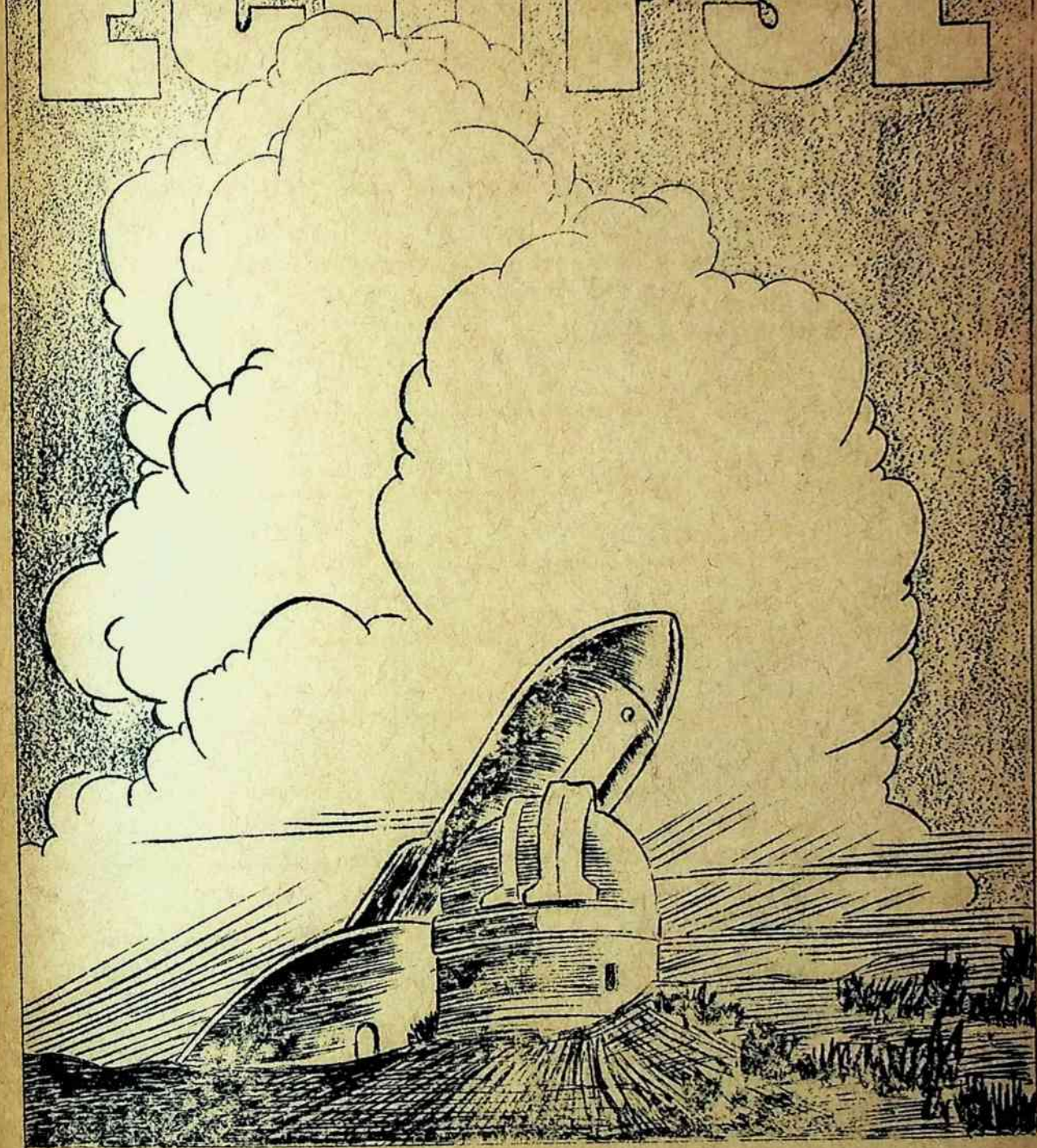


ECLIPSE



ECLIPSE

VOL. 2

FEB. 1942

NO. 1

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ECLIPSE: Volume 2, Number 1, whole number 5. Published ten-weekly at 13598 Cheyenne, Detroit, Michigan. Price: 10¢ a copy; 3 issues for 25¢ cash, or its equivalent in low denomination postage stamps, or trade with other fan magazines. When sending unsolicited manuscripts, please include return postage in case your work is unsuitable. Opinions herein expressed are those of the writers, and do not necessarily coincide with those of the editor.
Ad. rates: $\frac{1}{4}$ page 35¢; half page 60¢; full page \$1.00; or trade. Ads for next issue must be in by March 15.

THE EDITORS

ECLIPSE

Well, here we are, opening up another issue of ECLIPSE after an interval of almost six months, and a tough time of it we had too. To start things off right, school work piled up on us, and Bridges started working over-time and going to night school at the same time. Then the floor came up and hit us on the back of the head with the result of a concussion. After recovering from that and getting started on the mag, we went to the hospital for a sinus operation. The only enjoyable time of the year was the time spent in the hospital with the nurses, ah! me! --- but to get on with our lamenting --- then we didn't have enough material on hand to get out a very big issue. And all this time we're still going to school, and Bridges is still working over-time. But for the benefit of the subscribers, Bridges tells me to inform them that our trouble was not in any way financial. We suppose we could have gotten out the mag sooner, at the cost of mimeoing in one color, and presenting a minimum of material. But we thought it would be better to wait and present a decent looking mag, with half-ways decent material.

With the subject of material popping up again, we ask you for more of the same. Fiction, artwork, poetry, articles, all are needed. But mostly articles. Fiction must be kept down to at least 1,000 words, and keep the poetry on any subject except "the ghost goes out to claim another victim in the village just bordering the graveyard."

In an editorial in SPACEWAYS of about a year back, Harry Warner mentions a fantasy program heard in the East and Middle West called "The Hermit's Cave." That program is broadcasted from Detroit and tickets to see it are given away free. It seems that a li'l ol' crippled lady writes the scripts. Now, to her, the stuff may be pretty horrifying, but to us, the programs of late are becoming just a little too hackneyed. We'll just have to send her copies of UNKNOWN and WEIRD TALES, and then see what she can do. And I suppose most of you have heard "Dark Fantasy" broadcasted from Oklahoma City, which has a little better plot. But "Inner Sanctum" still tops them all.

You may have noticed that ECLIPSE will be published every
(Concluded on page 7)

The Fan Takes a Wife



(Tis Spring -- any Spring, of any year:)

When I saw her for the first time I forgot my manners and stared! Gee, what a woman! I was seated at a drug store soda fountain, but the choclit soda beneath my nose fizzled and went flat as I left it untasted. This girl -- she was a seven sector call-out! Her lines were as trim as a Paul rocketship (in watercolor), her body and carriage as svelte and queenly as a Finlay goddess! She was a white-hot star of the first magnitude. Gosh, If I could only meet her!

BY BOB TUCKER

Should I walk over and introduce myself? Why not! She reminded me of Beatrice in the "The Sun Makers" ... no, that's wrong; let me see now, that wasn't Bea in that yarn, but Ilona ... or was Ilona the heroine of "Venus or Earth?" Gee, I wish I could remember. I want to meet this walking sunburst! Well, anyway, she was like a fire princess out of a Merritt-tale. Now to meet her ---

THE FAN TAKES A WIFE

Hey! Where did she go? Oh heck. Here I was just getting ready to blast over and introduce myself, and she pulls a fourth-dimension disappearing act! What a life. I wonder if I'll ever see her again? Gee, she was like Suarra in "Palos of the Dog Star Pack" .. of was that Suarra in that yarn? Maybe I'm thinking of Ameena ... no, I'm pretty positive Ameena was in the "Blind Spot." Oh well; I wonder if I'll ever see her again?

(Tis Summer -- any Summer, of the same year, naturally:)

When I saw her the second time I was swimming, as so was she. I did not repeat my error of the first meeting; and besides, when swimming, a great deal of formality is tossed overboard, so to speak. I noted the trim way she cut the water. Taking matters in my hands, I dived, and came up beside her. The intensity of her candlepower blinded my. I smiled and said:

"Gee, I'm glad to meet you. My name's Joe Fann. I've been watching you swim. You're just like Iлона in "The Venus Invaders."

She stared at me, startled. And said: "I got that! Who is this Iлона?"

"Why," I answered, "Iлона is a princess of the fish-women of Venus

The water hurt my black eye so I went in and dried, presently. She didn't speak to me after that, but I'm pretty sure Iлона was the heroine of that story. I surely can't have her mixed up with Tina, because Tina was in "Darkness and Dawn" ... I think. Women are funny, I guess. They don't like to be compared with other women.

(Tis Autumn -- any Autumn, just so it is the Autumn that follows the above Summer, which in turn follows the above Spring:)

Imagine my surprise to meet her again at a dance late in the year. I rushed over to her, thumped her partner on the back and cut in.

She gave me a stare. "Ghod! The fish peddler!" and missed two steps.

"No, I'm not a fish peddler. I'm a Stefan!" I protested.

"A stiff-- what?" she inquired.

"Look. Sit this one out with me and I'll explain everything." She consented and we sat down. "I'm a science-fiction fan princess. When I compared you with Iлона, I meant it as a compliment.

"Whoa!" she cut me off. "Stop right there. I don't care to be smacked in the face by that fish again. Now go on from there."

"All right. Gee, you're like a Finlay cover, a Brundage nude, a

THE FAN TAKES A WIFE

oh, no-no-no, I didn't mean that like you think!" But she was gone like a hurtling comet. I ruefully picked myself up from the floor. What in the world is the matter with women, anyway? Don't they appreciate ART? But I think I have her definitely placed now. She is the image of Maura in "The Moon Pool." Or maybe it was that Norhala?

