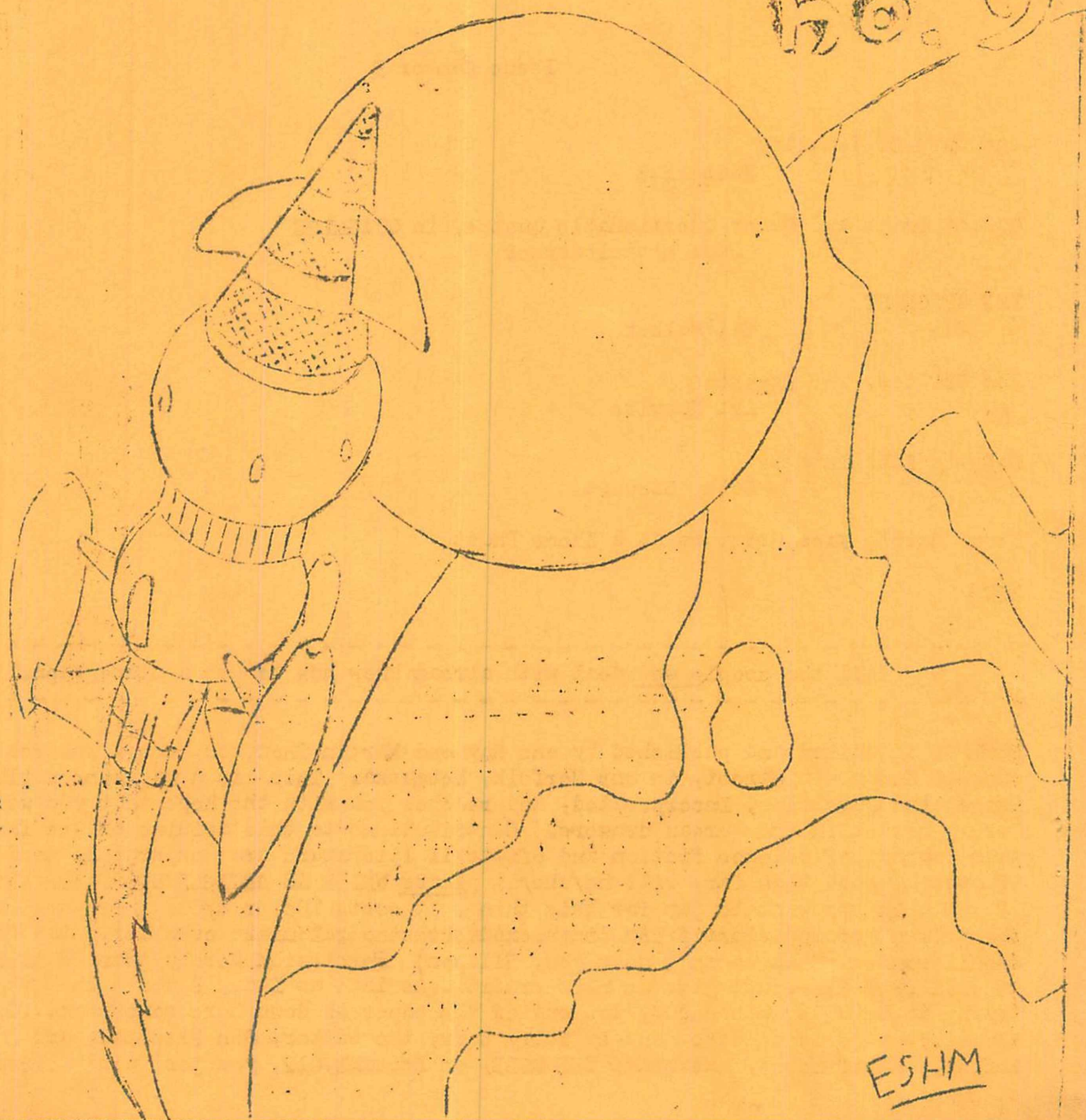


ECLIPSE

no. 2



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ECLIPSE

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"All the people we deal with already know how to use a micrograph."

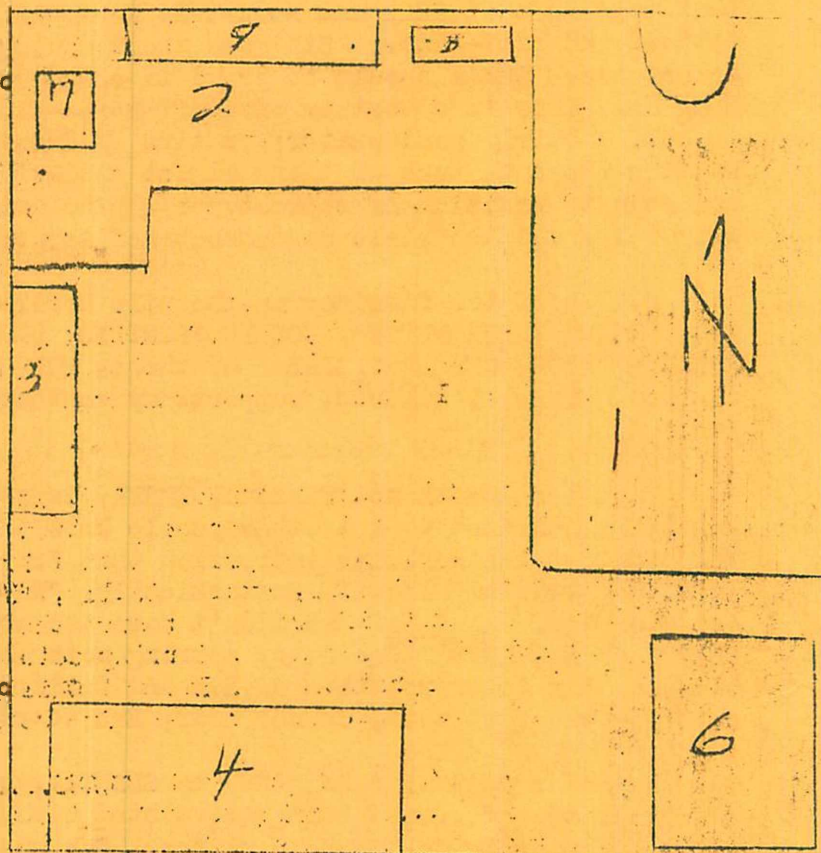
ECM-PSF is edited and published by one Raymond Martin Thompson, esq., who resides at one 410 South 4th Street, in one Norfolk, Nebraska. This is a magazine published by Associated Juveniles, Incorporated, and reaches you with the hope that you will not merely use it in the bureau drawers. Contributions to this asinine excuse for an amateur journal of science fiction and off-trail literature are desperately needed, and if anybody gets this far, will he/she/it please WRITE AN ARTICLE/STORY FOR ME???????? If you think you want to pay for this thing, it costs 10¢ or 6/50¢. If you don't, we thinglzen errand, canstiffrnodman, expdmetasngdrafnight evenlbtatntad gettast unsolicited. (That doesn't mean you, Ellison) Permission hereby granted to reprint at will from ECM--just give me name credit...As late as I am, I don't know why I'm trying to be witty-- Besides, the end of the paper is down here somewhere...By the bye, the illos this issue were done by Terry Carr, the editor, Ron Fleischman, and Ray Schaeffer, and if nobody has heard THE ROBE, on DeccaM9012, you jos' ain' lived...

