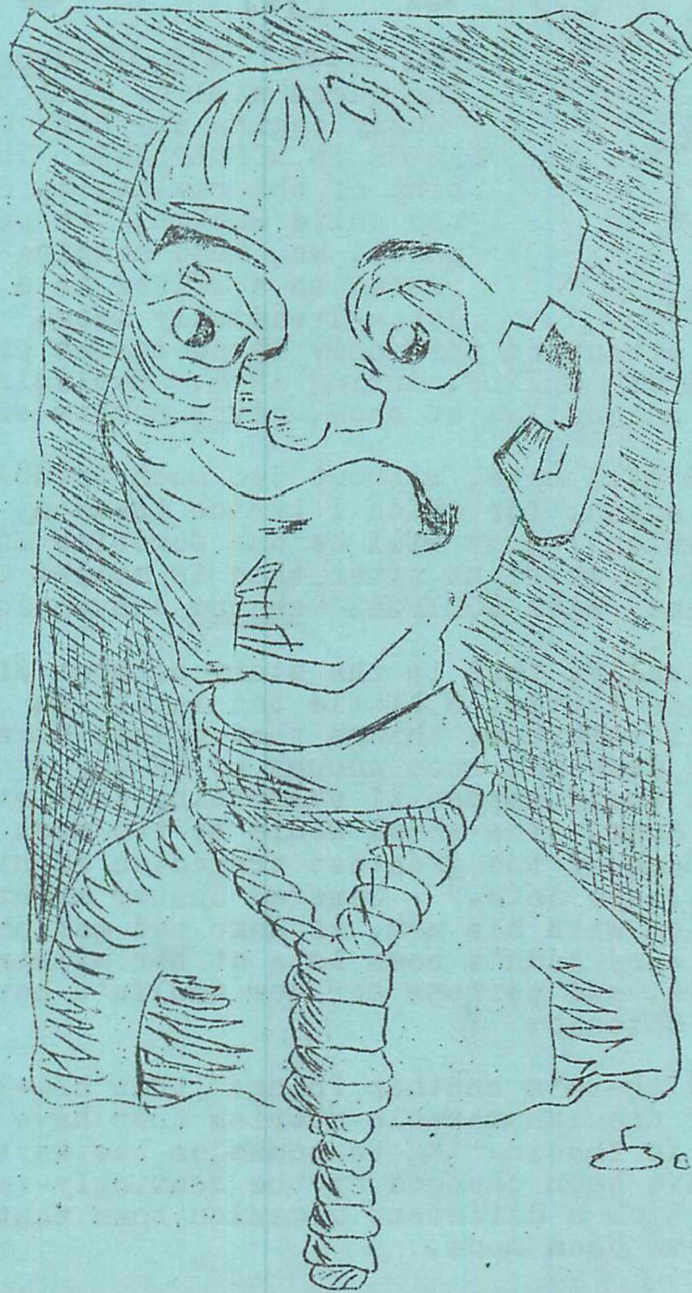


eclipse

NUMBER 17



Boyd

THE PATH OF TOTALITY



"Oh, dear! I'm late! Dreadfully late!
The Queen will be furious!!!"

Thusly begins any hint of abnormality in
*ALICE IN WONDERLAND. Thus also begins any
hint of abnormality in ECLIPSE. For, like
the White Rabbit, the perveyor of the above
quote, we, head hanging and looking embar-
rassed as a WCTUer in a beerhall, are also
late--dreadfully late. It has come to our

belated attention that only three issues prior to this one have
appeared of ECLIPSE, during 1956. Realizing that this error
must be reconciled at once, gives number seventeen.

You will note, without too much trouble, that The Shag is
with us again, for which I thrice thank my lucky stars. Next
issue--which I pray will be out sometime in September; I'm
starting on it right after this is mailed out--he shall again
be present, with ECLIPSES' second convention report.

¾ Actually, that is the story of most of our lives: Just a
little too little, a little too late. We always managg to put
off until tomorrow, things that unless done immediately, will
turn out done not soon enough to do any good. I sometimes won-
der what would happen if everything that everyone promised to
do, got done. The shock would be too much for any of us, I
fear. Some of the greatest tragedies of history were woven a-
round "...too late." General Custer might not have been mass-
acred along with his men, if Reno had gotten there in time. If
Mrs. O'leary hadn't been late at her milking, she'd not have need-
a lantern, and perhaps her cow wouldn't have burned down
half of Chicago.

And there's another thing: that big-little word, "if".
Think of the innumerable stories that have been written around
it. It is fascinating to consider the ways in which history
might have been changed by the seemingly-insignificant moments
during which a different decision than that which came about
could have been made.

Usually, however, we keep sitting in one place, watching
the other guy get the breaks, wondering what happened and not
realizing that we just haven't got the gumption to get to the
right place soon enough...

ECLIPSECLIPSE

VOLUME III
NUMBER III

THE PATH OF TOTALITY 2
eddtorial

ECLIPSE is a sometimes publication, devoted to the furtherance of More Gafia For Fandom, (MGFF) It is edited and published by Ray Thompson, fandom's answer to Howard Hill, who resides at 410 South 4th Stl, Norfolk, Nebraska.

DRAGON'S ISLAND 5
martin graetz

THE TRACK OF THE NORSEMAN 9
fanzine revues

Copies available through one of the following mediums:
Trade, by which you send me one of yours every time you edit, and I send you one of mine everytime I edit. You may contribute--including letters of comment--and get one (1) free copy; you may subscribe at the rate of 6/50¢, and be assured of getting this for at least a year. You may send 10¢ and get one copy, or you may set up a review column and get copies. However you get it, I would appreciate knowing what your impression of it is, so write me, won't you? I'm lonely...

ON TREND--Part II of a ~~document~~ 13
Commentary
wm. deeck

PILAU 17
remarkage by the readers

TERSE VERSE:
bill pearson,
Two Meet in a Glen 16

hank martin
Ode to a Convention 25

Thank you, and remember: Sincerity is the most flattering form of imitation.

@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@

cover by larry bourne
inside art credits:
larry bourne
pp 5, 11, 15;
dave rike
pp 19, 22;
editor
pp 2, 9, 13, 17.

MOVIES--ARE--GETTING--BETTER--THAN--EVER DEPARTMENT:

Although you'd never know it to go by some of the stuff that has appeared recently in the local cinema houses...

