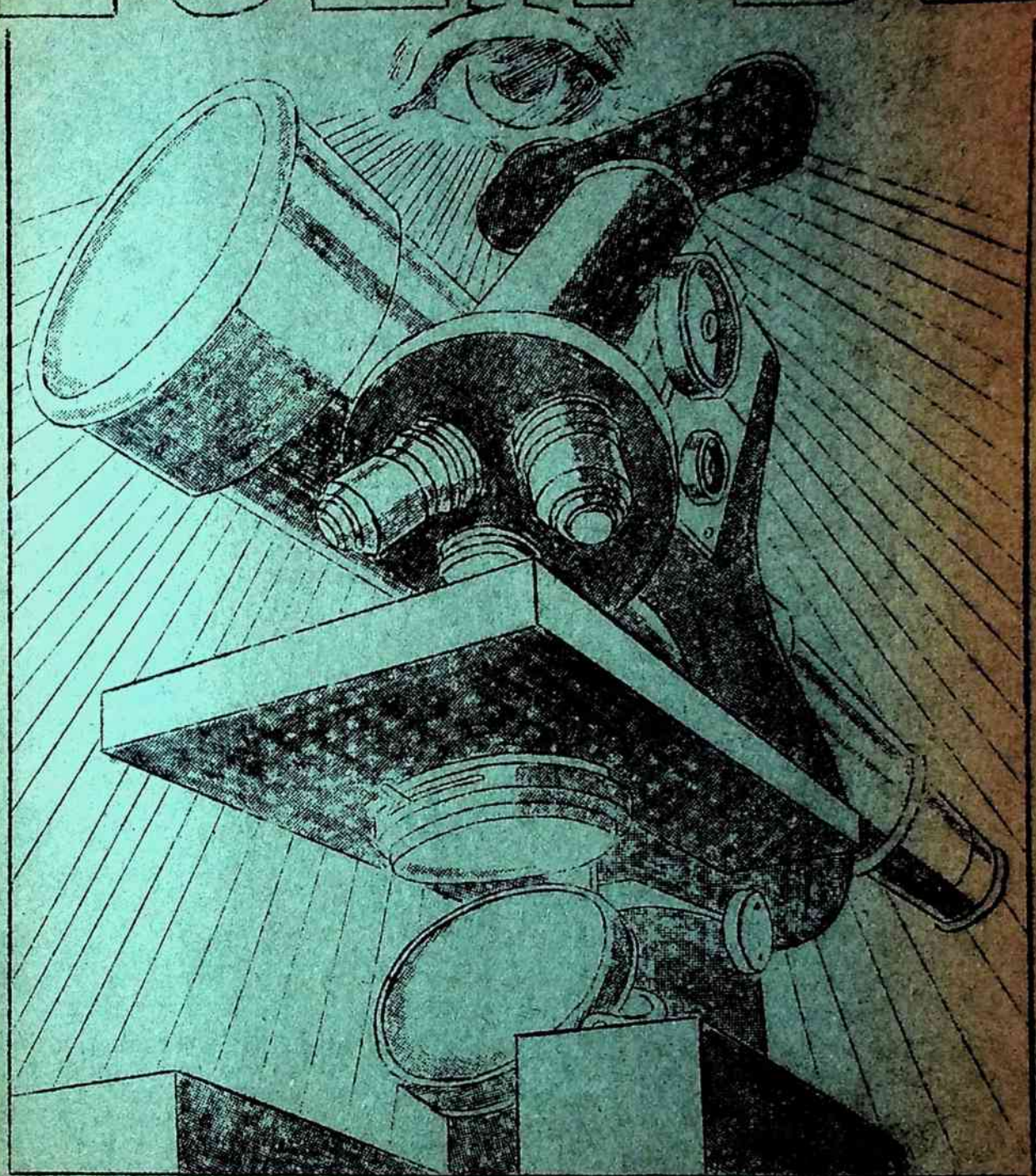


ECLIPSE



ECLIPSE

JUNE 1941

NO. 3

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THE EDITORS

ECLIPSE

About the hardest job in getting out a fanzine, we think, is writing the editorial. And, moreover, the hardest part of the editorial is getting started. Most other fanzines start their editorials by apologizing for coming out late. ECLIPSE, it seems, is about the only fanzine that comes out on time, and we are left without an opening paragraph.

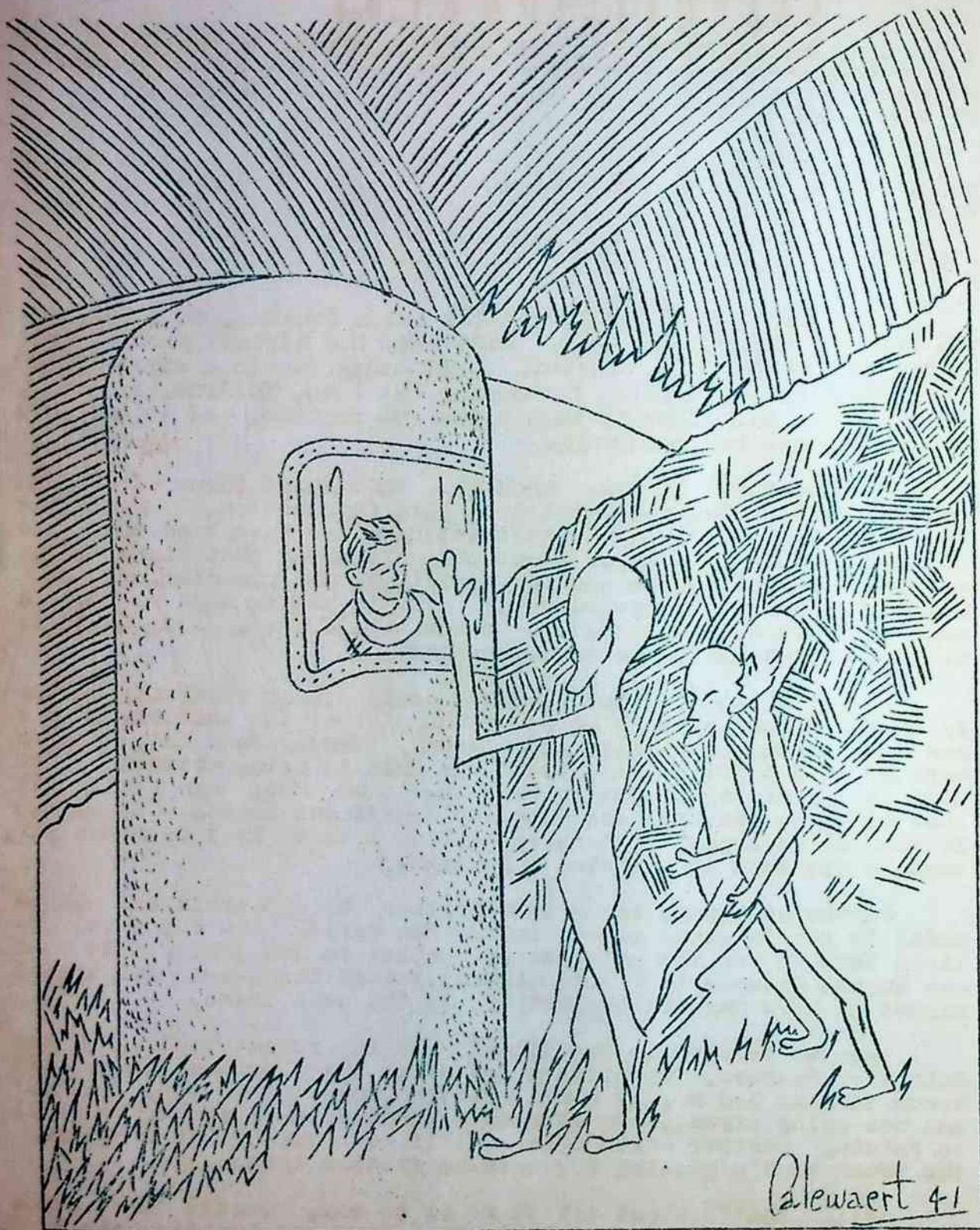
We have this to say, though. This third issue of ECLIPSE represents what the mag will look like from now on. Format has been changed a little, new department headings have been made, and the mimeoing is in colors. About the only thing that might change is the number of colors and the quality of the mimeoing, both of which will be on the upward swing. You'll notice that we have a name for this department . . . thanx to 43J . . . and thanx to all you others that send in suggestions.

We bet a lot of other fanzines could appear regularly, if only an effort was made to do so on the part of the editors. Bridges and I have cut 7 stencils apiece today, Sunday June 1st, and we worked on Decoration Day also. As this is being written, over half the mimeoing is yet to be done. And Rudy Bayn worked all last night on the artwork and the department heads. In another 10 minutes we expect to be covered from head to foot in mimeo ink, deep in the task of mimeoing a fanzine.

