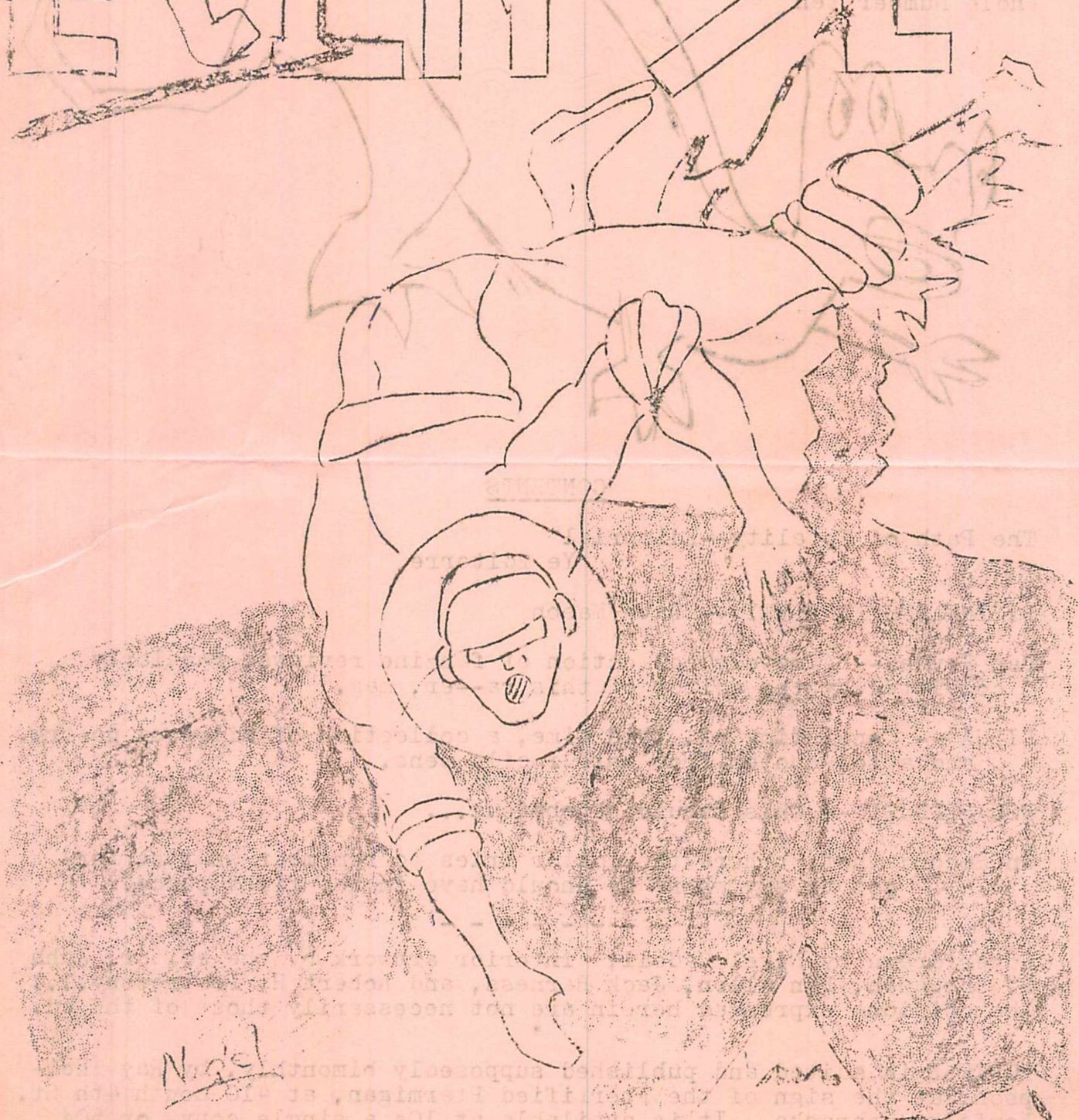


# ECLIPSE



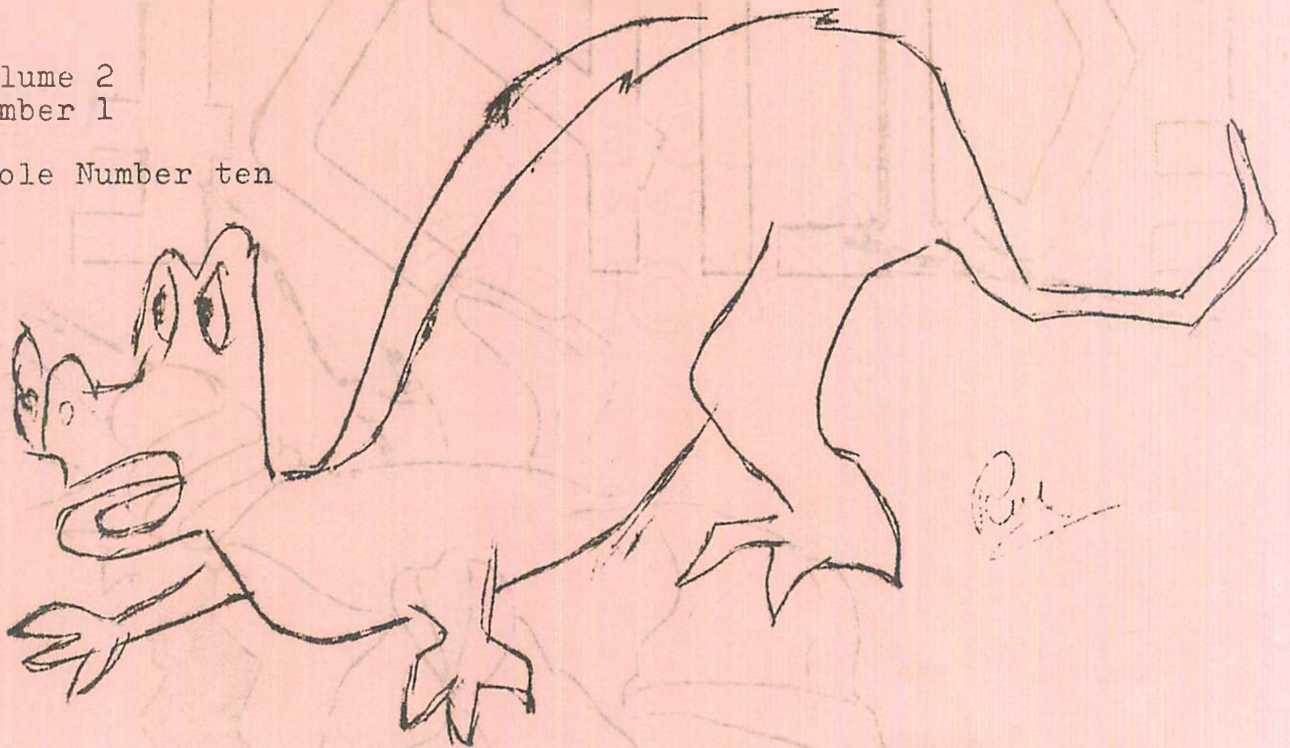
Nigel



ECLIPSE

Volume 2  
Number 1

Whole Number ten



CONTENTS

The Path of Totality--Editorial  
Ye Editorre

DISINTERESTED PARTY -- Dave Mason

Fan Revue -- A motely collection of fanzine reviews, regularly  
committed by the editor of this re--er, mag.

PILUA -- Consisting of, this time, a collection of mildewed poetry,  
and a few quotes from more facile pens.

YOU SEDDIT! -- This should be obvious...

On Second That. Where the editor tries to remember what he for-  
got to say where he should have in the first place.

- - - - -

Cover drawn by Nigel Cadell; interior artwork by the editor, Johh  
D. Anspauch, Don Allen, Jack Harness, and Robert H. Peatrowsky....  
The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the ed.  
\*

ECLIPSE is edited and published supposedly bimonthly, by Ray Thom-  
pson, at the sign of the Pterrified Ptarmigan, at 410 South 4th St.  
Norfolk, Nebraska. It is available at 10¢ a single copy, or 50¢  
a six-issue subscription. Material is hereby frantically solicited.  
Contributors receive one (1) free copy. Trades gladly arranged for.  
All others, see above, and govern yourself accordingly. Sic tran-  
sit gloria  
mundi.

# THE PATH

een quite some time since that particular mashhead has been typed on a stencil, master, or dummy sheet. As you have probably been able to ascertain by now, this is the revived ECLIPSE. After trying my damndest to make a go of BIBBILTY, I finally gave up in disgust. I found out quite a few things, not the least of which is the fact that the off-the-cuff informal, chatty-type fanzine is not for me. I've got to have time to catch errors, to plan layout, and most of all, I'm just not able to do a whole magazine by myself.

