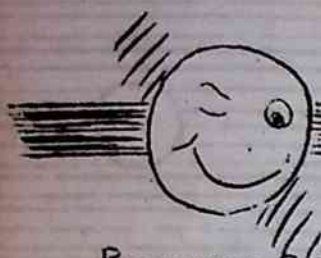


ECLIPSE



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ECLIPSE

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NEXT ISSUE WILL
APPEAR ON:

JUNE 1, 1941

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EDITORIAL

If anyone can figure out a name for this department, we will donate the back cover from last issue to him if he will send it in. We hate to part with it, but we will do anything for a name to go at the top of this page. Many of you wrote in asking for the original, and we said that we couldn't give it to you. Well here's a way for you to get it. Many pro artists have also written in asking for it, as they want to study its fine detail.

The contents page has about the worst mimeoing job for this issue, and there's a good reason why. When the contents was first typed in, we discovered while mimeoing it, that it was blurred. This was due to the fact that we had left the ribbon on while cutting the stencil. After taking all the ink off, and covering the whole thing with correcting fluid, we attempted to re-cut the darn thing. It didn't work. So you see why the job ain't so hot. We are gradually learning how to run the mimeo machine, and maybe the next issue will be better. We'll sure try to make it so.

We also wish to thank those of you fans who wrote in and told us about ECLIPSE. Likewise, we wish to thank those of you who contributed.

Some of you may notice the absence of Lynn Bridges on the ECLIPSE staff. Because of lack of time, and because he thinks two editors don't work out so well, he has dropped out. His EDITORATIONS proved so popular, however, we decided to keep the thing as a regular column. He also comes over and works on the mag once and a while.

NOTICE TO LEW MARTIN: When are you going to send us our stickers. Ever since we got the CFS REVIEW, we have been hurrying home, expecting each day to find our stickers waiting there for us, and yet, no stickers! In the CFS REVIEW you said they would arrive in about three days. It's been three days. Again, we repeat: WHERE'S OUR STICKERS?

And so, with a cheery goodby, we say goodby cheerily, from ECLIPSE, the only fan mag with a contents page you can't read.

THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR CUT TO GO AT TOP

LOVE RE-INCARNATE

I glimpsed you in the passing throng,
And from my heart there burst a song
Of purest ecstasy;
For I had sought you far, and long,
With hope new dim, now growing strong
With new expectancy.
I hurried quickly to your side --
With mine, your heart in gladness cried
That we had met again.
No thought of false or foolish pride --
A love so true is not denied
For senseless, screeds of men.
To us, Time has been very kind --
I know, for I have looked behind
And seen the tale of years;
And there, in every life, I find
You near . . . Your deathless soul and mind
My own long journey cheers.
True love like ours can never end --
The ages do but grandeur lend
To match their ceaseless flow.
Life follows life -- all with a trend.
That someday we shall comprehend,
And Perfect Oneness know.

E. Everett Evans.

ON THE RELATIVE MERITS OF NICE AND MEN

CAROL SOUTHINIAN

Doubtless it was during a moment when Fate had kicked him forcefully and cheerfully in the pants, that the poet, Robert Burns (better known as Bobby to his many friends), once said, "The best laid plans of nice and men aft gang agley." To discover why Mr. Burns had compared nice to men, instead of to sea serpents or skunks, Fantasy-Feuds sent out its famous book reviewer Oscar J. (Buckteeth) Stumble to consult Ebenezer Quattle-nersh Rodent, the renowned spiritualist, in an attempt to contact the spirit of Mr. Burns. His report follows:

I went up to the door and knocked with the skull that was there for that purpose. Immediately, a dragon stuck its head out of the window, breathed fire rudely in my face, and snapped, "Whatdaya want?" Unlike Lowndes, I had no teck card, but my Junior G-Man badge did just as well. I flashed it in his face, and he vanished. So I pushed open the door and walked in.

Over in the left corner of the room a skeleton was shagging, accompanying itself with appropriate rattles from its own bones. There was a pot boiling over in the center of the room. Stirring it, and mumbling old Joe Miller Jokes in Esperanto, was Professor Rodent.

"Professor Rodent," I said, hastily interrupting one particularly lurid gag that the late Joe Miller certainly had not heard from J. Chapman Iiske, "I'd like to contact the ghost of Robert Burns."

"Burns? Burns?" mused the professor, absently bouncing his head on the floor, and catching it as it rebounded, "My, yes, he hangs around here quite a bit; making up rhymes and trying to sell them to greeting-card manufacturers. My, only last week he got another rejection, and spent the entire day sitting over there in the corner and moaning, "I ain't got no body." It became so annoying that I finally had to put chains on him and send him out to haunt a house. But he came back the next day. Said there was no future in it.

I clapped at the vampire on the back of my neck, and it went off into the corner and began to cry softly to itself. "It used to belong to Dick Wilson," whispered the professor. "But he began to get anemic and suspicious at the same time, so he gave it to me.

"Would you mind calling Burns here for a seance?" I asked.

But a buzz from the televisior in the front of the room interrupted me. The Professor clicked it on, and a tall, lean, good humored individual who resembled Buddy Ebsen of the movies, appeared on the screen. "Say, Doc," he said, "this is Tucker. We want to start publishing. Howabout wakin' up a Zombie, eh?"

Prof ssor Rodent nodded, and pulled a cord. Immediately a copy of Captain Future sailed down, and landed in front of a Zombie reposing in a corner, asleep. The Zombie instantly snapped awake, and cringed against the wall, shrieking in sheer horror.

ON THE RELATIVE MERITS OF MICE AND MEN

"It's the only way to awaken 'em," said the Professor. "They have very sensitive noses."

The face on the screen grinned, and said, "Thanks Prof. Don't forget that it's Chicago in '41. I---" he broke off, and shouted at someone behind him. "Hey, Sully! Dammit, we use staples, not pink ribbon in putting LeZ together!" The face faded from the screen swearing by the fearful name of Foo.

I bit a Frankenstein monster that was clinging to my leg and begging a dime for a cup of blood, in the ankle, and repeated my request.

"One moment," replied the Professor. He went over to the kettle and dropped a pinch of strychnine in it.

"What is it?" I asked in a hushed voice, "The Elixer of Life?"

"No," answered the Professor briefly, "bathtub gin. Can't seem to get it to the right thickness, though. Last week I tried a drop of it on an ogre, and three pink elephants came out of his night-mare and sang "On the Road to Mandalay," in a low voice, right there in the middle of the floor. We use it for acids in emergencies."

He straightened up and threw a coffin at apparently empty air. Something grunted in pain, the door opened by itself it seemed, and then closed. "The Invisible Man," explained the Professor, "he keeps returning. Now where were we? Oh, yes, Bobby Burns. Here, wait 'till I get out my ouija board. There we are. Now. Calling Robert Burns, calling Robert Burns. No, not you, bud, go on back to Bing Crosby; I don't need a bazooka player, just yet. Hey, Bob, you getta visitor."

A mournful voice said: "Who is it? Anyone wanting greeting cards?"

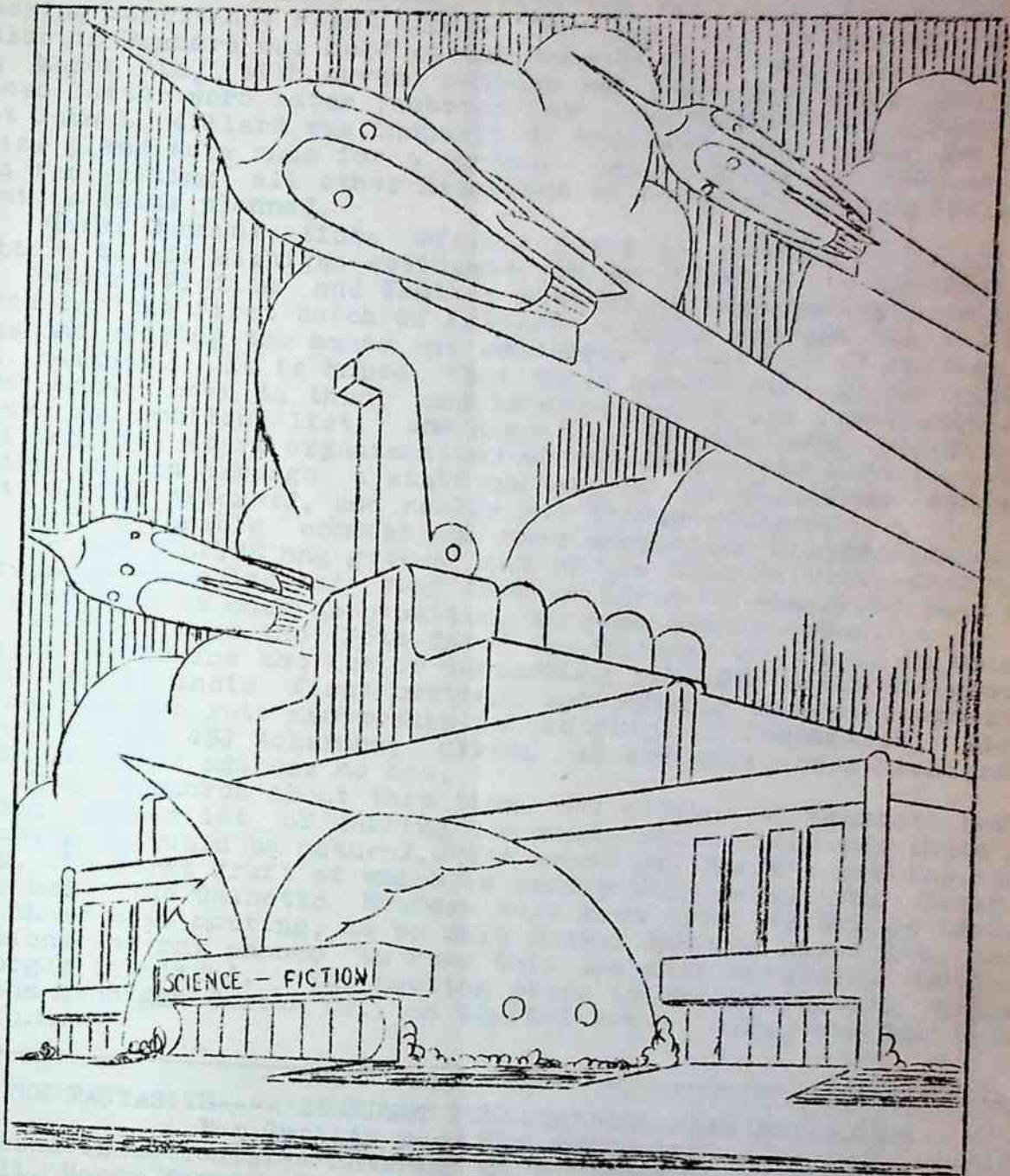
I explained my mission, and questioned the ghost as to the relative merits of mice and men.

