjoyed the rest of the issue especially "Dolly". I'm afraid I don't know much of Nigels earlier appearance in fandom but from the stuff I have seen since he reappeared I think it was a mistake to allow him to take time off. Whoever was responsible last time must see it doesn't happen again.....

We leave you to work out the finer points of JoCa's idea, We'd like to be on the panel of judges for the final. Our next letter also comes from one of Nigel Lindsay's numerous fans...

TERRY JEEVES PHANTAS looks 100% better than No 1.((Twice as many pages for a start)), and this is a strong point, for first impressions(though not always best) have a great effect on how the mag is received. The cover is very well done, and the duping throughout is of a high order. "Dolly Trolley" has some really good stuff in it. I really liked that line "E baintan 'e', 'e be an 'er". Terrific. "Where you Find It", struck me as rather pointless. Archie claims to have proved his point, but what was it?. Letter section was nicely controversial without being a slanging match.....

Nigel is serious, in the scheme he suggests in this issue for the Old Fans Home pathos, bathos, and kudos, for Lindsay are apparent. Our next letter is from one

of the more militant among the
femme-fannes.....

IRENE BOOTHROYD(MRS) Must get this off my chest((???) may be prejudiced, but I'm pretty certain you had a better letter of comment from me than any that you published in No 2. Anyway it's my opinion that all zines should publish one letter from a female in each issue. I know there are not many of us fans(femme), but surely enough to make one letter per ish! Keep the stick figures by all means, my favourite one is the first - "Dolly the Trolley" is funny, get more from him!. Not being a disc fiend((flying sorceress??)) I'm not qualified to comment on records, but it was readable. Are you paying the cartoonist??. If not you should!. Am not very good at puns, but I enjoy others'. I have several very good stories, but I don't think you'd publish them. Trouble is putting them down on paper makes them appear lewd instead of funny.

If your repertoire of salacious stories is very extensive, you should be the centre of attraction at any gathering of the fans. Our next correspondent has made a name for himself as the most abandoned of the Toronto Derelicts.....

P.HOWARD LYONS "Dolly" is terrific. I can imagine the squawks that will emit from the us & a about the incomprehensible double-talk, but with a little effort, I at least, was able to puzzle it out. Veddy funny. I wonder if my apprenticeship in attending Formby((George??))movies helped. I wish to make a couple of comments on "WHERE YOU FIND IT", the article correlating folk tales with folk tunes. First of all Mr Mercer((Archie not Johnny)) has certainly done good work here, and this, together with Mr Jacob's effort in FAPA in "HALF BAKED ARTICLES"(which dealt with the science-fictional aspects of blues vocals) form an indispensable part of the fan's library alongside of FANCYCLOPEDIA, THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR, and THE IMMORT-

AL STORM. Logie of Buchan is an obvious reference to the late Lord Tweedsmuir(John Buchan)((he was also a Governor-General of Canada))who wrote several thrillers,etc., and a couple of quite good fantasies((including "THE DANCING STONES")). Doesn't "My Heart is Sair For Somebody" refer to a prominent fan of yesteryear - - Ollie Sair or some such cognomen!. Brian Lewis is lucky that Jim Harmon was not at the Supermancon and further that he didn't spray said Harmon((who has an article in April '55 Authentic describing him as an 'American Scientist'))with water. Just remember what happened to Ellison's portal. How often do you get like this, is that it??. Hyphen ever been in love before. I'm in hyphen - that's the beggining of the song 'Cheek to Cheek'. Isn't it?.

Howard is one of the leading members of the Derelict Insurgents, an unorganised group who seem to be agin the rest of Toronto(or Canadian) fandom. The latest news from North the 49th seems to be the disclosures that half of the names one has learnt to recognise from there are now revealed to be figments of someone's imagination.... Perhaps.....

NORMAN G. BROWNE I do definitely remember recieving the first issue of your mag. With a name like that, it sorta sticks in the meory and stands out head over heels above all the other 200-odd fanzine titles. I compliment you. ((We are retaining Normans spellings throughout this letter)). Yes, I can remember getting your first issue. In fact I can remember the days when I used to get all overseas fanzines, and 95% of the local ones. I have often wondered if overseas fans have the same trouble reading our fanzines as I do in reading theirs. The trouble is quite simple: none of the names of people mentioned in overseas fanzines mean anything to me. They are just names. They carry no

associations with them for me to remember them by; they assume no character.....

Norman is one of the opposing faction in Canadian fandom, as against PHL of the previous letter. Now we move down to a very famous town with faani-sh connotations, Savannah, Ga.

RUSSELL K. WATKINS I liked very much the general spirit of humor which emanates from the 2 issues. I liked particularly the MOHAIR LOOP in No 1. I like to write these sort of things punning on one subject and connecting it to fandom. I didn't quite catch the meaning of the "Watkinised" version thing but I believe I get the general drift of the item. I liked your stick covers. Suggest that you maintain them. Hmmm. This 'Willis Exposed' thing did NOT appear in the second issue. What gives? Just to see if we are observant?.Eh?. I think the 2nd ish's size is more suitable to P's general air and attitude. Not that it is small in its outlook but that it is more cosy to the type of friendly humor contained therein. The rest of the stuff just didn't appeal to me I guess. DOLLY was quaint tho' and I don't regret taking the time to read it as I do most fan fiction. The music item would have been interesting if I had been familiar with the records discussed.....

