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Peace.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>INSIDE FRONT COVER</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Sinking Feeling&quot;</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PORTFOLIO I: Gremlins, Aliens,</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gnomes, Reptiles, Fledglings,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&amp; Emaciated Prophets</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PORTFOLIO II: Barbarians,</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cavemen, and Amazons</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EDITORIALS</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Parasite&quot;</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LETTERS</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THANKS</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WINTER RERUN (AD)</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>INSIDE BACK COVER</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
FEELING SPACED OUT, MY GOULISH GOSLINGS?
DON'T BE LET DOWN BY THAT...

DINING FEELING

SCAVENGER THREW HIS SHIP INTO DEEP NEUTRAL AS A PLANET SWAM INTO THE SCOPE...

HIS SHIP SHUDDERED, EASED INTO ORBIT, AND CRUISED AS HE BEGAN SYSTEMATICALLY TO SEARCH THE FACE OF THE PLANET. IMMEDIATELY THE REMAINS OF A CONCENTRATED STRUCTURE WERE EVIDENT. THE SHIP CRESTED AND SETTLED ON A TINY ISLAND.
In the twilight, Scavenger's monster ship was a behemoth of incalculable tonnage, weighted with the plunder of galaxies. For on his world, nothing men could make interested them any longer... the skill of craftsmanship had died eons before, and now only artifacts scavenged from totally alien worlds could introduce any interest into a culture mad for consumption. Scavenger was one of the innumerable many who were licensed by their governments like the pirates of ancient history.

Jewelry, precious stones, books, carved reliefs, statuary... Scavenger knew what to look for. But then, what is not an object of culture? Near the end of his hitch now, he had to give priority to smaller and finer objects that would fit in a compact space on his swollen ship.

Everything outside is hopelessly weathered... none of our refined customers will want to clutter his house with that junk. This door is rotted through... I can...
O good God! I couldn't carry all this stuff back in twenty ships. But if I call central to send other ships, I'll lose my commission for what I don't carry back. What am I going...

This stuff is just fantastic. Far and away superior to anything else I've found. If I unloaded the ship, left my booty here and kept the location a secret...

Rooms full of incredible weaponry... tanks, guns. God only knows what they can do! This sort of technology the government takes a shine to. A bonus in it for me, no doubt... but... who knows what's in it for me? Because who knows what I've found? And why isn't it mine?...
I spend the whole of my life collecting for others beauty that I never get to enjoy for myself. Why not keep this world?

Why go back to a culture so sterile that all its adventurers left it to scavenge like me?

Buoyed once again, but still shaking, the defiant scavenger began making space on board to take on the largest cannon.

Ah, my God, my stomach is cramping, I'm so scared... but why hide, why be afraid when I just may have the power to destroy that worthless world forever?

His heart raced at his own daring.

But how long can I hide here? They have an investment in me...

If I take the ship up, I can test the cannon on an asteroid or two to estimate its power. Then... why am I shaking still? Why can't I stop it? What is...
...not too cool a thing to do, landing a huge rocket on a tiny island. All that weight, you know... why Atlantis might still be there today if this toy scout hadn't landed in a no loading zone...
Barbarians

Portfolio Two: Cavemen & Amazons

Kenneth Smith
27 December 71
Quik to attack painful questions, I now an-
swer the obvious: why the stories and
art in this issue—since they have been ready
in some cases for years—were not published
before this. For instance, in place of the ma-
terial in Issue One. In part, I was more en-
thusiastic about the reptiles story; in part,
I wanted PHANTASMAGORIA to put its best
foot forward with my freshest socks on, to acquain-
t readers with a not-too-publicized comic-satiric side to
my art, and most of all, to accommodate the magazine
with an issue that would present a typical format. If
there would also have been a handsome financial
problem, color-process in a first issue, an immodesty
almost always found to be fatal. So here (look around you) is PHANTASMAGORIA 2, typical
in its way of the even-numbered experimental issues, but
in the next, crowded as it was with work whose time
was overripe. One of the stories is an early first fo-
ray into illustrated fantasy, a relic (excepting the re-
furbished splash) of those placid years 1966–67. It is
now incumbent on me to issue apologies aside from
that all the anachronisms behove—perhaps in some hap-
pier way. The stories seem fitted for each other, not
just because of their science-fictional settings or
social-philosophical plots. They are, outside of "90s"
published in Jan Strnad's "Anomaly 3." My only, and in
all likelihood my last, ventures into the comics for-
mat as such. Collectors of comics curiosa may note them
for their rarity. I do not face the medium at all
congenial to the kind of fantasy. I plan to explore
interesting and dramatic ways of relating story and
illustration are possible in the medium—indeed, a
quasi-cinematic kind of continuity is curiously, a
marked impact in comics than on film. These
and other peculiarities of separated designs can
be used strikingly by several fine masters, to whom
the format is obviously a powerful incentive and
inspiration. For me it does very little, since it is
possible that some have brought expectations of a
new kind of comic book to PHANTASMAGORIA, it is only
fair that I should make my peace with the comics, as
briefly as possible.

In the first place, I regard every piece of art as an
individual, and I render it so. It can be appreciated
in this way, with every element made meaningful
and nothing set down perfunctorily and just for ef-
fect. The comics' vaunted "continuity" plainly works a-
gainst this kind of appreciation, not lack of in-
spiration, low pay, and immature audience alone that
make comic art in general so facile and
abstract, so completely deprived of nu-
ance and richness; it is the format it-
cost. I often make this medium one
to be colorful rather than appreci-
cated. There are many ways for art to
enhance existence, leaving it healthier
and more whole for having been sensi-
tized to new subtleties and perspec-
tives. It is hard, in this light, to see
how an art form with a built-in tendency
to calcify and brutalize can be any-
thing other than an insubstantial form im-
aginable for an art that aims to hu-
mance its readers.