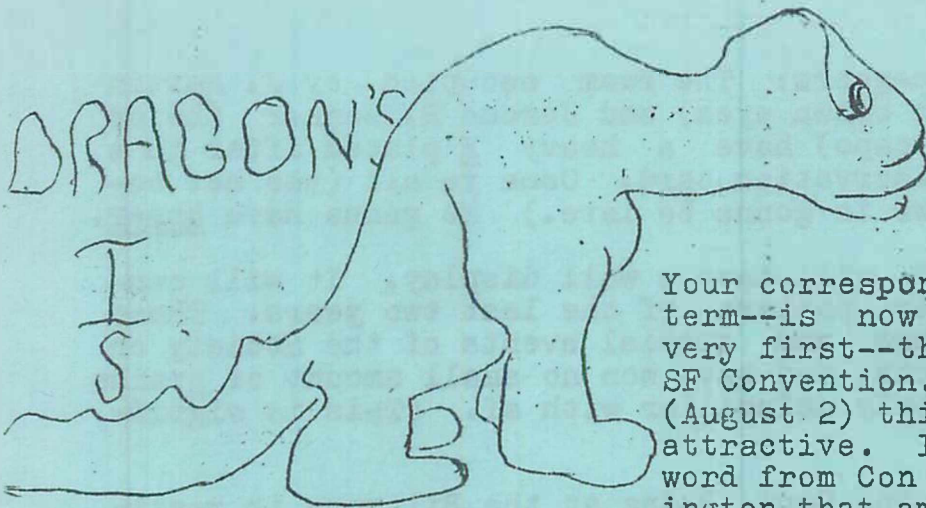
Take the latest Columbia dup, for example. EARTH VS. THE FLYING SAUCERS and THE WOLF MAN. The former was ludicrous and the latter merely pathetic. The saucer film features a vehicle taken practically verbatim from that other horror, THIS ISLAND EARTH; i.e., there is a huge central chamber occupied by nothing more than the hapless victim, and a teevy screen. The pilot & his confreres are forced to occupy the smaller outer rim, which is somewhat like these console radios of not so many years ago; a large cabinet ornate with dials and knobs, with the radio receiver stuck down in one corner of a shelf in back. Hugh Marlowe has the ill luck to be starred in this farce, and does an admirable job in holding forth in a very bad role--brilliant scientist married to general's daughter...real Horatio Alger stuff. So: Scientist, with new bride, driving along road; saucer buzzes car, both say, "What was that!?!?" (When it is fairly obvious to the combined intellect of the theater audience, what it was, the belabored actors are still trying to figure out what happened.) Later, at rocket testing station, saucer lands, spews out armoured men, all defense measures used against saucer, without avail. Armoured men point out arms, men melt ala DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL. Saucer destroys base, and...well, in the limited space available, it would be impossible to denote all the absurdities; suffice it to say that it consists of one cliché after another, topped off with a WAR OF THE WORLDS type ending.

Last week, the local (Omaha) movie reviewer, Glenn Trump, made some remarkage on horror films, taking the old Wolfman character as an example. He stated that it is not satisfactory for a horror character such as the WM, or Dracula, or anyof that ilk, to assume their horrible forms due to some black magic means at their disposal. At the time, I wondered why he had particularly picked the Wolf Man to hold up as a horrible example.

Now I know.

No more can the werewolf wait for a full moon to do his dirty work, during which time a skillful director can at least establish a mood. Now he must go forth on any kind of night, hot or cold, moonlight or ~~no moonlight~~ or even, as we saw, in BROAD DAYLIGHT! Consider: Man in car accident. Mad-scientist type shoots him full of some sort of radiation, which makes him a mew-tant. For the rest of the film, he spends half the time growling and snarling, and scaring people half to death, and the rest of the time going around with a frightened, persecuted look on his own face. Men are killed, a very (supposedly) heart-rending scene involving the hapless werewolf's wife and small boy--which merely nauseated me--and finally the poor thing is trapped in daylight mind you, on a river bridge, where he is ultimately shot to death. With plain bullets. He then changes back.

Lon Chaney, wherefore art thou??



L
A
N
D

MARTIN
GRAETZ

Your correspondent -- I love that term--is now preparing for his very first--that's right, first--SF Convention. From when I sit (August 2) things look extremely attractive. I have just received word from Con Secretary Dick Ellington that among other noteables Al Capp has been obtained for a talk. The committee is also working on Walt Kelly and Phillip Wylie.

By now, most of you probably know that Science Fiction, has, for the first time, been incorporated. If you missed the announcements, it goes something like this:

The Convention Committee, aware of the increasingly large sums of money that passed through their hands, with the consequent agreements to be made and liabilities to be assumed, decided to protect not only the individual members who sign contracts and such, but also the con attendants, and especially future committee members, it would be wise to incorporate the Convention Committee. Thus the various chairmen and officers become the directors and/or witnesses for the corporation. Since the convention moves from place to place, the board of directors (set at three) is subject to change at each annual meeting (convention). The \$2 registration, in effect, buys you into the corporation, and no one is liable for more than he actually has put at stake. Incorporation should also give the future Committees more bargaining power with the Outside World. The first-year directors (until Monday's business meeting): George Nims Raybin, Art Saha (of the original Sci-Fictioneers), and David A. Kyle.

Hail, then, to the World Science Fiction Society, INC!

For the first time since its organization in 1950, the MIT Science Fiction Society (first of its kind) will have a delegation at the con. There are eight members registered (Nos. 247-8, 275-280.) and at least two of us have reservations in.

Be it known to all Con-goers: The room occupied by J. Martin Graetz (he of the soft brown eyes) and Jerome R. Wenker (he of the soft brown guitar capo) have a heavy X placed after the word 'party' on the reservation card. Come ye all (tho not before 11:00 PM or so; we is gonna be late.) We gonna have pheer.

Oh, yes: The SFS will have a wall display. It will contain some of the better posters of the last two years. These have announced meetings and special events of the Society on the Tech bulletin boards, and have won no small amount of praise even by people completely unfamiliar with sf. (This is significant?)

Other details of the Con: Being at the Biltmore is really convenient. You can go right from Grand Central into the hotel just across--or under, if you will--the street. Larry (INFINITY) Shaw has it even better. His offices are just across the street on the other side.

The London Convention Committee has an odd ad in the third Progress Report. Says 'Blog in the Fog.' Must mean something. Inside the back cover is a Westward Ho! type ad for Los Angeles I don't know--it seems futile.

The program, as of the latest ProgReport, looks like so:

First Day (Friday) is check-in, with party/parties in the evening. Saturday is registration, and first session is at one o'clock. Costyume ((sic)) party Saturday night, of course, with all sorts odd-type entertainment. Ye Dragon has no ideas at the moment, but he might come as a Martin Slide Rule.

They say there's to be a boat ride around Manhattan Sunday morning. If things go the way they usually go on a Saturday night at a weekend convention, there won't be much of a Sunday morning for most. Be lucky if I--THEY--make it to the start of the auction in the afternoon.

