



ECLIPSE

EGLEPS

ECLIPSE

VOL I.

AUGUST 1941

NO. 4

Cover by Rudy

Back cover by Harry Jenkins, Jr.

Interior illustrations by Tigrina, Calewaert and Sayn

Editorations.....	by Lynn Eridges	4
Religion.....	by E. Everett Evans	6
Thou Art Mine - Art!.....	by Artiste	7
Editor's EcLIPSe.....	by Richard J. Kuhn	11
Musings On The Pros.....	by Donn Burtom	14
Bright Stuff By Children.....	by Joe Gilbert	17
Editor's EcLIPSe.....	by Richard J. Kuhn	19
Spacelark of the Sky.....	by E. S. Myth	20
The Great Man Speaks.....	by The Readers	2-

ECLIPSE: Volume 1, Number 4.....Whole Number 4

Published bi-monthly at 13958 Cheyenne, Detroit, Mich.
Next issue out October 1st.

Usually edited by Richard J. Kuhn, but appropriated for this issue by Lynn Eridges and Rudy Sayn.

Price, 10¢ a copy, or three for 25¢. Trades with other fan magazines gladly arranged.

When submitting unsolicited material, please enclose return postage in case your work is unsuitable.

All opinions expressed in this magazine are those of the writers, and not necessarily those of the editors.

EDITORATIONS

by

Lynn

Bridges

In case you're wondering what we're doing way up here on page 4, instead of our usual spot back in the 20's, we might explain that Kuhn and I have changed places for the one issue. Dick, lucky guy, is on a vacation in California, where he's been meeting Angelinos, Golden Gate Futurians, and other strange inhabitants of the Pacific coast. He tells you all about it on pages 19 & 11. With ECLIPSE temporarily in our loving care, we modestly availed ourselves of the opportunity of leading off the mag.

Well, the inevitable has happened, and ECLIPSE is late, about two weeks behind schedule, in fact. The reasons are varied, the main one being a lack of time on our own part. We're at present working on a 7 day week, with two evenings thrown in for good measure. Not only that, but we got ambitious some time back and signed up for a night school course, which takes care of three other evenings a week. This leaves us Saturday and Sunday evenings to do all the work on the mag, since the rest of the household has an unreasonable attitude about the use of a very noisy typewriter at a late hour. As if that isn't enough, we've had a lot of trouble with this antique typer of ours, and consequently the letters aren't all hitting where they should. The letter "a" is the worst offender. We either have to put it way off center, or stop and straighten it out at the end of each line.

Next came the problem of material. Dick sent us what is now page 11 some time back. Then, via airmail, he rushed us what is now page 19, right at deadline time, with instructions to add it to what he'd already sent. Since we'd already stencilled the pages immediately following 11, we were faced with the problem of destroying the stencils already cut and rearranging the mag, or of telling Dick, "Sorry, we've got a deadline, and material received after that date can't be published." The first solution was out, because we'd spent enough time cutting those stencils as it was. But we were also wary of the wrath of the returning Kuhn so we compromised by giving him two separate columns this time.

The fact that this issue is appearing at all is due largely to the efforts of one Rudolph Sayn, who is a very handy fellow to have around; not only can he turn out an excellent piece of art on practically any desired subject (note, if you please, his

widely varied types of pieces in this issue) but he's one of the best stencil cutters in the business. Besides doing more art work than usual, stencilling that of the other contributors, and designing and cutting all the non-typewritten parts of the mag, with the one exception of the heading for this which can be blamed on us, Rudy's undertaken the task of mimeographing the entire fanzine!

We've added another color this time, I think. At the present moment I'm not certain, since Rudy was to try to pick it up. But if this page is in brown ink, it means that we now have five colors. More will probably be added later, since color mimeographing brought forth a number of pleased comments. Judging from the letters received the last issue of ECLIPSE was quite well liked, altho there was quite a bit of disagreement on the various items. Three features came in for universal approval. Rudy Sayn's front cover, Harry Jenkins' back cover, and the letter section. Result: Sayn and Jenkins on the covers and a page added to "The Great Man Speaks." So, you see, your letters do help!! So ~~don't~~ forget to let us know how you like ECLIPSE. And while we're on the subject, we may as well take this opportunity to ask more of you to send in ratings in the Warner system. They give a much clearer estimate of exactly how well liked an item was. The Warner system, in case you haven't used it, consists of rating each item with a number from one to ten. Ten is absolute tops, one is that which there is nothing lower than. And don't hesitate to tell us if there's something you don't like. Criticisms are just as welcome as praise.

One person who did not like the #3 ECLIPSE was Raymond A. Palmer. Mr. Palmer, as some of you may know, is editor of a pair of professional publications, AMAZING STORIES and FANTASTIC ADVENTURES. The first, according to Mr. Palmer, is a science-fiction magazine; while the second, also according to Mr. Palmer, is a fantasy magazine. Mr. Palmer, it seems, didn't care for some of the things said about his magazines in the last ECLIPSE; altho why he singled out the comparatively mild comments in ECLIPSE for attack, when so many other fanzines have done so much more thorough a job of knocking the Ziff-Davis mags, is something of a mystery.

Three of the columns share Mr. Palmer's wrath. Artiste and Burton are quite capable of taking care of themselves, so we leave matters in their hands, as regards their own material. However, this was the third column to come in for criticism, so we're compelled to make a few remarks in answer.

After accusing ECLIPSE of gross inaccuracies in reporting, Mr. Palmer proceeds to misquote us. Tch, tch, Ray, when we said the ~~stories~~ stories in AM and FA stink, we definitely did not use the words without exception. What we meant, of course, was that the stories, almost without exception, produce an unpleasant aroma. In general, the stories in AMAZING and FA are pure adventure, with just a touch of science or fantasy, the more illogical, the

(Continued on page 22)

R E L I G I O N

A vision comes . . .
I see a kneeling throng
Prostrate in adoration to a Thing
That seems to me all hideous and full
Of evil incarnate.

I shrink in agony of soul
Before that awful presence from the realm
Of black, eternal darkness;
I blanch in sudden horror
At their gruesome ritual.

Yet, look . . .
The ordeal finished, all the people rise
And go their way,
While smiles and deep content
Enshroud them as a halo
Golden . . . a mystic joy
Is in each soul, that naught
But true, unselfish happiness can bring;

And I awake with baffled sense
Of deep despair
That I cannot achieve by my beliefs
In what I hold are goodly, Godly things,
A peace and lasting joy
As beautiful as theirs.

E. Everett Evans

THOU ART MINE

— BY ARTISTE —

Cheerio Chums! to steal Tucker's opening phrase.

To begin this column (?) an apology is in the offing. Last issue, I stated that "Magarian is not a new artist, and he is only one of the old Ziff-Davis staff." This statement drew a rebuttal from the esteemed editor of AMAZING in his editorial. Palmer said that Magarian is definitely a new artist. Well, he is. I beg your forgiveness for my error, for I was fooled quite easily. A Chicago correspondent of mine comes through with the following statement: "Magarian is an Armenian, Krupa is a Pole. And also, Magarian's wife helps put on the finishing touches." So, my first supposition that Magarian was Krupa is wrong. Pardon.