In the second place, the ideal of the illu-
strated volume: total design, the per-
fect integration of text and art—has
never been served well by balloons.
 Interrupting graphic compositions with
this solution to a compositional idea is simply not
necessary. PHANTASMAGORIA means to ex-
plor3 alternatives, finally, as a prudential and pragmat-
ical cost. I am struck by getting a five-panel page with nearly five times
the average in labor is definitely not
worth it. I already put in an uncommon
and commercially reasonable number of hours into rendering my inkwok—45
hours being the extreme in recent years
and I don't find any motivation to mul-
tiply the troubles for all the projects I have in mind. Comics
freaks, forgiveness is asked. A publication
of PHANTASMAGORIA'S caliber cannot
survive by appealing exclusively either
to the big Science Fiction boom;
naturally I have to hope for continued
support from all these and other sour-
ces as PHANTASMAGORIA'S expenses spi-
ral far out of my own reach. I also hope
we can continue to finance and grow a
long with PHANTASMAGORIA; but if anyone
in support of the magazine thinking it is something it

THE SHORT HAPPY CAREER

At the risk of filling two pages of
this costly magazine with leaden prose, I would like to
answer several kinds of inqui-
ries. At once, some demand charge and campaign for the pro-
field, and some about my abandoning the other far
publications for PHANTASMAGORIA. There is no great
reason why either should trouble his head over my
comings and goings. I do not inten-
tially affect the plan for salvation, but: it does
bear on my relation to PHANTASMAGORIA, and you as
subscribers are entitled to know.

I never thought I would go into art
full-time, of my two vocations, art and philosophy,
art has always been the more jealous: when I ne-
glect it for a time, my skill deteriorates almost
in reverse. When inspiration is urgent beyond endur-
ance, jealousy in another sense too: whereas philosophy, taken as
a full-time career in teaching, would still leave me
and other occupations for a modicum of art. Art, on
the other hand, taken as a full-time activity could keep me
from doing philosophy, for which the class-
room is an indispensable think-tank and testing
ground. So there was never a question of going in-
to art exclusively. The present situation
goes beyond this explanation.

Newstand writers who can satisfy most of their in-
terests via mass-distributed publications probably
would not be granted the fertile and
paperback covers, that have made my work more
inaccessible. But then these are the people least
likely to know, care, or remember. Many beginning
artists, eager that they were, were puzzled
by someone trying to break out of it. In
the pro field is not simply put. I am not like-
ever to have grown accustomed to its conventions
and low fees (for commercial art gen-
erally or with any other profession), the fear to
keep ownership of originals, the inferior quality of high-speed printing, the vagaries of the art-direct-
torial mind, the degrading stereotypes of fantasy.
MATERIAL IMPOSED BY PUBLISHERS' CONCEPTIONS OF ITS AUDIENCE, AND ON AND ON. I NOTE, TOO, THAT MOST PRO ARTISTS ARE CEMETERIES IN PROFESSIONAL ART AS THE CONSUMMATION OF ANY TRUE ILLUSTRATIONAL TALENT. NONETHLESS, A REMARKABLE NUMBER OF THEM PUT THEIR BEST EFFORTS INTO WORK FOR EXTRA-PROFESSIONAL PUBLICATION—IN THE FANZINES, WHICH HAVE ALREADY SUBMITTED UNDISCOVERED ART by QUALITY WHICH ALMOST CORRESPONDS TO THE ARTISTS' OWN MORIBUS LOSS OF RESPECT FOR PROFESSIONAL MEDIA WHOSE SALES WILL NEVER, APPARENTLY, BE PROPORTIONAL TO THEIR QUALITY. IN ADDITION TO THESE DEMORALIZING CONSIDERATIONS, I HAVE TO SAY THAT THERE IS SOME TREMBLE IN MY DEGREE, BUT MY OWN SELF-SATISFACTION WOULD FEEL THIS WAY, I COULD HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO BREAK WITH PROFESSIONAL ART FOR MY SAKE AS WELL AS THE SAKE OF PUBLISHERS WHO, ON THEIR SIDE, HAVE NO REASON TO EXPECT ANYTHING FROM AN ARTIST BUT HIS BEST WORK. THE SATISFACTIONS OF BEING MY OWN EDITOR IS MATCHED ONLY BY THE SATISFACTION OF KNOWING I AM ALSO CONTROLLING THE QUALITY OF REPRODUCTION IN CONFORMITY TO THE NEEDS OF THE ART; IF PHANTASMAGORIA DOES NOT HAVE MORE THAN PAY ITS BILLS—AND THAT IS WHAT IT IS COST TO DO, AND ALL IT HAS TO DO IS TO FILL A PAGER ONCE—JUST AS ONE WOULD DESIRE THE ARTIST'S CRAFTSMAN'S SATISFACTION. IF PHANTASMAGORIA CANNOT PAY FOR ITSELF, HOWEVER, IT IS DEFINITELY A LUXURY TOO RICH FOR MY BLOOD; I WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO SUPPORT A VANITY-PRESS PUBLICATION. PHANTASMAGORIA WILL CERTAINLY GO UNDER BY ISSUE 5—IF SOONER, REFUNDS WILL NATURALLY BE ARRANGED. LESS EACH OF ITS READERS MULTIPLIES THIS COST BY GIVING COPIES TO GIFTS, BY ATTRACTING OTHER SUBSCRIBERS AND SO ON.