Then, Sunday night, comes Arthur C. Clarke time, with awards and such, at the monster banquet. Monday is Official Business Day, where London gets voted for 1957, and the new directors are elected. Then everything slows down to a stop, tho this will probably take a while, if other (non-sf) cons I have attended are any indication.

It looks like a real bang-up weekend.

Elsewhere, as they say, in the World Jones might just as well have made: The latest INFINITY (October, 1956) has a--well --striking cover. It's the first nude I've seen on a digest-size magazine (not counting some of the Hannes Bok fantasies on

early OW's), and, taken as a whole, the painting--by Ed Emsh-- is quite good. It illustrates a scene from one of the most intriguing tiger-by-the-tail stories I've read in a real long time. It's--hang on, Ray--"The Silver Corridor" by Harlan, of all people, Ellison. Ah, well.

Also of note is Bob Bloch's article in the September F&SF. Reading it, I recalled to mind the immortal line (which was by ye edde the last I heard it): "It is a proud and lonely thing to be a fan."

I spare no one. Here, for the first time in nearly two years, are my personal ratings of the current magazine field. Don't ask me to prove anything; it's just my particular tastes.

I'll lead with my chin right off by saying that Campbell's ASF is still the best sf magazine extant. The stories are always literate, never dull (even when he gets onto a one-track kick like psionic machines), and just when you think he's jamming the magazine with material he takes too seriously, he tosses in one of those little Eric Frank Russell gems like August's "Top Secret." This usually serves to turn everything around.

The least of ASTOUNDING is Brass Tacks, where John is a ~~little~~ title too tight-fisted.

So, ASF first.

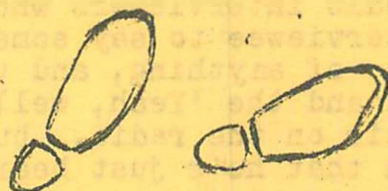
On a purely literary level, the Magazine of Fantasy and Sci--oh, what the hell. We of the MIT SF Society have rechristened Boucher's zine "William", and I will henceforth refer to it as such. If you want the reason, ask. Like I said, William is just as good as ASF, except for the sameness which has crept into the fantasy stories. William second.

Call me a conventionalist, but GALAXY goes third. Before anyone throws stones, let me state that this is solely on the basis of the August and September issues. Quality, especially in the longer stories, has risen remarkably. I hope it sticks. Gold's Folly was terrible last year.

Close behind are two magazines which are new, each in its own way. INFINITY, of course, is an altogether brand-new magazine, and its editor, Larry Shaw, is a perceptive and literate man. Except for a rather dull third issue, I have always been at least entertained by the stories Shaw picks.

The other one is Lowndes' ORIGINAL SF. Here is a nearly venerable title that underwent a face-lift last year, and came out spanking new, both in appearance and in quality. Lowndes presents the most consistently entertaining fact-articles in the field. The biggest complaint I have, is that the material is often rough-edged, which is unusual for an editor so long in the business.

The Track of the NORSEMAN



In which, as time progresses, we find that several strange things occur. The first of these is what we still find ourselves on the same old trail at all; but then, on considering, we decide that this trail is no worse than several of the other trails between positions. And, after reaching the number five position, we find ourselves too weak to lift the recurve, there is always the chance that one of our shooting partners has had the memory to bring along a swallow of water, even considering that the effort involved is prohibitive. We are about to comment on this to that worthy, when a small animal of some sort scurries across the cowpath we are following. Smothering a curse, our companion transfixes it with a quivering shaft; and, when we remove the cedar missile from the animal's body, we find that it has pierced a small piece of paper, on which, in large black letters, are written the words, "When searching for arrows around the target, lean the bow against the butt." Pondering on this egge bit of advice, and remembering the sad fate of One Thumb Brophy, we all nod our heads sagely. By this time we have all four arrived at the next position, and upon discovering that the team ahead of us has moved on, we begin shooting. Oddly enough, the first target bears an odd resemblance to certain other targets which we have dealt with in the past. Considering this coincidence, we are not surprised when, upon being hit, it starts bleeding mimeograph ink...

TACITUM #7 Benny Sodek, 1415 South Marsalis Avenue, Dallas 18, Texas. No price--uh, wait--10¢/1, or 25¢/3. Printed on various colored Masterweave, it presents, to say the least, a varied appearance. It leaves me cold. The Silent One Speaks is the editorial/fmzcolumn/etc., and is a very gummed-up affair, varying from readable to not-so. Mike Chandler tries what I assume to be a column and meets with a moderate amount of success, un-

until he becomes entangled in a discussion of interlineations, which, through some mechanical failure of the mimeograph that printed it, is unreadable. Mike, in the interesting part of his column, discusses whether or not fandom really IS a way of life, which is a little like arguing that Religion is All to a scientist. The two opponents can talk all day, and not convince each other of a thing. And Master Chandler does an enviable job of treading a middle-of-the-road track, supporting neither argument, and arriving at no conclusion.

INTERVIEW WITH A FAN is interesting, mainly because it catches the style of certain radio interviewers who stammer and stutter trying to get their interviewee to say something, because they themselves can't think of anything, and vice-versa. The 'Uh-huh' and the 'well-uh', and the 'Yeah, well...' can fill a great amount of white air on the radio, but it leaves one with the definite impression that he's just heard a conversation between a group of illiterate apes.

Ray Shaeffer makes a valiant stab at a Noah McCloed type review of The Paradox Men, and fall flat on his popo.

A letter column rounds out what appears to be a magazine of rather unfinished ideas. There are loose threads hanging all over the place, but the attempt to tie them all up results in fascinating labor...

SAPSYCHE Bob Peatrowsky, Box 634, Norfolk, Nebraska. No price listed. Nominally and completely, a Sapszine. In one of his infrequent forays into fandom in general and SAPS in particular M. Peatrowsky barely manages to squeeze through with his required six pages. Arguing many things throughout, we find that the noble Robert has come under the spell of that curse to fandom called archery. I speak from a certain modicum of experience when I say that, as a killer of fannishness, archery is much worse than gafia, or anything else. I too have been wandering Tarzan-like, over hill and dale in pursiut of the Noble Gold, as we archers say...while the deadline for EEK 17 sits here staring at me in mute admonition... Ahwell--if it's possible to at all get this without being in Saps, try one. They're interesting, if only as an indication of the potentialities in one who goes on for six pages without getting boring...