One of the best fanzines to appear in a long time, at least in your columnist's opinion, is the new art fanzine, FANART. It features our favorite palate-toucher, art and articles. The first issue is not really excellent, but it touches that sacred border of no faults. The art, in itself, was superlative. The outstanding selection in the entire fmg is hard to pick, because there are at least 5 outstanding contenders for that honor. Venturing out over our head, we emit a whispered vote in favor of Roy Hunt, to whom the first issue is dedicated. His drawing is quite simple, but amazingly forceful. Not only does it cause the thoughts of s-f fans to ramble, but from several friends I have heard quite different interpretations. All of them are in some way connected with the war and Hitler. But that's neither here nor there. Tom Wright's drawing has me puzzled. I can't figure out what it's supposed to represent. All I can interpret is the figure in the single man space ship. The other things in the picture remind me of some modern symbolical painting, even tho it is a far cry from that. Jack Fields' drawing is a masterpiece of faces. It matters not what the true purpose of the picture was, but how well it was executed. Anyone who has dabbled in art knows how difficult it is to achieve the right expression and feeling on faces. A slight twist of the pen or pencil--a curve here, a touch there, all add to the ultimate effect. Fields did this to perfection. More power to 'em, but I'd like to see much more by Jack. He has proved his merit. "Waverly Teaball", and who doesn't know that's Tom Wright, pens a detailed undersea scene which is up to the Wright par. The other outstanding drawing in this first issue was the Nordic figure by BoB Jones. BoB now proves

THOU ART MINE - ART

that there are at least two fan artists who can pen presentable figures, Jones and Goldstone. That covers the first issue, except for the other fair pics contained therein. And for the second issue, I received a letter from the editor, Harry Jenkins, giving me the list of those already available for the second issue. In this letter he included the best drawing that I have seen by Tom Wright. In fact it is the best fan drawing that I have ever seen outside of Roy Hunt's "Star Spawn." It is mimeed in blue ink, and it seems utterly impossible to stencil, but Wright stenciled it. When you see it, you will realize that it is the ultimate in stenciling. Jenkins mentions that he will have Bronson, Hunt, Jenkinson, de Laire, Wright (of course), Neelson, Mary E. Rogers, Jones, himself, Fields, Fortier, and others. The only top ranking fan artist that he lacks is Lou Goldstone. I am quite pleased with this new Dixie Press publication.

And now to the struggling pro mags. The covers of the past month or so stack up something like this. By far, the Famous Fantastic Mysteries cover by Finlay is the best. The cover has little meaning to it, but it is well done in the usual Finlay style. One major criticism of the cover was the choice of scene. With all the scenes throughout "The Metal Monster" that could well be adapted to the Finlay style, he chose poorly. And still did an excellent cover. Hey, Campbell! It's about time for another space ship on the cover of ASTOUNDING. We're getting sick and tired of men, men, men on the covers. I can look on the covers of other pulp magazines and see men. Anyhow, I, and I hope I'm not alone, want to see something else on the covers of ASTOUNDING. Whatta you think? FUTURE FICTION and Doc Lowndes bring forth another cover artist. He is one who has for quite a while been doing interiors for FUTURE FICTION and COMET, John Forte. Surprisingly enough, the cover for FUTURE FICTION is quite well done and merits applause. His style is faintly--or perhaps strongly--reminiscent of Mayorga, who has done several covers for THRILLING WONDER and SUPER SCIENCE. With a little more experience, he ought to be able to turn out some quite excellent covers, for he's doing presentable stuff now. And by the by, if the editors of THRILLING WONDER and STARLING are looking, they can observe that Forte's style is exactly the type demanded by THRILLING. Or do you think so? FANTASTIC ADVENTURES has Rod Ruth on the cover. How could they be so ruthless as to let such paint slingers sprinkle paint on a board and call it a cover? Gads, what a let down after the Mac Girl had been scheduled to appear on the cover. Last and not least, at least in my opinion, comes Belarski and the covers for T.W.S. and STARLING. All Margulies does when he needs a new cover artist is to call on one of their paint slingers who try to make covers for the western and aviation pulps. And this brings a question to my mind. What does one call an artist who does too much drawing for every and any kind of pulp mag? Couldn't be "hack". Or could it?

With a few drawls and shufflings of the feet, we'll do our

THOU ART MINE - ART!

darndest to comment on some of the recent fan art. Right off the bat we pick up STARLIGHT. Jack Fields' cover, contrary to Fortier's opinion, is not sensational. To be quite frank, it is only fair. Nothing about it is outstanding, it is just a well stenciled and well minded drawing. But when we turn the page and the Roy Hunt drawing leaps up and scares us completely, that's a different story. Why, Tom and Joe, didn't you all smear warnings across the cover "Sensational Hunt drawing inside. Beware at first sight. It dazzles you." That's exactly how it struck me. And it brings about a comparison of styles. Somewhere, I cannot recall where, I have seen a Bok beastie holding a man in his hand. ((Was it the April STIRRING SCIENCE cover?...lb.)) If anyone recalls where he or she saw it, just compare the two entirely different styles. Both are so good they leave me speechless. But returning to the Hunt drawing, it is a magnificent job of stenciling. With temerity I announce--- harrumph -- Tom Wright could stencil a Finlay piece of art. And would I love to see it. The next drawing we run across seems to be another Bronson. Just another Bronson, so we pass it with a cursory glance. Jack Fields' faces are good, expressive but not forceful and impressive enuf. ~~Bush~~ would better not talk about, for I like Jim and have seen some of his other work. Jenkins' weird piece could have been better presented, with a screen plate backing. Picture was well worked out. The heading for the club section was only fair and not up to Tom Wright's par. Lou Goldstone on the back cover brings back pleasant memories of Hannes Bok. Lou has the closest style approaching Bok of any fan artist. And the back cover corroborates this statement.

Odds and ends and stuff: (mostly stuff): Here, whether you like my selections or not, are my final--at least for a wee--ratings of s-f interiorists. I'm leaving the covers out of this. (1) Virgil Finlay, (2) Bok, (3) Cartier, a good caricaturist, nothing else, (4) Krupa, (5) Dolgov, (6) Hunt, (7) Dold, tho he's doing practically nothing these days, (8) Magarian, (9) Schomburg, (10) Wesso. Where oh where. moans my audience, if I have one, is the old timer, Frank R. Paul? Well, to speak the truth, Paul is in the lower brackets in the interiors, his figures draw him down.....Krupa changes to Johnson in the latest AMAZING.....COSMIC announces the coming of the Giunta Girl. I betcha she can't beat the Paule gal on VOM.....Rudy Sayn's cover for the last ECLIPSE was the last word in symbolical presentations....Say Palmer, have you gone daffy? You've always seemed like such a nice guy and now you say Jay Jackson is a darn good artist. Personally, I'd rather for Jimmy Taurasi to illustrate the entire AMAZING than to have Jay Jackson pen putrid interiors. What was wrong with Krupa? He usually does almost all the interiors for AMAZING, and does them quite capably. Something must have been wrong with Krupa, for who would use Jay Jackson so prolifically? Seriously, RAP, whattinshell and splrfsk?.....John Coleman Burroughs not only collaborates on the current STARTLING novel, but also does a nice job of illustrating it. In several spots, he is
(Continued on page 12)



Mercurian Defenders

THE EDITORS

ECLIPSE

By a peculiar twist of circumstances, this issue of ECLIPSE is as new to me as it is to you. I have had no hand whatsoever in the production of this issue. This is because since school let out I've been on my way to, and now in, Fresno, California, where there isn't a fan within 185 miles.