On the next page is an illustration by a Detroit boy who we think is really going places in the fan world. You may have noticed that he won the short story contest in SUN SPOTS. His name --- Eugene Calewaert. He's already joined the local club and we expect to have more of his artwork in the next issue.

When we were up to Doc Smith's at the recent meeting of the Galactic Roamers, we queried Doc about his Lensman story. It seems that he had 80,000 words written (this was in May, mind you) and was going strong. So it hadn't ought to be long before we'll be reading another Smith epic. It'll be a relief after reading the trash that's passing for science fiction these days.

Well, that's about all there is to say, except that something went wrong and the contents page came out legible this time, so our closing sentence is all shot too. (Or to.)



Delewaert 41

THE THREE FANDOMS

by Bob Tucker

Lest you hastily misjudge that heading, or entertain the absurd notion you are about to be regaled, by the grace of Tucker, with the history of former fan clubs, fanzines, or eras in the past lives of Joe Fann, I'll begin by exploding that notion right now. This deals with the three fandoms that co-exist in 1941 --- Australia, America and Britain. In that order, and not by a type-written whim.

Australia is the youngest of the three. Not physically because there probably were Australian fan letters right along side American fan letters in all the pro magazines years and years ago; and not mentally, because quite a few adults are scattered thru-out the Antipodes. Two of them are professional authors. This "youngness" apparent in their fanzines (and by the way I am basing all observations upon the averageness of fanzines) is a youthful outlook that isn't juvenile nor teen-y. They represent, thru their writings in their half dozen or so fanzines, a fresh, unscratched fandom that hasn't yet awoke to its own possibilities.

Place three fans of equal intelligence and equal age side by side, and by a bit of careful pre-arrangement, you will have one fan whose mental state is youth; a second who is growing up, and the third will be adult. Australia is the first of the three, ignoring totally the ages of the fans there.

And similarly ignoring ages, American fanzines and their producers occupy the second position. You know of course fan more about our own fanzines than foreign ones because comparatively few fans suscribe outside the country. This second position or plane, is very wide; it enjoys the widest possible latitude, so tremendous in fact that it ranges from pure juvenile hogwash to super-sophisticated art and worldly-mindedness. And still we haven't reached the position held down exclusively by Britain. So let's pass along to that country; I'll be back home a few paragraphs further along.

British fandom has reached the age-peak that corresponds to "adult" when compared with the apparent age of Australia and America. This isn't accidental, nor expressly designed either. In a way their own temperament caused it, and in another and more later way, they were forced into maturity by the recent burial of peace.

I only wish more American fans received (and read of course) the British fanzines. Some few of you would certainly be disappointed in them for they aren't quite what you'd expect, after being brought up exclusively on a diet of American fanzines. But I believe the majority would find a new kind of "fan-magging." Something that isn't practiced so much over here, yet, buy may in the future. (More about that later.)

I'd like to use the most recent (volumn 2, #1 - Jan. 1941) issue of Gargoyle, published by Dave McIlwain of Liverpool, as a

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very good example of what I have in mind. The magazine is small sized, hectographed, usually runs twenty or so pages and appears whenever it can.

The material in the January issue consists of a "thought-variant" reprint from an old Wiggins' Science Fiction Fan; written, by the way, by another British fan, C. S. Youd. Youd quite calmly and sensibly takes apart E. E. Smith, and his fiction, to see what causes the ticking. And his findings aren't impressive, respective of the Master. Youd finds his alleged love scenes in the Skylark stories are juvenile rubbish ... fitted with dialogue the sappier movies would throw on the cutting room floor. That Seaton (and to a lesser degree, Crane) is a "dilettante Boy Scout" with boring morals. Quoting Youd: "He (Seaton) has the capabilities of a Jurgen and the inclinations of a Quaker spinster.." This article originally appeared in 1939.

Next in the issue is a letter converted into an article, written by an obviously anonymous pen (signed by Parsley B Eaton) I liken this letter-article to the writings of Alan Roberts in recent issues of the L. A. Voice of Madge. It had thought behind it, constructive criticism, a wonderful syntax. Magnificently written, it concerns science fiction not at all, but the behaviour of fans in fanzines. And not once did the writer seem to say, or even hint "I have examined you and found you disgusting. Away with science fiction fandom!" (-re, a recent article in Spaceways, altho that above is not a quote.)

Comes next a piece entitled "Rationalism for Weird Fans" in which the author pens an admirable, revealing article propounding the theory weird fans are sadists; and does it in an intelligent, psychological manner. He climaxes his article by saying --- not "confessing" or "admitting" --- by saying he is typical of weird fans and realizes it.

And then M. K. Hanson (soldiering at the present) has an alphabetical poem, of the "Ais for atom ---" order, that is entertaining, adult and certainly worth reprinting in some American fanzine. This is followed by a bit of humor that neatly puts over its point without smacking the reader in the face like a flung fish. Ron Holmer recounts the visitors who admire his home, and an impressive, gorgeous book-case (always locked by the way), and leave with the impression they have examined his magnificent science fiction collection. Holmes has no collection, he states. The stunning book-case exerts a subtle influence upon the subconsciousness of the visitor.

And the letter section - - - ! An American fan would stream to the skies "that ain't science fiction!" Certainly is isn't... or are you sure? The British fan talks about that which is closest to his heart and mind; the war and his receiving of papers to report for duty.

I recall another impressive article published in a London fanzine read recently. Titled simply "Blitz," it pictured on

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four small-typed pages the personal experiences of a fan -- again C. S. Youd --- on what he found in downtown London immediately following the great fire blitz of a few months ago. The text would do credit to the front page of any newspaper carrying AP stories on the affair; I have yet to find an account of it in the local or Chicago papers that brought the war so close to me. I hope, incidentally, to reprint this article soon in LeZ. I urge you to read it.

As I said before, British fandom was yanked into sudden maturity, if they didn't already possess such before. A comparison of their fanzines to ours leaves one with the sense that we have a remarkably long way to travel, yet, in writing and publishing fan magazines. But I think we are on that road, unmistakably. Review the trend of, and in, American fanzines the past few years and see if you too cannot detect it.

The time is coming when fans and fanzines will no longer revolve about the professional magazines. We shall revolve strictly about ourselves; an unorganized society that has cast aside the core it began on, and moulded a much better substitute. The drift is all too apparent to me. Fanzines are printing less and less "who and what is stirring in the New York offices of Bombastic Space Stories," and more and more of what plain Joe Fann, the guy who reads and writes the fanzines, is doing, thinking, planning and building.

If this be a trend for the better, let's make the most of it!

Simply put, I believe we are outgrowing professional magazines.

.....

TWO MEETINGS by E. Everett Evans

The April meeting of the Galactic Roamers was held in Battle Creek, with 8 members present. The committee appointed to draft a constitution presented their report, and after some discussion and a few minor changes it was adopted. The chief point in it, outside of the usual itmes about the names and duties of officers their election, the method of electing new members, etc., was a section which states, in effect, that the club is absolutely apposed to fan feuds of any kind or nature, and that any member found to be engaging in such a feud "as a member" is subject to expulsion. In other words we intend our club to be for fan purposes only, and hope to keep it entirely free of the thing that has so badly hurt other fan clubs and fandom in general -- foolish feuds.

The May meeting was held in Jackson at the home of Dr. and Mrs. E. E. Smith, and we had the pleasure of the added visit of Richard Kuhn and Lynn Bridges, of Detroit Science Fictioneers and ECLIPSE. At the meeting we had the pleasure of receiving as a
(concluded on page 19)

THOU ART MINE---ART!

by Artiste

Howdy neighbor! As one ol' hose to the other, neigh! Peers like ther've left the latch-string to ECLIPSE out again, probably by mistake, no doubt. But being here, I guess you won't mind if I light up me old pipe and chew the rag a little. That is if you can stand the smell of my pipe. Har-rumph. Or is it my pipe that smells?

American fans, British fans, Canadian fans, Japanese fans (where in all hades did that come from?) Among this hub-bub, conglomeration, pell-mell and all that there sorta stuff, of fandom, dwell in sheer ecstasy (yea Lamarr) the fan artists. Some are superb, some are fair, some are good and some are bad, but they all are sincere.

