

Thompson

ECLIPSE



12

Issue No. 12

The Path of Totality		3
	Editorial	
Dragon's Island		5
	Martin Graetz	
Pilau		7
	Fanzine Reviews	
Progress		15
	Warren F. Link	
Indiscriminate Poetry		18
	Henry Martin	
Libertine		19
	A Column Of Letters For Which Only Thou May Be Responsible.	

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Cover by Jack Harness. Inside illustrations--such as they were--were done by Larry Bourne, Bob Warner, Bill Rotsler, Don Allen, & Ye Edi'r

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The Recalcitrant Fan's Journal

ECLIPSE is edited and published approximately every other month, as long as he can't get away from it, by Ray Thompson who resides in the Pheasant Capitol of the Nation, at 410 South 4th Street, same being in the thriving metropolis of Norfolk, Nebraska, the afore-mentioned capitol. This journalistic effort may be obtained for the paltry sum of 10¢ the single copy, or a mere half of dollar (50¢) for a half dozen. If you're the editor of an effort such as this, and care to, trades can be readily arranged. Contributors receive gratis, one (1) free copy, being the one in which their literary effort appears. It may appear to some that this issue is somewhat late in appearing...let this not deceive you--it is merely the fact that the other issues were earlier....

THE PATH OF TOTALITY

At the outset, it might be well to remember the words of the famous Chinese philosopher, In Ay Stu, who said, "He who be backward may not see where he goes but it is sure he will be able to tell where he has been."

And as we all sit contemplating our navels, dutifully straining our eyes to the utmost, and paying alert heed to reports of drownings, shootings, car accidents, explosions, and sundry other calamities of Man & Nature, one sometimes thinks that he would like to be like the little Chinese man's friend; for it would be well at times, to turn ourselves around and look where we have been. Once in a while, a "nothing" Thursday occurs, on which everything seems to come to a standstill; then, as a man, we all turn around and look at ourselves and say, "What have I accomplished?" All too often we must answer shamefacedly, "Nothing."

This, in turn, brings up the question, "Why not?" At this point, most of us Unfortunates come to attain the disposition of the small boy who is caught with his fingers in his mouth and the broken cookie jar on the kitchen floor. For, in truth, who among us can come forth with a straight-forward answer to such an obviously loaded question? Oh, we may hem and haw about, and fumble with excuses; that, in fact, is our main line of defense. But when it comes down to the business of reasoning, we fail. And come face to face with the bugaboo of accomplishment. So we accomplish nothing in the very attempt at discovering why we accomplish nothing. We need a key to unlock the door to get into the house to get a key to unlock the door to get into the house.

And there we stay--going around and around in an endless circle, looking for a brass ring which, in reality, does not exist. And the fare for the ride is only your like, so what can you lose?

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In the honest pursuit of one's duty, one is bound to come across strange things: people, happenings, sights, sounds, and smells. They say it takes all kinds--that's all very well, but it has occurred to me at one time or another that in some cases, it takes too many of one kind.

Sitting here, quietly mulling over a few thoughts which occurred to me during the day, and which I did not have time to consider at any great length until now, I was suddenly struck by the basic improbability of man. We have species of man in every size shape and variety, and endless variations of the norm. We have Man fat, Man skinny; Man tall and Man short; Man cheerful and Man moody. We have him doing any number of things; driving trucks; filling other peoples' gas tanks, adding numbers, subtracting, growing things, tearing things down, building other things, and robbing other people of things that they have worked to get, and even sometimes taking each others' lives. It has been said that an alien from another planet looking down on Manhattan from a great height, would be unable to make head or tail of the movements of the millions of people within its confines. It seems to me that you don't have to be an alien from another planet to be unable to comprehend Manhattan.

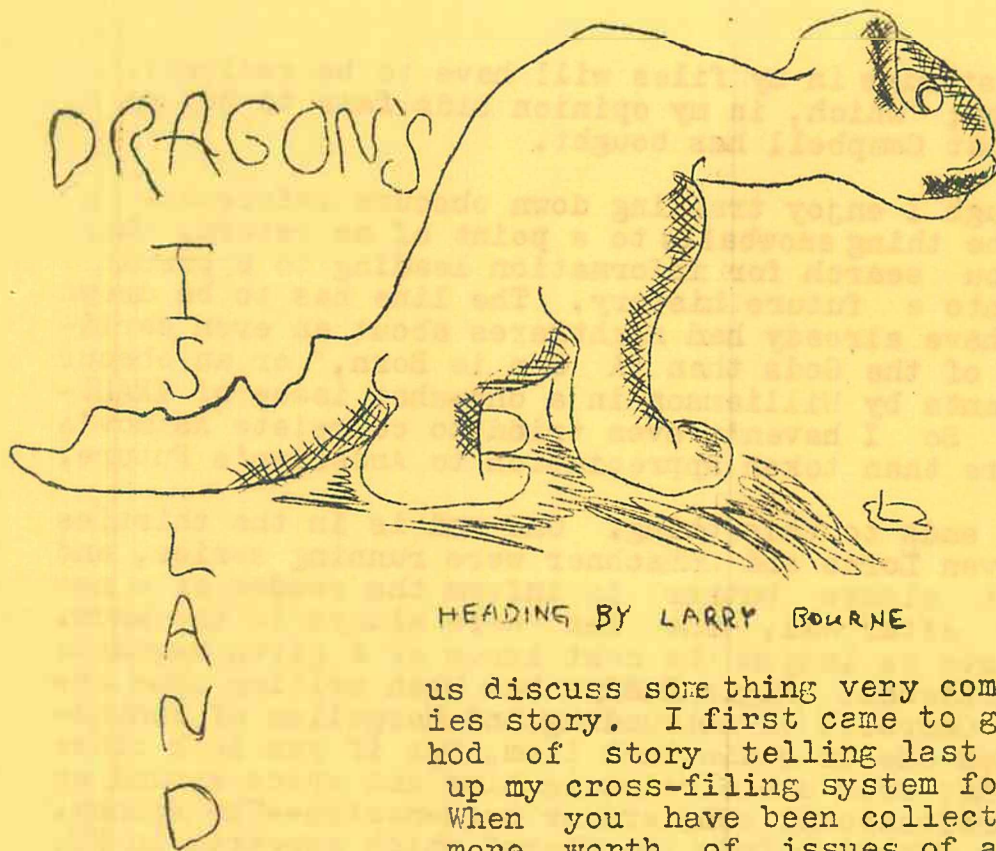
Consider: Man, during the thousands of years before the birth of Christ, grew up from a stone-chipping baby to a city-building adolescent, and during the First Millenium, B.E., built great cities; Rome, Carthage, Cairo; only to sack them and burn them to the ground in a series of petty battles over land.