THE PATH OF TOTALITY

The roses are blooming (well, budding, anyway...), the trees are greening out, the temperature is up, and young men's fancies are turning. Yes, tis again, Springtime, and the birds twit-
toy and go about the business of birding, the bees buzz and go about the business of beeing (and Dean shouldn't have much trouble making a pun from that—even I can think of one...) and every middlesex village and town is deeply enmeshed in Sprig Fovah.

I can tell it's spring—I saw my first shorts-and-halter set on one of the opposite sex today...

Since it seems to be the fad these days to give a brief description of one's lair, I suppose I should stick in my two cents... To the direct right, you will see a diagram. This diagram is my room. Up is north. The various points of interest are numbered



thusly; #1 is the bed, which upholds the somewhat dubious honor of supporting my two hundred plus pounds nightly, and which is, at the moment, supporting an assorted number of books, two pillows, two dummy sheets for EEK, a guitar, and a typewriter cover. #2 is the work area, before which I am currently seated upon a chair which only this morning, I glued together with my own six hands, and which is not pictured on the diagram. Of this, you may make what you wish. #3 is a bookcase (BOOK-CASE—couple old orange crates...) in which are stacked innumerable science fiction magazines of all kinds, three or four old Tom Swift books, a stamp album, an art folder, a can of ditto fluid, three library books, and my hardcover sf. #4 is a dresser, the drawers of which are not filled with clothes. They contain file copies of EEK, manuscripts, and junk. #5 is file 13. #6 is a box which contains my fanzine collection, a hectograph, two letterfiles, and a couple boxes of stencils. #7 is a recordplayer, and right beside it is my collection of records, and more junk. #8 is my radio/recordplayer amplifier. #9 is a couple appleboxes where I keep my pocket editions, envelopes, paste, cardfile, tacks, stapler, staples, ink, sewer pencil stubs, machine oil, erasers, and an empty instant coffee jar, along with a first aid kit. (Never can tell when I might cut myself on one of those sharp barbs you people include in your letters...) The two doors lead, the one on the left, to the back of the house, and the one on the bottom, into the front room, in which is another door, which in turn leads outside. The walls are plastered with pictures of

20. 1. 1914. 1. 1914.

cock, REVIEW from McCain, COSMIC FRONTIER, from neck, FCC, COMFIL, S... the list is practically endless...

Now, this COSMIC FRONTIER we find first on the top of the pile. It seems that this is edited by one Stuart K. Nock, of RED #15, Castleton, New York, and is dittoed and half-size. Stu goes about making this look like a halfway decent magazine, too. One I should be proud to show my aging grandmother, were she still among us. There's a variety of stuff here—fiction by John Fletcher, who has proved himself a fairly good writer; satire by Kunziss, who, despite the fact that he has written the same type of thing almost exclusively, doesn't seem to fall into the unfortunate position of stereotyping. The artwork and headings are drawn particularly well, and the whole magazine benefits greatly therewith. Improving fast.

Full half the fanzines in the pile before me are dittoed. The pile contains, FOG, XENIERN INDEX LETTER, COSMIC FRONTIER, GRUE, HYPHEN, CONFAB, SCINTILLA, VORZI-MERZINE, PEON, AND BREVIZINE. Of these, FOG, CF, CONFAB, SCILLY, VROZIMERZINE, are dittoed. This, I believe, supports my contention that dittography is coming into its own.

That last-mentioned fanzine, DREVI, is still quite well-pleased with itself, and isn't hesitant to let other people know that it thinks it's got good reason to be. You get the definite impression that Frieberg takes on long look at his efforts, and says to himself, exstastically, "Why, if DREVIZINE weren't mimeoed, on old washrags, and if we didn't have the artwork we have, I'd swear I was reading FLAIR, or ESQUIRE!" One huge, jarring note on the front cover....the thing is blurbad, "An interpretation of Eve and Child, by William Reins." All very well, except for the fact that, in her hair, Eve wears a cloth ribbon...

I wonder what ever happened to SLANT...what about that, Willis? I got #7 a week or two ago...not being acquainted with English Fandom very well, this held little meaning to me, in some places. One must be acquainted with the personalities involved, in a thing like this, to be able to appreciate some of the puns and the rocky humor that the perpetrators take for granite. That detracts little from, as I am sure you all know. Repressing Willis is like trying to hold back the Mississippi River. There's a reprint from LE ZOMBIE #63, entitled "A Short Course in Art" by Bob Tucker, of course, which is absolutely priceless. It's one of those things you must see and read, to appreciate. Hal Ashworth's "Variations on a 4E Theme" has me helplessly amused in hysterics...The back page consists of a mass of interlineation-type things which I haven't yet had the nerve to read. But, after going thru the thing a time or two, I'm convinced of one thing--I must get better acquainted with English Fandom.

God...not another one...now Pete Vorzimer comes out with a snapzine. Is this to be the goal toward which the greats of fandom have worked—Tucker....Hoffman...Laney...to think that their work should go for naught! Is this to be the reward for their labors—a mess of slap-dash one-page affairs, thrown together between dinner and tea...(you can see what reading English fanzines has done to me...) God! If Bloch could only know...! Anyway, it seems Vorzimer, in addition to his ABSTRACT, which has turned out to be a fine fanzine, indeed, has decided to go into the thing. And it's called, of all things, VORZIMERZINE. I have two issues here; no. 1, dated April 8, and no. 2, dated April 15. The former is dedicated to Dick Geis, and the latter to Terry Carr. It's another of the "extended editorial" things, like GRAY and SMUG...

While we're still talking about fanzines, I'd like to insert a tearful plea here. If anybody's got copies of MOTE #2 and VEGA #9, and wants to sell 'em, drop me a card. I'm in the market for both, and will pay cover prices for both of them—five cents for the MOTE and ten for the VEGA.

As I said some time previously, the dittoed fanzines are becoming more and more numerous. Here's SCINTILLA, in the NITE DRY format, dittoed...He's got fanzine reviews, a column or two, a reprint by GEMCarr, a book review section and several other things. Only one thing puzzles me...Larry, how does one glop? Awccl...send for it...