(Tis Winter -- any win ... need I go into all that again?:)

I am so happy. By a clever bit of detective work I have found her. I saw her picture in the paper (she was on the bowling team) and got her name and address from that. I am going calling on her at once.

I rang the door button and waited. She opened the door, said "Yes?"

"Princess!" I cried, "remember me?" She did. She threw up her arms and screamed.

"Help! Raper of women! Fish peddler! Help! Someone help me!" Her father put in appearance and acceded to her wishes.

After that I was at loss. I knew it useless to approach her again. She would not see or listen to me. I was at my wits' end! What was I to do to regain her confidence? How was I to meet her?

And then I thought to write her a letter. I did. I explained all. In black and white I told her who I was, what I read, why I compared her as I did to those beautiful princesses of fiction I knew, and asked her forgiveness. I asked to phone me, or allow me to drop around. It was as easy as that. (But I still think she is like Naia in "The Invaders From the Infinite.")

(Tis Spring again -- the Spring of the year following all of the above:)

We were married this morning. I will admit there was some difficulty, but we managed to get thru the ceremony. You see, all thru the solemn business of getting married I tried to remember exactly who she looked like. I turned over story after story in my head, mentally examining the heroine of each, and rejecting her as I realized the girl in mind didn't quite fit my bride-to-be-any-minute-now.

Was it in the Palos stories? No. Color Out of Space? No. Mentally I ran thru them all: Metal Monster, Afterglow, Fungus Isle, Claimed, Face in the Ab---

Startled, I lifted my head, starry eyed. "The Face in the Abyss!" So that was it!

(Concluded on Page 7)

THE FAN TAKES A WIFE

"Hey!" I burst out excitedly, just after the clergyman had asked me if I would take her to be my wife, "I know you! No, not you princess, this guy here!" I jabbed my finger at the clergyman. "You are the spitting image of the face in the abyss ... by Finlay," I smirked. And added: (FFM, October 1940. 10¢).

"And you," he snarled back at me, "remind me of Ajax Calkins, Future Fiction, August, 1941. 15¢!"

No, these aren't Martians, Jovians, or any other alien entities. They're merely the ECLIPSE staff, putting out the present issue. Seated at the typewriter is Dick Kuhn, behind him is Rudy Sayn, and at the right is Lynn Bridges.

The picture was taken in Kuhn's room, the pics in the background being two of those procured at the Michiconference.

The pic at the left used to belong to E. E. Smith and is an illustration for "Grey Lensman," the other an interior from the AMAZING QUARTERLY donated by Falmer.



(Continued from page 3)

ten weeks from now on, mainly to save paper, of which there is a shortage here in Detroit, and because Bridges will be drafted before the month is out. Bridges does a lot of the dummieing, and also stencils the letter column, and we'll sure miss him when he goes. And speaking of Bridges' being drafted, he informs me that Gilbert heard he was already drafted through Warner, who in turn heard is from Millard. Now we both saw Millard two days before Thanksgiving, and Bridges told Millard then that he didn't think he would be going until February. Bridges can't for the life of him figure out how that idea got around.

Well, that about ends up what we have to say until the first of April, when we'll be just 12 days less than 18. Don't forget to write!

TIME TRAVEL CAN HAPPEN

E. EVERETT EVANS

To the uninitiated and uninvited outsider who had unwarrantedly obtained untimely entrance unobtrusively on the scene, the little group of scientists appeared like a group of lunatic imbeciles -- nuts, to youse! For solemnly seated in a sombrous circle in the center of the great laboratory, they were watching -- silently, breathlessly, soundlessly, eagerly -- a large, round spot of . . . Nothing.

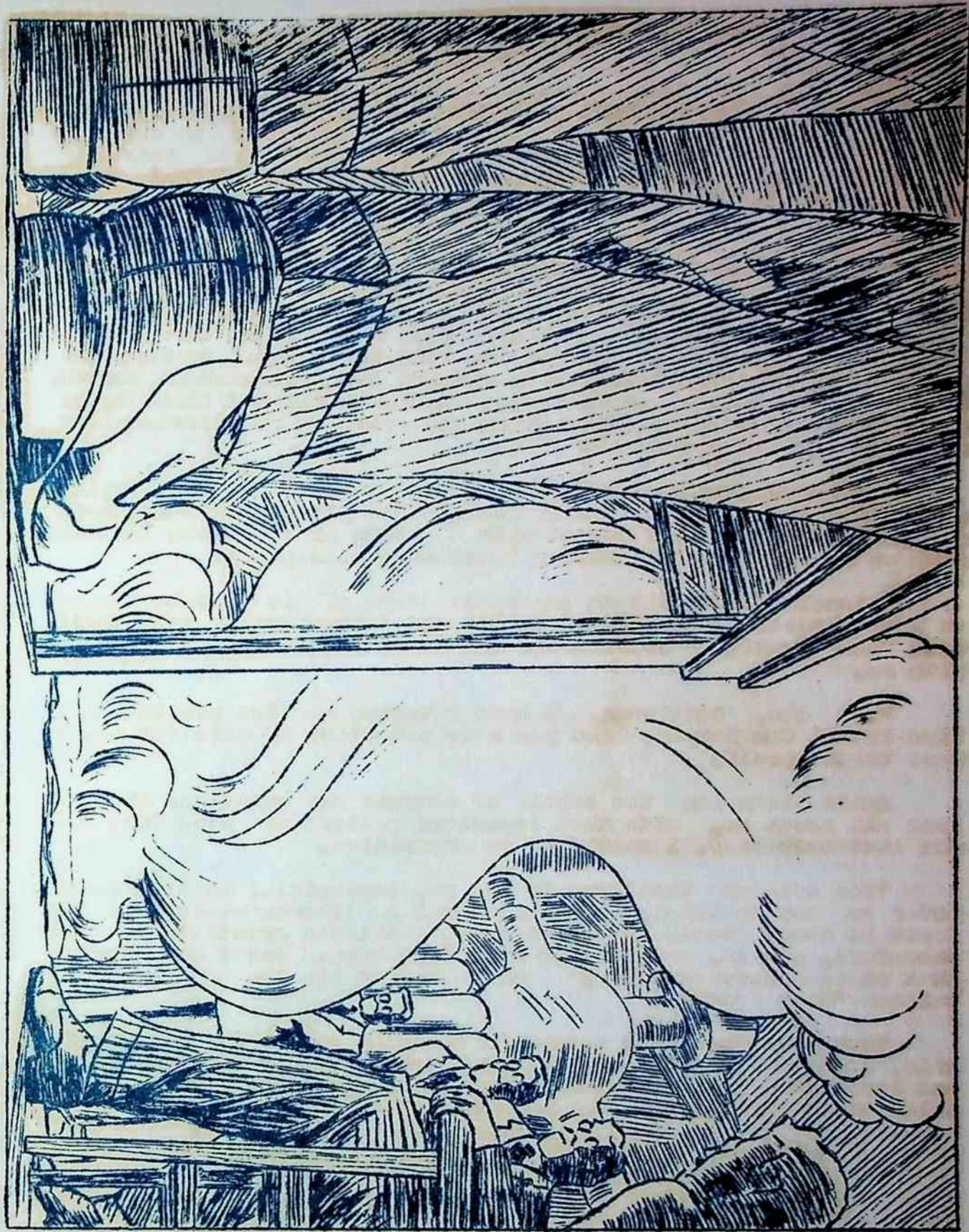
Here in this great room was the finest and most completely equipped private laboratory in the world. Paraphenalia of every sort -- mechanical, electrical, chemical and physical -- crowded every nook and corner, cranny and aisle; and in the most orderly confusion and apparently confused disorder. And most of the stuff was far and beyond any that had hitherto been developed by the great scientific geniuses of the world.

Yet these solemn men, who should have been milling about, examining, questioning, exclaiming, and generally showing their wonder at the wonders all about them, and going into ecstatic ecstasies of enthusiasm and appreciation of all this gorgeous impedimenta, were, instead, raptly engaged in the engaging occupation of solemnly sitting in a sombrous circle and staring at that large, round spot of . . . Nothing.

Why? Well may you ask, for it was indeed a puzzling puzzle to the mind, if any, of this hypothetically uninitiated outsider who had somehow bungled (or burgled?) or otherwise crashed his way in there.

But, suddenly there was a galvanic gasp and a stimulative stir among the solemn group; but these were quickly stilled as an even tenser tension and tensile tenseness gripped the gregarious group in its gripping gravitation.

A soft lavender haze had begun to appear in the air above that w. k. large, round spot of . . . Nothing, at which all these scientific ginks had been staring so staringly. Quickly it deepened to a dark violetty purple, and then streaks of grey turning to silver appeared, and in a matter of seconds only -- ah! ever so much more quickly than you could possibly say "Jack Robinson;" or give a dead lamb's tail a couple of jerks; or jump up and crack your heels together (providing you could do that at all) -- at the end of these minutely momentary moments, there had appeared mysteriously and magically upon that large, round spot of . . . Nothing, a bright and shining metallic cage affair, inside of which could be seen two persons. One of these was a most regally impressive personage, and the other, much resembling him, but to a lesser degree.



TIME TRAVEL CAN HAPPEN

When these scientific gazabos saw that there were TWO person-ages in the cage-like affair, they were struck dumb with consternation. Indeed, it would have been fully apparent to even a lesser mind than that of our hypothetically intrusive intruder (could any living thing have less of a mind than he), that they had expected but ONE man to be in that machine.