THE "FAN MARKET," IN WHICH I WAS ONCE NEARLY AN OMNIPRESENCE, WILL GO ON, THRIVING OR (MOSTLY) NOT THRIVING, WITHOUT ME, SO I DO NOT NEED TO JUSTIFY WITHDRAWING FROM IT, I THINK, BUT THE REASONS BEAR PUBLICIZING—MYSELF SYMPATHIZING WITH THE TIME SPENT ON OTHER PUBLICATIONS—FILLING ORDERS FOR PHANTASMAGORIA, KEEPING RECORDS, OVERSEEING PROOFS AND PUBLICATION, ARE TIME-CONSUMING AND NOT ESPECIALLY FULLFILLING. CORRESPONDENCE, WRAPPING PACKS, KEEPING TRACK OF ORIGAUS LENT OUT, AND MOST DAMNINGLY, TRYING TO COMBINE THE TIME DIFFERENTLY IS A WASTE OF PRECIOUS TIME. TO BE FRANK, I ALSO DO NOT HAVE THE MONEY TO SQUANDER. NOT ONLY POSTAGE, BUT ALSO STATS, XEROXES, AND EXTRA COPIES OF PUBLICATIONS, HAVE ALL BEEN, IN THE PAST, A CONSIDERABLE DRAIN ON AN ALREADY BURDENED INCOME. I AM IN A POSITION WITH ALL THE CONCERNED TO MAKE REQUESTS FOR CONTRIBUTIONS. FINALLY, I NO LONGER HAVE THE PATIENCE—EXPERIENCE IS A BAD WAY TO DISCOVER THAT EVEN THE MOST REPUTABLE DEATHS DO NOT KNOW HOW TO TREAT ORIGINAL ART WITH RESPECT, DO NOT KNOW HOW TO CRITICIZE, MUCH LESS HOW TO MEET THE OBJECTIVES THEY TRY TO ACHIEVE. THIS HUMOROUS TONE HAS MERE LENT LATE THEM, TOO MUCH OF MY TIME OVER THE PAST FEW YEARS HAS BEEN SPENT ON EXASPERATING TRIVIA, LIKE TELL, EVEN THE ENORMOUS EFFORT OF SELF-PUBLICATION SEEMS INCONSIDERABLE BY COMPARISON WITH THE WASTE AND TREDIUM INVOLVED IN SENDING ORIGINALS OUT AND TRYING TO GET THEM BACK. THE SOLUTION, IN ONE SELL SWEEP IS NOT TO DO IT ANYMORE, JUST TO PUBLISH IN PHANTASMAGORIA ALONE, WHICH WOULD THEN HAVE THE ADDITIONAL ADVANTAGE OF NOT HAVING TO COMPETE, AT LEAST, WITH MY OTHER APPEARANCES. WHATEVER DRAWING-POWER MY ART MAY HAVE HAD HAS CONCENTRATED FOR PHANTASMAGORIAS' SAKE. I APOLOGIZE TO GOOD FRIENDS; THIS HUMOROUS ATTITUDE HARDLY REPAYS THEIR MANY FAVORS. I SIMPLY FEEL THAT I OWE AN EVEN GREATER DEBT TO THE FRIENDS AND STRANGERS WHOSE SUPPORT, IN MANY CASES SIGHT UNSEEN, HAS MADE THIS A REALITY. I HOPE THEY CAN ALL AGREE THAT THE END MAY JUSTIFY MEANS LIKE THESE, DRASTIC AS THEY MAY SEEM.

ISSUE 3 & BEYOND

ISSUE 3 WILL CONTINUE THE SERIES OF FABLES WITH A LONG STORY FROM THE AGE OF FISH, MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN ISSUE 1 NOT LEAST BECAUSE OF ITS WRAPAROUND PANORAMIC COVER IN COLOR-PROCESS—ANOTHER INCREDIBLY HEAVY LIGHT FANTASY. ISSUE 4 WILL CONTINUE THE EVEN-NUMBERED EXPERIMENTAL ISSUES (OF WHICH THIS PRESENT ISSUE IS THE FIRST) WITH A LONG FANTASY, DERMET DREAMING;—PERHAPS THE MOST EXQUISITE HORROR STORY YOU WILL HAVE READ IN YEARS, IT WILL FEATURE COLLABORATIONS WITH A NUMBER OF FIRST-RATE FANTASY ARTISTS, INCLUDING MIKE KALUTA, ROY KRENKEL, HANNES BOK, AND HOPES WALLY WOOD AND OTHERS. PLANS ARE FOR TWO INTERIOR COLOR PLATES IN THAT ISSUE AND A COLOR-PANORAMA COVER TO BOOT. ISSUE 5 WILL RESUME THE FABLES WITH THE MONNITATION, A TOUCHING LITTLE TALE FROM THE GLORIOUS AGE OF INSECTS; BEYOND THE COLOR-PROCESS COVER (ANOTHER PANORAMA, WHAT ELSE?), AT LEAST TWO INTERIOR COLOR PLATES ARE BEING PLANNED. I HOPE TO KEEP THE PRICE STABLE AS LONG AS Possible. THE PRICE IS OF OBVIOUSLY SEVERE INCREASES IN COST OF PRODUCTION—ISSUE 2, FOR INSTANCE, HAS DOUBLED IN COST FROM ISSUE ONE. YOU CAN HELP KEEP THE PRICE DOWN BY SUBSCRIBING IN ADVANCE OF PUBLICATION—ORDERS ARE ACCEPTED THROUGH ISSUE 5 AT $3 PAPER COPY, YOU BENEFIT IN HAVING A SUBSCRIPTION SECURED AGAINST ANY PRICE INCREASES AND AGAINST LOSS IN THE EVENT THIS UNDULY EXTRAVAGANT PROJECT FAILS TO PULL OUT. WORK ON THESE AND OTHER ISSUES IS UNDERWAY SIMULTANEOUSLY (ISSUE 6 IS SHAPING UP AS A HORROR ISSUE WITH AN INSIONS-TYPE STORY, BAYOVS AND ALL, PLANNED PORTFOLIO AND, SPACE PERMITTING, A SECOND HORROR FRONT FOR ISSUE 7), COLORFUL SCIENCE-FICTION FABLE FROM THE AGE OF AMPHIBIANS—A LEADING-TO THE TILES OF ISSUE 1). EACH WILL BE A GROUNDBREAKER, AND ONLY THE FIRST 100 SUBSCRIPTION COPIES OF EACH ISSUE CAN BE SENT OUT AUTOPHOTOGRAPHED. I EMPHASIZE THAT THE FREQUENCY OF THIS PUBLICATION IS DETERMINED ENTIRELY BY YOUR RESPONSE: I WOULD PRODUCE MATERIAL SUITABLE FOR A NEW ISSUE EVERY TWO OR THREE MONTHS (OR EVERY MONTH, WORKING FULL-TIME), BUT ORDERS ARE WHAT GET THE MAGAZINE PRINTED, AND ENOUGH OF THEM ACCUMULATE ONLY IN A YEAR'S TIME. I'M LESS PATIENT THAN YOU, SURE, BUT ASSURED THAT ANY DELAY MUST BE SOMEONE ELSE'S PROBLEM. I APPRECIATE THE CONCERN BEHIND ALL THE "WHERE IS IT?" LETTERS, I REALIZE THAT THE FACT THAT SOME OF YOU HAVE BEEN WAITING ALMOST TWO YEARS FOR THIS ISSUE IS SMALL CONSOLATION FOR THE REST OF YOU. YOU HAVE EVERY RIGHT TO INQUIRE AND COMPLAIN (I'VE WRITTEN MY OWN SHARE OF THE LAW, I'VE HAD TO WASTE TIME AND ENERGY, AND POSTAGE WILL ONLY SET THE MAGAZINE BACK EVEN FURTHER. I HAVE NEVER YET MISPLACED AN ORDER, NOR HAVE I GIVEN ANYONE CAUSE FOR DISTRUST; SO THINK BEFORE YOU ROUSE MY IRISH WITH SOME GROUNDLESS AND INSULATING CHARGE.