The only thing that is keeping me in a peaceful mood (besides a certain brunette) is a packet of fanzines forwarded from home. Glory! Glory! It was like belonging to the FAPA when I got those priceless articles.

And the bright spot of my trip out here is the memory of a pleasant visit with 5 of the Los Angeles fans: Morojo, 4SJ, Walt Daugherty, Paul Freehafer, and Ray Bradbury. I met everyone but Bradbury at Ackerman's on the eve of Daugherty's wedding, where the finishing touches were being put on SHANGRI-LA.

Morojo was inspecting some books she had just received on Esperanto, Ackerman was working on the VOICE, and Freehafer and I were just standing around watching. That was soon remedied. Paul was put to work mimeoing, and I glued the blank labels on those little records Daugherty was using at the Denvention.

When SHANGRI-LA was finished, I got the first copy. And autographed, too! Daugherty uses a different system in assembling than we do. He spreads out the loose pages on the floor and begins stapling, while we place the loose pages on a bunk bed --- the first half on the lower and the last half on the upper--- and from there we staple each mag on the dresser.

But of those fans I can only confirm the reports of their being swell people. I hope to be able to attend one of their club meetings before I go home.

Which about finishes what I have to say (and I had to wrack my brain ((egotist!)) for that), and so I'll go the way of all fanzine editors.

And until # 5, au revoir.

THOU ART MINE - ART

reminiscent of Allen St. John. and he receives my vote for drawing the best fish-men to date....Tut, tut again, Palmer, but the cover on the latest AMAZING is not as good as the April cover. The reason? Well the old April, 1939, cover held the foreground. The machine was much larger and held the attention more. Add to that the advantage of good perspective and you have the reason.....We hear via the grapevine that STIRRING and COSMIC have been dropped for the summer. That's bad, 'cause I liked the Bok and Dold covers very much.....Nomination for the best pulp mag with the worst artists; ASTOUNDING. With the superlative material that this S and S publication has, they seem to pick the worst artists available and sick 'em on John Campbell Jr.And that brings up the subject of Rogers as an interiorist. I disagree with Tom Wright; Rogers is not a good interiorist. Why? He lacks the very detail which Tom says an interior illustrator needs....Quote from Wright's "Designers Wanted" in the June SPACEWAYS: "Rogers' color work is nothing short of perfect." Look, if you please, at the way MacCauley takes the outlandish colors of Ziff-Davis and molds them into a pleasing figure on the front of the fans pet hate. What then, about MacCauley, Tom?.....But I'm writing a rebuttal to Tom's article so I'd better stop where I am.....In fact I'd better stop.....P.S. I still have suspicions of Magarian.....
So long.

THE 4th WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION

That's the official title of the convention to be held next year in Los Angeles. The official nickname is the PACIFICON.

The Los Angeles group is wasting no time getting started. The first issue of PACIFICONEWS, a bi-weekly news sheet appeared less than a month after the Denvention, and things are already very well organized.

Anyone desiring a copy of PACIFICONEWS, or information regarding the Pacificon, is urged to get in touch with Walter J. Daugherty, 6224 Leland Way, Hollywood, California.

Memberships are now being taken, and we feel that it is the duty of fandom to support the cause by joining at the earliest possible moment. Cost is \$1.00, which brings you a membership card, a supply of stickers to be used on correspondence etc. and, above all, the knowledge that you're contributing towards making next years convention the best one yet.

We note that at least one city is supporting the Pacificon 100%. Battle Creek is the place, all of the 9 Michifans there having already joined the 4th W. S. F. C.!



MUSINGS ON THE PROS.

by Donn Burton

The column is going to be rather incomplete, this time. First, and by no means least, the Denvention took up the best part of two weeks, right at the time when we would normally have been reading five or six current magazines. We are reading those now; obviously, we will never get to the next half-dozen in time, even if nothing interferes. And something is interfering--if all goes well, we will be established in a much better job before you read this, and the time involved in making a trip and getting settled in a new locality will finish all our chances of reading the remaining stories.

We were at the Denvention, along with a number of other more-or-less well-known names. Among the names represented were Gordon A Gillicutty, Weaver Wright, Reitrof, Latas U. Sewall, Dejah Thoris, 3E, Rustebar, Lyle Monroe, Fojak, Dracula, Morojo, Dennis P. Lavond, Hugh Raymond, Yhos, S. D. Gottesman, Lee Gregor, Anson MacDonald, 4E, 2J, Cecil Corwin, and "Money-bags." Rumor hath it that Fywert Kinge was there, too, as well as Yngvi, but the rumor wasn't substantiated.

Numerous notables were absent, however; among them, Bill Elliot, Mickey Finn, Hoy Ping Pong, H. P. Pongoff, Curl Gradient, W. T. Bell, Archer Cusp, Joe Fann, Carol Southinian, Derwin Lesser, Paul Edmonds, Gordon A. Giles, Kelvin Kent, David V. Reed, Polton Cross, A. R. Steber, Bradner Puckner, Anthony Gilmore, Ralph Milne Farley, and Murray Leinster.

Of course, there were a number of people there too; but others will doubtless report them. The above are just names, like our own.

The Column is getting famous. "Doc" Smith likes us. To be sure, "Doc" is a professional writer, primarily, but I think no one will deny that he is also a fan.

We have another claim to notoriety, too; Palmer mentions us in the current issue of AMAZING--and pans us a little, too. That is O. K., except that part of the panning was undeserved. We did not say that Meg, Hank, Lt. Biggs, Hok, or Adam Link, had been "barred" from Z-D publications, but merely quoted a statement to that effect which appeared in FANTASY NEWS. And that, we insist, is not the same thing at all. We suggested that we did not know the significance of that word "barred", as used in F N. We also

MUSINGS ON THE PROS

admitted that many readers probably knew more about the situation than we did, merely claiming the right to speculate in our ignorance. Obviously, Palmer would know more about the matter than anyone else. Good ol' RAP says Adam Link will return. How about the others, Mr. Steber? We always did like them, rather well.