Consider also that Man, with his scientific knowledge has, on the one hand, conquered the most dread diseases imaginable; he has crippled the cripplers with his great knowledge of medicine and phisiology; and, on the other he has invented a weapon which could destroy him. And yet he goes on making better weapons for survival and bigger weapons for self-destruction.

* * * * *

And so, even as we should turn and look back--for, unlike Lot's wife, there is little fear that we shall turn to pillars of salt--and consider our accomplishments, it is high time Man as a species is doing the same thing. A major rule of the study of history is, "We profit from the mistakes of those who have gone before." I think it's about time we started trying to collect on that profit. There is, however, the uncomfortable intimation that with his great inventions and his poor inventions, his developments for survival and his developments for destruction--it may be that Man is maintaining a sort of delicate balance, which, if it is disturbed, might well plunge us all into ultimate oblivion. The record, however, is there--if we care to look at it.

Ray



DRAGON'S ISLAND is a third-generation title. From Jack Williamson's novel via a small one-page newspaper I did for awhile at MIT, through an editorial I did for a small but terrible one-shot with Mine Host, Ray Thompson. That makes, rather, four generations.

HEADING BY LARRY BOURNE

Hence, DRAGON'S ISLAND. For our first outing, let

us discuss something very common in sf; the series story. I first came to grips with this method of story telling last Spring, when I set up my cross-filing system for my SF collection. When you have been collecting fifteen years or more worth of issues of a magazine you have been reading for only three years, it becomes increasingly hard as you go back to determine exactly which stories by a given author are part of an existing series, or not. When gaps in your collection occur, the added task of searching the forecasts and letter columns for references to a tale in the series becomes a tiring pursuit of something which may not even be there.

To make matters worse, authors sometimes like to play a series through several magazines--though not often, fortunately--driving the hunter to exhaustion. James Blish's Bridge-Okie series, and the Hoka stories by Anderson-Dickson are prime examples.

And yet, there is something morbidly compelling about the series-story. For instance, let's take Everett B. Cole's stories in ASTOUNDING. His first tale appeared in March, 1951. It was called, "Philosophical Corps," and it set the stage for a very persistent series, one that at first, I filed as the "Stealar Guard", since it dealt with a civilization that supported a group known as the Stellar Guardsmen, whose divisions included the Exploration Corps, the Resident Guardsmen, and the Philosophical Corps. Then, two months ago, Cole's "Final Weapon" was printed. This story is set much earlier than the preceding ones, so much so that at first glance, it seemed entirely divorced from the series. To me, this was odd, since all of Cole's stories are part of this same series.

Toward the end of the story, it dawned on me that the basis of the PhilCorps' existence was the Mentacom, and "Final Weapon" was no more than the history of its invention.

MARTIN GRAETZ

Thus, Cole's stories in my files will have to be reclassified as a Future History; which, in my opinion bids fair to be one of the best series that Campbell has bought.

But even though I enjoy tracking down obscure references and mislaid issues, the thing snowballs to a point of no return, where in every story you search for information leading to a possible connecting link into a future history. The line has to be drawn somewhere, for I have already had nightmares about an even earlier van Vogt story of the Gods than "A Son is Born," or an obscure tale of the Covenants by Williamson in a one-shot issue of EXASPERATING STORIES. So I haven't even tried to correlate Asimov's history, or do more than token appreciation to Anderson's Future.

There're two ends to this thing. One end is in the thirties when people like van Lorne and Schachner were running series, and the editor didn't always bother to inform the reader of a new tale's occurrence. After all, the fen were always in the know. The other end exists as long as the next issue of a given magazine is going to be published. Algis Budrys has been writing some excellent tales for Campbell of Astounding and Margulies of Fantastic Universe. Each one is a distinct item, but if you look closely, you can see that each one circles in time and space around an organization of professional soldiers or mercenaries--The Agency. And yet, one story, "Soldier from the Stars" which appeared in FU, is not too much concerned with the Agency as it is with an inter-system war that set the stage for the creation of the Agency.

And that's how it goes. Filing, and trying to cross-reference a series is like burning a candle at both ends, playing both sides against the middle, and trying to draw an inside straight, all at once. I just hope that no hyperinformative and hypoinformed fan digs up a correlation between Captain Future and John the Ballad Singe.

Since I've been talking about series-stories, I'd like to end up this first installment with a couple of requests. Firstly, I would like to track down all of the Haka stories except the last two that appeared in FSE and the one that appeared in FU, "The Adventure of the Misplaced Hound." Secondly, can anyone tell me if Jack Williamson ever wrote any stories of the Covenants that did not appear in Astounding during 1950-51?

Now, a la Conklin:

The membership of the Nonexistant Fen of Omaha has risen 37% in the last year...there's been a call for the Doc Methuselah stories to be hardbound. Might not be a bad idea...Watch for a movie a la Maugham's "Quartet", with four sf stories, including Leinster's "4th Dimensional Demonstrator". Mr. Leinster was wondering how so many kangaroos can be filmed at once. I'm now a counselor at a young kids' outdoor camp, teaching campcraft. Took a couple girls' cabins on a night hike and campfire the other day. Told ghost stories. Somene told a Dracula. I came back with The Mind Worm. Thirteen kids didn't sleep that night...

PILAV

Ah yes, my friends, once again we wander into the world of the semi-sane; once again we hear the wild call of the ring-tailed bandersnatch. From out of the dark corners come wild yibblings of subjects better unknown by Mr. Average Man. Yes, my friends, again we wander dejectedly into the maze of fanpublishing, casting carefully about us for an excuse to go elsewhere; finding none, we disgustedly go about our business, which is, in this case, reviewing fanzines. Ergo:

SPECTRUM: George Jennings, 11121 Tascosa, Dallas, Texas. George is evidently selling this thing for money, but I'll be damned if I can find out where he says for what, or how many. At any rate, here it is, and fairly well readable, at that. Unfortunately, all this fairly legible mimeographing is wasted on fairly uninteresting material. It is, in fact, all rather uninteresting, except, perhaps, an article by Noah McLeod, on Man. He makes some unqualified statements therein, not the least of which is, "...do not prove the descent of man from the apes. They merely prove that some races of man, now extinct, had apelike characteristics." Straighten out your perspective, man. Of course man didn't descend from apes, because apes as such are no older than man himself. The fact of the matter is, they both, man and ape, descended from the same basic prototype. They are close cousins, but nothing more. In their prospective evolutions, man had the upper hand and came out ahead. Don't get me wrong--I'm not saying that apes are merely another species of subman. What I mean is that man and apes are descendents of two different species which did, however, come from the same basic stock. But then, SPECTRUM is still fairly new, not

SPACESHIP: Bob Silverberg, 760 Montgomery Street, Brooklyn 13, New York. Fapa, unfortunately. Due to this, it consists largely of mailing reviews, and a lengthy account of Bob's adventures in novel writing, which, although I found somewhat interesting, held nothing of an outstanding nature.

