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sales, doncha know.

Peace.

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KENNETH SMITH  
13 MARCH '73



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FEELING SPACED OUT, MY GHOULISH GOSLINGS?  
DON'T BE LET DOWN BY THAT...

SNAPE

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

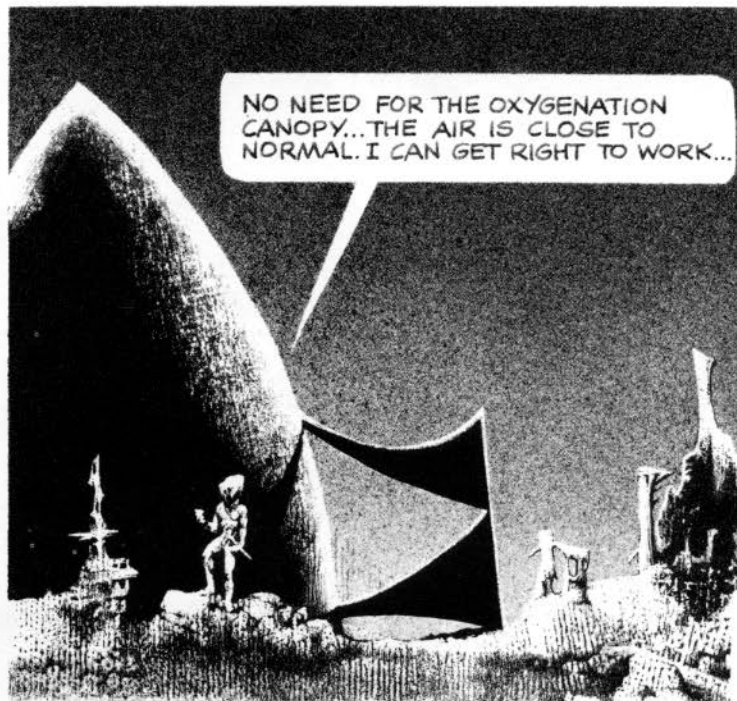
Kenneth Smith  
1970

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 INNUMERABLY MANY WHO WERE LICENSED BY THEIR GOVERNMENTS LIKE THE PIRATES OF ANCIENT HISTORY.



NO NEED FOR THE OXYGENATION CANOPY...THE AIR IS CLOSE TO NORMAL. I CAN GET RIGHT TO WORK...

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...



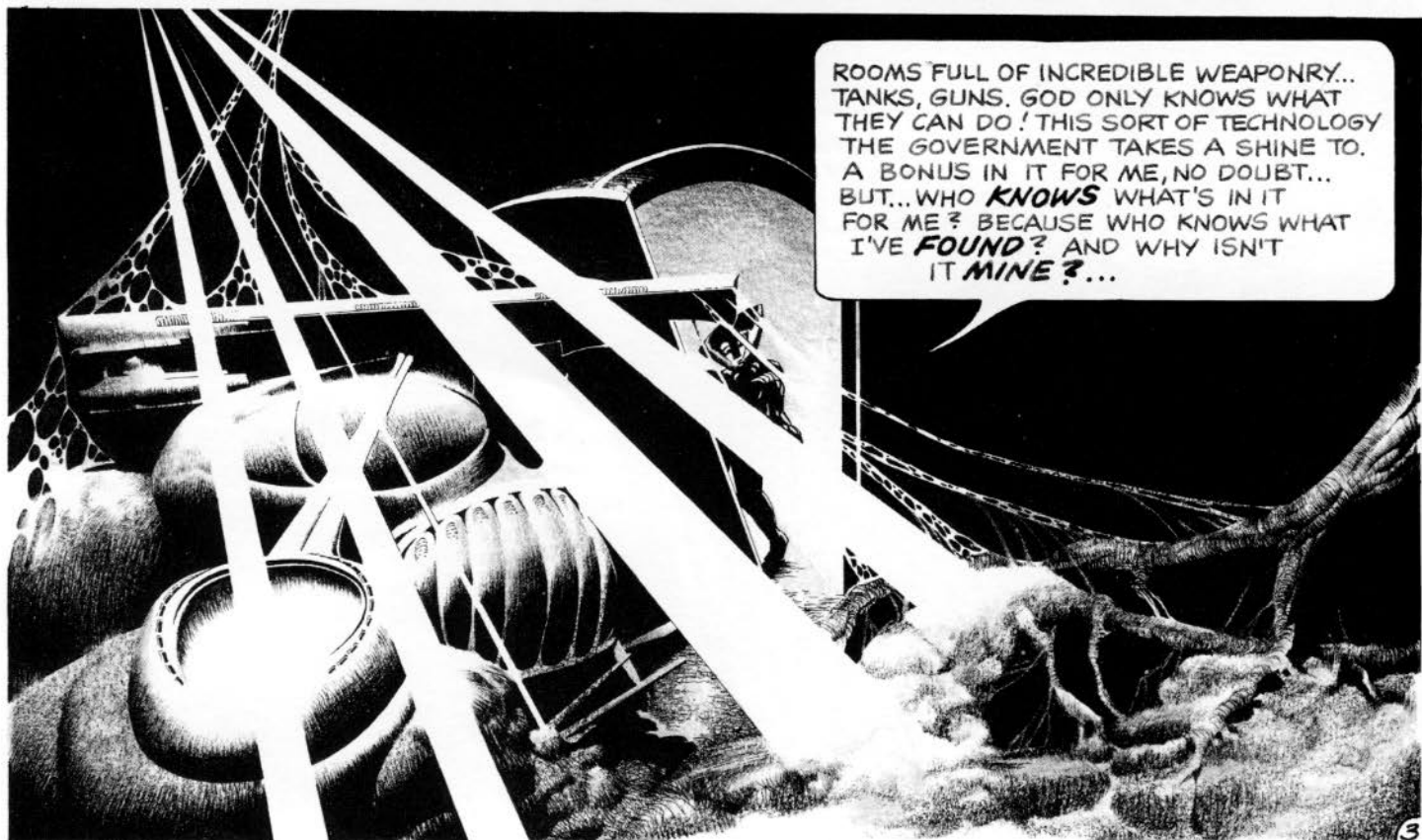


O GOOD GOD! I COULDN'T CARRY ALL THIS STUFF BACK IN TWENTY SHIPS. BUT IF I CALL CENTRAL TO SEND OTHER SHIPS, I'LL LOSE MY COMMISSION FOR WHAT I DON'T CARRY BACK. WHAT AM I GOING...

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?

HIS HEART RACED AT HIS OWN DARING.

BUT HOW LONG CAN I HIDE HERE? THEY HAVE AN INVESTMENT IN 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?...

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...





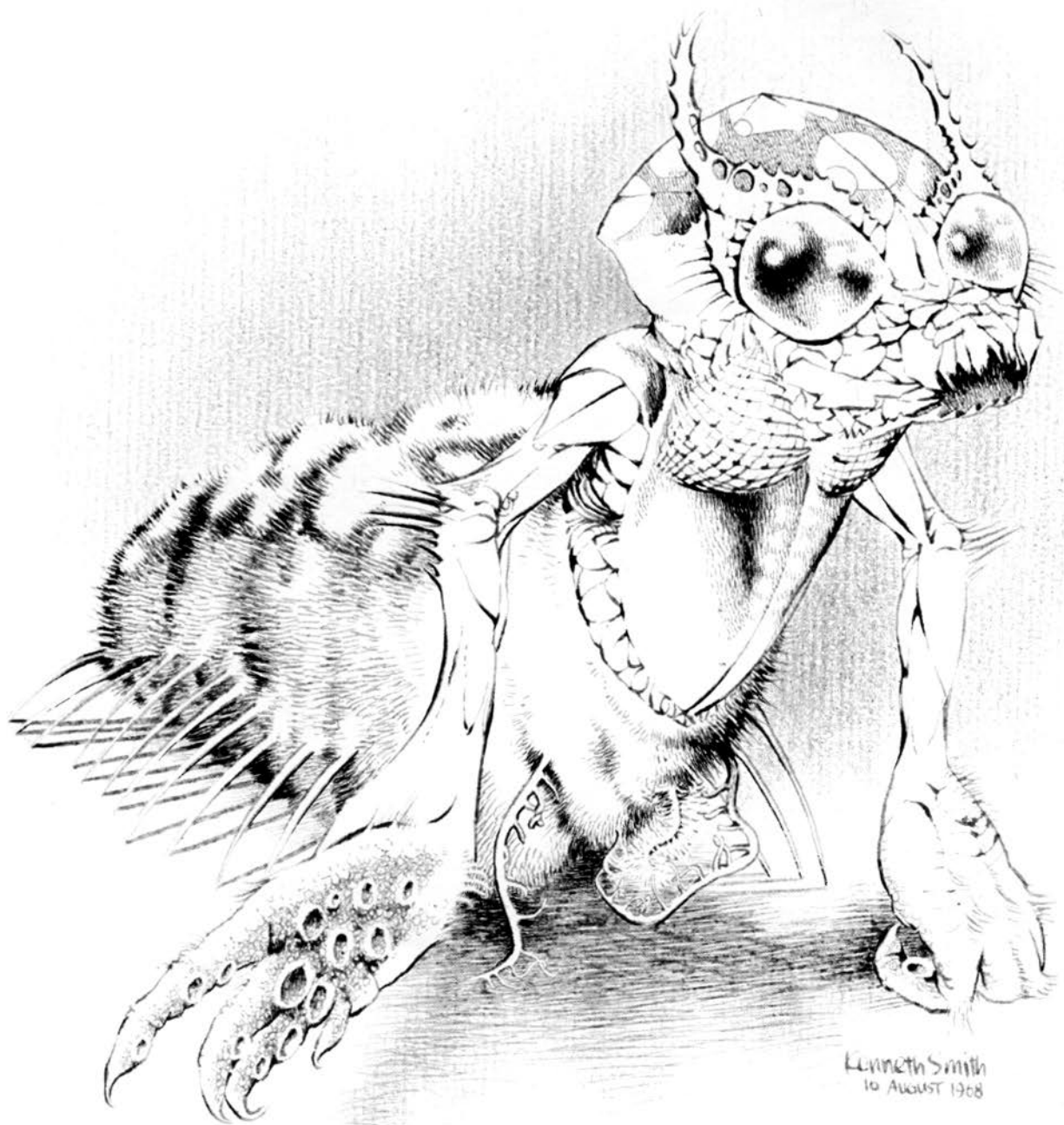
...NOT TOO COOL A THING TO DO, LAND-  
ING A HUGE ROCKET ON A TINY ISLAND. ALL  
THAT WEIGHT, YOU KNOW... WHY ATLANTIS  
MIGHT STILL BE THERE TODAY IF THIS TOY  
SCOUT HADN'T LANDED IN A NO LOADING ZONE...

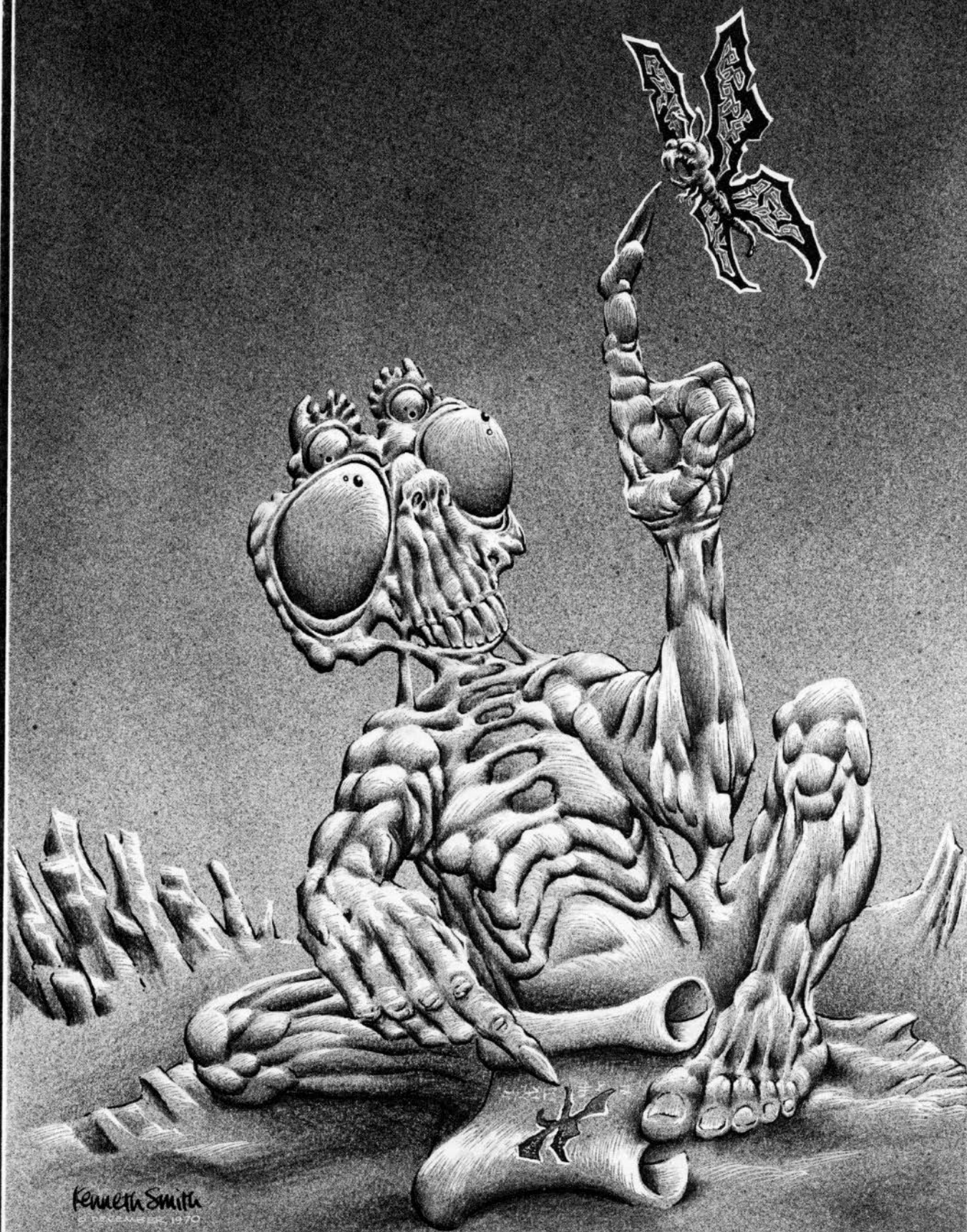
PORTFOLIO I  
GREMLINS, ALIENS,  
GNOMES, REPTILES, FROGLINGS,  
EMACIATED PROPHETS