Russell publishes a 'Dittoed' fanzine DAWN which is famous for its section 'Fanzinio' in which Russ tries to list all fanzines still being published. The Feb '55 issue also carries an article by PJVorzimer on how to publish a fanzine... Readers of ALPHA will remember the bacover cartoon on PJV's proposed visit to Europe this year; co-editor of ALPHA, a very fine mag is

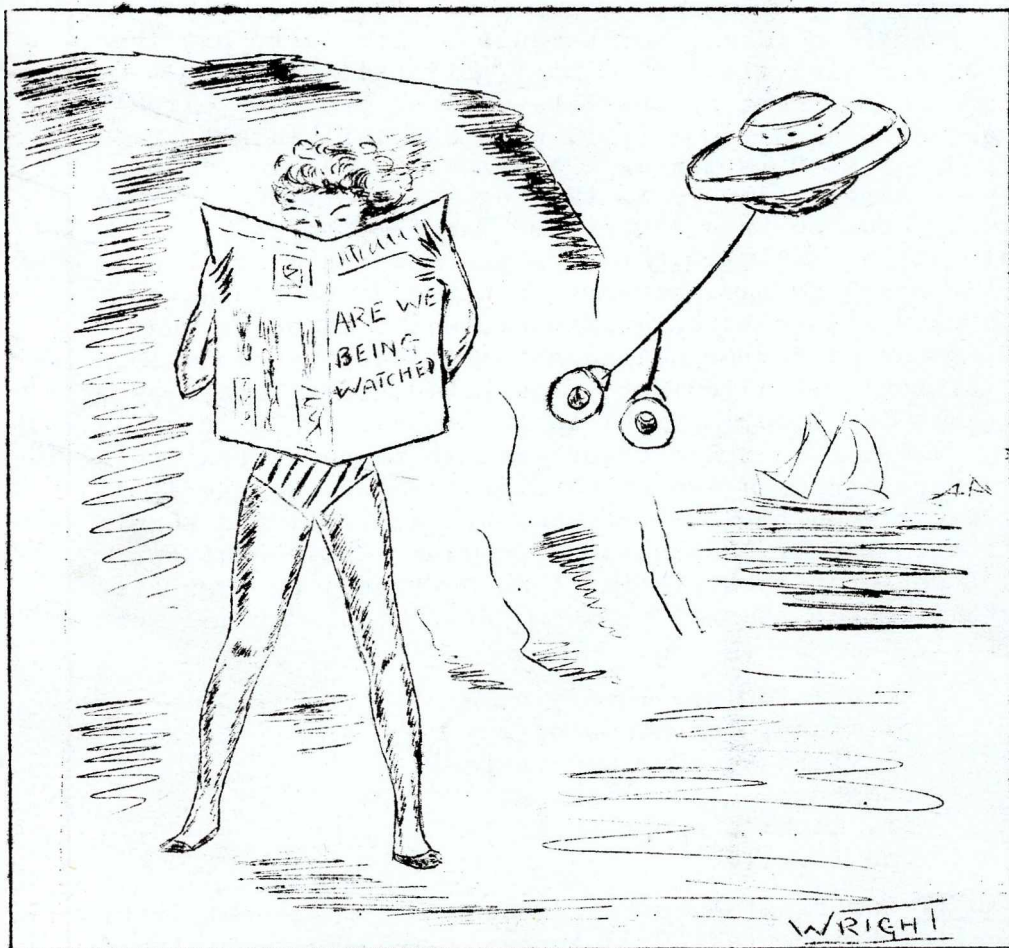
JAN JANSEN Your cover was effective, though not as good as

the last, lacking the surprise element. But the cartoon of the Fan Pubber is ideal, not because of its 'art' but the stark truth behind it. I find it a pity that you didn't give us a neofan next to the BNF, showing the poor blighter crouched over a typewriter, with the mail baskets reversed. Nigel sure is making himself heard of, or rather read about lately. And he is turning out stuff that's good especially because they deviate so far from the current norm of fanzine articles. Archie's piece was a miserable flop, I'm sorry to say, perhaps mainly because I'd never heard of any of the tunes mentioned, which makes it just an odd string of titles having no existence. Cartoons-so, so, in 'finish' but excellent in quips(?). Your letter section steals the show, as well as the space. Though your note to Julian Parr's letter obliges me to thank you ever so for your consideration of us poor Alphans. Archie's letter was a good 100% better than his article, and should run off with the highest honours in your letter section. Though I wouldn't start rating them that way, it just sticks out and needs special mention. His 'little epics' were adorable!!.

Thanks for the lovely compliments; Jan hopes to pay a visit to England this summer, we hope he'll make it. Alpha's agent in England is.....

RON BENNETT Surprise! Surprise! Thanks for this neat little thing called New Series((??)) A grand name. Most original. ((Naturally)). Your subtitle Young Fan's Guide doesn't seem to fit in however, but I suppose this is modern fanhumour. On the whole it's an enjoyable doodle, especially at the price. Nigel's piece amused me no end, especially as I know a couple of fen who are/were/will be bus-conductors. I'd have preferred Archie's effort to have dealt with a different type of folk-music, not necessarily N.O.Jazz, but the old Negro work songs and blues. The backcovertoons were better than those inside the mag, in fact they were actually good. The letter section looks promising too. Hope you can keep it up.

((SO DO WE, SORRY WE HAVE NO MORE ROOM FOR LETTERS))



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