FINAL NOTES

APOLLOGIZE FOR HAVING TO HOLD BACK SO MUCH SPACE WITH EDITORIAL TEXT, AND ALSO FOR THE PREDOMINANTLY NEGATIVE TONE. ORDINARY ANNOUNCEMENTS WILL BE RELAED TO FLYERS AND FILLERS, BUT SOME MUTUAL UNDERSTANDING SEEMED NECESSARY. SPECIAL THANKS ARE DUE TO JOHN TRUJILLO, WHOSE PHOTOGRAPHIC SKILLS HAVE HELPED COME UP WITH STICKS THAT MADE OTHERS GIVE UP BEFORE BEGINNING. THANKS, ALSO, TO MY WIFE ANELA FOR ASSUMING MORE THAN HER SHARE OF DUTIES WHILE I FINISHED MY DISSERTATION.
PARASITE!

In the third year of the colonization of Mars, after the devastation of the Earth, the beleaguered and woeful life of the federated Free Colony was blighted by the first death of the colony. The first individual death since the mass annihilation of mankind which no one thought about anymore. Mars is a new country grotto by a Martian hillside, as a nimble thunders out, this tisue of illusion peace.
UNBELIEVABLE! SOME FANTASTICALLY POWERFUL BEAST SPLIT HIS SKULL OPEN WITH... MY GOD, NO ONE HAD ANY IDEA SUCH A CREATURE HAD ESCAPED THE GENERAL EXTERMINATION.

GREAT ALARM AND DISCOMFORT AROSE IN THE COLONY, NOT SO MUCH OVER THIS VIOLENT DEATH AS OVER THE COUNCIL OF ELDER'S DECISION TO PROHIBITPICNICS IN THE COUNTRY UNTIL THE BEAST WAS DESTROYED.

THERE'S NOTHING TO DO IN THIS DAMNED CITY BUT WORK AND WATCH TV - FREEDOM.

BUT IT HAPPENED AGAIN... AND AGAIN....

...EVEN WITHIN THE COLONY ITSELF....

THE ELDER'S PROMISED A MORE THOROUGH EXTERMINATION - PROHIBITION IN THE VICINITY.

BUT EVEN THE EXTERMINATORS WERE DEEPLY DISTURBED AT THE PUBLIC UNREST AS MUCH AS AT THE DEATHS.

NOBODY BELIEVES THE GOVERNMENT KNOWS WHAT IT'S DOING ANYMORE... AND IT'S TRUE, HOW CAN IT CONTROL A WORLD - KILL ONE, WIPE ONE CLEAN FOR LIVIN' - BUT NOT BE ABLE TO CONTROL ANYTHING IN IT? DO WE KNOW WHAT WE'RE DOING HERE?
The exterminations were utterly ineffective—the colony was being eroded...

And the vague disquiet of the populace turned into uneasy fear, and a half-guilty interest in the exciting violence. Even so, few turned to activism.

According to this document, any government that fails to protect its citizens deserves to be replaced! Why sit and wait for your turn to be destroyed?

Why indeed? There is so much more at issue than the mere safety of their lives, but not even this can arouse them. Why sit and wait?

Why did the people of Earth sit and wait for their own ends? Why would their governments want to bring such a thing on? It hardly makes sense. Yet it doesn't stop, for all that.

What will come of it? Should we feel guilty for burning animals, for cleaning up a world and finding it cheap? Or should we feel guilty for something else? Why do I feel guilty? And what does it have to do with the slaving? Do I know something I don't really see something about myself, about the colonists or the government?

But why should I worry? Look at the rest—all they want out of life is a good night's sleep. Trouble free. You have to actually kill them to get them interested in politics. They don't remember...

...What politics was like on board the colony ship...

...Where four of the appointed council members disappeared in thin air...
...AND DO THEY REMEMBER JUST WHAT LIFE WAS LIKE UNDER OUR BELOVED STATE BACK ON EARTH—WHERE MEMORY WE SO REVERE, NOW THAT IT'S DISTANT AND SAFELY DEAD OR RUINED...

...WHERE THE PEOPLE, FEARING THAT A DICTATORSHIP WOULD FORCE THEM TO BECOME INVOLVED IN POLITICS, ELECTED INSTEAD A GOVERNMENT THAT WOULD LEAVE THEM ALONE, INDEED IT DID. IT NEVER ASKED THEIR OPINION OR THEIR HELP. IT DID NOT NEED THEM. IT COULD DO EVERYTHING FOR ITSELF—INCLUDING DECIDING WHO WAS AND WHO WAS NOT A GOOD CITIZEN DESERVING THE FULL PROTECTION OF THE LAW.