INNUENDO: Terry Carr and Dave Rike, 134 Cambridge street, San Francisco 24, and Box 203, Rodeo, California, respectively. At long last, the long-awaited INNUENDO has arrived. The new fanzine from Carr. And to say that I'm disappointed, is putting it mildly. The physical appearance of the magazine is none too good to begin with, and half-way through, it falls apart entirely. From page twenty on, in my copy, something happened--I suspect a leak in the fluid feeding mechanism--and the resulting mess is completely impossible to read. What is left consists of a fairly readable account of something by Leeh Shaw which

must be read to be truly appreciated. Suffice it to say that it is quite unlike anything else of its nature which is now appearing. It is as if in answer to a query I made of fandom at large, to the effect that what did Leeh have that made fandom regard her fanzine as absolutely tops. I know now.



Terry Carr writes an article, saying, "All Right, Johan, Drop That Mirror." In effect, he enjoins all us fans to stop writing for our own fanzines and write for somebody's else. I ask you, Sir Carr, if we all write for somebody else, who then is going to do the publishing that is necessary before all this forthcoming deathless prose can see light of postage? You mention the fact that the reason there's so much crud in fandom is because the editors don't edit. How can they if all they've got to work with is a mess of crud sent by someone who, though writing for another fanzine, is still just a hack? Improvement in fandom is not just a case of writing for someone else's magazine besides yours:

The ability must be there, or else fandom is just reading your crud in another fanzine. Sixth fandom just had a better class of writing talent; it's as simple as that. Leeh's article in this very magazine proves that. She is successful at something most fans are merely trying to imitate, and failing miserably at.

UMBRA: July, no. 14 Monthly 1/10¢; 3/25¢; 6/50¢. John Hitchcock, 300 E. University parkway, Baltimore 18, Md.

Mr. Hitchcock--I try to write that name as much as possible; it is a fascinating study in expert typing technique--has returned to a dittoed format, which, although the mimeoed issue was nice seems somehow so much more friendly. Sure, it's silly, but a mimeoed Um seems so antiseptic. I somehow feel that fandom is partially recovering. Noah McLoed is back reviewing books in the same old bored-intellectual form, making us all feel a bit more intelligent because we can understand him after all...

There are more highly intellegent articles by Lapry Stark and reviews of several things by Hitchcock, along with a letter section. An overall impression is that while the material is very good, the authors become too engrossed in the stature of their verbosity to be readily understood completely, without more than two or three readings.

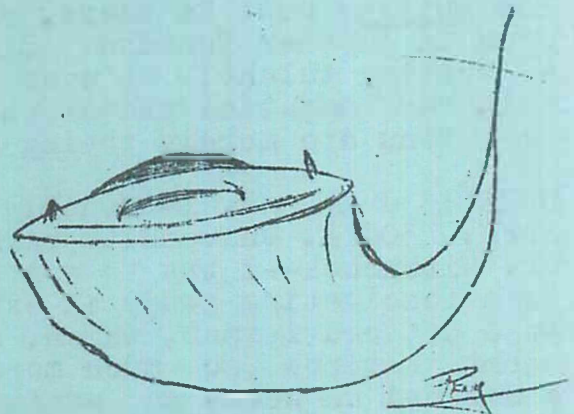
QUBAL 2 Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place NE, Minneapolis 21, Minnesota. As different from day as is night, is QUBAL from the afore-reviewed UMBRA; for while the former is a serious attempt at enlightened discussion, the latter is a merry melange of punnery transcribed from conversation between Boggs, Eney, Janke and Grennell. For instance, the cover starts it off,

and the barrage doesn't let up until the last page. I sat here looking at the cover, a picture of Boggs, Eney and Janke, at a typewriter, which is surrounded by Assorted Mimed Supplies, Soft (!) drinks, Etc. Various-shaped bottles contain Blog, Cherries Still More Blog, Co'fluid, Coffsyrupe, and a receptacle resembling those things they used to have in hotel rooms, on the washstand by the pan, which is labeled Dorian Gray. I considered this blast at some length, trying to perceive the significance of it, howe'er, without success. Shrugging doubtfully, I turned to the first page, and was just about halfway down it, when the aforementioned significance hit me like a runaway express train. This was the Pitcher of Dorian Gray!

Oog.

I don't know if this is available any longer; if it is, get one. If not, and you haven't one, you've just missed out on punster heaven. As a bythought, Quabal points out the error in the statement that self-written fanzines are no good.

FAPA BOOZE: Bob Tucker, Box 702, Bloomington Illinois. Fapa by the Hiding Man, the Robert Bloch of the Movie Projector. Discusses all and sundry manner of things, making it the ideal apazine, which is a far cry from something like Peatrowsky's SAPSYCHE, which, although he rambles interestingly enough, is just a mailing review. For instance, Tucker regales us with tales of his recent retreat to the life of a Country Gentleman, one of those people of whom Albert Payson Terhune used to speak so disparagingly. Which brings to mind the thought that, with everyone moving to the suburbs, what happens when they get too crowded. Does everybody then start moving back to the uncrowded city? But this whole thing worries me--Tucker is just a few steps shy of hermitage, now...There is commentary on a recent addition to FAPA, called HEATHEN. Mr. Tucker displays a startling talent for puncturing the 'stuffed shirt' in the most seemingly painful places. This is a talent which I enjoy seeing displayed, for it assures me that not all of humanity has descended to the utmost nadir of taking itself seriously. And BOOZE certainly doesn't; if you would like to see ten or so pages of the most downright pleasurable writing--which, corny as it may sound, is the truth!--I would certainly recommend attempting to procure Tucker.



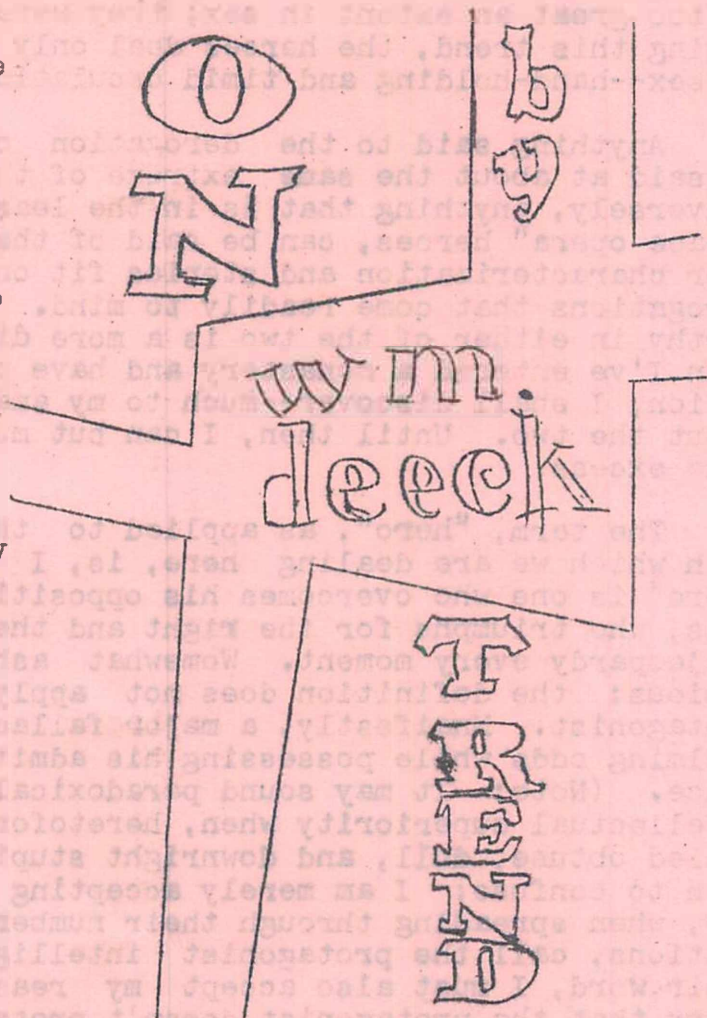
((Which, due to the fact that we are somewhat late, should do it for now. A short column, withal, but look for us again in a couple or so weeks--say a month, to be sure. I feel sure that future columns will be a bit more up to date...))

