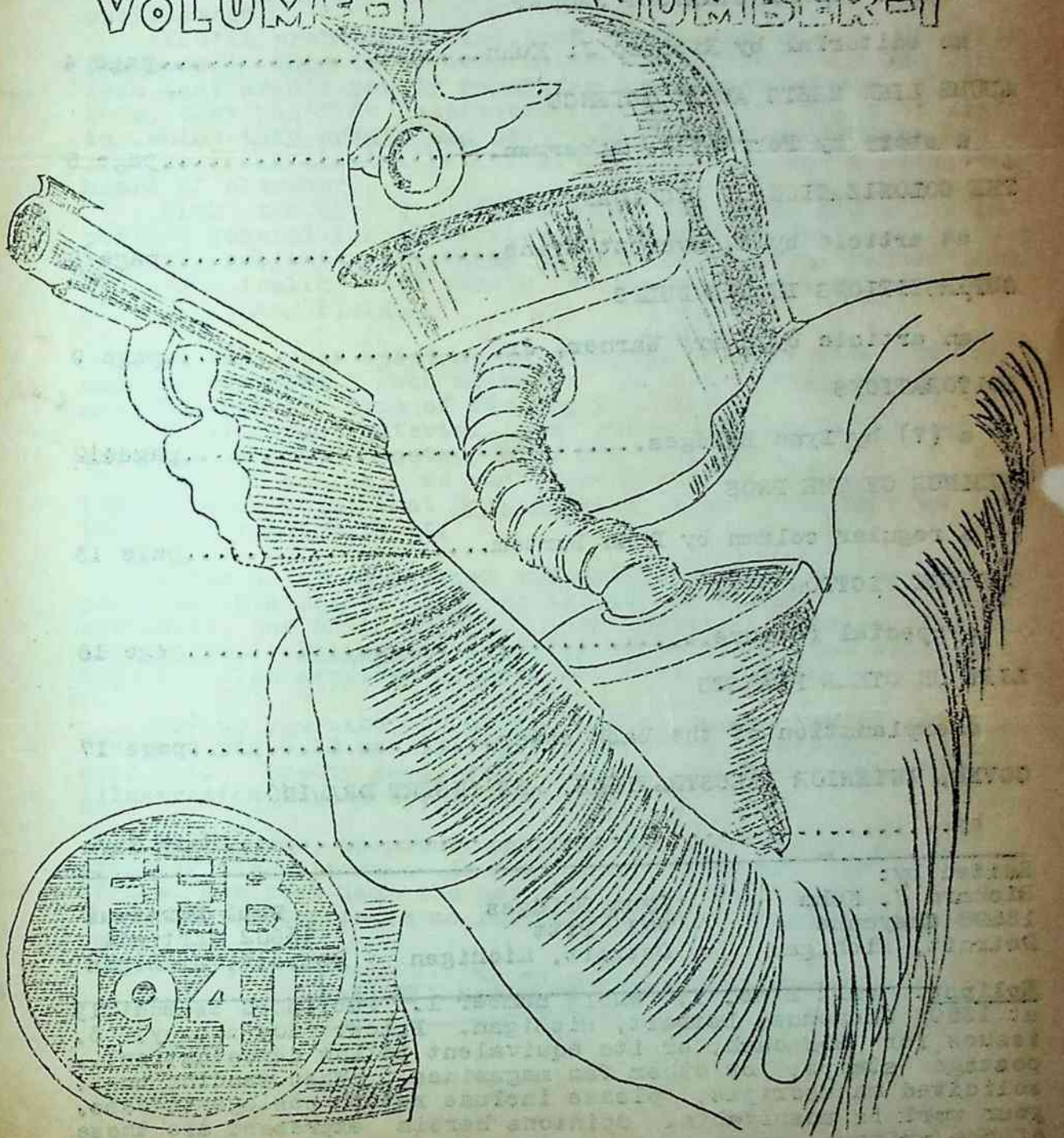


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INTRODUCTION

As you have probably noticed, Eclipse has been issued without any fanfare. This first issue is being sent out practically unheralded. Only a few fans, approached as contributors, had any previous knowledge of the mag.

This is the first fan mag ever published in Michigan. It's not the best, but it is a start toward a good Michigan publication.

You'll probably notice that we feature some Michigan fan news. This is to help unite the Michi-fans. The Michigan fans aren't really ready for organization, yet. Therefore, they won't be interested in a mag with a lot of stuff in which they aren't engaged. Likewise, other fans won't like to read about a lot of stuff that has never even been heard of elsewhere.

With the exception of Michigan fan news, and a few important general fan activities, we intend to deal more directly with subjects pertaining to science fiction, rather than to those dealing with fandom to the more or less exclusion of the pro mag field.

We want your opinions on Eclipse. We want your letters, and all comments, good or bad. In other words, we want to make Eclipse the type of fan mag you want.

We also want material. Any contributions in the way of articles, stories, poetry, etc. are welcome.

And, of course, we want subscriptions. We might mention at this point that Eclipse will trade with any fan mag that will trade with it.

A few notes on general editorial policies may be appropriate at this point. Eclipse is against feuds, excessive silliness, or anything else detrimental to science fiction and fandom. Eclipse is for the Dervention, the NFFF, and anything else serving to unite and better fandom.

How do you like our artist, Rudy Sava? The insert pic (between pages 12 and 13) is the first mimeo stencil he has ever cut. Pretty good, eh? He also did the cover and the illustration for Adumb.

By the way, opinions expressed in this editorial are those of the editors. In all others, they are the opinions of the guy that has the nerve to sign his name to it, and the other editor takes no responsibility for the consequences.

The STAFF

R.J.K.

L.B.

P.A.P.

BABBLINGS FROM A STRAIGHT JACKET

This here colyum being mine, I gotta think up something to put in it.

First, I've got a little question for 4E: If the Chicago convention is called the Chicon, and the Denver convention the Denvention, what would you call a Detroit convention? A Detrovention, or a Condroit?

Up at Doc Smith's I heard tell about a Mr. Harry Legs. I wonder who he could be. He sent me this picture. Like it?

Another thing, Bridges wouldn't let me do much of the Science Fiction quiz, so---I've some questions to ask.