Kenneth Smith  
5 AUGUST 1970







Kenneth Smith  
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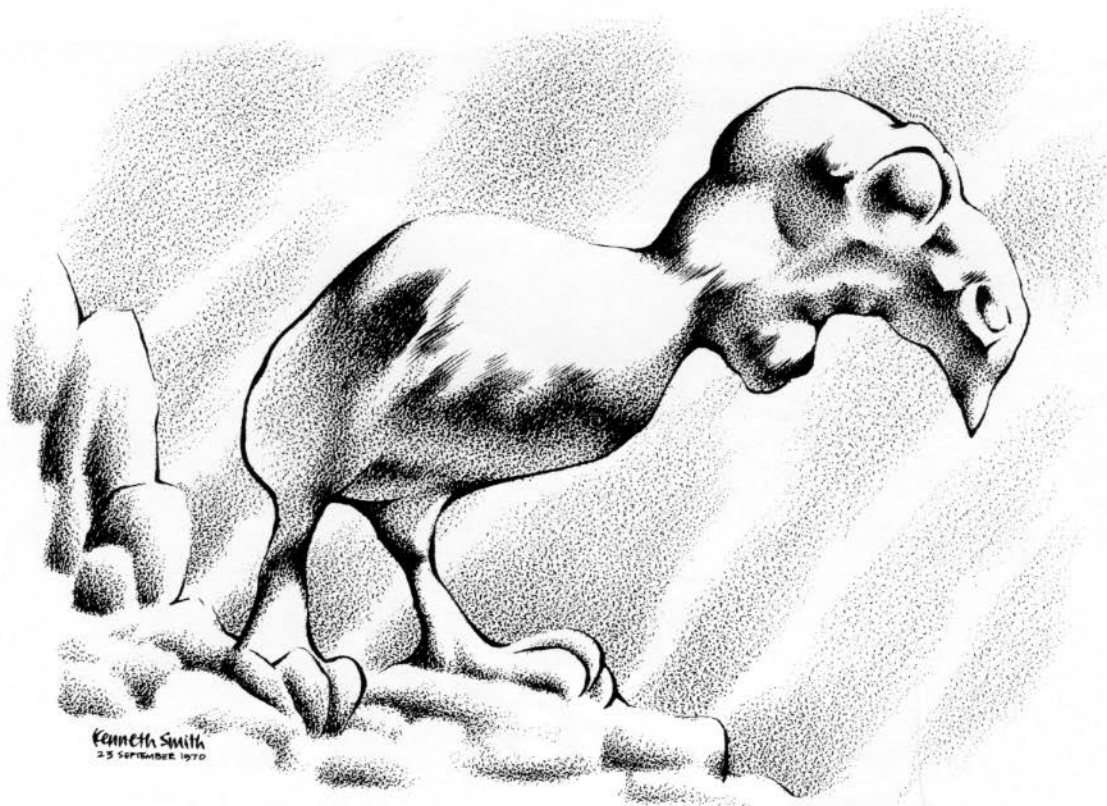


Kenneth Smith / 12 June 1970

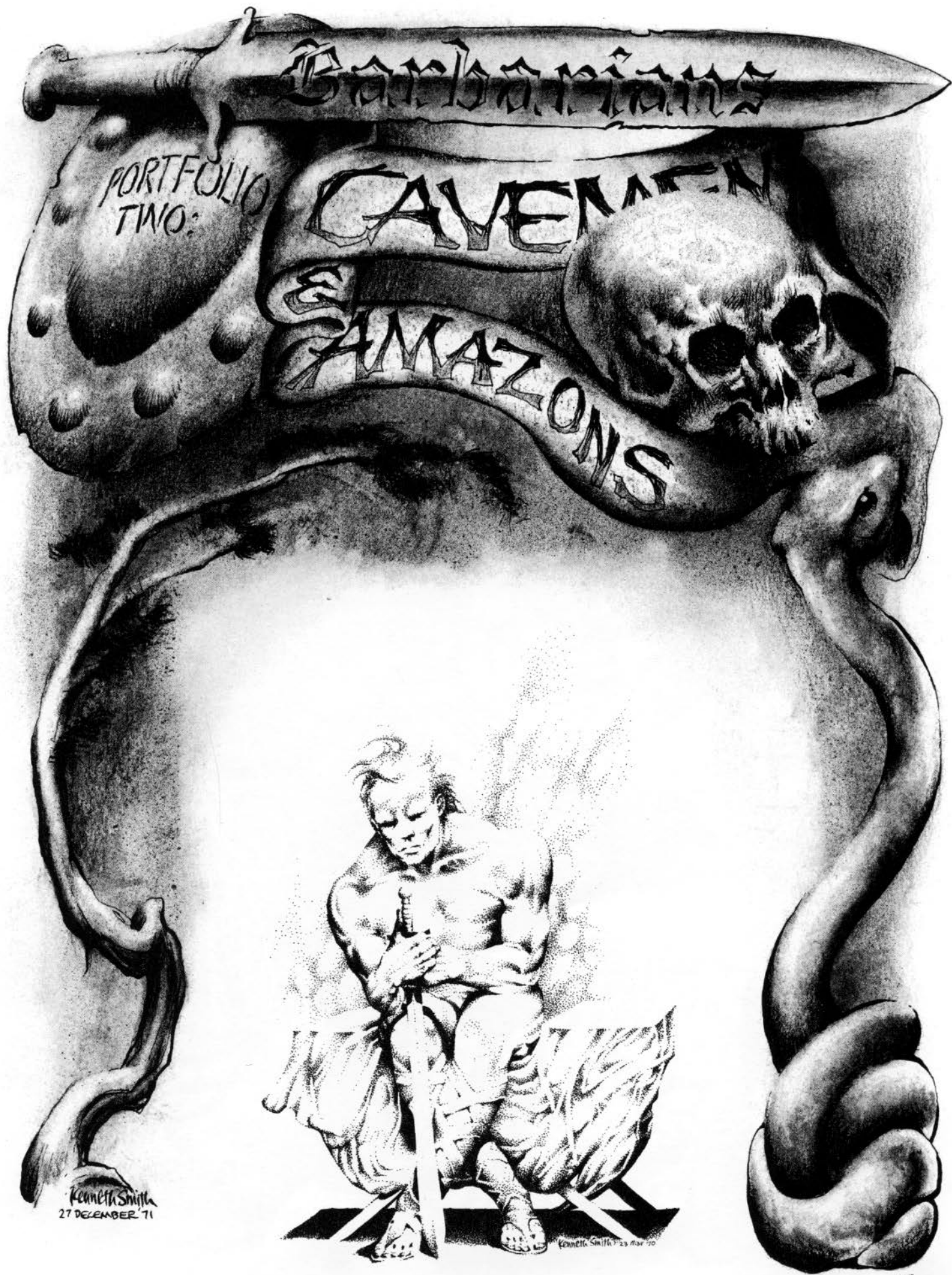
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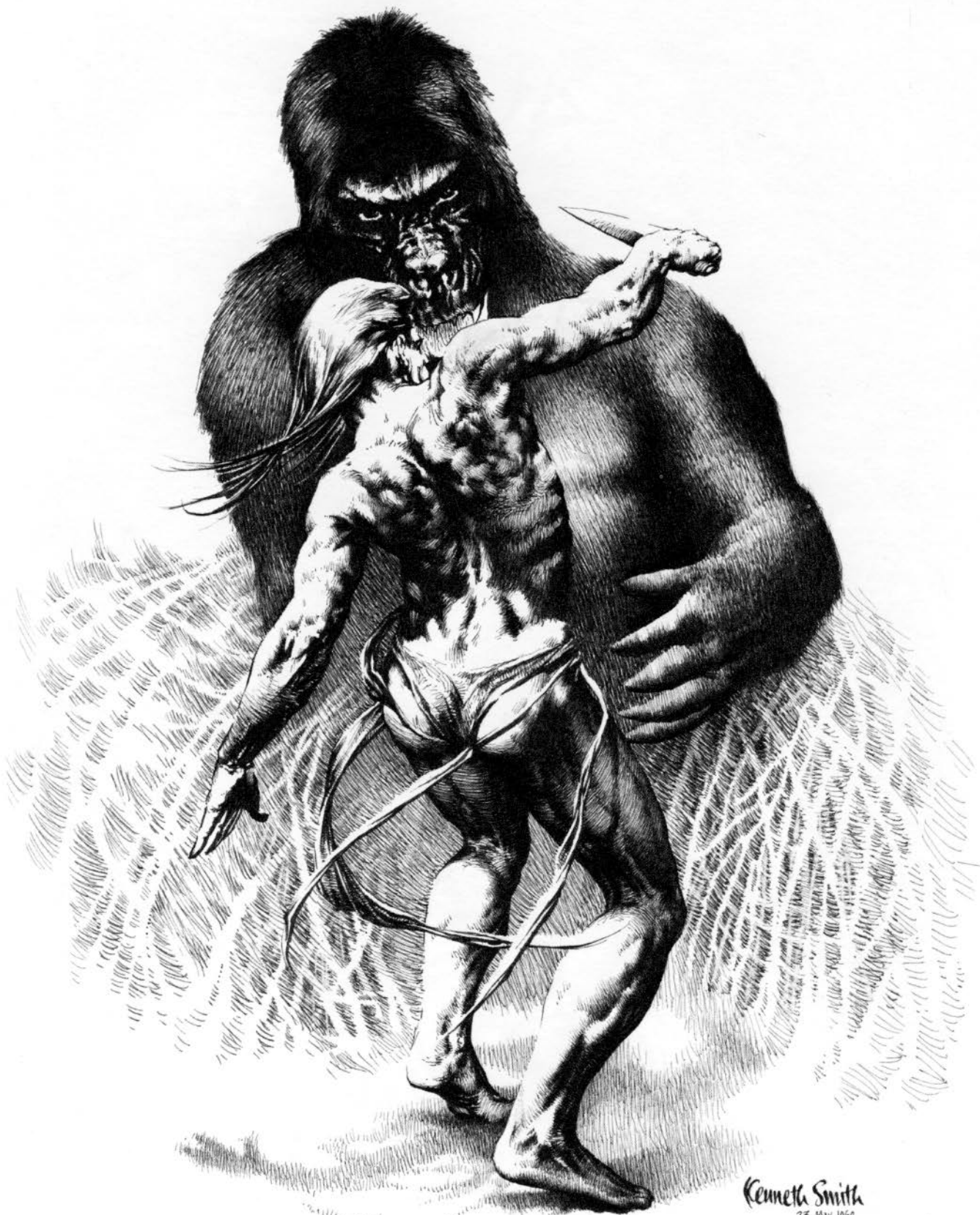