I'm sure none of us will shed a tear at the passing of BIBBILTY. I'm sure I won't. After considering, I'm completely unable to ascertain during what mad moment of temporary insanity, I was led to choose the name BIBBILTY as that for my new fanzine. If I remember correctly, it came from a peice of verse I saw in a long-forgotten issue of OOPSIA!. Related thanks, Gregg--for nothing.

At any rate, during this period of temporary insanity, I passed my second anniversary of fan editing. During this time, several interesting things have happened. The latest, and saddest perhaps, is the recent death of one of fandom's best-liked personalities, Dick Clarkson. Dick is said to have died of cancer of one leg. Gosh--I had known that he was having trouble, but that serious? well, gee what a mean...

A great person was lost when Dick died. Why is it all the really fine fellows go young, while the fuggheads live to be a hundred.

To get more current--that is to say, to serve up just desserts,--and give a few plans; I will continue to review fanzines, and will, now that ECLIPSE is back in the making, take subscriptions to the rate of three issues for a quarter.



OF  
T  
O  
T  
A  
L  
I  
T  
Y



with all shades gladly accepted, I will look at any outside contributions in the forms of art, articles, stories, satire, in short, anything your pointed heads can dream up.

In the intrepid halls of Toronto is blowing up a mighty storm, consisting of much high pressure and heated atmosphere. Heated, also, are the arguments that are flying to and fro between the Derelicts and one Norman J Browne, who, in roving from his cave--er, home--in Edmonton, has split Canadian Pandom asunder with the pro and con of it.

And what is all the ruckus about? Why, only that Norman had kindly offered to give assistance in preparing certain of the fanzines being edited and published in the fair city of Toronto; this offer, when considered in the light in which it was given, and the tone--which, to be factual, is the most important facet in the case--went against the scruples of the Great Ones of Toronto; for lo, 'tis their belief that Friend Norman is trying to horn in, and display before the awed faces of all assembled, his supposedly superior talent, which, says Browne, is sure to revolutionize the fanzine industry. Such is the complaint of the Derelicts.

Georgina Ellis, in WINDIGO, devotes completely three pages in the presenting of letters from one side--the insurgent Derelicts--of the controversey. All these pages of blather were brought about by the innocent penning by Norman, of an article entitled, ON EDITING A FANZINE: and the gist of all the blather is, "Norm Browne is a fugghead and what does he know about editing a fanzine, anyway?"

The presentation is most nature, believe me. (That lump on the left side of my face isn'tt chewing gum...) Boyd Raeburn takes a somewhat facetious view of the whole matter, while Gerry Steward slowly simmers with righteous indignation. At the same time all this is going on, Ron Kinder makes like a worried St. Bernard. And there's Gina Ellis in the middle of it all, having the time of her mis-spent life.

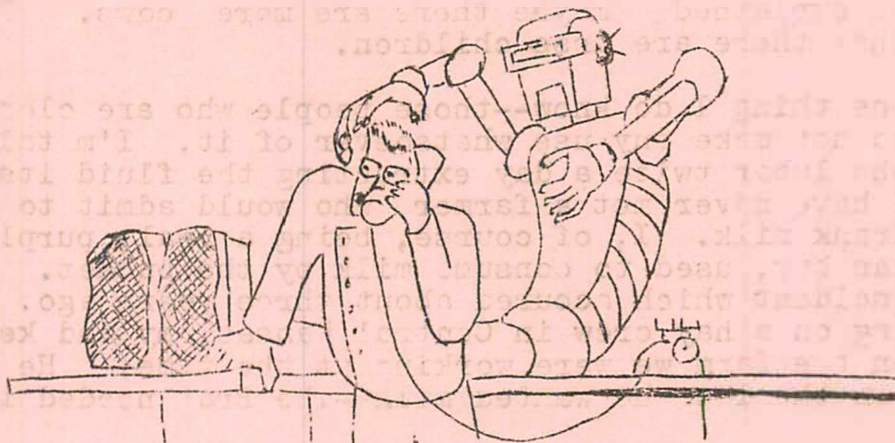
While this is going on in WEP LIGO, back in Nova Scotia, in FIE, Norman tees off at Gerry Steward for making like he--Norman--ruined a recent issue of ABAS by overediting. (My personal opinion is that nothing--absolutely nothing--can ruin ABAS.)

Altogether, it's a most incessantly delightful little mess I don't know if anyone's noticed it or not, or whether it is just me--anyway, it seems to me that music is being written higher than it used to be. What I mean, all the popular singers of the male variety are singing tenor. And some of 'em are lousy, now I mean to say. Even the bass and baritone men in male quartets are singing higher on the scale.

The trend must have been started by Mario Lanza, or someone of like stature. Eddie Fisher came along and didn't help matters any. And so now you've got ten singers out of ten singing high c and above.

GAFIA IS A HORRIBLE BLIGHT, when it hits a luckless fan he is left a mere shell of his former self.

about the only thing he cares to do is eat and sleep. And that only when absolutely necessary. A gradual state of torpidity descends upon him, and all activity halts, as if his mechanism had run out of oil or fuel.



When the fan allows this unfortunate state to continue indefinitely, unabated, other fans gradually forget his existence. As a result, the unhappy specimen ceases to get mail of any kind; his life's blood ceases to flow. He wastes away to nothing, and cannot manage to do a thing to help the situation. And of course, because he does not resume fan activity, he is even forgotten by his closest friends, and the occasional postcards he had been getting from them also cease to come, and the complimentary copies of their fanzines; this is discouraging to the gaffa bound fan, and he just gives up. Why should he make an effort to put out a fanzine if nobody cares. He doesn't do any fanning, and the rest of fandom forgets he exists, so he doesn't do any more fanning. A vicious circle.

The moral of which is; When in fandom, do as the fans do--fan.

My faith in humanity has been partially restored. It has come to my attention that an Egyptian army officer, Colonel Galal Nada has opened an agency to book space tours. It seems that Colonel Nada has legally registered his office with the Egyptian government and has asked for priority on bookings when spaceships start making regular flights between the Earth and Mars.

This item proves that man has not lost his pioneering spirit. Here is a man who, though unknown to us science fiction fans, has our best interests at heart, and is willing to contribute his All to the improvement of facilities for part-time spacemen and women. Probably jeered at and thought ill of, in his own country, he is waging a one-man war against ignorance and fear--fear of the unknown. He is bringing the subject to the people and without thought to his own welfare--going without food and drink for perhaps all of fifteen minutes at a time--is making a supreme sacrifice in the name of Progress. We should all indeed be proud of this man!

-----  
 "GLORY BE--I can read the whole goddam thing this time!"  
 -----

It has also come to my attention that the country is enmeshed in the process of acquiring a surplus of milk. This condition



has been explained by several different people who should know in several different ways. I am not sure how it actually may be explained; maybe there are more cows. It is not possible that there are less children.

One thing I do know--those people who are closest to the source do not make any use whatsoever of it. I'm talking about those who labor twice a day extracting the fluid itself from the cow. I have never met a farmer who would admit to the fact that he drank milk. I, of course, being a real, purple-blooded American boy, used to consume milk by the bucket. I recall one such incident which occurred about three years ago. When I was working on a hay crew in Central Kansas, my dad kept a single cow on the farm we were working at the time. He somehow had gotten the idea he wanted milk--the Brat needed it--and so...

Anyway, we had this cow. And of course, it always gave quite a bit of milk, being a Hero Cow. Consequently, there was always quite a bit of milk left over, which gradually wasted away in the refrigerator, despite cooking, feeding to three cats, and one growing girl. At one time, I came through the kitchen and saw this large pan of milk sitting on the table. I asked if it were being used for anything. Upon being informed to the negative, I proceeded to take up the pan and drain it.

Sick? Poisoned vodka had nothing on that stuff!

I am in favor, however, of More Milk for the Millions--which is a good slogan if I've ever heard one. If the government has been so dense as to accumulate so much milk, it is our duty As Citizens to help alleviate the sorry situation. Yes, friends, only we, the common citizens, can be of any assistance. I propose that we inaugurate an I Like Milk week, in which we do nothing but drink milk. During breakfast, drink milk. At the regular time for coffee break, don't take it--take a milk break. And when you go out for lunch, don't eat anything. Order a gallon of milk.

When you come home for supper, pass up the steak and all the fancy goodies your wife has slaved all day in the supermarket buying--drink more milk. During the evening, if you go to a movie, don't buy popcorn and candy and soda--head for the milk bar. After the show, in the cocktail lounge, don't get that Scotch-on-the-Rocks or that dry martini--need I say it...?