The waiting and watching watchful waiters saw the more regal and gog-like of the two turning various knobs, switches, dials, gee-gaws, do-funnies, and other mechanically-looking gadgets. A momentsmore, having completed these acts of retroactively retrogressive retardation, this operator arose and stepped through the door of the cage affair. Quickly he went to the wall nearby, and pulled down the large handle of a massive multiple-pronged switch. Instantly the several great tubes, which surrounded that w. k. spot, lost their crinkling, crackling streams of corruscating fire, and soon grew dark and cold.

As the handsome figure turned to that group of solemn-looking scientific goops with a look of justifiable pride on his handsome masterful face, he was beset with a storm of questions that arose on all sides in a babbling fountain of cacophony.

Silencing them with an imperative wave of his hand, he greeted them cordially, happily, proudly and triumphantly, yet albeit with that suavity, courtliness and humblesness that is habitual with me.

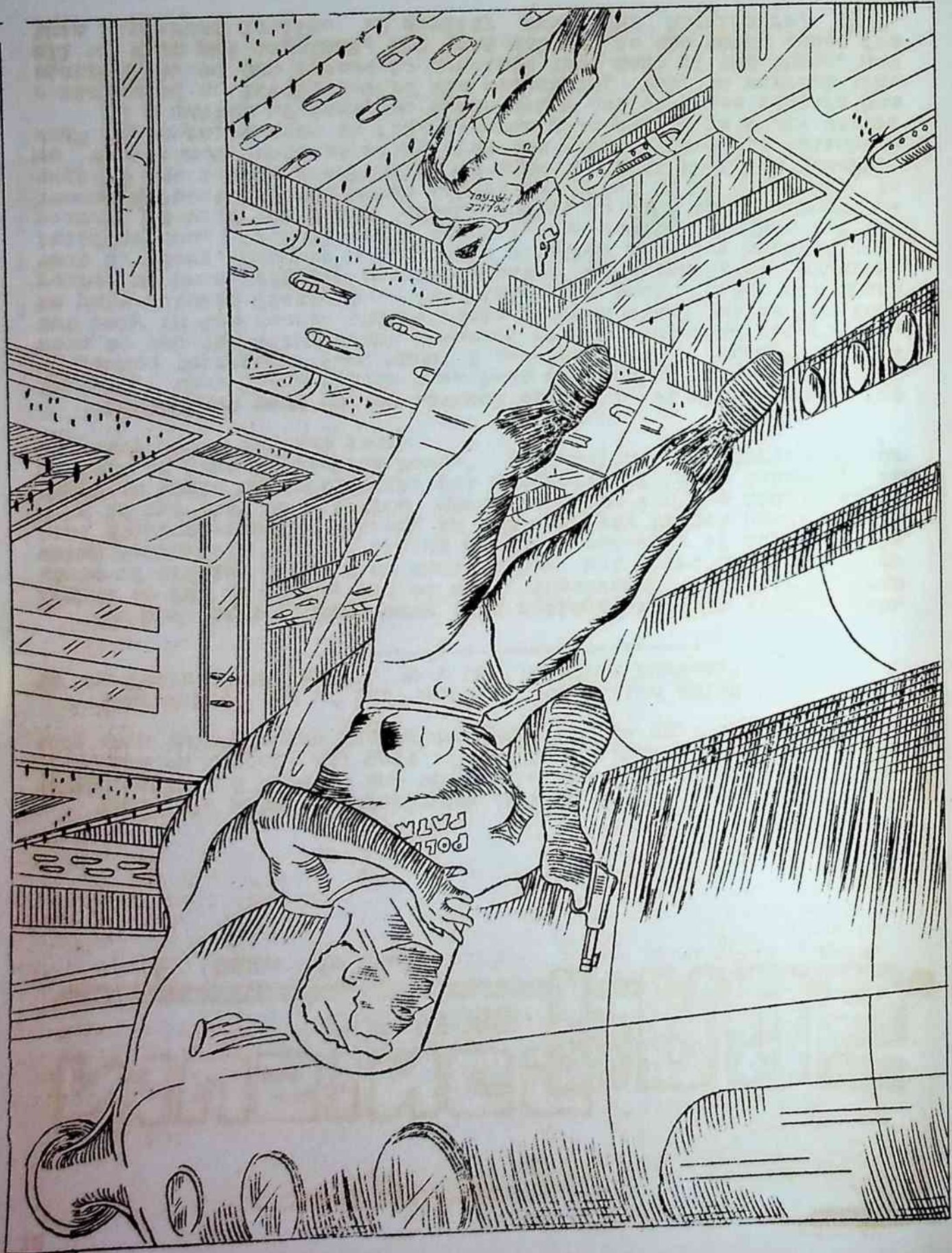
"You see, Gentlemen, I have returned -- thus proving that Time Travel Can Happen. And you have not alone my word for it, I have brought proof.

Again silencing the babble of comment and questions that arose all about me, with that imperious gesture of mine that all men instantly obey, I continued my exposition.

"You told me that Time-Travel was impossible; that it could never be accomplished. You said that a time-traveller, if it could be done, would return in time, kill his grandfather, and therefore, per se, would never have been born. But I have proven that it is otherwise. See!" and he turned to the cage-affair, calling "Come forth!"

Then, as the other person in the cage came reluctantly outside, I turned triumphantly to the assembled, but now humiliated and humiliated group of scoffers, and said, haughtily, "Gentlemen allow me to present -- my grandfather!"

THE END



MUSINGS ON THE PROS.

BY DONN BURTON

(Editor's note: The following column is made up of part of a column sent us 4 months ago when this issue of ECLIPSE was first scheduled to appear, and part of another column sent 2 months later, when this fanzine was again scheduled to appear.

Therefore, any of the material to follow which is outdated is the fault of the editor, not that of Donn Burton.)

We have been looking over our ratings for the stories published so far in 1941, and we have discovered a rather curious state of affairs. We find that we have not found a single story which definitely belongs in our highest category of super-excellent stories--stories which, in our own very biased opinion, belong in our list of all-time greats. There isn't a single story which we would unhesitatingly put alongside of "Grey Lensman," or "Slan!" or "The Stars Look Down," to mention only three of our own "top five" of last year.

That might mean any of several things. It might mean, for example, that there really have been no genuinely great stories published this year (and when I say "genuinely great," I don't mean to use the term in the sense of great, enduring literature, but only in the sense that certain stories stand out as the best in pulp science fiction). It might mean that, after all these years, we have finally become so satiated with excellent stories, that no story, however good, could possibly dent our sophisticated indifference. Or, it might be that the general average of the poorer stories has risen sufficiently, so that the contrast between the best and the worst is not so great as it once was. To support the latter conclusion, we note the fact that, in general, we very rarely rate stories, even the poorest ones, as "stinker-oo" any more; we seem to find several good points in every story.

As a matter of fact, we think every one of these factors has contributed a little toward the situation; but, on careful consideration, we are forced to conclude that none of the three, nor all of them put together, for that matter, is the chief cause for this apparent decline in quality among the headliners. What,

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then, is the principal factor?

We think it is the failure of any new author to break into the limelight, as Heinlein and Sturgeon did in '39 and '40. These two writers, together with a number of others who have been around as long or longer, still hold down the top spots in almost every list of "Best Stories."

Oh, there have been many newcomers; newcomers who have done very well with one or two stories, and then faded completely; or who have sold fairly regularly, but have never turned out anything of real significance. A lot of fans have sold "first stories" during the year; more, we think, than in any other year. Some of these stories have been remarkably good, but they have failed to break the monopoly on "first place" stories held by a few authors who have been with us for some time.

It follows, therefore, that we have, in all probability, had a few stories as good as any in 1940, written by the masters of other years. But we are entirely familiar with the work of these writers; we know what to expect of them -- their work possesses both the advantages and the disadvantages of familiarity. We need some new writers, or some old ones with a new style and a new outlook; the edge is gone off the near-masterpieces of the giants of other years.

The above sounds just a little like a yearning for the delights of "the good old days." It isn't meant that way. The "giants of other years" to which we refer were mostly unknown four or five years ago, and some of them have been around only two or three years. These writers are turning out more very good stories in a year, right now, than used to appear in five years. But, just the same, we would like to see a new "giant" looming on the horizon.

Are there any "slick" stories appearing in the science-fiction pulps? Of course there are! We'll name one--Robert Bloch's "A Good Knight's Work," in the October UNK. Oh, no, we are not picking that as the best story of the past two months; far from it. In fact we are not even picking it as the best story in that issue of UNK; we think "Smoke Ghost" just a little better. But we think Bloch's story would be ideally suited to one of the "populart" slicks--one of those which sells for a nickel, and comes out weekly. It is a story which an everyday reader, with no interest in science or fantasy per se, could thoroughly enjoy. Also, it contains nothing which could reasonably draw down the wrath of the advertisers' who pay the bills for putting out the magazine. The style is good. The story itself is similar to a number of stories, of a non-fantastic nature, which we have read in the "slicks." We think "A Good Knight's Work" is definitely superior to many of them. We think it would have "clicked" in a "slick."

We intend to leave art (?) comments to "Artiste," as a general thing, but we would like to say here, anent the controversy over nudes or near nudes on prozines' covers, that we don't mind

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them at all, when done by Mac Cauley or Finlay. For my money, the best parts of the Z-D mags are, in order; the MacCauley covers, "The Editor's Notebook," the cartoons, the St. John covers, the Paul back covers. Those are all hard to beat, especially, the MacCauley covers.

The last four months have seen the finish of one of the best stories of 1941, and the start of another destined to rank among the best of 1942. The first, is of course, Heinlein's "Methuselah's Children; the other, "Doc" Smith's long-awaited "Second Stage Lensman."