FUTURIAN: J. Michael Rosenblum, 7 Grosvenor Park, Chapel-Allerton, Leeds, 7 England. Quarterly. Typically English, even to the size paper used--and I wish I knew where they get it at that odd size. Walter H. Gillings writes a short history of British fandom, which I found highly interesting, to say the least. Don Wilson writes on Lovecraft and fantasy stories; numerous other pieces of literary effort combined with a letter section leave one with a magazine which I can't help feeling would be a little

better if more attention were given to layout and format.

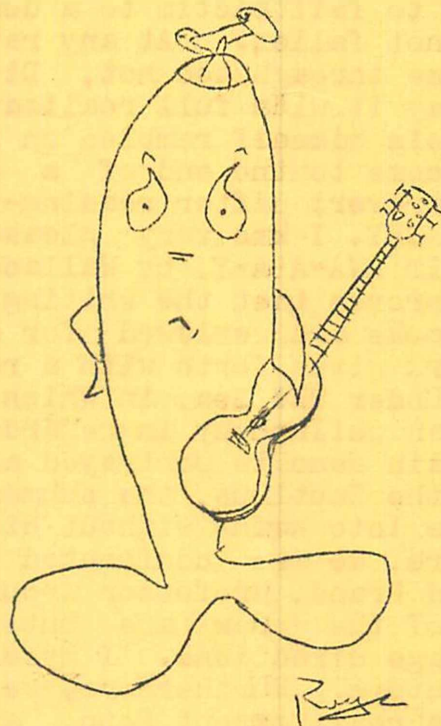
REVIEW: Vernon L. McCain; present address, Box 458, Payette, Idaho. This is, regrettably, the last issue of REVIEW that McCain intends to publish; and despite his denial of leaving fandom completely, I am afraid this is the last fandom in general will ever hear of him. FAPA, so says McCain, will continue to be his outlet for fannish endeavor, but it's too easy to lag behind in FAPA. The usual material this issue--reviews, articles by Bill Morse and Richard Verdan. A cover entreats us to Pickle Bloch For Posterity, a move which I am none too certain might not be a wise one at that. All completely readable. Anyway, au revoir, Vern--it was nice having you with us.

NITE CRY: Don Chappell, 5921 East 4th Place, Tulsa, Oklahoma. Comes complete with two-color cover which is nothing short of terrific. Done by a new artist--to me at any rate--go by the name of Bob Alspaugh. I hope to see more of his work in the very near future--surely he won't be fool enough to stop here! Inside, Harlan Ellison is present with a story, GROMEBODY, which, according to Ellison, is everybody's favorite, including his own. Well, I won't disagree too heartily--it is good, and mildly hilarious. It's one of these O. Henry-type things with the slap-you-in-the-face-and-leave-you-stunned endings. Written in the hipster idiom it concerns a truant member of the species *pupulus schoolia* who wanders off into the woods and meets this here now, gnome, see, and--no, I won't spoil the thing for you; read it yourself and enjoy a few good yuks over it. Venturing further into the magazine we find more of Dan McPhail's delving into the past of science fiction fandom from the viewpoint of Oklahoma--which has never particularly struck me as a vantage one--which is mildly interesting. CLAUDE RAMBLES ON--and that's about all he actually does... Pointless poetry by Aga Yonder, (somehow, I can't believe that that's actually a name) and a flickering glimmer of interest in Rog Ellick's fanzine reviews. Harlan Ellison has a back-patting letter--his back; I only hope he doesn't break an arm--in the letter section, which brings to mind this idle thought: Have you ever noticed how much of Ellison's stuff--according to Harlan--just about gets in some well-known fanzine or promag, but fails because the editor has conveniently decided to print no fiction, or has broken an arm, or resigned and the new editor has a different policy and can't use it, or something of that nature?

FAFHRD (I think) Ron Ellick, 277 Pamona Avenue, Dong Beach 3, California; and Ed Cox, 115½ - 19th Street, Hermosa Beach. A first issue by a couple of fellows not new to this business; consequently, the first few stumbles are not present. Helen Louise Soucy is present with an Aliens-are-after-our-kids type of thing, which was masterfully constructed. I would wonder why it was not submitted to the pros, however, I would be a bit reluctant to do so, in view of the fact that it is almost identical in plot and theme to a story by Dan Galouye named DEADLINE SUNDAY, which appears in the current issue of IMAGINATION. Other than this, little more material besides a fanzine review is present. The magazine is a bit slim, but interesting. We shall see what develops.

BRILLIG: Larry Bourne, Box 5044, Portland, Oregon. Tabloid description--"Echo"; ech...UG;ooq..The Grackles Nest, Torture Garden, and Re-echo...why bother? Giving credit where credit is due however, we come across two fairly good items; "A Fannish Mss In A Bottle, by Clifford Gould, which had me nigh hysterical in places. This is true fannish genius! Pardon me whilst I dry my eyes...The other item which I found interesting is Dave Jenette's article, The Case Against Space Travel. In it, Dave takes up the old isolationists' banner and starts waving it in the bored face of anyone who will listen to him. I think though, that he is a bit short-sighted if he believes that a space platform could be used only for bombing Earth cities, if only for the very reasons he mentions. However, there are other things one can do on a space platform. Think of the utter simplicity in viewing distant stars and galaxies outside our own. Why, a telescope the size of the Schmidt spotter which is teamed with the Polamar behemoth would do just as much as its big sister. And maybe we could finally find out what the canals on Mars really are, yea indeed, if they even exist. The space platform has no outstanding advantage to merit its construction, huh? What about the unmeasurable good it will do in bringing Man out far enough so that he can step back and get a little perspective of his own world? And what better way to learn to get along with our fellow men than to see how really small we and our Earth are, beside the millions and millions of stars in the infinite Universe? If the realization of this doesn't draw Men closer together, if the very immensity of the big black room in which his dust mote happens to be doesn't awe him into a realization of his own littleness, then something is definitely wrong.