The state of comparative literature is static. It spins not, neither does it toil. For many years it has kept its same placid and usually dreary form. With its static condition, it has done fairly well--at least it has existed and made money quite a goodly length of time.

Today, science fiction is in the midst of an upheaval, the likes of which it has never seen and, manifestly, would never like to see again. Science fiction, since it deals in extrapolation and progression of science, must therefore itself progress. But such is not the case at the present time.

On looking over the field we see an appalling number of magazines devoting themselves to "the glorious days of yesterday", when men were men and science fiction was puerile to an extreme. Certainly this is not a healthy sign. Retrogression is never salutary to anything--be it society or literature. Whenever retrogression sets in, wise men begin ducking and demanding exportation. And that, I fear, is what is about to happen in science fiction. Its wise men--even now all too few--are beginning to get an inkling of the deluge, and will flee to avoid the inundation which will be sure to follow. Of course, it is true you can stop the mass exodus; but since when did stopping the rats from leaving prevent the ship from sinking?

The main imbecility being spread far and wide (and most sickeningly) is that the dreary tales of twenty years ago are adequate fare for the reader of today. The fallacy of



this is readily discernible; along with the maturation of science fiction, the fans have matured--or at least, most have. Thus, it is palpable idiocy to revert to the immature novels and stories produced in the earlier age. Take all the maturity of those stories and pack the usual hero's brain with it; if you do, you will find you have a slight overflow--which is no unusual thing, for the brains of those stalwart heroes were so minute that only the most discerning could notice them.

A quite adequate comparison can be drawn between the old science fiction--they said 'science', not me!--and the Bobbsey twins. The Bobbsey Twins, wonderful little urchins that they were, were charmingly naive. Any hero of any "space opera" has the same advantage--the only appreciable difference is that theirs is carried to a greater extent. Their author gave the twins a certain precocity; as six year olds, they possessed the mental development of ten year old children. Being benevolent souls, the authors of "space opera" give their heroes a negative precocity--they, too, have the minds of ten year olds. Having a certain sense of propriety, the Twins did not dabble to too great an extent in sex; they were much too young. Following this trend, the heroes deal only with the preliminaries of sex--hand-holding and timid osculation.

Anything said to the derogation of the Bobbsey Twins can be said at about the same extreme of the "space opera" heroes. Conversely, anything that is in the least bit good about the "space opera" heroes, can be said of the darling little Twins. Poor characterization and stories fit only for children are two derogations that come readily to mind. Finding something praise worthy in either of the two is a more difficult task. Perhaps when I've entered a monastery and have plenty of time for meditation, I shall discover--much to my amazement--something good about the two. Until then, I can but mumble; Nothing succeeds like excess.

The term, "hero", as applied to the type of protagonist with which we are dealing here, is, I feel, a misnomer. A "hero" is one who overcomes his opposition in the face of great odds, who triumphs for the right and the just when his life is in jeopardy every moment. Womewhat ashamedly, I point out the obvious: the definition does not apply to the "space opera" protagonist. Manifestly, a major fallacy is that he faces overwhelming odds while possessing his admittedly superior intelligence. (Note: It may sound paradoxical to assert the "hero's" intellectual superiority when, heretofore, he has generally been called obtuse, dull, and downright stupid. It is not my intention to confuse; I am merely accepting the word of the authors who, when spreading through their numerous cardboard characterizations, call the protagonist intelligent. While accepting their word, I must also accept my reasoning when I see in the story that the protagonist doesn't pretend to use his "abundant" intelligence, through oversight or neglect. Consequently, you may draw your own conclusions.) Against a grain that the "hero"

is purported to have--a brain of monstrous proportions--nothing could stand. Again, it is evident that there is no doubt of the eventual outcome. The protagonist must triumph; and if that's battling odds, I'll go back to sermons.

"But," say the proponents of the "story of wonder", "After all, there is action in the story. It's not like the sociological story. Our hero jumps around, fights, and talks back to people. I mean, you don't have that in the sociological story. I mean, some of its protagonists are almost real--like you and me, I mean."

Yes, action they have; but action which is predictable. The reader who, on reading such a tale, cannot tell what is going to happen to the hero in any given time, is not only an imbecile, but the mystery of the age, for ever having the ability to read. All action in the "space opera" follows the same pattern, hardly ever veering--and in veering, the action is still predictable.

It may be, in the minds of the readers of AMAZING, MADGE, OW, and FANTASTIC, that the detractors of the magazines and of the type of stories that they carry, are suffering from a severe type of amentia. They will argue quite correctly that such stories were vastly popular some twenty years ago, and that it is only the new readers who have grown up with the "realistic" story, who are complaining. What they are unable, or unwilling, to face, is that such reasoning can lead to its own self-destruction. Taking their major premise--without ANY distortion--we can contend that we should all go back to the books of sermon, and the hell-and-brimstone type religion. Why not? There certainly were quite a few people who enjoyed such things, strange as it may seem, and the books were popular. If they enjoyed it, why can't we? After all--it is tried and true; and if there must be no new things in the conservative science fiction, why should there be new things at all?

There is too much of an emphasis on action, on doing things. A certain amount of vicarious pleasure is good, but along with the pleasure and excitement, a little thought would not be superfluous.