*et cetera...*



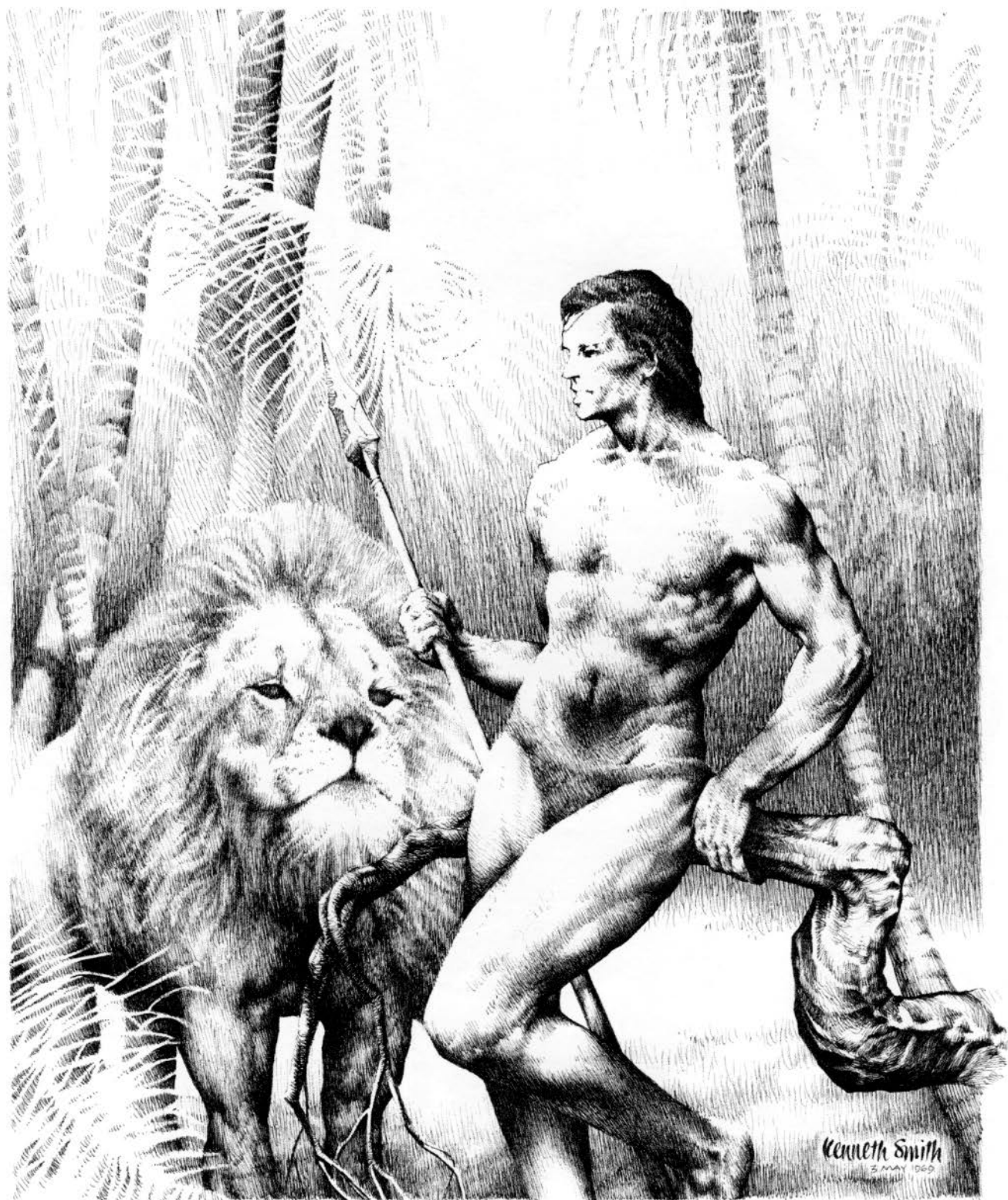




Kenneth Smith  
23 May 1969







Kenneth Smith  
3 MAY 1969







Kenneth Smith  
31 DECEMBER 1971  
4 DECEMBER 1968





**Q**UICK TO ATTACK PAINFUL QUESTIONS, I NOW ANSWER 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 MATERIAL IN ISSUE ONE. IN PART, I WAS MORE ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT THE REPTILES STORY; IN PART, I WANTED PHANTASMAGORIA TO PUT ITS BEST FOOT FORWARD WITH MY FRESHEST SOCKS ON, TO ACQUAINT READERS WITH A NOT-TOO-PUBLICIZED COMIC-SATIRIC SIDE TO MY ART, AND MOST OF ALL TO INAUGURATE THE MAGAZINE WITH AN ISSUE THAT WOULD PRESENT A TYPICAL FORMAT. 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 THIS CASE, CROWDED ATYPICALLY WITH WORK WHOSE TIME IS OVERRIPE. ONE OF THE STORIES IS, IN FACT, MY FIRST FORAY INTO ILLUSTRATED FANTASY, A RELIC (EXCEPTING THE REFURBISHED SPLASH) OF THOSE PLACID YEARS 1966-67. IT IS NOW INCUMBENT ON ME TO INSIST, APOLOGIES ASIDE, THAT ALL THESE ANACHRONISMS BELONG TOGETHER IN SOME HAPPY WAY. THE STORIES SEEM FITTED FOR EACH OTHER, NOT JUST BECAUSE OF THEIR SCIENCE-FICTIONAL SETTINGS OR SOCIAL-PHILOSOPHICAL PLOTS: THEY ARE, OUTSIDE OF "BOG" (PUBLISHED IN JAN STRNAD'S ANOMALY 3), MY ONLY, AND IN ALL LIKELIHOOD MY LAST, VENTURES INTO THE COMICS FORMAT AS SUCH. COLLECTORS OF COMICS CURIOSA MAY NOTE THEM FOR THEIR RARITY: I DO NOT FIND THE MEDIUM AT ALL CONGENIAL TO THE KIND OF FANTASY I WANT TO EXPLORE. INTERESTING AND DRAMATIC WAYS OF RELATING STORY AND ILLUSTRATION ARE POSSIBLE IN THE MEDIUM—INDEED, A QUASI-CINEMATIC KIND OF CONTINUITY HAS, CURIOUSLY, A MORE MARKED IMPACT IN COMICS THAN ON FILM. THESE AND OTHER PECULIARITIES OF INTERRELATED 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 PERFUNCTIONARILY AND JUST FOR EFFECT. THE COMICS' VAUNTED "CONTINUITY" PLAINLY WORKS AGAINST THIS KIND OF APPRECIATION—IT IS NOT LACK OF INSPIRATION, LOW PAY, AND IMMATURE AUDIENCE ALONE THAT

MAKE COMIC ART IN GENERAL SO FACILE AND ABSTRACT, SO COMPLETELY DEPRIVED OF NUANCE AND RICHNESS; IT IS THE FORMAT ITSELF THAT MOST OFTEN MAKES THIS MEDIUM ONE TO BE CONSUMED RATHER THAN APPRECIATED. THERE ARE MANY WAYS FOR ART TO ENHANCE EXISTENCE, LEAVING IT HEALTHIER AND MORE WHOLE FOR HAVING BEEN SENSITIZED TO NEW SUBTLETIES AND NEW PERSPECTIVES. IT IS HARD, IN THIS LIGHT, TO SEE HOW AN ART FORM WITH A BUILT-IN TENDENCY TO BANALIZE AND BRUTALIZE CAN BE ANYTHING BUT THE MOST UNSUITABLE FORM IMAGINABLE FOR AN ART THAT AIMS TO HUMANIZE ITS READERS.

IN THE SECOND PLACE, THE IDEAL OF THE ILLUSTRATED VOLUME—TOTAL DESIGN, THE PERFECT INTEGRATION OF TEXT AND ART—HAS NEVER BEEN SERVED WELL BY BALLOONS. INTERRUPTING GRAPHIC COMPOSITIONS WITH THIS GROTESQUE CONVENTION IS SIMPLY NOT NECESSARY. PHANTASMAGORIA MEANS TO EXPLORE THE ALTERNATIVES.

FINALLY, AS A PRUDENTIAL AND PRAGMATIC CONSIDERATION, THE RESULT OF INVESTING A FIVE-PANEL PAGE WITH NEARLY FIVE TIMES THE AVERAGE IN LABOR IS DEFINITELY NOT WORTH IT. I ALREADY PUT AN UNCOMMON AND COMMERCIALY UNFEASIBLE NUMBER OF HOURS INTO RENDERING MY INKWORK—45 HOURS BEING THE EXTREME IN RECENT YEARS —AND I DON'T FIND ANY MOTIVATION TO MULTIPLY THE TROUBLES OF FINDING TIME FOR ALL THE PROJECTS I HAVE IN MIND. COMICS BREAKS, FORGIVENESS IS ASKED. A PUBLICATION OF PHANTASMAGORIA'S CALIBER CANNOT SURVIVE BY APPEALING EXCLUSIVELY EITHER TO COMICS FANDOM OR SCIENCE-FICTIONDOM. NATURALLY I HAVE TO HOPE FOR CONTINUED SUPPORT FROM ALL THESE AND OTHER SOURCES AS PHANTASMAGORIA'S EXPENSES SPIRAL FAR OUT OF MY OWN REACH. I ALSO HOPE

THESE SUPPORTERS WILL ENJOY CHANGING AND GROWING ALONG WITH PHANTASMAGORIA; BUT I DO NOT WANT ANYONE TO SUPPORT THE MAGAZINE THINKING IT IS SOMETHING IT IS NOT. I HOPE THAT IN THE PROCESS OF EXPLAINING MYSELF I HAVE ALSO EXPLAINED SOMETHING OF THE SPIRIT OF PHANTASMAGORIA.

## 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 INQUIRIES AT ONCE, SOME ABOUT MY DROPPING OUT OF THE PRO FIELD, AND SOME ABOUT MY ABANDONING THE OTHER FAN PUBLICATIONS FOR PHANTASMAGORIA. THERE IS NO GREAT REASON WHY ANYONE SHOULD TROUBLE HIS HEAD OVER MY COMINGS AND GOINGS, NOR WILL ANY OF THIS SUBSTANTIALLY AFFECT THE PLAN FOR SALVATION, BUT: IT DOES BEAR ON MY RELATION TO PHANTASMAGORIA, AND YOU AS SUBSCRIBERS ARE ENTITLED TO KNOW.

I NEVER (IN THE FIRST PLACE) INTENDED TO GO INTO ART FULL-TIME. OF MY TWO VOCATIONS, ART AND PHILOSOPHY, ART HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE MORE JEALOUS: WHEN I NEGLECT IT FOR A TIME, MY SKILL DETERIORATES ALMOST IN REVENGE; WHEN I'M STRUCK BY AN INSPIRATION, THE IMPERATIVE IS URGENT BEYOND ENDURANCE. JEALOUS IN ANOTHER SENSE TOO: WHEREAS PHILOSOPHY, TAKEN AS A FULL-TIME CAREER IN TEACHING, WOULD STILL LEAVE ME TIME AND OCCASION FOR A MODICUM OF ART, ART, ON THE OTHER HAND, TAKEN AS A FULL TIME CAREER WOULD KEEP ME FROM DOING PHILOSOPHY, FOR WHICH THE CLASSROOM IS AN INDISPENSABLE THINK-TANK AND TESTING GROUND. SO THERE WAS NEVER A QUESTION OF GOING INTO ART EXCLUSIVELY. BUT OF COURSE MY PRESENT SITUATION GOES BEYOND THIS EXPLANATION. "NEWSSTAND FANS" WHO CAN SATISFY MOST OF THEIR INTERESTS VIA MASS-DISTRIBUTED PUBLICATIONS PROBABLY WOULD NOT BE GRATIFIED, IF THEY LIKED MY MAGAZINE AND PAPERBACK COVERS, THAT I HAVE MADE MY WORK MORE INACCESSIBLE. BUT THEN THESE ARE THE PEOPLE LEAST LIKELY TO KNOW, CARE, OR REMEMBER. MANY BEGINNING ARTISTS, EAGER TO BREAK INTO PRO ART, WERE PUZZLED BY SOMEONE TRYING TO BREAK OUT OF IT. MY QUARREL WITH THE PRO FIELD IS NOT SIMPLY PUT. I AM NOT LIKELY EVER TO HAVE GROWN ACCUSTOMED TO ITS CONVENTIONS —THE LOW FEES (COMPARED WITH COMMERCIAL ART GENERALLY OR WITH ANY OTHER PROFESSION), THE UPHILL FIGHT TO KEEP OWNERSHIP OF ORIGINALS, THE INFERIOR QUALITY OF HIGH-SPEED PRINTING, THE VAGARIES OF THE ART-DIRECTORIAL MIND, THE DEGRADING STEREOTYPES OF FANTASY