...WITH THE ELIMINATION OF ALL DISSIDENTS, THE PUBLIC WAS QUITE AS RELIEVED AS THE GOVERNMENT. NOW THERE WAS NO ONE TO SUGGEST A NEED FOR POLITICAL EXPRESSION—NO ONE TO PROVE THEIR CONSCIENCE... BUSINESS COULD GO ON AS USUAL....

...UNTIL...

EACH WEEK SOME NEW "PREVENTIVE" MEASURE HAD BEEN "TEMPORARILY" INTRODUCED UNTIL THE CRISIS DIED DOWN. BUT THOSE "TEMPORARY" MEASURES WERE NEVER REPELLED—MORE AND MORE, TROOPS AND ARMED PERSONNEL WERE DEPLOYED—MORE AND MORE CONTROL WAS EXERTED OVER THE NEWS MEDIA. LESS AND LESS WAS SAID ABOUT WHAT WAS GOING ON. FINALLY, SOMETHING FATAL AND IRREVERSIBLE DID OCCUR—BUT EVEN WORLD WAR FIVE, THE END OF THREE THOUSAND YEARS OF CIVILIZATION, WAS A PASSING PHASE IN A WAR THAT COULD BE CONTINUED INDEFINITELY BY MACHINES....
...but is that why you feel guilty now? Because you alone remember? Because you already know that when this history...

...not yet three years old, is recorded, it will be turned into a lie—a lie about ideals, self-defense, the principle of freedom, and heroism?

And we the sheers will read that we were all adventurers, pioneers, brave men so stupidly we did not flinch at the murder of a world, or two...

Surely you're just as cooperative and subservient as the others? Who would have any reason to doubt your loyalty? You never confide in anyone, never act as if you doubt, believe. You bother no one. You ask for nothing. Then you cause all one else to worry about the inhumanable....
AND MAYBE NOT EVEN I WOULD WORRY ABOUT IT ALL
IF I DIDN'T HAVE BAD DREAMS. MAYBE I WOULD MAKE
A PRETTY FAIR SHEEP MYSELF — IF I DIDN'T FEEL
DRIVEN, COMPELLED. BUT MAYBE THE SHEEP ARE
DRIVEN TOO, AND THE DIFFERENCE IS JUST THAT THEY
DON'T FEEL OR DON'T CARE, MAYBE THEY ALL THINK
AS I DO, BUT CAN'T SHOW IT ANY MORE THAN I CAN.

BUT THEN—WHAT KIND OF MOTIVE, OR WHAT KIND OF FORCE,
MAKES THESE SHEEP INTO SHEEP? OR,
LEMONINGS, IN THIS CASE?

G31? STATE POLICE HAVE A WARRANT FOR YOUR ARREST, COME ON.

GOOD GOD! WHAT CAN I HAVE DONE? HOW
COULD ANYONE HAVE POSSIBLY KNOWN THAT I
COMMITTED SOME "THOUGHTCRIME"? BUT THEY DON'T CALL IT THAT — THAT'S ORWELL'S
TERM. IT'S THAT? IT'S THAT NOW I TYPED
MY HAND—MENTIONING THE OLD PROPHETICS,
ANIMAL FARM, 1984, OR KAFKA'S TRIAL?
HOW COULD ANYONE KNOW I HAD READ THEM — BECAUSE I GRINNED AT THE WRONG TIME?

ACCOUNT FOR YOUR FAILURE TO REPORT
FOR DUTY THIS EVENING!

MY GOD! — I FORGOT.

AND WHY DID YOU FORGET?
I WAS DISTRACTED — THINKING
ABOUT THE KILLINGS.

DO YOU REALIZE THAT THIS
WAS THE FIRST SUCH ABSENCE
IN THE HISTORY OF THE COLONY?
WAS IT A "COINCIDENCE" THAT IT
HAPPENED TONIGHT?
I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

A SILENCE. THEN....

NO. YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.
YOU MAY LEAVE INTERROGATION. GO TO THE DIRECTOR'S OFFICE.
FIRST OF ALL, YOU SHOULD UNDERSTAND WHY YOU WERE JUST RELEASED FROM INTERROGATION. THE POLICEMAN INFORMED YOU THAT THE CHAIRMAN WAS KILLED TONIGHT. AS YOU KNOW, MODERN WEAPONS HAVING THE FORCE THEY DO, A BALLISTIC TEST IS IMPOSSIBLE—A VICTIM COULD HAVE BEEN ВОМЕЗ. TORN, OR SHOT. WE HAVE TO LOOK FOR INDIRECT EVIDENCE, BUT WITH A POWERFUL GUN THERE ARE NO CLUES AT ALL. EVERY VICTIM WITHOUT EXAMINATION OF THE MUSCLE HAVING BEEN WITHOUT A CURE. WE HOPED TO RULE OUT IRATIONAL MOTIVES ON THE BASIS OF THE PSYCHOLOGICAL TESTS GIVEN ALL APPLICANTS FOR THE COLONY, BUT TONIGHT THE CHAIRMAN WAS STABBED WITH AN ANTIQUE GUN FROM HIS OWN COLLECTION, BY A HUMAN.

WE THOUGHT AT FIRST YOU WERE THE KILLER. THE POLICEMAN OF COURSE GAVE US SOME SECOND THOUGHTS, BUT DON’T BE RELEIVED, YOU’RE NOT GLAD TO HEAR THEM.