1. Weinbaum Manuscript: Dawn of Flame was written by (a) Ed Earl Repp (b) Palmer, (c) a nut, (d) Weinbaum.

2. One of Science-Fiction's artists is (a) Frank Are All, (b) Of All the Gall, (c) To-otsies Gun Moll, (d).. Palmer.

3. Kimball Kinnison is (a) Ed Earl Repp, (b) A W.P.A worker, (c) Palmer, (d) Hairy Legs (Harry Legs' brother).

If you can answer these questions, dear Reader, you are a fan of the first water---and ought to be drowned in it!

Something is in order for the preservation of science fiction, and that is---a promotion for Sargent Saturn. If he's been roving space as long as he says he has, I think he should be promoted to give room for newcomers. I move we attempt to have him promoted to the rank (he is already) of Captain of the head. Any seconds? (My, my, that's just what I said at the last dinner I was at.)

Here is a sad story for readers of Amazing:

There once was a man from Nantuckett,
Who was drafted but tried to duck it.
But he was caught and then
He was put in the pen
And has everafter been tortured by reading

Amazing,
how sad, how sad, I wonder if Adam Link will come to his aid?

Well, I've gotta leave, remember: MY BACK YARD IN 91!

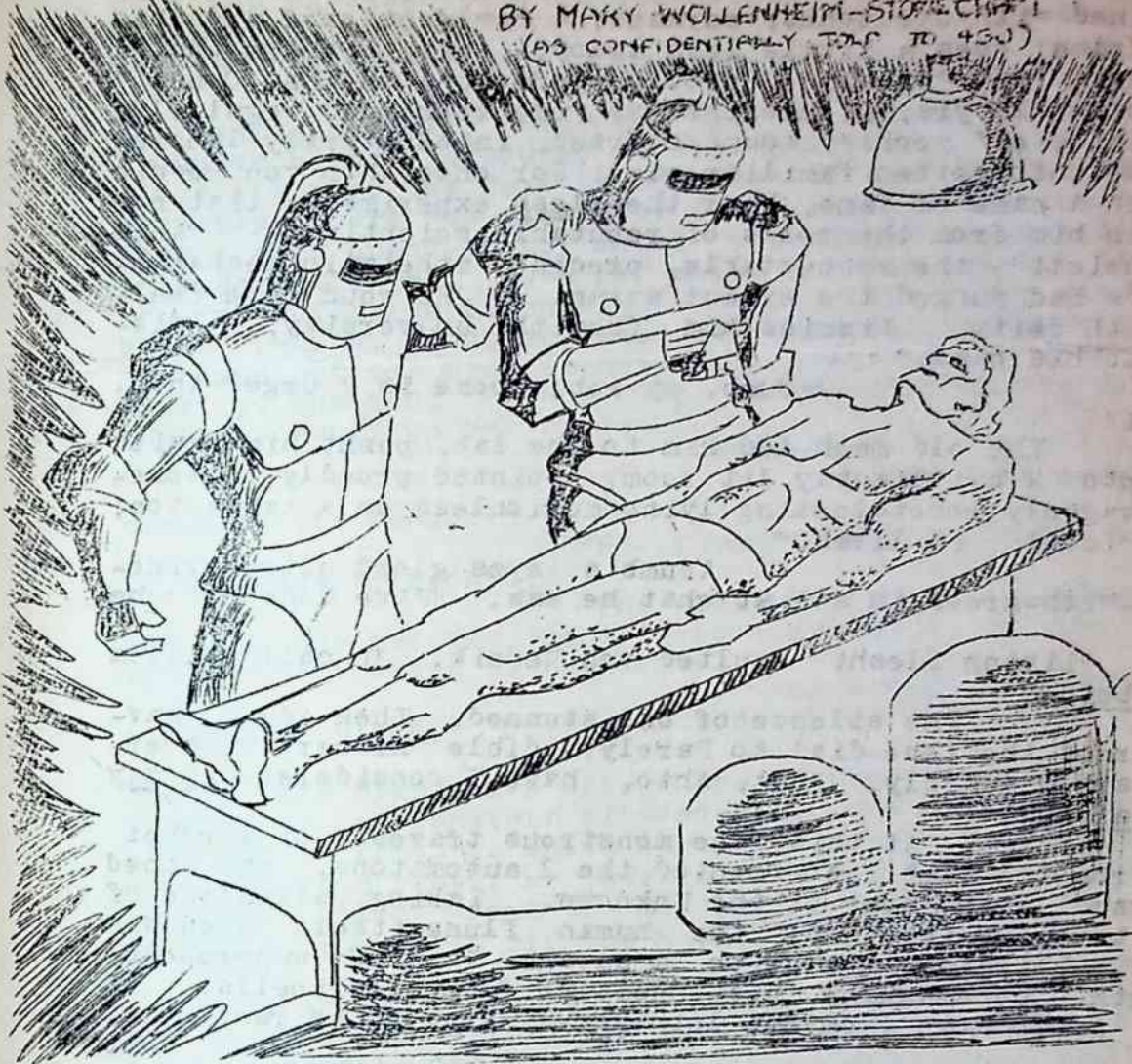
Sargent Stinko

WELL, WELL, I THAT
U NVE WHO I
WAS - I COUD
GIVE U A HINT-
BUT I WONT.

HAIR - E



ADUMB LINX MEETS AUNTY SCIENCE

BY MARY WOLLENHEIM-STORCK
(AS CONFIDENTIALLY TOLD TO US)

"Come quickly" read the laconic, cryptic telegram that set Adumb Linx' long legs in rapid motion. Thru the black, raging nite, illumed now & anon by a ragged jag of litening, he sped, his powerful pinions pumping like pistons. Up; up & around the spiraling, one-way road to the Castle of Count Miaut he tore. As snow started to fall, making slippery & even more perilous the curving mountain path, he switcht on the nonskids. His face was the ice-blue of chilled steel by the time he arrived at the door of dread. His teeth chattered like castanets. He rapt with his bare fist. "Let me in!" he cryd, volume-control turnd top-notch so that his voice might penetrate the roaring elements.

Instantly; signifying that he had been awaited, the door swung inward. Miaut was much as Adumb had remembered him when he had been

ADUMB LINX MEETS AUNTY SCIENCE

his laboratory assistant, bfor the old experimenter's discredence & disgrace. The plates on his forehead a little more lined with scratches, perhaps; a new cent or 2 upon his aging frame; eyes a little less aglow; here & there incipient rust; yet withal, I probly could count on the "Count" for another 10 yrs, if his batttrys were recharged regularly.