CARR-
G-
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H



Hmmm...we seem to find ourselves in a bit of difficulty here...

CALIFAN: Dave Ride, Box 203 Rodeo, California. Irregularity rampant.

One - man effort, along with fiction by Carr, ramblings... by the bye, I should mention that the aforementioned bit of fiction was penned by Terry and Pete Graham.

At any rate, Dave's ramblings are mildly interesting. Letter section, and a recipe for making hecto gumbo, which I can't wait to not try...

"James, bring me my typer--I want to fry some fanzines."

WHIMSEY; No. 4, August. Ron Voigt, 3859 Sullivan, St. Louis, Mo. Very very sercon. Printed poetry, mostly "free" verse. And making very free with poetry, at that. On looking through it, it seems that most of the material is souped-up prose and other dribble written by those who do not understand the high-sounding tangle of metrical rhyme. The result is a lot of words with no particular purpose, and without purpose or meaning, poetry, free, blank, metrical, iambic pentameter, or what-have-you, is worth no thing. And that's about all I can say for WHIMSEY. Suggest strongly that you try something else, Ron. And tell your poets to try writing nursery rhymes, if they can retain the form for a four line couplet long enough.

TACITUM: The Silent One, Benny Sodek, 1415 South Marsalis, Dallas 16, Texas. A "God-save-us-here-we-are-again!" type of editorial, a story by Race Mathews, a "We-did-this-and-after-we-did-it-we-did-something-else" type of convention report, fanzine reviews which saved the magazine from utter oblivion, an article on Arthur Clarke by the omnipresent Noah McLeod, and letters. Given time--albeit, quite a bit--we might have something of interest but right at the moment, it is, putting it mildly, quite boring.

PSYCHOTIC, Dick Geis, 1525 NE Ainsworth, Portland 12, Oregon, wherein Dick has discovered the mysteries of Gestetner duplication, and warns us never to fall victim to a demonstration. Fear not, O Wise One, I have not fallen. At any rate, disregarding a few spots that didn't come through too hot, Dick has done a very commendable job, and I say it with full realization of what I say. Material is the usual--Geis himself rambles on for a few pages, & Pete Graham has finally come to the end of a convention report which I shall treasure forever; after reading--stumbling--through the "free" verse in WHIMSEY, I was very pleased to come across a ballad poem called TAKE IT AWA-A-A-Y, by Wallace West, which has a meter and rhyme which proves that the writing of poetry isn't a completely lost art. Books are reviewed for a few pages by Old Faithful; and Larry Stark gives forth with a review of the movie Twenty Thousand Leagues Under The Sea, in which he sets forth certain precepts of Cartesian philosophy in regards to the movie. We are informed that Captain Nemo is portrayed as a solipsist, and that none of his world--the Nautilus, the submarine base, and all the rest--could have come into being without him. All this is perhaps true; furthermore, we are confronted with the thought that no one but Nemo, Ned Brand, Professor Arounax, and the valet are real--that the rest of the crew are but puppets acting out roles in answer to offstage directions. I myself was bothered by this when viewing the picture. Furthermore, we are asked to wonder if anything at all is real, except Nemo, and if all that is going on is merely some huge mental conflict between the two sides of Nemo's personality. Stark ends his review with these

words; "It is an intriguing exercise in symbolism and philosophy, and just how many "real" people exist on the Nautilus is perhaps an unanswerable question...I wonder if Disney was aware of the elaborate problems he was giving our children to play with..". Perhaps he did, Larry, but I wonder, in turn, if the children themselves realize the full significance of the picture? I am inclined to think not--of course, depending on how old the children of which you speak are supposed to be--; being aimed at the matinee crowd as it so obviously was, action, knock-down-drag-out cliff-hanging action was the keynote, right from the first, in the person of Ned Brand. Disney very nearly turned it into an oat-opera sort of thing.

THE COSMIC FRONTIER. Stuart Nock, RFD #3, Castleton, N. Y. Full-size this time, ditto job, and one of the best in fandom--in fact just about the only ditto job in fandom, with the exception of Peatrowsky, who has fallen by the wayside, it seems. Take heart, tho--he will be out, looking somewhat different...ANYWAY...."Five Years and Several Hundred Prozines Later, by Jan Sadler, reveals her as one who has a clear head, and can use it. She says that fandom--the old fandom--has not disappeared; only evolved. When you consider it, you wonder why we hadn't thought of it ourselves long before. Sam Johnson writes on A Matter Of Opinion, in which he takes the churches to task for holding the belief that their particular religion is the right one. When you get right down to it, it seems to me, regardless of your religion, whether it be Jewish, Christian, Bhuddist, Moslem, or any of the other numerous sects, they are all the result of interpretation. Doesn't the Moslem religion respect only one God, as the Christian? And do they not also believe in a prophet of that God? Even the Indians of America, although they have lesser spirits of the woods and plains, believed in the Great Spirit, Manitou. Many of the beliefs of the Christian religion are borrowed from the much older Hebrew religion, and that religion was borrowed from one older yet. The various churches in the United States--Lutheran, Baptist, Methodist--all were founded on the basis of interpretation. The point is, different opinions are only interpretations of the same thing.

UMBRA: John Hitchcock, 15 Arbutus Avenue, Baltimore 28, Maryland Another ditto job, and also well-done; I think, however, that it might be possible to get someone besides Ted White to do covers. Not that I have anything against Ted White's covers, but lets try for a little variety, hah? Larry Stark is present inside with perhaps the best and most interesting discussions of jazz and its history that I have ever had the distinct pleasure to encounter. DOWNBEAT be looking for you in a few years, boy, A letter section and Carr's Face Critturs. I was !