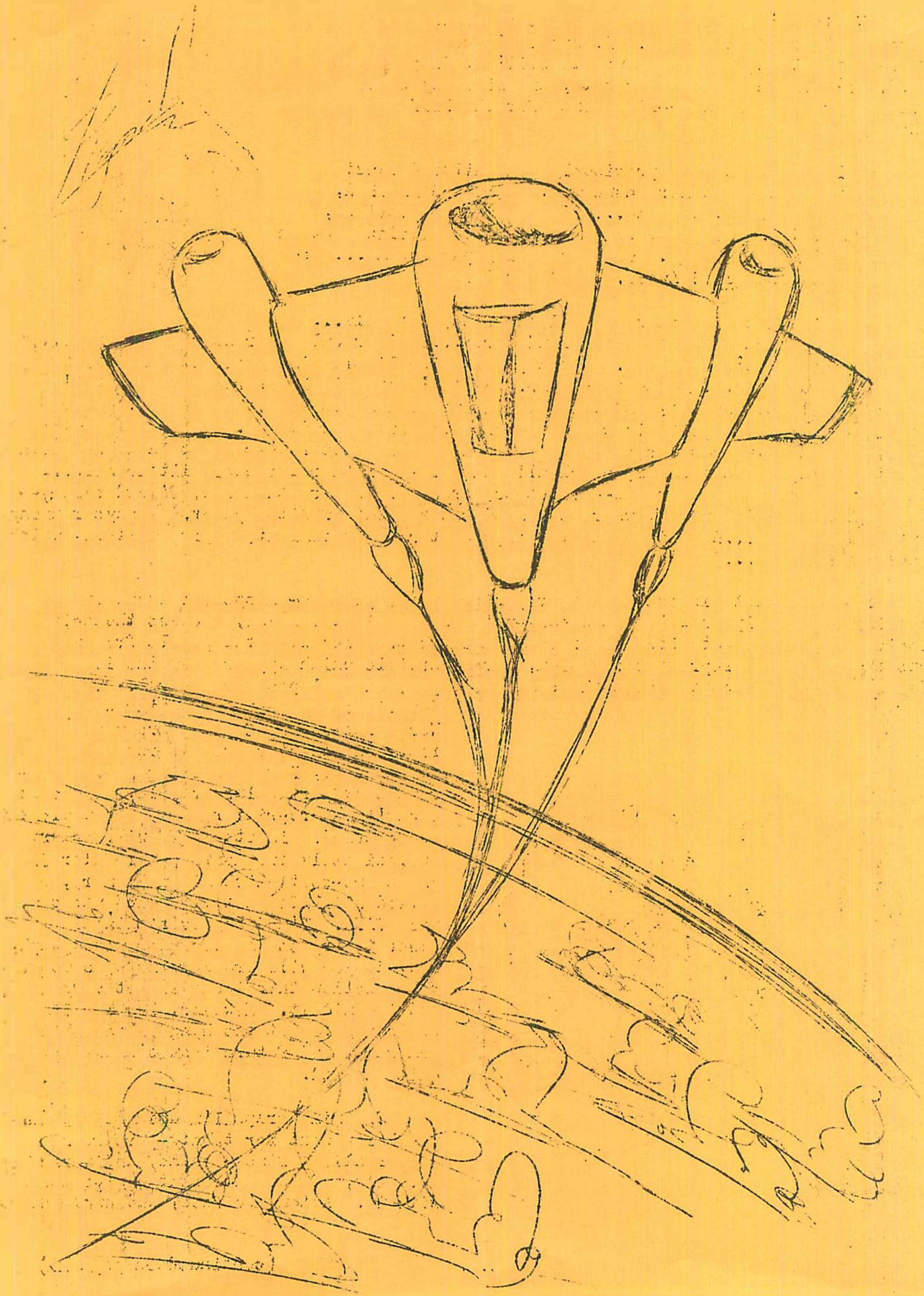


Then there's this fanzine, a letterzine, actually... something unknown to we "seventh fanzomers"...can't recall ever hearing the name...as far as I know, he's a neefan. Got a pretty nice little zine here, though...Dittoed, like a lot of others. Name is CONFAB. Editor's name is Bob Pertoski. CONFAB's got a nice little format, and it wouldn't surprise me to see it go places. Where, I won't say...there's probably women and children in the audience. As I said, a letterzine, and anything can happen in these things. The letterhacks fight back and forth about nothing in particular, which all makes for a rather agreeable little mess... One jarring note, however, is—or rather, are(there's more than one, f'Gawd sake!)—two leafs of yellow paper, where the Aged One ran out of ditto paper. Always running out of something...Saw him up at the supply store only tonight, buying masters, which he'd run out of...

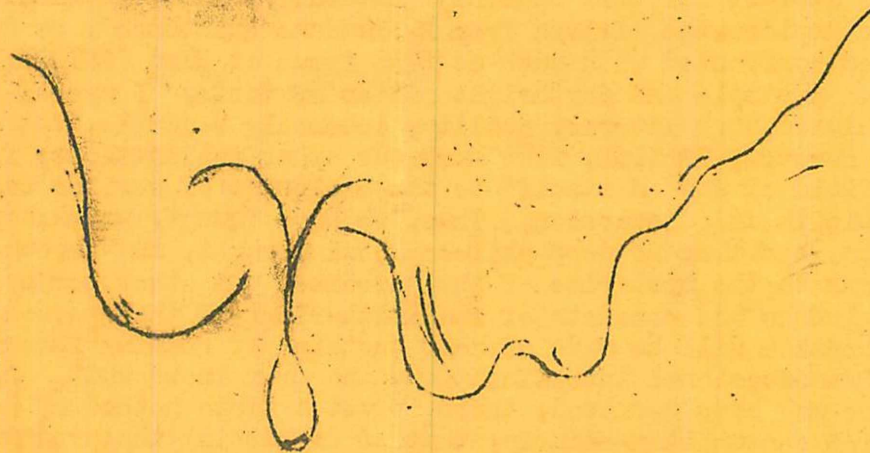
I am somewhat disenchanted to report that the planned-on special issue of EEK dealing with eclipses will not occur—not, as you might imagine, because the eclipse isn't coming off, but, because of some domestic troubles with the people from whom I was trying to get reprint permission, for an article which appeared in the local Sunday Supplement which as about the coming eclipse, and eclipses in general. The gory details of my postal housting with the World Publishing Company are many and varied, and too involved to reprint herein. At any rate, I was building my issue around that particular article, and because I can't get reprint rights, the whole thing is scotched. In its place will occur, in approximately two months, a regular EEK, and a one-shot which might be more, entitled BIDEILTY, a title which was swup from FAPA. I'm doing everything in my power to try and master this mimeograph, and, as you will probably note, some of the reproduction this issue is not very good, and I admit it. However, I think I'm beginning to get the hang of the thing somewhat, and future issues shouldn't be quite as bad.



The mimeograph I'm using is my own, which I bought for twenty-five rocks. It's really a fine machine, and works wonderfully, if you know what you're doing with it. Automatic feed, and hand-inked.



QUAGMIRE



PAUL MITTLEBUSCHER

...Recently came across the following in an aged zine under the heading, "Quagmirecast Letter," by Weaver Wright;

"Pogo--High Priestess of all FOO--makes it rather difficult for her faithful followers to keep up with her, for the feminine counterpart of Denver's Wiggins is notorious for having a new address every time one writes him; we suspect Pogo boats 'Uncle Wigg' by many moves, having moved twenty-five times in the last year and nine months."

The latter-day Pogo seems content with his swamp...teh, teh...the fibre of American character has been weakened. Wherefore art thou, progress...for shame, Messer Kelly--don't you realize you have demolished the pioneer spirit? G. M. Carr's pin-up boy (a certain senator from Wisconsin) will undoubtedly have you denounced for this.

Harrf...Introductions yet. Just in case some poor fool is violently interested, 'tis necessary to say that, I, the one, the only, the superb, the supreme Mittelbuscher, am the character now beating the boys and likewise the mad young thing responsible for this column...? This be a CONDOR-type production emanating from the fast, flickering fingers of a typical debauched relic of the late Sixth Fandom vainly striving for a measure of ogohoo in the fearsome fastides of fluctuating fannish fortunes. ((Whew!)) Any similarity between me and Dracula is purely...well, it is, really...yes, it is...after all, just because I like a cup of blood for my breakfast...fannish eccentricity, you know...