"Ahto, old mech!" Adumb blurted, involuntarily lapsing into the unforgotten familiar name. For once Ahto von Rednib had been a name of fame, bfor the flesh experiments that had atricken him from the rolls of reputable scientists. "Ahto is a Theist!" the respectable, precise, atheistic mechanical minds had judged the errant savant. "He woud have dealings with deity. Dismiss him from the university, dishonor to his name!"

"Adumb, my rob; come in," urged Ahto.

"Hurry!"

The old mech led him to the lab, pusht him excitedly into a brilliantly lit room; pointed proudly to something vaguely robot-looking lying motionless on a table-top; cryd "Look! It lives!"

Adumb's eyes glowd ultramarine-fleckt-with-green in awe at what he saw. "U've done it!" he gaspt.

"Living flesh!" exulted von Rednib. "I call it...a human being!"

The silence of one stunned. Then Adumb, having turned the tone-dial to Farelly Audible "hisper, whispered, barely audibly, "Put, Ahto, have U considered...it may have a soul!"

At this the monstrous travesty of a robot slid from the slab & confronted the 2 automotons, who stood paralyzed with fear of the Unknown. Taking advantage of their terrifyd inaction, the human flung itself upon von Rednib, blinding him with a savage blow of superrobotic strength, by smashing his sensitive fotoelectriccells. At this, Adumb woke from his lethargy--& started to run.

But the horrible human easily overtook him, dragged him back to the laboratory. It had the strength of 3 robots!

"I have need of U, tin can," it informed him, callously. "U once were Ir vom Rednib's assistant: U can create me a mate!"

"Never!" roard Adumb, fullblast. "By all that's steely I'll see U in the melting pot first, U jerk; U squeaky, half-cast-iron son of a bedspring, U!" (This was a deadly insult in robotalk, the implication of which the creature caut.)

A vengeful gleam-flasht in the flesh-monster's eye. "& if I shoud kidnap your Madam, Adumb--what then?"

Adumb flusht red as a cover on a science-fiction magazine (any copy).

"U woudnt dare!" Dissatisfyd with the expression given this statement, he reset the regulator, steamerd "U-U-U woud-woudnt d-dare!"

"Oh, wouldn't I?" The repelling robotoid gloated. "What would I say, Mr Nutzan Flots, if I told you I had foreseen your reluctance to cooperate? Your far-better half is here now!" & at that he crossed to the refrigerator & withdrew the frozen form of Kuph Linx.

Efor Adumb, now beside himself, could get back to himself, the sub-robot or human being, produced a cigaret-liter, flicked it into flame & applied the heat to the feet of the unconscious Kuph. Abruptly there was the odor of burning rubber in the air. Kuph's eyes opened as her metal appendages commenced to glow a pomegranate red. Kuph had muted her vox-box but Adumb knew she was suffering intensely. Still, his heart was cold as steel (which, of course, was only natural). But when the--the--man put the heat to her wrist, it was too much for the horrified husband. He knew Kuph could take it on the cuff, but enuf was enuf, so he shouted,

"Stop!"

"Ah, the mechano set comes to its senses?"

"No--I can't help"--but I will try to persuade Dr Rednib."

The creature that was a blasphemy of all that was robotic, considered a moment. "Allright, let us see if Wisnibs can be persuaded."

"Good Rob, Doc!" the frantic Adumb plead, "You've got to do this for me--for us!"

A crafty lute might have entered the doctor's eyes, had not the flesh-made Frankenstein blinded him. He answered, "Very well, I'll try. Come, we shall begin at once." Hoping the human could not read thoughts, he surreptitiously set the telepathi-control, flashed Adumb the message: "Courage! We will outwit this monster & rid the world of it yet!"

While he ostensibly set about to build a female flesh-body for the human to claim as bride, in reality he was creating a voracious synthetic amoeba.

At this point your author takes you into his confidence & tells you that, since he isn't much of a story-teller anyway, which is why he never has turned pro, he's gonna skip the details & give you the quick conclusion:

The amoeba engulfs the human monster, thus removing the nasty villain from the plot; but then catastrophe, as the amoeba continues to grow! Being unable to see, & with a nervous assistant, Dr von Rednib somehow must have mis-mixed the formula, so that the Giant Amoeba now omnivorously consumes anything (even fanmags). Nor fire nor flood nor acid, nor gas nor electricity nor bullets nor germs will stop it; all, the Tann Thing (copyright, © Bruce Verke) receives with equal relish!

In desperation, Dr von Rednib decides on a desperate measure. It means no more than one chance in a million, but it must be taken: He will destroy it with $8_{u}2$...the secret of atomic power!

Put a progressive chain reaction cycle
(concluded on 11)

THE COLONIZATION OF MICHIGAN

E. Everett Evans

Following the Grand Concourse of the Scientists last year, (the meeting popularly called "The Chicon"), there has been a greatly added interest in and impetus to space traveling, exploration, and colonization, and we are sure that all the Space Pups will be interested to hear that another asteroid has been opened to colonization. It is that beautiful mitten-shaped land known as "Michigan", named after one of the states back on the old Mother-Planet, Tellus.

Already two domes are in the process of construction; one named after a Tellurian city, Detroit, and the other, a double-dome, named after two cities, Jackson and Battle Creek. The latter double-domed colony was just started January 10th of the current year.

In charge of the building and colonization is John Millard, of Jackson; the Chief Communications Officer is E. Everett Evans, of Battle Creek. Those charter members underwriting the scheme of colonization include not only the two mentioned above, but also that intrepid space nurse, Clarissa MacDougall Smith, her father, a slightly known scrivener by the name of Smith (I believe his complete name is Edward Elmer, Ph. D., or something of the sort), Ed. Richie, and Paul Leavy, Jr., all of Jackson, and Edwin Counts and La Verne Ashley, of Battle Creek. Present at the laying of the cornerstone of the first dome were also Richard Kuhn and Lynn Bridges, of the recently started Detroit dome.