--WmDeeck



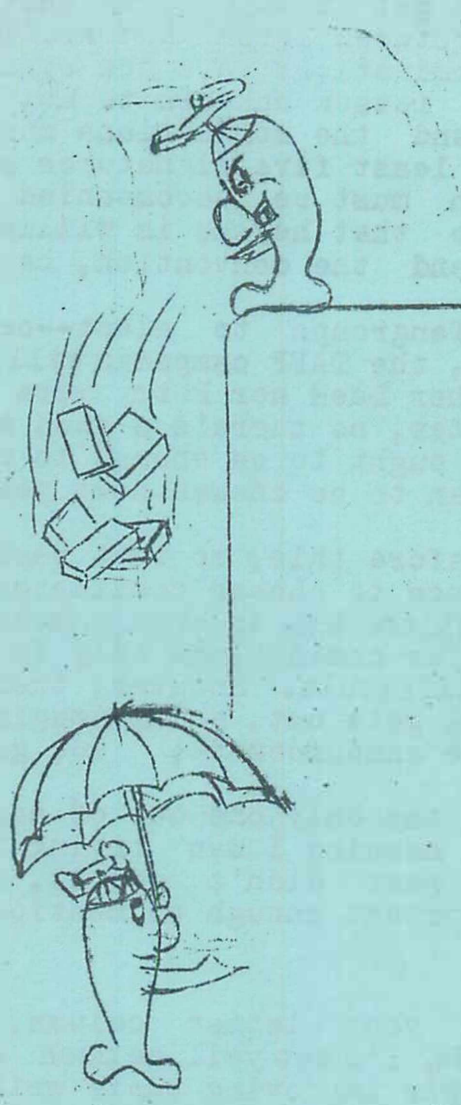
"Sir," said the former, in utter relapse,
"My troubles are sincere...
Animals speak to me constantly;
Insanity, I fear.
What can be this evil curse?
Tell me, friend! Now--lest it grow worse!"

The other had sat,
Not seeming to hear.
Then sadly and slowly
With a bit of a sneer,
The latter gave the former a fatherly pat,
Saying, "I wish I could answer that..."

But you know damn well we moles can't talk!"

TWO MEET IN A GLEN

Bill Pearson



RELAY

There is a saying to the effect that all things are relative. Just exactly what the relation there is, has never been determined. However, that is the least of our worries, for, on the other side of the cage wall, there are creatures of the night, among which, unarmed, it is not safe to venture. So, it is probably best that we take broadhead in hand, and meet these creatures on even, as it were, ground. Opening the door, we duck a flang missile and find, staring us in the face, the muzzle of a 10-inch bombardment cannon. Going down before these admittedly greater odds, we find little consolation in the fact that there is no defense against such unfeasible tactics. Previous to this, however, there are:

G.M. Carr
5319 Ballard Avenue
Seattle 7, Washington

Enjoyed Terry's "Face Critturs"; "The Track of the Norseman" emphasizes to me how far out of touch I've drifted-- half the fanzines listed are ish's I

haven't seen. I don't read AMAZING so I can't judge whether or not Wm Deek's article is sense or nonsense. I think he could have spent more thought on it, though, because the ideas seem rather fuzzy. As though he isn't sure whether he's discussing science fiction, literature in general, or the psychology of loyalty. I didn't quite see the point of your editorial, assuming that you intended some moral to your tale. Why should the neighbors force a guy to put up with a bickering, sponging relative who spent all his time roaming around and then expects

his brother to house him? I don't get it ..(Come to think of it, it sounds like what's going on between Israel and Arabia.) By the way, have you heard that nominations are now open for TAFF for September 1957. For some reason unknown to me, the nominations close September 1956, and the nominations must be bonafide group nominations with at least five signatures and a \$5 deposit. Also, each nomination must be accompanied by a signed statement from the candidate that he/she is willing to accept the nomination and will attend the convention, barring unforeseen circumstances.

With such a short time for all the fangroups to elect--or appoint a nominee before the deadline, the TAFF campaign will need all the publicity it can get. Neither LeeH nor Forry were able to make it to London this past Easter, so there's a good kitty in the fund to begin with and there ought to be enough to cover the entire expenses for the lucky fan to be chosen next year.

((I had hoped to get EEK out before this, so that readers would have more of a chance to choose candidates; however, due to my latest gaffiation, EEK is over a month late, and with the deadline for nominations only four weeks off, it makes it rather difficult. However, there will still be time, after EEK gets out, and I imagine other fanzines have carried the announcement; so, get with it, people.

Congratulations, Gem, on being the only one out of some 110 readers who mentioned the meaning I was trying to work into the editorial. The rest didn't get it, or else didn't consider it important enough to mention))

Ron Ellik
277 Pomona Avenue
Long Beach 2, California

In PILAU, your letter column, you say 'Claude, I'd not yell so much about other people improving their writing, when it's well known that you're fandom's outstanding producer of crud.'

- a) If you would like to claim that you have never read TACITUM, I will only believe that you are lying.
- b) If, on top of this, you have not heard the many repercussions about fandom from my challenge, I will accept this as sheer idiocy.

To conclude, I would like to state that my challenge to Hall still stands, and I refuse to let him be acknowledged as fandom's outstanding producer of crud until he either answers, or admits that he is afraid of me.

Since Beany Sodek, editor of TACITUM, refuses to publish another issue, you might be interested in taking his place in this feud. If you would care to print the above and following, I will be glad to renew my challenge in ECLIPSE.

I, Ron Ellik, hereby challenge Claude Hall to a duel. As I stand an honest fan before Roscoe, I can produce more and worse crud than he. I ask only justice; I want Hall to start writing immediately upon publication of his acceptance, and try to beat me in a decent interval, say three months, to be decided finally by the judge--you. Prizes, as stated earlier, are the first

issue of STAR ROCKETS and the first issue of HA! If I win, I expect at least equal prizes from him; say, the first issue of MUZZY.

My glove, sir. Sirs.

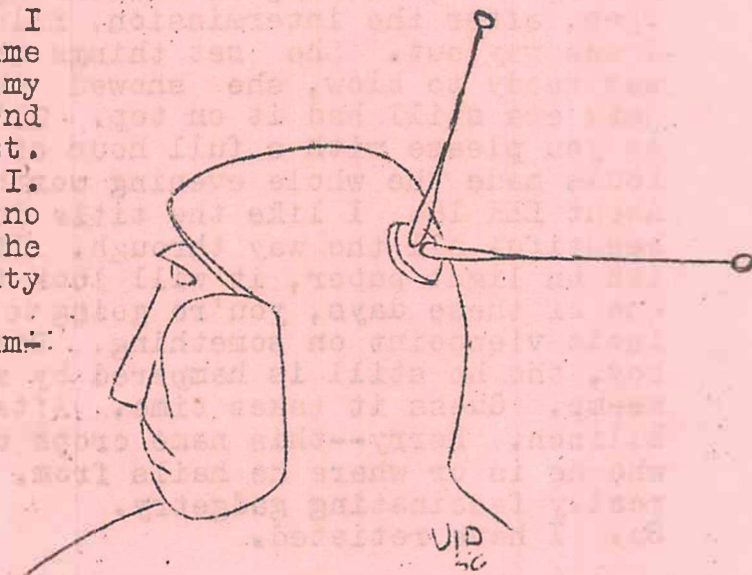
Anyway, I have become thoroughly convinced that Claude Hall is Chicken. If ECLIPSE were not a family magazine, I would say he was Something Else. As it is, we will let the first claim stand. His refusal to answer me in a letter to Sodek or in MUZZY is evidence of this.