There exist a goodly number of ways and means to go about knocking off a column (or a specific installment thereof). Generally, he who creates must make some sort of decisions as to just what style is to be prevalent. The choice is the columnist's: he can do a feature which is naught but a disguised essay; a Berg type, which is a collection of anecdotes, clippings, notes, news, views, etc., or a sort of rambling about one thing and another-my-life-and-experiences item which Hoffwoman specialized in. (A relatively good example of the latter is rendered by "Tex" Stewart for this fanzine) Naturally, most of us have a preference; as many of us deplore the "Trivia from My Mundane Existence", so do a goodly number also fume when confronted with such as "The Issue at Hand (SKYHOOK)" by William Atheling, Jr. A simple and forthright matter of taste. I myself believe that "Ig-sud" is not only of high literary quality, intensely readable, but of immense value as well. However, ECLIPSE, like numerous other publications, features "the fascinating field of fandom itself" to the exclusion of serious constructive journalistic criticism and discussion. Thus, we have "Quag", which aspires to no revered position, contains no deep philosophical thought, and expounds no theories as to solutions to the mysteries of the Universe. In other words, "Quag" is done strictly for laughs and consists of random utterings of this person of no lasting importance; mention will be made of most anything of seeming interest, interspersed with quotes, an occasional interlineation, and Grom knows what. As some of the more attentive may have surmised, there is yet a farth method of perpetrating a column for fannish consumption--namely, that of discussing the propagation itself...

QUOTES FROM COLUMNISTS:

The Murky Way. Dean Grennell, VEGA: "...I should mention that Magnus is six feet two and has the sharpest elbows ever honed..." Ah, but does he come in a handy dispenser, Dean?

While I am exceedingly dubious of the claim that the movies are the American Art Form, or that the cinema people manage to produce anything which deserves the acclaim that some of their ballyhooed efforts receive via publicity campaigns, I, even as the majority of the American population, relatively frequently wend my way to a theater, plunk down appropriate admission, and proceed to locate a seat, in hopes of viewing a "movie." As aforementioned, I am not impressed by the quality of what is presented; however, I loathe TV and radio with an even greater vengeance and am thus reduced to observing a motion picture for any escapism other than that furnished by fan activities.

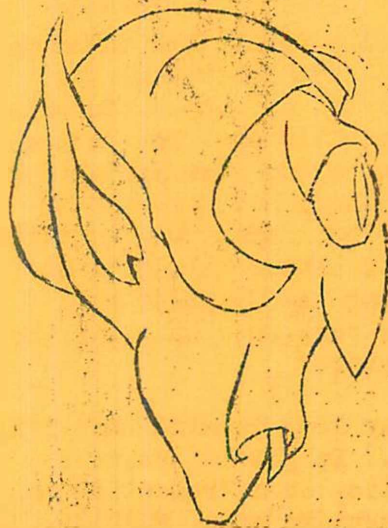
While denied heatedly, it would appear to be rather obvious that "adoration" more than any other factor, is what draws both members of the species to the film houses; that and/or a desire to indulge in daydreams of a subconscious psychological nature. (I.e., "I love to love to Marily Monroe/be romanced by Robert Taylor/live dangerously/encounter adventure/etc.") It is hardly necessary to refer to Hortense Hatchkiss with overburdened girdle, corns on feet, and a face that would stop a clock, as represented in ultra-numerous magazine cartoons, who sighs wistfully whenever Gregory Peck, or some other swain-of-the-sameen, indulges in a clinch with some peroxide female. Hortense naturally substitutes herself, in spirit, for Miss Peroxide. Likewise, Honpecked Henry, who somehow has the idea that Elaine Stewart is preferable to the old battleaxe at home...of course, some attend only to go adventuring without benefit of romance, or sundry other reasons for escapism, all leading to the search for the illusionary noont.

But there is this matter of "favorites". Sometimes they reflect what the person would desire to be; sometime simply someone "different" whom one would desire to meet; or perhaps admiration for their vocal ability, acting ability, birth-provoking ability, enters into the matter. Whatever, the fact remains that most individuals, including fans, have a favorite actor and/or actress. I, like the greater part of the population, have my favorites.



A survey of fandom might be of interest. Of course, the possibility exists that Francis the mule would be fandom's choice, in which case, I would be forced to surmise that the degree of romanticism involved is slight. It is taken as a matter of no consequence that those who are romantically inclined, prefer, in most instances, a member of the opposite sex, as their choices thus, a large portion of males profess some admiration for Marilyn Monroe, while the female segment seems to not dislike such as Robert Wagner, Peck, etc. As previously mentioned, this is, by no means, a universal rule, as many feel admiration, without any desire whatsoever, to go to be with, their choice. I imagine some like Boris Karloff or Peter Lorre, but I have my doubts that anyone, either male or female, is sexually desirous of them. Naturally, the matter of sex-opposite preferences does not hold true in all cases. There are a number of actors who have large male followings, (Down, Laney...now, wouldn't you know I'd HAVE to get that crack in!) and the same is true of the females. Furthermore, some rather unlikely preferences turn up. While in the service, I had occasion to meet several guys who were actually great Van Johnson fans. Offhand, I'd say, from practical experience, and overheard conversations, that Tony Curtis is perhaps the favorite of the younger High School set, while Debbie Reynolds is a likely candidate for the adoration of the same.

In the matter of my own personal preferences, though, I shall state forthright that Monroe, who literally drips with sexiness, doesn't hold the allure for me that Virginia Mayo, or Rhonda Fleming, do. Mayo, then, is my favorite fem star. In my possibly erroneous opinion, she is reasonably talented, as well as quite easy on the eyes. While it is unlikely that anyone would even consider me a gentleman, I do prefer blondes, especially the tall variety. Of course, I am not a "fan" of Mayo's, in the sense that I write her, or any other movie star, for that matter, passionate letters, collect photos, read movie magazines, join fan clubs, etc. I