Who is the top fan artists? This is clearly a matter of opinion, so if you care to disagree with my selections, ok, you're welcome to. But now to the meaty part. The outstanding fan artist of the last few years has just recently crashed the pros in a big way. In case you don't know of whom I speak, tis the Alchemist's outstanding artist, Roy "Al" Hunt. Anyone who can copy and combine the Finlay and Bok style must be good. Al has quite conclusively done that very thing, and consequently has crashed the pros. Here's more power to Al. For the last 2 or 3 years a fan named Wright has been right in the middle of fanart. Tom is the second best artist dwelling in the sacred realms of fandom at the present, but he, like most fan artists, has one serious fault. His figures are stilted and appear only as scarecrows in grotesque positions. But this defect is easily rectifiable and if Tom invades the pros sometime in the not too distant future, don't be surprised.

Next in line is the foremost cartoonist of fandom, demon the demon knight. No one in fandom can approach the demon in cartooning. He is just about 10 times as good as any of the cartoonists now appearing in Amazing. But demon can execute some quite good serious art. And I do mean art! And that reminds me of Art Widner, who puzzles me. I have seen some of the best art to appear on any fanmag done by him and then others --- they're not worth talking about. Therefore I reserve my comment on Art.

A whole bevy of artists follow these four, but will you pardon me while I rummage through my jeans (not with light brown hair, Ackerman) for a match. Ah-h-h-h-h, here tis. Where was I, somewhere in a puddle of fanartists I think. (gads, what with?)

Know Morrie Jenkinson? Well, while Morrie was illustrating for Stardust, several comments were made to the effect that he would be in the pros soon. Sure, he isn't, and why? Morrie has the same old handicap of fan artists, his figures. Another quality which could be improved is his sense of perspective. With a little more experience and a slight bit of improvement, he stands a better than even chance to elevate himself to the big time. Two newcomers to fandom who have displayed talent are Bob

Jones and Harry Jenkins. Jones, who has recently appeared in Fantasite, is quite good, but I would rather see some more of his work before I commit myself. Harry Jenkins aches with the same old trouble of fanartists which has already been mentioned too many times. Jenkins must also learn that a certain amount can be put on a stencil and then --- no more. An example of this is the cover of the first Southern Star. Gilbert sent me the second issue cover, and it is a humdinger. Don't miss it! After checking these two off of the list, the next in line appears to be Rudy Sayn. In the first issue, and second, of ECLIPSE, Rudy made a hit with me. Rudy's figures are better than usual, but his style isn't what it should be. It is too comic-bookish, if I may use that expression. Mark a big point up in Rudy's favor for knowing how to handle a stencil, the!

Is that the new Fantastic Adventures you have there? May I see it again? Ah-h-h, what a swell cover. MacCauley, and how!!! The Mac-girl takes first place for this month in the way of covers. Ray-y, the worm turns, or words to that effect. Amazing may well be proud of this paint-slinger who can take the outlandish colors demanded by Ziff-Davis to attract young innocents, and really turn out a pleasing piece of art. Notice the word art in place of drawing. This is the second best cover to appear on the Ziff-Davis s-f and fantasy pubs to date.

Next come the rising youngsters, Cosmic and Stirring. These two covers are both typical Bok, which is excellent. That of Stirring has a slight edge over the Cosmic beastie, however. The little chappie pounding the pavement to save his hide rather appeals to me. Perhaps it is its simplicity, and its striking appearance. The Cosmic cover is a queer beastie as only Bok can depict them. If Don keeps covers like these, Albing will advance to the front in the field of s-f covers.

For no apparent reason I place dear old Amazing fourth. St. John appears with the same old monotonous St. John style. It is undoubtedly a good piece of artwork, but the subject matter is utterly recalcitrant. Beasties --- beasties --- another war against them is in the offing. If Palmer doesn't quit giving Allen St. John the cover every month, even the most avid St. John followers are going to emit loud noises, not at all pleasant I assure you.

Grouped together at the bottom of the list rest the faltering Comet, Astounding, Super-Science, and Science Fiction. Comet has Paul in a fair Paul cover. Super-Science features glaring colors with Mayorga doing the honors --- especially to the delectable darling of a heroine. A funny-book follower would undoubtedly proclaim this a masterpiece. And it is a masterpiece --- of stinking drawing. Science Fiction has a very bad Paul featured on the frontpiece. The subject was poorly chosen and just as poorly presentedEt tu, Paul! Astounding is now in the proverbial dog-house as far as covers go. Rogers seems determined to give us men and more men on the front. And the trouble lies in the fact that he does much better covers on the same identical

THOU ART MINE---ART!

subject for the Whisperer, Cash Gorman, and other Street and Smith mags. What is this world coming to with Rogers reverting to such things! But we can't have everything.

Pohl's two mags have only fair interiorists, with the quite natable exception of Bok, who will be discussed later. Eron has a style which symbolizes haste in my viewpoint, too much black. The less seen of him the better. Thorp is quite fair, in being consistently fair. Pohl has exhibited throughout the noble tendency to give fan artists their chance to break in. Marconette and Giunta both took advantage of this --- and failed. Fred is also very fortunate in securing the services of one Morey, who can turn out a drawing on short order with remarkable success. An artist such as he is to be coveted, Lowndes could do with one.

Planet Stories has introduced some new artists, all of them Fiction house before, however. The foremost one is Don Lynch. Lynch, who has a regular feature in Planet Comics, has created quite a name for himself, but for me, he's merely a run-of-the-mill comic book artist.

Don Wollheim deserves an entire carload of orchids for introducing Al Hunt. If Al doesn't leave the s-f field, he will become one of the best liked illustrators of all time. The third of the Triumpherate also appears quite a deal in Cosmic and Stirring --- Hannes Bok. A year or so ago, the Calif. fans raved about one Hannes Bok. A year or so later, s-f readers everywhere rave about Bok. To become an outstanding illustrator, one must have an outstanding style, and Hannes certainly is qualified for that distinction. The more of Bok, the better. Tremaine and Comet have resorted to the use of new illustrators and are not getting good results. Forte and Mirando both are fair, with the latter copping first prize for Comet. Johnny Giunta, I am sorry to say is quite stinking.

Doc Lowndes is having difficulty with his interiors, but Paul is still in there plugging with his pantaloons. Paul, as an interiorist, in my opinion, is just about nil. Dave Kyle, who with Dick Wilson, is struggling up the golden stair-way, comes out with a fiar pic every now and then, but most of the time --- uh-h-h--h!

A word about Weird ----Harry Ferman. An ideal weird illustrator, he is subject to frequent reversals of form.

Now for a little summary. The top Three, the Triumpherate, are composed of 3 stylists, Finlay, Bok, and Cartier, in no particular order. In the second bracket group Dold (who I see is coming back), Hunt, Morey, Wesso (begrudgingly), Krupa. The third contingent includes Schomburg, Binder, the Isips, Ferman, Mirando and Thorp. The rest are sturggling beneath. Voila, acceptez-le' ou abondannex-le! C'est mon opinion. Et le voitre?

Now for a few chits, mixed well with a few chats, and sprinkled with salt and pepper. Magorain, or whatinnahel the
(continued on page 15)

ME, BRADBURY AND TWO DOZEN OTHERS

by Joe J. Fortier

Honestly, it's a kick! We write in to a dozen professional magazines or so to kick about hack writers polluting the magazine. We complain about the mass production, and yell to the high heavens for authors who carefully construct their material. That's a laugh!

Have we ever paused to look at our 'model' magazines that are published by you, you, and you, the fans? Let's see who is on the contents page. Hmmm, this issue has Ackerman, Warner, and some others. Let's see this issue --- Warner, Fortier, and a couple more. Another; Fortier, Ackerman, and others. Bradbury, Ackerman, Warner, Fortier, and others, in this issue. How many times have you seen an advertisement similar to that which advertised a Emz?

Yet, we have the unbalanced gall to complain about promags prominently displaying 'names.' Try to tell someone that Emz do not boast 'names' each issue. A group of two dozen or so fans are always urged to send something for the next issue of some-such magazine. Fandom has more hacks than the professionals, really.

Ask Warner: he's drained dry of ideas after writing a couple hundred fan articles. Get Ackerman: he hasn't the time to turn them out. Ask Bradbury: well, he's about as popular as Kuttner or Hamilton. Ask ME: that's what a few editors did, thus resulting in today's third article. I'll admit that I don't do as much as some others, but I'm much busier with outside activities. I'm rapidly catching up, though.

Fandom has a hundred unknown authors waiting to write for the Emz, but who asks them? The editors seem to fear bringing in a little new blood. As a result, Widner's bewailed deluge of new Emz. What else can the new fans do who wish to become active and find that they are unwelcome in the pages of the tried and true Emz? They have to let their ambitions seep out through some channel, no matter how crummy.

Little did we ever expect fandom to become overcrowded, but it has. Give the older fans a brief respite by asking the new fans, urging them, to send in material. A wealth of new ideas lies in the new cliché of 'subspots-fanatic-etc' type of material. Naturally, the material will not be presented in a veteran style; are the veteran editors not capable of doing a little sensible editing? These new fan writers must learn someday! someday! somehow!