"Well," said his voice reflectively, "Hickey and Minnie make people laugh, but they have to work hard at it, while you human actors do it without even meaning to. Personally, I prefer my ham or rye, instead of celluloid. But that's a matter of taste. He chuckled in a dry voice, like an undertaker who had been informed that the death rate was rising.

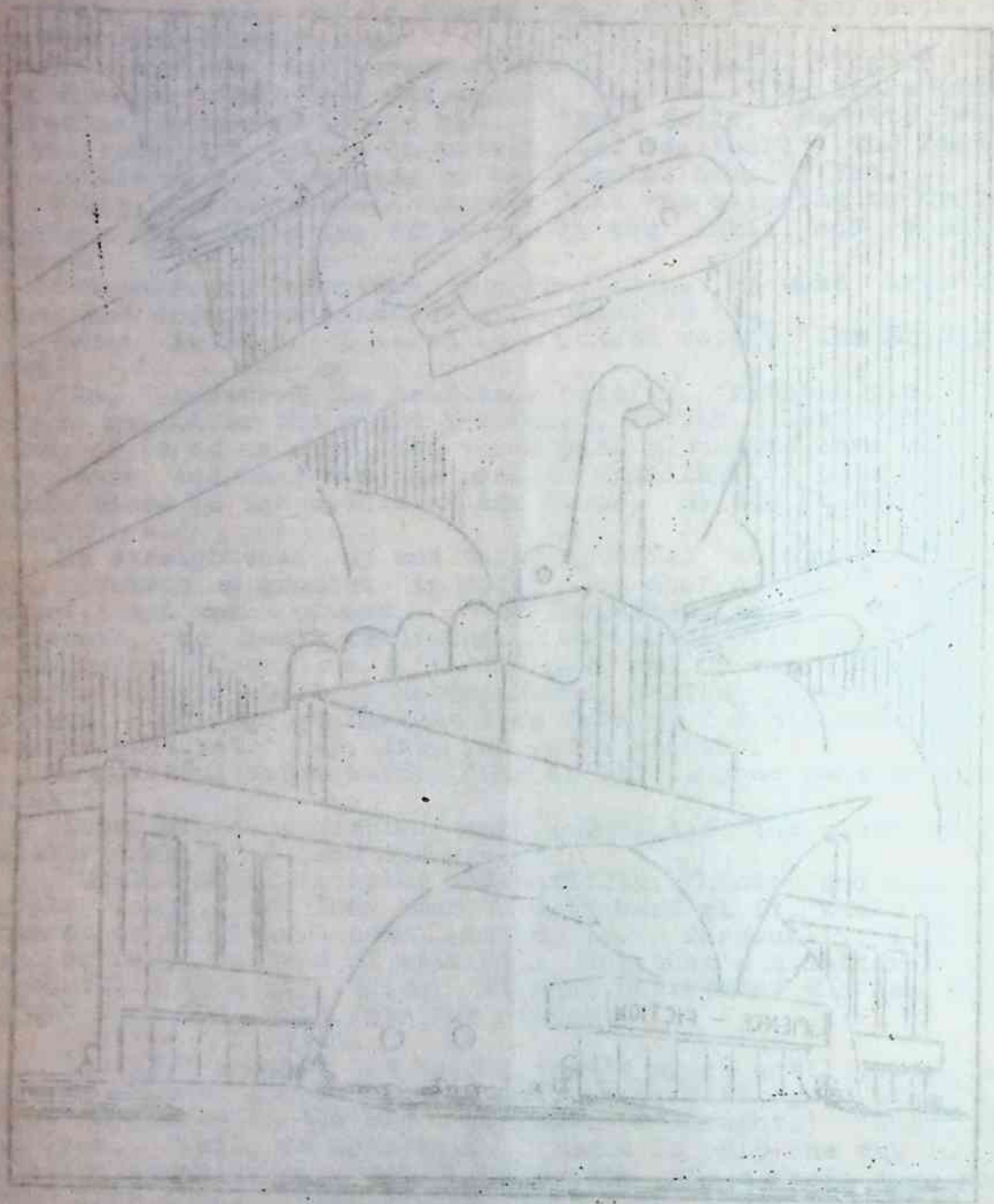
"But----" I began.

"Quiet," snapped the voice; "don't spook until you're spook-en to." (That gag had not improved much with age, since it had first appeared in the old D'Journal, I thought.) "Where was I? Oh, yes. Well, in my opinion, there is only one way in which mice are superior to men. The mice can make a woman jump and run away from them. Sure you don't want any greeting cards? No? Oh, well, no harm in trying. While there's life there's hope, says I. But I'm dead, so that doesn't help much. Feh, heh, heh! His voice faded away, and I thanked the Professor and left, ignoring the insults of the vampire, who didn't like journalists.

So, frankly I must confess that I do not know just what the relative merits of mice and men are. I'm waiting to see the picture before I read the book, anyway.



DENVER in 1941



DERVIERKE HETZEL

The colonization of the Michigan Asteroid, mentioned in the last issue, continues apace, with new applicants for membership seeking admittance right along. The last business meeting of the Galactic Roamers was held at the home of "Doc" Smith, in Jackson, on March 7th, with seven members and three neophytes present. These latter were later inducted into full membership. Chief Pilot John L. Millard was in charge of business, and during the evening plans were made for a further exploitation of the colony and for getting all other Michifans so far known instructed into what is being planned.

Chief Communications Officer Evans was instructed to write letters to all Michigan residents who are known to be interested in Science Fiction and Fantasy matters, a list having been prepared for the first batch of letters by going through all the Pro Mags and getting the names and addresses of writers of letters to the editors. It is hoped that these people will answer giving more names known to them, and in this way we can constantly increase our mailing list, and hope that someday soon other communities will start organizations of their own, and that in a few months we can arrange a state meeting of the Michifans from all parts of the Asteroid, and really get things started.

Very favorable comment was made during the meeting concerning the new ECLIPSE mag gotten out by the Detroit boys, everyone expressing themselves at very much in favor of assisting them in the good work as much as possible, by subs and articles.

A letter from the "Pole-Cat," Art Widner, was read, in which he gave thanks for the letter concerning the NFFF which the group wrote him at their first meeting, and sending some stickers for the members who rate membership in his proposed Federation. Also a letter from 4SJ Ackerman, giving us the name of a Michigan Stephanie whose address he had.

Eats appeared about this time, and bottles of (honest) soft drinks; and a lot of gabbing was done, about thisa and thata, including as would be natural, a lot about Dr. Smith's new Lensman story, the first draft of which is nearly half done. Oh! Lucky, lucky us! The Galactic Roamers will roam over to Battle Creek for their next meeting, to be held Friday evening April 4th, and Michifans who may chance to read this are most cordially invited and urged to attend. The meeting place is the Recreation Rooms of the Michigan Carton Co., on Capital Ave., S.W., and the time 7:30 p.m.

THE FANTASITE---A STARDUST PUBLICATION---THE FANTASITE

For Quality read THE FANTASITE

Second issue contains material by Clifford D. Simak, Samuel D. Russell, Harry Warner, Jr., Damon Knight, Louis R. Chauvenet, Bob Tucker, and others. Also the popular column by Donn Brazier, FANTASIPS, and many other regular features; including a long reader section, Fantascripts, Fanta-Notes, and a Photo-Cover! Mailed flat in large envelopes! No unfolding or un-rolling to do. To top it off, THE FANTASITE is beautifully hektoed in many colors! Just try it once, and you won't want to miss another big issue! Only a dime from Phil Bronson, 224 West 6th St., Hastings, Minn. Or, if you want to save a nickel, three for two-bits.