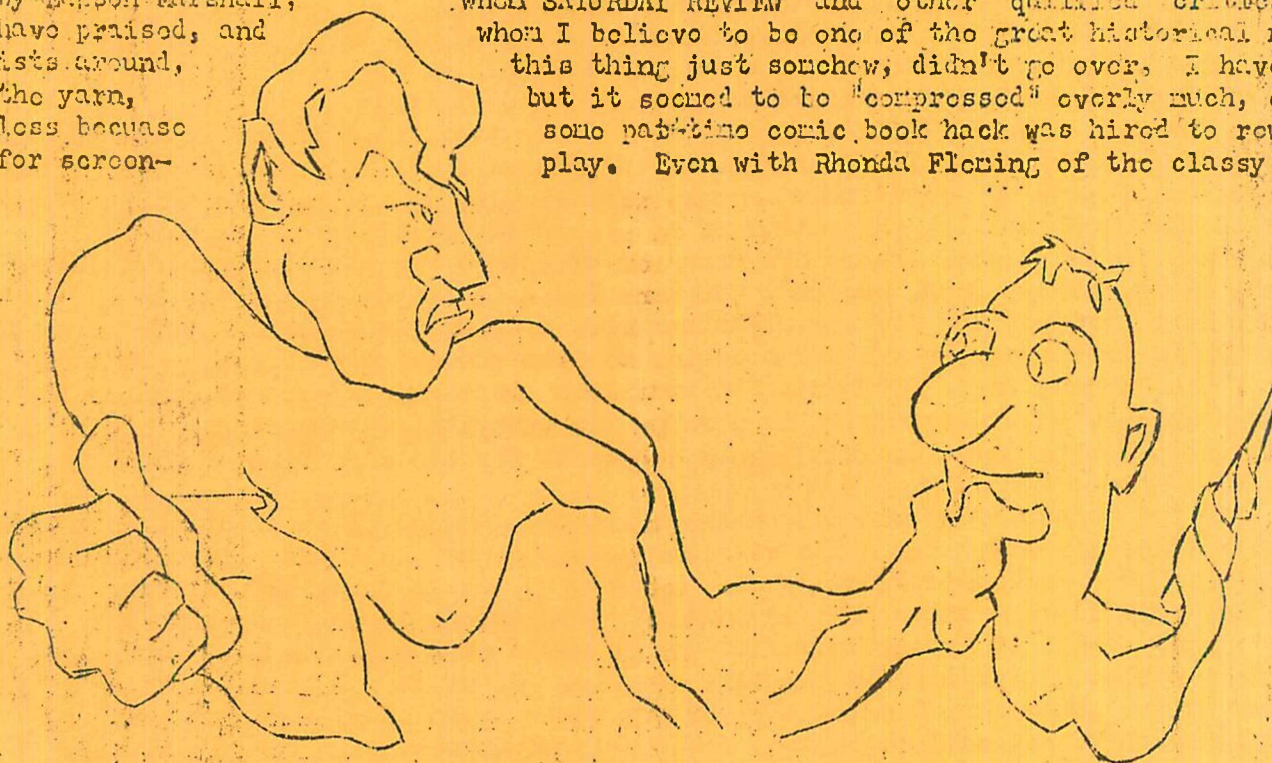
am not interested in beauty tips, love advice, autographs, locks of hair, or any of the other idiotic tomfoolery. I do not give a damn what cereal Mayo eats, what her life history sounds like, what cigarette she smokes, what her moral character is, how many husbands she has had, number of "iradgodies" undergone, whether or not she devours tulips between meals, whether she likes baseball, dogs, the Kinsey report, Mercury; in short, her personal life is her own, as far as I'm concerned. I regard stars, not as inhabitants of Olympus, but as individuals with the characteristics of such.

Returning to the business at hand, I must state at this time, the identity of my favorite actor, who is Jeff Chandler. I will admit without undue howling and hawing, that there is some "association" here. There is a faint

resemblance in physical appearance, but no one is going to mistake me for a Matinee Idol, that's for sure. Chandler is generally considered to be a big guy, and nobody has ever accused me of being a Mickey Rooney. Perhaps it's a combination of these factors, and that the "drawing-room Romances" leave me feeling utterly nauseated. Anyway, I am a self-confessed Chandler fan and make an attempt to see all his movies.

To which, I should like to make comment on two fairly recent releases from UFA, YANKEE PASHA, which is his latest appearance, nothink, is made up of the ingredients of the standard "Arabian Nights" saga; generally, I like this type of plot, as I do most historical adventure films of the QUO VADIS, THE ROBE, KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE type. The Arabian Nights things are pure hokum, done up in technicolor, no denying that, yet, even as the original ARABIAN NIGHTS, they have a peculiar charm. YANKEE PASHA, I didn't, though, particularly care for. Taken from the book by Edison Marshall, which SATURDAY REVIEW and other qualified critics have praised, and lists around, the yarn, less because for screen-

when I believe to be one of the great historical novels, this thing just somehow, didn't go over. I have read but it seemed to be "compressed" overly much, doubt some part-time comic book hack was hired to rewrite play. Even with Rhonda Fleming of the classy cha-



sis and flaming red hair merrily getting abducted by a Turkish pirate and taken to the harem of the Roman-nosed Villian, some royal character. East Roberts was yo Daddo Boyve... naturally the joker gets his just desserts in the end, on somewhere. Seems the guy has a nasty habit of throwing individuals over walls--palace, fortress or whatever--onto what is termed the "hooks", which is an adequate description for them. Anyway, he and Chandler climax the mopping-up operation by having a battle to the death on wall...the boy has some quaint idea of piercing Monsieur Chandler's stomach with a spear, but the rear end can't beat the script. After all, hey, we can't render our heroes, can we? Justice triumphs, and Fleming and Chandler sail off into the sunset, bound for some obscure country...lemme see...now what was the name...oh yeah...America...ever heard of the furshlugginer place?

In dealing with the other movie I've seen recently, pray keep in mind that I'll readily admit the plot was another hackishly familiar thing. It got bad reviews when it first appeared; while it wasn't tremendously dramatic, or a "reflection on life" type of thing, 'twas basically a good, exotic-type adventure saga, EAST OF



SURABUMATRA by title. (An unhumorous note is the fact that Susan Ball, who portrayed a native princess, in the flick, reinjured her leg while rehearsing for a dance she did in the film, the eventual result of which was that it was amputated.) Chandler plays Duke Mullaine, a real tough character, presumably from Brooklyn who spends most of his time wearing an old scuffed-up shirt, vintage 1850, or so, open nearly to the belt, and growling at all and sundry in his deep voice. And boy, does he sweat! Most of those jungle pictures, the characters are supposedly out in that horrible heat, but not a drop of moisture drops from their favored brows.

But Jeff has that old boat-up shirt which is got grime and sweat accumulated over same...of course, he has the big hairy chest and muscles and this deal is supposed to make the Palalos all hot and bothered for the rugged type guy.

This thing opens real cute...this laddie running a power scoop up on top of the big cliff starts dumping loads of dirt, rock, etc, down on the construction crew below. Far Eastern Mining and Development is, I believe, the name of the company...Chandler is construction boss, yet...so naturally a fellow gets his leg "scratched", couple sheds are knocked flat, etc...this is not so good, think all the bright boys, so some Kat has a real crazy inspiration. He goes klippity-klippity, over hill and dale, a-headin' for to get Jefferson...so come "Duke" and gives out with mucho loud squawk for this creative genius with power scoop to come on down...so the boy declines the sterling invitation which makes the crew no so gleeful...especially when he drops another load of rock down the cliff...so some guy—propman, maybe—runs and gets a gun...Jeff flings a bullet at the character, which loosens the dust particles on his ear...this, the joker, who is just a wee bit intoxicated, no like...so, with supreme logic, he decides to make tracks to cometh down, which he does. In the ensuing conversation Duke pushes the mug off into a ditch filled with soiled Hydrogen Oxide, to sober him up, which it does...it also renders him mad...but ANGRY...and he quotes to the idea of rearranging JO's features...but obviously the boy has not read the script, for he gets gut nowhere...a big swing is made but Jeff makes like he remembers his training from "Iron Man" and two punches and Power Scoop is take siesta...he is rendered hors de combat...great, great...of course, being an ignorant young juvenile, I eat that up.