And if that doesn't work, we can always go out and shoot all the cows.

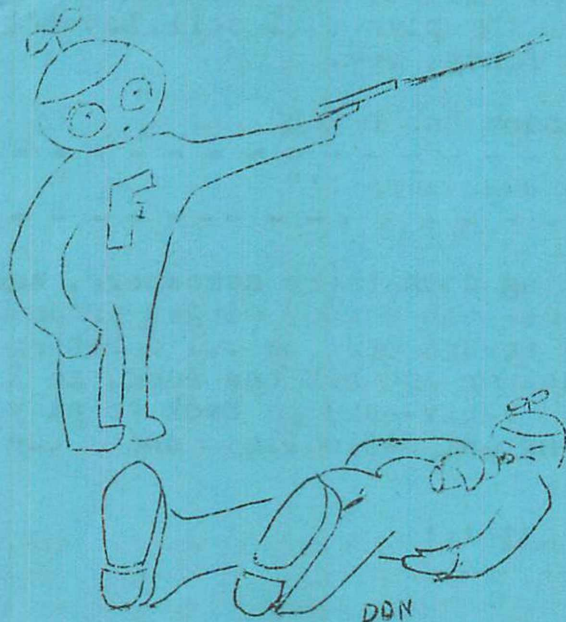
I can envision the possible result of these milk binges. After a certain time, the supply of milk would ease up a bit, and of course, with continued hyperconsumption, would eventually become scarce. Soon we would have a black market, with milk

selling at the exorbitant price of ten dollars a half-pint. After enough of this, it would get so the common man could not afford to buy milk; we would soon have a situation something like dope addicts. People would steal and murder, and commit all sorts of devilment, just to get hold of a half pint of milk. Those too afraid to steal or murder, would bootleg milk, selling it from door to door, for "medicinal purposes."

The situation would eventually get so bad, that anyone seen anywhere near a cow would be suspected of bootlegging milk. Purchasers of overlarge amounts of hay and feed would be watched suspiciously. Special patrols would be designated to travel the rural areas to keep an eye on farmers who bought feed and the like.

And of course, there would be the ever-present danger of milk-running from Cuba and the West Indies. Every once in awhile, you would read in the paper where another milk-running boat had been confiscated, and its contraband cargo dumped overboard. Gangs of milkrunners and bootleggers would rise up and get control of the dairy industry. Soon the whole country would be under the thumbs of mobsters who ruled with a milk bottle.

And all because the government has gotten a surplus of milk.



In the last issue of the late, unlamented BIBBILTY, I stated that I would Tell All about my encounter with the Federal Bureau of Investigation, in a book which I planned on writing, exposing that organization for the charlatanism that exists within its confines. However, wind of this arrived at the desk of J. Edgar Hoover, and he scotched the whole rum-my plan. So I am forced to disclasse the case in these pages.

At any rate, here I was, fresh off the bus from Columbus, at ten in the peeyem, with two-and a half hours to wait for the next southbound. I had made arrangements for the two lone enchanted ones in Lincoln to be at the buss depot, so we could have an impromptucon and



get to know each other better. We were so engaged at the time of the skirmish. I had been sitting in much the same spot for the previous six hours, except for a couple times when I got up to walk up and down the bus aisle, and was, naturally, high

-----  
"And there I was, walking in six different directions at once!"

-----  
ly stiffened and somewhat sore. Consequently, I was doing everything short of standing on my head to alleviate the condition. I sat on the back of the bench in the bus depot for a time, then walked around in little circles, stretching my legs out in front of me to remove therefrom, the kinks.

I had been continuing this performance for some fifteen minutes carrying on a hyperfast conversation with the Dreadful Duo at the same time, when up comes a huge burly customer, strictly from class B detective stories, and breathing cheap breath freshener in my face, hissed, "You got some identification?" When I informed him to the affirmative, he breathed, "Lemme see it." at the same time, holding a badge that said, "Agent, Federal Bureau of Investigation" on it, in front of my nose.

Considerably taken aback, I fumbled for a draft card, drivers' license--which I didn't have and don't, possess--, or anything else that would establish me as a free citizen. He began questioning me as to my identity, where from, where bound, etc. After bearing up under the third degree for some time, I then asked him, "Just exactly what is the purpose of this--have I committed some grave breach of conduct?" or words to that effect. I was posthaste informed that it was nothing out of the ordinary, that the depot was thus checked every night. After which, this character hands back my wallet, and walks off. I boarded the southbound bus and left the place. I still haven't figured it out, but it looks mighty funny, yet.

Do you suppose the crackdown on fandom has begun?

-----  
"QUIET!! I'm askin' the questions!!!"  
-----

The bottom of the page is approaching down there somewhere, and the old crack on the wall--as a certain cowboy singer around these parts says--is moving along toward bedtime...I'd better tear myself away from fannish endeavor and hit the sack, so I can wake up bright and early--wull, early--and go back to playing nursemaid to bentley carnations and daffodils and the like.

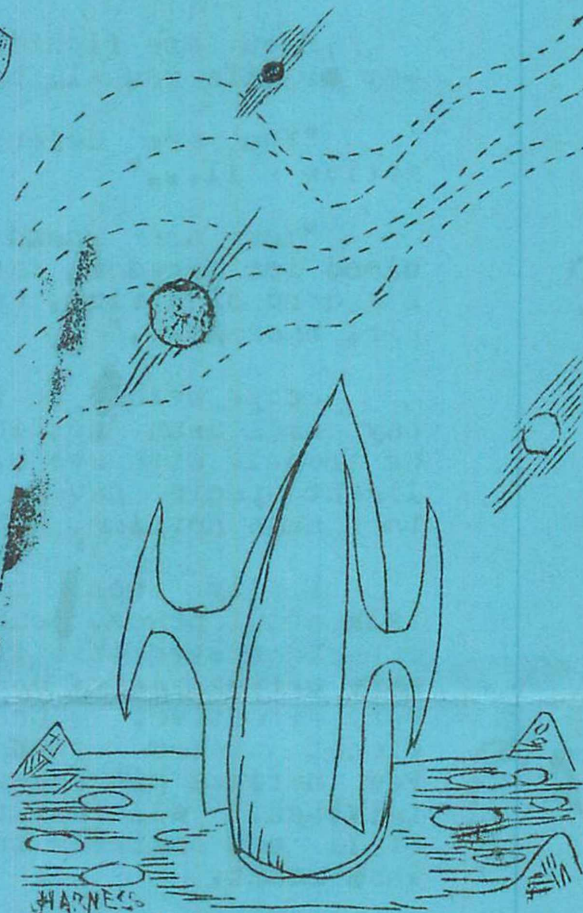
Hey--don't shove! I'm goin', I'm GOIN'!!!



# Disinterested

DAVE  
MASON

P  
a  
r  
t  
y



OBSERVE planet from distance, on account of does not seem to be very calm place. Periodic, get booms.

So I sit upstairs in orbit, look over scenery.

Pretty soon pick up speeches on audio. Very nice.

"We have never had any designs on the peace and security of our neighbors. Our whole foreign policy is now and always has been based on the maintenance of peace and of the defense of those values which every genuinely civilized man believes in..."

I not quite figure this one out.