REMEMBER, YOU ARE A FUGITIVE, BROUGHT ALONE AND MAINTAINED FOR THE WELFARE OF SOCIETY. YOU HAVE BEEN PLACED IN A POSITION TO SERVE BECAUSE YOU ARE ABSOLUTELY DEPENDENT ON SOCIETY, AND YOU ARE ABSOLUTELY DEPENDENT—A PRIVILEGE—BECAUSE YOU HAVE TO CONTRIBUTE TO YOUR OWN LABOR AND LIFE. YOU WERE WANTED TO SAVE THESE FOR AT LEAST ONE IN VARIOUS PARTIAL DUTIES—YOU WILL GIVE THESE NOW, HERE, FOR THE WELFARE OF YOUR SOCIETY, WHERE THEY CAN BE OF GREATEST BENEFIT.

OF COURSE, THE POLICEMAN SHOWS THAT BUT THAT EVIDENCE IS ALTEABLE. MUCH MORE INFORMATIVE EVIDENCE CAN BE OBTAINED AGAINST YOU. IF YOU DON’T TELL THE TRUTH, IT WILL BE THE SAME AS IF YOU TELL THE TRUTH. IT WILL BE THE SAME AS IF YOU TELL THE TRUTH.
NO ONE UNDERSTOOD WHAT HAD HAPPENED. UNTIL HE WAS ALREADY BLASTING HIS WAY OUT OF THE BUILDING, HE WAS HEAD TO THE MOUNTAIN. THERE WAS NO PLACE TO HIDE IN THE CITY AND NO ONE TO HIDE HIM...
...his superior training paid off....

He was already familiar with the terrain from his patrols. He wanted to reach the haunt of the old Martian ruins which were hidden in a cleft in the mountains, unapproachable except on foot. He had to take the least likely route and exercise extreme caution. If ever once he had to surge, he would be lost—his position would be known in a matter of seconds. The pale Martian sun was nearly at its apex, but even so it did not provide much warmth against the cutting wintry winds. Nearly too thin to breathe....

After hiding in the shadows all day, he set out for the plateau where sometime in the past the gods had moved to re-construct the way of life of the primitive Martians. No one knew how long they had been extinct—maybe now they had been eradicated when the original inter-council extermination was carried out. Everyone was just as glad that they were, in either case. A matter for archaeological study now.... The ruins had become a hiding place for the larger animals which had escaped the recent exterminations....
This is the only place where you can last more than five minutes. But even here, it's just a matter of time. You'll be hunted down by the pack, outnumbered, blasted out... executed on the spot.

By people you used to drink coffee with. But now they'll kill you and all because they are told to. How can they know what they're doing?

Who is the leech then? Is the Bloodsticker, the one who depends on society, or a society that finds him expendable, that uses his trust and his life for alien ends?

...NGGGH!

Good God!

It's only a matter of time. Now—Sonar will trace the noise.

Dana! Them! I don't stand a chance in the open....

But that odor makes me rash. I've got to get to a safer place. They may try bombing—it's safer for them, but then, that decision is not in their hands. Someone else will decide what's best....
Because only the bureaucrats know what is what. They have a monopoly on knowledge. They keep it that way. But all that they know is only official. It's only supposed to be so. So really, they know less than any one else. But then— not even the bureaucrat knows what he is doing.

If something wanted to control us, it would be futile for it to coerce us, to contradict our decisions and conclusions. The only thing it would work on would be behind our thoughts—to infect the assumptions that condition everything we think. Then we would be gladly controlled, ruled through the very things we accept and protect and promote—our ideals. But what kind of being can do such things, can move us through our own consciousness?

The same cunning that inspired us to spin out a civilization just to improve the chances of destruction, that sent us on to another world, to do it all over again, and when some few of us began to understand all this, the cunning awoke again in the minds of those who feared that understandings... and the cunning subdued us, reminded us of the power of...power.

We've found his great sons. We've found his great secrets. We've found his great power. We've found the great bureaucracy.

Then, do we ever know why any of us? When we decide, can we ever decide? Do they know why? Why is it that we never run why? Never doubt, but always accept? It is too “natural” for us to take things for granted, to stop questioning at some convenient point, and our conformity is too widespread, too universal—for this to be an accident of ignorance or a matter of whim, but if everything happens as if there were some kind of reason controlling it, and if the reason could not be our reason?

We can't know what it is. We can't bring into thought the thing that makes us think in the first place. God—what an evil symbiosis—we can only be driven. Used by... the very cunning that we think we are using. The same cunning by which we all live.

All it needed was a hint, a suggestion that we have the ability, whenever we can't understand or solve a problem, to redact it, to invent something so simple that everyone already obeys it. Even those who despised themselves to escape this damned parasite. Suicide, murder, officials, police. All know that when reality does not fit, we can make it fit, change it, force it, end it...

End.
Dear Mr. Smith,

I bought a copy of your Phantasmagoria at the Novacon, and if I were to tell you in detail what I thought of it, it would sound as if I were applying for a job as your agent.

But I must say, that to encounter the combination of excellences - in concept, writing, lettering, layout, draughtsmanship, rendering, and production - all in one person, is downright frightening! A really beautiful job. Keep up the fine work: such quality and pride of craftsmanship becomes rarer every year.

Very best regards,

Kelly Freas

Sept 14, 1971

[COMMENT ON ISSUE ONE WAS VARIED INDEED: CRITICS MOSTLY DISAPPROVED OF THE LACK OF ANY "STRAIGHT" FANTASY, PROBLEMS IN CONTINUITY AND RESOLUTION OF THE STORY, ABSENCE OF COLOR AND SUCH. WE EXCERPT A FEW RESPONSES FOR YOUR PERUSAL....]
Phantasmagoria is really a fine book. A pleasure from cover to cover. Your writing is quite effective, and I thought the drawings held together as a unit despite the time lapse of the entire project. My old lady, whose opinion I've come to highly regard, practically ripped me off for the copy you sent, but she doesn't often do that.

Regards,

San Francisco, Calif.