JO and crew is acquire new boss. Marilyn Maxwell, complete with blond hair, is introduced later...wherewith, the whole furshlugginer outfit takes off for Surabumatra...timorous mad by all until complications arise...one of which is Ball, ye princess who is scheduled to commit matrimony with tribal chief, Anthony Quinn...but she likes that sweaty shirt...fascinates her...maybe she is representative for Ivory soap, I dunno...anyhow she is mad for sweaty shirt...or maybe for what's in them, in this case which is Jeff who is not so happy because (1) he has promised a trading post with medical supplies for chief and friends if they help with mining and beanman Sutton hasn't come through. (2) presence of Maxwell who is come with John Sutton, who is play JO's boss, who is precise English-like character with odd habit of using precise English who is got Maxwell in mind as future mate. Maxwell, who has known Chandler in the past, is soured on him now, and is hop for Sutton, or mayhap, his dough...so insults are swapped and all is one big miserable family in mild way...so chief is lit stern about people who no live up to their promises...he is not laughing boy...so mining is wheezo to rapid halt...later, number of tribe

who had previously stolen lighter from Chandler, which chief has seen many times, because he admired it and Chandler offered to give it to him, takes lighter back, coming in from drunk, sets fire to grain shed and all is burn like frantic...so later is find lighter, is think Chandler do same, is get peeved and is decide to try to starve group to death. So is blow up planes, & nobody leave...after numerous happenings, smooching with princess results when things are going bad, and Chandler gets slightly mad tipsy from mucho firowater...this really makes chief Rain-In-Rear MAD...is come to consign all to happy hunting grounds via poisoned darts, spears, etc...but is como Ball who is load whole group to temole...is lose couple men on way, due to script which says be more great and GRUElike if a character or two gets poisoned-darted in back. Finally after much wait is get nowhere fast and wounded man is need help so after many hours, Jeff decides 'tis about time to go out and wind this fuggeddod thing up so he can go home to his apartment and take off that sweaty shirt...so is prepare to go out and do single-handed combat when Max of the blonde hair is finally decide she is really hot for that sirt after all and "pleasedon'tgooutandfighttothedeathyouwillgetyourcurls allrussedup"...but Chandler, stout lad, is going to go, anyway...guess he wanted to changed that shirt, or maybe he read the script...I dunno...

So is come Anthony who is say, "We fight like Kings" no use sceptar...gives knife and mucho pointed burning club and torch and is go at it...is real great...Quinn, the igneramus, doesn't know he can't knock off the hero...he has great hopes of doing so, and goes at it with a will--er rather, with a club and knife...he knocketh Jeffrey down and sets fire to that sweaty shirt, but Chandler extinguishes said fire and feeds off chief (how that sweaty shirt could burn in the first place, I wouldn't know)...eventually, is both lose weapons and Chandler remembers Iron Man again, and gets in that old pro crouch--winan--ye oldo fist striketh ye oldo chin...looks like Chandler is maybe gonna clean house, but Quinn knows some tricks also--is do fancy wrestling trick and render JC flat on back, is grab knife and fling self, but quick-like-fox, Chandler is snatch another knife from ground and Quinn is impale himself on same...is do dying scene and princess take over and all is cheese and crackers...the end is come and is presumably go home and take off sweaty shirt...



Yo Oldo Enddo

Yngvi may not be the only louse in fandom, but he's the biggest andbest-known, don't
Y'know?

Little Willie hung his sister,
She was dead before we missed her;
Willie's always up to tricks--
Ain't he cute? He's only six!

Willie, with a thirst for gore,
Nailed baby to the door.
Mother said, with humor quaint,
"Willie, dear, now don't ruin the paint!"

Little Will, with father's gun,
Punctured grandma, just for fun.
Mother frowned on the morrio lad,
He'd used the last shell father had.

Willie poisoned father's tea,
Father died in agony;
Mother came and looked quite vexed.
"Really, Will," she said, "what next?"

"Gor, we're in trouble." The being that made this statement was, in stature, about four feet tall. In one hand he held what would equal a cigarette, on Earth. In one of the other four hands was a tape reading.

"Serious, Yal?" The one that asked the question resembled Yal physically. Somewhat shorter, perhaps.

"It could be. Our motor detectors have had a power failure. The nearest repair station is over four light-years away. We'll be lucky to make it. I wish the damn government would give us some decent equipment!"

"You can't blame them, Yal. After all, we're only a scientific research team. The government has its defense to think of, too."

"Oh, damn their defense! A lot of good it will do!"

"Yal, sometimes I worry about you. You are entirely too pessimistic. Besides, the nearest civilized planet is only a few million miles away."

"Have you read the rundown on SolIII? It has been under military surveillance for seven years. A red-zone planet. That means, no civilians allowed without military escort."

"If it's an emergency, I should think it would be alright. After all, if a person's in trouble, I believe even the lowest form of civilization will give them a hand." Gor said.

"You believe that, but do they?" I'm for pushing on to the regular aid station, instead of taking a bigger chance on this strange planet."

"Be Reasonable, Yal—they have a civilization of some sort. They are friendly, people, I am sure. Just think of the glory it would bring all scientific teams if we could scoop the military by making contact with the natives, first. Maybe they might let us have some decent equipment, then."

Their choice of a landing site was perhaps unwise. Looking at it from certain angles, it was decidedly so. The African Veldt is hardly any place to repair a spaceship. It was even more so by reason of the presence of a big-game hunter and attendants.

THE

OPTOMIST

"This is a desolate place," Yal said.

"Don't jump to conclusions, Yal; There's some natives coming now. No doubt to help us repair our troubles."

"No doubt," said Yal, noncommittally.

"With your disposition, I can understand why you find only the poorer side of people. Always look for the best, I say. Why, I recall once..."

Whatever Gor had intended to say will be lost for all time. He was stopped by the sound, a flat crack, of a 30:06. His companion fell to the ground. Without further negotiations, Gor jumped into the ship and lifted it into the sky. It is not easy to understand what prompted him to re-land it in the middle of a circus midway.

"Whatever it is, I'll bet it'll draw the yokels in."

"Sure Boss, but what's that thing it came out of?"

"Who cares? We can show that wit' him. Looks kind of like a flying saucer, don't it? Say, that would be the thing... See the Flying Saucer Man... Killed Eight Men Before He Was Captured."

* * *

Gor was delighted by the attention showered upon him. He had convinced himself that the earlier landing had been in a backward savage area. It was unfortunate about Yal, of course; but then, a civilized race will always aid someone who needs help...

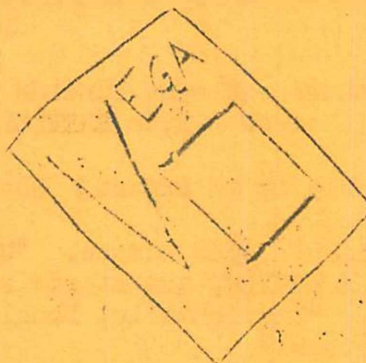
Of course, they paid not a bit of attention to Gor's speech. He reasoned that naturally they couldn't understand him. He was a little panicky when he was confined to a cage, but that was probably because they were afraid he had contagious germs that would cripple them. He was confident that they were securing supplies for his ship.

Gor was confident, that is, for the first week. The people came to see him, alright. He was the best attraction that the circus had ever had, but even things like that lose their fascination. One day, a man from a museum came around—he became curious about Gor...an ordinary circus freak, but there was something different about him. By this time, the circus manager was glad to get Gor off his hands, even for only \$100.

Some time later, Gor's stuffed body was put on display in a prominent part of a prominent museum; the military surveillance continued around Earth. It was planets like this that could break the spirit of the toughest optimist...



THE CRITICS. THE EXPERTS



Mr. and Mrs. Dongling Bellison are in their living room. Mrs. Bellison wants to read a fanzine. Dongling wants it to be a good one.

"Not a decent fanzine in the house, he says.

"How do you know," Mrs. Bellison says. "You never read nothing but prozines."