Hello, there, may I come in for about----shall we say---two pages? Thanks. Mind if I sit down? You know many people have distorted views on the subject of art; especially the pro work. Understand, I'm not a wizard at this sort of thing, but I know a little more than the average fan. Before passing judgment on an artist and his oft-bereaved work, the critic must weigh several things in his mind, provided he has one. He must first consider the magazine for which the artist is working; its standards, and its requirements. AMAZING'S requirements are entirely different from those of ASTOUNDING. AMAZING demands a cover with bright colors to catch the eye of the average pulp reader. As one can easily see, the vast majority of the Ziff-Davis followers have just escaped from their cradle. But among the readers are those few who still spend their mazuma every month of the year, just for collection sakes. Of course, the editor must please the majority of his followers. The AMAZING type simply drool over the bright colors and the monstrosities that adorn the covers. If a different type cover was to appear on the cover of the active-fan's pet hate, why the younger-reader's would go wild at the exile of their favorite BEM. Seldom does an artist meet the specified requirements of this mag and still turn out an excellent cover. Two of AMAZING'S artists have done this; MacCauley and St. John. MacCauley's cover for "The Floating Robot" was the best to appear on the old aristocrat since Z-F took over. St. John's first covers were a specimen of fine art, but take a look at the May AMAZING! Prostitution of an artist's and writer's work seems to be a favorite pastime of Ray Palmer. Of course I excluded Paul on purpose, why shouldn't I? As far back as I can remember, he has used the same glaring colors, and the fans liked it. Therefore, when you attempt to grade a cover, first consider the mag it's on, and it's requirements. If you have been reading aforementioned mag for any length of time, compare the present cover with its predecessors. Then go ahead and cuss AMAZING!

ASTOUNDING tops all the other mags in artwork (in reference to covers. There is no doubt in my mind who is the "boss-dog of the boneyard" when it comes to covers in fantasy. Rogers tops them all. He doesn't use the glaring covers of AMAZING; Campbell doesn't tell him thus. But I'll betcha if Campbell asked for one Rogers would turn out a hum-dinger! The soft colors used on ASTOUNDING don't readily catch the eye of the news-stand dandlers. ASTOUNDING doesn't need new readers, it is secure. I'd better explain that last statement. ASTOUNDING has an excellent monthly sales; of course every mag wants new readers, but rather than sacrifice some of his old readers, Campbell sticks to the sober covers. Rogers Reigns!

STIRRING and COSMIC are introducing something new into the fantasy world in the way of covers. The black and white covers are fine. They attract attention; they satisfy the average fan; they're quite attractive! But only so long as you have a fine cover artist!!!! On the first ish, DAW experimented with Morey. That's all he did--experiment! Morey was quite definitely a flop. Then he turned to Hannes Bok. Eureka!! Bok was immediately a success, and if Don Wollheim is intelligent, he'll keep Hannes
(continued on page 17)

ECLIPSE

ON BEING INTRODUCED TO JOE GILBERT--AND FANDOM
by Harry Jenkins, Jr.

(Author's note---if anyone who reads this masterpiece (?) doesn't believe the contents of thisyer thing, why just come on down South to Columbia, attend the Columbia Conference, and you'll agree with me, n'est pas?)

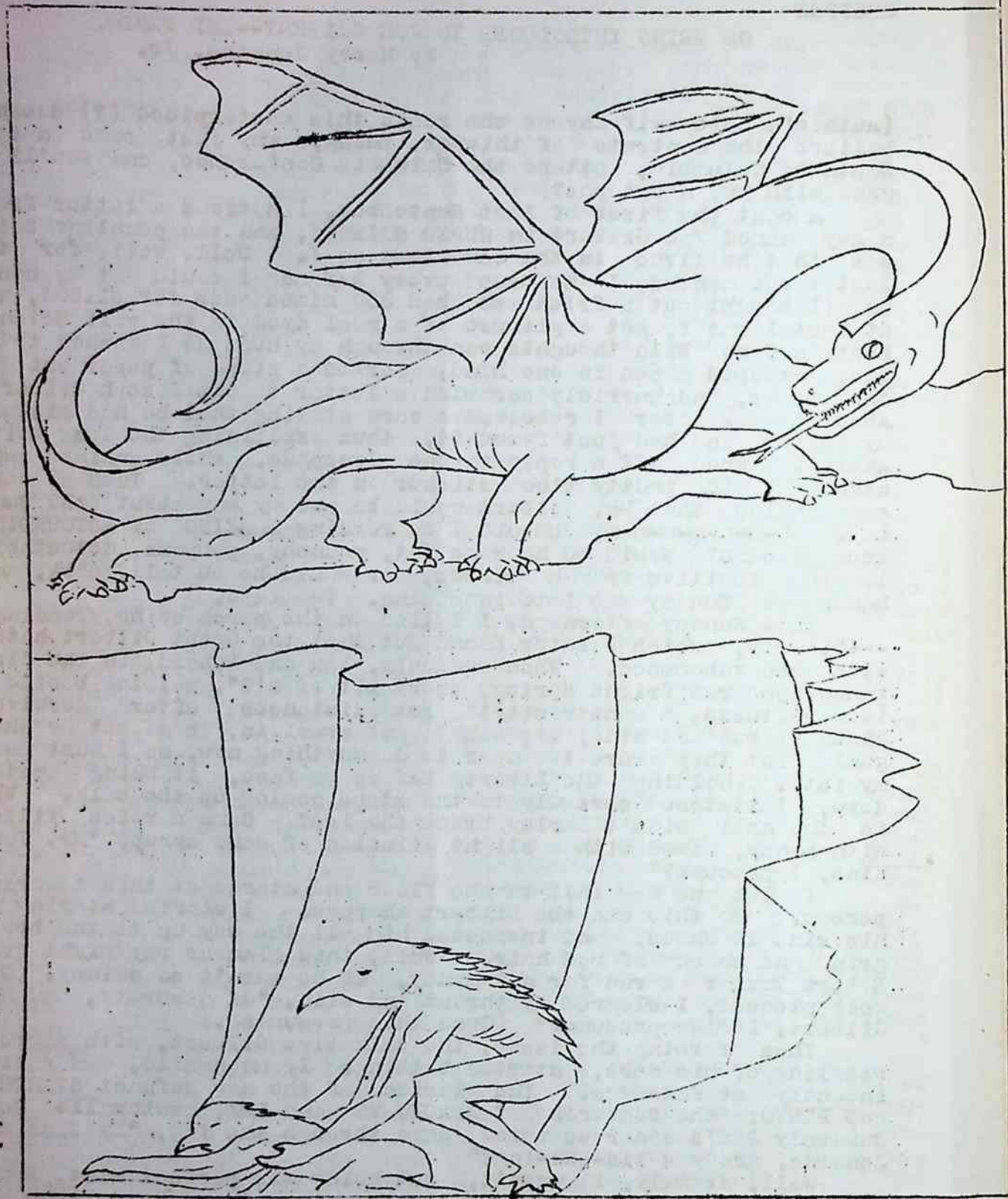
About the first of last September, I noticed a letter from a guy named Joe Gilbert in SUPER SCIENCE, and the peculiar thing was that he lived in the same town as I. Well, well, for the last three months, I had read every s-f mag I could get my hands on, (I bought out a friend who had 250 mixed ones for \$1.50), and at last I was to get a glimpse of a real dyed in the wool Science fiction fan. Wild thoughts ran through my head as I dashed to my den, grasped a pen in one hand, jerked a piece of paper out of the drawer, and hurriedly scrawled a letter to one Joseph Gilbert. About a week later I received a card stating that he had mislaid my letter and had just found it, thus explaining the long wait. Again I dashed off a reply to one Josephus, while gazing awe-struck at the pretty blue sticker on the letter. Then a card came saying that Mr. Gilbert would be out my way about 4:30 Sunday. H-m-m-m-m-m-m-n, should I be reading AMAZING or ASTOUNDING when he came? Would he be some fat, paunchy, pompous, detestable looking fugitive from a circus, or would he be tall, dark, and handsome? Sunday was late in coming. Too late.

That Sunday afternoon, I lolled on the porch swing, reading---Liberty, which I later found out that the Great Gilbert hates with much vehemence. When suddenly, low and behold, in the distance appeared friend Harley, every bit of 5'9", walking beside a lean collusus, a monstrosity! But distances often deceive. Should I run and hide, dig a hole and crawl in, or go get my shot gun? But they were too near to do anything now, so I must meet my fate. Holding the Liberty before my face, it being upside down, I listened shrewdly to the steps coming up the walk. Why in the hell didn't Harley break the ice? Came a voice filled with honey, mixed with a slight dilution of cane syrup, "Mr. Jenkins, I presume?"

I let the mag fall to the floor and stared at this towering person. So this was the Gilbert chappee. I started staring at his size 12 shoes, and inspected him all the way up to the broad grin and shock of red hair. Well, this glamour boy might give Robert Taylor a run for his monecy, if he wasn't so skinny. So, well pleased, I cleared my throat and said, "Of a surety, and Mr. Gilbert, I also presume?" (Cuss this presuming.)

Thus forcing the issue, the talkative Gilbert, with a great wiggling of his ears, started talking. I, meanwhile, was gazing intently at fan-mags. The glories of the now defunct STARDUST and PLUTO; the features of SPACEWAYS and LEZ, enthralled me. Suddenly Joe's sonorous voice came through the fog, "My dear Mr. Jenkins, are you lis-sun-ing?"

Well, frankly, I wasn't, but being the perfect host, I answered yes. Since this memorable occasion (?), I have become an active fan, accomplished through the loud mouth of the canny Scotchman. No friendlier person lives on God's green earth, than the ring-leader of the Columbia Camp, Joe Gilbert, the Red-Haired Scotchman!!



EUROPA

CONFLICT

by Henry Andrew Ackermann

The mating season on Europa was rising to full tide. New young were on the ground. The males were quarrelsome. The warriors alert and ready for battle. And all the while there hovered over this warm scene a constant menace that was as ancient as the oldest instincts of the Jad. . . the winged terror.

This fear had nothing to do with my keeping aloof from the tribe. I was staying away because I was not physically fit, yet, to do battle with Pisma who had snatched the leadership of the clan after the death of old Gayto.