MATERIAL IMPOSED BY PUBLISHERS' CONCEPTIONS OF ITS AUDIENCE, AND ON AND ON. I NOTE, TOO, THAT WHILE MOST PRO ARTISTS OFFICIALLY REGARD A CAREER IN PROFESSIONAL ART AS THE CONSUMMATION OF ANY TRUE ILLUSTRATIONAL TALENT, NONETHELESS A REMARKABLE NUMBER OF THEM PUT THEIR BEST EFFORTS INTO WORK FOR EXTRA-PROFESSIONAL PUBLICATION—IN THE FANZINES, WHICH HAVE, AS A RESULT, UNDERGONE A GEOMETRIC INCREASE IN QUALITY WHICH EXACTLY CORRESPONDS TO THE ARTISTS' OWN MORBID 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 THE EFFECT ON ME OF WORKING IN A FIELD WHERE RECOMPENSE IS NEVER ADEQUATE TO ANYONE'S LABOR, IS THAT I HAD TO FEEL I WAS DOING FAVORS FOR THE VERY PEOPLE TO WHOM I OWED LEAST. I ALSO HAVE TO SAY THAT I WOULD NOT TURN OUT MATERIAL OF PHANTASMAGORIA'S CALIBER FOR ANY PUBLISHER AT ANY PRICE. PERHAPS NO AMOUNT OF COMPENSATION WOULD MOTIVATE ME TO RENDER MATERIAL TO THE NTH DEGREE, BUT MY OWN SELF-SATISFACTION WOULD. FEELING 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 SATISFACTION OF BEING MY OWN EDITOR IS MATCHED ONLY BY THE SATISFACTION OF KNOWING I AM ALSO CONTROLLING THE QUALITY OF REPRODUCTION IN CONFORMITY WITH THE NEEDS OF THE ART; IF PHANTASMAGORIA DOES NO MORE THAN PAY ITS BILLS—AND THAT IS WHAT IT IS PRICED TO DO, AND ALL IT HAS DONE SO FAR—I CAN FEEL CONTENT JUST ON GROUNDS OF THIS CRAFTSMANLY 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—UNLESS EACH OF ITS READERS MULTIPLIES HIS SUPPORT BY GIVING COPIES AS 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 ANYWAY: I DO NOT HAVE TIME TO SPEND FOR OTHER PUBLICATIONS—FILLING ORDERS FOR PHANTASMAGORIA, KEEPING RECORDS, OVERSEEING PROOFS AND PUBLICATION, ARE TIME-CONSUMING AND NOT ESPECIALLY FULFILLING. CORRESPONDENCE, WRAPPING PARCELS, KEEPING TRACK OF ORIGINALS LENT OUT, AND MOST DAMNABLY, TRYING TO GET RESPONSES OUT OF PROCRASTINATING FANEDS—ALL THIS 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 DONE WITH ALL OF IT, AND I INSIST I WILL ANSWER NO MORE REQUESTS FOR CONTRIBUTIONS. FINALLY, I NO LONGER HAVE THE PATIENCE—EXPERIENCE IS A SAD WAY TO DISCOVER THAT EVEN THE MOST REPUTABLE FANEDS DO NOT KNOW HOW TO TREAT ORIGINAL ART WITH RESPECT, DO NOT KNOW HOW TO CRITICIZE NEGATIVES, MUCH LESS HOW TO MEET THEIR OBLIGATIONS POLITELY TO THOSE WHO OWN WHAT HAS MERELY BEEN LENT TO THEM. TOO MUCH OF MY TIME OVER THE PAST FEW YEARS HAS BEEN SPENT ON EXASPERATING TRIFLES LIKE THESE. EVEN THE ENORMOUS EFFORT OF SELF-PUBLICATION SEEMS INCONSIDERABLE BY COMPARISON WITH THE WASTE AND TEDIUM INVOLVED IN SENDING ORIGINALS OUT AND TRYING TO GET THEM BACK. THE SOLUTION, IN ONE FELL SWOOP, 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, HAS TO BE CONCENTRATED FOR PHANTASMAGORIA'S SAKE. I APOLOGIZE TO THE FANEDS I COUNT AMONG MY GOOD FRIENDS; THIS NIGGARDLY 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 PROJECT 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 EXAMPLE) WITH A LONG FANTASY, *CERETA 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 HOPEFULLY WALLY WOOD AND OTHERS. PLANS ARE FOR TWO, POSSIBLY THREE, 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 ON. I HOPE TO KEEP THE PRICE STABLE AS LONG AS I CAN IN SPITE OF OBVIOUSLY SEVERE INCREASES IN COST OF PRODUCTION—ISSUE TWO, FOR INSTANCE, HAS DOUBLED IN COST FROM ISSUE ONE. YOU CAN HELP KEEP THE PRICE DOWN BY SUBSCRIBING IN ADVANCE OF PUBLICATION—ORDERS ARE BEING ACCEPTED THROUGH ISSUE 5 AT \$3 PER COPY. YOU BENEFIT IN HAVING A SUBSCRIPTION SECURED AGAINST ANY PRICE-INCREASES AND AGAINST LOSS IN THE EVENT THIS UNDOULY EXTRAVAGANT PROJECT FAILS TO PAN OUT. WORK ON THESE AND OTHER ISSUES IS UNDERWAY SIMULTANEOUSLY (ISSUE 6 IS SHAPING UP AS A HORROR ISSUE WITH AN INGELS-TYPE STORY, BAYOUS AND ALL, PLUS PORTFOLIO AND, SPACE PERMITTING, A SECOND HORROR FANTASY; ISSUE 7, A COLORFUL SCIENCE-FICTION FABLE FROM THE AGE OF AMPHIBIANS—A LEAD-IN TO THE REPTILES OF ISSUE 1). EACH WILL BE A GROUNDBREAKER, AND ONLY THE FIRST 100 SUBSCRIPTION COPIES OF EACH ISSUE CAN BE SENT OUT AUTOGRAPHED. I EMPHASIZE THAT THE FREQUENCY OF PUBLICATION IS DETERMINED ENTIRELY BY YOUR RESPONSE: I COULD PRODUCE MATERIAL SUFFICIENT 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 EVEN LESS PATIENT THAN YOU, SO REST ASSURED THAT ANY DELAY MUST BE SOMEONE ELSE'S FAULT. 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 IRATE LETTERS), BUT THE DRAIN ON MY TIME, 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 INSULTING CHARGE.

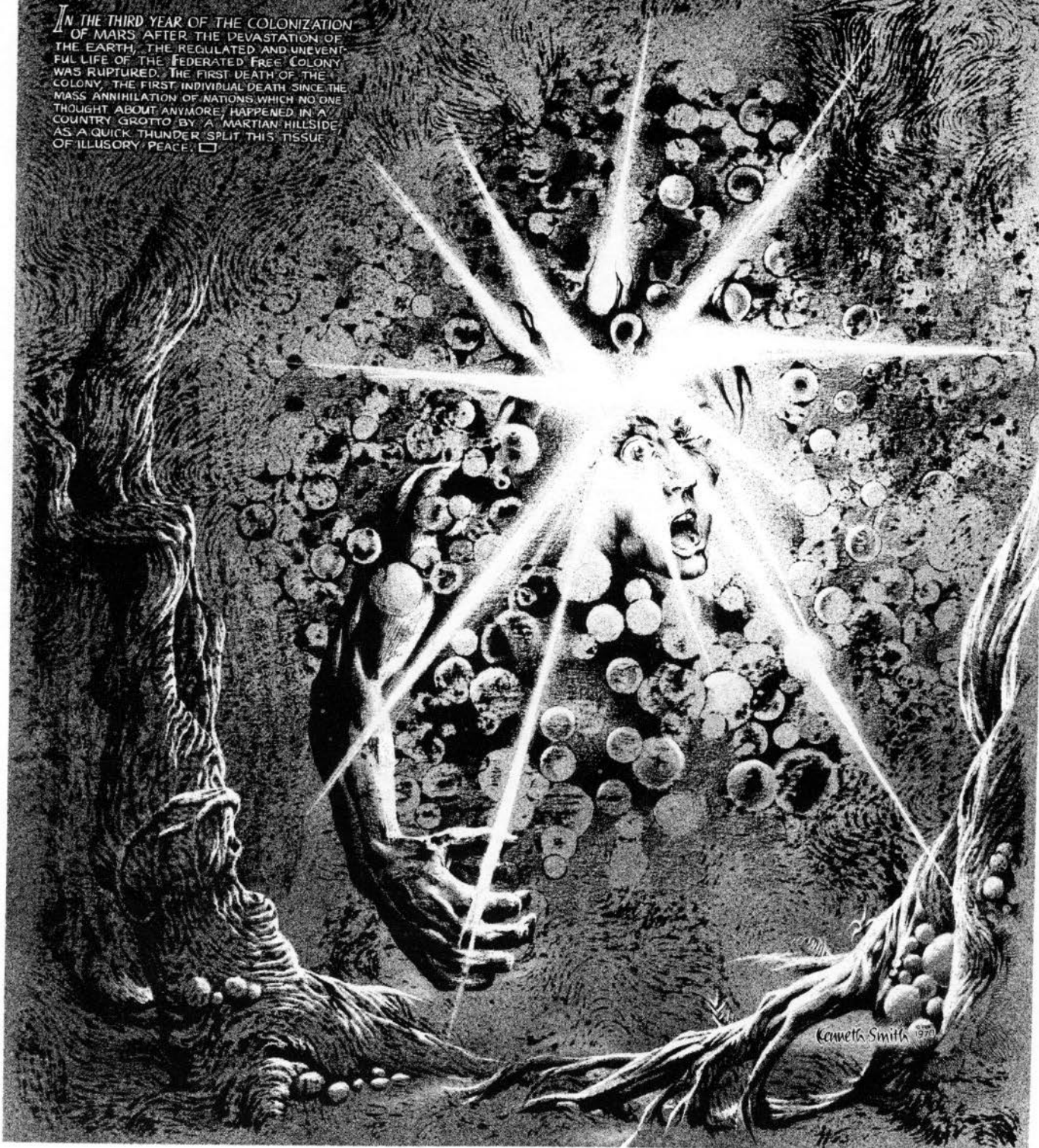
## FINAL NOTES

I APOLOGIZE FOR HAVING TO FILL SO MUCH SPACE WITH EDITORIAL TEXT, AND ALSO FOR THE PREDOMINANTLY NEGATIVE TONE. ORDINARILY, ANNOUNCEMENTS AND EXPLANATIONS WILL BE RELEGATED TO FLYERS AND FILLERS, BUT SOME MUTUAL UNDERSTANDING SEEMED NECESSARY. SPECIAL THANKS ARE DUE TO JOHN TRUJILLO, WHOSE PHOTOGRAPHIC SKILLS HAVE OVERCOME OBSTACLES THAT MADE OTHERS GIVE UP BEFORE BEGINNING. THANKS, ALSO, TO MY WIFE ANGELA 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 REGULATED AND UNEVENTFUL LIFE OF THE FEDERATED FREE COLONY WAS RUPTURED. THE FIRST DEATH OF THE COLONY, THE FIRST INDIVIDUAL DEATH SINCE THE MASS ANNIHILATION OF NATIONS WHICH NO ONE THOUGHT ABOUT ANYMORE, HAPPENED IN A COUNTRY GROTO BY A MARTIAN HILLSIDE AS A QUICK THUNDER SPLIT THIS TISSUE OF ILLUSORY PEACE. □



Kenneth Smith 1977

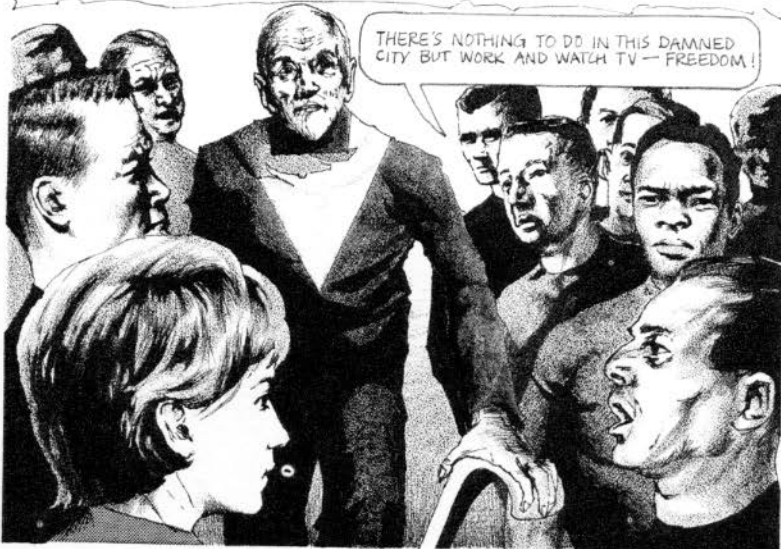
STORY & ART BY KENNETH SMITH



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 ELDERS' DECISION TO PROHIBIT PICNICS 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 ELDERS PROMISED A MORE THOROUGH EXTERMINATION-PROGRAM IN THE VICINITY.



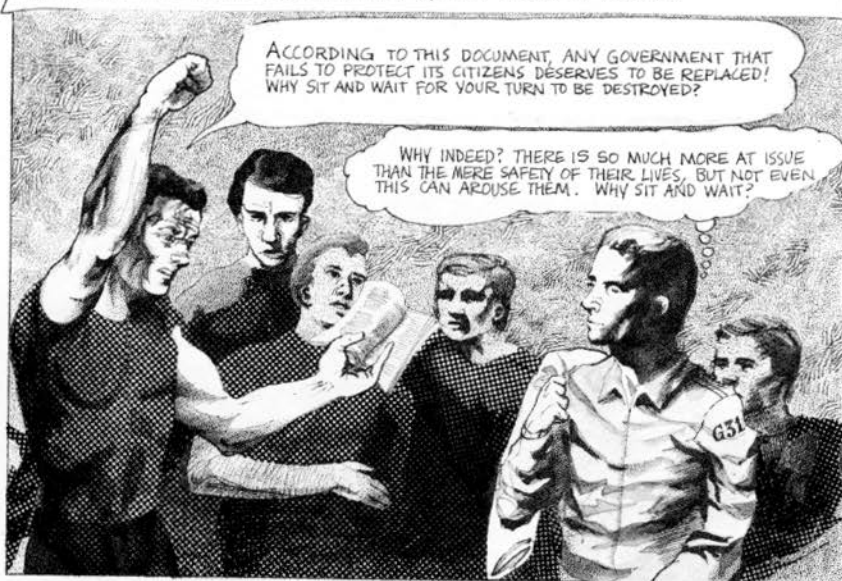
BUT EVEN THE EXTERMINATORS WERE DEEPLY DISTURBED ... AT THE PUBLIC UNREST AS MUCH AS AT THE DEATHS....