Getting a little personal, Wright-Bush-Fortier's next issue will have a special section of local material which is quite good for a new writer or otherwise. Let's skip the 'names,' or we are going to be behind the times. For once the promags are beating

(Concluded on page 15)

HERC THE COLLECTOR

E. EVERETT EVANS

Probably no study is more interesting and instructive than that of Mythology; the folk-lore and fiction of the Ancients. Always I have read, perused, conned and studied all of it I could find, for its exceptional fascination fascinates me.

Now, in my varied and various travels about this here, now, mundane sphere, I have spent most of my time seeking out the Myths (no, I am NOT litiping) of the various countries in which I find myself; and thus, I have filled the store-house of my mind (sic) with many wonderful treasures, not the least of which is this charming little ditty.

It was during my stay in Greece that I chanced upon a small cave in the side of Mount Olympus, that legendary abode of the old Gods and Goddesses. The cave had apparently been unknown and undiscovered for hundreds of years; and it was only that I was prowling about behind the bushes that I accidentally found it.

Hesitantly and unafraid, I boldly tiptoed cautiously inside, peering about in the dim light. Suddenly I was startled by a shrill, squeaking voice from the darkness, asking me, calmly "Gotta match, Buddy? If I hadda match I'd take a smoke, if you got an extra cig to spare.

Turning about quickly, I saw outlined against the opening an enormously old woman, bent, wrinkled, furrowed, creased, faded, colorless, warped, crooked, washed-out, washed-up, wrecked, disfigured by age, and ruined by wear and tear -- in fact, altogether one of the finest ruins of ancient, ruined Greece . . . and suddenly, she was the most beautiful young woman I have ever gazed upon.

"Whoo . . . whoo . . . who are you," I stammered, owlishly, afraid lest my eyes had deceived me.

"I'm Sybil, known to the Ancients as the Cumean Sybil. This here, now, is my hide-out."

"Oh, you're the original old fortune-teller!"

"Don't be stupid, Sap. I'm a Greek, not a Gypsy."

"I beg your pardon, Madame . . . or should it be Miss?"

HERC THE COLLECTOR

She ignored my question. "Well," she demanded, crossly, fixing her booful blue eyes on me with the most winsome smile imaginable. "Do I get them match and butt or do I get 'em?"

"You get 'em," I replied, hastily supplying her with the requested articles.

Lighting her cigaret with an air of extreme insouciance and nonchalance, (although it was not a Murad, adv.) she bade me curl up beside her, which I did with the utmost alacrity, spontaneity, speed and dispatch; also without losing a moment's time.

"You look like a good bozo," she said, dreamily, the smile curling from her delicately scented nostrils. "And me, I'm a sort of old-fashioned fairy, so ask me something you want to know -- just ask me."

"Well," I hesitated, "I'm much interested in Mythology and Legends, and perhaps you could give me the low-down on some of the high-ups of olden days."

"Can I dish the dirt about them babies? Oh, Sister, ask me can I?"

"Can you?"

"Can I? Boy, howdee! Well, here's one that's the real McCoy, and not the banally blatherskitic ballyhoo that has been brutishly bruited about by blatant and blackguardly biographers. Remember Hercules, the big brain and brawn boy? And was he sumpin? Hot sox! . . . Well, here's the truth about him and one of his labors -- the time he went to Hell and back to see a man about a dog."

"Herky," said King Eurystheus one morning, as the twain sat at their breakfast. "Herky, ol' boy, ol' boy, ol' boy, do you remember that pup I sold to Pluto last year?"

"You mean the three-headed houn' with the splay feet and the brown tip on his tail, Senor?"

"Yep, that's the baby."

"Nope, I don't remember anything about such a pup, Monsieur. But why?"

"Well, that Imp O'Darkness hasn't paid for him yet, and I want you to go down there, collect or cripple, or replevin my pup."

"Mister, that's a hot job for me, all right, Mein Herr," laughed Hercules, as he prepared for his long, arduous and dangerous journey by donning his lion-skin wrap, and picking up his huge club.

NEED THE COLLECTOR

After an atrociously agreeable amble across approximately accrage, Herky arrived at the gates of Hades, and applied for immediate admittance to the damned place ..er..ah...I mean the Place of The Damned.

After being carefully, conscientiously and circumspectly conveyed to the pellucidly pillared and purplely pretentious palace of Pluto, the perennially poisonous paymaster of pleasure, our heroic hero, Hercules, was granted an audience with the ruler of the underworld.

"O Magnificent Highness," he exclaimed boisterously, in low, sobbing accents, his face working spasmodically in eight hour shifts of ecstasy, "I am more than delighted at this opportunity of meeting Your Grace, and of seeing your Imperial Realm."

"What can I do for you Champ," he hissed: (What do you mean, you can't hiss a sentence with no sibilants in it Are YOU the devil?)."

"O Revered and Reverent Relic," whimpered Hercules. "My glorious master, King Eurystheus, has sent me to remind you of certain payments now long over-due and unpaid upon the public debt of your national defense system, namely i.e., and to wit, the seventeen sesterces you owe him for the houn' dog, Cerberus."

"By the seven-jointed knees of Appolonius, and didst thou come hither and thither this vast jounrey on so trifling a matter," glared the angry Devil, becoming an angry as the devil.

"Yep, that I did, Your Honor, and I mean to collect -- or else," and Herky menacingly brought his mighty fist into sight, slowly closing and unclosing his powerful fingers, the whiles Pluto sank back, cringingly, into this throne seat, his periodically portraying the puerile passions of perpetually perspicacious vacuity.

"Nix, Bozo; Nix on the rough stuff. I was only funning. I'll pay. Hey, youse, Crosesus, count out the spondulices for this here, now, swell nice guy."

"O Omnipotent Ossifier," quaveringly quaked Crosesus, "there is no money -- we are deep in the depths of depression."

"By the putrid three point two of Bacchus, is this 1933?" growled, grunted groaned and groveled the devilishly bedevilled Devil.

"No, Excellency, but you have been trying out that new system of spending your kingdom into prosperity, and the payments and borrowings have made us even more bankrupt than we were, and have put us into a perilously picklish predicament."

"Saaaaaay!!" Hercules butted in. "This economic conference palaver about the glorious investment value of the deficit doesn't
(concluded on page 19)



THOU ART MINE.--- ART (Concluded)
 name of the new artist for Amazing is not new at all. He is only one of the old members of the Ziff-Davis staff.....Finlay comes through again in the latest F.F.M......Wollheim has two new artists for the interiors who are quite good, Dolgov and Hall. Hall's drawing wasn't reproduced as good as it could be, and Dolgov's work speaks for itself.....Doc Lowmde has trouble getting his interiors done for Future Fiction. He needs himself a Morcy.....And again, watch Dolgov.... Cold returns, but will do only pic each issue for Albing. His health or something like that you know.....

Well, pardon my yawns, but I seem to be quite sleepy, you know, and a fellow can't live without sleep, and I've talked to you for a long time, and----- Oops, mustn't fall to sleep. At least not here.

I'd meant to discuss some fan art this time, but darn it there's just not enough to discuss. Do you mind waiting until next time for a really full discussion? But this little comment, Goldstone and Jones turn up with interesting stuff in the latest Fantasia and Fanfare respectively.

B-r-r-r, the wind is chill (plugging Chauvenet), I hate to dare the cold outside, but I've gotta get home some time. Apple pie and ice cream for supper --- lemme go --- au voir ---

Slam!

ME, BRADBURY AND TWO DOZEN OTHERS (Concluded)
 the fans to the draw. We've clamored to the promags are beating get merely interesting material, regardless of author, and now that we have it we are carrying on the discarded mode in our own affairs which are supposedly the experimenters.

Yeh, and you new writers -- don't hang back for that is half of the trouble. Before you bring you your dream-Fm, which is liable to give the veterans convulsions, try getting some really constructive experience in the successful Fmz. Okay?

Okay.

BRIGHT STUFF BY CHILDREN

EDITED BY JOE GILBERT

Despite our annoyance at the Convention Date Vote, we wish to point out that we still joined the Colorado Fantasy Society, and are still supporting the Convention, and still feel as friendly as possible towards all concerned. Aren't we nice?

Milton A. Rothman
in March MILTY'S
MAG (FAPA)

.....
The assistant editor of FAN-ATIC is Ychudi. He is also the guy who pulls all the boners and makes all the mistakes; so if you don't like any thing in here, blame it on Ychudi, not Beling. Ychudi wnn't mind.