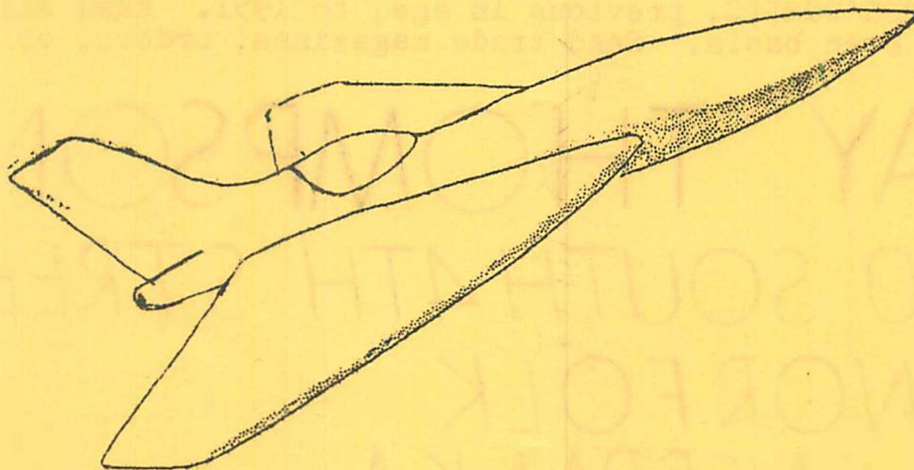
FANTASY-TIMES; James Taurasi, PO Box 2331, Patterson 23, New Jersey. The New York Times and the Chicago Herald-Tribune, and the Kansas City Examiner, all thrown into one. Contains news of prodom and fandom, along with "articles" about IMAGINATION and OW, by the editors of both, which strike me as drawn-out advertisements. It is of little interest to me.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW; No. 21 and number 1, which, in effect, means that this is the first issue of SFR, but not the first issue of a Geis-zine. Selling for 15¢ the single copy, or \$1 for seven, and mimeographed on a Gestetner. Book reviews, two articles letters, departments by Ellison and Fred Smith, which makes it a rather thin magazine for which to spend 15¢. Free sample copies are sent to interested persons, and I believe that's the only way I'd care to see this magazine--free; because I certainly don't care to spend money for it.

TYPO #3, from Walt Bowart, 306 East Hickory, Enid, Oklahoma. A rather large boff enjoyed over Alice in Fanland, which, although it entails using some old and decrepit cliches, was highly enjoyable. It occurs to me that the major idea---the theme, rather---was swiped, whole and unmitigated, from THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR, although it receives a very different treatment in the hands of Kent Corey. A major part of my enjoyment of the article were the cartoons done by -- I assume -- Bowart, although one of them is signed by Naaman Peterson. I think if Bowart were to cease publishing altogether and just draw cartoons for other fanzines, he would be just as well-known.

§ § § § § § § § §

Which about does it for now. Once again, from beneath the rag rug we have valiantly been trying to hold over this den of lions, we hear growling and snarling as the bedraggled editors see the reviews I have given them. Ah, weel...they mean well, I guess. I just wish they'd stop biting so hard...



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RAY THOMPSON
410 SOUTH 4TH STREET
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You could tell it was a big day, alright; if only by the way Colonel Turnbull was dashing around supervising operations like a proud father. The little colonel was everywhere at once. He was clambering up the ramps and piping orders simultaneously; he was flitting around, taking inventories, tabulating this and that swabbing his glistening brow, issuing directions. He was smiling for the television cameras, absentmindedly delivering short bursts of optimism everytime he collided with a hopeful reporter. He was scurrying to and fro, bowing hastily to those notables he spotted in the crowd, and occasionally he even hefted a crate and assisted the loaders looking ever so much like a chubby worker and laboring diligently under a proportionately ponderous burden.

The Colonel reveled in his glory, and justifiably so, for that day was everything his devotion and ambition had made it--as if the colonel's only conceivable purpose on earth was realized.

PROGRESS

It was his final triumph and he felt something like an adventurous pioneer who had walked boldly into the hostile forest and beat hell out of nature with nothing but his sweat and bare hands. He had ignored the obstacles, the disfavor, all the minor adversities, had plunged determinedly into the giant undertaking. And after he had hewn a foothold out of the wilderness of skepticism, he had advanced steadily and assuredly, pausing only momentarily to defeat trivial inclemencies and negligible barriers along the way. And now, even after the realization of his goal, the impetus of his campaign still carried him fervently on, checking, re-checking, and triple-checking unlimited banks of wierd electronic jujble, ushering and instructing personnel cheerfully to their positions, consoling relatives of the crew with sincere sympathy,

WARREN F. LINK

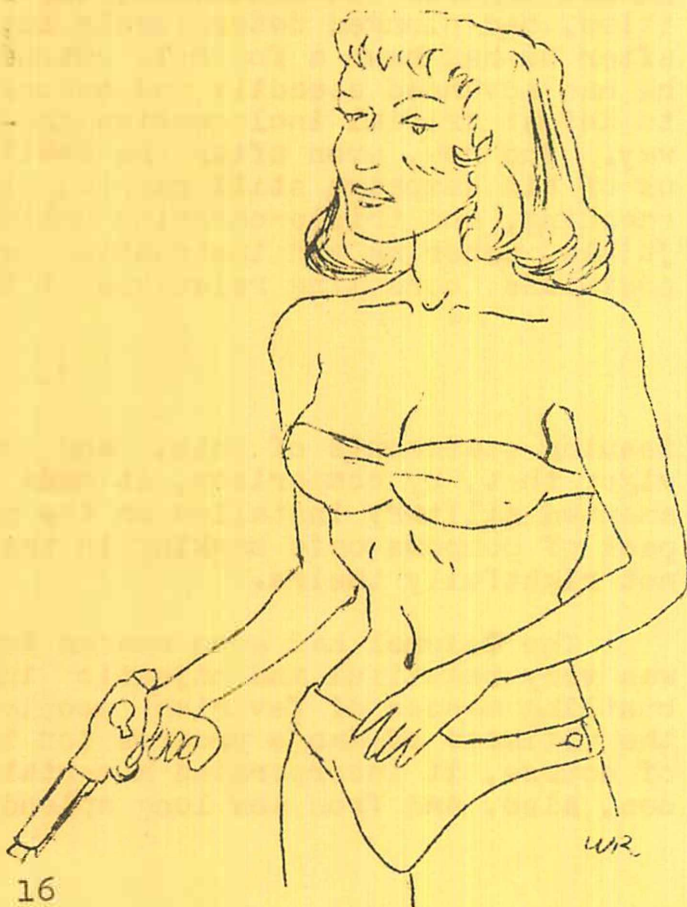
issuing statements of this, and communiques of that with such vigor that, by comparison, it made the paunchy line of gaily-ornamented military installed on the platform seem like a sneering pack of pompous oafs basking in the praise and acclaim that was not rightfully theirs.

The Colonel had good reason for his pride, too. The rocket was very beautiful and majestic indeed as it glinted among the bustling masses of feverish people all about it. It reflected the ultimate of Man's progression in science and technology; and, of course, it incorporated a certain amount of his cultural advances, also, and from the long splendid taper of the hull, some of

his aesthetic achievements. With this instrument, man would endeavor to fire himself into the heavens, just to the moon for a starter, and thence embark upon a vast interplanetary conquest which was his alleged destiny. True, it had been delayed a prodigiously long time, but it was only quite recently that the race had been able to swallow the fierce undertones of doubt and pessimism and pull together in taking space travel out of the science fiction magazines. Certainly 2076 wasn't a very enviable year to attain the goal, but the mere fact that at long last it had approached the realm of reality was decidedly a very major accomplishment.