The speculations on pseudonyms apparently roused some interest, and served the intended purpose fairly well. We really wanted to find out just who was hiding behind some of those names, or whether anyone was. Thanks to Warner, we now know Hugi is Hugi. Damon knight says that Sturgeon writes to him, which seems better evidence of Sturgeon's real existence than is presented by the letter in UNKNOWN, mentioned by Joe Gilbert. We thank Damon. We would like to thank Joe, too--but some of the other "facts" in his letter weren't facts. We fear he just ain't reliable. On second thought, perhaps we had better thank him anyway, for reading our mutterings.

Is there anyone who does not know, now, that Kornbluth wrote "Thirteen O'clock" and its sequel, "Mr. Packer goes to Hell"--We thought not.

We still haven't read any recent copies of WEIRD TALES, SCIENCE FICTION, FUTURE FICTION, STIRRING SCIENCE, or COSMIC STORIES. Also not read are the July and September FANTASTIC ADVENTURES and the September AMAZING STORIES.

You won't find any stories from current issues of TWS or STARTLING, either. Yes, we read them, and the issues average up fairly well, but they contain no stories that could be called outstanding.

On the basis of the first two installments, "Methuselah's Children" should rate with the best stories of the year. Part of its appeal is due to the way in which it "ties in" the rest of the Heinlein "History," but it is also a very fine story per se.

Next come van Vogt's very good "The Seesaw," in July ASF and Sturgeon's "The Golden Egg" in UNK for August. Van Vogt's use of the principle of the lever is highly original, we believe; and what a lever it was! "The Golden Egg" is not new, as far as idea goes, but it is exceptionally well done, and the ending is masterly. It should meet the approval of the most violent SCIENCE fictionist, too.

Six stories are in the third group: Jameson's "Even the Angels," August UNK; Bester's "The Probable Man," and MacDonald's "We Also Walk Dogs," in the July ASF; Williamson's "Backlash," in the August ASF; E. E. Smith's "The Vortex Blaster" and the Simak and Jacobi collaboration, "The Street That Wasn't There," in COMET for July. We recommend "The Street That Wasn't There" to fantasy lovers.

Also quite satisfactory are: "The 4-D Doodler," by Waldeyer, in COMET for July; Bond's "The Geometric's of Johnny Day" and Simak's "Space Ship in a Flask," in the July ASF; "Mr. Murchison's Ghost," by Williams, in FANTASTIC ADVENTURES for August; Robert Arthur's "Mr. Jinx" and Kuttner's "The Devil We Know," both in

MUSINGS ON THE PROS

UNK for August; de Camp's "Invaders From Nowhere," in the August SSN; "Kid Poison," by Reed, in AMAZING for August; Paul Edmonds' "The Tree of Life" and Hasse's "Farewell to Fuzzies," in the September ASTONISHING.

You may be surprised not to find Hubbard's "The Case of The Friendly Corpse" in the above list. All we can say is that it seemed a trifle more than a trifle boring. Hubbard is one of our favorites, too. Oh, well....

Gossip at The Denvention had it that COMET had probably seen its last issue. We are sorry about that. One issue was superb--the third--and two were very good. The others were only so-so. Perhaps Tremaine can find another publisher.

Also scheduled to fold, we heard from a reasonably reliable source, are the two Pohl mags, SUPER SCIENCE NOVELS and ASTONISHING STORIES. Rumor has it that each will appear once more, then finis. Both of these magazines have varied enormously in quality, from some near classics to some genuine stinkeroos. A good issue was usually followed by an exceptionally poor one. Those half-a-cent-per-word rates probably account for that.

We wonder what Palmer's real, personal opinion of the Stong Anthology is? Palmer used to be a fan, you know. Stong may be, as Palmer says, an outstanding authority on worthwhile short stories; but in general, that does not mean that he is an authority on science fiction and fantasy. Not only fans and writers consider s-f and f-f distinctly different from other fields of writing; it is common knowledge that the general reading public make the same distinction. It is not the usual thing for writers to transform westerns, foreign legion, or detective stories into science fiction or fantasy, although the westerns, foreign legion, and detective stories are often changed from one to another. Perhaps I am wrong--perhaps such stories may occasionally appear in Palmer's own magazines, and in one or two others; but they are not the usual thing. The more science fiction and fantasy resemble straight adventure, the less they are liked by a large share of the readers of our favorite fiction. Palmer definitely caters to the readers who prefer straight adventure, with a little fantasy as a fillip to their imaginations. That is all right, and we think he is doing a good job. But it isn't necessary for him to tell us that he is right, because Stong says so. We don't think Stong knows nearly as much about the matter as Palmer does.

All for now, folks. See you in Los Angeles in '42.

BRIGHT STUFF BY CHILDREN

EDITED BY JOE GILBERT

FUSS ON A BUS;

Late one night last month I was returning from Marjorie's where I'd been dummyming May Vom. Cover already'd been run. I pulled out a sample, &, as editors will, sat admiring it for perhaps the 1000th time. Across the aisle from me a woman got up & sat down next to me. I thot "Aha! An art student. In a moment she will speak to me & ask if I drew the picture." She spoke, but instead said, "Have you been sick?" Startled, I lookt at her, replyd "Y, no." "Are you sure you haven't been sick?" she persisted. "No; I have been working awfully hard & overtime the past ffew mos. but I haven't been sick." "Well, you look ill!" Simultaneously with my realization that the Lady (?) in Question was a li'l inebriated she kinda crookt a finger at me & winkt & confided, "I've been drinking a little....or I wouldn't have nerve enough to come over here and talk to you and tell you this. Didn't you used to get off the bus at Beverly and Vermont about nine o'clock every morning?" "Yes" I acknowledged. "Well, I was watching you. You know-- you're a wreck." I: "Uh." She: "I know. I can see. I'm a registered nurse, and I can tell. You're a mess. Why do you work so hard?" "Well, I've got a different job now where I won't have to." "But you're still

studying-" indicating the briefcase, typryter & parafernalia incident to the production of the Voice. Then it was time for her to get off. "Don't do it," she plead; "it isn't worth it. Promise me--" she called back as she was getting out the door. "Alrite" I said (aint I the darnd liar). & there she left me, to ride another 40 blox alone, & everybody on the bus nue I was a reck & a mess...

Forrest J Ackerman,
in Vom for June.

THE SECOND BOSTON TEA PARTY:

Sunday Feb. 23 Mr and Mrs Swisher swung open the door and admitted several individual persons who gained admittance on the pretext of being "fans". Previously Mrs. Swisher had removed the rugs from the floor, while Papa S. nailed down the chairs. "Fans" were coming. It isn't that they couldn't be trusted. The Swishers were expecting a local earthquake and didn't wish to upset the guests. Wollheim stuck his finger in the baby's mouth and was surprised to find the youngster had teeth. "Why you little stinker!" screamed Wollheim. "That wasn't cricket!"

A party from Brooklyn arrived at 3 a. m., phoned Swisher

BRIGHT STUFF BY CHILDREN

out of bed, and "received gentle hints that the hour was a bit too early to arrive." The old man told the Brooklynites to get the hell off his phone and let him sleep. To the Brooklynites this was a gentle hint. We'd like to see them receive an outright insult sometime.