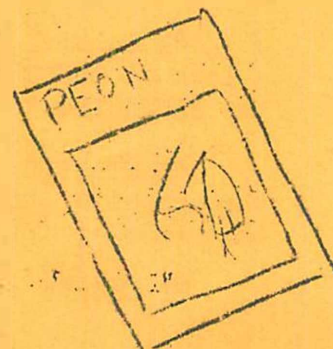
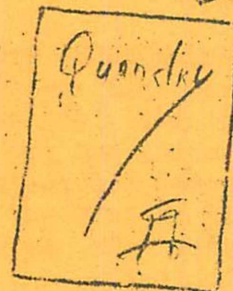
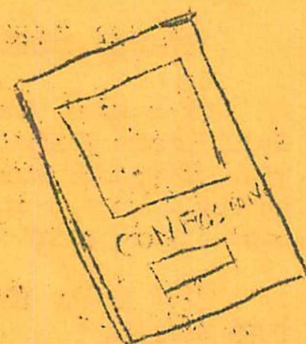
"Marion Grumble, the fanzine critic, says so. She says in her column here in SFB, entitled WEEPING IN THE BATHTUB that there hasn't been a decent fanzine for six months. And nobody knows fanzines like Grumble."

"What about SOL? It has those nice playp girls in it."

"Very disappointing, Grumble says. Smacks of immature juvenile editing. Besides that, the girls have thin legs and thick costumes."

"Well, there's RENAISSANCE. Now, I heard that was a good zine. No girls, thick or thin. In fact, no illos at all."

"Grumble says it misses somewhere. Just doesn't quite come off. Thinks maybe Smoo Swinaditch wasn't cut out to be an editor. After all, he's got only forty subbers. Grumble doesn't recommend it."



"~~Here~~...what about ECLIPSE? I just love those purple distored things."

"Too messy, Grumble says. The message doesn't come through. Slay Mopson, a
critic, fails to meet the exacting requirements of a fanzine editor."

Mrs. Bollison glares at him. "You just don't want me to read a fanzine. You
want me to read one of those darn prozines."

"Now, M'dear, I'd love for you to read a fanzine. But a good fansine; and
there are no good fanzines now. Not even DAME and FIENDS. They're all
dirty old swampzines."

"Just because Marion Grumble says so!"

"I think Marion knows a lot more about fanzines than you do. She's a critic;
an expert!"

"Ha! If there was some fanzine that you wanted to read, you'd read it, no mat-
ter WHAT Grumble says. Even BREVIZINE ADVENTURES. If you was of a mind to!"

"NO! Grumble is an expert! She knows! If she says no, I don't read 'em!"

Mrs. Bollison's eyes narrow. "Well, I guess you are right." She sighs and
picks up PROZINE REVIEW, and starts reading it. She finds what she's looking for
and tares back. "Incidentally, Dongling, darling," she coos. "What prozine are
you buying tomorrow?"

"PLANET STORIES!"

"You are? The prozine expert,
Grumblemore Banks, says, in his re-
view of PLANET here, that it is
so low that the stories are giving
each other artificial respiration."

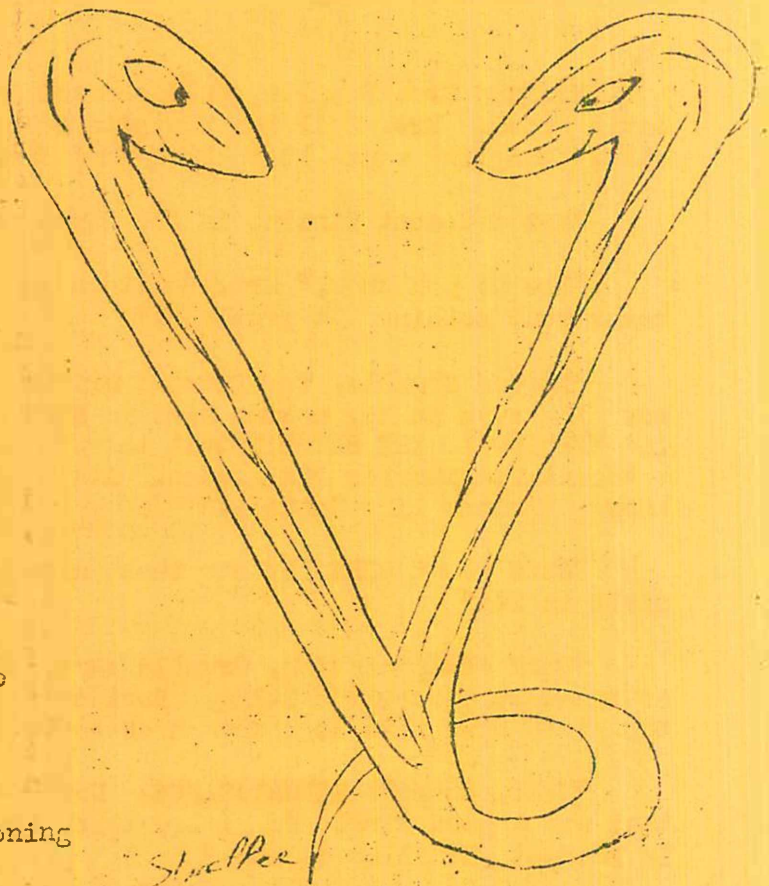
"Did I say PLANET? I meant O-
THER WORLDS."

"OTHER WORLDS, Grumblemore says,
is the most aptly named mag of the
prozine field. It's certainly not
of this world, and you have to be of
another world before you can read the
thing. If it gets any other-world-
ier, they're going to distribute it
by rocketship."

"I meant I was just going to have
a look at OTHER WORLDS. I'm going to
buy FANTASTIC."

"FANTASTIC, Banks says, is
through as a stf prozine. It is poisoning
the minds of all noble fan."

"I didn't say FANTASTIC...I said..."



¡Muchas gracias to Senor Thompson for defending me against an attack by Daryl Sharp, last issue. There wouldn't be much to say in that column, Daryl, if I decided to raise it concern itself with stf, simply because that is what all of its readers have in common. You see, I no longer consider myself a science fiction fan. In fact, the last time I bought an stf prozine was back in November of 1953. My present reading diet consists of almost nothing but fanzines.

"But why," asks a neo, "do you like to read fanzines and not science fiction?" Well, it's like this: I became acquainted with fandom through stf, naturally. But as my interest in fandom increased, my devotion to science fiction itself decreased. Possibly because fandom is a cheaper hobby than stfdom. (No insult implied.) I used to throw away five dollars a month for a lot of science fiction magazines that I didn't find time to read. Now I receive contributor's copies of fanzines and completely read every one of them.

Also, there is the joy of creating something and having it displayed before a group of wild-eyed critics eager to praise or censure your latest matchless masterpiece. And, like in a western cinema barroom brawl, the tables can be turned, and the creator can become the critic.

I find none of this in prodom, which is why I prefer to devote all my time to fandom.

* * * * *

FAPA is not all that I had thought it would be when I joined, and after the next mailing, I shall quietly drop out, without having said a word via their mailings for the full year that I was a member. I have neither money or facilities to carry on FAPish activities. For the past few mailings, many members have been describing their fannish workshop. In lieu of any house wots, calembours, etc, I shall make forth with a frivolous tale about the room

Willie found some dynamite; Couldn't understand it quite. Curiosity never pays; It rained Willie fourteen days.

I live and construct
lectures such as you
presently perusing.
lectures?