I was swiftly recovering from the exhaustion and sore muscles of my flight and escape from the tecca, the men-from-the-sky, who had captured me only ten days before when I had incautiously ventured out of the dry belt. These tecca had intended to take me to their home grounds, the land-above-the-sky. The tecca, who were two noom, males, had mouthed unintelligible gibberish in their harsh and unpleasant voices to the effect that "it was worth plenty of cash." Whatever they meant, they had referred to me, I knew.

There was one thing that had very much impressed me during my involuntary captivity with the noom. That was their apparent amazement and distaste for me. To think that they regarded my beautifully feathered body with its four fore-limbs and two sturdy bony legs as something horrible and repulsive!

Certainly the hideously malformed bodies of the tecca with their sickly, pale-white skin were nothing to be proud of. Yet, the noom regarded them as the acme of perfection!

But to get back to my story.

Now that Gayto was out of the picture and Pisma was in, my instinct began to demand my victory over the arrogant warrior.

I could see her now, standing on a giant flame flower, where she could watch the males and see the young romping briskly about in the shade of the triple-leaved Neono trees. Behind her, above all of us, was the rocky plateau that was the haunt of the carnivore while in the other direction stretched the dreary, mel-

EUROPA CONFLICT

ancholy wastes where we Jad never go. This tribe was traveling westward toward new hunting grounds for the tecca had encroached upon its old territory. It was necessary for it to pass near the beast-filled heights because the strip of narrow land that was the dry belt skirted it. And they dared not leave it for there it was that the pon-pon plants were abundant, and the pon-pon was our chief source of nourishment.

As I was thinking all this, Pisma abruptly tossed her head sent her falunting challenge, perhaps to remind the other warriors of her presence. . . the ugly and sullen red-plumaged one, the one with the broken fore-limb, the one with the short beak, and the younger shes; or possibly because she vaguely sensed, or imagined the nearness of the Zettle, the winged terror.

Dread of the Zettle is exceeded in our minds by nothing except the tecca. . . unless it be the Ebonard, the behemoth of the rain-forests on the wind-swept plateaus. For the danger from the Zettle is surpassed only by the great cold that withers the pon-pon and brings starvation and death, or by the swift tidal fires from the flame-capped mountains.

Quite as ringingly as Pisma had just challenged, I threw up my own sleek neck feathers into a ruff and flung the challenge back at her. And she did what she had done from the first to belittle me. . . arched her neck and tail and posed elegantly, gazing far off, to show her indifference to me and let the males see her glossy yellow and black feathered beauty.

It was infuriating.

To add to the slight, two young males walked close to the flower to her side. . . a pretty orange-gray thing and a lustrous beauty with back of bright metallic green and throat and breast of brilliant crimson. I had seen these two the moment I connected with this tribe two days before, after my escape from the tecca, and as a taunt to the shes I had made a bluff of making court to them, ostensibly to start a harem of my own. My rashness almost resulted fatally, for the shes, with Pisma included, had attacked me and I had barely escaped. By now, though, they were used to me and there would be no further gang assault.

The males looked in my direction with keen interest, as they stood there as graceful as clouds rounding in the breeze. Enwe, the green and crimson beauty, twittered a soft inquiry that made by blood flash and feel on fire, and Pisma nipped at him and tossed an angry beak.

And nipped him again.

It made my blood boil with rage to see the gorgeous Enwe treated thus. I ran toward them, a few lengths, shrilling in protest.

Such defiance was more than Pisma could stand. She hopped down from the flower and made her way toward me, throwing her crest up, screeching in an ugly fashion.

Our personal affair would have come to an issue there and then but that a dense growth of tangled thorn grass checked Pisma's advance. She attempted to break through it, and in a flash I headed around its nearest end, where it thinned out, and raced to cut off the two males and take them for my own.

I called my urgent invitation to Enwe and Orange-Gray, and they eagerly replied. Now the entire tribe was watching us, the

EUROPA CONFLICT

warrior shes, males, and young. Such affairs always grip the attention of all in sight.

Pisma was having difficulty in getting out of the confused mass of leathery blades. I had almost reached Enwe and Orange-Gray when she came at me with her strong, frightful beak agape. We Jad scorn to use weapons other than those natural ones nature has endowed us with in our personal disputes.

Then I was too late.

She came tearing at me, a squalling fury. I flung around to meet her, beak opened and eager. She may have been a yellow-and-black eyeful, but I had been the focys of many an eye, too. . . . a shining lavender without any other colored feather on my body, so that I was called Violac, which in the language of the Jad means "purple-colored." She may have been a capable fighter, but I had beaten the best of them in my native tribe in the old days before I had been abducted by the tecca. I felt equal to Pisma in any capacity, save that I was not in good physical trim just yet.

But I was rash enough to keep on.

And we would have battled to a finish had not something intervened. We were within ten feet of conflict when a thin, tragic scream ripped through the warm air, penetrating our babel.

The whole tribe seemed to freeze at the cry. Pisma and I ground our clawed feet to a stop. And I saw an ugly, bat-winged creature bearing down upon a young she, close by the base of the plateau cliffs.

I knew, without having seen, just what had happened. The young one had caught sight of a waving object among the rubble of stone that lined the cliff's base and had gone toward it in big-eyed wonder, crest set forward in fascinated curiosity.

Some of my friends of the tribe in which I was hatched said that the Zettle deliberately concealed itself behind a bush or boulder and waved its camouflaged wings to attract the fledgling's eye, and the young one, being possessed of an abnormal amount of curiosity would go investigating in its senseless fascination.

Other Jad argued that it was inner excitement and tension that set its wings to waving and flagging its victims.

Whatever the instinct of the Zettle, the innocent little one gawked itself up close enough on its ridiculously short legs to catch a glimpse of the beast of prey. And its frantic cry of alarm was the signal for the thing to soar from its concealment and land upon it, to crush its tender neck bones between the short, powerful jaws.

The attack was being completed as I turned. . . the huge flying terror was crushing the frail she to the ground.

Then a new element entered.

It was the sullen red-plumaged one. She was the veteran of many a successful fight. Even the shes of her own tribe feared her. One fore-limb was gone; and her body was scarred with long featherless streaks where some animal had clawed her.

As the young she screamed, Scrise was standing spraddle-legged, with drooping head, asleep in the warm sun, not twenty feet away. She was tired from the conflicts and vigils of the mating time and had not sensed the presence of the Zettle.

But the puny scream of the she snapped her awake.

Now it is against the nature of the Jad to attack the Zeetle, the Ebonard, or similar carnivorous creatures. Our safety lies in flight. Yet it is the duty of the warrior shes to protect those in their charge, either by getting between them and danger or by driving them away from the threat.

But none of us will face or attack a Zeetle unless some powerful twist of circumstances compel.

Her being snatched from stupid slumber was just such a circumstance for the sullen warrior. Serise may have thought that the Zeetle was attacking her, or that the jealous warriors of the clan were after her. . . my and Pisma's brawling perhaps yet echoing in her ears.

At any rate Serise whirled blindly into the affray, just as the Zeetle and young rolled on the ground.

The Zeetle saw the warrior coming. It rasped out an angry cry and charged. Serise's fore-limbs flashed into action. She took her spear, gripped it firmly. Her sharp eyes gleamed a-long its slender shaft, seeking a vital spot. Then szzz! Thud! Like a flash of light sped the heavy spear. And like a light suddenly extinguished, the right eye of the monster blinked out. It was a shame. Serise's spearhead had not yet been dipped in the slime-mould. Else the monster would have died then and there: But it did rear up on its legs and bellow with pain and rage.

Serise tried to follow up her advantage with a savage stroke of her stone knife at the beast's soft, dead-white belly, but the agonized Zeetle was too quick for her. He sank his wicked talons into Serise's unprotected body.

By now every one of the tribe was caught up, ready for flight, including myself. Zeetle fear is no respecter of persons. Some of the more excitable males were already on the run. The warrior mother of the little she on the ground was frantic between flight and the desire to protect her off-spring. In the end she almost ran up to it and the Zeetle and Serise, beak open and savage. Ordinarily, we would have been off with the first sight of the Zeetle, but Serise's attack on it held us spell bound in fearful curiosity.

The Zeetle had Serise on the ground, on her back. Sinking yellow teeth into her neck in an attempt to reach the throat; Serise let out an agonized screech of pain and began to claw terrifically, frantically with her powerful legs at the Zeetle's exposed stomach.

In a moment there was a shower of dirty gray scales and greenish blood. The punishment was too much for the Zeetle and it released its hold.

But I knew it would soon be all over for old Serise. It was only an instant's respite and then the flying horror would strike the finishing blow. I decided to take a hand. I took my spear whose tip, unlike Serise's shaft, was covered with the deadly slime-mould, castro, and loosed it with a mighty toss.

As the fatal weapon entered the Zeetle's throat it began to pull out the barbed point with its wing talons. But its efforts only succeeded in embedding it deeper in its flesh. Its agony was awful to see as it beat the ground with its wings in fury. The Zeetle's life was ebbing away fast but I had no time to watch the final struggle for the sullen warrior was coming towards me,

EUROPA CONFLICT

a malignant expression on her face.

In a moment I saw that I was mistaken. Serise was heading more to Pisma's direction. I think she must have been blinded and crazed by the pain of her wounds for she charged Pisma!

Pisma roused and excited by the struggle and the smell of blood, met her challenge eagerly. No words were spoken, no war cries shrilled for none were necessary. These two had always been enemies.

Serise strove to get her beak clamped on Pisma's neck. She succeeded quickly, and began to twist and worry at Pisma. But the other had not gained the leadership of the tribe for nothing. She knew how to fight. Particularly how to break the neck hold.. with a twist and a downward thrusting of her yellow-and-black body straight into Serise she was free.