NOBODY BELIEVES THE GOVERNMENT KNOWS WHAT IT'S DOING ANYMORE... AND IT'S TRUE, HOW CAN IT CONTROL A WORLD — RUIN ONE, WIPE ONE CLEAN FOR LIVING — 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?

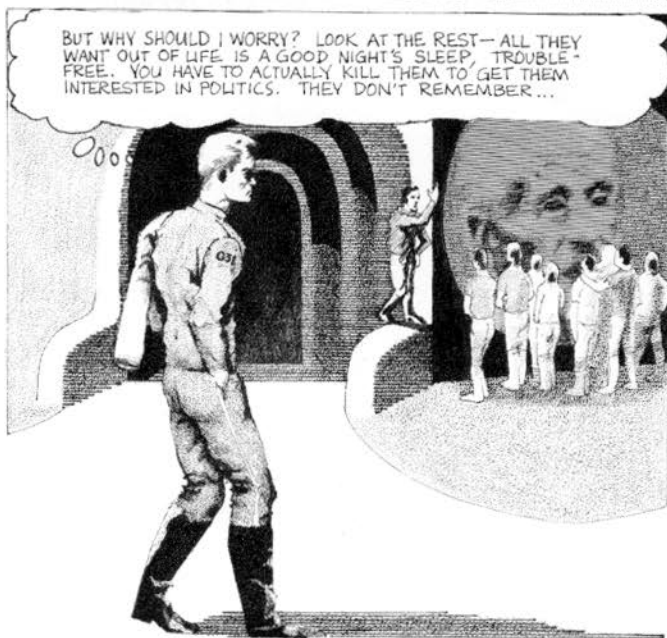
WHY DID THE PEOPLE OF EARTH SIT AND WAIT FOR THEIR OWN ENDS? WHY WOULD THEIR GOVERNMENTS WANT TO BRING SUCH A THING ON? IT HARDLY MAKES SENSE—YET IT DOESN'T STOP, FOR ALL THAT.



...WHAT WILL COME OF IT? SHOULD WE FEEL GUILTY FOR BURNING ANIMALS, FOR CLEANING UP A WORLD AND TAKING IT OVER? OR SHOULD WE FEEL GUILTY FOR SOMETHING ELSE? WHY DO I FEEL GUILTY? AND WHAT DOES IT HAVE TO DO WITH THE SLAYINGS? DO I KNOW SOMETHING I DON'T REALIZE? 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...



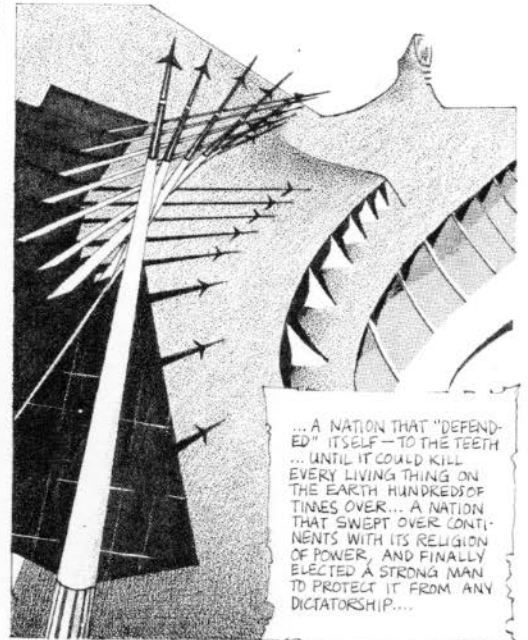
...WHAT "POLITICS" WAS LIKE ON BOARD THE COLONY SHIP...



...WHERE FOUR OF THE APPOINTED COUNCIL MEMBERS DISAPPEARED "IN THIN AIR..."

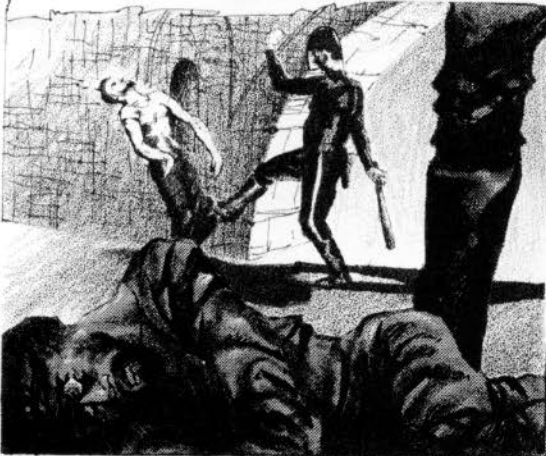


...NOR DO THEY REMEMBER JUST WHAT LIFE WAS LIKE UNDER OUR BELOVED STATE  
BACK ON EARTH—WHOSE MEMORY WE SO REVERE, NOW  
THAT IT'S DISTANT AND SAFELY DEAD OR RUINED....



...A NATION THAT "DEFEND-  
ED" ITSELF—TO THE TEETH  
...UNTIL IT COULD KILL  
EVERY LIVING THING ON  
THE EARTH HUNDREDS OF  
TIMES OVER... A NATION  
THAT SWEEP OVER CONTI-  
NENTS WITH ITS RELIGION  
OF POWER, AND FINALLY  
ELECTED A STRONG MAN  
TO PROTECT IT FROM ANY  
DICTATORSHIP....

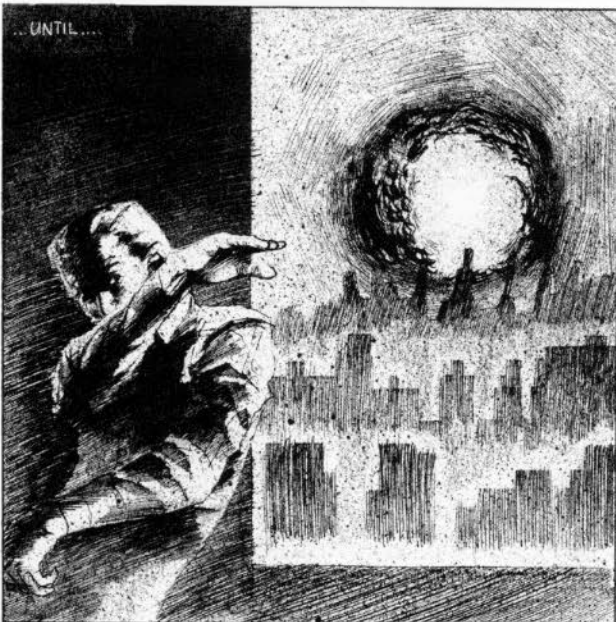
...WHERE THE PEOPLE, FEARING THAT A DICTATORSHIP  
WOULD FORCE THEM TO BECOME INVOLVED IN POLITICS,  
ELECTED INSTEAD A GOVERNMENT THAT WOULD LEAVE  
THEM ALONE. INDEED IT DID: IT NEVER ASKED THEIR  
OPINION OR THEIR HELP. IT DID NOT NEED THEM: IT  
COULD DO EVERYTHING FOR ITSELF... INCLUDING DECIDING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



WITH THE ELIMINATION OF ALL DISSENSERS, THE PUBLIC WAS QUITE AS RELIEVED  
AS THE GOVERNMENT: NOW THERE WAS NO ONE TO SUGGEST A NEED FOR POLITICAL  
AGITATION—NO ONE TO PRICK THEIR CONSCIENCES... BUSINESS COULD GO ON  
AS USUAL....

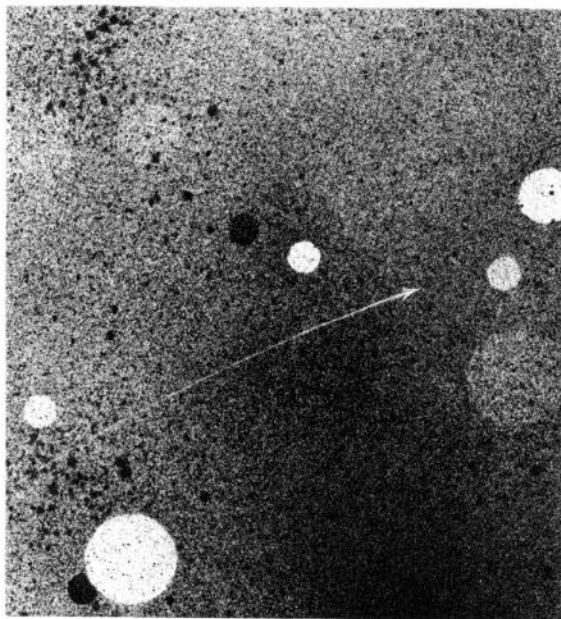


...UNTIL....

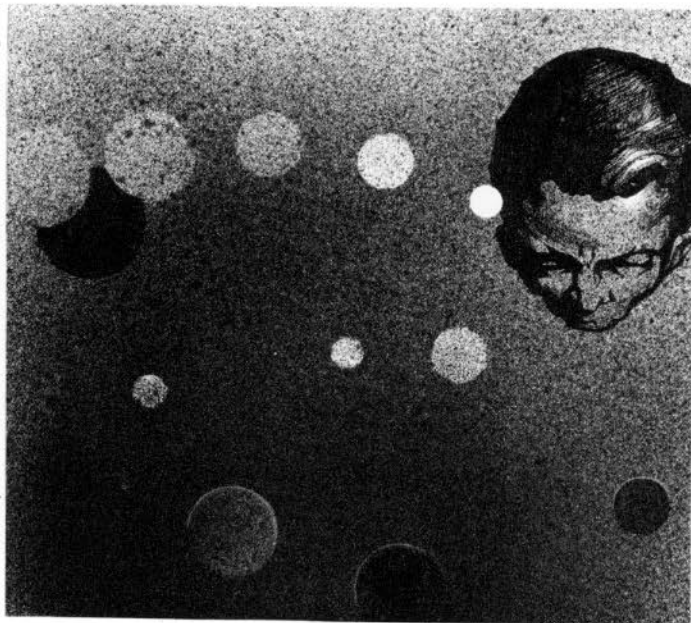


EACH WEEK SOME  
NEW "PREVENTIVE"  
MEASURE HAD BEEN  
"TEMPORARILY" INTRO-  
DUCED UNTIL THE CRISIS  
DIED DOWN. BUT  
THOSE "TEMPORARY"  
MEASURES WERE  
NEVER RETRACTED:  
MORE AND MORE  
TROOPS AND ARMS  
WERE DEPLOYED,  
MORE AND MORE  
CONTROL WAS EX-  
ERTED OVER THE  
NEWS MEDIA, LESS  
AND LESS WAS SAID  
ABOUT WHAT WAS  
GOING ON. FINALLY,  
SOMETHING FINAL  
AND IRREVOCABLE  
DID OCCUR—BUT  
EVEN WORLD WAR  
FIVE, THE END OF  
THREE THOUSAND  
YEARS OF CIVILIZA-  
TION, WAS A PASS-  
ING PHASE IN A  
WAR THAT COULD  
BE CONTINUED IN-  
DEFINITELY BY  
MACHINES....





...ONE LAST  
"TEMPORARY"  
MEASURE  
REMAINED:  
INDISPENSABLE  
PERSONNEL—  
OFFICIALS AND  
SCIENTISTS—  
HAD TO BE  
EVACUATED  
FOR AS LONG  
AS THE CUR-  
RENT DIS-  
TURBANCE  
MIGHT LAST.  
A ROCKET  
WAS READY  
TO CONVEY  
THESE OFFI-  
CIALS—AND  
ALSO THOSE  
INFLUENTIAL  
CITIZENS WHO  
HAD PROVED  
THEIR INDIS-  
PENSABILITY  
BY FINANCING  
THE ROCKET  
—ALONG WITH  
A FEW LABOR-  
ERS, TO A  
NEW BASE OF  
OPERATIONS.  
THIS WAS  
HISTORY...



...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 SHEEP WILL READ THAT WE WERE ALL ADVENTURERS, PIONEERS, BRAVE MEN SO STEELY WE DID NOT FLINCH AT THE MURDER OF A WORLD, OR TWO.



BUT IS THAT ALL? JUST A HISTORY LESSON? NOTHING MORE BOTHERING YOU?