---With greatest pleasure, but also with admiration (for the author as well as for the artist), I have read and perused your "Phantasmagoria" magazine. It is a harsh and relentless--harshly and relentlessly dreamed--fantasy, an almost helpless but also completely indestructible weapon against minds which have been seared by TV news and TV pictures. Although you are able to do such a thing, these minds scorn the idea of phantasmagorizing oneself into an individual freedom; by their fantasies, they only succeed in causing problems for the society around them. Therein lies--with all due sarcasm--a bit of belief and hope, yet; and thus what surrounds you is apparently still bearable, fortunately for you. But the story cannot then be "funny." I recall my own youth in Nazi Germany 1933-45, and what I wrote at that time; today still, I can read almost nothing more about it, because the image terrifies me, the torment of those times could still overtake me. I am glad that you do not have to go through all these things by yourself alone...prof. Dr. Hans Wagner, Bonn, W. Ger.

I'm going to tell Ken Smith on you.

Who does she think is in this dino-suit.

Jim Jones' fine caricatures are universally known throughout fandom--we thank him and our other commentators, especially Nick Cuti (creator of "Moonchild"), and the underexposed Curt Pardue plus Steve Riley]
NOTHING that appears in Phantasmagoria itself will ever stagger the imagination as much as the sheer physical expanse and multiplicity of Phantasmagoria's proliferated paraphernalia—my originals, art and comics files, books, materials, published material, and so (gasp) on. Moving all this material from New Haven (3rd floor) to Baton Rouge appears, in retrospect, just as incredible to me now as it did before we began work on it. Phantasmagoria is duty bound to express thanks to the following dear friends and outstanding fans: Noreen Dornebrug, Rich Garnson, Curt and Dave Pardee (and Lynn), Steve Riley, and most of all, Bill Cook. Also a special dispensation, the Thrice-Folded Roadmap, to my father-in-law, Robert L. King. As S.J. Perelman hath said, before God made these people, He broke the mold. Additional gratitude must be shown for the following Phantasmagoria boosters, all of whom have contributed beyond the call of duty and nature to Phantasmagoria having such a wide reception: Noreen, Rich, and Steve (again); George Beahn, Bob Stahl, and Dennis Trombatore; Jim Vandermeer, Jr., Robert Gershenhain, and their printers; and unnumbered friends and dealers who have carried my flyers or mentioned Phantasmagoria in their own ads or zones. My wife, Angela as usual has helped to ease this unquaint project through the last-minute crush of measuring reductions, stuffing envelopes, and all the other time-consuming processes that would have overwhelmed me; sometimes, a little bit of love helped, too. The Egg...blesses you all.
My God yes, have we got posters. We not only still have the same set of six posters ($5 per set) which you see displayed on this page. (all B+W, printed on 11 x 14 heavy coated stock), but now we also have available a new set of posters. The contents of Phantasmagoria Portfolio 2 are as follows: the cover of this issue is included, in full color, printed on 11 x 14 heavy coated stock; plus, the centerfold from this issue, printed in B+W on 11 x 17 heavy coated stock; plus, the two-color cover of Phantasmagoria #1, unfolded, printed on 11 x 17 extra-heavy coated cover stock; plus, an exquisite (but unadvertised) monster, a fine BEM sitting grotesquely amidst an incredible border full of more monsters, all printed in two colors on 11 x 14 heavy coated stock — this second portfolio is available only as a set of 4, at $4 per set. In the future, all color-process art printed in or on Phantasmagoria will also be available in the form of posters, and so will all centerfolds and wraparound covers. The cost of color-process is quite exorbitant; if you want to see more of it, indeed, if you want to see more of Phantasmagoria at all, kindly understand how desperately your order will be appreciated. Please specify whether you want Portfolio 1 ($5) or Portfolio 2 ($4), and address all orders to

Phantasmagoria
Box 20020-A, L.S.U. Sta.
Baton Rouge, La. 70803
Phantasmagoria #2 (published June 1971) has not heard the last of its enthusiastic reception. Jean-Pierre Dionnet, French author and reviewer for Alfred and Graphic Story World, said of its Fable from the Age of Reptiles: "Curiously modern resonance: the lizards resemble us rather much. ... The author is Kenneth Smith, an artist who has assimilated the world of Rackham, the graphic power of Finlay, the epic sense of Prattella, the humor of Wood...."

Even blushing doesn't obstruct our progress. Issue two—with a pair of SF stories in comics format, and portfolios to spare—is now published, sporting a striking color-process cover and exquisite reproduction. Issue 3 is in production and will be published early this fall: a Fable from the Age of Fish, more fantastic than the first fable, with panoramic color-process covers and the customary quality of reproduction and contents. Issue 4, also in production, will feature collaborations with fantasy artists Mike Kaluta, Roy Krendel, Hannes Bok, and others: a horror fantasy of legendary dimensions, a fantasy about fantasy, about the limits of imaginable beauty and terror—color inside and out, it will appear in spring 1973. Issue 5 will present a Fable from the Age of Insects, as lavish as any could be. Every issue contains 40 pages of art and story by professional artist Kenneth Smith; subscriptions and back-issues are available through issue 5 at $3 per issue. (50¢ extra for first-class foreign, add $1.) First 100 copies (only) of each issue will be autographed; only subscription orders are protected against price increases.