And now, as if she had learned a lesson by seeing the Zeetle seize Serise by the throat, Pisma went screeching and reaching for her opponent's wind-pipe.

Pisma was smart!

She got a beakful of the surprised warrior's throat. Forced Serise to her knees. Then lost her advantage. For Jad-like she did not hold on as the Zeetle would have done. She let go. But she did not leave the throat altogether. She kept nipping at it, in quick darting flashes.

Serise made an effort to rise. Pisma whirled and knocked her down with a terrific kick from a muscular, clawed foot. Came back again to the throat.

In spite of the disadvantage of being down, Serise managed to struggle to her feet. But she was exhausted from age, from the sudden alarm of the attack on the young she, her terrific fury with the Zeetle, and loss of blood. In the end. . .and it came quickly. . .Pisma flung her backward upon the solid wall of the cliff, and with a great squeal Serise rolled over and did not rise. She would never rise.

And with that fight won, Pisma, aflame with the heat of battle, turned on me with distended beak and glaring eyes. "Now to fix you!" she screamed.

Warriors worthy of chieftainship do not fight for leadership when the tribe or a single member of it is in danger. Before Serise had gone down I had seen a new menace stalking us. Others of the tribe had seen it too, with fresh alarm over and above all the other alarms and excitements of the raging conflicts.

The Ebonard! A gigantic reptile, with a lizard-like body fully twenty feet long. Unwieldy, scaly wings, with webs instead of feathers, were folded close to its repulsive bulk. At the end of a thick, columnar neck was poised a nightmare head filled with rows of needle-like fangs. It was slithering down a slope of rock there above us. . .on the plateau, bent on slaughter.

Pisma became aware of the thing and once more checked her attack.

The Ebonard with its baleful eyes began to hiss and sputter in its throat in a way to make the blood run cold.

Then it halted, at the alert, and I knew it had caught the scent of the warrior mother below the edge of the cliff. . .the she grieving over her dead young.

The warrior quickly caught the vile and overwhelming odor of

the Ebonard too. She flinched, not knowing from where it might leap upon her, and froze in terror at the invisible danger.

One jump and the Ebonard could drop over the cliff's edge like a plummet, square upon the back of the shrinking warrior.

It was Pisma's cut to act. And she did. But in a manner contrary to good leadership. Instead of ordering the frozen warrior into movement and flight, she turned and began to move the nearer males away from the frightful peril.

I knew that once the tribe took to heel it would be too late to save the scared warrior. When we Jad freeze from fear, as in the face of the all-destroying lava-flow from the mountains or any great danger, we are lost, usually. . . unless others break the spell by starting to flee thus stampeding the frightened frozen one into action.

My reasoning, the reasoning of a born leader, impelled me to act. I cried, "Run for it!" to the warrior and began to set her an example by running myself.

It broke the spell. She began to stumble away as I looked back to see if she was following.

Then I caught sight of another tribesman in trouble. Emwe.

In going away from the flame flower, where he and Orange-Gray had stood beside the arching Pisma, he had to pass under the cliffs. And I knew by his shrinking, trembling attitude that he was close to some dangerous creature and afraid to move. . . afraid. . . for his life.

But I could not see anything.

I was almost up to Emwe before the peril became clear to my vision. . . another Ebonard, smaller than the first to be sure, but just as dangerous. Its wings were twitching and caressing its slimy hide, eyes glittering with the lust to kill.

When it saw me it turned away from the cowering Emwe.

I barely had time to leap aside before it sprang.

As it rushed headlong past me, unable to stop its forward motion, I threw myself on its broad back, clutching desperately for a grip on its slippery flesh; I managed to creep up to its massive neck. I had thought to stab it in the throat but a new idea came to me. The Ebonard's skull was nearer; its most unprotected part. There the thick hide thinned out affording scant protection. I forgot the throat, took that new tidbit. Sank my sharp, stone knife deep in its vicious brain.

The Ebonard screamed in a blast of agony. It reared on its hind legs and its fore claws reached up and caught me on the neck ripping and slashing.

Then it straightened convulsively and went limp.

I jumped off its back with lightening speed for to fall beneath that immense dead weight would be fatal.

And at that moment, Pisma, filled with treachery, attack me. As I fell towards the ground, a flying shaft whizzed by my face. The sneaky Pisma had thrown it, hoping to impale me while I was not able to defend myself!

It is sometimes the unwritten law of the clan that an unfit warrior must die. And treachery makes for unfitness.

Pisma died.

I made but one move for her, no other play nor stroke, than

(continued on page 19)

THOU ART MINE---ART! (Continued)

right on the covers. But if albino pubs. do change to another artist, they had better be sure that his style is well-adapted to their type of covers. Perhaps Finlay's style is the exact demand, who knows?

THRILLING WONDER! No, don't go away, listen for a moment. Then it's the third door to the left! Brown was bombasted and bombarded by the readers right off the covers of T.W.S. Why? He failed to suit the demands of the readers. Remember, the sales of a mag depend also on the covers. They must attract; lure some innocent one nearer, or so thinks Weisinger. Brown, on the old ASTOUNDING, will long be remembered for his scenes from different planets. When he was banished by ASTOUNDING, and coveted by T.W.S., he started on his bug-eyed monsters. And that ruined Mr. Brown! This change from the quiet scenes he did so well to the drooling Frankenstiens was too much. Mark my words, unless T.W.S. changes its cover policy, artists will come and artists will go!

Well, mind if I fill my pipe? Thanks, Johnny! What's that you said? Oh yes, the current art. Well, if you want to see something that'll make you gasp, look at the new FUTURE FICTION. Paul, with his outlandish colors, is still in there slugging with rights and none left. FANTASTIC NOVELS has a swellelegant top-piece by Finlay. Betcha Tucker's glad! AMAZING utterly destroys all of my sweet dreams. "Et tu, St. John!" COSMIC and STIRRING draw my admiration. Sure, Bok is one of the best artists going, who doesn't know that! ASTOUNDING is another of Rogers' triumphs, but unlike certain other people, I don't drool over every spaceship flitting through space.

Well, pears like I've gotta rush off, brother. Almost 5 and gotta be home at 5. You know the little woman, always fussy and growling over my tardiness. But I guess I'll drop around in a couple of more weeks, and letcha know a little more about the interior illustrations. Guess I'll get around to a review of the outstanding fan artists, but I dunno. Gotta match? Thanks a lot for listening to an old-timer's prattle. Whoops, two minutes till 5. Jean'll be madder than a proverbial hornet's nest and she'll fuss and fus-----.

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BRIGHT STUFF BY CHILDRIEN

BY JOE GILBERT

(Letter from an English fan whose home was struck by a bomb with disastrous results to his collection): Imagine my horror! The land's premier collection of "Weird Tales" scattered over the entire neighborhood! A Brundage cover in every back garden! Can you wonder that I was forced to flee the vicinity when my dreadful secret became known?

Sidnet L. Birchby in the
February FUTURIAN WAR DIGEST

Spring is here so green white
and blue
Flowers bud out so clean
fresh and new
The moon shines down so white
and true
Stars stay out late evenings
don't you?

Postcard quoted by
Damon Knight in
February FANTASITE

The opinions expressed blah blah in this magazine are those of the contributors only, and neither the STRANGER CLUB nor the editors accept responsibility for them. Each editor, however, accepts full responsibility for any of the drivel the other may happen to publish. Incidentally, if we may flip a rather neat phrase, we have it upon unimpeachable authority that yngvi is a louse.

Table of Contents page,
December FANFARE

I don't take the trouble to read fan mag fiction at all. The stuff is usually depressing, and injurious to the fan's delicate mind.

Letter from Harry Schmarje
in February SPACEWAYS

BRIGHT STUFF BY CHILDREN

((After reading SWEETNESS AND LIGHT. I don't believe that "delicate" is quite the word to apply to the fan mind! JG))

From Don Wollheim's Letter in "LeZombie" No. 35

"Dear Bob:- Congrats on your Halloween achievement! We all knew you had it in you!" ((This is Koenig quoting Wollheim, Holman's comment on this letter follows. JG)):

I'd have laughed at that one, Don, if I hadn't remembered that Dorothy Parker pulled it many years ago. And, much more appropriately, the recipient of the congrats was a gal. -- If you get what I mean.

H. C. Koenig's
THEIR OWN PARTARD
in DETOURS for
December.

We've spent quite a bit of time coaching P. G for the Army. One thing we've insisted on is that an Army salute is definitely not effected by placing a thumb on the nose and wiggling the fingers.

Faye M. Manning's
"Fantasy Farm Footnotes"
in January PLUTO

THE END

EUROPA CONFLICT (cont. from page 16)

to charge as she charged, thrust in, and seize her throat, close in to the beak where I could not be dislodged.

With all my pent-up fury and the strength of madness I forced her over backward, in one effort. She struck, back down, and I held on, Zectle-like, the concentrated force of my being in my beak.

I heard her gasp for breath that she could not get. And at last she was still.

I walked over to the flame flower, the symbol of leadership, and raised my voice in the throaty warble of victory.

Emwe came up and stood on my left, Orange-Gray on my right.

I looked around, getting my bearings, seeing where the members of the tribe were, realizing that the responsibilities of leadership were suddenly mine.

Then I ordered Emwe and Orange-Gray to move on, sending them running to join the fleeing tribe, to get away from this scent of blood and death, and the vile stench of the Ebonards.

There we were, sprawled at ease in a comfortable chair, watching the editors of ECLIPSE dashing madly about in the process of assembling the mag. It was none of our responsibility, we no longer had anything to do with the thing. We had nothing to worry about except what the judge was going to say about us doing fifty in that thirty mph zone, and where we could get some cash so we could take that blond out tomorrow night.