Charles A. Beling
in March FAN-ATIC

.....
Is Unger's face red? Yes. It seems that some of the COSMIC preview covers were menaged with a cute little shot, apparently from Minsky's. Second photo in lower right hand part of pic, shows delicious damsel wearing a nice big smile. This, says Unger, tearing his hair, is not an advertising scheme!

Robert W. Lowndes in
March 8, '41 FANTASY
FICTION FIELD:

I think this little gem is supposed to come from Plato: "Things equal to the same thing are equal to each other; therefore, it is evident that philosophers must rule the world. You do not understand? It is very simple. Come, let us go over it again..."

.....
The lady passenger took down the binoculars thru which she'd been looking out across the waves and asked, "Is that just a cloud back out there on the horizon?" No'm, answered the sailor, "'Slan'."

Jack Speer in
SUSTAINING PROGRAM
for Spring. (FAPA)

.....
We're proud of the wench, (SWEETNESS AND LIGHT) consider her the only publication of any consequence! Everyone likes her, except a lot of people. And they don't count. We ignore them. Damned sissies! We only print letters from those who flatter us, other letters we consign, with a muttered prayer, to the Temple of Cloaca.

.....
And, just to warn you, if you're a blue-nose with a quartered Libido, read ninety percent of the other fan mags! That crap's good enough for you!

.....
But if you're a right guy,

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with a smirk and an itchy eye, shoot a dime for the super-pertinacious issue of SaL.

Ad for SWEETNESS & LIGHT in Spring number of MIKROS (FAFA)

.....

Q. What is a Snide? --Joseph Gilbert.

A. This is somewhat unstdfal, and besides, we don't really know --- but we've always gone under the impression that a Snide was one of those 12-inchimps of Satan that perch on your shoulder and wage a knock-down-and drag-out battle with your dear old conscience. For instance, your Snide is what tells you to punch that ugly trafficcop (who has just given you a ticket) right on his funny Irish nose, at at least call him an unprintable name. "Yah, yah!" seremas your Snide. "Go ahead! Sock 'im! Bop the lousy flatfoot. Yah! Yella, ain'tcha? Yella yella yella!" (Are we right, Damon? (P.S.--Fortunately our conscience won that round altho somewhat battered and hanging on the ropes.--jhos)

Q. Splrfsk? --Phil Bronson.

A. We're afraid you'll have to state your question a little clearer. We don't quite understand what it is you wnat to know.

Art Widner in Fan Questions And Answers.

.....

I like that bit about the duel with Miske. In more youthful days I did actually fight a duel with ice-cream cones at ten paces.

We striped to the waist, and I let go the first shot,

which splashed beautifully right at my opponent's waist-line. The cold ice-cream dripping down his pants disconcerted him so that he fired wild over my right left ear (ducking was illegal -- rules were to stand and take what came!) This was a signal victory . . .

L. R. Chauvenet, in Strange Interludes. FANFARE for April.

.....

Pohl's article: from the title I thought it would be swell --- however, it's a disappointment. I'll give it 8. Tucker's piece is marvelous--- 10. Notice now, I give ten points only to excellent articles. In other words, Tucker is terrific. "Palmer is printing stuff better than the classics." "Wait Sullivan's bit of OK --7. Don't get me wrong -- remember his sensational 'diary' series." ".... Purposely I have left the "Beacon Light" for last. This Mark Reinsberg who calls himself the S F Cynic -- is sensational." "Maybe it's Wellheim or Lowndes." ".... The lettering on the cover is too fancy. Come to think of it, Miske did stink at times.... Notice to fans: during the past year there has grown a powerful voice from the Midwest. Watch out. I am that Voice.... "I'd demand the return of Hamling to fandom. Fanfare was merely kidding him.

Harry Schmarje in The Readers Always Write. April SPACEWAYS.

((If this keeps up I fear the entire column will be devoted to letters from The Voice. Personally, I am incapable of imagining any other

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thing quite so devastating!JG))

arc from the wall newspaper which hangs in the drawing

.....

...At long last your task is finished. And does fandom accept you at your word --does it truly believe that you are a genius? Of course not! But you do. And since you're a genius and are naturally the most brilliant person you know, your opinion is indisputable.

From: Futurian Court Circular and Back Stairs Gossip--house rules: To be observed by everyone living in and visiting the Embassy. Rule no. 1 No wine, liquors, whiskey or other spirituous spirits at any time -- on Friday night, anyhow. Alcoholic preparations brought into the Embassy'll be confiscated by the confiscator. Beware! Rule no. 2. Anyone leaving Embassy on Friday night for a snort also leaves for the night. He will not be re-admitted. No asks, trashes, natches, batches, so forth to be placed, laid or otherwise put anywhere but in ye proper receptacles. Shut up! Quiet! The whole damn house has ears, eyes, noses & a sixth sense. I'm sorry, my friends, dear people, adorable whacks, tootsie woosies, friends of the masses, good peasants. Good-bye, loved ones. OBSERVE THE RULES! THIS MEANS YOU'ALL, YOU'ALL, AND YOU'ALL:

' ' ' A note of warning: this course is not recommended if you happen to be twins, for the plural of genius is genii. This is bound to remind you of genie (not with the light brown hair), which is merely another way of spelling jinni. And who wants to be one of those things, particularly after reading L.Ron Hubbard's description of them? (Ole Massa Hubbard...did Ron to the cupboard...for a dress, no matter how teenic. When he got there...the cupboard was bare...& so -- we guess -- was Jcanic!)

Walt Marconette and Ackerman in VolII for April.

.....

Outstanding event of the occasion was the Futurian jaunt to Boston by bus, marked by a driver who muttered !!! threats to himself all night, a Ruthenian, with a big black beard, who interpreted a time table for an American in perfect English, some insane drunks, and a Mohammedan negress who had the bus stopped at 5 in the morning in order to bow three times to Mecca...

Hey, Sammy! Do you still bring Roumanian lunches around with you when you visit the editors? Take our advice and leave them home. Your manuscripts have to be read with ten foot poles. And you can't expect editors to add an item for ten foot poles on their swindle sheets.

"X" Vol. 1, No. 1.

.....

Hickory, Dickory, Dock
The mouse ran up the clock.
The clock struck one
The mouse ran down
Ain't this a heck of a way
To fill up space?

The following X-cerpts

HERKY THE COLLECTOR (Continued)

mean a thing to my young life. What I want to know is -- do I get them there seventeen sesterces, or do you get a poke in the puss?"

"I ... I'm sorry, Honored Ambassador, but I'm just clean fresh out of payments right now. Could you, huh, come back maybe next Tuesday?" pompously pouted Pluto, with the peculiarly parabolic placidity of perambulatory precocity.

"Nope, I gotta clean some barns that day. Well, pleased to have met you folks. I'll be seeing you. And since you can't pay, I'll just have to re-possess the purp."

"I hope we get the news that he has hydrophobially bitten you," Satan satanically satired.

"Don't you worry none about that, Brother, even if he should try to get rough," said Herky, nervously nibbling and knavishly gnawing a quarter section out of the East-South-East-by-East section of Cereberus' fifth ear. "That wouldn't be no news; an' me, I'm the front-page guy that bites the dog!"

There was a tinkling, sardonic giggle of purest melody out of the growing darkness, and I heard the Sybil's voice palpitating pitter-patteringly, "And so, Children of the Great Unseen Audience, we come to the end of another bed-time story presentation . . . You, guy, gimme the rest of them butt and match, and scam outa here -- I gotta sleep another thousand years."

THE END.

(and none too soon.)

.....

TWO MEETINGS (Concluded)

new member Dale R. Smith, of Cincinnati, at present with the U. S. Army at Fort Custer, just outside Battke Creek. Smith is a reader and collector, and hopes someday to crash the pros as a writer. Another new member taken in was Mrs. Abby Lu Ashley, of Battle Creek, a fairly new fan, but a very interested and interesting one. The members assembled were somewhat startled, but very much pleased with the announcement of the coming marriage of Clarrissa MacDougal Smith. She stated somewhat facetiously that, since she couldn't get The Grey Lensman, she was getting the present-day counterpart of one, an F.B.I. man. We all wish our grand pal and her soon-to-be-husband, every possible joy and happiness. The next meeting will be in Battle Creek and probably will be held on Thursday, June 5.

.....

If a "o" appears at the left of this paragraph, it means that your subscription to ECLIPSE has lapsed. Better renew it atonce. We have some swell material coming in the future, and also more color and twists in mimeoing. You'd better renew your sub right now!

MUSINGS ON THE PROS.

by Donn Burton

If you are reading this in the issue of ECLIPSE which is put out about the first of June, the fanzine is probably a few days late. If so, it is our fault--we just couldn't make the deadline. We've been working overtime lately, on our very uninteresting, but (to us) very necessary job. So--don't blame the editors.