It is the hope of the Founding Space Pups that they may soon start other domes and colonies all over the Michigan Asteroid, and that they may become one of the most influential Federations throughout the Galaxy. Being the intrepid and daring navigators that they are, they have, with modest and simple dignity, nick-named themselves The Galactic Roamers, and are now ready to take in new members and colonizers into their respective domes, and any who are desirous of joining them are urged to write either John Millard, 146 Euclid Avenue, Jackson, Michigan, or E. Everett Evans, 191 Capital Avenue, S. W., Battle Creek, Michigan. Full particulars will be sent them, and it is hoped that they, in turn, will introduce other new recruits into the Federation.

The first meeting of the new group was held at the home of the Smith mentioned above, where his charming wife and their daughter, whose hospital ship is in dock on Tellus for overhaul, welcomed us to their fine home. There we had a grand gabfest, and a lot of fun and pleasure looking at the collection of magazines, original drawings and paintings of magazine covers and inside illustrations which Dr. Smith has collected, the prize being that marvellous portrait by Rogers, in full color, of the Universe's greatest hero, Kimball Kinnison, the Grey Lensman. We all seem to be avid readers of those adventurous tales known as Science Fiction, and of those tales of the unusual that come under the general title of Fantasy Fiction, and of course, as is usual when two or more such readers are gathered together, we mentally and vocally ranged the infinite with our favorite authors, and did a bit of panning of the lesser ones, and of the editors who

(concluded on pg.11)

SUPERSTITIONS IN THE PULPS

by Harry Warner, Jr.

"Superstitions" is used advisably; frankly, there's no other word that fully describes the silly things some pulp magazine editors believe. "Traditions" isn't applicable, for most of these things run in cycles and are forgotten too soon to attain the dignity of a tradition. Or perhaps "legends" would do just as well. Anyhow--

There are a large number of things which are more or less tabu in the pulp publishing field, and they've always seemed to me to be rather silly repressions. Perhaps foremost among them is the question of covers.

According to the old, old superstition, a cover must have one, and should have another element. The absolute necessity is one of the characters on the cover holding a gun of one sort or another and more likely than not shooting it. Just a wee bit less essential for the fantasy pulps is some sort of monster at whom he's shooting; one the other classes of pulps, like Westerns and detectives, that monster turns into a girl whom he's protecting. (This, of course, is a direct descent from the rule that slick magazines must have a pretty girl on the cover, preferably with crossed legs.) Lately the cheaper fantasy pulps have been featuring both the girl and the monster on the same cover, besides the hero with his gun, but that's not quite universal yet.

Now, this strikes me as just about the most useless idea imaginable. In the first place, there might be some excuse for it if only one or two of the pulps used that type of cover; it's conceivable that some potential buyers might be attracted to it if some magazine used it and the others did not. But that's the point: they all, almost without exception, use some sort of variant on that basic idea. Check back over past issues of Thrilling Wonder or Amazing, for instance, and see for yourself just how much of a regular practice it is. And so it's now at the point where a cover on a fantastic without the gun, monster and girl stands out. And I believe that when such a cover comes along, it actually helps sales of that magazine, just because it's different. A case to cite might be the first issue of Science Fiction Quarterly. According to Hornig, the first issue of it sold so well that another one was rushed through within a few months; SFQ actually is being published more frequently than his two bi-monthlies. And yet that first issue had almost everything against it from the start--a price of 25¢ for less pages than you get in most 20¢ magazines; few illustrations; and a rather weighty lead novel. If sales of it actually were as high as claimed (and quick publication of the next issue wasn't just because they got rights to the novels for a mere pittance) I challenge anyone to tell what, outside of the cover, made people buy it. (It couldn't have been the fact that the lead novel was a reprint one; that fact was very carefully concealed in the blurb.)

That same holds true of the oldest-fantasy-magazine-without-a-change-in-publishers-today, Astounding. While the gun-monster-and girl plague has affected it at times, on the whole it has been relatively free from them on the covers,

SUPERSTITIONS IN THE PULPS

and this may have had something to do with its steady sales.

Superstition NO. 2: Now we come to a more or less individual, but rather prevalent superstition at the time, which has now been thoroughly wiped out. That's the old legend that the word "science" mustn't appear on the cover in general, and never in the title in particular, of a science fiction magazine. Gerusback was its leading proponent. I supposed he became convinced of its truth when Air Wonder sold better than Science Wonder, although I'm not sure. Evidently it never occurred to him that the mere word "Air" on a magazine was enough to sell it back in those days. At any rate, editors consistently refused to use the word in titles or on covers, until finally some hardy soul dared the Fates and tried it. Result? We have now Starring SCIENCE Stories, SCIENCE Fiction, Astounding SCIENCE Fiction, SCIENCE-Fiction Quarterly, and the late unlamented Dynamic SCIENCE Stories. Marvel SCIENCE Stories failed to sell not because of its title, but its stories. The new magazine without "science" in the title isn't causing a rash for the newsstands. And virtually every magazine at one time or another boasts to the world in big letters on the cover or spine that it contains "science stories" or "science-fiction."

There are more or less individual superstitions about format, but evidently most editors and publishers are agreed that the present size of magazine, the two-column page, more or less standard number of illustrations, and so forth work some sort of mystic charm, and if one were violated circulation would immediately fall to a few hundred copies per issue. The truth is that if one pulp publisher had the courage to put out a decent magazine in the large-size format it would eventually far surpass most other pulp magazines simply because it would stand out from the rest. Argosy is; after several decades in the same size format, changing to a large size, after having tried every other means to bolster staggering sales. I hereby predict that within a year it will be once more on a sound footing--provided, of course, the quality of the fiction is kept fairly high. And the two column style really doesn't mean a thing, believe me. It's used I suppose to provide uniformity in all magazines of one publisher; if so, there's at least a reason for it. But Campbell isn't exactly a pioneer going over to the one-column book style, in Unknown's lead novels. Argosy used precisely the same means of printing (and very nearly the same type, even) fifty years ago and got away with it very well.

Another item which seems to be more or less an enigma is this business of not putting the year of the magazine beside the month on the spine. There are still a few publishers who refuse to do it, and yet there just simply isn't one valid reason why it shouldn't be done. True, it probably doesn't help the sales of a magazine to have 1941 beside January on the spine. But can you tell me one reason why it would hurt sales? By the simple means of putting on the date, the magazine's will be much liked by collectors, and

SUPERSTITIONS IN THE PULPS

collectors may make up a larger percentage of a pulp fantasy magazine's buyers than most people suspect. The only reason why a year shouldn't be on a spine I've been able to think of is that it would mean a bit more crowding; but that hardly seems logical when you glance over a row of magazines' spines and see the large amount of unprinted surface on each.