Then the Kuhn spies our relaxed form. "Hey you," he yells. "Where's Editorations?"

"Huh?" we huhs. "I didn't know you wanted the damn thing. (No relation to T.B. Yerkes of the same name.)"

"Who said I wanted it? We just got a couple of pages left to fill, and we're too desperate to care how we fill them!"

So here we are, glaring at our ancient and well worn Remington. And it's snarling back. Sometimes We get the darndest feeling that the keys on a typewriter are four rows of fangs, ready to snap off an inquisitive finger should it venture too close.

But enough of this. We've gotta write a couple of pages about nothing. (As the twenty lines isn't already filled with the tripe above.)

We sometimes wonder what sense the uninitiate makes of those "STF's" plastered all over the cover of COMET. We've always preferred the form s-f ourselves, as easier understood and more logical than stf. Scientifiction, it seems to us, is a cumbersome and more or less unwieldy bit of Ackermanese. (Yeah, we know Gernsback coined the word before 4E even heard of the stuff. But any such word can now correctly be called Ackermanese, whether Ackerman had anything to do with it or not.) Science fiction on the other hand is simple, natural, and easily understood. But we suppose it's too late now for a one man reform, as practically all the pro mags use stf. We've even seen it in SCIENCE FICTION, which it would seem should be the last to use it.

Every once in a while we are confronted by a dilemma. To buy or not to buy, that is the question. As a fan, we buy and hoard everything in the way of a science fiction mag. But we're under no such obligation when it comes to fantasy. In fact, UNKNOWN is the only fantasy we read.

And so, when UNCANNY STORIES appeared recently, we were uncertain whether to get it or not. We pulled a copy out of the rack at the nearby drugstore, and thumbed thru its contents.

"Hn," says Bridges the fan, "half science fiction, even if it is low grade. We gotta get this."

"No we don't," says Bridges the materialist. "It's half fantasy, and besides no science fiction mag would have that title. And you've already got the joint cluttered up with mags you've never read."

"STIRRING SCIENCE is half fantasy, too," argues B the fan, and you let me buy it."

"That's different," says B the materialist, "its got the word science in the title."

"It's still only half science fiction, and so is UNCANNY, B the fan insists.

Meanwhile the girl behind the counter was gazing at us and shaking her head as tho there was no hope left for our sanity.

But we're used to her by this time. She isn't used to us, however, and still shudders every time we slap an s-f magazine down on the counter in front of her. Must be the covers. We're glad Fuqua's not doing so many for Palmer now. A couple of times we thought she was going to faint at the sight of one of them.

B the m finally won the argument, and UNCANNY STORIES doesn't have a place in our files.

And now we've covered a little better than a page. If we can only think of a couple more equally unimportant topics to sling some words about, we'll be thru. (And won't you be glad!)

In Palmer's column in the April issue of ALAZING appears the words, "L. Taylor Hansen...his 'The Prince of Liars'...." and, from the same source, "...his name is Leigh Brackett." What's the matter, don't R.P. want to let his nine and ten year old readers know that females write science fiction?

We are continually intrigued by Gabriel Mayorga's treatment of the female--er, chest, in his covers for the various mags. A new high has been reached, we think, on the cover of the May SUPER SCIENCE, where Gabriel successfully draws the feminine form as he likes to draw it, even tho the girl is wearing a space suit! Once again art is triumphant!

The local fan club is a branch of the Science Fictioneers, and for that reason is frowned upon by the Jackson, Mich. fans in general, and John L. Millard in particular. Fan clubs, say they, should be entirely independent, and should have nothing to do with the big, bad pro mags. But their club was going to be different. They were going to scrupulously avoid contamination from such terrible influences.

And now we note that the Galactic Roamers of Jackson and Battle Creek, John L. Millard in charge, is advertising for members in ALAZING and FANTASTIC ADVENTURES! Personally, we prefer SUPER SCIENCE.

Looks like we gotta make an apology. Last issue we called Mr. Ed Earl Repp some names and ventured the prediction that his forthcoming novel for SF QUARTERLY would be a strong candidate for Worst Story of the Year honors. But, surprisingly, the story wasn't too bad. It was no world beater, of course, but it was far from being the worst we've ever read.

And, since "Donn Burton" evidently failed to get the QUARTERLY, we'll cut into his territory long enough to say that the shorts in the Spring SFQ aren't bad. Maybe Lowndes in going to cross everybody up by actually putting out some good mags!

Sometimes we wonder just what good fandom is, when it comes to influencing the pros. UNKNOWN is generally recognized as the best fantasy mag ever issued, yet it's now a bi-monthly; and Palmer's kiddies delight, FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, has gone monthly! And TWS goes bi-monthly after their best issue in more than a year; and STARTLING, best of the standard mags, never has been a monthly; and ALAZING, worst of the pros, seems to be in as strong a position as any one of them; and, but why go on? The only

(concluded on page 24)

MUSINGS ON THE PROS.

by Donn Burton

Pseudonyms are rather fascinating to consider. Some of them are well known, of course. Only one story has appeared bearing the signature of Anson MacDonald, but it is common knowledge that MacDonald is really Heinlein. That Lavond and Morley are both Pohl, and that Gordon is Wollheim, most fans are convinced.

What about Monroe, John E. Harry, Sturgeon, von Rachen, and Maurice Hugi? Rumors have it that von Rachen is Hubbard, but we couldn't say. Hugi is a mystery. But, by an involved process of quasi-logic, we have concluded that Monroe is another name for Heinlein. We won't explain it, but the guess is made more likely by the remarkable similarity between the final installment of "Sixth Column" and the writing in several stories by Monroe.

As for John E. Harry, --- well, if he isn't de Camp, somebody is the best imitator in the world. No one but de Camp has previously written with the combination of detailed accuracy and cynical flippancy which appears in "Our Director" in ASTONISHING.

Sturgeon is a mystery, too; but we think he previously used Stuart for a pseudonym. The stories by Sturgeon are all good, they all conform to the policy announced by Campbell, and they cover subject matter frequently discussed by Campbell in his editorial columns. The variations in subject matter and style, within the limits of the ASF policy, indicate that they are in the nature of trial balloons; and Campbell has been known to write trial stories before.

The best single story appearing in the eight-week period ending March 21 was, we thought, Simak's "Masquerade," in the March ASF. The Roman Candles fit their environment perfectly, and the story is carefully built to fit conditions on Mercury. Add to those details, real human characters, a tough problem for the protagonist, and a neat solution of the problem, and you have a story. Now, go ahead and write one as good --- if you can!

Almost as good as "Masquerade" are Tocklynne's "The Immortal" and William's "Dark Reality" in COMET for March, and Sturgeon's "Microcosmic God" in ASF for April.

Other superior stories include MacDonald's "Sixth Column," ending in the March ASF; O'Brien's "Beyond the Time Door," FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, March; Rocklynne's "Big Man," AMAZING, April; Williamson's "Star of Dreams" and Peterson's "Lie on the Bean," March COMET; Sturgeon's "Poker Face," March ASF; Asimov's "Hereditry" and Harry's "Our Director," April ASTONISHING; Geier's "A Length of Rope," March UNK; Walton's "The Scrambler," Jameson's "Slacker's Paradise," von Rachen's "The Mutineers," and von Vogt's "Not the First," April ASF; and finally, "The Facts of Life" by Miller, and "We Are One" by Binder, in the May COMET. (The current COSMIC STORIES, STIRRING SCIENCE STORIES, and SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY were not available for this review.)

MUSINGS ON THE PROS

COMET, after the fashion of its Celestial namesakes, has pursued a rather erratic course to date. It has appeared four times in six months. It seems to be headed for bi-monthly publication, for a while at least.

The story policy has followed a similar course, which is not unusual for a new magazine. The first (December) issue had nothing remarkable about it, except the large number of old-timers in the list of authors. The second (January) number took a long stride forward, with Loskowitz's "The Way Back," Peterson's "The Lightning's Course," and Binder's "And Return." In the third (March) issue, the magazine reached First Magnitude standing, with "The Immortal," "Dark Reality," "The Star of Dreams," and "Lie on the Bean;" two other stories well above average, and none below. The current (May) issue, No. 4, is far below the gala third issue. The stories are not poor, but are definitely not outstanding. The only improvement appears in the short-shorts, which are better than those appearing previously. The forthcoming story by Dr. Smith, "The Vortex Blasters" may be expected to raise the average of the fifth number.

The return of TWS to bi-monthly publication brings up a curious coincidence, if coincidence it is. Before going monthly, some fourteen months ago, TWS presented a number of good stories. These continued for a while, then stories of a pronounced juvenile type replaced most of the good ones. Some of the last of these better stories included Wellman's "Day of the Conquerors" and Williams' "The Eternal Light" (Jan., '40) Barnes' very excellent "Day of the Titans" and Tremaine's "True Confession" (Feb.) and Friend's "Roar of the Rocket," Williams' "The Tides of Time," Tracy's "The Gift of Urs," and, especially, Kuttner's fine fantasy, "Beauty and the Beast," all in April, 1940. Thereafter, with the exception of Binder's --- or, if you prefer, Giles' --- "Via" series, there were only Bond's wistful "Parallel In Time" (June) Gallun's "Prospectors Of Space" (Sept.) Kuttner's "Remember Tomorrow" (Jan. '41) Friend's "Blind Victory" (Feb.) and Jamson's "Dead End" and Kummer's "Strangers From the Stars" (March) to recall the better days of the magazine.