The whole notion back of "Methuselah's Children"--namely, that by selecting the right ancestors, people might expect to live far beyond the normal span, and, as a consequence of that long life, might easily develop methods of prolonging youth and life even beyond the normally inheritable limits -- has a teasing quality of feasibility that is intriguing. One is tempted to ask "Why hasn't it been done?" -- only to change that to "I wonder if it has been done?" We wouldn't know, of course; any more than the short-lived characters in Heinlein's story knew.

The story itself seemed to wander a bit, in the last part; it lacked the quality of compact neatness which is characteristic of some of Heinlein's novelettes. We're not at all sure, however, that that is an adverse criticism. The fact is that the "Children" themselves, necessarily wandered quite a bit; and such wandering was the essential factor in bringing them back to Earth. That return was an essential factor in the whole series of tales making up the Heinlein "History."

From all the above, you have probably gathered that we consider "Methuselah's Children" the best story during the period. Well, we are not sure about that. Asimov's very fine "Nightfall" can scarcely be disregarded. To begin with, it presents what we believe to be an entirely new type conception in science fiction. Isaac has already demonstrated that he can write very well, at least part of the time, and he demonstrates it very clearly in this tale. We think we had better rate the two stories a tie.

Before it is ended, "Second Stage Lensman" may well outrank either of the above; the first two parts really serve only to set the largest stage ever dreamed of. Both the stage and the principal actors are already familiar. So is the style. We rather like them.

Also in the first group, and not far behind the top three, we find Heinlein's "Common Sense." Joe-Jim is a character to remember. There is nothing incredible about him or his companions, nor about the beliefs of the "normal" dwellers in the Ship. The ending, frankly, surprised us much more than is usually the case with Heinlein stories. We'd been wondering what was going to happen when the huge ship stopped, and its bewildered inhabitants landed. We was disappointed, at first, when the big ship sailed on, leaving only the little life-boat to land on the new world. Now, we think that was the only possible ending. But, of course, if Heinlein ever starts writing again, (we heard he is retiring)

MUSINGS ON THE PROS

he has a swell place to start another sequel.

We aren't going to list the stories which would ordinarily appear under the heading "also worth reading." There are too many of them, in such a long period. Instead, we are listing only those which would be termed "exceptional." We are, moreover, going out on the limb to the extent of listing them in what we think is their order of merit, following the four mentioned above. Here they are:

"By His Boostraps," MacDonald, ASF, Oct; "Not Final!", Asimov, ditto; "Smoke Ghost," Lieber, UNK, Oct; "Defense Line," Vic Phillips, ASF, Dec.; "A Good Knight's Work," Bloch, UNK, Oct.; "Bit Of Tapestry," Cartmill, UNK, Dec.; "Vassals Of the Master World," Binder, PL, Fall; "Planet of Doomed Men," Williams, AMAZ, Jan. ('42); "Man Of The Stars," Moskowitz, PL, Winter; "Shadrach," Bond, PL, Fall; "Beyond All Weapons," Schachner, ASF, Nov.; "Lost Legion," Monroe, SUP SC, Nov.. If you don't like the list, make one of your own.

Such a short list can't possibly name all the stories that the avid fan would go for, nor can it make way for certain stories which are lacking in one or two small details, yet which are very much worth while.

You will notice, of course, that some magazines are not represented in the list at all. STARTLING, for example, has no outstanding story in the last issue (other than the reprint) but is still a good buy. Wellman, Gallun, and Asimov are represented, each one by a better-than-average story; in fact, all of them would have been on a list of stories "also worth reading." TWS is not quite so good, and ASTON, while it contains some fair stories, is not up to standard. FUTURE, disregarding the reprints, seems to be on the upgrade, though very slowly. The latest issue has an interesting fragment by the composite Futurian, Morley, named "No Star Shall Fall." It is a nifty bit of writing, but not a story. The same issue contains, at the other extreme, a piece by that other composite Futurian, Paul Dennis Lavond, called "Something From Beyond." We can't judge this adequately, because we are strongly prejudiced against would-be horror stories that have nothing horrifying about them. In FA, only "Miracle at Dunkirk," by Bond, "The Perfect Hideout," by Costello, and "The Truthful Liar," by Cabot, seem worth mentioning. AMAZ had nothing to offer during the period, until the current oversize edition reached the stands. In addition to Williams, Bates and Patton also have quite acceptable tales in the giant number. This is in startling contrast to that paragon of uniform mediocrity which constituted the previous 224-page AMAZ.

We overlooked ASTONISHING'S best. That was Rocklynne's "Daughter of Darkness." It doesn't belong in the top group of the period, however, as it fell considerably below the first of the series, "Darkness."

You weirdists will just have to get someone else to review your favorite mag. We have quit reading WT again; not because wo

MUSINGS ON THE PROS

think it is inferior, but because we just don't like straight weird stories. We never get horrified; just disgusted and bored.

To top off the above, we must add that we have the latest FA and SUP SC, but haven't gotten around to reading them yet.

We've just been reading "Beacon Light," in SPACEWAYS, which arrived while we were typing this. We aren't discussing fanzines here, of course, but "Beacon Light" is concerned with the pros, primarily, so can be considered within the confines of our subject. We have felt that The Cynic was being unfair to ASF in preceding instalments of his column, but we have finally discovered what he is driving at. He would like to keep ASF a truly science fiction mag, because, as he says, it is really the only one left which regularly disearves that name; and he feels that it has been slipping badly. We think he has greatly exaggerated the amount of that slipping; but we admit, rather sadly, that there has been a change. The average short is not up to the standards of '39 and '40. The novels and novelettes, though, are still going strong. We think, moreover, that most of them deserve the name of "science fiction," although that term doesn't mean quite what it once did. We could understand The Cynic a little better, we feel, if we were just a little bit clearer on what he means by "science fiction."

We are very glad to retract a prediction we made in the last issue of ECLIPSE. ASTONISHING and SUPER SCIENCE most emphatically have not folded. The current, and as yet unread, issue of the latter has 146 pages, making it one of the largest of the pros. That is itself is of little importance, but it is quite evident that Editor Norton is doing much better, from the fan's standpoint, than was generally expected, especially in the matter of story types. Also, apparently, he is having some success from the financial standpoint, since we happen to know that at least one author who has not previously appeared in these two mags, because he will not sell for less than one cent per word, is to appear soon. This is in addition to other well-known authors who have, supposedly, been paid the higher rate in accordance with the " $\frac{1}{2}$ cent and up" scale. It is fairly obvious that not many were getting the "up" part of that setup in the past; and any increase in the number of cent-a-word authors is sure to result in some increase in quality, if the right authors are used.

We take note of one other recent occurrence in the fanzine field; WJr.'s determination to plug "soientific fiction" instead of "science fiction." Speer has gone into the matter rather fully, if some what incoherently, in the letter section of the current SPACEWAYS.

The chief point, we think, is the matter of connotation. The term "science fiction" has a definite connotation, in the minds of most fans, quite different from that of "scientific fiction." And, as Speer points out, the use of a noun for an adjective is entirely acceptable in English.

The argument can be pointed more sharply, we feel, by comparing the two expressions with the corresponding terms, "fantasy

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fiction" and "fantastic fiction." I think almost anyone will agree that the first is the best term for the type of story it signifies, yet, to be consistent, Harry would have to plug "fantastic fiction" along with "scientific fiction." Up to now, we are pleased to note, he isn't doing so.

And that brings us to the end of this column for now, except for a promise. Very shortly, now, we are going to come up with our list of the top twenty-five stories of 1941. We will have it in either the next issue, or the immediately following, depending mainly on whether the next issue comes out in one month, as planned, or in two. This, of course, will be the one and only "official" list -- as far as your columnist is concerned.

Every year, there are some 350 "official All America" football teams selected by various "experts" over the nation. A year or two ago, someone with a flair for useless statistics checked all the teams so selected that he could find. He discovered that no two were exactly alike! The only reason that there aren't 350 different "official" lists of "best stories of 1941" is that there aren't that many fans goofy enough to pick them. You are invited to pick your own list, if you don't like ours. For a small fee of \$5.00, we'll read any list sent to us. Line forms in the fifth dimension. So long.



(At the Michifan Conference: left to right, Ashley, Evans, Korshak, Reinsberg, and Smith.)

BRIGHT STUFF BY CHILDREN

EDITED BY JOE GILBERT

In perusing this dummy, let us bear this thought in mind: "It is not likely that Forrie can approach a job unless everything is neatly in its place and in good order." SOUTHERN STAR, #3,

Note by Forrest Ackerman on VolM dummy presented to Harry Jenkins, Jr.

BEANIE POST S. F. L. HOLDS FIFTY-NINTH MONTHLY MEETING. MANY FAMOUS FANS PRESENT.

--

Also An Author Or Two, And An Editor, Plus Other Misc. Vermin.

--

Director proclaims meeting great success!!

--

Regrets having to eject nineteen members because they disagreed-- with him.

--

On grounds that the remaining two members present constituted a quorum, meeting was great success.

Bob Tucker in Sci-Fic Variety, Number Three.

Ackerman probably saw and clipped the Pop comic strip which runs in quite a few news-

papers. Several nights ago from the present moment--about May 20 --it showed Pop in the trenches and khaki, listening to a message over some sort of portable communications set. He sez to some one standing nearby: "Sounds like its in Esperanto." Someone responds: "What's that?" Pop tells someone that it's the Universal Language. "Where's it spoken?" asks the aforementioned someone. "Nowhere," admits Pop. Tragic.

Harry Warner, Jr. in HORIZONS for June.

...This is the National Broadcasting System!