Swisher keeps a record of every fan in code. Lowndes, displaying amazing ingenuity, found the key by picking Swisher's pocket. After looking into his record he hastily threw away the key. He suspected he was pretty good, that his ship rode the waves mightily; but he doesn't want it known that Lloyds had his keel scraping bottom.

On the way out Swisher stood by the door and removed his books and magazines from pockets and under-coats of the departing fans. They were just taking them along to kill time while waiting on their train. Swisher feels guilty, tho, in that he now has two more magazines than he began with.

Both copies were Capt. Futures. He feels confident he knows who had them.

Bob Tucker in LE ZOMBIE for March and May

((Pssst! That man is here again! JG)):---

Gilbert's article is very, very nice. Sorry I didn't care for the fiction, Scarred Wrist. Too depressing. I like good articles and humor. I can't see why you fellows are all against Moskowitz. He seems a nice guy. Cover: I don't see what that dope's face has to do with science fiction; a close-up of the spaceship would be better. Also I can't see what those bubbles in the sky are for. (Grab him quick, Futurians; he's a real-

ist!)) Miske deserves a word of praise, considering his perfectly marvelous articles in FANFARE and other mags. I disagree with Mr. Gilbert about Palmer. RAP is the best editor in stf. Also, SUN SPOTS is not sloppy, though I have never seen NEW FANDOM. (No comment here. We merely stagger away muttering "Ia! Ph'nglui naflfthagn!" and leave the field to Koenig.)

Harry Schmarje and
Art Widner, Jr. in
April FANFARE.

Fred Pohl showed us a corker the other day. It seems that some would-be-hack procured for himself one of those neatly bound books in which the pages are all blank, then painstakingly printed all his story in it and mailed the book to ASTONISHING. About someone who came back as a pig and set out to solve all the world's problems.

...Dan Burford is no longer living at the Futurian Embassy, having moved back home with his parents recently. So Ambassadors Lowndes and Michel have a nice, quiet little apartment all to themselves — except on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, when people of all shapes, sizes, and description are dropping in constantly. Since he sold a story to THRILLING WONDER, we never see anything of Dick Wilson, these days. Shucks; he ought to realize we Futurians are tolerant people; we wouldn't ostracize him just because he took Margulies money; why we'd even forgive him if he sold a story to Palmer — and that takes a lot of forgiving!

"From the New York Communications Office" by Morley, in the June SOUTHERN STAR.

THE EDITORS

ECLIPSE

And after getting up at 4.30 in the morning in order that I might get a ride to Redwood City, and after taking a bus from there to Oakland, and after walking a measly 60 blocks, I finally managed to drop in on Joe Fortier the other day. Much to my surprise, Tom Wright was there also. It seems that Tom had moved from Martinez to Oakland, thus enabling me to kill two birds with one stone.

After lunch (Oh, yes, I got there in time for lunch) we sat around and talked for awhile. Joe then suggested that we go see Jimmy Cripps, a new member of the Golden Gate Futurian Society. After a short ride on the street car we arrived at the designated residence. We talked a while, had a drink, and then set out for Fred Shroyer's. Upon finding Shroyer not at home, we set out for the long journey back via the book store.

It seems that this book store is Joe's own secret little place. But he brought Tom and I there never-the-less. And I picked up a set of '31 AMAZINGS with the "Spacehounds" serial in them for 30¢. And after this short delay we again set out for Joe's.

We discussed sfiction until late in the evening and then adjourned to bed. On the next day (it was Sunday) I read THE NEW ADAM, we again discussed sfiction, and Joe and I wrote an article. Tom arrived early Monday evening and we set out for Frisco to see Erle Korshak and Johan (I think that's how you spell it) Gardner. Lou Goldstone showed up at the hotel where Korshak and Gardner were staying and so we set out to see the town. We finally ended up in a little park just outside Chinatown, so we sat down, again discussed sfiction, and told stories. On Tuesday evening we went over to Tom's. It was here that I finally succeeded in what I was trying to do all the while I was there. I got a drawing from Tom Wright. It was by a peculiar twist of circumstances that I got it, though. It was this way: Joe had the original I wanted. But Tom had an original Joe wanted. So Tom gave Joe the pic he wanted, and Joe gave me the pic I wanted.

While we were over at Tom's, I got a look at the dummy for DAWN, which, by the way, is going to be a honey of an annual. And they tell me it will be out before the end of the year.

(Continued on page 23)

SPACELARK OF THE SKY
by E. S. Myth

The speed of light was but a snail's crawl compared with the present pace of the Spacelark. But Standon was still not satisfied. His blood still ran cold at the thought of the horrible news which, two minutes before, had sent him on this headlong dash through the void. "Whitey" Kane, super-criminal of the universe, had stolen half a milligram of ultra-tetrauraniradiothorifluorocyanite, enough to blow up a galaxy!

Now Standon was speeding in pursuit. The personalized compass, that marvelous device which Standon had invented once when he had 30 seconds to spare, showed Kane to be but a scant two galaxies distant! Standon smiled as he noted this. The Spacelark could spot any ship in existence a two galaxy lead and overtake it within $19\frac{1}{4}$ minutes!

On and on, second after second, light century after light century, the Spacelark flew, rapidly narrowing the distance between the two ships. Finally the interminable chase of almost 14 minutes was over. There, less than a million parsecs away, was the ship of "Whitey" Kane. Eagerly Standon pressed the button that would send the most powerful beam of the Spacelark's mighty armament speeding towards the opponent, there to blast into nothingness, once and for all, the greatest menace to intergalactic civilization!

But Kane, too, was well equipped, and a fraction of a second later a duel unmatched in cosmic history was under way. Rays of all types and colors flashed, screens flared, and astronomers throughout the universe reported the birth of a nova. The two ships were well matched, and the duel went on for long second after second with neither man able to pierce the protective devices of the other.

Finally Kane tired of the sport. He wasn't getting anywhere and he had a date with a blond on Thgyuil in 15 minutes. "Hey, Standon," he said into the super-radio, "what'll you take to call it quits?"