Then came the April issue and the announcement of return to bi-monthly publication. And in April, we find not one story down to the average of the last six months. "The Land of Time to Come," "Who was Thomas Morrow?" "Evolution's End," and "Five after Five" are up to the level of a year ago. The other two stories are not far below these four.

Opinions do differ, now and then. We thought "He Wasn't There!" not only the poorest story in the Febr. ASTONISHING, but one of the poorest to appear anywhere in the last year; yet, in the ratings compiled by the editor from letters received, "He Wasn't There!" rated second.

The ending of that story can be summed up in two completely contradictory sentences. 1. Winant walked out of the vortex, and after a while, went home. 2. No one ever really saw Winant again. We suppose we haven't any imagination.

(concluded on page 24)

A lot of fans are probably completely flabbergasted, now that FANTASTIC ADVENTURES has returned to monthly publication. Palmer's supposed custom of reading all the letters from fans, then following a policy exactly opposite to that desired by fans, seems to be selling magazines.

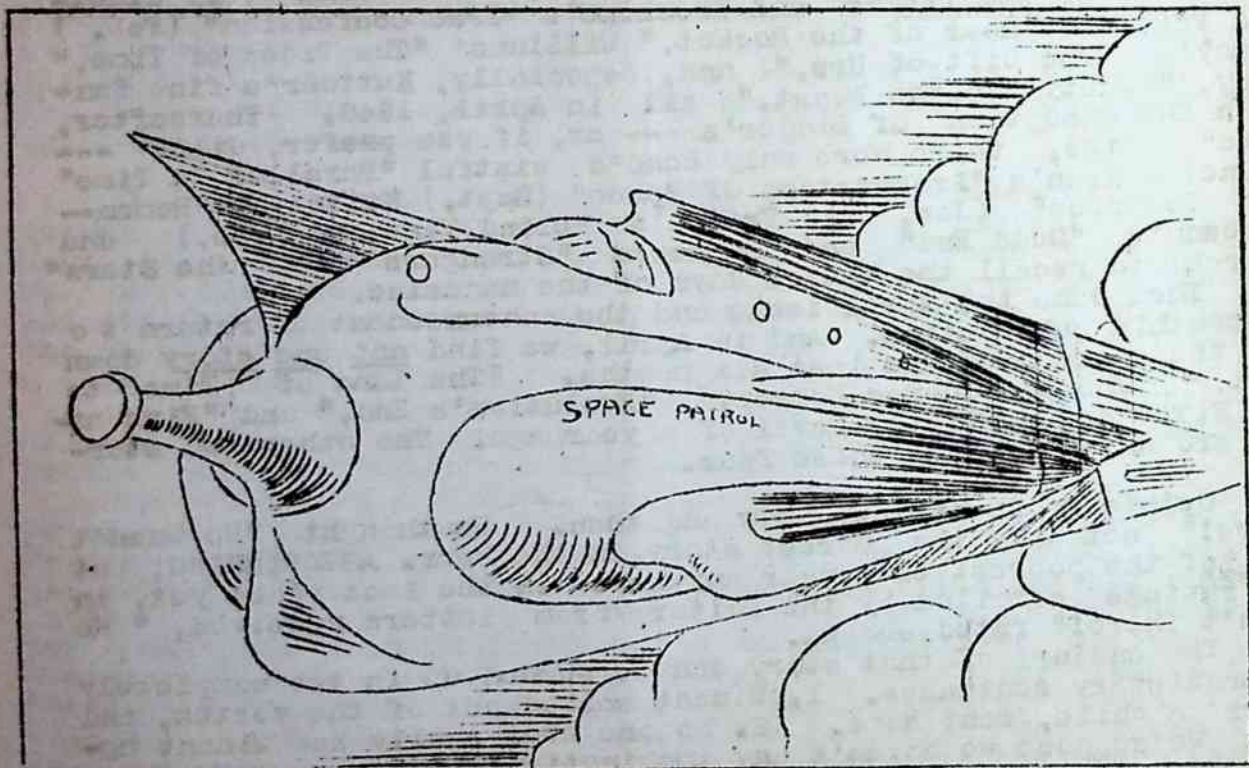
After presenting several stories in recent issues which came close to meeting the desires of the fans, AMAZING presents little but bulk in the Anniversary Issue. The best are "The Lost Race Comes Back," in a style reminiscent of earlier days of SF, and "The Strange Adventure of Victor McDiess," which appeals mainly because it fits the age in which it takes place --- an age when brawn, not brains, was tops. Williams' tale, also, differs from the rest, because it contains no beautiful damsel in distress.

That's all for now. Will We See You In Denver?

EDITORATIONS (concluded from page 21)

bright spot on the sf horizon is in the fact that ASTOUNDING keeps moving right along, month after month, printing the best material the field has ever known.

And now we find that we've gypped ourselves by running over the two pages allotted us. Oh, well, maybe the editors will let us make up for it by having us write a shorter column next time. Or so we hope, as, undoubtedly, do you.



THE GREAT MAN SPEAKS

One other thing: in the future, roll the mag when you mail it out, won't you? The folded scheme makes it too doggone hard to read, and pulls out the staples.

nothing to "spring on the unsuspecting public." Ah, well! I have had stuff thrown in better waste-baskets than his. ('nough said...eds.)

HARRY WARNER: Congratulations on the first issue of ECLIPSE! It's excellent work for a first issue. The material is muc better than the usual run of things that fill up most such beginnings, despite my article (wonder why is couldn't have gotten lost in the mails?) (yours was rated one of the best...eds.), and the artwork surprisingly good. I'm sure you're going to make the mag one of the top publications in the field.

I meant to write a letter and comment on it at length, but mail has been so heavy the past few weeks that I've fallen far back on it and have to make postals do the work of letters. I'll try to type at length on receipt of next issue, though.

E. EVERETT EVANS: Sorry I have not had time to write you sooner how much I enjoyed the first copy of ECLIPSE, and what a swell job of editing I think you did, especially for a first edition. However, I feel I should tell you the copy I got didn't have a very good job of mimeoing, otherwise it was swell, and I am sending you a buck for my subscription. (A fortune!!! Thank!! eds.)

Any time I can do anything to help along your mag, be sure and let me know, and I'll try to satisfy, although I'm not a Doc Smith. Tried a little yarn I sent to Wellheim, and he sent it back with a note that it was "humor of a sort, but the sort of a tale told in a tavern," and

MARVIS MANNING: Rec'd the copy of the first issue of ECLIPSE & go on record to say that I like it. Will send a quick rating on the contents: INTRODUCTION---6 (using H. Warner's system) BABBLINGS FROM A STRAIGHT JACKET---- (was funny at that)--7 ADUMB LINX--8 Ackerman at his best (or worst.) COLONIZATION OF MICHIGAN--8 interesting. SUPERSTITIONS IN THE PULPS---7 EDITORATIONS--8 MUSINGS OF (or ON) PROS---7. SF QUIZ---7 (got most right.) (are you kiddin'?..eds.) LIFE ON OTHER PLANETS -- phooey (who got that up?) (Bridges..rjk) ...4. ILLUSTRATIONS BY RUDY SAYN---9 the guy's good. All in all a darn good first issue.

PHIL BRONSON: Will start right in and wade through the mag. The mimeography could be improved, although it isn't too bad. The cover is laid out nicely, but I think the artist could have picked a less hackneyed scene to illustrate. Space-suit and figures brandishing ray pistols become rather tiresome, especially on fan mags. Editorials all okay. Didn't care so much for Ackerman's bit. Warner's article enjoyed. Musings on the pros is a rather worn feature, but it is written nicely. Life on Other Planets and the S F quiz are out-and-out filler material. And the Colonization of Michigan was okay. Please disregard me in most cases, as I love to find fault with the other fellow's stuff, but I hope you'll take it as constructive criticism. (sure thing...eds.)

THE GREAT MAN SPEAKS

TOM WRIGHT: The cover is swell; though a little more mimeo experience will make them a lot better. The drawing shows a good artist. Introduction--good. I see you have even edges, which is very good, and rare, for a first issue. Babblings from a Straight Jacket was rather humorous. 4e's piece I haven't read. Article was very fine, easily the best in the issue, I'd say. I thoroughly enjoyed Evan's piece, though it was sort of "confined." (?..eds.) Editorations--good. Art work, same as I said about the cover. Pro columns are O.K.; but I like 'em short. The Mercury piece was a stroke of genius.

Keep on improving, and I know you'll be on the top soon. Better quality paper wouldn't hurt anything. Best of Luck!

RAJOCZ: I guess I'll have to repeat myself. So, here it goes: As first issues go, you presented a good one. Quite a bit of good first issues of fanzines have appeared lately, and the material in them has been good. It seems that the old tradition of a bad first issue has been broken, and I'm happy to see that happen.

The best articles of the issue were: "Adumb Link Meets Aunty Science," "Superstitions in the Pulp," "Editorations," and "Lusings on the Pres," in the order named. 4e's story needs no comment, but I shall say something on Harry's contribution.

Another one of the "Superstitions" is gradually, and probably surely, disintegrated. The latest COLETT, AMAZING STORIES, FALOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES, and STARTLING STORIES, to name a few prezines, do have the year-date on the spine of the magazine. In all other respects Harry's art-

HARRY JENKINS, JR: I got home from college the other day, and by gosh, there was ECLIPSE waiting on me. Hurridly I gulped down my dinner, turned to page one and read through Pall's dazzling cover on the back!!! Thanks a lot for the sample copy but now comes a few Coises, etc. and stuff on ECLIPSE.