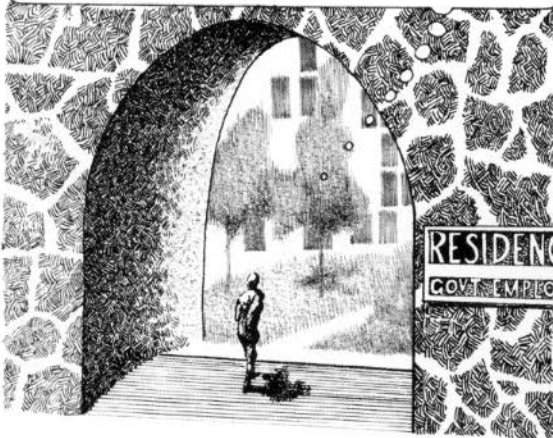


SURELY YOU'RE JUST AS COOPERATIVE AND QUIESCENT AS THE OTHERS? WHO WOULD HAVE ANY REASON TO DOUBT YOUR LOYALTY? YOU NEVER CONFIDE IN ANYONE, NEVER ACT AS IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE. YOU BOTHER NO ONE, YOU ASK FOR NOTHING SPECIAL—YOU CAUSE NO ONE ELSE TO WORRY ABOUT THE UNMENTIONABLE....





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.



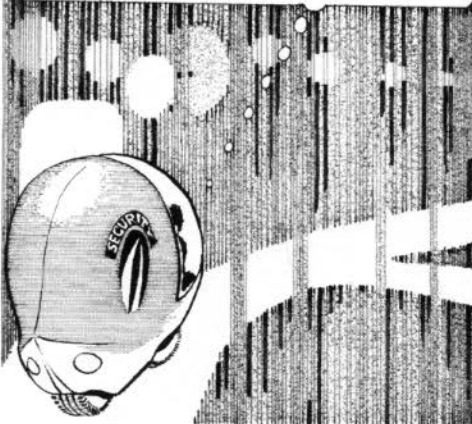
BUT THEN—WHAT KIND OF MOTIVE, OR WHAT KIND OF FORCE, MAKES THESE SHEEP INTO SHEEP—OR, LEMMINGS, IN THIS CASE...?



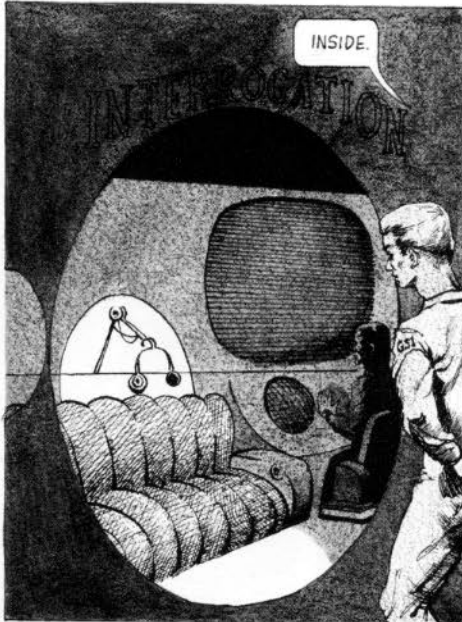
G-31? STATE POLICE HAVE A WARRANT FOR YOUR ARREST. COME ON.



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. —IS THAT IT? IS THAT HOW I TIPPED MY HAND—MENTIONING THE OLD PROPHECIES, ANIMAL FARM, 1984, OR KAFKA'S TRIAL? HOW COULD ANYONE KNOW I HAD READ THEM — BECAUSE I GRINNED AT THE WRONG TIME?



INSIDE.



ACCOUNT FOR YOUR FAILURE TO REPORT FOR DUTY THIS EVENING!

MY GOD! I —

I FORGOT.



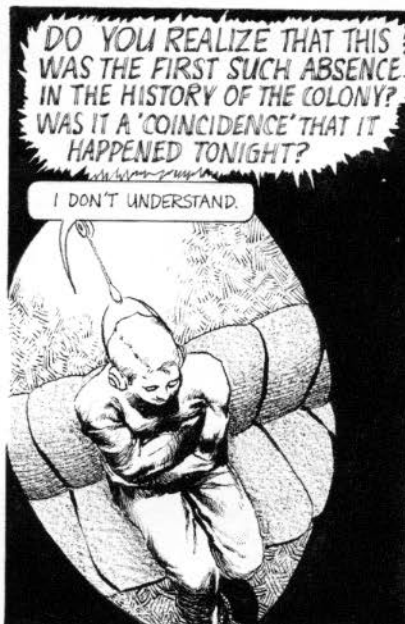
AND WHY DID YOU "FORGET"?

I WAS DISTRACTED — THINKING ABOUT THE KILLINGS.



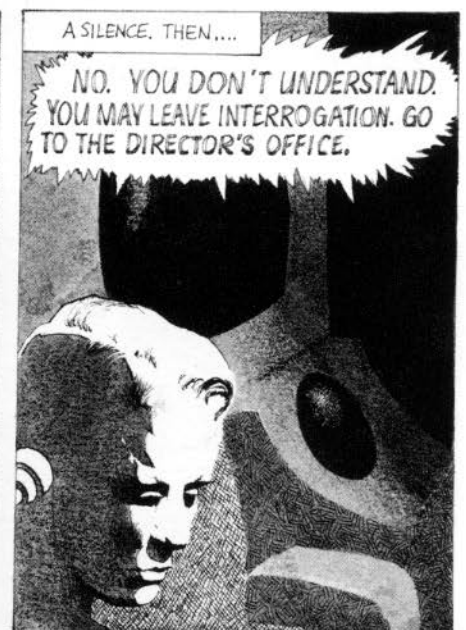
DO YOU REALIZE THAT THIS WAS THE FIRST SUCH ABSENCE IN THE HISTORY OF THE COLONY? WAS IT A 'COINCIDENCE' THAT IT HAPPENED TONIGHT?

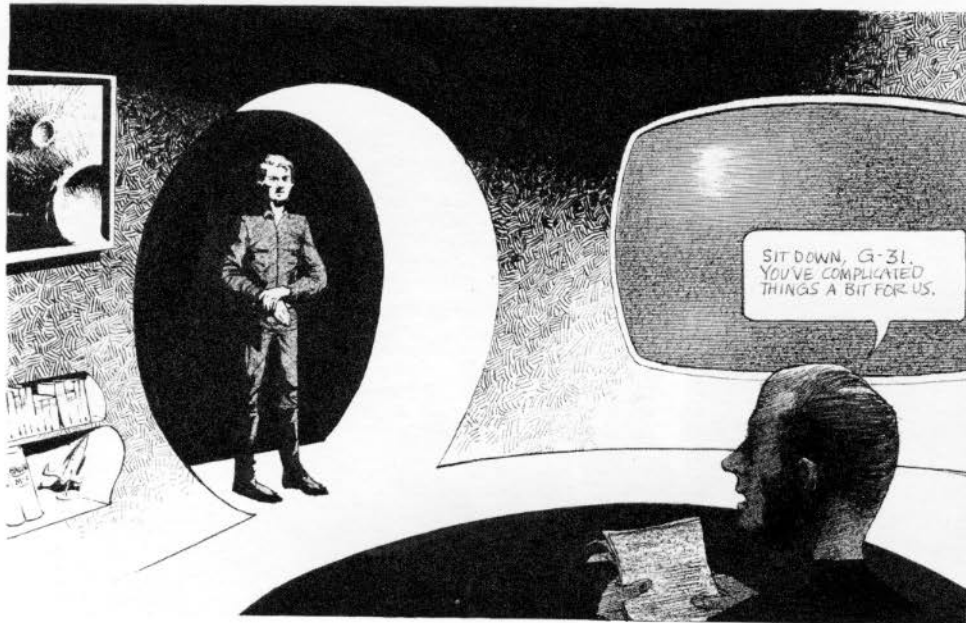
I DON'T UNDERSTAND.



A SILENCE. THEN....

NO. YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. YOU MAY LEAVE INTERROGATION. GO TO THE DIRECTOR'S OFFICE.



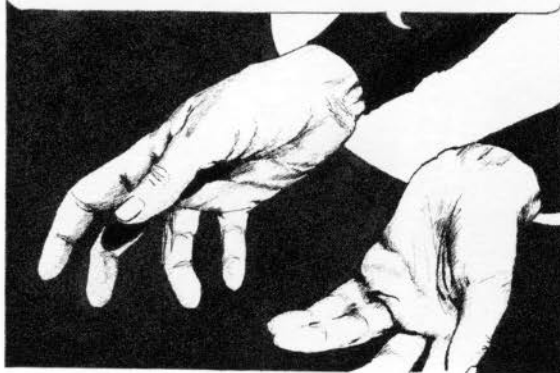


SIT DOWN, G-31.  
YOU'VE COMPLICATED  
THINGS A BIT FOR US.



...BUT I'M SURE THAT, WITH YOUR FINE  
RECORD WITH US HERE AT SECURITY  
CONTROLS, YOU'LL PROVE QUITE AGREE-  
ABLE. YOU ALREADY UNDERSTAND HOW  
MUCH THE STATE DEPENDS ON US, HOW  
CRUCIAL OUR OPERATIONS ARE.

FIRST OF ALL, YOU SHOULD UNDERSTAND WHY YOU WERE JUST  
RELEASED FROM INTERROGATION. THE POLYGRAPH INDICATED  
YOU WERE IGNORANT OF THE FACT THAT THE CHIEF COUNCIL-  
MAN WAS KILLED TONIGHT. AS YOU KNOW, MODERN WEAPONS  
HAVING THE FORCE THEY DO, A BALLISTICS TEST IS IMPOSSIBLE  
—A VICTIM COULD HAVE BEEN BOMBED, TORN, ...OR SHOT. WE  
HAVE TO LOOK FOR INDIRECT EVIDENCE, BUT WITH A POWER  
GUN THERE ARE NO CLUES AT ALL. EVERY VICTIM SO FAR IN  
THE MYSTERY KILLINGS HAS BEEN WITHOUT A CLUE. WE HOPED  
TO RULE OUT IRRATIONAL MOTIVES ON THE GROUNDS OF THE  
PSYCHOLOGICAL TESTS GIVEN ALL APPLICANTS FOR THE COLONY.  
BUT TONIGHT THE CHIEF COUNCILMAN WAS MURDERED WITH  
AN ANTIQUE GUN FROM HIS OWN COLLECTION, BY A HUMAN.



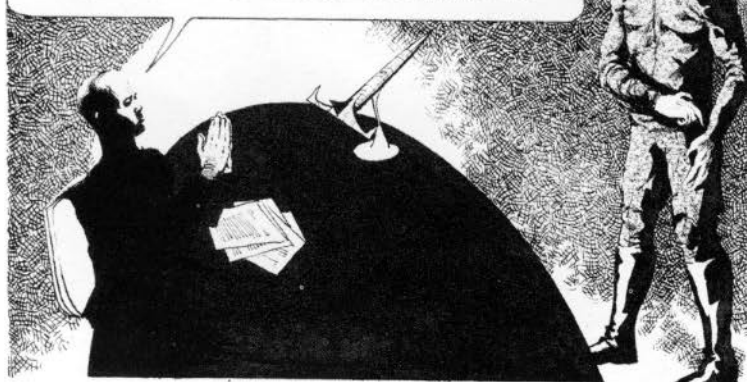
WE THOUGHT AT FIRST YOU WERE THE  
KILLER. THE POLYGRAPH OF COURSE  
GAVE US SOME SECOND THOUGHTS. BUT  
DON'T BE RELIEVED, YOU WON'T BE  
GLAD TO HEAR THEM.



REMEMBER, YOU ARE A DRONE,  
BROUGHT ALONG AND MAINTAINED  
FOR THE WELFARE OF SOCIETY. YOU  
HAVE BEEN PUT IN A POSITION TO  
SERVE BECAUSE YOU ARE ABSOLUTELY  
DEPENDENT ON SOCIETY, AND YOU ARE  
ABSOLUTELY DEPENDENT—A PARASITE—  
BECAUSE ALL YOU HAVE TO CONTRIBUTE  
IS YOUR OWN LABOR AND LIFE. YOU  
WERE WILLING TO SACRIFICE OR AT LEAST  
RISK THESE IN MENIAL PATROL DUTIES—  
WHY NOT GIVE THEM NOW, HERE, FOR  
THE WELL-BEING OF YOUR STATE, WHEN  
THEY CAN BE OF EVEN GREATER SERVICE?

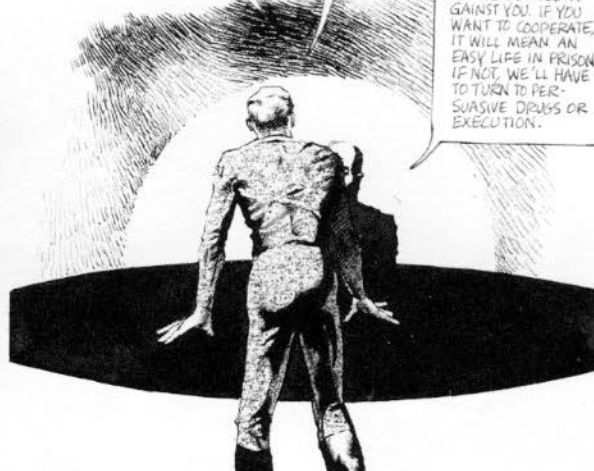


THIS WON'T BE EASY TO SUGGEST. NOW, THIS MURDERER—THIS  
REBEL—PERHAPS SOMEONE PERSONALLY MOTIVATED TO KILL THE  
COUNCILMAN, PERHAPS A RELATIVE OF A VICTIM OF ONE OF THE  
FIRST KILLINGS. PERHAPS A POLITICAL REBEL. WE REALLY  
DON'T KNOW. IF HE WAS A VENGEFUL REBEL, HE PROBABLY  
WON'T REPEAT THE CRIME. ON THE OTHER HAND, IF HE IS A  
POLITICAL ASSASSIN HE PROBABLY WILL, AND WE CAN'T AFFORD  
A REPETITION. WE CAN, IN THIS CASE, SUPPRESS HIM BY IG-  
NORING HIS CRIME—BY DEPRIVING HIS ACT OF ITS REALITY,  
EVEN IN HIS OWN EYES. WHAT WE WILL DO IS APPREHEND A  
CULPRIT WE ~~DO~~ HAVE AND TAKE THE REAL KILLER OFF HIS  
GUARD. LEAVING HIM DOUBTFUL, BUT LEAVING THE PUBLIC  
CONFIDENT IN US—WHICH IS WHAT COUNTS, TO HIM AND TO US.