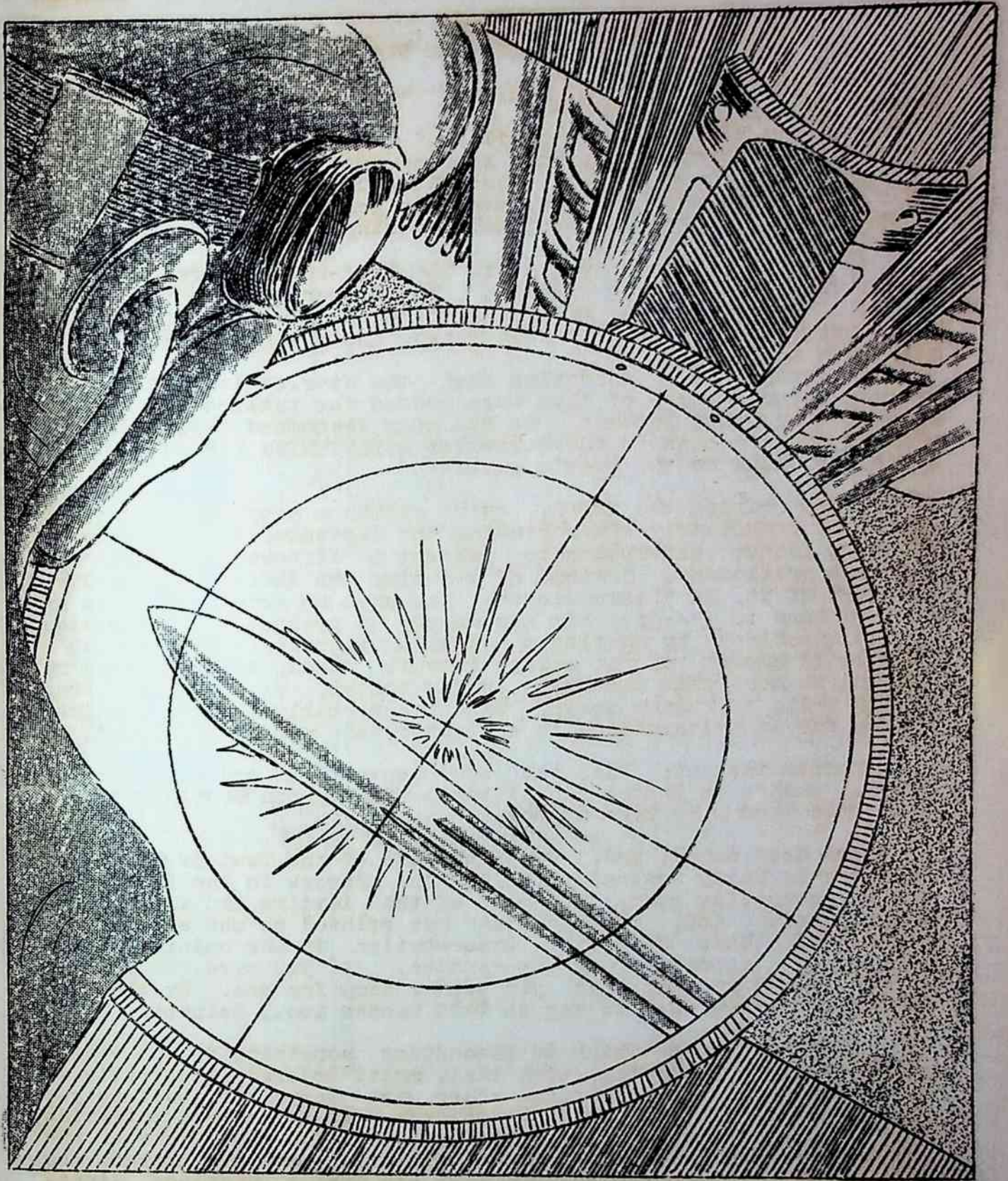
"You know what I want. It's that ultra-tetrauraniradiothorifluorocyanite you stole!"

"Cripes! Is that all? I thought it was the crown jewels of Byrtmno that you were after. Here you are."

Kane tossed the small package of ultra-tetretc. out of the airlock, then rapidly turned and sped towards the blond and Thgyuil.

Suddenly Standon's pocket radio burst into life. "Attention Standon! An invasion from the sixth dimension has started. Come at once to Sector 89-KLV-946. Urgent!"

Standon's face brightened as he turned the Spacelark in the desired direction. This promised some excitement, and so far it had been a very dull day.



EDITORATIONS

~~(Continued from page 5)~~

better. And the editor's habit of "improving" on the author's work by rewriting the ending (and, we have reason to believe, sometimes the beginning and middle) of a story, certainly doesn't make for good science-fiction. A prize example of editorial "improvement" was the recent "The Lost Race Comes Back." That story, right up until almost the end, was very good. Then Palmer-Steber stepped in and rewrote the finish, making it into something not even fit for comic magazines.

We don't like the stories in the Ziff-Davis mags, nor, apparently, does fandom in general. The Widner pro mag poll doesn't tell exactly where AM and FA stand in the eyes of the fans, since Art lists only the ten favorites, and neither of the Palmer mags rate that high.

As for Palmer's contention that the stories in AMAZING must be good because three of them were chosen for publication in Phil Stong's "The Other Worlds", we can only recommend Wollheim's review of Stong's book in the September ASTONISHING for an entirely different slant on the book's quality.

Since writing the above, we've gotten a copy of the October AMAZING. Immediately after reading the September issue, we dashed off a letter attempting to present a different viewpoint on Palmer's criticisms. Instead of printing the letter, or the larger part of it, in "Discussions", RAP uses up some more space in Observations to "--give him his chance to present the other side of the question" by quoting a couple of passages which made up a very small amount of the entire letter. Well, after that we're wasting no more time and space on the matter, at least not here. We may write to Palmer again, tho it's probably a waste of time. But so far as Editorations is concerned, the matter is closed.

Random thought: With the next convention going to Los Angeles, what's to become of all those "Washington in '42" stickers the Dixie boys have been using?

The most novel, and, we think, one of the best of the newer fanzines is Harry Jenkins' FANART. The artwork in the first issue is unusually good, and most of the leading fan artists are represented. And, the pictures are printed on one side of the page only! This method of presentation in our opinion, adds much to the appearance of the fanzine. If you care for fan art at all, we'd suggest that you send a dime for one, or two-bits for three copies of this mag to 2409 Santee Ave., Columbia, S. C.

Another fanzine which is presenting something in the way of the unusual is FANTASITE, with their multi-colored illustrations. Illustrations in more than one color are very difficult to get with a mimeograph, but Bronson achieves near perfect registration in the current issue. The cover is especially good, one of the best we've ever seen. And the rest of the material matches the color work. Phil Bronson, 224 West 6th Street, Hastings, Minnesota, is the address.

EDITORATIONS

A word about the author of the fiction in this issue. Myth, (no, it isn't his real name) is a business acquaintance of ours, whom we discovered reading ASTONISHING one day. "Aha," we aha'd, "A fellow devotee of s-f." Wandering over his way, we accused him of being a fan. This he indignantly denied. Myth, it seems, is a cynic. He reads all the science fiction he can obtain, for the pleasure of picking holes in the reasoning, scientific or otherwise, in the stories! After a short talk, Myth declared emphatically that he was definitely not interested in learning about the joys of being a fan.

Imagine our surprise then, when a couple of days later he handed us a story with instructions to use it in "that rag of yours." We liked the story, but it was far too long. His desk is but a short distance from ours, and we noticed frequently that he seemed to be working on something besides that which he was supposed to be working on. Then, at lunch time, he again gave us a manuscript, this time of less than a page, asking if it was short enough this time! We're printing it, if only because of the swell Sayn pic accompanying it. And we still haven't talked Myth into becoming a fan.