The colonel wasn't much of an orator, but he had gained experience through innumerable appeals for funds and if he never totally succeeded in converting his superiors to space-infatuates he certainly did so with the crowd on hand. He flavored it with just the proper quantity of "threshold-of-new-era, door-to-greater-horizons" business. He used words like "long time coming", "man's ultimate achievement", "daring pilots with blaze" and "extend the space frontier." All in all, the colonel delivered a very convincing speech and the roar of the spectators, when he was finished, sounded to him like the roar of a thousand blazing rockets.

Consulting the chronometer, Colonel Turnbull found the time for blastoff rapidly diminishing. As the applause subsided, the vast throng became aware of this too, and a great hush swiftly descended upon everyone until the entire field was absolutely quiet, except for the dramatically precise announcements of the countoff. There was not even the stifled coughs and stirrings characteristic of all human assemblages. As the seconds ebbed away, fleeting irretrievably into the endless corridors of time, the tension, the apprehension rose to a crescendo until it was almost a tangible thing hanging in the air. As the countoff approached the final and fateful ten seconds, the Colonel's twitching fingers crept nervously over to the control that would activate the mighty rockets buried deep in the ship's entrails, and send the tall metal shaft streaking into the heavens on a column of wildly churning flame and incandescent gasses.



About that time, a very peculiar thing occurred. Although most of the eyes were directed unswervingly toward the rocket, several caught it--an eerie glow high in the upper reaches of the atmosphere, increasing in size and magnitude very rapidly--and moving unerringly toward the landing field. Then the scramble started. Clamor sprang up almost at once, panic followed, and everything was quickly reduced to a mad free-for-all.

The Colonel was profoundly shocked. His lower jaw unhinged, instantly revealing a cavernous orifice with approximately the same proportions of a gunny sack. A moment later, he was trampling officers and non-coms alike in a rather hasty withdrawal.

The count-off, completely electronic and timed to coincide infallibly with the actual firing time, droned on like an automaton, unmindful of the sudden turn of events. The meteor-like object descended, but as it drew closer, a definite theme of symmetry was vaguely discernible. As the countoff imperturbably announced "ZERO", failure to close the colonel's firing switch stimulated the automatic cut-in which in turn caused Moon Rocket I, dwarfed by the other body, in the same proportion as flea to elephant to flip undignifiedly into the air somewhat like an insolent Jack-in-the-box, only to come crashing back as the larger mass, red and glowing all over, settled spectacularly onto the field with a final jet of flame.

Those who remained alive probably were able to deduce that the object was quite definitely of intelligent design and construction. But as for the colonel, imagine his utter dismay when the Selenites came out and conquered his glorious Earth!

if

FOR

THE BEST

IN SCIENCE FICTION

CONSIDER THE FANEDITOR

A Sad Ballad Of Shameful Waste, Written By The Famous
Bard and Storyteller, Henry Martin, Esq.

Consider the faneditor.
There he sprawls;
When he got home from work this evening,
Instead of sitting down before his typewriter and
working on the 400-page annish he's
planning,
He heads for the nearest chair,
And down he falls.

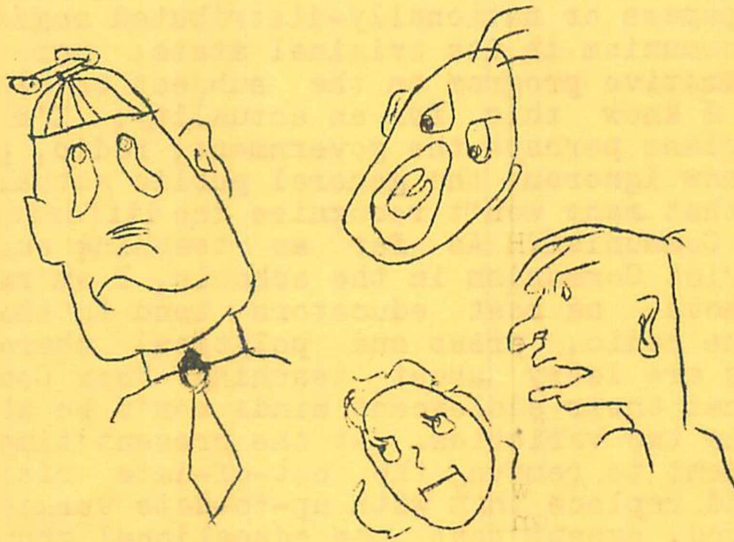
Poor Man! And is it so terribly hot,
Or humid, that the mere thought of
getting out the stencils and beating the
living bejusus out of them
Fills him with a deep sense of nausea? Rot!
He is lazy--though the very mention of such a condition
Would turn his hair straight up and would cause a great
deal of
Friction.

After all--why he is a BNF, and cannot afford
To waste his time being lazy and--
What? You've an answer?
You say you--?
Why, of course! He's bored!

Bored to death and destruckion by the hundreds and
hundreds of letters
He's been getting, asking him what is an apa,
and what is this and why is that and
Don't they know not to bother their betters?

Why, the poor fellow is fairly stricken with remorse
And he's beginning to wonder why he didn't buy a
horse
Like Leeh and go riding off into the sunset
And leave this furshluginner fandom far behind
And see if he can't find
Some kind
Of peace and quiet
Where he can be without the sight
Of another letter saying,

"Please send me another issue of your magazine enclosed find ten
Cents to finance the cost of handling thank you your brother."
So have pity on the man; his is a lost hope, just let him sit and
mope
We can do no more for him--it's much too late, so just let him sit
There and gafiate.



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Onward, ever onward--though the face of adversity, through thick and thin, ever onward, down the lonely trail. And if we look closely, we might even see him yet, resolute though worn; old and tired, but unbowed still. And looking closer, we dimly discern a small sign on the back of that ragged sheet he's using for a coat. It says, merely, "a..asinine and senseless..." As we wend our own careful way down the rocky road, we puzzle over these words, trying to ascertain their meaning, and whether perhaps they might not unlock the Secret of The Ages to the masses. There Are Better Things Left Unknown, However. Bearing this in mind, we finally come to our destination--a picturesque little chalet set high on the side of an Alpine pinnacle. From this perch we--sometimes fearfully, sometimes cheerfully, and once in a while, a trifle dyspeptically--observe our fellow man, as he sits down in front of an instrument not unlike our own, and begins to write...