But why go on? Superstitions like these will continue; continue indefinitely unless editors finally realize one thing: that the fiction in a magazine devoted to fiction is the one factor--virtually the only factor--that makes or breaks it. Changes in format may make a few more readers, but they're just as likely to lose a few. Standardness with all other pulp magazines doesn't help the least bit. If format must be tampered with, try to tamper so that the magazine stands out from the rest--be decent covers, different size, different arrangement of inside pages--anything. But in the end the stories sell the magazine; therefore, why not make all other details as pleasing as possible, instead of otherwise?

ADUUB LIXX MEETS AUNTY SCIENCE (CONCLUDED)

or circle of zero, is detonated in the subetheric stratum of the space-time continuum, &, according to the Ely Culbertson theory, disintegrates all matter in its path!

Pandemonium pan-continental! The World on Flames!

As the amoeba eats up one half the earth, the α_2 devours the other!

& as Ahto von Rednib, alias Count Miant, stood on the last speck of terra infirma, atomic disintegration giving him one hot foot, the amoeba nibbling at the other, he shouted--that all the other workds of the universe might hear & beware: "STOP SCIENCE!"

& to himself he mumbled, "Oh, Rob--i meddled with things metal shoud leave alone..."

THE COLONIZATION OF MICHIGAN (CONCLUDED)

print their tales, and of the other fans (readers) who publicly discuss such subjects.

The next meeting of the Galactic Roamers has been set for Friday evening, February 7th, of the current year, at Battle Creek, and a post card to Evans will give the place and directions for reaching it from other cities. The March meeting will again be held in Jackson (date not set yet), and a card to Millard at Jackson will return you the information as to that meeting. All Space Pups who may be interested are urged to contact either of these men regarding becoming members of the colonizing groups.

EDITORIALS
by Lynn Bridges

That somewhat Ackermaniac heading is probably the result of a hangover from stencilling part of Adumb Linx. We really don't know what this department is. It might be an editorial, except that editorials are supposed to be on subjects of importance, and we intend to devote this space to topics of no importance whatsoever. It might be a column, only we got one column now, which ought to be enough for any fanmag. So for the present we'll just call it a what-is-it. The reader is privileged to call it anything he wants. He will, anyhow, so he may as well have my permission.

A couple of months ago, we were mad at Palmer. Not that we don't get mad at him practically every time one of his alleged science fiction mags comes out, but this was worse than usual. We were mad, not only at Palmer, but also at Ziff-Davis, Edgar Rice Burroughs, and any one else who might have had anything to do with the publishing of "John Carter and the Giant of Mars."

You see, when we were younger and started reading science fiction because we didn't know any better, Burroughs was our favorite author. We read avidly anything bearing his name; Carson of Venus, Pellucidar, The Land That Time Forgot, we read them all. We even read Tarzan. But our favorites were the John Carter series. And here, under the Burroughs name, and with John Carter in the title, was a bit of junk which scarcely resembled anything E. R. B. had ever done before!

We aren't quite so mad now, because the Mars story in the March AMAZING is in line with tradition, and so is the Carson of Venus story in FANTASTIC ADVENTURES. We wish Palmer'd admit they're parts of a serial tho, instead of claiming they're complete novels.

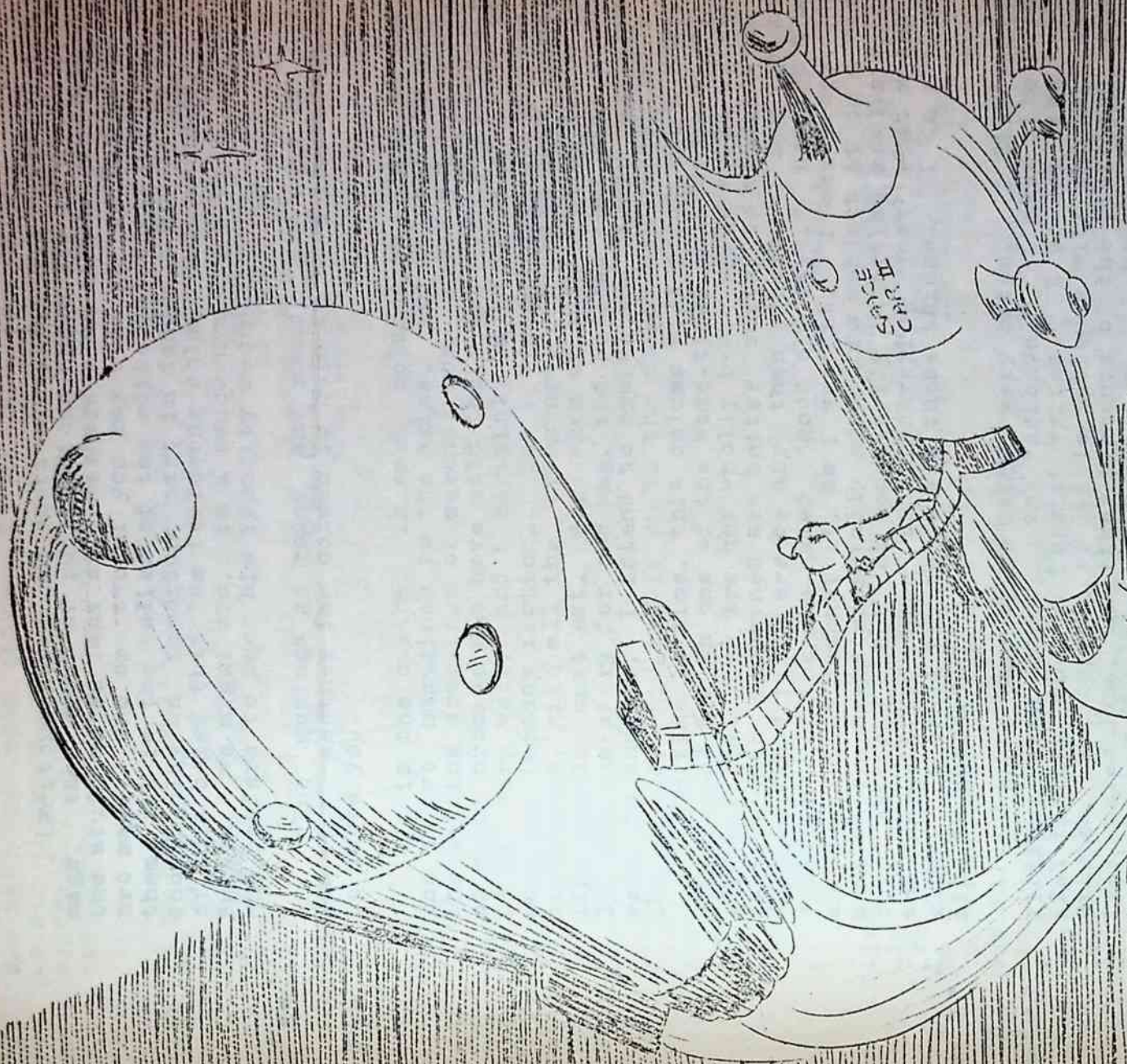
Maybe Burroughs did write "John Carter and the Giant of Mars," but if he did, Palmer, or one of his office boys, must have given it a thorough overhauling before it was printed. We don't think Burroughs could have been that bad.