Art Widner, Jr. in YHOS #1.

If you want a fanmag you can ban, revile or spit upon with with glee -- try ZENITH. ZENITH is God-awful. You probably won't be able to subscribe in any case, since Harry Turner puts out ZENITH in a limited edition of about 50 copies, for the old elite of fandom, and some of the newcomers. This is just as well for you. ZENITH specializes in cranks, loose-moraled perverts who make fandom hum, loodery, roodery, snoodery & noodery.

BRIGHT STUFF BY CHILDREN

ZENITH is chock-full of nudes!
ZENITH complies to a high liter-
ary and artistic standard!
Enough.

Obviously, ZENITH is not for you.
Another thing -- Harry has the
gall to charge 4½d (10¢) for 12
pages; 1/- (25¢) for 3! You all
know where he lives; tell him
what you think of his check.

Ad in FANTAST
for April.

A horrid vision swims before
my glassy gaze. I see Miske and
me standing solitary on a raised
lic. I recall shuddering from
Miske, and he, a haughty sneer
upon his bovine face ignores me.
A hoarse voice from nowhere in
particular chants, "Two speci-
mens of genus FooFoo, both 29th
on the Widner scale. Notice the
rudimentary third and fourth
eyes. Now on your right, laydees
and gentleman..."

But this is intolerable. It
is fantastic.... I know what
I'll do; I'll turn out reams and
reams of fan stuff right away
and either raise or lower myself
ten points or so. You haven't
heard the last of this, Widner.
I'll have my revenge. I tell
you, my revenge, a-ha-ha-

ha-
ha-
ha
haah!

demon knight in
"Strange Inter-
ludes." FANFARE
for August.

...Follows conversation between
ardent semanticist and girl-
friend.

G.F. (Goofily): "Say oo
loves me."

SEMANTICIST: "What is I?
How can it be admissable to use
philosophical terms, and how
can the terms be anything but

philosophical? But necessity
and convention demand some term.
Yes, I can admit "I."

G.F. (puzzledly): "Say oo
loves me."

S: "What is love? Must
one regard it as a primal func-
tion, deriving from jelly-fish
and of no more importance? Or
does it betoken a higher spirit-
ual state, a premonition of
eventual human sensitivity? As
a workable term, let us define
it as the more aesthetic side
of present human sexual life."

G.F. (doggedly): "Say oo
loves me."

S: "What are you? A
female human creature, sexually
attractive? Or a mind, a soul,
part of a universal mental or-
ganization, attached to a clumsy
body. But, accepting these
terms, I think I can say, as
far as any human being under-
stands his own mental reactions
that yes, I love you. Do you
hear me, darling, I love you."

G.F.: "Aw, nerfs!"

C.S. Youd in
FIDO, for Aug-
ust.

I never saw a human Zombie--
Don't even want to think
one.

But the other kind of Zombie,
I'd like just once to drink
one!

Archer Gusp in
FANATIC for
July.

It all happened very quick-
ly, and then the tritonian was
wiping his blade while a little
stream of green blood ran out of
the Ganymedeian's chest onto the
grimy stellite floor. Several
men at nearby tables looked a-
round curiously and one inquired
the cause of the disagreement.
"This Jovian swine," said the

BRIGHT STUFF BY CHILDREN

outspace, "denied the plurality of causes. He pulled out that old moth-eaten argument about the effect always being contained in the causes. I tried to tell him that so far as that had any meaning, it was just repeating 'A is A,' which has no meaning; but he wouldn't listen. So--"

--Jack Speer in
SUSTAINING PRO-
GRAM for Winter,
'41.

. . . And another newspaper clipping points out that Superman, who thinks nothing of falling forty stories and landing on his feet, or hollowing out a tunnel through a mountain with his bare hands to permit an engineering contract to be completed on schedule, has had to appeal to the courts to prevent one of those comic books from unauthorizedly using his name and fame!

--Harry Warner,
Jr., in HORIZONS
no. 9.

The error on the cover of number one was not found by anyone without hints. That is, the error I did so much blabbing about, & which turned out to be the least important of a whole flock of them. On the large S, I dipped my pen into the wrong ink bottle, thus causing half of it to appear in purple and half in red. Tsk, ain't it? For Harry Warner, the discoverer of the period, I stood in the corner for an hour. It wasn't so bad, tho, as I struck up a conversation with a friendly spider, and the time passed quickly. . . . The Spider, name of Herman, doesn't care much for Campbell and the new brand of stf. It deprives him of a lucrative sideline, modelling under magnification for stf and fantasy illustrat-

ors doing giant bug stories. "Alas, for the good old Clayton's," he moaned. "From 1930 to '32 it was nothing unusual for me to get a cover and three interiors a month. Nowadays, I'm lucky to get a measly interior twice a year. TWS mainly." He gloomed, and absently tied a double sheep-shank in his web. I left him trying to straighten out the tangle, and muttering to himself.

--Art Widner in
December YHOS.

One day our little wormy friend was in a worm hold, the air was fresh with the odors of hamboirger, and Alfred, we'll call him that, dodged from one 'ole int' ground 2 . . . another, then he popt up to the surface and sniffed t' . . . spring air. After a while Alfred turned 'round and spied another little worm behind him, and Oh! it was a ducky little worm, and Alfred suddenly found that he had fond attachment to sed worm, so taking off his hat he said, Koff, Koff, "Eh! Hello lille worm, what's your name?" And the lille worm said "Don't be a goat, U mug, I'm your tail."

Laff, d--- U, laff!

--B. Sawyer in
June --- August
ZEUS.

Maybe we're really anarchists. Maybe we just have a propensity for being on the "wrong" side of the question. But we have a strong tendency to lean toward things that are "anti-." And with this in mind, we want to give our full support to the Un-Intellectual Brotherhood of Anti-Scientists, founded by C. A. Beling.

Can we meet the membership requirements? You bet we can!

BRIGHT STUFF BY CHILDREN

first, a 100,000 word Anti-Science novel. We wrote one the other afternoon while waiting for a telephone call, didn't like it - it wasn't sufficiently Anti--and tore it up. We'll turn out another 100,000 word job soon, maybe not tomorrow, but sooner than you hope. Second, mail one of Bradbury's cars and \$500 to Yngvi. Hch. Bradbury is wondering why everyone looks at him so funny. But don't anyone tell him to look in the mirror. Third, jump in the lake. We did. We went down three times and only came up twice. If the ink on this page has run or the paper is a trifle damp, you know the reason why. There's a friendly carp (not a fanzine critic) to keep us company. We like it here, and see no reason to leave.

--A. L. Joquel
in the October
SUN TRAILS.

The first issue of LAST TESTAMENT will use no art work of any sort, either for headings or for illustrations with the single exception of the front cover. There are two reasons for this. The first is that the editor feels that his dominant personality supplies all the decorations needed (please pardon that one, Joe J. Fortier). The second reason is that I ain't got no art work.

--Lee B Eastman
in the December
LAST TESTAMENT.

Another avenue of attack is open. A few progressive authors burst forth the uncommonly same sostualte that the e-t need not necessarily operate on a bisexual basis. One, or any number of sexes might well contribute to the final gruesome

product. It is intriguing to speculate that a live wire love affair on Saturn, say, may resemble nothing so much as a Detroit assembly-line banging a-way full blast.

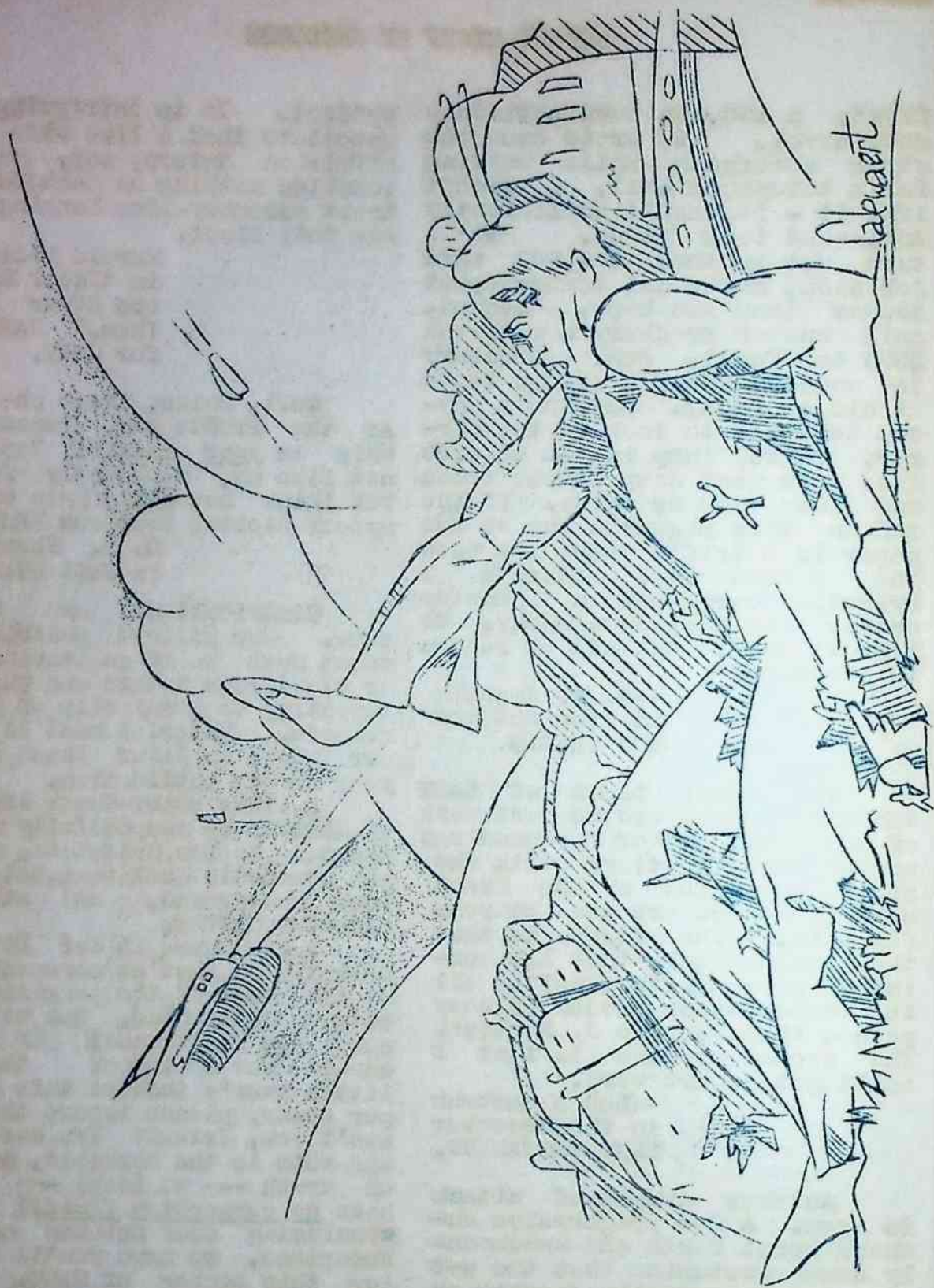
Harold Elliot
in "Their Mothers
Never Told
Them." FANTASIA
for July.