Rudy Sayn is a fair artist, but I DO NOT LIKE comic-book style artists, and Rudy's style is a comic-book glory type. However, as comic-book art goes, the cover was a good one. The interiors were not good enough to burn in the same fire with the cover.

Quote from editorial, page 3, "ECLIPSE is against excessive silliness," unquote. And about whom may the most honorable eds. be talking about? Not SUNSPOTS, LEZ, or any body else I hope, (no one in particular.....eds.) for on page 4 is as silly of an article, editorial, or anything else I never hope to see. I know its by you, and you're probably seething and blowing hot air enuf to heat a house for a month, but by gosh you can do better than that!! (I stand accused...now I'll sit down...rjk) And at the end of your Straight-Jacket Ramblings, or what ever it is, MY BACK YARD IN 91! If I recall it correctly I live in the same town as one Joe Gilbert, and if I remember correctly, I read everything and anything that good friend Joe writes. And if I still remember correctly, he said approximately the same thing in his first column for Widner, Slan--der!! But accidents can happen, so there!! (An other coincidence that happened...Yerke's mag had a cover by pal Pall!!.....eds.)

4e's little satire on the one and only Little Link--sawage, (by now you're probably wondering who this guy Jenkins is to be cussing other people out about their humor), is on

Read VOM!²⁹

par with most of Hacky's efforts, and therefore is one of the best features of the first ish.

Evans interesting, as all and any fan meetings are to me. Warner, Jr. has an article that has been used many a time, but darn it Harry wrote it and I enjoyed it more than anything in the whole mag. But maybe it's because I like anything that Harry writes.

Lynn Bridges is one of the newcomers in fandom who really was GOOD in this first ish. Congratulate him for me, willya, his EDITORATIONS was one of the high spots!!

Musings On the Pros, you must continue this article, not because of its popularity, but simply because it leaves much room for controversy, and your readers want these kinds of things!!! Palmer has succeeded in attracting the younger readers, just take a look at the Discussions and you will find 2/3 of the readers mere kids. In fact, they confess it. There HAS been an improvement in AMAZING STORIES that Burton tells of and Wilcox's Doll tale in F.A. But the stories that Burton mentioned all were rated on the bottom in the final monthly ratings. This is further proof of the numbers of youths and ones of lesser minds that RAP is attracting to his mag. But he is finally coming to realize that there are more older readers of s-f than younger ones. So mark my words, RAP is soon going to try to please both groups of readers by featuring both types of stories. Hunt isn't doing so good in the pros, his figures are bad, but backgrounds, O-O-h-h-h! Kyle is a miserable failure. He's worse than Guinta.

Well, that's that. Now for the mag on the whole. It is too much of a copy of all the other fan mags, & to exist in fandom, a mag must have something original

unique. If you could possibly get E.E. Smith to do something anything, every issue, then play this point up, sales and subscriptions would soar! (We've tried... remember, Doc only writes when he is in the mood... and it takes him 2 years to write a novel... eds.) The mimicing is bad and several pages scarcely readable. (How is it this time?... eds.)

Well, if you are still with me, I hope that you will accept this as constructive criticism. They say all first issues of a fan mag are bad, so don't be discouraged. Keep on trying.

DONN BRAZIER: I have not read all your mag yet, just got it this afternoon; and so I cannot rate all the items, but FJA's thing looks good, and Warner's was good. The art work, though faint, is very capable, and I believe you have a real artist in Rudy Sayn. However, he may be somewhat like Robert Nelson, here in Milwaukee who drew some things for FRONTIER and CENTAUR, who draws swell helmeted figures and cannot draw the faces. Am I right? (no... eds.) The mimico

THE GREAT PLAN SPEAKS

job isn't so hot in spots, but you can improve that I suppose.

The main reason for my writing so quickly is seen in the name "Donn Burton." That is an amazing coincidence!! I think you will agree with me that "Donn" is not at all a common name. (Quite beside the point is my brother's first name which is "Burton") From various pieces of evidence in the name and the ideas and biographical data inadvertently revealed in the department, I am sticking my neck out to say the Donn Burton is none other than D.B. Thompson. Am I right? (We don't know...we only print the mag...eds.)

D.B. THOMPSON:

I like the illustrations very well. Ackerman is always Ackerman, and who am I to criticize? Besides I rather liked the adventures of Adumb Linx. "Bablings" is at least as good as a serious editorial would have been. The joint editorial serves well enough for that. "Superstitions" is typical of H. Warner, and that is recommendation enough. "Editorations" is entirely satisfactory. The Quiz with its misplaced answers is good. And the back cover is superb, no less--ditto the explanation of it. The Mercutian looks exactly like the one I saw, when I was there in 4119.

Looks as though I think everything is perfect. That isn't quite true. However, I like ECLIPSE, so that is that.

ARE YOU A MEMBER OF THE

C F S ?

For the benefit of any new fans, or anyone who may have been asleep the last few months, we might explain that the letters-C F S stand for the Colorado Fantasy Society, the group which is sponsoring the coming World Science Fiction Convention. The annual get-together of fantasy fandom will be held this year in Denver, over the Fourth of July weekend.

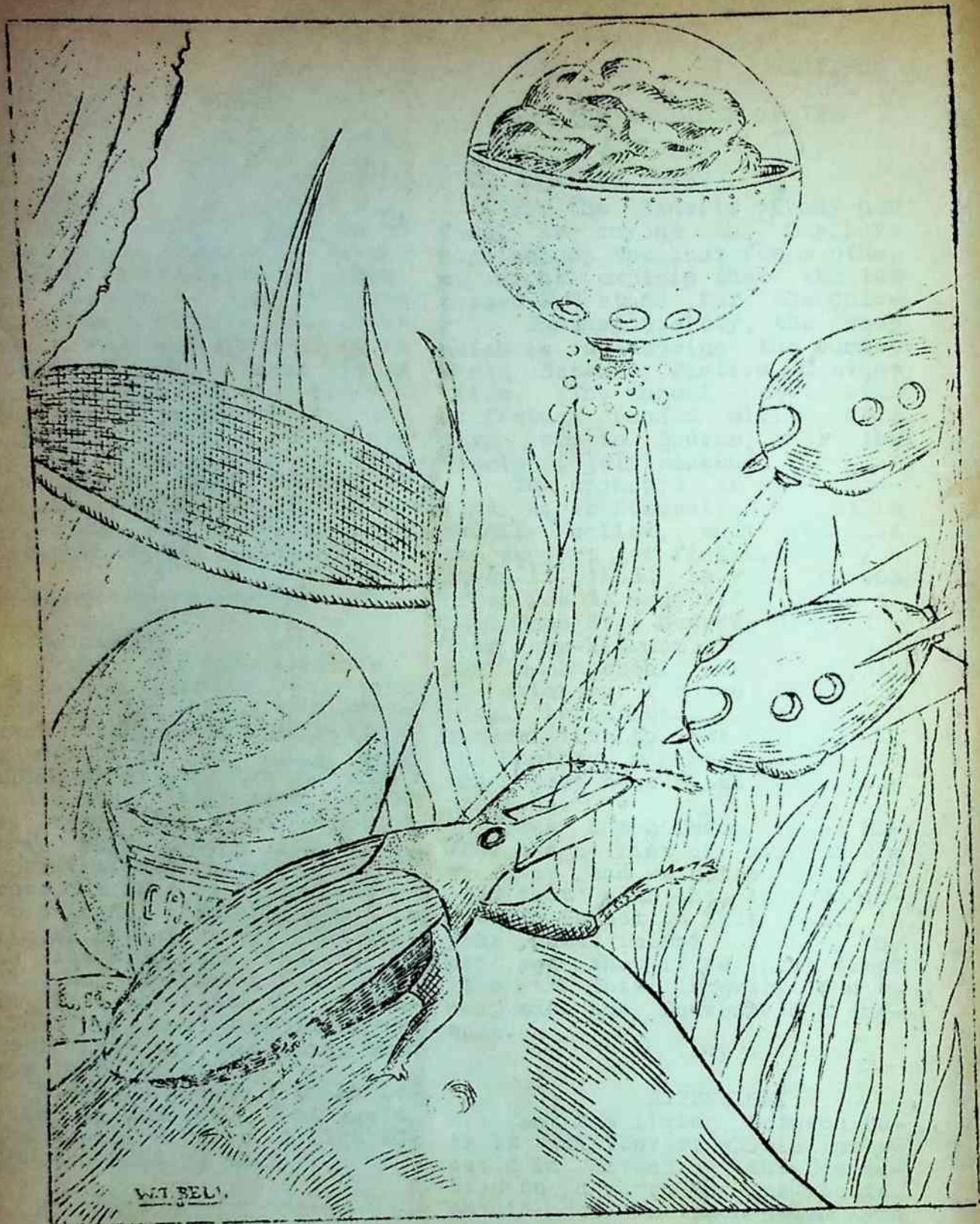
The sponsors of this convention, or Denvention, as it is usually called, want and need the support of fandom. If you haven't joined as yet, ECLIPSE urges you to send fifty cents to 1258 Race St., Denver, Colorado. Your four-bit membership brings you a membership card, a supply of stickers for use on envelopes, letterheads, etc., and a subscription to the CFS REVIEW, the monthly magazine giving all the latest news about Denvention progress.

The March issue of the REVIEW has a list of all members to date, and we notice with regret that more than one prominent fan is not on that list. Is your name there? If not, why not see that it is next time? It's the duty of every fan to help make the Denvention a success.

ATTENTION!

Any fan living between Detroit and Denver; who is interested in attending the Denvention on a share-the-gas basis, should get in touch with Lynn Bridges, 7730 Pitt, Detroit, Michigan.





W.T. BELM.