That announcement on the inside front cover of SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY that SCIENCE FICTION and FUTURE FICTION were to be issued regularly every other month was interesting, but where are they? As this is being written, the last SF appeared three months ago, and we haven't seen a copy of FF for four and a half months!

And, according to another announcement in the QUARTERLY, SFQ will present a new novel by Ed Earl Repp in the Spring issue. Having read some of Mr. Repp's stories under the delusion that they were supposed to be science fiction, we think SFQ would do better to stick to reprints. Or maybe Mr. Repp has improved lately. We've studiously avoided anything by him for the last couple of years, and so wouldn't know.

Time: the evening of Jan. 10, 1941. The place: the home of E. E. (Doc) Smith in Jackson, Mich. Ten fans, unquestionably the largest gathering of the species ever held in the state, in attendance. Subject: the formation of a statewide sf organization.

(continued on page 16)





MUSINGS ON THE PROS

by DONN BURTON

(Editors note: No doubt every fan has heard of the pro mags, that group of publications whose job it is to publish the stuff we're fans of. Perhaps some of you even buy these pro mags; one or two of you may even go so far as to read them. It is the belief of the editorial staff that pro mags should play an important part in fandom, and it is because of this belief that the following column is presented. Donn Burton, we might add, is a pseudonym for a well known fan who prefers to keep his identity secret.)

"The musings go round and round, and come out here." And thus, another fan column is born to bore you. We strive to serve you.

It is the custom, in such columns as this, to praise one or two magazines to the skies, and belabor the rest as the asinine droolings of morons; or, worse yet, of writers of great promise who have sold their art down the river. Art is all very well, and I certainly am in favor of it in science and fantasy fiction. But I contend that it thrives on beefsteaks with all the trimmings. I think that authors, like people, must eat. So, when an author turns out a lovely, serious story for one mag, and follows that with a stinker in another, I intend to praise the first, and ignore the second, dragging it up to the commissary department.

From time to time, this column will point out a particularly good bit in one of the some-times malodorous mags, as evidence that they are not wholly bad, while still agreeing that certain magazines are better suited to the palates of "mature fans" (if there be any) than others. I may exhume a "classic" of the mis-named "good old days," now and then, and laud it or lambast it, as I see fit. I shall try, when some story seems especially good, to subject it to a careful, critical, but not necessarily impartial analysis, in the unjustified hope of discovering just what makes it click. I shall try to do all these things. I do not promise to succeed.

I don't read WEIRD TALES very often. I like science fiction, with accent on the "science." I also like beautiful fantasy, such as Merritt writes. I do not like horror stories, and confess to little patience with ghouls, vampires, werewolves, and other figments of the distorted imaginations of our ancient forebears. I bought the current WEIRD TALES because it contains a "Lancelot Biggs" story (Palmer's loss) and because I was curious to find out just what kind of a fantasy a former naval gunnery expert, Malcolm Jameson, would write.

I liked "The Man Who Loved Planks." It is not a great story, but it is a good one. The gunnery expert's accuracy of detail and logical development do not conflict with the sympathetic working out of the tale.

I also liked Terlith's "Come To Me," and Wandrei's "The Crystal Bullet," which does not, I think, deserve the appel-

MUSINGS ON THE PROS

ation "horror story." It is a really beautiful little fantasy. "Edge of the Cliff" is beautifully done, but I do not approve of making suicide beautiful. It is scarcely necessary to say that Pok's picture for "The Crystal Bullet" is marvelous, even for Bok. Sudbury has a fine drawing for "Come To Me."

For a long time, Palmer has been telling us that he is attempting to introduce science fiction to an entirely new group of readers. In pursuance of this policy, he has featured slam-bang adventure, primarily;--forceful, entertaining, but not enduring. At the same time, he has claimed that his type of science fiction is the best there is. He could hardly admit that it is inferior, and remain on his job. A good many fans have insisted vehemently that he has been spoofing the fans with both claims.

I think I have noticed an "improvement" in AMAZING:--improvement in the sense that it is more like ASTOUNDING, which is what most fans mean by "improvement." As evidence, I suggest that you take another look at "Armageddon of J. Schmidt" and "Skidmore's Strange Experiment" in the January issue; "Winking Lights of Mars," "Last Analysis," and "The Accidental Murders" in the February number; and "Phoney Meteor" and "Hok and the Gift of Heaven" in the March edition. I believe that any of these stories would be acceptable in ASTOUNDING. I think "Phoney Meteor" would stand out, with a probable second place rating. It is a well-written tale, worked out with great care, and propounding a question which is really significant as regards space travel. The current adventure of Hok, whom I nominate for AMAZING'S top character, despite the popularity of Adam Link, is actually a typical ASTOUNDING story. It deals with the culture of prehistoric man, and is as much concerned with his thought as with his actions. It would rate well in ASF.