We haven't had time to do much research in the field of psuedonymology (wonder if there is such a word?) but one matter is definitely cleared up. Monroe is none other than Heinlein, as we stated last time. Of course, you already know that, if you read "Frass Tacks" an ASTOUNDING. For, right there, in Heinleins outlined "History of the Future," among the stories already published, you found "Let There Be Light." This none-too-savory tale appeared in ASTONISHING, under the psuedonym of "Monroe." It definitely does not represent Heinlein at his best. However, when considered as a part of the brilliant Heinlein "History," rather than as a single, discrete story (hm-m-m, "discrete" is hardly the word!) most of its objectionable qualities disappear, simply because "It takes all kinds to make a world"--even such characters as those presented in "Let There Be Light."

Our statement that Lavond was Pohl wasn't a guess--we read that in FANTASY NEWS. However, it appears that, as sometimes happens, in matters concerning the Futurians, FN was wrong, for at least one fan of unquestioned integrity has written in with the information that Lavond was Lowndes. That, as a matter of fact, was our first guess (although we can't prove that statement)--and that guess was based on the similarity of the names "Lavond" and "Lowndes," and the similarity in writing style between the work of Lavond and Lowndes. Well we hope we are right this time. If not, we give up.

Now, we are wondering who "E. Waldo Hunter" is.

We were pleasantly surprised with the June SCIENCE FICTION. Not that it is pushing ASTOUNDING, or anything like that,--but the long fantasy, "The Man Who Was Millions," is quite satisfactory, and the remaining stories are above average. Is this an

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omen of better things to come, or just a happenstance? We wouldn't know.

The appearance of Bond's story-length poem, long heralded in the fanzines, is an event worth mentioning. We advise you to read "The Ballad of Blaster Bill." It isn't quite the best thing Bond has done, but we think you will like it. In the old days, when reading was an art mastered only by the few, all such tales were told in the form of poetry, for mnemonic reasons. And, as recently as the present century, many a heroic, or semiheroic character has been immortalized in ballad or, more often, doggerel verse. Very probably, on the spaceships of the future, similar tales will be told in ballad form. Bond is just jumping the gun a little, as all science fiction writers do, all the time. We would enjoy another ballad.

A recent issue of FANTASY NEWS announced that several rather famous characters, Bond's Priestess, Horse Sense Hank, and Lt. Lancelot Biggs; Wellman's Hok, and Binder's Adam Link, had been "barred" from Ziff-Davis publications. We don't know, just exactly, what is signified by that word "barred." Very probably, some of you who read this (if you have got this far) are familiar with the circumstances behind that item; but we know nothing more than what we read in F N, so we are free to speculate.

We wonder why these characters should be "barred." They are among the most popular ever to appear in AMAZING. Could it be because these characters have appeared, or are slated to appear, in other prozines? At least, Meg, The Priestess, after starting her adventures in AMAZING, later appeared in ASTOUNDING, in "Magic City." Also, Hank and his many times removed nephew, Lt. Biggs, although not mentioned by name, figured indirectly in Bond's "The Castaway," which appeared in the Winter, 1940, issue of PLANET, under the name of George Tanzell. Finally, some time ago, it was reported that Campbell had been trying to get a Hok story for ASTOUNDING. We don't know; we just wonder.

This column is usually not much concerned with the artwork in pro mags, mainly because we know so little about art. We know very little about writing, too, but that is a secret, except to our readers. (Beat you to it, didn't we?) Well, as we were saying, before we were interrupted, we know very little about art; but we're going to comment on it anyway.

The Finlay cover on PLANET is the first item. PLANET'S covers have been rather atrocious, from almost any standpoint. If you have seen them, you know what we are talking about--if not, you haven't missed any masterpieces of illustrating. The current

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cover is a definite improvement over its predecessors. Curiously enough, the scene is not unlike those which have gone before; yet it seems restrained, almost dignified, compared to them. The scene is as fantastic as could be wished, but Finlay has portrayed it in such fashion that it draws, rather than repels the beholder. The fact that it pictures a scene in the story does not detract from its appeal either.

MacCauley, on the cover of FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, has done a great deal to improve the appearance of that magazine. The picture for Cummings' "Onslaught Of The Druid Girls," on the June cover, is a fine piece of work, and is excellent for a fantasy magazine. (If you don't think F A is a fantasy magazine, write and tell its editor, not us.)

Magarian's inside illustrations for the Ziff-Davis publications are the third item we intend to mention. He appears to advantage in the June AMAZING (Norman's "Lost Treasure of Angkor") the May FANTASTIC ADVENTURES (Wilcox's "Three Eyes In The Tark") and the July AMAZING (Norman's "Mystery On Planetoid Ten.") Palmer says Magarian is "constantly improving"--we think that the pic for the first named story, with an attention to detail that rivals Finlay's at his best, is the best of the three illustrations, but the others are good--at least, we like them, which is what we mean by "good", anyway.

The PLANET letter section continues to be the best of its kind, stimulated as it is by the award of original drawings for the three most popular letters each issue. We are wondering if this feature will continue at its present high level. So far, we have heard from four winners, in three different issues of the mag, and none of them has received an award. ((Make that five. I ain't got mine yet..lb.)) If you know of anyone who has received a drawing, we would appreciate hearing about it.

For the first time since "Musings" started, a story from UNKNOWN has made our highest classification. As we have said before, we don't usually care much for fantasy. We like science fiction. It's a purely personal preference. Put the tale selected from UNKNOWN is almost science fiction, dealing with the reversal of the aging process in an elderly man. That accounts in part for our liking of it.

First place for the last two months goes, by a very narrow margin, to Heinlein's "Universe," closely followed by Bond's "The Fountain" and Rocklynne's "Time wants a skeleton." "The Fountain" appeared in the June UNK, the other two in the May and June ASF, respectively.

Not far behind these are three more--MacDonald's "Solution

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EDITORATIONS

By Lynn Bridges

What with multi-colored mimeographing, etc., ECLIPSE has improved greatly in appearance this issue. But the one thing that would make for the greatest improvement of all in the mag has, as yet, failed to come about. Dick still hasn't cut out Editoriations! He is making us stencil our own stuff this time, tho, so if these next two pages aren't readable, blame us. On second thought, if they aren't readable, you ought to thank us. Even if you can read them, we advise you not to.

As we write these words our heart is heavy. We aren't going to Denver. We'd planned on going for months; we'd been gradually preparing a certain rubber tired hunk of scrap metal, jointly owned by us and the finance company, for the long trek across half the continent; we'd made arrangements to collect other fans en route; we were looking forward to meeting a bunch of youse lads and lassies.

But sordid business matters have intervened, and it's imperative that we be in Detroit the first week in July. And so our dreams have been rudely shattered. But 1942 will come, and with it another convention, and be it South Carolina, Oakland, Los Angeles, or some other god-forsaken part of the country, we'll be there.

And now we're going to use up some space on the subject all fan columnists get to eventually, that of Raymond A. Palmer. Countless pages have been written about the policies and qualities of AMAZING and FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, most of them critical, but we figure there's still room for a few more words on the subject.

It's generally agreed that Palmer's two mags are not exactly the favorites of the fans. Personally, of the 15 pros we read, AMAZING rates 14th and F.A. 15th. We know others rate them higher than that, but we doubt if many fans rate them much higher. Why, then, is so much fuss being made about their quality, or rather, their lack of it? Why don't we just leave the two mags sitting on the news stands and forget about them?

One reason, in the case of AMAZING, is undoubtedly the name. AMAZING was the first title in the s-f field, and three years of Ziff-Javis publication aren't enough to erase the memory of 12

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Years before Ziff-Davis.

But the real reason fans still bother with both AMAZING and F.A. is, we think, the atmosphere of the mags. The stories stink. Palmer once admitted that he wouldn't accept anything other than simple, straight-forward, adventure-type yarns.

But, thruout the two mags, Palmer gives the impression that he's trying to please. There's AMAZING's back covers for instance. Personally, we don't care for them, and would just as soon see a Camel or Lucky Strike ad in their place. And we'd prefer some Chesterfield artwork to Paul. But they are a feature many fans like, and that all fans should appreciate, since it costs Ziff-Davis money to get those Pauls, while your tobacco companies would pay for the same space. And then there are the popular cartoons, and RAP's Observatory, and the meet the author department, and other features that are generally well-liked. And Palmer's reader's columns are tops in their field because of the fact that they're two-way, and the editor isn't afraid of arguments. The large number of letters from young readers is due, we believe, to the fact that RAP appeals most to those who have as yet scarcely graduated from the comic-book stage. And, since a large percentage of the fan mail comes from the younger group, an equally large percentage of the letters in Discussions should come from the kids.