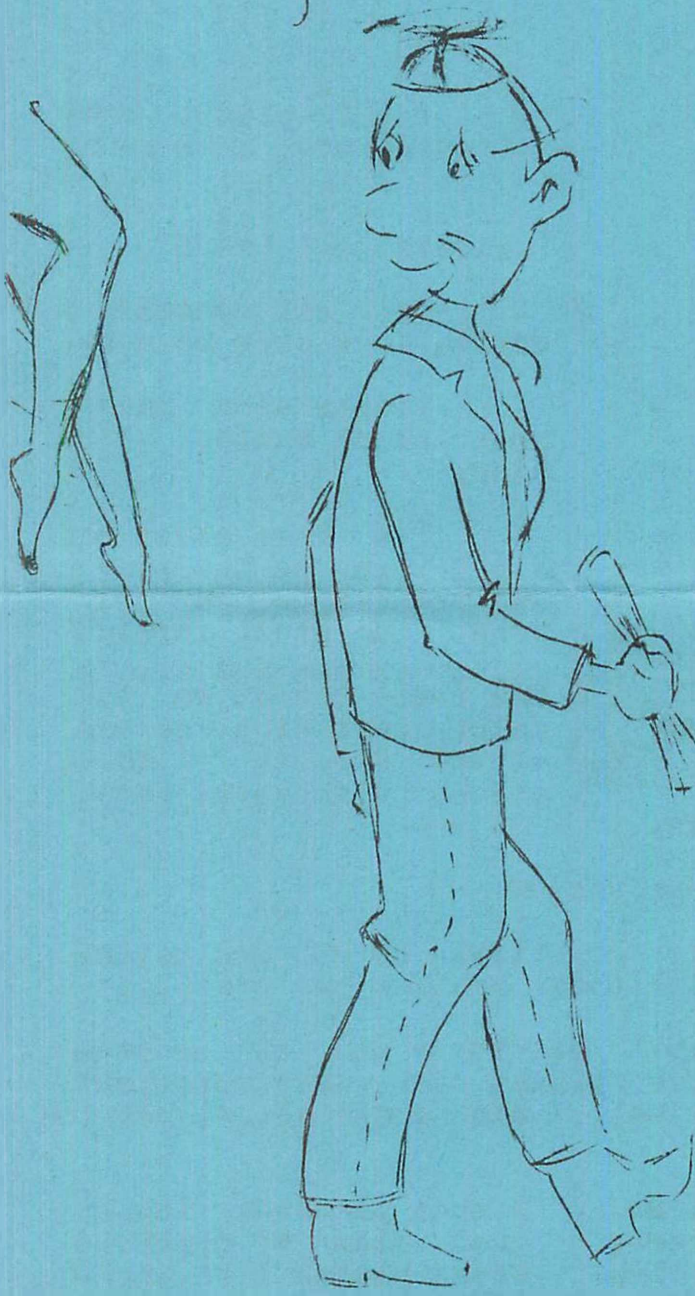
"...the peace-loving free countries, as opposed to the warmongering oppressors who plot today against the peace..."

This peace word very funny. Everybody use it. Scope say it mean absence of war. Observe planet for sixty rotations, not find any such absence. Oh well, old model scope, not too good, maybe.

Pretty soon big booms all over. I much pleased. Inhabitants all getting very civilized. Much sick of horrible places of living called cities. These places like unga-bug nests, all stone and very dark, very dirty. So I see all inhabitants go run run out of these bug nests, and big demolitions begin. Bang, bang. Very efficient demolitions. Unfortunately, I observe forgetful natives leave some of tribes in



"Life Thompson has  
disappeared girls!"  
- Mary Betty



cities while demolished. Too bad.

Audio make very loud music sound like played on cooking pans and air horns. Loud voices say things, too.

"You are fighting for the way of life you all hold dear."

"You are defending your native soil..."

"You are shedding your blood for freedom, for a decent standard of living, and for the girl back home."

Scope refuse to translate. Say words mean nothing. Must be trouble with scope. Intelligent species never say words that mean nothing, no?

Pretty soon much more talk about peace. Sound more sincere than ever this time. Not many natives left; demolitions very effective. Consequently planet quieter than before. Few natives get together, make talkings, all about peace. Still not entirely understand what meant.

Then clever type native set off big booms, right under where other natives talk about peace. Planet fall apart. Very interesting.

All this time I not know what trouble is. Trouble is easy to understand now. Misprint on file card for word 'peace' in scope. All peoples on planet want peace--wrong. Sentence go, 'all peoples want planet in pieces.' Happy they they got. I go home to Orion now.

++++++





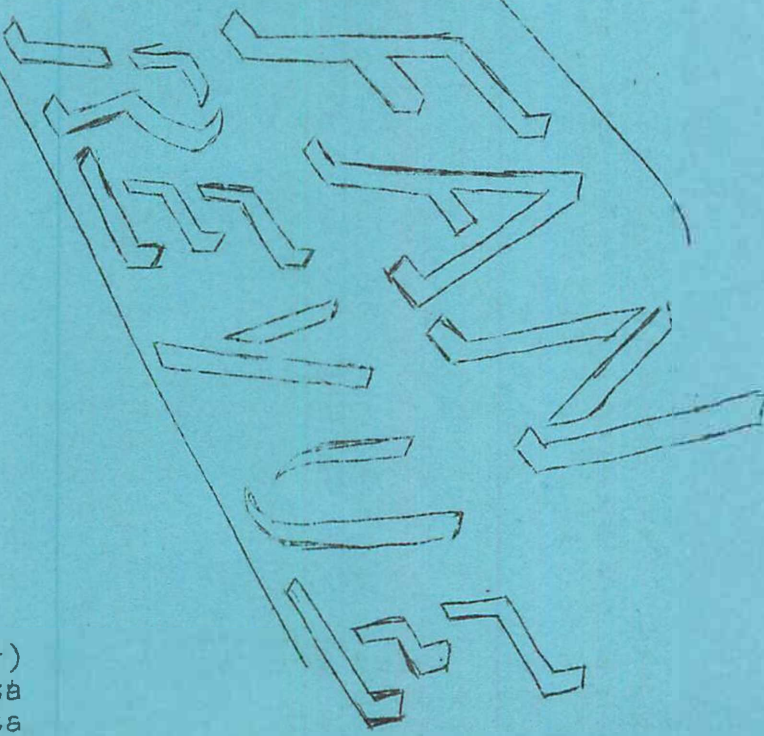
ABSTRACT  
ABYSS  
A NEW  
CONFAB  
COSMIC FRONTIER  
DARN  
EPITOME  
FIE  
GLAZP  
HARK  
NITE CRY  
NUCLEONICS  
PFON  
REVIJ  
SATELLITE  
COOP  
UNL TAKINGS  
VIOLA  
WEDIGO  
YOLBER

That's quite a list over there--twenty in all---and there might be a few late additions, ones that come in before this thing is run off.

And being as that is such a long list, it might be a good notion to get on the stick...sooner begun, sooner finished, and all that sort of twaddle...

Once again, we wander cautiously into the maze of somewhat loosely organized fan publishing; once again we bare our unprotected head to brickbat and derogatory comment. Step softly, my friend--we do not want to awaken the schiz•phrenic in the next cell...

ABSTRACT; Peter (Littul Petey) Vorzimer, U. of Cal. at Santa Barbara, 104 Toyon Hall, Goleta California. (What an awkward address!) This is now photo-offset, and makes up a very neat little bundle, being reduced to quarter-size after dumm•ing; and expensive process, withal, and one that will demand that Petey circulate at least





five hundred copies. I will give Pete this—he makes a good pretense of having people to send five or six hundred copies to. To wit...? "Still, in all, this means that 525 of you are receiving this magazine for apparently no reason at all. Your names have been gathered from all corners of fandom and through the letter columns in some of the heavily fan-populated promags. This issue is free to you..." Evidently, Pete is getting 1000 copies printed, and the preceding quote sounds very much like a desperate attempt to get rid of them all.

Aside from all this, ABSTRACT presents a very good format in the process. Despite a tendency to cause eyestrain, the material is very readable, even Terry Carr's column, BACKWARD ON TIME! Relax, Terry, now I can truthfully call it a column, and an interesting one, to boot. And if you try to say I'm just buttering up to you, I'll see you simmering in your own blabber!

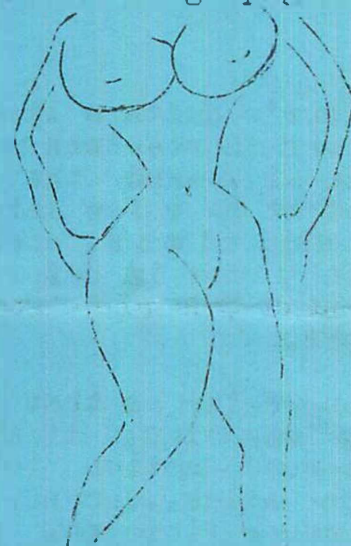
Reprinted from the Conish, are a few convention photos, with a few different ones...THROUGH RAIN, etc; wanders through pages and pages and pages and pages AND pages of letters, from all manner of strange and wondrous creatures. With Grennell, what more can you possibly desire?

ABESS: Stuart Knock, EFD 3, Castleton, New York. Published between times when CF is not taking up time and effort. Better she should take up time and effort with CF.

ANEW: Raleigh Evans Maltog, esq. Editor, (Bow low, o sinners, the Lord is upon you) 7 Greenwood Road, Pikesville, Maryland. Maryland's answer to GREY--the old GREY--consisting of news, views, reviews, miscellanea.

CONFAB: Robert Peatrowsky, Box 634, Norfolk, Nebraska. (You know, it's always intrigued me to think of the result if I were to come out and confess that Bob Peatrowsky and Ray Thompson are actually figments of the imagination of Henry J. Martin...) CONFAB is fandom's only genuine letterzine. No other fanzine can--or cares to--make this statement. Beware of imitations. And if you're smart, don't even take the real thing. Tucker, Boggs, McCain, Dr. Mason (who cares not to correspond, so all the little disappointed beanie-barons can go back into their corners and pout) and Peatrowsky himself--all these together, mix--that is, confuse--well, add argument. Lively? Oh, I mean to say!