Mind you, I haven't even begun to prepare for this contest of ignorance. I am so confident that I will beat Hall, that I am even going to restrict myself to typing with one hand, and I won't start until I see the acceptance of Hall published. I am that confident. Next time you see Hall you may thumb my nose at him forme. I will send my nose to you by parcel post. Queensbury rules, of course. I. e., no typing below the belt, no cribbing, original mss. all the way, and no sex or obscenity allowed.

On the other hand, this may limit it Hall horribly...

((En Garde, Gentlemen.))

Richard Novak
18302 Cowing Court
Homewood, Illinois



Just got through reading ECLIPSE 16, and it strikes me that your mag needs something that no magazine--fanzine or pro--can be without--fiction. I read that thing upside down, backwards, and sideways, and not one bit of fiction did I find. Lots of interesting reviews, articles, drawings, but fiction? Naw!! Speaking of artwork, what was that blob on the cover--A Martian Stynx? ((You no like?)) One more thing--after reading each page closely, I find that you can't type any better than I can! Seriously, tho, you have a great mag, and I really did enjoy most of it, especially Berry's FANAC. Still more--I hope you aren't going to have any more articles like about the two brothers in your editorial. PHEW!

((The editorial made you think enough to dislike it, didn't it? So what are you complaining about...?))

J. Martin Graetz
2 Thomas Park
Cambridge 38k Mass.

It is an extremely sheepish and contrite Graetz that comes thy way. After I left MIT, I thought things would ease off. Everything else equalized itself, but for some reason, I have yet to discover, I gafiated with a vengeance for about five months, without telling anyone. So I deserved what I got, though you sorely didn't. Me and my smug assurance that you would yell for the column when the next EEK was due. I'm sorry I fouled

you up.

Be that as it may, I have now returned. If you don't want DI anymore, I can hardly say that I blame you. I've got one finished, however, and another in the works. The finished one will be for the late Fall EEK. The one in the works is a sort of pre-con article you will get by the middle of next week. ((Which never arrived, either.))

I took in one night of the Newport jazz festival a couple of weeks ago. Friday night was K. and JJ, Dave Brubeck, Ella Fitzgerald and Satchmo. I and the other two cats were way in the back, and it was cold. I thought for a while that this was the reason I wasn't sent by the cool-school playing in the first half. Sure, Brubeck was a good technician, and K and JJ were in top form, but I just couldn't get with it.

Then, after the intermission, Ella came on. From then on, dad, I was way out. She set things whirling, and by the time Louis was ready to blow, she showed that the old-timers of the hot jazz era still had it on top. Ol' Satch wrapped it all up neat as you please with a full hour of hot and cool blowing. Ella & Louis made the whole evening worth it.

About EEK 16. I like the title logo very very much. Mimeo was beautiful all the way through. If you could do this again next ish on light paper, it will look fine indeed. Your editorial.. One of these days, you're going to come down with a happy, optimistic viewpoint on something. Deeck--Glimmers of hope for the boy, tho he still is hampered by a lack of years behind him, it seems. Guess it takes time. After all, look what happened to Ellison. Berry--this name crops up frequently, but I don't know who he is or where he hails from. I like H. Fanac, tho. Some really fascinating gadgetry.

So. I have retiated.

((John Berry is a member of Irish Fandom. Most of his better appearances have been in English fanzines, and, of course, in HYBHEN.

Speaking of old-time hot jazz, I just landed a Brunswick, "LAND OF DIXIE" on LP. Pee Wee Erwin and the band are the artists. The thing was recorded onstage at Fort Monmouth, NJ. Features Erwin on trumpet, Bill Maxted among the piano, Kenny John on drums, Sal Pace clarinet, Andy Russo on trombone, and Jack Fay near the bass. A real gem. Don't miss it if you possibly can. As for Brubeck, he leaves me cold, absolutely cold. I do have a number of his pressings, but they've been gathering dust in the corner for the last year or two. I much prefer Dixie--at least it doesn't meander like Brubeck...))

Kent Moomaw
6705 Bramble Avenue
Cincinnati, 27 Ohio

You question whether or not material like THE SHADOW belongs in

GRUE, and yet take a look at your editorial. I suppose fanzines are the place for sermons on brotherly love and traffic deaths, eh?. Nothing is 100% fool-proof, especailly when the fool is a human bean. No matter how many safety devices are stuck into the new cars, there will continue to be traffic fatalities, and a cure for human carelessness will forseebably, not come out of anything short of brainwashing. Men in Sherman tanks would pile into each other just as easily as men in Fords and Chevvy's if there were as many of them on the roads, and there's not a thing you, Bishop Sheen, President Eisenhower, or anyone else, can do about it. You want people to quit clogging the roads? Great Ghu, man, why was the car invented???

((I sometimes wonder.))
I lost Deeck's train of thought somewhere along about the middle of the article. He began talking about the "sense of wonder", but ended with a psychoanalysis of characters in Preferred Risk and other stories, which made for a very disjointed three pages. Is this the second installment of a regular column by Deeck? Admittedly the trend toward stupid-character-who-thinks-his-government-is-All-then-learns-it-isn't-from-babe-who-is-member-of-underground protagonists such as those in the stories of Orwell, Bohl and McCann is a silly one. I think that even Gold is getting away from that kind of thing now, tho the new Bester novel, "The Stars My Destination", which Gold pirated from Boucher and plans to start in October, may introduce us to one of those delightful fellows all over again.

Fanzine reviews are still good, except, what kind of review is this sentence or two on the Benford twins' VOID, tho? I should think any fanzine deserves more mention than that, as the space you gave to FOR BEMS ONLY shows. I would also beg to differ with you on Ed Cox's How High The Moon, in OBLIQUE#6. You say that the ending was a letdown, but I would simply like to ask you how else it could have been written. If the guy had gone on into sapce, it would have been trite beyond words, requiring another gimmick altogether, and probably a few hundred words added length. As it is, the story has tremendous impact, and has a good idea behind it, also.