Box 20020-A, L.S.U. STA. Baton Rouge, LA. 70803
ODDS AND ENDS

AN EXPLANATION (to begin with) is due to all those who have been anticipating this magazine's publication for at least four or five months now. The problems that obstructed publication I can't really take responsibility for: the color-process cover has simply caused one problem after another. Various printers had accepted the job and then balked, unable to guarantee the quality of reproduction that was demanded. Each time negotiations fell through, a new set of specifications had to be written up and a new printer sought out; even after a fully competent color-process printer was found, a great delay resulted from having to go through five or six work-up satisfactory negatives in order to get the right balance in all the areas of the painting. In between headaches like these, there have been numerous hassles, some reflected in this issue's editorials, which consumed so much of my energy I haven't had the basic time to sit down for creative work. On top of it all, there was the dissertation engrossing my attention for the first 3 1/2 months of this year. I emphasize that this delay was not deliberate; I prided myself in not resorting to the deceptive means of misrepresentation to ensure the availability of my publication, so I am rather embarrassed at the discrepancy between advertisements and delivery which has been caused by the tie-ups. I insist that what should have been a far easier task had little influence on all that: this is the severely declining responses to ads. Income at present is only a fraction of the rate needed to meet bills on time. I cannot even absorb more than the cost of incidentals behind the magazine-postage if necessary, advertising, art supplies, the costs of attending conventions, and so on. The printing bill itself—for this issue $2500 is way out of my league; I could not even defray an expense of this magnitude. I have promised to keep PHANTASMAGORIA alive through issue five, simply because I have worked too hard and have perhaps been enchanted by it. But the costs of printing a magazine of this quality involve hard economics, not will-power. Many of you have responded valiantly to my appeals, and I regard you as co-investors in this venture. I am truly myself no more of these supporters, because it is, after all, your business to decide what you are able to afford and what you think PHANTASMAGORIA deserves. But you must know that responses, at the present level, are so low that we may have arrived at a negative saturation, the question is: there are sufficient discriminating fans in science-fictiondom and the world of comic art to sustain a lavish creative effort. The question of PHANTASMAGORIA's survival, which I hoped would be settled one way or the other long before this, is still up in the air and the prospects are bleak. The most optimistic thing I can say is that issue three will almost certainly have to be postponed until immediately before summer of 1973. This schedule is not to my liking, but it is apparent the only way I can guarantee that any sizable income will arrive (from conventions, or from fans who get summer jobs or who return home from school to find back-dated advertisements to respond to) between the printing of the magazine and the due-date on the printing bill. This is enormously risky, of course, whatever is not made at the con, I have to put up myself, with a grossly improbable amount (2/3 or more) of the above-mentioned bill which has to be gotten together within two months of publication. I carry my policy of suicidal honesty to its logical conclusion by warning you that there is only a remote chance, and perhaps no reasonable chance at all, that issue three can still be published the beginning of 1973. When I warn you about this, of course, the more timid among you will shrink from the risk of subscribing merely bringing about as a dead certainty the otherwise undetermined future of PHANTASMAGORIA. Let me assure you of two things: only advance subscriptions will be able to keep PHANTASMAGORIA going; and in the event of a complete collapse of the magazine, your money will be refunded long before you are able to do so. Draw your own conclusions. I have only this to offer, that regardless of the outcome, you will not have reason to regret it.

MY GRATITUDE to all of PHANTASMAGORIA's early subscribers: the first 200 subscribers to issue two have received, along with their copies, also a rather elaborate birth announcement-celebrating our survival and the fact that we have received one of these, it is a sign that you've been waiting at least half a year for this issue (we only had to wait nine months for ours). Congratulations to you for such well-developed powers of patience.

AS WAS NOTED in the first issue, your subscription will entitle you with the issue of this month, that is, your mailing label. Very Important Exceptions: those who extended their subscriptions after already having subs to issue one and two. These people's labels will indicate, instead, whatever the span of their first subscription was.

ALSO in issue one, I made a point of discouraging anyone who is seeking contributions or sales of artwork from me. (My answer is always and invariably no. What little time I have for creative work I think I owe to PHANTASMAGORIA's supporters.) I believe the art-hounds' number has dropped off significantly from what it has been in previous years, but now there is a new hassle. The ads mean what they say: only the first 100 subscription copies of each issue will be autographed. Clerks duties are a drag; I have materials arranged so that the mailing out of copies can be done as efficiently as possible. This means labels get typed and orders in order: please return envelopes where they came from somewhere else, and labels and envelopes come to get better still elsewhere. I have no simple way of determining which copy will go to which address without disrupting what little order is possible in this process; it would add another hour to every mailing. I page 12, the reply on page 40 has copies with special favor. It is not just a matter of taking time to write my name—I do that at conventions all the time. So autographed subscription copies are strictly mixed, except for those first 100 copies which are inserted mechanically in the first 100 copies. Now it must be obvious that a production as expensive as PHANTASMAGORIA is not getting by on less than 100 subscriptions, so issues one and two must have passed that mark long ago. The moral is clear: anyone who wants an autographed copy will have to subscribe issues ahead of where the magazine is now. The people who received autographed copies earned them; their money has been tied up, helping me meet bills for over a year now. Autographs unfortunately are a problem, and problems have to be minimized since I have no assistance whatsoever in the ordinary run of events. Anyone who wants an autographed copy should know better than to beg, henceforth; better, he should think about an advance subscription, which would contribute to easing the magazine's burden of imposing more on it. Contributions, of course, I am more than glad to autograph copies of PHANTASMAGORIA; and I look forward to seeing all of you who can attend the EC Con and 1972 Comic Art Convention in NYC this summer.

OVERSEAS SUBSCRIBERS, please note that additional money ($1) is needed to cover the cost of air postage; otherwise, there is not only a hideous delay but also ungodly physical abuse that the magazine is subjected to. If you prefer, you may subscribe through our European representatives, Marc et Christian Duveau / 57 rue Fondary / Paris 15e -75 France. This simplifies problems of money exchange.

PLEASE NOTE that new posters are available as described on page 38 of issue two. To boost income, I call to your attention also the fact that graphics (multiple originals printed by non-photographic reproduction) are available through the mail from PHANTASMAGORIA: the linoleum-block prints of the gnome on page 19 and the amazon on page 19 of issue two (priced, respectively, at $4, $5, and $7, or the set of three for $12), can be sent through the mails, each graphic being numbered and autographed. In the future, etchings will also be made available; several of these elaborate blocks will be exhibited and (hopefully) sold at the conventions I will attend this summer. Since each is individually inked and printed by hand, there is no exact reproduction involved, finally, the posters on page 38 (set of 5) are being colored by hand and sold at $5 each (set of 5, $25).
born January 2, 1972, at 9:17 p.m.
a son
Caren Tory Smith
7 pounds 11 1/2 ounces
a leatherlunget
lusty heir
and unsuspecting
baby brother