THE COSMIC FRONTIER: Address above. Stuart Knock, editor. The thing about this issue that struck me the hardest is Pete Vorgimer's article, FROM LITTLE ACORNS... To say that Pete displays an optimistic attitude toward himself, is putting it





mildly. It is strange to me how slanted Pete's senses of value actually are. To compare Gary Curto with Joel Nydahl; to call such as Wayne Strickland, Warren Dennis, promising; this is tantamount to madness. It strikes me that Pete is writing this article from the viewpoint of the perennial Californian, who is vaguely aware that territory does exist to the far east of his native state, but he's not exactly sure just what manner of strange creature lives there...Living in California, where, at times, it seems that quantity means quality, seems somewhat like living in darkest Siberia, from the offstep viewpoint of some of the lesser fanzines.

The fanzine itself is very well reproduced on ditto, and good use is made of an adequate format. Every word is readable, if only physically. Other material included is a short story by Don Donnel, who has proved himself to be a decent writer; an article or two, columnia, and various and sundry other departments, and illustrations.

ADSCITITIA; Curtis Janke, 1612 South 7th, Sheboygan, Wisconsin. This is a supplement to WAD #1, and is intended to warn you that there will be a WAD #2. There will be no appealing from this decision. Quoted verbatim from its pages. Yes, page there is only one, and it is filled with various bits of poetry, all in the limerick idiom, such as: "A fellow at 402 Maple/Looked to be ready, willing, and aple;/But when lewdly pursued,/Proved by actions quite rude,/That you can't judge the cheer by the lapple." Knowing Grennell's propinquity to a penchant for pseudonyms and fake addresses, I shall hold my comments till a later date.

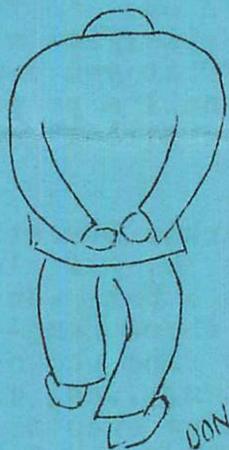
SATELLITE; Don Allen, 3 Arkle Street, Gateshead 8, Co. Durham Meddle Olde H'England. Wot 'O, Alf, 'ere's ye 'ey, SAW-TELLIOWE hawwyne...H! s'p, an' 'tis a ball wan 'e is, 'in't 'e, 'ow, now...? (Something about these Heng--er, ENGLISH--addresses.. they sets me off...) Very fine photo-offset, or lithoed, cover picture, by...by...by...hmmmm...oh, come now, Don---you've got cudde to every other...you've even mentioned who repaired--and with what--the stencil used on page 14 when the assistant editor used it to mop up the beer he'd spilled. (That was not necessary, but I've got to give Jim Caughran something to laugh at.) AAA!!! Cover picture by Jim Caughran--coincidence wot? The two Jims with the almost same last name, I mean... yea...ANYWAY...Le Fandom Francais, by--of all people--Pierre, is laughter-provoking, to put it mildly; RESOLUTION, by Leslie Blackie, is typical of science articles of its nature--dry, and not a little overloaded with verbage. MERCATORIAL DRAMATIC FRAGMENT, by Arch Mercer--typical dialogue follows: "Enter, before things get any cornier, a POET and a PEASANT; PEASANT: Jawohl!; POET -- Avaunt!; PEASANT - Jawohl!; POET - Avaunt! PEASANT - Jawohl!; POET - I tell you Avaunt, so there!" All of which goes to prove that Carnegie Hall is only a stone's throw away. Move over, Shakespeare, you got company. GROOVED by Warren E. Link, meanders through a page and a half, and finally ends up with the conclusion that Evan Hunter as an author is just okay. Nice. ALPHANDOM takes us, through the auspices of Jan Jensen, along a Cook's tour of Dutch fandom. A letter section and a supplement fill out England's answer to Sam Johnson.



VIOLA; Larry Walker, and/or Sam Martinez, 2645 East 7th, Apt. 10 Tulsa, Oklahoma. The first thing that popped into mind when I picked this out of the mailbox was the San Francisco mags, like VULCAN, BOO!, GREMLIN, and one or two others, with their startling resemblance to one another. For VOILA is so much like a sister Tulsa magazine, NITE CRY, that it's hard, from the inside to distinguish one from the other. And you can take that as fact, because I tried it. VIOLA does, however, have some good stuff in it. On the front is a fairly striking cover, with a cartoon signifying that the character pictured has turned his head at a noise in back of him, and his expression says, "Well hello!" No caption needed to deliver the message here. Even if is some adequate fiction; nothing awe-inspiring, or monumental, but not puerile and childish, either. Given time, it may develop.

UNDERTAKINGS. Sam Johnson, 1517 Penny Drive, Edgewood, Elizabeth City, North Carolina. VERY nice fanzine review column. Good artwork. Readable letters.

SCOOP, Barry Cronin, 955 Walton Avenue, Bronx, 52, New York. Looks highly neofannish, Dittoed, double-spaced, and seems to be dedicated to the uphold and glorification of EC comic books. Typical neofannish enthusiasm, along with numerous advertisements, included, I am inclined to believe, in an effort to fill space. A tired in which the author space telling the the review will condones not get around for over a half a half his room. One short and concise al; it is a temporal thing, which is some a weakness for. The faster than light tried out for the posedly shoots a man and he supposedly ar before he started, so he can arrive back--for some reason, the drive cannot be used on the return trip--about the same time he started in the first place. As the story goes, the pilot of the test ship is about to cut in the drive, when he sights a ship ahead of him, on a direct collision course with him. Having no other choice, he blasts the other ship out of existence, and then cuts in the time-space drive. The story progresses to the point where the test ship is four months along on the return trip, or back to the starting point of the trip. Again, the pilot sights another ship, on a collision course. He suddenly realizes that the ship ahead is his own ship, just starting on the journey he has just finished, and that he will be, of course, blasted out of existence just as he blasted the other ship, that had been approaching him when he was in the starting position. And that meant that he wasn't actually returning at all because he had already been blown up; consequently, the ship in front of him would have nothing to shoot at. But, on the other hand, it...oh, hell, you figure it out...





EPITOME: Mike May, 9428 Hobart Street, Dallas 18, Texas. I can, I believe, say that EPITOME has improved at least 150% since the last issue I saw. Reproduction has improved to the point where it can only get worse if it changes; layout is ever so much better, and some decent material has been added. A Gotsler illustration goes well with the cover logo, and inside are such gems as Dean Grennell's report of his introduction to the Rexograph, entitled, "Ditto? That's the Spirit!" GLOOMER is a curious item, consisting of the writings of what appears to be about a five or six year old child. There is, however, a large dose of adult humor which blies the situation. Have you seen this before, but paid no attention...And with his advancing age, Bob Stewart of San Francisco seems to be taking on a slightly more mature attitude in his writings, and meanders on most interestingly in his column. If Mike can keep up at this pace, I fully expect EPITOME to get to the top very soon.

FEON: Charles Lee Riddle. Address currently unknown. Lee is putting out to sea--a common occurrence for a sailor--and I'm none too sure where his mail is to go...At any rate, FEON is here...

\* \* \* \* \*  
 It was a struggle to get the horse through the door, but I finally made it...  
 \* \* \* \* \*

A story by Dave Mason, who, in spite of himself, is making quite a splash in the sea of fandom, deserves anthologizing. Bloch writes entertainingly of PPRuriency, Anyone?" John Magnus writes a convention report in a new idiom, Sam Sackett reconsiders, Terry Carr wanders through FANTASTUFF, Jim Harmonises, and Ian Maccauley ends up by reviewing fangines. FEON just goes on being its usually stable self, maintaining a set status quo,

\* \* \* \* \*  
 I held a series of petty jobs for short periods.  
 \* \* \* \* \*

FIE: Harry Calnek, Granville Ferry, Nova Scotia. Canadian Fandom, on the greater porportion, is doing a far better job of editing and publishing fansings than we here in the United States. There are a far greater number of better fanzines coming out of Canada, in porportion to the fannish population, than we have. FIE is typical of these high-grade fanzines. The current topic of discussion, is, of course, the feud between Norman Browne, and the Derelicts, and it seems that Norman is going all out to put in his two cents worth. Among other things, Georgina Ellis wanders insanely through Ye Olde Dutch Mill, which, for some reason, I find highly intriguing...