An airmail from Kuhn advising us that he'll be back next week. Which means that more time will be spent on the next ECLIPSE, and that Dick's typewriter will again be employed. And that, of course, means a 100% improvement in the appearance of the mag.

And that's all for this issue, at long last. With the present working schedule and the rush to put out ECLIPSE, we find that we're way behind on our correspondence. Don't give up hope, you guys to whom we owe letters, we'll take care of them all as soon as possible.

THE EDITOR'S ECLIPSE
(Continued from page 19)

And so I left Oakland with a copy of STARLIGHT, 3 AMAZINGS, a copy of the MERCURY, some convention propaganda, and two pics by Wright (yes, I got another'n).

And just in case anybody wants to know, Joe and Tom sure have got swell mothers. I stayed four nights at Joes, and his mother was just as nbdas could be. And the night that we were at Tom's, his mother served ice cream, cookies (most of which were eaten by me), and coffee ---- just for a couple of fans. And of course, Tom, Joe, and Lou are all swell fellers, just as is Erle and Johan (Is that how you spell it?).



THE GREAT MAN SPEAKS

D. B. THOMPSON: If ECLIPSE keeps on at this rate, the old timers are going to be eclipsed, for fair. Swell cover, polychromatic mimeoing, and interesting contents.

Now for some numbers, in the Warner tradition. Starting at the top of the contents page, we have: Articles, 8, 7. Fiction, 7. Features, 7, 7.5, 6.5, 9.5, 6, 8, 8.3. Department headings, (average) 8.

As you can see from the above, I like Gilbert's "Bright Stuff By Children." It has always been good, but is exceptionally so this time. Schrarje, I feel, is not typical of the young readers of the Missouri River Valley region; at least I hope he isn't. He is taking Walt Marconette's VOM letter on "How to Become a Genius" too literally.

Tucker's article is presented in the style he admires in the British fanzines. Seems to me that science fiction fans who get completely away from the pro magazines are no longer science fiction fans, but something else; perhaps superior to the usual kind, perhaps not; but certainly, something different. Be that as it may, the article is worth reading twice, at least.

Lynn's view of the Z-D situation is much like my own, so naturally, I think it quite reasonable. "Great minds....."

(You are welcome to that one, Gilbert.) Evans' fiction is all right. That sort of thing could appear nowhere save in a fanzine, so the rule of "the pros for fiction, the fanzines for articles and features" doesn't apply.

Excellent draughtsmanship on the front cover, and splendid shading on the Jenkins pic. Calewaert looks like a find.
----2302 You St., Lincoln, Nebr.

DOC LOWNDES: This is something I haven't done in a stegosaurus's age come michelmas: receive a fan mag, drop everything to skim it through. Keep everything dropped to read it, then hie me over to the typer and write a letter to the editor. So, you see, you lads must have something there.

Perhaps this was partly due to the neatness and attractive getup of the thing. This seems to be the day of the artistic-looking fanmag. You, FANFARE, and FANTASITE. Harry Warner's SPACEWAYS still tops the list, I suppose, but a multi-colored thing is easier to read for my money. (But not a fm entirely in one color, such as green.)

To get on to the content, however: The cover is really splendid. Tucker's article one of the very best I've seen in many moons (haven't had much time for writing fan articles recent-

THE GREAT MAN SPEAKS

ly) and one on which I can check him to Dr. Smith's customary number of decimal points. As some of you may know, nearly all of us editors are wondering why the letters from readers and fans, particularly, seem to be so scarce today. It's really appalling at times -- in comparison to the fan mail Dr. Sloane, Tremaine of ASTCUNDING, and Hornig of Wonder used to receive, the letters just barely scratch our consciousness. That can't be laid to a lapse in quality in the mags because, even when the Sloane AMAZING was at its lowest ebb, it still received mail by the sack. Two explanations have occurred to me: one, so many titles that the mail has to be spread out more, those who write only write to their pet, as a rule. Two, the real fans are too damn busy writing letters to fanzines, and articles for same, or putting out their own fanzines, to spare criticisms for such unimportant things as the pros. Alas and alackaday!

"Thou Art Mine" column I found quite interesting. Hope ye artiste notices a slight uplift in FUT-FIC's artwork as of the August book. I've lost a couple of the lads, though I reckon that readers won't mind. Dan Burford has a steady job elsewhere which pays far more and keeps him occupied. Dave Kyle is up to his neck in a newspaper up in Monticello, and it doesn't look as if he'll ever get out. This, to me, is a calamity, because Dave was beginning to improve in leaps and bounds. Don't be misled by his work appearing in SCI-FIC. It was done many months ago on a rush order-- stories were crowded out of original schedule. But pipe your eyes at that double spread for the QUARTERLY, or the

drawing for "New Moon" in' (hatéd rival!) COSMIC SCIENCE FICTION. That is the Kyle that was beginning to come up with the aforementioned gallumps and gallumps.

For covers, I think Forte did very nicely the first time. Now I'm trying to see if Bok can get by the art department. Hope he can. And, some day, I want to see what Dolgov can do on a cover. You'll see Paul, of course, because (1) people on the whole must like him or they wouldn't buy the book (2) I like him when he draws the scenes I pick to order. As for Morey -- well, I'm leary, to tell the truth. He can (and often does) do a very nice job -- but he's just as likely not to. And since we do not use the amount of artwork that Freditor does, (Pohl, to you) we have to be more careful.

Oh yes, orchids to Joe Fortier for the most sensible article I've seen by him to date. I've been wondering when fans would begin to catch on to the fact that many of the fanzines are far more stereotyped and cluttered with names, names, names, than the worst of the pros. After all lads, your fan magazine is something with which (relatively speaking) you are trying to show the pros how backward they are. Yet, look around you and lamp how many fans (vociferous enough when it comes to blasting the professional editor) do things which would make the crummiest of the crummy in professional magazines of all natures, blush and then blush again.

Reckon that is why old Doc finally got out of his lethargy. Because I'm happy to see a fanzine which is really trying to hit (in its own way) top standards. You aren't alone. Forgot to mention FANTASIA before, didn't I. Shecks. Then, in FAPA,

THE GREAT MAN SPEAKS

there's Paul Freehafer's POLARIS. But what percentage of the total fan output is that, I ask you. ---142 West 103rd St., N. Y. C.

HARRY JENKINS, jr.: Words fail me in rating the cover. Sooch perspective. The subject is not a good one but the perspective, the view is the thing which gives it the ultimate--10.

The editorial is quite good, especially the closing sentence. 8.

Calewaert is satisfactory, but the lack of detail hurts. The background would have been better with a screen. But being in a good mood, a7, Jeeves.

The Three Fandoms...for a Tuckerian article, it's boring. Ho-hum, 4.

Two Meetings is a well planned, informative article...6.

Thou Art Mine--Art! is better than the first one, but there's still plenty of room for improvement. Much room.