Horizontal Fanac was tremendous. Berry is rapidly becoming one of my favorite fanwriters; I am constantly amazed by his extreme prolificness, as he probably appears in as many fanzines currently as Bloch himself, and writes equally as well sercon as gut-busting humor. By all means, encourage him to send more material your way.

((That's all very well to consider Cox's MOON great. I do not. If it could not have been ended any other way without seeming trite, then the basic premise was trite, and the story need not have been written at all. After all, if a man strives all his life to attain a goal, just when the goal is finally within sight, he isn't going to suddenly say, "Ah, the hell with it," and turn away, unless he's awfully foolish to begin with, which is the theory I'm forced to form about Cox's character.))

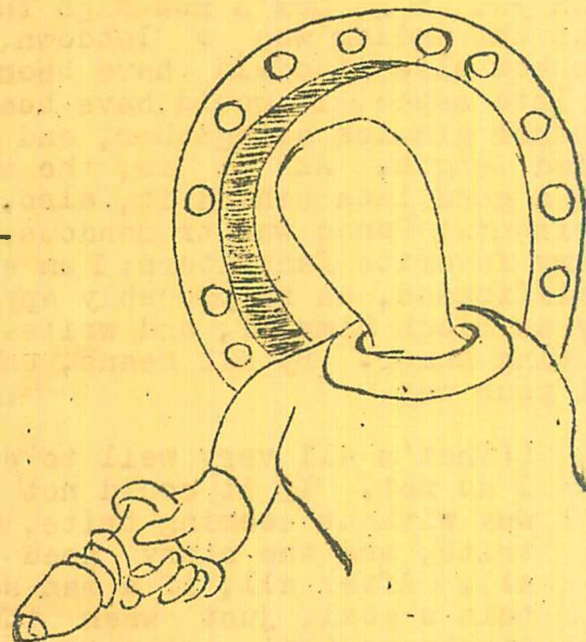
John Hitchcock
300 E. University Pkwy.
Baltimore 18, Md.

I've often wondered, too, how people keep from having more accidents on the road. Traffic is simply heavy here in Baltimore -- where we

have the New England/New York to Washington/South all channelled through this city--and Maryland drivers are particularly noted for erratic driving. Although the empty-headed female motorist of H. L. Mencken is far from absent, dammit. But whenever a Marylander sees an Ohio tag or a New York tag, he, being a pedestrian, leaves some distance between himself and the curb. And the local motorist must be ever alert for Ohio and NY drivers. Why Ohio and NY I don't for the life of me know, but somehow, those two states produce drivers who consider it their duty to take advantage of every opening, who have amazing brains that calculate like an IBM cell just how far they can go without getting a scratch on their magnificent chariots. Albany drivers are even worse than New York City drivers, possibly because traffic is lighter upstate than in the metropolis, and they can do more daring automotive derring-do. It's a frightening experience driving into--yes, into--the jammed highways outside Albany with a native driver, as I have. And that's in the summer. Ghod, what happens when there's a foot of ice on the highways? I guess the drivers there have IBM cells that adjust to weather conditions too, because New York State keeps sending down more and more representatives down here to the Capitol. The Ohio driver is a legend in Pittsburgh. It'd seem, as PHG is the closest to Ohio you can get and still be in a big non-Ohioan city, that they are well acquainted with the antics of the "scientific driver" on the irregular mountain roads of the city. Pittsburghers seem unanimous in flinching when Ohio drivers swoop around them on Baltimore street corners.

But what produces this sorry effect? Not keeping your mind on the road? Hardly. I'd say these people are all drivers who pay too much attention to their driving. People who keep their minds habitually on the road, so that they look for close clearings in traffic, and weave back and forth thru traffic lanes, are also dangerous. For there are many more drivers who don't. Especially in, say, unenlightened Baltimore, where a driver is accustomed to cer-

tain basic driving habits on the part of the other fellow. (Naturally, you can never remain unalert in driving, no matter where you live, but our drivers don't make piloting an auto a business in which the shortest cut must be taken.) Even a little bit--we don't go into fits when someone with that orange and yellow tag cuts out in front of us unexpectedly, of course, but there is a



Little psychological damage done--will get on a local driver's nerves, making him potentially a little more dangerous himself.

((There, it seems, is the crux of the whole ugly situation. Normally intelligent, respectable people, when they get behind the wheel of an automobile, somehow experience a complete change in character, making them wary of everyone else driving a car. It reminds me of descriptions I've read of certain Near-eastern countries, where you must be on the lookout for danger, every minute. And thus, when a man gets into a driver's seat of his auto, you get the impression that he's continually looking for the guy that's going to ram him. It amounts to a huge persecution complex. And what driver won't get tense and nervous under those conditions?)

Ray Schaffer, Jr.
4541 Third Street, NW
Canton, Ohio

Upon scanning number 15, I notice Kent Moomaw's letter wherein he states that I am the biggest warmonger in fandom today. Well, of ALL the--*ME, a warmonger! I certainly enjoy a dastardly little feud now and then, but---fisticuffs; Never! After all, debate is the nectar of life, and without it, life would be exceeding dull. Sure I like to argue upon touchy subjects--and who doesn't??--but I never support a point, topic or belief merely for the sake of having something to argue about. If I believe in something, I'LL FIGHT. But to dream up a cockeyed argument merely to make me or the other fellow--or both--look like an ass--never. (Say, you wouldn't by chance have any pro or con opinions about bikinis or Anita Ekberg, would you? If not, then there surely must be some fans around somewhere who have some opinions. Damn, I'm hard up for material.)

((Gee, maw--just like the United Nations!))

Jerry Green
482 East 20th Street
Hialeah, Florida

Ray, is it necessary that you use the dull red paper. I'm not sure why, but I just don't like it. # Last pages were hurræed? Don't look like it. # K keep connecting your little editorial tale with Clod and again I'm not quite sure why. The little man who pedals up on top seems to have taken a day off, and nothing is registering. # I think old man Deeck is being much too hard on our poor SF herp. He doesn't know as much about Man and the fumbling way he thinks, as he imagines he does. Of course, it's just as wrong to say that our dear stupid hero is going to See The Light 99.9% of the time, as it is to say that he is never going to.

ODE TO A CONVENTION

My, diddle diddle, the fat's in the kettle;
The sow's jumped over the coon.
The little hog's daft, (The pucey sort!)
And the dishpan's away with the rune.

Be joyful and be glad!
We'll drive the neighbors mad!!
But now we'd better stop;
For someone's called a cop.

Sing falafalalafala
Falalafalalafala!

Whoops! LALA!!

Hank Martin '56

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