The February ASTOUNDING reasserts the "top-hole" position of this excellent magazine. The serial, "Sixth Column," picks up momentum rapidly in this second installment. The new "religion," backed up by the scientific genius of the specialists of the Citadel, and led by that master of advertising technique, Major Ardmore, really gets in the hair of the PanAsian invaders.

Heinlein comes up with a highly diverting tale of a house built in the form of a developed tesseract, which, during an earthquake, collapses into its "normal" four-dimensional form. Sturgeon presents a picture of what may occur if automatic machinery continues to improve. Biggest surprise, second only to the appearance of Lancelot Figgs in WT, is the presence of Bond's Meg, "The Priestess Who Rebelled," (AMAZING, October, 1939; "Judging of the Priestess," FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, April, 1940) in ASTOUNDING. The story, "Magic City," certainly belongs in ASTOUNDING. If you haven't read the first story of the series, better lock it up. The second wasn't quite so good. "The Pest Laid Scheme" is a typical piece of wacky logic in the field of time-travel, as only deCamp can present it. The article on the klystron

MUSINGS ON THE PROS

is good, and not too technical.

The first issue of SUPER SCIENCE NOVELS, which replaces SUPER SCIENCE STORIES, gets off to a good start with a long novel, "Genus Homo." This is a sophisticated tale of a group of 26 men and women who find themselves stranded in a future so far distant that various primates have risen to a fair state of civilization. They aid gorillas in a war with the more savage baboons. I don't especially care for the tone of the story. It is good otherwise.

The remaining stories are acceptable, and the article excellent.

The first issue of the new "Ollheim" mag, STIRRING SCIENCE STORIES, is somewhat of a disappointment. "Strange Return" is a better-than-average novelette on the old theme of two Earths, at opposite points in the same orbit. "Lunar Gun" and "Resilience," the latter the first pro effort of Remon Knight, are also good. Pic by Hunt, Denver fan, is worth a second look. Also, three by Bek.

Well, I'll be back in April, you're afraid.

So long, fan(s).

SCIENCE FICTION QUIZ

Multiple choice. Pick the author of each story named from the four listed.

1. "The Legion of Space" (a) Ralph M. Farley
(b) L. Sprague de Camp
(c) Don A. Stuart
(d) Raymond Z. Palmer
2. "Galactic Patrol" (a) Frederic A. Kummer, Jr.
(b) Ed Earl Repp
(c) Edward Hamilton
(d) Ray Cummings
3. "The Mightiest Machine" (a) Dan Wilcox
(b) Edgar R. Burroughs
(c) Neil R. Jones
(d) Arthur J. Burks
4. "Calling Captain Future" (a) H. G. Wells
(b) Edgar Allan Poe
(c) Jules Verne
(d) John Taine
5. "A Martian Odyssey" (a) Harl Vincent
(b) Raymond A. Palmer
(c) Robert Heinlein
(d) Nat Schachner
6. "Dark Invasion" (a) Edward E. Smith
(b) John W. Campbell, Jr.
(c) Jack Williamson
(d) Stanley G. Weinbaum

If you must look, the answers are on page 35.

EDITORATIONS (Continued)

It was decided that a name was needed for the organization. "How about Michi-fans?" says Bridges. This brilliant proposal was greeted with an incredible lack of enthusiasm.

Next suggestion was "Skylarks." Vetoed by Smith on the grounds that it tied the club up with his stories, and thus, with himself. The club, should, instead, be independent of any such implied connection, says Joe. "How about Spacehounds?" "Spacehounds" is okay with Joe. Other writers, too, have used the name, it seems.

And then "Spacehounds of the W. P. A." is suggested by Kuhn!

Evans makes the proposal that the discussion be limited to the Jackson and Battle Creek fans until they get their club started, thus tabling talk of a state organization for a while, and incidentally, keeping Detroiters Kuhn and Bridges from making any more suggestions. Somehow the subject of a statewide club never did come up again during the evening.

Name finally chosen, "Galactic Roamers." Which, of course, could have nothing to do with any of Smith's stories.

Words of wisdom from the South. Joe Gilbert, in the Jan. Spaceways, writes, "I like Hornig, but I don't buy his mags 'cause I know they won't be worth the money as long as he has to pay $\frac{1}{2}\%$ per word."

Well, Joe, we don't imagine editors like to pay $\frac{1}{2}\%$ per word either. We imagine they'd be overjoyed at paying 1, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2% a word, or even higher. Unfortunately, they can't afford to do it unless they sell more mags. And there, it seems, is a problem. The editors can't pay more than $\frac{1}{2}\%$ p. w. until they sell more magazines. And, apparently, they can't sell more magazines until they pay more than $\frac{1}{2}\%$ p. w.!

We have no solution to offer. After all, pro mags want to make money (that's why they're pros) and can hardly be expected to spend additional dough unless reasonably certain of getting it back. And we aren't going to recommend that fans buy pro mags when they feel they aren't worth the money, tho, personally, we're nuts enough about the subject to buy anything that even looks like a science fiction mag.

Fantasy, it seems, can be found in the screwiest places. While over at a friend's the other day, and waiting for said friend (non-fan) to finish whatever he was doing when we arrived, we picked up a copy of TERROR TALES and began browsing thru its contents. And there, in the midst of all the sex and sadist stories, was a little tale entitled "The Night Eternity Ended." Maybe it was just the way it stood out from the rest of the mag, but we consider it one of the best fantasies we've seen in a long time, tho a bit bloodthirsty. You're probably not interested, but it was in the May 1940 number.

And, in case the editorial on page three wasn't strong enough, we'd like to say again that we want your comments on Eclipse. Perhaps the mag isn't as you want it, and the only way we have of finding out just what you do want is to hear

(continued on next page)

NO. 1, MERCURY

For our back cover this time, I'm sure you'll agree that our famous artist has excelled even his usual brilliant self in this excellent portrait of an inhabitant of Mercury. To make it even more remarkable, the picture agrees in every detail to the opinion of most reputable scientists as to what a Mercurian should look like.

In determining the probable form of a living being on our innermost planet, we must first consider the environment. Mercury, smallest and nearest to the sun of any of the planets, has a diameter of _____ miles, an albedo of _____, and is exactly _____ miles, and two and a third inches from the sun. This close distance means that the surface temperature of the planet is _____ degrees, which I'm sure you'll agree is too damned hot. Of course there's the night side of Mercury, but you couldn't see an inhabitant of the dark side, because it is dark, and what's the use of drawing a picture of something you can't see?