NUCLEONICS: Larry Bourne, 3709 SE Hawthorne, Portland, Oregon. The editorial sounds extremely queer. Larry begins by reviewing a movie which concerns a small country between the borders of several larger European countries. This country makes a national industry of smuggling out an odd mixture of schnapps and cheese, called schneeze. Which is almost as bad as the little fellow who was trying to explain the name of the Hohhny cake--it was called journeycake--as he called it--because of the fact that it was made in large circular loaves,



cake. It was called journeycake--as he called it--because of the fact that it was made in large circular loaves and so was able to be rolled easily, oh journeys. Ah me...the innocence of youth. Just wait till he grows up and finds out that life is a huge johnycake, rapidly rolling downhill to ultimate oblivion...Anyway, NUCLEONICS consists of various and sundry examples of the doodlings of a fan. Two pages from LYRIC save this issue from its own oblivion. Come now, Larry--you would not wish to disappoint Littul Petie, and fail to live up to his great expectations, now, would you?

HARK: Randy Brown, 6519 Anita Street, Dallas 14, Texas. Column, letter column, fanzine reviews, a "folio" by one whom I consider to be perhaps the worst artist in fandom--namely, Warren Dennis--along with a column which proves that he is not a writer, either. Randy, in a backpage editorial, makes a great deal of fuss over something I had not even considered, in defending himself against the so-called catcalls of his contemporaries that he worships---horrible situation--



Warren Dennis. Oh, come off it, Randy! For crissake, what kind of criteria are you using for judgement of artwork? Great Gawd, who told you Dennis is any good--Dennis? Here you splash the worst scrawls in fandom across a full page, while you stick a fellow who looks like he might have something on the ball into one corner of the last page! Wake UP, man!

GLAZP!: Ted E. White, 1014 North Tachance, SE, Falls Church, Virginia. Another Dave Martin tale takes top honors, in which Dave goes off on fandom in general. Well...fandom can stand a little teeing off at...This is the WAPA edition of Glz--supposedly contains material that the regular subscription edition has none of. The Martian Maggot rumbles through a neo-Bailey type of thing, and White looks at WAPA, which without a magnifying glass of some sort, is something of a trick...

All of which seems to finally bring us down to the bottom of the pile, happily enough. Three days of intermittent work it took to do this column. Sometime I'm going to go off and take up the life of a hermit. Or I might commit some grave breach of etiquette, and have the family turn ke out. Then I can go to the South Sea Islands and live the life of a beachcomber and rerrittance man. Every month, when the mailboat comes in, there will be a mysterious looking package addressed to me. I shall have no visible means of support, but, as the James Hall books always put it, I shall "live well." People and natives will look at me, askance, and the local Poloneysain medicene man will cast spells to see what my coming means. Children and women will find me fascinating, though they know that I'm no ggodd And of course, association with me will mean their ultimate downfall. Ah yes...just wait until I'm the only one-string guitar player in the country!



A youngfan named Curtis D. Janke  
Stole a decanter and drank;  
He found it quite strong,  
And before very long  
He was--how you say heem--le tanke.

-----  
Don't bother to set me up--I can still  
drink comfortably  
-----

He was down in Old Feat's trailer,  
In the lot down by the slue;  
All the fans were gathered 'round  
For to see his haircut crew.  
  
For Feat has been to the barber shop,  
And they have clipped him short,  
The result of all those cutting jabs,  
would startle Charles Fort.

Mary had an appetite  
Couldn't satisfy it  
quite;  
She ate and ate, until  
one day;  
We had to lay  
Poor Mary  
Away.

--Hey Nonny Moose (by request)

Richard Geis  
Isn't nice.  
He rhymes  
with vice.

"What is the mimeo cranking for?",  
said Neofans on parade. (And if I have unwittingly  
"To scare you up, to scare you up," plagiarized from someone,  
the BNF he said please accept my heartiest  
condolences.)  
"Why are those people cursing so?"  
said neofans on parade.  
"They're turning out a oneshot," the  
BNF he said.  
"They are turning out a oneshot, you  
can hear the punsters yell,  
They are turning out a oneshot, soon 'twill  
go into the mail\*!  
The Stencils they are tearing, and the  
editors are staring,  
The columnists are writing, and their  
kibitzers are fighting;  
while they're putting out their oneshot in the morning."

(Somewhat freely adapted from Kipling, to whome  
I offer deepest apologies.)

((WHAT!!!!All this space down here, and nothing to  
put in it???)



## GREAT QUOTES I HAVE KNOWN:

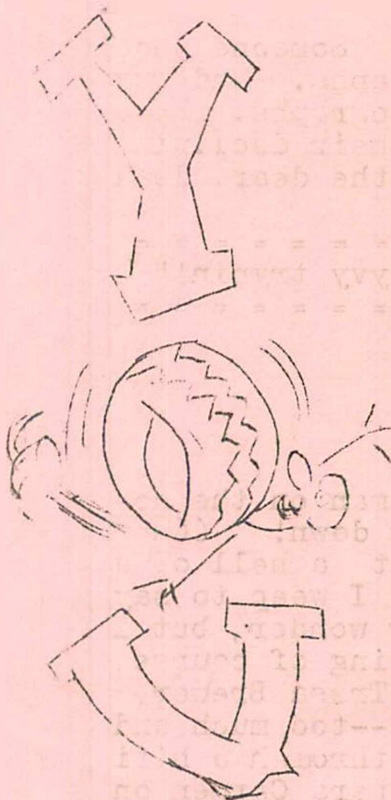
"I see young men, my townsman, whose misfortune it is to have inherited farms, houses, barns, cattle, and farming tools; for those are more easily acquired than got rid of. Better if they had been born in the open pasture and suckled by a wolf, that they might have seen with clearer eyes what field they were called to labor in. Who made them serfs of the soil? Why should they eat their sixty acres, when man is condemned to eat only his peck of dirt? Why should they begin digging their graves as soon as they are born? They have got to live a man's life, pushing all these things before them, and get on as well as they can. How many a poor immortal soul have I met well-nigh crushed and smothered under its load, creeping down the road of life, pushing before its barn seventy five feet by forty, its Augean stables never cleansed, and one hundred acres of land, tillage, mowing, pasture, and woodlot! The portionless, who struggle with no such unnecessary inherited encumbrances, find it labor enough to subdue and cultivate a few cubic feet of flesh."

--Henry David Thoreau  
WALDEN

"I slept two hours, and dreamed I was at home with my wife and children, which aggravated my sorrows when I awakened and found myself in a vast room, between two and three hundred feet wide, and above two hundred high, lying in a bed twenty yards wide. My mistress was gone about her household affairs and had locked me in. The bed was eight yards from the floor. While I was in these circumstances two rats crept up the curtains and ran smelling backward and forward on the bed. One of them came up almost to my face, whereupon I drew out my hanger to defend myself. These horrible animals had the boldness to attack me on both sides and one of them held his forefeet at my collar; but I had the good fortune to rip up his belly before he could do me any mischief. He fell down at my feet, and the other, seeing the fate of his comrade, made his escape, but not without one good wound on the back, which I gave as he fled, and made the blood run trickling from him. After this exploit I walked gently to and fro on the bed to regain my breath and loss of spirits. These creatures were of a size like a mastiff, but infinitely more nimble and fierce, so that if I had taken off my belt before I went to sleep I must have infallibly been torn to pieces and devoured. I measured the tail of the dead rat, finding it to be two yards long, wanting an inch. But it went against my stomach to drag the carcass off the bed, where it lay still bleeding; I observed it had yet some life left, but with a strong slash across the neck, I thoroughly dispatched it."

--Johnathan Swift  
Gulliver's Travels





S  
E  
D  
D  
I  
T  
!

Yeah, indeed, from the mouths of babes, and all that sort of rot...Gitcha programs hyeah, laydeez andgents--you can't enjoy the show without a program!!!! And the first display in this sideshow is none but...

Gerald Steward  
166 Merchants Avenue  
Toronto, Ontario  
Canada

There most certainly is a Fred woroch. He is a local who has been planning to bring out a fanzine for the last six months. Unfortunately, just after he started work on it, his wife had a baby. He is up to his ears in medical bills. Currently he is about half sane, and is thinking of doing more work on it.

In mimeographing, stencil cutting is a major factor. Even Gestetner can turn out a poor job with a badly-cut stencil. The problem here is getting the correct amount of impression on the keys. Too much cuts the centers out of the "b" "d" and "o", while not enough, will not remove the wax.