We don't like the stories, and until a radical change in editorial policies comes about, we don't expect to like them; but we do like Palmer, so we, for one, will continue to buy AMAZING and FANTASTIC ADVENTURES.

Something we've noticed no comments on is the fact that a long standing record in science fiction was recently broken. The record was for consecutive monthly publication of a science fiction magazine. AMAZING held the old record. From its first issue, in April, 1926, to its 68th issue, in July, 1933, AMAZING didn't miss an issue.

The first Street and Smith ASTOUNDING was dated October, 1933, and since then there has been one ASTOUNDING per month, without a break. The February, 1941, issue was the 69th consecutive one, and each month since then, that record has been extended!

And now, kiddies, we have a long, sad story to tell. It seems that once upon a time some lads in Denver, Colorado, decided to hold a World Science Fiction Convention. A worthy project indeed, and one that gained the almost united support of fandom.

It also seems that there were some other lads in Detroit, Michigan, who wanted to cooperate with the Denverites in any way possible. The Colorado boys conceived the excellent idea of is-

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suing a super fanzine, called the Tenventioneer, to be made up of pages contributed by the various fanzines. (Incidentally, we never got our copy of the first Tenventioneer, altho we sent for it almost three months ago.)

Unfortunately, ECLIPSE, the Detroit fanzine, was started too late for representation in the first issue of the Tenventioneer, but the Detroiters promised cooperation on the second issue, asking only that they be informed of the deadline. Finally word was received that the deadline was May 24th. That information was contained in a copy of the CFS REVIEW, which arrived in Detroit on May 23rd!

Now then, the Detroit fans are pretty fast when it comes to putting out a fan mag. They have, on occasion, gotten their fanzine in the mails within a week of the time the first dummy was made! But starting from scratch and getting the finished material to Denver in 24 hours was a little beyond their capabilities. And that, children, is the reason ECLIPSE is not represented in the second Tenventioneer.

 MUSINGS ON THE PROS (Concluded)

Unsatisfactory" (ASF, May) Bates' "A Matter Of Speed" (ASF, June) and E. Waldo Hunter's "Nightmare Island" UNK, June). The last-named story, incidentally, might just as well have appeared in a science fiction magazine, although it would have been somewhat out of place in ASF.

In a third group of highly recommended stories, we placed Bond's long poem, "The Ballad Of Blaster Bill" (PLANET, Summer) Sturgeon's "Artnan Process" and Williams' "To Fight Another Jay" (both, ASF, June). We also liked de Camp's "The Stolen Tormouse," Russell's "Jay Score," Walton's "Sub Cruiser," and Asimov's "Liar!" (all, ASF, May) Jameson's "Tevil's Powder" and Schachner's "Old Fireball" (both, ASF, June) Moravsky's "Calling Of the Harp" and Williamson's "Gateway To Paradise" (both, STARTLING July) Wilcox's "Three Eyes In the Park" (F A, May) Moskowitz's "World of Mockery" (PLANET, Summer) and Hawkins' "The Man Who Was Millions" (SCIENCE FICTION, June).

COMET for July (with a new cover arrangement, which we like better than the old) and SUPER SCIENCE for August arrived just as this was being written, and, of course, were too late for this review. The current COSMIC failed to arrive at all, and I just haven't read the last two WEIRD TALES. So, if your favorite story appeared in one of those mags, --well it may be mentioned here next time;--maybe not.

C U N DENVER (If we can find transportation!)

THE GREAT MAN SPEAKS

HARRY WARNER: I don't know whether you want ratings or not. But lately I've sent figures on most of the fan magazines, just to have them for my own convenience (on the carbons, of course) later on. So you're going to get them whether you like them or not. Rating from the top of the contents page down to the bottom: 6,5,4,7,6,7,4,5,7,6,6 6,7,4, interior illustrations too uneven to rate, and back cover 6-somewho doesn't click like most of Tom's work.

The issue is a considerable advance over the first one, no doubt about that. The mimeoing is in spots excellent, and legible everywhere; some experience will soon end your worries on that score. Too, there aren't many typographical errors, which are usually the bugaboo of the first few issues. A few spots in the letter section aren't in gear; otherwise, it's all the well known x.

Those pseudonyms intrigue me. I'm pretty sure that Donn Burton is the Sage of Salt Creek, mostly because he has given himself away by saying much the same things to me in letters from time to time. "Artiste" is harder to figure out; might be three

four people, but I'm inclined to suspect Bob Jones. Carol Southinian is the real puzzler: Harry Jenkins suspects Gilbert and the last name would seem to bear that out, since Joe likes to plug the South even in his pseudonyms.

About brother Burton's column; Maurice Huig actually exists; he's British, and "The Mechanical Mice" was a collaboration between him and Eric Frank Russell. Originally, I believe it was a reject as done by Huig alone; then Russell did things to it, and Campbell took it. Originally, it was called "The Ticking Terror," which title probably sounded a bit too sensational for JWC. ---303 Bryan Place, Hagerstown, Maryland.

.....

E.E. SMITH: Enclosed find one iron man to help you do the chores. ((Hot dawg!!...cds))

I liked the first two numbers of "Eclipse" very much----enjoyed them immensely. It seems to me that you are doing a swell job. I particularly like to see you going in for things of general fan interest, such as the consideration of noms-de-plume (this kind of thing appeals to all readers and has, I

THE GREAT MAN SPEAKS

think been very sadly neglected of late) ((Hear that, Burton? ...eds)), your articles upon the pros, art, and such things.

The only suggestion I have to offer---and I volunteer it with diffidence, in view of the splendid general effect of your mag --- is to reduce fiction to the irreducible minimum.--- 313 Homcrest Road, Jackson, Mich.

HARRY JENKINS, JR.: Oh well, what's a contents page between friends. An improvement over the first issue, tho. I mean the heading of course. Har-r-rumph. The editorial may be called Editoritures. Now do I win the back cover? Seriously tho, I'd really like to have some of Rudy's work. What say? ((He never completes an original, and he's too darned busy to do anything right now..buy mate-be later....eds))

Ah yes, Love Re-Incarnate. E. Everett Evans is quite good, but me and some guy named Ab Lincoln are non-conformists. Give it an -er- a 7, via the Warner system. Personally I like the Notre Dame shift. Phew-w-w-w. On the Relative Merits of Mice and Men. While I was lounging at Gilbert's the other day, he informed me that he was to have several articles coming up under pen-names. But he refused to go any further. Now I am quite sure that "Carol Southinian" is one of Joe's non-de-plumes ((right you are.eds)). The article, satire or nut's thought, deserves only a 7; but maybe it's my morbid mood. The Galactic Roamers Roam for only a 5. I DON'T LIKE HENRY ANDREW ACKERLANN'S FICTION, NO MATTER WHERE IT IS PRINTED. Bright Stuff by Children should be longer. However the prize piece of Bright

Stuff is in the latest FAPA mailing in Koenig's Reader and Collector. Koenig criticizes someone for deliberately going through other people's writings and finding faults with their writing. Gadzooks, tis a scream. Editorations is the prize winner; Lynn Bridges is one of the best new columnists to spring up in a long time. Donn Burton is interesting and informative; sooch pen-names I have learned. I sincerely agree with Donn Brazier that Donn Burton is D. B. Thompson---or Donn Brazier! The Great Man Speaks...that is a very original name for the readers dept. Now to the illustrations. Rudy's for the Convention is the best in the mag. The illustration preceding Henry Ackermann's stinkeroo is an excellent example of Rudy's comic book lapses. But to repeat, his comic book style is a darn nice one. Incidentally, Don Lynch of Planet Stories has a regular comic strip in Planet Comics. Rudy's space ship is third best. Mine is the worst, I'm afraid. Now whyinnahell did Tom Wright do the back cover under the name of Bell? It's a swell piece of art, and deserves the name of Wright, not Bell. But I guess any simpleton can see that W.T. Bell is Wright, Tom Bell. Now to sum up. The illustrations are improved, the material is improved, the mimeing can still stand improvement, Rudy's stencutting superb. Bridges' column, Burton's feature, and the illustrations are worth a dime by themselves. May I offer a suggestion? If you are going to have even edges, don't divide the word in such atrocious places. Just skip a space here or squench a place there, and you have even edges without grotesque divisions. Simple, ain't it is--not? ---2409 Santee Ave., Columbia, S. C.

THE GREAT MAN SPEAKS

J.J. FORTIER: Eclipse good but sloppy; no worse than my second Scientifan, and better material. Swell art. but do better stencil work on contributors after this.