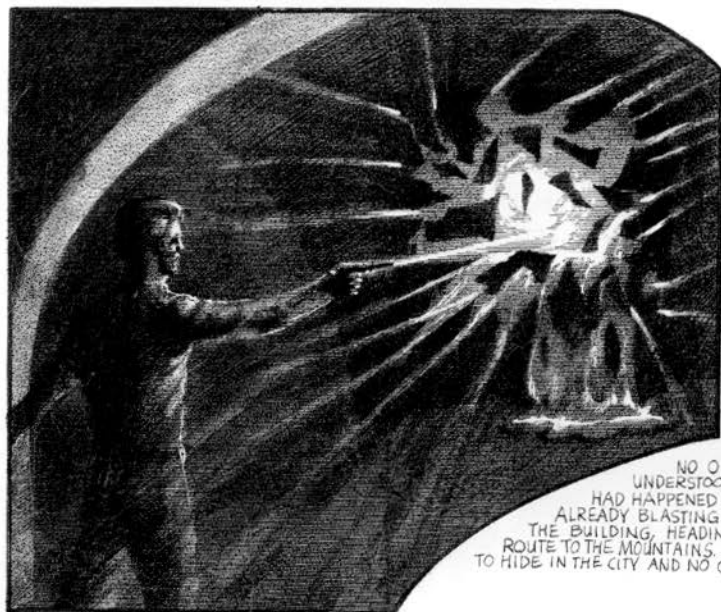
OUR PLAN IS TO RESOLVE  
THE DILEMMA WITH A DUMMY  
TRIAL. AT THIS POINT THAT'S  
ALL THAT WILL DO THE TRICK.  
FOR THAT WE NEED A  
SACRIFICE, YOU.

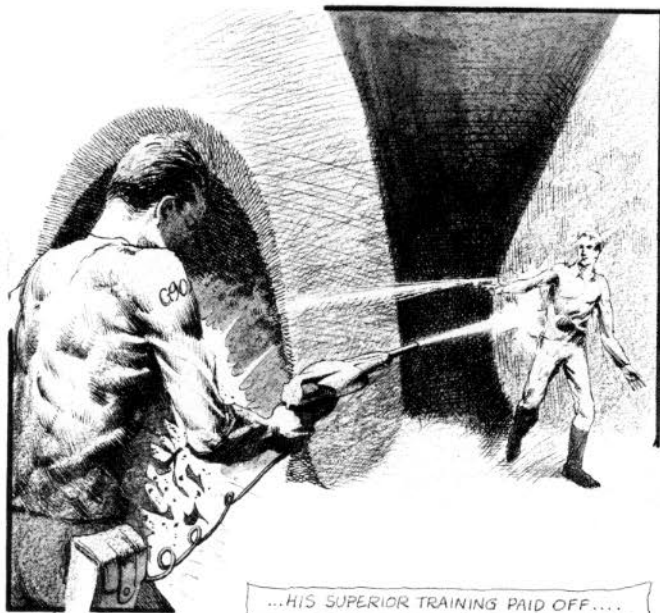
BUT I'M  
INNOCENT!



OF COURSE. THE  
POLYGRAPH SHOWS  
THAT. BUT THAT  
EVIDENCE IS ALTER-  
ABLE. MUCH MORE  
IMPRESSIVE EVIDENCE  
CAN BE DEvised A-  
GAINST YOU. IF YOU  
WANT TO COOPERATE,  
IT WILL MEAN AN  
EASY LIFE IN PRISON;  
IF NOT, WE'LL HAVE  
TO TURN TO PER-  
SUA-SIVE DRUGS OR  
EXECUTION.



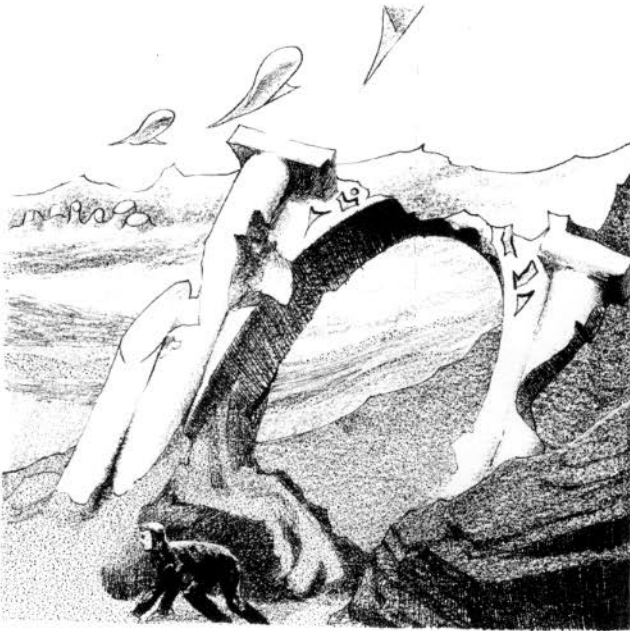




...HIS SUPERIOR TRAINING PAID OFF....



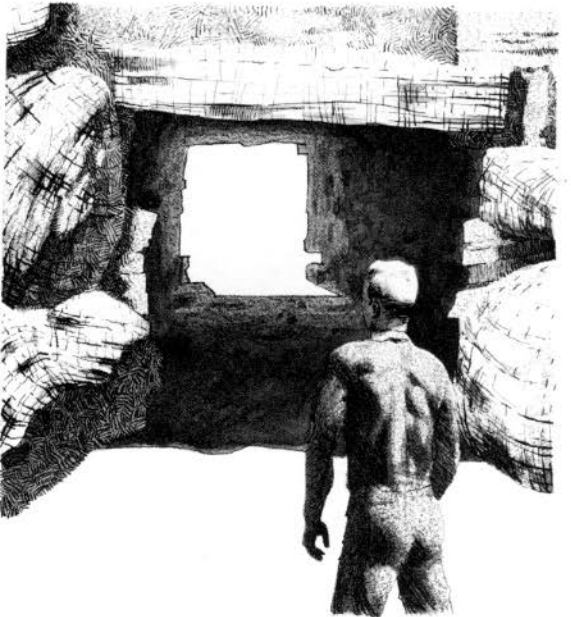
LONG BEFORE DAYBREAK HE HAD LEFT THE CITY AND ITS OUTLYING POSTS.



HE WAS ALREADY FAMILIAR WITH THE TERRAIN FROM HIS PATROLS. HE WANTED TO REACH THE HIGHEST 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 FIRE, 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 MOUNTAIN WINDS, NEARLY TOO THIN TO BREATHE....

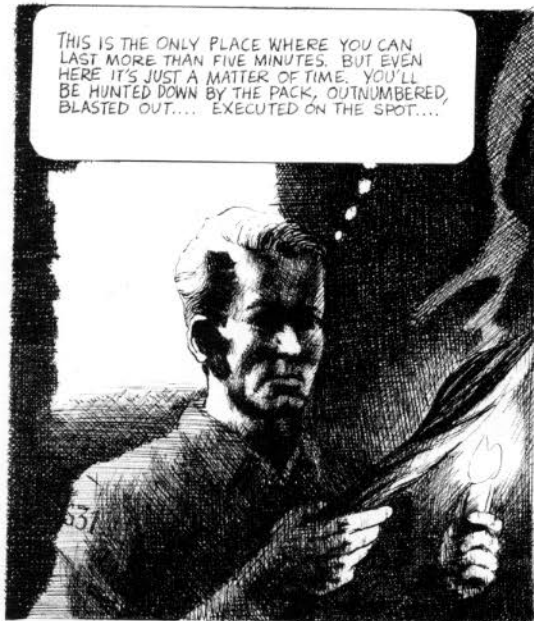


AFTER HIDING IN SHADOWS ALL DAY, HE SET OUT FOR THE PLATEAU WHERE SOMEDAY ARCHAEOLOGISTS HOPED TO RECONSTRUCT THE WAY OF LIFE OF THE PRIMITIVE MARTIANS. NO ONE KNEW HOW LONG THEY HAD BEEN EXTINCT—THEY MAY HAVE BEEN ERADICATED WHEN THE ORIGINAL PRE-COLONIAL EXTERMINATIONS WERE CARRIED OUT. EVERYONE WAS 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....



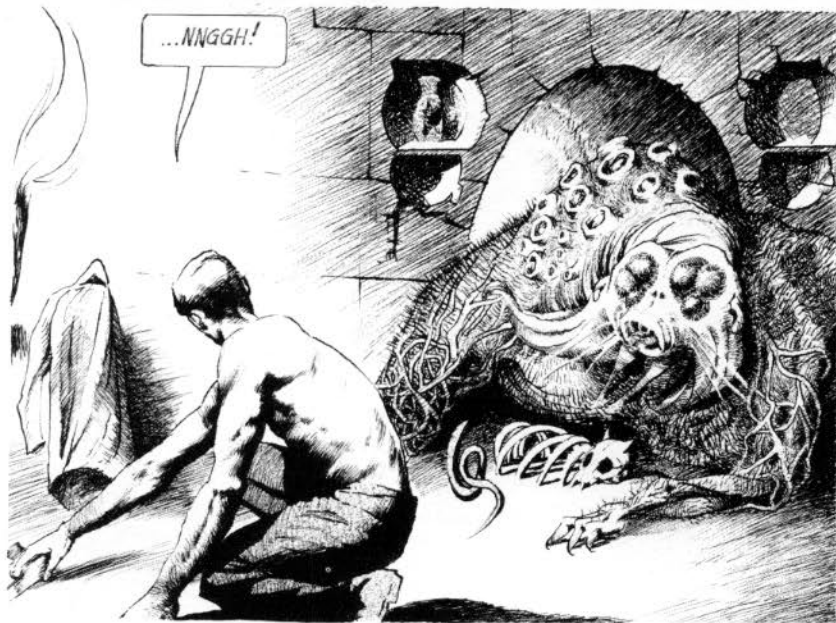
...BY PEOPLE YOU USED TO DRINK COFFEE WITH. BUT NOW THEY'LL KILL YOU. AND ALL BECAUSE THEY ARE TOLD TO. HOW CAN THEY KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING?



WHO IS THE LEECH THEN? IS THE BLOODSUCKER, THE ONE WHO DEPENDS ON SOCIETY, OR A SOCIETY THAT FINDS HIM EXPENDABLE, THAT USES HIS TRUST AND HIS LIFE FOR ALIEN ENDS?



...NNGGH!



GOOD GOD!



IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME NOW—SONAR WILL TRACE THE NOISE.



DAMN THEM! I DON'T STAND A CHANCE IN THE OPEN....

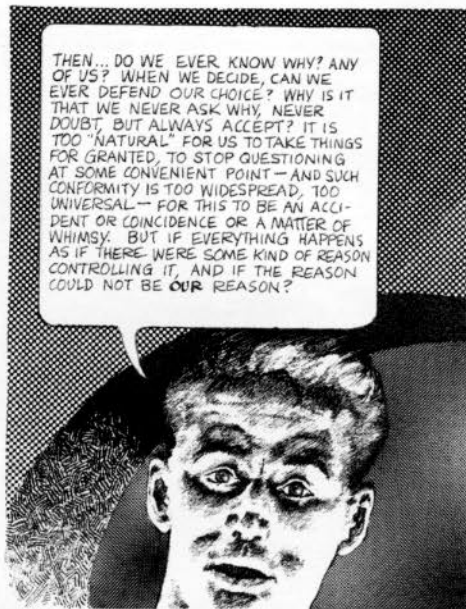


...BUT THAT ODOR MAKES ME RETCH. I'VE GOT TO GET TO A DEEPER CATA-COMB... THEY MAY TRY BOMBING—IT'S SAFER FOR THEM. BUT THEN, THAT DECISION IS NOT IN THEIR HANDS. SOME BUREAU-CRAT WILL DECIDE WHAT'S BEST....





...BECAUSE ONLY THE BUREAUCRATS KNOW WHAT'S 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 ANYONE ELSE. BUT THEN — NOT EVEN THE BUREAUCRAT KNOWS WHAT HE IS DOING. OR WHY.