We've an orphan machine in Toronto. It belongs to Ron Kidder and is called A Niagara. We haven't printed anything yet, and probably won't until Kidder and Raeburn get into the spas. It will be interesting to see what kind of job the ancient relic can produce...

((Can't you all picture the poor machine, cylinder hanging, gathering dust in a corner, forgotten in the rush to the modern Gestets, suffering each time it hears the slurp-rustle-click of the semi-automatic printer, remembering bygone days when it



was the darling of the crank-and-slipsheet sang? Someone should  
write a book and dedicate it to aged mimeographs. And why  
can't someone start up a home for aged mimeographs, where  
they could be turned out to pasture, to spend their declining  
years in comfort and the fond recollection of the dear, dead  
days of long ago...

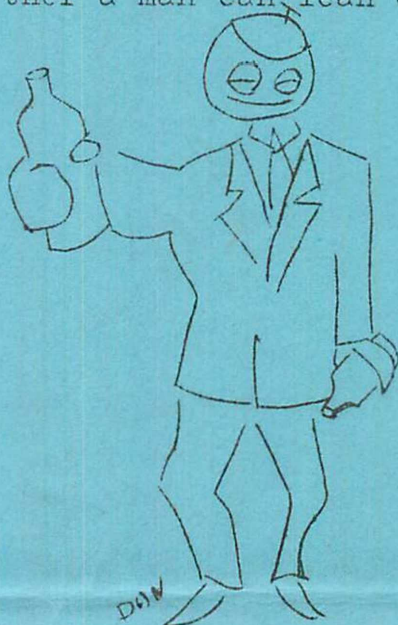
"Don't blyme 'im, Alf... 'E iyn't 'ad no n'yvy trynin'"

Dory Faulkner  
164 Geneva Place  
Covina, California

BIEBILTY 4 at hand, with the poor wrecked space man on the cover. I feel for him---it's a hell of a long way down! ((How can you be sure? Just be careful that it's not a hell of a long way up!)) # So you've gone in for hi-fi! I weep to say I have never heard even a sample of this new wonder, but I think I would be highly enamoured of it, providing of course, that the records I heard were FOR Pave Starr or Tresa Brewer. I am completely soured on pop music these days--too much and too lousy. I'd love to hear the Bolero (Ravel) through a hifi set, though. Right now I'm listening to the opera Carmen on our APC station, on my li'l old portable Philco. It is coming through pretty well for a small set, too. Carmen is one of the few operas I can stand at all. My taste in music runs to the melodic rather than the brilliant, as a rule. For instance, our sweek friend Liberace, leaves me as cold as an ice cube. ((RORY!! Whatever will the Ladices' Aid say???) No schmaltz at all in his playing. I must have schmaltz--of the better sort. You can see I am hopelessly dated as far as music goes. # This hobby of yours seems to be more expensive than Fannish endeavor. I have about lost touch with the Fannish way, although I still buy and read all the sf zines, even the obscure ones. (Since so many have folded or gone quarterly, this does not take much time. I haven't been down to LASFS for donkeys' years, either. It was getting rather boring. ## Indeed, I seem to be more in touch with the British contingent than the fans in this country, as I get Willis' HIPHEN regularly, and the Manchester group sends me fanzines now and then. I sure would like to go to London for the next world Con, but unless I fall heir to something, no soap. I did make it to Frisco, and had a fine time for myself there. I fell completely in love with Rob Bloch. ((Does Robert know anything about this girlish infatuation?)) He is priceless! And I had a nice chat with Ghod himself, J. W. Campbell. I told him I came near writing about "Gold Equations" which I thought was terrific. He said he supposed, being a female, I was going to blast him for the unhappy ending, but I assure him that it was perfect--any other ending would have weakened the story to the consistency of diswater. He said write him any time. He read all the letters and liked to get varying viewpoints. I told him very



pleasant to meet, and not at all stuffy, as I had pictured him. When he got up to make his talk, the gang gave him a standing ovation, and he got so choked up, he could hardly talk. # Then I met Sam Moskowitz, who is a regular guy. Sylvia Jacobs has a father in Frisco, and he took Sam and a girl from New York, Walt Leibscher and Sylvia and myself out in his car to see the artwork in the museum--((Looking at etchings? At your age??)) a wonderful display of s-f art--and then all over the city. As I saw how the houses were all built in block-like rows, I understood a remark my brother-in-law made when they first went to live there; "The houses are all built so close together a man can lean out of his bedroom window and commit an in



discretion with his neighbor's wife, and never step off his own property." # I stayed at the Drake, and it is a beautiful place, but so cold I had to go up to my room and turn up the heat every so often, to get warm. Frisco people never seem to care how cold it is at all. I had a spell of broncho-pneumonia when I got back, which was no fun, but think I got it on the train coming back. Sat up all night in the tavern car with Mari Wolf and other members of the Pacific Rocket Society, drinking Scotch and water, and flying rockets. I can drink the stuff and not have a hangover, or even get very stiff if I nurse 'em along. Dr. Richardson put me next to this! # Tear yourself away from the 318 long enough to say a few words to my address,

huh? Thanks for your kindness in keeping on sending me BIBB-- I've enjoyed every one of them.

((My own music tastes run more to jazz and barrelhouse dixie, though I do like to bend an ear to good classics. I've got a few of that type, such as POET AND PEASANT OVERTURE, THE MOLDAU, etc., so you can see I'm not entirely without culture... I'm not spending money as fast on records as you might think.. they've gone down to \$4000 each...))

=====

"Doesn't anyone pay any attention to me? Oh well...guess I'm just impatient..."

=====

J. Martin Graetz  
Box 5541, 420 Memorial Drive  
Cambridge 39, Massachusetts

Got the Bibb...why in heaven's name did you include Wurf? As if I ain't got enough of the furshlugginer things already..... Just admit it, old bean. The latest BIBB just didn't catch on with me. Your mimeography was decidedly better, but there just didn't seem to be anything to the mag. What you trying to do? I liked the old EER much better.



Like Vorzimer said in the new offset ABstract, your editorial policy seems to be a little too belligerent. You getting bitter in your old age, huh? Or are you mad because MAD is going slick? # Somehow I find that you overdo your editorial comments interspersed in the letters. Petey's letter was actually shorter than the comments. ((It just seemed that way. I cut about two-thirds of it, to fit it in...)) # Lubin is trying to get a New England con, for this spring, and I think it's a damn fine thing, and a good time to work in something about the late Dick Clarkson. Sure wish I'd gone to see him when I still had the chance. Too little, and too late, like that. The Ike Asimovs are expecting a new Asimov soon. The last time I talked to Isaac was two weeks ago, and since then I have heard nothing. ((You've got good ears, hearing nothing)) # Outside of all this, I've been writing to Jimmie Perry. How old is she, by the way? # Campbell seems to be getting his mag back together again. I detect a decided improvement in the last few months. Reminiscent of the Dear Dead Days.



((Happy, happy--can't be sure of Linda/Jimmie's age, but I believe it's something like 13 or fourteen. Much too young for either of us, dammit. Has a very fine brother, about 14. Had a good long talk with the fellow last Christmas, as I was passing through Lincoln on my way to Salina.))

=====  
 "What kind of fan are you--one you fan yourself with, or one that blows?"  
 =====

Thom Perry  
 4040 Calvert Street  
 Lincoln 6, Nebraska

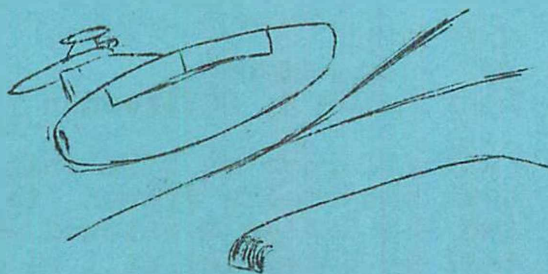
Something seems to be missing from the friendly old BIBBILTY--must be the letter column. Of course nobody wrote to you. No time--the penalty of suddenly keeping your schedule. + Come, now---I believe you wrote those letters yourself. People aren't still writing you about your first zine, are they? It may be possible that Mr. Vorzy wrote some of the letter you attribute to him. Aside from that, who do you think you're trying to kid? ((Nobody, so help me--that's the ironic thing about it all--those are for real.))

=====  
 ...or is he 16...?  
 =====

Dave Mason  
14 Jones Street  
New York, N. Y.