Mr. Bradbury, Me, and Two Dozen Others.....Joe Fortier's piece struck me exactly in the right place. Gilbert suggests that the old fans are more dependable than the younger ones. But if a young fan has proved his merit, why not give him a try? Well, anyways, I'll give Joe a well-deserved 9.

Herc The Collector...I donno....I donno....these kind are the ones you must isolate yourself with for about two weeks and think them over. Then you must either cast it away or laud it. Me, I still donno..but while I'm trying vainly to think...6.

Bright Stuff is well selected, but is still not long enuf. Gilbert has a nose for selecting the best bright stuff...8.

Musings On The Pros....Burton's all righty, ally righty. I cannot agree with DBT sometimes, for I prefer fantasy to science-

fiction. Joe says E. Waldo Hunter is Sturgeon, for every time E. Waldo has appeared it's in the same issue with Sturgeon. Lavond can be any one of the Futurians ...it's a Futurian pen-name used by all of them. That accounts for the good ones and the bad ones, both by Lavond. Paul Dennis Lavond--P. D. L. Could be Pohl-Doc Lowndes, or Pohl-Donald-Lowndes. Quien Sabe? Er sumpin. But anyways, give the sage an 8.

Editorations..since I agree with Lynn entirely on the RAP situation and since I like Bridges...a 9, Jeeves.

Letter section---not quite long enuf.

To an Onion-it still smells, and I don't mean the onion.

Back Cover..Pardon me while I say

au voir.--2409 Santee Ave. Columbia, S. C.

PHIL BRONSON: Despite the fact that the cover was a dark purple one, the illustration was superb. This type of symbolism on a fanzine cover will never fail to draw favorable comment from Yours Truly. Sayn really did an excellent job this time. May I ask if the pic is original? ((It is, definitely...eds.))

The contents page, tho legible, was not a too good combination; red on purple, but was attractive nevertheless. And the editorial is the best to appear on that page yet. The longer the better. Forrie's title a bit screwy, but good!

Didn't especially care for Calewaert's full pager. He isn't a Sayn. There was a very noticeable lack of illustrations this time as compared with the second issue. Let's have more next time -- okay? ((O.K.)) Artwork really enlivens a fanzine.

The different color inks make the mag more attractive, and

DOMINATING

THAT'S THE WORD THAT DESCRIBES THE DYNAMIC FORUM OF FANDOM. THE VOICE COMMANDS THE INTEREST OF EVERYONE. IT'S FUN FOR ALL + FAN-TO-FAN. INFORMATIVE. UNIQUE.

Asd + Mowjo

Bx 6475 Met Sta, Los Angeles Ca1, 10c
VOICE OF THE IMAGI-NATION

THE GREAT MAN SPEAKS

I can really appreciate the extra work and expense involved in multi-color work. Mimeography throughout the issue very good--muchly improved over that in the first and second issues. Keep up the good technical work and you can't go wrong!

Material this issue about on a par with that in #2; no better, no worse. Tucker's article was okay -- I like his humor much better! TWO MEETINGS by Evans also okay. THOU ART MINE--ART! is good. I can't say as I agree with Mr. "Artiste" on all of his points though. For one thing he didn't mention quite a few fan artists. One important fan artist he didn't mention was Bob Studley, and there are very many minor ones he could have brought up. Mr. "Artiste" could have mentioned James Rogers, Leslie Perri -- really I could think of many more. Anyway it really doesn't matter -- probably give him text for the next column.

Joe Fortier wasn't so hot this issue. It seemed as if he dashed the article off on the

spur of the moment not caring particularly how good it was. If I may be so bold -- Evans' "Here the Collector" stunk. It just wasn't any good at all. E. E. E. failed to hold my interest despite his amusing alliteration. BRIGHT STUFF BY CHILDREN was the best in the issue. Gilbert is tops. More Gilbert. "Musings on the Pros" good. "Editorations" likewise. THE GREAT MAN SPEAKS is a swell letter section; long and very interesting. Last but not least we come to Jenkins' back cover -- more symbolism -- and damn good! I believe it's the best I've ever seen of Jenkins art.

Well, keep ECLIPSE coming, it's darn okay, and one of the best! ----224 West 6th Street, Hastings, Minnesota.

JOE GILBERT: ECLIPSE is really coming up in the fan world, tho there's still room for improvement. Your material is okay, but the appearance of the mag could be quite a bit better. The covers were both splendid, and couldn't be better. But the con-

THE GREAT MAN SPEAKS

tents page was almost unreadable due to the extremely light cover stock you're using. The heavier paper inside and the color mimeoing is velly nice indeed.

Material, Dick, is all good; quite good. Best in the issue: The art column, letter section — which, by the way, needs lengthening, — Tucker and Fortier. I agree heartily with Tucker, not quite so thoroly with Fortier. For one thing, as Widner says, there are just too many fanzines, and not enuf material. If it weren't for the fan hacks, the magazines would have to be filled up with staff-written stuff or print all the junk that comes in with no rejecting whatever. New stuff does need rejecting, most of it badly. Who are the new fans who can write? Very darn few. And if they're active they'll write fan articles; if they aren't, you never hear of 'em, and they don't write fan articles, so there you are. Personally, I think the fanzine editors are only too glad to find a new "name" with some writing ability — and the frequent appearance of new fans like Jenkins in the fanzines lately seems to prove that. Another thing: when the new writers do decide to give the fan editors the benefit of their genius, you can be pretty doggone sure they'll send their brainchildren to the biggest and best known magazines, where they'll get the most attention — magazines like FANFARE and FANTASITE and SPACEWAYS. If they're rejected from the larger mags then they ain't likely to be very sensational. And once having bean rejected from the aforementioned mags, they will go to a smaller pub. They aren't much good, and the fan editor, if he's one of those rare individuals with enuf and

better material on hand, will promptly and quite sensibly reject the things. And there it stands. Quite a situation, isn't it?

I got a jolly kick out of the editorial, and thought Calewaert's art quite worth-while. Gene'll have a drawing in the STAR soon, by the way.

Herc the Collector is a damnable thing, and I can't make up my mind about it. Couldn't decide when I read it whether to laugh or not. I still can't decide. I probably will die trying to decide. Musings on the Pros and Editorations were enjoyable. One of the biggest shocks I've had in a long time is the news that Heinlein is Monroe. Great Foo! There's a stupendous and almost unbelievable difference between the styles of writing under each name. To think that the intellectual and rather pompous Heinlein could be the cynical, world-weary Monroe! Talk about dual personalities!

Artiste's column is really fine; one of the most delightful things I've read in a long time. Hold on to this chappie!, he's pretty doggone good, believe me. Your best feature in my humble opinion.

Suggestions: A careful dummy, heavier cover stock, and more weight on the keys of Bridges' Remington. Your stenciling looks better than Lynn's because the latter's typer seems to be hitting off center somewhat.

----1100 Bryan Place, Columbia, South Carolina.

.....

IT'S THE
PACIFICON
LN 1942

.....



91 Jenkins