Well, Folks, there she is. As the ProEds say, remember, this is your PHANNY! You may not like us, we greatly fear, but think how silly you would appear kicking your own PHANNY! D. B. Thompson
in Fall PHANNY.

Contributions are welcome. Our policy: contributions must be of an insulting or slanderous nature and uninteresting to a majority of the readers. Material must be in our hands no later than one year before publication.

...This super-duper issue of MERCURY is respectfully dedicated to Lou Goldstone, for his aesthetic qualities, religious background, and other assorted drivel.

...So here it is! It'll probably be just as unreadable as the rest of the magazine, but we don't mind, and we're sure you won't mind! If you should see a lot of these little xxxx's thruout this hyper issue, please ignore them, won't you, friend? You see -- and this is the horrible, naked truth --- we (sob) --- we have no correction fluid! In conclusion dear friends and Futurians, we hope you'll enjoy this number of MERC. If you do you're nutz, and if you don't we agree; revolting, aren't we? --MERCURY for Aug.





KND

THOU ART MINE

— BY ARTISTE —

With a great gusto and show of bravado, we'll puff up our chests and wade into that large stack of fanzines. Of primary importance is the second issue of FANART. Quite an improvement over the first issue, this mag begins to look like an art magazine. The covers and plain and quite becoming, and the mimeographing is done in six colors. Two drawings vie for first place, the magnificently stencilled Wright drawing, and Hunt's impressive pic, with the Wright edging out Hunt. The only thing that I can find wrong with the Wright is the face. Uh! It almost ruined the drawing, but the other incantations of Ryt's imagination are more than enuf to hold up the drawing. It just goes to show you what can be done on a stencil. The Hunt, typical of Roy, is a bit on the weird side and is executed in Roy's flawless style. It is really a pity that Hunt is hanging up his drawing board and pen. I sorrow. The Jones Cyclops and mite drawing is done in a nice green ink, and the figure work is quite good. Honos is one of the few fan artists who do have a sense of figure. The Phil Bronson figure is present in all its stilted glory, and Fortier's pic suffers from poor stencilling. Both of these latter drawings were mimeographed in red ink. If one would have taken the trouble to cover the name up on that brown 'mugging' figure, he would have sworn it to be Bok, Nope, 'taint! It's Mary Evelyn Rogers, sister of Wiggins's FAN staff artist. All I need say of this is forceful simplicity, and striking in its line work. "Marooned" by Beau de Laire (?), is a fair bit of figure work that could be improved immensely. Notice the style? It's done in the style that friend Orban of the pros formerly used. Rudy Sayn has an excellent knowledge of black and white and shadow work. Rudy would make an excellent pencil artist, but I'm still apprehensive of his pen work. But from all appearances, he'd be just as big of a success. That about covers the second issue of FANART. So, we'll move on to some of the other fanzines.

Trumpets ... saxophones ... drums! Noise; noise!!! Ladies and gentlemen, may I present the best piece of fan art that these eyes have ever seen and ever hope to see. It's on the cover of VoM #18. Now, remember? Yep, that's right. It's that marvelous exotic Tomaiden. Ackerman said that it was Tom's nearest approach to Finlay, but I say with no crossed fingers that Wright has sur-

passed Finally. I doubt that Finlay could do such a good visage; put such expression into it. But it's good that Tom stopped when he did, for if the rest of the figure would have been a typical Ryt figure, why it would ruin the whole drawing. As it stands, however, it is the best fan art ever! Congratulations, Tom.

FANFARE has a neat symbolical cover by Bob Jones, who is fast establishing himself as one of the top three fan artists. His pictorial representations of poetic lines are amazingly accurate and imaginative.

PEGASUS, Bob Jones's fanzine success, has some hectographed drawings by Jones, Donnell, and Jenkinson. The Jones is the best, closely followed by the Jenkinson frontispiece. Herschel is excellent --- so long as he leaves figures out of the picture. I might mention that Peggy has some eye-pleasing department heads by the Poll Cat himself.

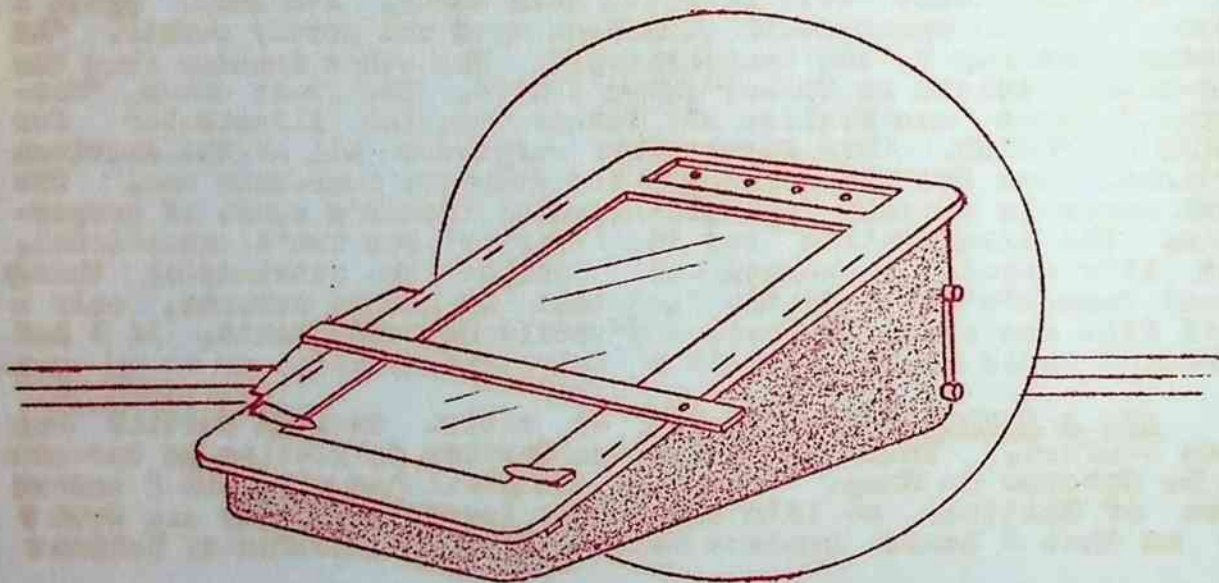
And that about clears up the American fanzines except the last ECLIPSE. Sayn's cover was another of the Sayn "cover heads." It's all right, Rudy, but let's have another symbolical cover, please. Jenkins' back cover looks like something out of a comic book. Thumbs down on that one. Tigrina's interior draws a grunt of dissatisfaction, which immediately changes to pleasure as Sayn's interior comes into view. Let it suffice to say that it looks like printing, and resembles the style of Krupa. The Detroitier Calwaert has quite an individual style. Some may like it, some may not, but it is different! Gene's interior this time is his best yet.

Ye Olde Merrie England produces one of the top fan artists in Harry Turner. Before me now I have several examples of his fan work, all showing a knowledge of art, and excellent stenciling ability. The first is the cover for the April FANTAST. None of the VoM nudes will approach this cover, I'm sure. Again I gaze out into space with sightless eyes and merely murmur, "he leaves nothing to the imagination." The other fanzine from the war-rocked island is Turner's own ZENITH. The front cover, "Nocturne," makes one realize why Turner was the illustrator for TALES OF WONDER. His figure work surpasses all of the American artists, and the balancing of his drawings impresses one. The back cover is another representation of Turner's sense of proportion. The illustration for the lines by Poe isn't exceptional, but it's carefully worked out. One of the outstanding things about Turner's work is the fact that he has no screens, only a nail file and other improvised stencilling instruments. If I had a hat, I would gladly doff it to this true artist.