You, as the actress said to the bishop, are asking for it. It is, in the first place, my custom to write to people who send me things, thanking them prettily. It is furthermore my habit to be repellently honest about my opinions. And my opinion, suh, is that BIBBILTY is AWFUL. And the thing, the one thing, that makes it awful is the hideography. I suppose that's what you're using, a model 4446-Z Hideograph, as made especially for use by agents provocateurs. Funny--the drawings turned out fair--maybe it's your typer. ((Definitely.)) ## Seriously, you can hardly help but agree that the issue I got was a case of very bad repro. Your design and material weren't really bad, although I don't really appreciate fannishness. Still... that is a personal blind spot, and hasn't anything to do with a legit criticism. Personally, I think you could do a helluva lot better.

Apropos the review of COUP--I'd be the last to yell FOUL over a good review, which it is. But the tone is startlingly similar to that of another review in another fanzine. Did you perhaps have a slight case of word-borrowing via the unconscious? ((I know absolutely nothing of which you speak.)) # Also, you said "curious little item." Curious, yes. Little--well, we ran to 30 pages. Well-filled, too. The ish we are at the moment struggling with, is the long-delayed number two. The hold-up was due to the work of a Menshevik Bandit in the Fanarchist movement, who got us all drunk for the entire holidays, when we were supposed to be working. Anyway, since we are already late, we decided to go printed now, instead of later, and we bought the requisite equipment. Freight being as slow as it is these days, that added another month. After now, COUP will be on time, letterpress with line-cut illos, 40-60 pages, # Do you perchance disagree with our conclusion about the unleftishness of the Futurians, and the fact that fandom hasn't got a left right now? I realize that they kept things from you in the modern educational institutions, but I am being continually surprised at the extent of this holdback. There are millions of kids growing up today who believe that left means Communist and that Communist means Third International, and that's that. This is the finest bit of help the Communist Party ever had. As a matter of fact, and out of the mouths of Communist spokesmen themselves, The Party isn't left. They consider themselves Center. We, ourselves, are Left in the sense that we take a radical, critical view of science fiction and other matters. If, for example, you thot the days of Gernsback were pretty damn fine, and that Frank Paul was the greatest artist ever produced, you'd be a conservative---far Right in other words. If you thought things





weren't too good right now, but they were improving a little, and that someday there might be some good commercial stuff, you'd be center, or possibly a mild liberal. If you think it all smells--if you await with ill-concealed relish the total bankruptcy of all the prozines--if you look forward to the day when the first Anarchist bombs shriek through the roof of Ackerman's garage and Tucker skips for his life across the icecakes of the Ohio River, then you're a radical, like us. Got? ((Mad, since I been from der Chunior year in High Schule, awreddy.)) # Anyway, we liked your review, and you're on the free list, which is, incidentally, only for them as mentions COWP and reviews it, or publishes something the Coup Group wants; and we have a large and hard-to-please board of Directors.

((Was that Board of Directors, or Board of Dictators? Only, I am wondering if your definition of an anarchist is one who goes about criticizing everything in sight, without reason or rhyme but just to be ornery. Okey on your conclusions anent the Futurians. I wouldn't know, though, being as I've no connection with them, whatsoever, as a club, and so know nothing of their Leftishness, or lack of it. And as for your remarks in re modern educational institutions, I don't think I've ever been like one. When I went to school, we called 'em schools, and that was that. As I remember, looking back over the dim years, we went to school to learn concrete facts, not shadings of political theory, unless, of course, we took a high school course, dealing expressly with that subject. They did not try to teach us right and wrong, outside of the usual things about sportsmanship and fair play--they left that to our parents, whose job it was in the first place. We were never told, after the third grade, what was good or bad for us--our teachers gave us credit for having enough sense to judge for ourselves. And not a great number of us made the wrong decisions, either. I should like to hash over this subject of "educational institutions" with you privately, should you care to do so. I have neither the room nor the inclination, to go into the subject as deeply as I should like, here.))

Ron Ellik  
277 Pomona Avenue  
Long Beach 3, California

Wotinell goes on with this Perry business? Thom Perry: him I have reasonable reason to believe in which. Linda Perry??? And Jan Sadler mentioned another Perry around somewhere. Dont tell me these fen will be the Stewarts of Eighth fandom! # Your fanzine reviews this issue are almost unreadable, If it weren't for the fact that I always read fanzine reviews look-



ing for eogboo, I would have stopped right after that review of GRUE. You don't say anything original. ((Lands, chile, I quit trying that after somebody wrote 'Now is the time...' for the first time...)) Just rattle off the contents page, write limericks, tell people to buy certain fanzines, say ECH about others. Trouble is, Ray, you're writing your own reviews. To write good ones, you should be in the habit of submitting them to other editors. Read some FAPA mailings, for example. There is some good unmitigated crud. # Again, there have been some good Fap mailing-reviews. But for the most part, they are nothing but letters of comment to the editors, mimeographed and sent out through the OE. To write good reviews, a reviewer needs some degree of responsibility. For this, he should have over his head always mit der deadline, the blue-pencil of his editor, and the constant criticism of the reader.

Jever stop to think how easy it is to write Little Willies or limericks. Migawsh, there's almost no rhyme scheme to worry a bout. Just take any subject and limericks almost jump out of the typer at you. Disgusting, really, ~~the~~ abuses that have crept into the gnable art of fanpoetry writing. People like you, me, and Grennell, who write limericks and nonsense poems that are incredibly funny...but are absolutely against all the rules. Grennell's the past master at it, though...the Ghungha Din of fanpoetry. Somehow, though, I just can't imagine the Dignified Dean wearing nothing but a bfeechcloth and passing around a canteen full of rotten water from on top of a glowing coal in Hell. Ah, Kipling...

((Dunno what in hell you're talking about, man...I write what I think about the fanzine I get. I acknowledge no responsibility to anyone, nor do I try to sell one mag, while not another. The reviews are my opinions, nothing else. How, for - sooth, could you think otherwise? Nonsense poetry? Wull.....

A young fan once lived  
On Pomona Street  
His letters were always  
Nice and neat.  
They of course held  
Comments so wise  
But the whole damned thing  
Is a pack of lies.

Yeah, I know--ECH.

+ \* + \* + \* + \*

And so, once again, we wander back out into the world of the semi-sane. The door from the looney bin closes behind us, and we at once forget the moans, groans, yaks, yibbles, shrieks, yowls and snickers in the night. But, as we look again, not all the lunatics have left. For, down in one corner of the corridor, in a DARK corner, we dimly discern a shabbily-clad figure bearing a sandwich sign which says, "Eat, drink, and be merry; Big brother is watching you, too." Kiss mummie and dad goodnight now, Junior, and go to beddie-bye. And on your way up, don't forget to let the dragon out for the night...



Whew! I didn't think I was going to make it for a few seconds! For the past few nights I've been dragging home from work, with more work on ECLIPSE awaiting me at home. Stencil, stencil, stencil. And finally, done. This is the last one. As soon as I'm through here, they will be run off, then the sheets assembled, & forth into the world will be born the tenth issue of EIK.

And you folks don't know what I go through just for your reading (haw!) enjoyment...here I was, down to the last page. I reach down into the drawere where I keep stercils, and fumbled for a new one. There were no more film stercils. Horrors and gymnastics, what will I do? Not another ~~stencil~~ stencil left in the house and the stores are closed! Is ensuing a frantic search for some old left-over rejects. Is finding one. Is now typing on same and to hell with justified margins...

So many were the things that I was going to say, but now they've slipped from my mind. Have you ever had that awful feeling that there was something you had intended to mention, but just can't remember? Or how about the feeling that somebody who should be getting your magazine, isn't? Phceem.

Just got hodd of some Sauter-Finnegan stuff. The most gimmicky music I've heard! Theye were here in Norfolk, at King's Ballroom, (where The Big Bands Play) a few months ago. Talk about your polka rideen Sheboygan!

I would like to take this opportunity to enjoin all of you reading to sit down and write some material for me. That is one of the ways, other than trading or buying, that you can keep on receiving ECLIPSE. Lengths of about 2500-3000 words are preferred, with satire most to my liking. Articles, filler and cover art of all kinds will also be acceptable. After all, the only way I can continue to edit a magazine, is if I have material to put in it.

One mistaken impression that I would like to correct here is a remark that myself and J. Martin Graetz are co-editors of FRAMP. Such is not the case. We merely collaborated on a oneshot called WURF!. FRAMP is, and always has been, the sole and unwhitigated property of J. Martin Graetz, esq. No other firm can make this statement, and should be horsewhup if they try it.

And that STILL doesn't take me to the bottom of the page. But I bet I know something that will...

This.



Mr. J. B. ...  
New York  
410 ...  
Norfolk, Va.





ECLIPSE  
Ray Thompson  
410 South 4th Street  
Norfolk, Nebraska

*Printed Matter  
Return Psty. Intel*



Bob Tucker  
Box 702  
Bloomington, Illinois