So this portrait is confined only to dwellers on the sunny side of the street, I mean planet. Now, then, what type of organism could survive the merciless heat continually streaming from the sun? Nothing known on earth, of course. And I'm sure you'll agree that the being on the back cover is like nothing on earth.

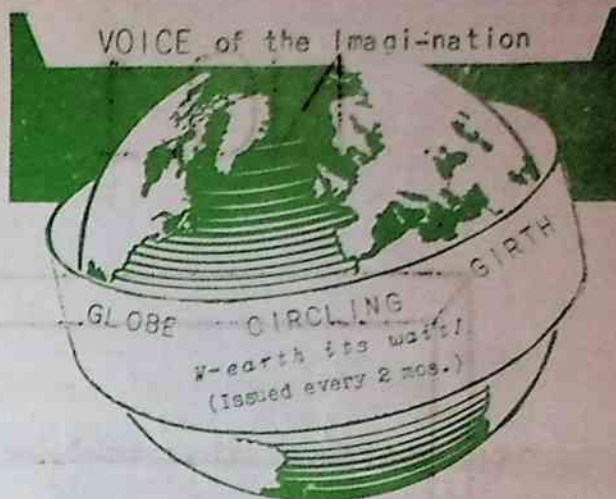
The light gravity, which amounts to only _____ of a g, constitutes another grave problem. It means, first of all, that there is no air on the planet. Which in turn means, of course, that the Mercurian is non-breathing. What, then, furnishes him with the means of existence? All oxygen on the planet would be contained in metal oxides, and I think we're all agreed that oxygen is necessary to life of any sort. Our Mercurian, therefore, would have to be able to break up these metallic oxides and extract the oxygen from them. Since he, certainly, can't be a walking blast furnace, he must do it chemically. Metallic oxides, as a rule, are hard to break up chemically.

In view of the above facts, therefore, we feel that our artist has done a remarkably accurate illustration of a Mercurian.

EDITORATIONS (concluded)

from you. So don't forget to let us know your opinions.

Which takes up about all the space we allotted ourselves this time. In fact, we have just enough room left to say so long



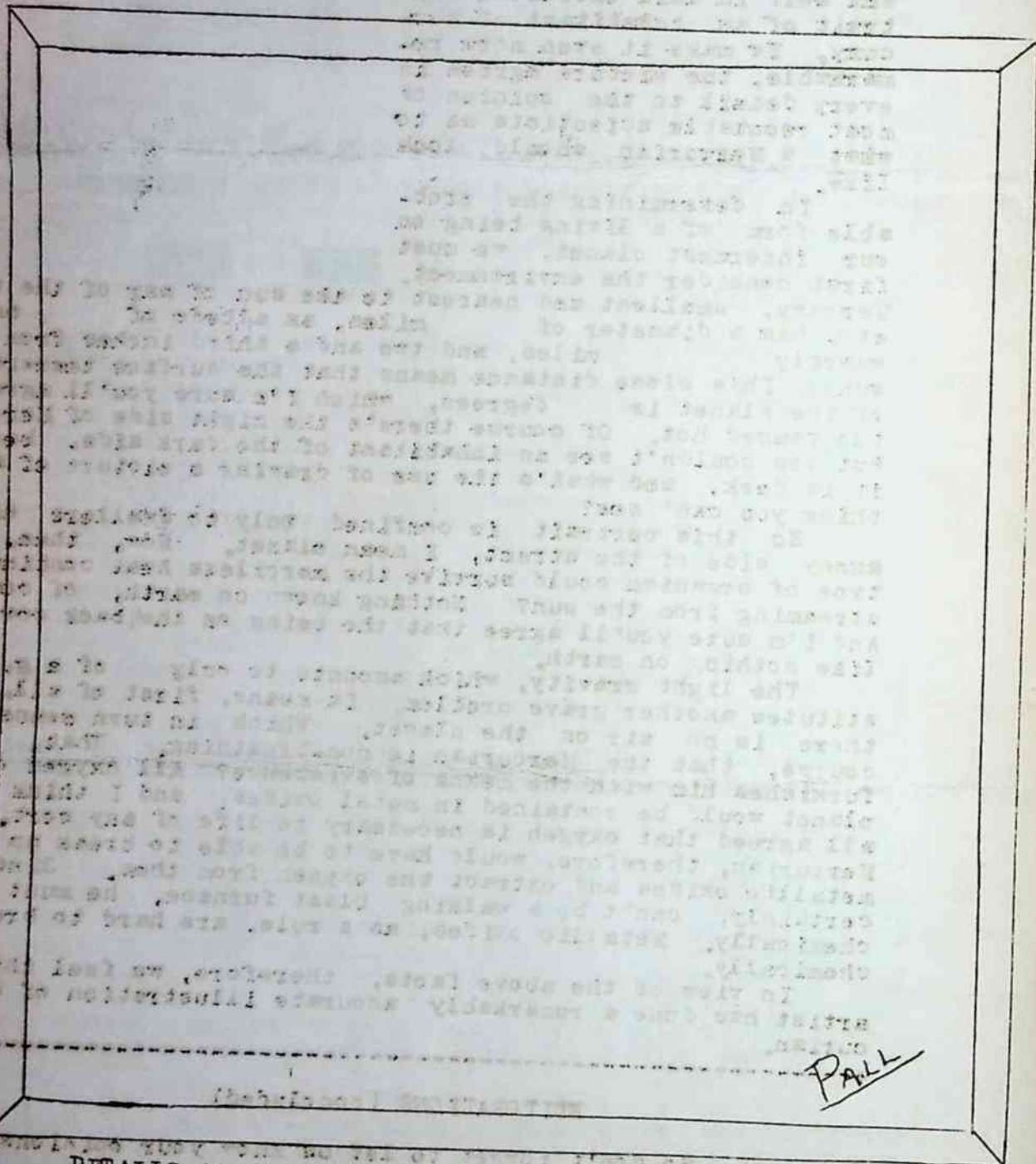
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LIFE ON OTHER PLANE

NO. 1 MERCURY



PALL

DETAILS ON PAGE 17

the fact is that we have just shown that all the things that we have been told about life on other planes are true.