AND A RAMBLING WE WILL GO: We notice that Ed Cartier has been drafted. Thank gaw'd, 'cause Cartier is getting as boring as L. Sprague de Camp. However, Campbell has at least 3 issues more of Cartier, so it's three more issue to Utopia. ... Seems to me that I heard someone mention that the MacCauley Maidens

THOU ART MINE -- ART!

didn't have any place on a stf mag cover. Dear Sir, what in the hell do you want? Spaceship, figure of a man, spaceship, figure of a man, spaceship, stc.? ... I wonder if Campbell can take a hint from that last perusal? ... Whew I notice that MacCauley has has a model for his gals. Hmm, Chicago is an interesting city. ... The forecasted Giunta Gal on COSMIC TALES seems to have vanished into thin air, as has COMIC TALES ... FANTASY TIMES for November has a Dold cover with attractive lettering. Nothing exceptional about the Dold though. I'd rather have a good Wright, Jones, or Hunt ... It's really amusing the way that we fans growl like a cornered bear over the illustrations and covers on the pro mags. If you'll take the trouble to compare some of the stf mags with any of the other pulps, you'll see that we have nothing to growl over in comparison with the other mags. But -- fans wouldn't be contented if they couldn't growl over something .. If anyone should happen to wander into a library sometimes, wander over to the Poe section, and look for "Tales of Mystery and imagination." Then cast deep glances upon the Harry Clarke illustrations. Friend Clarke is simply too gruesome for the pulps! And if you think that Bok, Cartier, Finlay, et al, have imagination, wait until you see Clarke! ... Noticed a few badly hectored "art" magazines, editor, Francis Litz, (friend of Farsaci). They are very poor imatations of an art magazine and contain only a few fleeting sketches by the editor ... And, I believe I'm right in saying that the Futurians, under Michel, published an art magazine, in which was a "heavy" type discussion article by Leslie Perri. Both were mere attempts and not true art magazines. However, the Futurian fmg surpassed the Litz attempt ... And with that ... we say -- Au Revoir.





EDITORATIONS

BY LYNN BRIDGES

After a vacation of almost six months, we again come to the point where we are obliged to manhandle a typer, and fill up a couple of pages for the seldom satisfied editor of ECLIPSE. And, as usual, we can think of nothing worth writing about. So we shall proceed to write about it.

This will probably be the last of Editorations to originate in Detroit for some time, since we're expecting a call from the draft board shortly after this issue is finished. However, the column will be continued, if we can possibly do it.

Editing the last issue of ECLIPSE was fun, even if we did mix up a couple of numbers in Dick's address, thus mixing up most of the mail sent to the mag. But we now know what a fanzine editor is up against. After the issue was finished, and in the mailbox, we breathed a sigh of relief and waited for the letters to pour in, telling us what was wrong with the mag. The letters trickled in, and there were plenty of complaints, but we still aren't sure what was wrong. For instance, while Fortier complains that we're afraid to print controversial matter, Ashley and Millard proceed to bawl us out for saying what we think about Palmer's mags. Ah, well, 'twas still fun.

Regardless of what one may think of Palmer's mags (we still don't like them) it must be said that Palmer, the fan, is one swell guy. The flock of originals he sent to the Michifan Conference, and which helped so much toward the success of that affair proves it. And the pics weren't all poor black and whites either. There were several cover originals, including the magnificent Krupa back cover for the Winter AMAZING QUARTERLY. We really wanted that one, but Evans wanted it just a bit more, and took it when the price got too stratospheric for our resources. We did leave Jackson with several pics, tho, and owe RAP a sincere vote of thanks, along with all other Michifans.

For some time we've intended to write a word or two of complaint about FANTASY FICTION FIELD ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY. The complaint has nothing to do with the written material. FFF is probably as accurate and unbiased as a news mag can be in the feud-ridden field of fantasy fandom. Our kick concerns the 4th word in the title, and their "photograph with every issue" pol-

EDITORATIONS

icy. The photos are there, usually, either stapled haphazardly to the mag or placed loose in the envelope. But, if it's too much trouble to glue the pic in place, it seems as tho it would be as easy to staple it to the right spot as anywhere else on the sheet. One recent issue contained no pic at all, and the words "were you a subscriber, there would be a photograph in this space" printed in the spot where the picture is supposed to be, but never is. We didn't feel too badly about this however, as the pic was supposed to be a preview of the cover on a forthcoming pro mag. We don't know how others feel about it, but those previews, to us, are a waste of time and money. Many times, the mag is on the newsstands before FFF appears, and in any case the actual cover is, of course, much superior to the reproduction. 'Twould be much better, we think, were pictures of fans used exclusively, and when no such pic is available, not to use a picture at all.

When a picture of a fan, editor, author, etc. is used, invariably it is a blurred, smeary, and generally messy print. As far as we're concerned, there's no excuse for such photographs. Anyone who has dabbled with amateur photography can tell you that it is just as easy, even with the simplest equipment, to turn out a clear photo, as it is to make a sloppy one. The proper timing and the proper chemicals are all that are needed. At any rate, we feel that FFF's illustrations should be improved, or dropped.

It's ironic to note the difficulties which the war has placed in the way of the Pacificon. Ironic, because one of the most potent arguments on behalf of Los Angeles in '42 was the belief that it would be safer, in case of war, than the eastern cities so exposed to the Atlantic Conflict. But conditions have a habit of changing, and now it appears that the Pacific coast is the one most in danger of actual air raids.

The Convention Committee has asked for comment on what to do about the Pacificon, so we hereby offer our opinions for what they may be worth. These opinions of ours are doubtless of little importance, since it is very unlikely that we shall be able to attend any convention this year, no matter where held.

One alternative which has been suggested is the transferring of the '42 get-together elsewhere. But where? The obvious thing is to examine the rivals to LA at the Denvention. There were two of these, Washington and Philadelphia. Wartime Washington, is, of course, out of the question. Which leaves Philadelphia, and Philly wasn't especially popular among the Denvention voters. There is quite a bit of doubt as to whether Philadelphia fandom is capable of handling the affair, tho it might be done with the aid of the nearby New Yorkers. But, while the Atlantic coast appears at the moment to be safer than the Pacific, the situation may be reversed by summer. At any rate, all other coastal cities would suffer more or less from the same disadvantages which Los Angeles now has.

And, lest we be accused of slighting someone, we'd better mention now that three cities rivaled LA in bidding for the '42

EDITORATIONS

affair. Besides the two mentioned above, there was San Francisco. But SF, obviously, is in exactly the same position as LA.

Where then, could a '42 Convention be held in comparative safety. The answer is the middle west where actual dangers from bombings or other hazards still seem remote. Here in Detroit, for instance, the fact that no air raid siren so far tried can ride above the natural roar of the city, it more a matter for mirth than for alarm. But where in the middle west is there a city willing and capable of handling the affair? Lest it be feared that we've been leading up to a bid for Detroit, we'll say that Detroit fandom has neither the organization nor the present ability to hold a s-f convention.

Minneapolis is already making bids for the '43 affair, but we doubt whether they're in a position to hold the thing a year earlier than was planned. Besides, Minneapolis is quite a distance from regular fan centers, and transportation is almost certain to be difficult by summer. No, we're afraid Minneapolis is out of consideration. And, we venture to say, no other midwestern city is even remotely prepared.

All of which means that the '42 convention, if held at all, must be held in Los Angeles as originally planned.

Three other alternatives have been suggested. First of these is the outright cancellation of the affair. This, we feel, is undesirable. Fandom has a splendid institution started in these annual conclaves, and one which should be preserved. It's an institution which would be difficult to resume after once being stopped, without a great deal of undesirable competition and resultant hard feelings.

Equally undesirable is the plan to hold the convention as originally scheduled. It is certain that many, if not, most fans will be unable to attend, because of several reasons all concerned with the war and wartime restrictions. Such a convention would be but a travesty of those which have gone before.

So, it seems to us that the best plan is simply to suspend the Pacificon until such a time as we've put the Haps back on their own little islands out of harm's way, and have Europe under control. Then we'll have the biggest and best conference ever seen, in Los Angeles! After all, it seems to us that LA deserves the next nation-wide fan affair, and the chance to put it on under normal conditions. And no Convention, no matter where held, could be a success at present.

Meanwhile, of course, fandom still has the more local events such as the Boskone, the Philly Conference, and the Michigan Conference.

We're writing Editorations on a shiny new portable this issue, much as we hated to say goodbye to its ancient and faithful predecessor. We got a typer with elite type, thus thinking to pull a fast one on Kuhn, who would now be unable to have us cut any more stencils for him because of the difference in appearance. And what happens? Dick decides the smaller type is just the thing for the letter section! We really shouldn't complain, since we suggested the idea. But these last nine lines just had to be filled up in some way.



Victory

Tyrine

THE GREAT MAN SPEAKS

JOE FORTIER: Everyone else sends in his ratings, so why not I? I shall give the front cover 7. It's a nice sketch, but it was sloppily reproduced and the man's features were somewhat distorted. The contents page is nothing to rave about, but I'll give it 6. Editorations was passing, very clumsily typed, and gets 6. Evans' poem was worth no more than 6. I don't care for such drivel.

Jenkins, the Artiste, has improved with this issue and deserves 7. Listen, Harry, what's good about Hunt's professional work, and what is artistic about Krupa's cartoons? Mercurian Defenders had a nice feature figure, but the background was infinitely terrible. Let it go at 7. ECLIPSE didn't set very well, but a 5 will be awarded. Tigrina's picture hardly deserves 4. Donn Burton Thompson was better than usual; his ratings of the stories are usually dry, but this issue picked up speed and got me into a good lather. Suffice it to say that it deserves 7. Gilbert slipped, but I won't go any lower than 6.

The second ECLIPSE rates much better than the first, so a 7 shall be the fine reward. Mych gets 3. Enough said, eh? The illustration for that story is worth 6. Rather a juvenile attempt, I thought. Calewaert brought the roof down! Splendid! Bravo! I think that this is the ultimate stuff for kindergarteners! It stinks so much I hate to relinquish the measly 2. The Great Man Speaks was the best thing in the issue; you might as well start a new Voice for the letter section is the only outstanding written material. Give it 8. Hearings throughout deserve 6.