Ray Schaeffer, Jr.
122 North Wise Street
North Canton, Ohio

I notice in the recent ECLIPSE that Harry Calnek narrates a bit on the subject of teaching Communism to children via the schools and parents. I emphatically agree with Harry that the parents are not qualified to teach their children the workings of Marx Communism, for at present, only a very small percent of the population knows what true Communism actually is, and what it represents. Most people believe that Marx was a Russian and that he advocated state control of everything; these being just two examples of the many fallacies that the general public possess in re Marxist Communism. Actually, Marx was a German, advocated NO government of any kind, and was perhaps the greatest humanitarian in history. We of this land ridicule the Russians for their censorship of the facts about the United States, while at the same time

we are practicing censorship by hushing up the true facts about Marx and his theories. There has never been, to my knowledge, any article in the papers or nationally-distributed magazines dealing with Marxist Communism in its original state; nor has there ever been any informative program on the subject on either radio or television, and I know this for an actuality. I'm unable to comprehend this, unless perhaps the government, radio, press, and TV people realize how ignorant the general public actually is and consequently fear that many won't recognize the difference between Marxist and Soviet Communism. As far as teaching our children about Marx and Soviet Communism in the schools, I am rather dubious about such a move, as most educators tend to think in the same channels as the radio, press and political characters, in that most educators are leery about teaching Marx Communism to children in fear that their adolescent minds won't be able to distinguish between the two varieties. At the present time there is a nation-wide movement to remove the out-of-date history books from the schools and replace them with up-to-date versions. All this is well and good, except that the educational groups behind the move want to remove the teachings of Marx from the texts and replace his theories with the Soviet brand, and thus point out the faults of Communism. This is censorship of history and smells of despotism. I'm not a supporter of Marx Communism, but I do feel that the man had many good points in his Manifesto that more men of political prestige should pay heed to. To ridicule such a great man is downright blasphemy and ignorance of the facts. Of course, the schools are the best places for the teaching of communism, for it is here that free discussion is available between many parties; but until educators realize that children have the ability to reason in non-materialistic matters, this situation will have to be postponed; and then it may be too late, after Marx teachings are buried in sealed vaults and made inaccessible to the public.

((This letter was cut just about in half; much as I'd liked to have printed in its entirety, man, you got to think of my room? Even worse than not giving people the truth, is giving them half the truth, which distorts things almost beyond recognition, sometimes. Teaching communism--Marxist or otherwise--seems to be a risky business in the schools these days. Look what it started--loyalty oaths and a whole mess of goobledegook...as for Marx himself, I'm afraid you've left me in the dark completely--I'm one of your uninformed persons. I know little of the man or his theories, other than the fact that his theories of communism are not what the Russians are practicing. Let's face it--whatever you wish to call it; communism, socialism, despotism, or what have you--the form of government that the Russians practice is nothing but good, old-fashioned, surround-yourself-with-bodyguards totalitarianism--a dictatorship, of the same variety as Caesar's, and Alexander's, and Hitler's and Mussolini's--a government by a very small party of strong men; and the smaller the better. There is no comparison between this and Communism.))

Wm. Deeck
8400 Potomac Avenue
College Park, Md.

Have received the latest ish of ECLIPSE along with a shock; no magnifying glass was needed! It was all legible! Congratulations! ((Than kyou.)) Linda Perry's story could have fared better with a little cutting; two sentences would have been enough. I have never been able to see just why fanzines include fiction. ((Wm., you might not believe me, but you read only half the manuscript, in the finished product--I cut and cut and cut as it was...)) With the exception of a minimum of one or two, no fan can write an "enjoyable" story. Readable, perhaps, but not enjoyable. The fans strain in writing a story, and therefore, the reader strains. Who can enjoy anything under those circumstances? # Your "Eggy, my old, I enjoyed immensely. It's the first time I've seen anything quite like that. Maybe more you'll have? ((Perhaps)) The Fanvet Convention report has me bewildered. Mr. Link belittled the convention, but he enjoyed it. His description was such that I know I wouldn't have enjoyed it. Anyhow, it was good. # Cut down on the zine review and include more letters.

((The commentary by Mr. Deeck on the convention report by Mr. Link has me bewildered. Mr. Deeck belittles the report, but he enjoyed it... Oh, well...))

Shannon Theoblad
120 Washington Highway
Snyder 21, New York

So ECLIPSE is here again. The Eternal Editorial; "Here's the old crud-sheet again." A couple of lousy items--the Superfan story was amateurish, and corny, and we both know it. ((Wull, you know it, and I know it, but let's not tell all those insignificant, mindless people like Grennell and a few others, who enjoyed it no end, that it is. We wouldn't want to destroy their childish ideals...)) In fact, I have it on good faith that the author herself didn't want it printed. ((I didn't ask her to send it.)) As for the con report, Link writes well, but I'm still amused by his rather obstinate efforts to be a fa-a-an and attend a con and all. Ghod. ((Wouldn't talk if I were you...)) I think the real trouble with you is you don't care to work. Leeh had the same trouble, but with her it worked out alright because she was a genius. The same can't be said for you. Until you do improve, I'm taking EEK on a par basis, whether you like it or not. If you don't, stop sending the things.

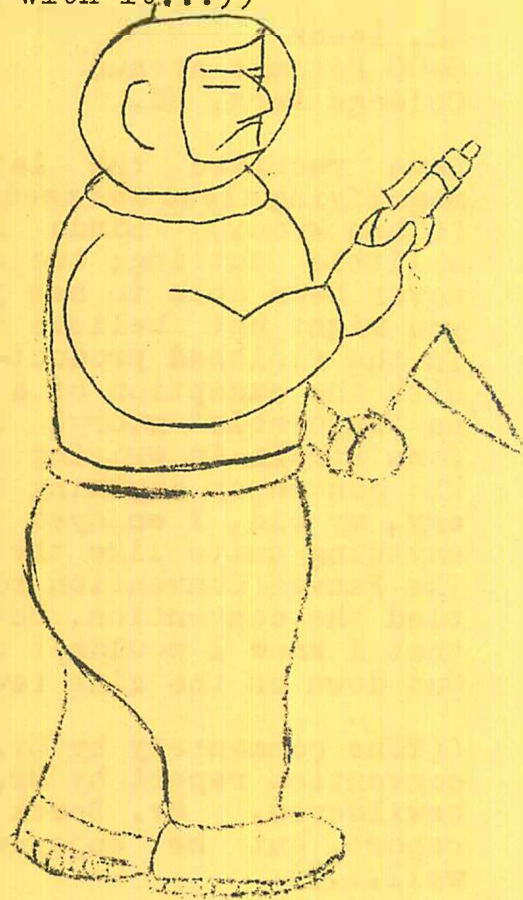
((It matters little to me how you take it. I send it to you merely because someone was nice enough to reserve a subscription in



your name. So I'm afraid you're stuck with it...))