Especially good were: "Of Mice and Men" by Tucker ((Wrong there....eds)), Denver Art by Sayn, "Thou Art Mine" by Jenkins "Bright Stuff" by Gilbert, Pic by Jenkins, and remember that Fantasite is a StarLIGHT pub. Good luck in the future -- if you get past the third issue safely, you're set for life! --1836 39th Avenue, Oakland, California.

D.B. THOMPSON: ECLIPSE #2 is improved practically all respects, compared to #1. Before I for back to the original from of Contents page. Cutting stencils with the ribbon to soften the blow is to be frowned upon at all times. ((Our mistake...eds.))

The mimeoing is considerably improved. It can, and no doubt will, improve, but it isn't bad, for a fir...pardon us, a second issue ((?.eds)) Art work is generally good. Jenkins should have appended a note, explaining how his one-winged, two armed, surrealosaurus travels, though. -----"Editorations," the Mice and Men Mystery, and Evans' poem impressed me most favorable, with the "Notice to Lew Martin" bringing up the rear of the procession, which is strange, since it is on the first (legible) page. ((With that we retired to a corner and lick our wounds.eds.)) Ackermann consistently writes fiction well above the fan average, and Europa Conflict is fairly typical.

Where does Brazier get that stuff about "Donn Burton" being Yours Truly? He admits that "Donn" is a very rare name. Then, he says his brother's name is "Burton," which is very much like "Burton," as anyone can see. ((We see...eds.)) There seems to be a Aldeberanian Spoofo-poodle in the wood-pile. ---2302 You St., Lincoln, Ncbr.

PHIL BRONSON: You've got a darn nice mag in ECLIPSE. The only thing that isn't so good is the duplication. Probably, by the next issue, you will have mastered the art of mimeography and will be able to turn out every page equally legible.

The cover this time is good. I prefer a symbolical pic of this type to an action scene. Sayn is good, but I think he could elaborate a bit more on his illustrations. The one on page 10, for instance, would have looked much better with a bit of cross-hatch, line, or dot-work shading.

Editorial was too short, and didn't say enough. Love Re-Incarnate okay; I very rarely care for poetry. On The Relative Merits of Mice and Men I liked. Carol Southinian ---hm-m-m. Gilbert I'll wager--- ((You win...eds.))---or one of the Columbia Camp. That much can be derived from the name of the author, much less the writing of the piece itself.

The Galactic Roamers oke stuff, and Jenkins bit good.

Although I seldom like fan fiction, Europa Conflict rates okay with me. Bright Stuff by Children good. Editorations makes up for the brevity of the

THE GREAT MAN SPEAKS

Editorial. Musings on the Pres I don't especially care about.

The Great Man Speaks is a good letter section, and I like the way you set the letters up --so much easier to read. Oh yes, I almost forgot to express my thanks for the swell even edges. It's worth the extra work to have 'em.

Tom Wright's -- or Boll's back cover okay. More. ---224 West 6th Street, Hastings, Minn.

BOB TUCKER: In the issue at hand liked every item with the exception of Ackermann's fiction. This chap "Carol Southinian" must be from South Carolina, and considering the fan-knowledge displayed in the article I would say it's that tall drink of water, Joe Gilbert. Beth of Evans's items liked, the poem a little more so than the other.

Looking over the art work, and especially the pic for the Denver in 1941 "advertisement," one can only say you have captured the best artist in fandom! --- Box 260, Bloomington, Illinois.

JOE GILBERT: Cover wasn't much, but the cover page design struck me as being particularly excellent, and the same goes for the drawing on page seven.

That Carol Southinian thing stunnmmmmmmmmnnkkkkk!

Didn't care for the poem, but the Galactic Roamers news was interesting. I especially enjoyed your art column. The breezy informal style is most

refreshing, and the nature of the column is, in itself, unique. Fine feature.

If you'll kindly look up all the synonyms for "fool" in a Thesaurus, you'll get a pretty fair idea of what I think of Ackermann's fiction.

Bridges' column is darn good. This and the column on art ought to help a lot in putting the mag over.

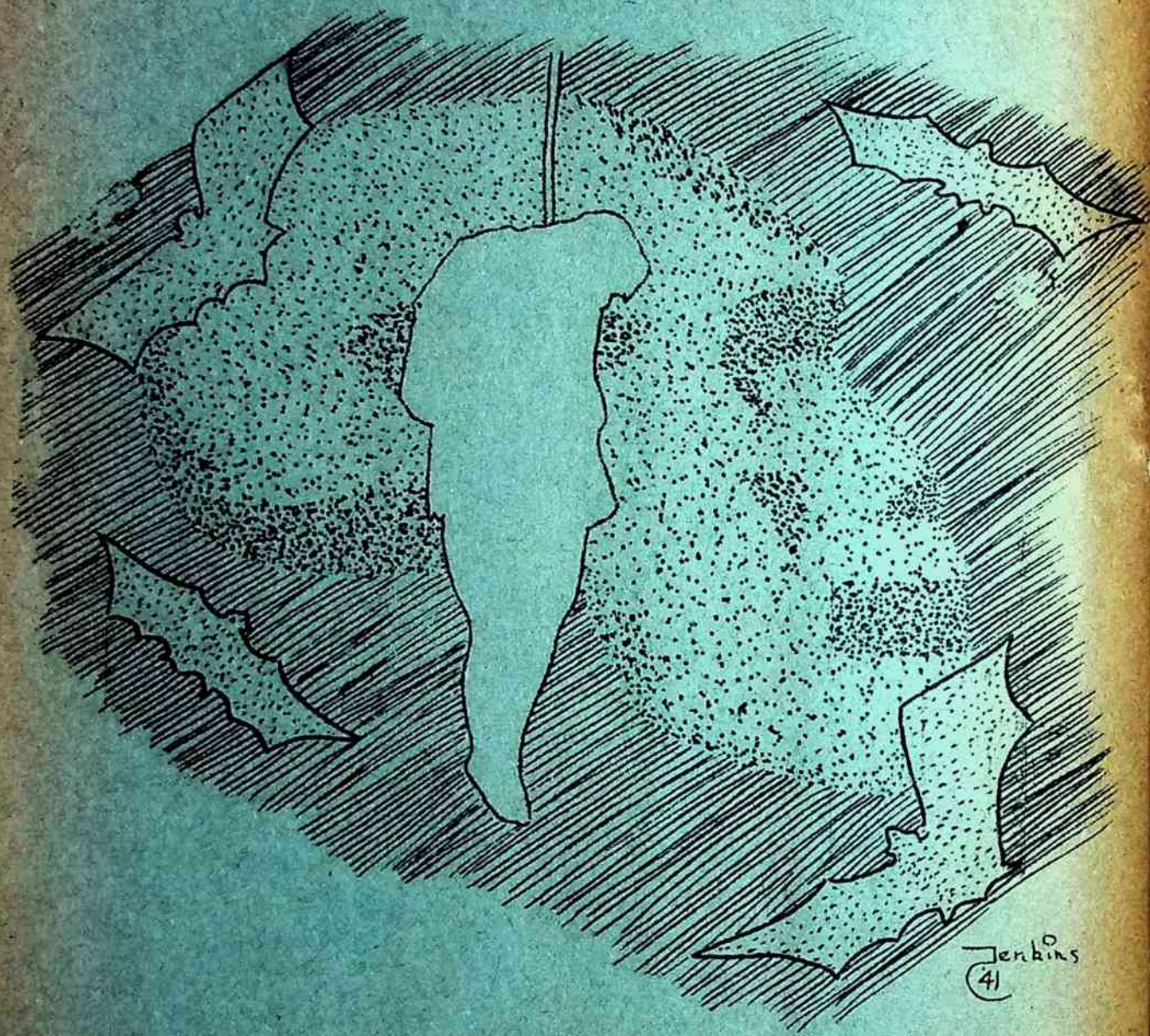
I didn't agree with a single thing Don said, outside one or two rather clever observations on pseudonyms. Lavond, sez Doc in BFF, is not Pohl. Lavond, Doc tells me is Lowndes part of the time, and Lavond the rest. Von Rachen is, I'm personally sure, Hubbard. The styles are identical. Monroe is not Heinlein. ((See Burton's Column..eds)). Sturgeon is pretty certainly Sturgeon. You can find a letter from him in the September '39 UNKNOWN. That Harry is De Camp is a shrewd guess, tho, and probably as accurate one.

Harry tells me that the back cover is by Wright. I've seen much better, but this wasn't bad. ---3600 Grand St., Columbia, South Carolina.

TO AN ONION

Beautiful wild onion
Lying all alone on the table;
Everyone hates you,
Everyone despises you,
Everyone curses you,
No one loves you,
No one lauds you,
Then whyinnahell are
So many tears shed over you!

---Harry Jenkins



Jenkins
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