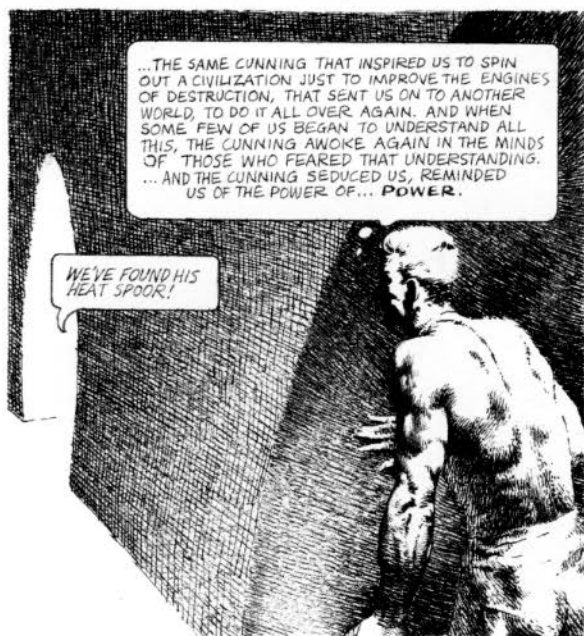
THEN... DO WE EVER KNOW WHY? ANY OF US? WHEN WE DECIDE, CAN WE EVER DEFEND OUR CHOICE? WHY IS IT THAT WE NEVER ASK WHY, NEVER DOUBT, BUT ALWAYS ACCEPT? IT IS TOO "NATURAL" FOR US TO TAKE THINGS FOR GRANTED, TO STOP QUESTIONING AT SOME CONVENIENT POINT — AND SUCH CONFORMITY IS TOO WIDESPREAD, TOO UNIVERSAL — FOR THIS TO BE AN ACCIDENT OR COINCIDENCE OR A MATTER OF WHIMSY. BUT IF EVERYTHING HAPPENS AS IF THERE WERE SOME KIND OF REASON CONTROLLING IT, AND IF THE REASON COULD NOT BE OUR REASON?



IF... SOMETHING... WANTED TO CONTROL US, IT WOULD BE FUTILE FOR IT TO **COERCE** US, TO CONTRADICT OUR DECISIONS AND CONCLUSIONS. THE THING TO DO IS TO WORK IN THAT BLIND SPOT, THAT INSULATED SPACE 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?



...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....



...THE SAME CUNNING THAT INSPIRED US TO SPIN OUT A CIVILIZATION JUST TO IMPROVE THE ENGINES 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 AWOKES AGAIN IN THE MINDS OF THOSE WHO FEARED THAT UNDERSTANDING. ...AND THE CUNNING SEDUCED US, REMINDED US OF THE POWER OF... **POWER**.

WE'VE FOUND HIS HEAT SPOOR!



ALL IT NEEDED WAS A HINT, A SUGGESTION THAT WE HAVE THE ABILITY, WHENEVER WE CAN'T UNDERSTAND OR SOLVE A PROBLEM, TO OB-LITERATE IT. SOMETHING SO SIMPLE THAT EVERYONE ALREADY OBEYS IT... EVEN THOSE WHO DESTROYED THEMSELVES TO ESCAPE THIS DAMNED PARASITE. SUICIDES, MURDERERS, OFFICIALS, POLICE — ALL KNOW THAT WHEN REALITY DOES NOT FIT, WE CAN MAKE IT FIT. CHANGE IT. FORCE IT. END IT...

end.





[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.... (ERS)]

Sept 14, 1971

Dear Mr Smith

I bought a copy of your Phantasmagoria  
at the Norascon, 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 down-  
right 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



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, & she doesn't often do that.

Regards,  
Jaxon  
San Francisco, Calif.



C. PARDEE

GRADZIBBIT !!!!  
WHAT A TREAT...  
GREATEST BATHROOM  
LITERATURE EVER  
WRITTEN... AND A  
DAMN GOOD BOWL  
CLEANER TOO!



STEVEN RILEY  
18 OCTOBER 1971

--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 dreaming--fantasy, an almost helpless but also completely indestructible weapon against minds which have been seized by TV news and TV pictures. Although you are able to do such a thing, these minds scorn the idea of phantasizing 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.



Cuti

Your art is just that... ART!!!  
It HAS EVERYTHING!!! A unique  
illustrative quality... Beauty  
...DETAIL... FANTASTIC dimensional  
technique... HUMOR... EVERY  
THING!!! AND you EXCEL in the  
handling of ALL black and white  
media!!! Best, Jim

[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 PARDEE + STEVE RILEY.]





# thanks

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 matter, 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, the Order of the Embellished Hernia, to the following dear friends and outstanding fans: Noreen Dornenburg, Rich Garrison, Curt and Dave Pardee (and Lynn), Steve Riley, and most of all, Bill Cook. Plus 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 Beahm, Bob Stahl, and Dennis Trombatore; Jim Vadeboncoeur, Jr., Robert Gerstenhaber, and their printers; and unnumbered fanned and dealers who have carried my flyers or mentioned Phantasmagoria in their own ads or zines. My wife Angela as usual has helped to ease this ungainly 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.



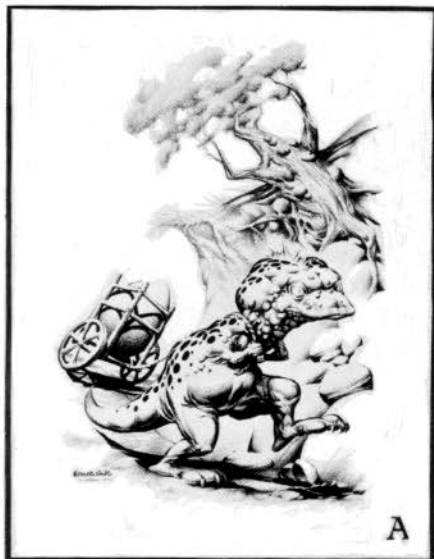
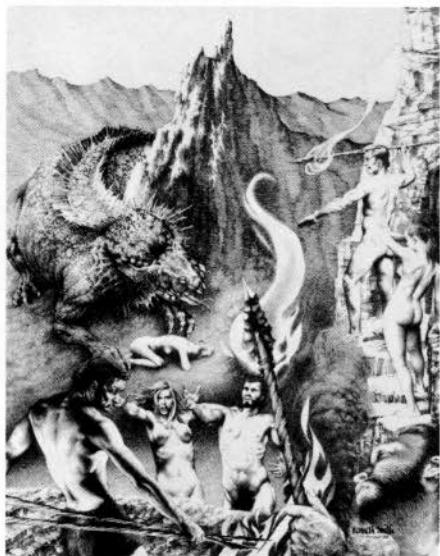


My God yes, have we got posters. We not only still have the same set of six posters (\$5 per set) which you see displayed on this page (all B+W, printed on 11x14 heavy coated stock), but now we also have available a *new* set of posters. The contents of PHANTASMAGORIA Portfolio 2 are as follows: the cover of this issue is included, in full color, printed on 11x14 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 11x17 extra-heavy coated cover stock; plus, an exquisite (but unadvertisable) monster; a fine BEM sitting grotesquely amidst an incredible border full of more monsters, all printed in two colors on 11x14 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

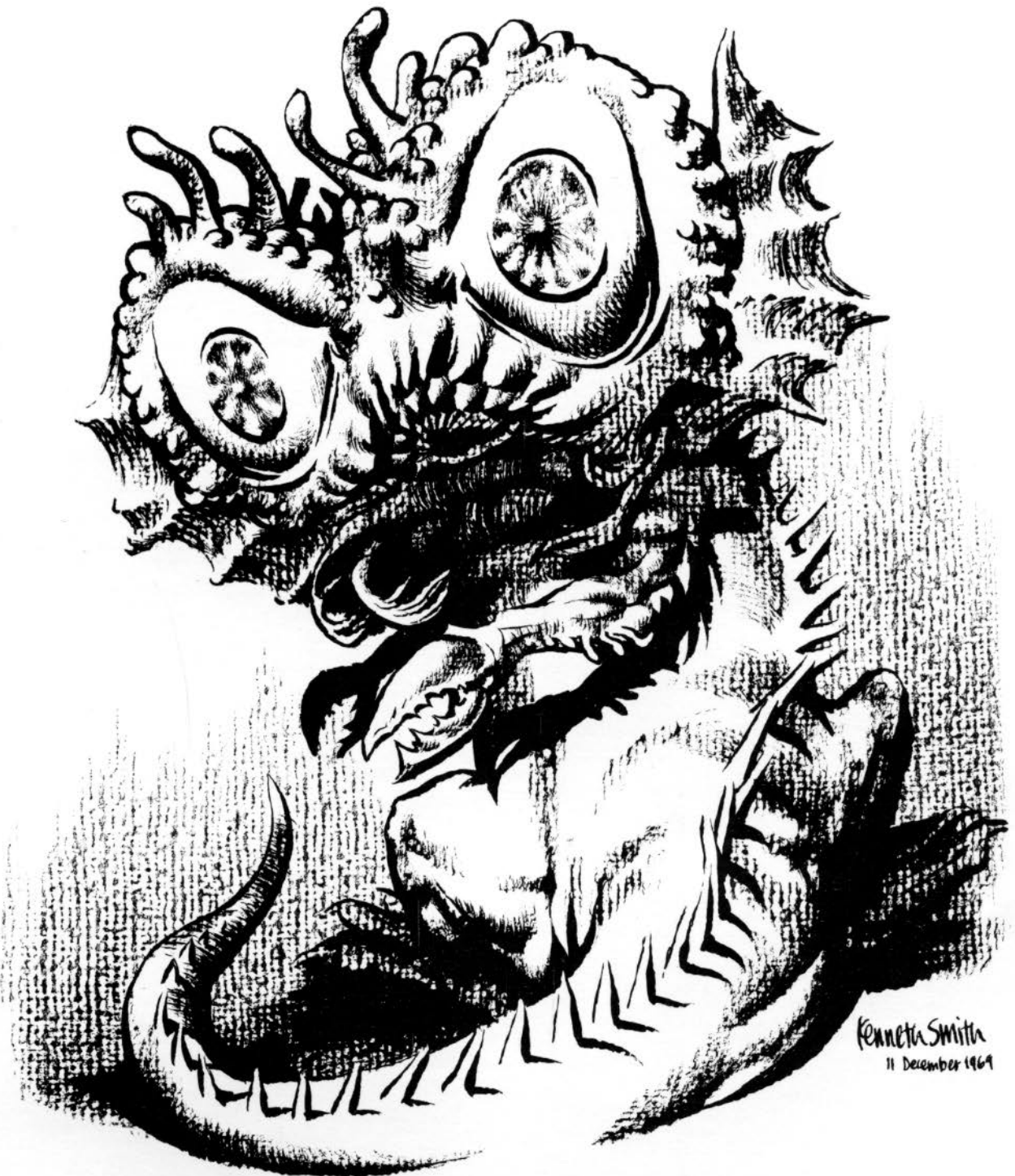
form of posters, and so will all centerfolds and wraparound covers. The cost of color-process is quite exorbitant; if you want to see more of it, indeed, if you want to see more of PHANTASMAGORIA at all, kindly understand how desperately your order will be appreciated. Please specify whether you want Portfolio 1 (\$5) or Portfolio 2 (\$4), and address all orders to

PHANTASMAGORIA  
Box 20020-A, L.S.U. Sta.  
Baton Rouge, La. 70803

## POSTERS











Kenneth Smith  
24 SEPTEMBER 1970



# Kenneth Smith's Phantasmagoria

**ISSUE 2: Spring 1972**



PHANTASMAGORIA #1 (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 Frazer, 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 Krenkel, 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

**ISSUE 3: Fall 1972**



# 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 backed down, 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 more unsatisfactory 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 energies I have had virtually no time at all for creative work. On top of it all, there was the dissertation engrossing my attention for the first 3½ months of this year. I emphasize that this delay was not deliberate; I pride myself in not resorting to the deceptive means of misrepresenting on purpose 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 factor in delaying publication was not influential at all: that 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 ever do more than absorb the cost of incidentals behind this 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 so much of the material already worked out and have perhaps become 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 can't bring myself to ask 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 answer to the question whether 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 apparently 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 cons, 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, thereby bringing about as a dead certainty the otherwise undecided 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 start to ask for it. 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 secondborn son, Garen. If you did receive 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 expire with the issue number that is circled in red on your mailing label. Very Important Exceptions: those who extended their subscriptions after already having subs to issues 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. Clerkish 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 from orders in one place, envelopes get stuffed somewhere else, and labels and envelopes come together 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 session if I had to treat certain 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 nixed, except for those first 100 copies which are inserted rather mechanically into the first 100 labeled envelopes. 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 burdens instead of imposing more on it. At conventions, 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 / 67 rue Fondary / Paris 15<sup>e</sup> -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 12, the reptile on page 13, 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 very elaborate graphics 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 reduplication involved. Finally, the posters on page 38 (set of 6) are being colored by hand and sold at \$5 each (set of 6, \$25).



born january 2, 1972, at 9:17 p.m.

a son

Garen Tory Smith

7 pounds 11½ ounces

a leatherlunged

lusty heir

and unsuspecting

baby brother