Dean Grennell
402 Maple Avenue
Fond du Lac, Wisconsin

Been oofl'y tied up with getting G24 put to bed and I've let my c'spondence go plumb to pot...aa sorry fact that bothers no one so much as it does me, I'm sure. But I did want to write and let you know how very much I enjoyed Linda Perry's THE RESCUE OF JMWLY THE SEVENTH in ECLIPSE # 11. Your repro this issue was as good as anybody's and better than most, I thought, no matter what Roger de Soto may say. By the way, should you hear any rumors that I'm Roger de Soto, kindly skwothh them. If you think back, you'll recall that I used to use the name of Rene de Soto, but Roger is someone else altogether. A surprising number of fans seem to think I'm him, however, and I don't especially like to take the blame if he happens to pan a mag I like, such as ECLIPSE.



((Had heard the rumors of which you spoke, but had placed little faith in them.))

Dave Mason
14 Jones Street
New York, N. Y1

The base canard of this foul lackey of calthosism, this vile hireling of capitilistic pro-dom, this mealymouthed muckmonger, and I do refer to the comrade sitting in the armor-plated box to my right. Well, anyway, I can't understand why it happens, but it's possible that he may be right. I've missed a lot of mail lately, and whether it's the simple, lumpheaded stupidity of the PO, or a deliberate check on my mail--which has happened from time to time--the mail does seem to get lost. So please don't address the COUP GROUP, or Fan archists; just as it appears above. And then write under it; "Dear Postie: So your little friends down in Sorting have told you that there's no Jones Street. Ah, Postie, 'tis an untruth. Well, in Coup it says there's a Jones Street... and if you are old enough to read yet, just peek down along West Fourth Street, near Sheridan Square...and there it'll be; a block long, standing squat and horrid among the dark ruins of the forgotten past of the Village. Sometimes, they say, strange sounds

are heard at night there, and the sound of music mingles with the smell of scorched beard. But in the daytime, whatever lurks there does not come forth; It fears the light they say. So you may freely deliver the mail there. And, Postie dear, so long as there are childish hearts full of faith, so long as the memory of the old, white-haired, kingly-faced futurians at whose knee we learned to lisp our childish curses on capitalism shall be warm within our bosoms, so long will there be a Jones Street. For Jones Street is more than a place...it is a way of life, a state of mind, and a condition of existence. It is, Postie, JONES STREET. Now get the hell down there with my mail. # The other base canard, that Fanarchy ain't real, is a real lulu. It shows you what happens when you Be A Fan too long. You get absolutely paranoid. Look, Sam, there really is a Left in the country, apart from both the comical party and the guvmint. And still a 3rd base canard is contained in the review of WENDIGO. Split personality, indeed! Damn you, sir, when I address myself to the task of improving the minds of the younger element in fandom, I have a bedside manner rather like that of the Improver of Youth among the Masai. But when I address Gina Ellis, I am not in the least interested in improving her mind. It doesn't need it, and who's looking at her mind, anyway? Besides, she doesn't think bad thots about politics being a restricked area. # I love you anyway; continue to publish canards about me and live; I wouldn't go thru a place like Nebraska again, even for the unutterable pleasure of caning a faneditor.

((Uh...yeah...))

Alan Dodd
77, Stanstead Road
Hoddesdon, Herts
England

I've heard of characters with faeries at the bottom of their garden, but never with squirrels. Still, it proves you have a kind heart. This is all in fererence to the last ECLIPSE, in case you are wondering what I'm burbling about. # Dessee--ECLIPSE, posted to me at 2pm on June 24th. That means you typed my name and address on it during your lunch-hour and then dropped it in the post-box. Right, eh? I'm glad you're thinking of me. ((Wrong-- I addressed them all the night before, and then mailed half of them the next noon, and the other half the noon of the 25th.)) ECLIPSE is to my mind the nearest thing yet I have seen to the ideal humorzine. I love that heading of yours to Pilau. Looks as if you've got your feet stuck in the piano. ((PIANO?? That's supposed to be a desk!!)) # Can't help agreeing with you in a lot of things you say in Pilau. The World Con for instande; most English fans are indeed plunking for London as the site for the '56 Con, but as you say, only the fans with money can afford to attend. But it also works vice-versa. No English fen could afford to go to Cleveland.

(continued)

(Sorry as hell to cut your letter to shreds, but I did want to finish the column on that page...)

- - - - -

And so it goes...as we sit in our Swiss chalet, we see all sorts of strange and wonderful sights, which lead us to imagine that fandom is like Bradbury's Illustrated Man. Now, however, we must put down our binoculars and lock up our chalet and go home...the hour is late and morning comes quickly. And as we turn and go, a small rabbit runs across our path, and on his side, we see painted in huge black letters, "The Ink Spots". And indeed it does, if one is so careless as to fail to hold the bottle upright. However, this matters not in the slightest, as we left our brew in the cabin.

As we walk on further, we notice that the road signs are getting clearer than they have been on previous trips. It occurs to us that the models used for the letters must be in better condition.

Yes indeed, friends, we are out of the wilderness again. And as we tiptoe out the front door, we are met by a little man in a long black hood and carrying a scythe, who entreats us to propel our automobile carefully and with great amounts of indulgence toward the asinine acts of our fellow travelers, who seem to take great delight in turning the beautiful highways of our land into a slaughtering pen; lest we too end up statistics, and meet our somber friend on some other plane of existence. Assuring him that we indeed shall take care, we continue on down our way, carefully avoiding a small dog who is going around in circles saying, "Dogdays dogdays dogdays..." Fearing this creature to be rabid, we avoid him with care. We come to the crossroads and find a pileup of six cars, a motorcycle, two trucks and an airplane. In asking a handy patrolman what in the foggy-eyed morning has happened, we find that he was called away from the investigation of a murder, and happened to pass, on his way to the accident, two men arguing over who was which's best friend. He would, he said, be unable to do anything about that, as he had to go investigate a riot in five minutes.

Yes, friends, we are indeed back in civilization...

ECLIPSE

Ray Thompson
410 South 4th Street
Norfolk, Nebraska

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Base