The back cover: umph! but here is something truly good. I believe that this is just about the first really good picture that I have seen by Jenkins; more, please. It's so good that Harry deserves a big, juicy, luscious 9. (Pst, Harry; I'd dig up a big, juicy, luscious blond for you, but the army men are getting all the free ones that're cute. Far be it from me to break down and donate the cute baby of 5 feet and 3 inches next door.) It seems that something is missing from the magazine. Undoubtedly it is any of the superior material that most magazines have. The majority of the stuff is mediocre and hardly above average, and the filler is all of a very inferior quality. I believe one thing wrong is that you are afraid to raise a little rumpus. Why be so scared to step on someone's heels now and then? Let's see a little fire in the columns; let's have articles that start controversy; give us art with zip like the back cover; make the filler worthy of printing. 1836 39th Avenue, Oakland, California.

(ECLIPSE welcomes controversial matter, but not feuds or slams of a personal nature. How come I didn't meet the blond? RJK.)

D. B. THOMPSON: Rudy's space-ship interior is his best work to date, I think; and that is saying a lot. I particularly liked the fact that the "enemy" ship was not quite centered in the viewing screen -- more realistic that way. The only recent pic I consider definitely superior to this is Goldstone's pictorial in the current FANTASIA; and it is no insult to be second to that piece of perfection.

Tigrina's tigerish terpsichorean scene (or is it supposed to be a moider?) is good, in spite of the villain's very feminine pose. Jenkins has turned out his best monster so far, for the back cover; it shows both imagination and functional realism. I think the thing could actually swim! I'll admit it doesn't look at home on dry land, though. 1903 Polk, Alexandria, Louisiana.

JOSEPH GILBERT: Really, this August ECLIPSE is simply super. The small imperfections of makeup, such as inferior mimeoing, too light cover stock, etc., have at last been banished and the result is a bright and thoroughly attractive appearance.

Glad to see the extra interior artwork. Who's Tigrina? Her interior frankly not so hot. Where's the fantasy element? The whole thing gives the impression of nothing except two harlem lassies going 'round and 'round over a small matter of a pair of dice which have shown a startling proclivity for landing with the sunny side up, if you follow me. The first Sagn interior was nothing more than a sketch; it looks as tho an artist studying human forms with an air toward perfecting his figures, had outlined a group of javelin throwers at an athletic meeting. Good, tho. Caldwart not up to par, unfortunately. And has anyone observed that Caldwell has what is probably the most unique drawing style in fandom?

Sagn very good on front cover; Jenkins okay on back, but nothing like that splendid symbolic cover on the back of last issue. I now have that superb drawing framed in my room in the most conspicuous spot. The other framed drawing is the original for the first in the SOUTHERN STAR trilogy, to appear in the coming number. I've recently had the good luck to procure a Finlay, too; a most beautiful Finlay. But Harry's even luckier; he asked Palmer for an original, expecting some crappy Jay Jackson cartoon if he got anything. And what did Palmer send

him but a fine Krupa cover painting, a thing big enuf to cover the side of a wall! Palmer may be --- and is --- the most illogical and the worst editor in the field, but by golly he's a good guy.

And before I forget it, that Sagn pic on page 21 is just short of being a masterpiece. Before I saw it, I would have said that Wright is the best stenciler in fandom; now I say that Sagn and Wright are the best stencilers. An indeed excellent piece of work!

All the columns in the mag down a bit this time, excepting Don Thompson's reviewing of the pros, which was excellent, as usual. And, miraculously, there was only one item on which I disagreed with the sage, notably, that the Comet had one superb issue, and two very good ones. In my opinion, one issue with two superb stories -- Rocklynne's and Williams' -- and the other issues ranging from mediocre to dreadfully lousy, would be more like it. Ah, well, it'd be a dull world if people didn't differ in their opinions.

I think Super Science and Astonishing are due to a pick-up quite soon under Editor Norton's directorship; leastways, that editorial of his in the last Super Science impressed me very favorably. He seems to be a sincere and hard-working gentleman, and while Pohl was the latter, I'm afraid that former distinction was never his.

Besides, Norton's bound to be a success -- he's accepted a story of mine; the first editor to do so! If there're any copies of the Astonishing containing "The Man Who Knew Roger Stanley" left on the newsstands in Columbia the hour after it appears, it will be because I've run out of money to buy 'em with!

Excellent letter section. Glad to see it lengthened. 908 Lloyd Court, Columbia, South Carolina.

(Both Lynn and I read your story and that it quite good!)

STFORRE: Well, Dickuhn, sorry U had to leave LA so soon; but I think Rudy-lynn did a very commendable job of editing and publishing an interregnum ish of Eclipse. Here's the sequel to "Revenge" --- "Victory" --- by my protee J, Tigrina. I won't rate her first one. 10 for the Spacelark illustration, about 3 for the article itself. Couldn't see much excuse for Galewaert's drawing this time; 1. 9 for bacover; 8 front. I dunno; these things are pretty hard to rate; I like the idea of the front cover better, but the execution of the back better. 8 also for Mercurian Defenders. 6 for Lips #1 & 7 for the 2d. 8 for the Gilbrite Stuff & Burtomusings. 9 for the art column, which I enjoyd most this ish. I think the dept readings very good. All-in-all, quite a pleasing product, Eclipse. 236 N. New Hampshire, Hollywood, California.

CHRIS E. MUIRRAIN JR.: The August issue was swell. Why bother rating each individual article, art work, and poems --- just give the whole works a big -- 10.

The cover was good; but I think Mercurian Defenders would have been much better on the front.

(Well, somobody likes us!)

PHIL BRONSON: The cover is a nice, neat little job, but it is such, such too similar to the preceding ones to suit me! The best example of art work in the issue is the interior on page 21 by Sayn, and next to the cover on #3 I think it's about his best. Jenkins is fair on the bacover.

Speaking of Jenkins, he's "Art-iste" isn't he? I'm quite positive of that fact. Or don't you want it to be known?? His column is still okay, but he sure manages to work in a nice lil' plug for ECLIPSE! He's very subtle the way he goes about talking about himself in his column; no one would suspect that it was "Jinx" himself doing

the writing. I'm generally tempted to skip over the whole column as a rule, however, 'cause Harry rambles on and on over the Ziff Davis pubs, and the Standard mags, and who gives a damn? I don't anyway.

Liked the two sections of the Editor's ECLIPSE this time. You don't have to tell me what a swell time you had in sunny Cal. I stayed a week with Wright in Oakland recently and had a perfectly splendid time.

And as for Donn Burton, well, I'm willing to bet he's none other than "The Basilisk of the Bayous" himself, Don Thompson! Am I right? Or don't you want that to be known, either?

Forgot to mention the swell duplication this time, it's really excellent now. And the color combinations are pretty damn attractive. Oh, yeah, knew there was something I had to gripe about --- wherinell did you pick up that Galewaert? Don't know whether or not that's a good example of his work you have in ECLIPSE, but if it is he stinks to high heavens! And the Tigrina page was okay; I presume Acky shipped it to you?? 224 West 6th Street, Hastings, Minnesota.

A. L. ASHLEY: ECLIPSE #4 is fine business. You really are putting out a swell mag. Of course NOVA will make it look pretty sick. But aside from that, it's really OK.

By Warnerian reckoning ---	
Front Cover	9
Editorations	1
deplors the feud!	
Religion	8
Thou Art Mine -- Art.	8
Editor's ECLIPSE	8
Musings on the Pros.	9
Bright Stuff	8
Spacelark of the Sky	7
Too condensed. Could have had a 10.	
Great Man Speaks	9

The picture on page 21 definitely rates a 10. It is one of the best fan pix I've seen.

Tierina's effort on page 13 is good for 9. I wonder what goes on in that mind of hers?

The other two interiors get about 6 or 7 apiece. It seems they could have been done much better.

For the back cover, about 8. It could have rated much better but the artist resorted to an obvious and unforgivable trick to avoid drawing the face. Tsk. Tsk. Is the guy left-handed? His gun certainly isn't arranged for a quick draw. What's he went to wrassel the darn lizard for anyhow? Why don't he just shoot and run. 86 Upton ave., Battle Creek, Mich.

A. L. SCHWARTZ: I don't see why Artiste thinks so much of Magarian. I think Magarian is a hack artist who is making a poor attempt to copy Finlay's style. I have yet to see one drawing by Magarian that I liked.

I hope Burton noticed that Lance-
lot Biggs was killed off in the 16 ven-
ber W. T.

Waymahell did Burton rate "Kid
Poison" so highly? Metinks it stinks.

Maybe Burton is Read?

Why doesn't someone start a fan-
zine using only letters and articles
by Schmarje. It would be funnier than
a mixture of SWIDE and LE ZOMBE. 229
Washington St., Dorchester, Mass.

Issue #4 rated 7.1 as a
whole. Not many letters and
ratings this time, due to much
of the mail being lost due to
being sent to the wrong address.
The Gayn pic on page 21 rated
highest last iss, with 8.9.
Other art work, Back cover 8.0,
Front Cover 7.5, page 10 7.2,
page 13 6.7, page 24 4.1.

The Great Man Speaks top-
ped the written material with
8.3, followed by Bright Stuff
7.9, Musings 7.2, Thou Art Mine
7.1, Religion 6.9, Editor's E-
CLIPSE 6.3, Editorations 6.0,
and Spacelark 5.0. Let's have
more ratings next time.