#1 is a moldy old desk where
my portable typer (Royal)
resides. It had a beauti-
ful finish once, but it
has long suffered from the
hotel airplane cement and
dope of my ex-model days.

(Since Thompson is fool-
hardy enough to print this
column, I consider him the
dope of my fannish days.)
I moved the desk to this
position only a few days
before writing this (it
used to be on the back porch.
During the summer, I like
to do my fanning on the back
porch, amidst the raw elem-
ents of nature. I find old
fannish experiences passing
through my mind here, be-
cause an element never for-
gets...) The night after
I put the desk in its pre-

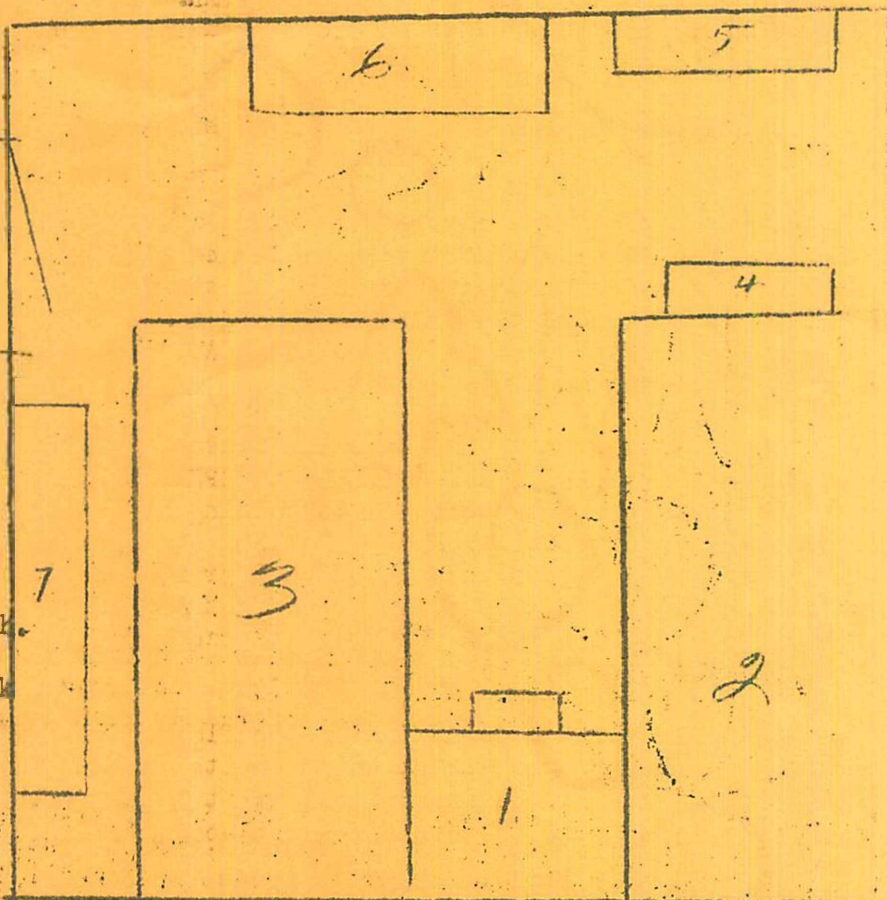
sent position, I was lying in my bed (#2) alongside. It occurred to me that it would
be an excellent place for rats, mice, spiders, cockroaches, etc, to jump from, onto
my face. (I awoke one night about three o'clock just as a mouse jumped off my face
behind the bed. Nobody believes this, so you don't have to unless you want to.
I know I felt something on my forehead and heard a noise like something falling be-
tween the mattress and the headboard. It takes quite a bit of will-power to sleep,
under these conditions. This is known as mind over mattress...) I once split the
side-board of the bed length-wise, while practicing tumbling on it. As I recall,
I used an old 1909 set of the Book of Knowledge (I have the complete set except for
Volume four.) to support the springs of the bed. #3 is my 13-year-old brother's
bed. (The brother is thirteen, not the bed.)

That small round thing (sticking off the wall over my bed is a bedlight. Yes,
I know it's an odd place for one, but the beds were only recently moved into their
present positions. Besides, the room has no electrical outlets, and so I had to
run a wire out to a light cord on the back porch. Ah, these primitive mansions.

#4 is a stool, containing radio, electric clock, both operating off the back
porch outlet. Door between four and five leads to the back porch.

#5 formerly was used as shelves for flowerpots. Now it supports my fanzine
collection, and about 100 stf mags. I've kept every one I've ever bought; but act-
ually, I've made no attempt at a collection. My 100 EComics stay here too, along
with my complete collection of MAD.

#6 is a dresser containing, among other things, my art supplies, and equipment,
remnants of the days when I was an amateur magician (Take a card...any card...), a
huge fabric catalogue which arrived in the mail one day with a letter accompanying
which said, "Dear Mr. Stewart; We are pleased to learn that you wish to be a sales-



fan for our company." I'd never even heard of the place before that. Also, in the recess between the drawers rests my fantasy comic book collection from SCIENCE FICTION SPACE ADVENTURES to WORLDS OF FEAR. The MAD imitators are there, too. And 1000 JOKES, BALLYHOO, other humorous magazines, joke books, my art textbooks, and my Scrabble set.

Between #6 and #7 are three doors which lead, respectively, to the dining room, the closet, and the bathroom.

#7 is a chest of drawers containing a drawer-full of unanswered letters, and one drawer which contains the tangible memories of my fanpubbing days. Anybody want to buy an old hectograph? Also, a stamp album, which hasn't been opened for about a year, in the top drawer. I used to collect coins, but got rid of the thin things when my interest in them waned. Ah, yes, many and varied were my hobbies before I settled down with fandom.

#8 is an ancient bookcase which houses my FATES, pocket-size editions, and more comic books from ADEOT AND COSTELLO to SPEED CARTER, SPACEMAN. On top of the bookcase are stacked envelopes, containing stf excerpts from non-stf mags, other miscellaneous material such as a balloon strapped on a cart, called a toy spaceship, and some of the correspondence which I prize--cards from the big boys at EO, Gaines and Kurtzman, and old letters from Bob Warner, the first real faaaan that I ever corresponded with. We wrote to each other, a letter a week, for over half a year. "Ou sont les neiges d'artan?"

Lying in various positions on the floor, are a wastebasket, a basketball, a drawing board, and a chair standing on its knees. When sitting up straight, it looks like a regular chair, but sit in it and it collapses into four or five pieces. It's not a real trick chair--just needs fixing.

Tacked onto the crumbling wallpaper, there's a Bonestell painting ripped out of ARGOSY, a reproduction of the first BEYOND cover, photos of the Three Ghoulana-tics, a star map, a T-square, a calendar, my EO FANADDICT CLUB certificate, 8 pennants which come with Hormel Chili, and three Jello ads--the lion, the hippo, and the octopus. (When I'm eating Jello, I wish I were an octopus, 'cause then I'd be able to enjoy all six delicious flavors at once...")

And that's about it...how about some of you other fan-ods, columnists, and letterhacks describing your room...?

Actually, Dean, I thought I was making a longer column last time. But it is kind of hard to judge things, with me typing double-space pica, and Ray typing single space elite. Right now, I'm one-fourth of the way down my fifth page...

And that's as good a place as any to stop.

NE PLUS ULTRA

ADRAMOVITCH IS MERELY A PLEBIAN DESPOT

LET'S SEE ... YOU WANT FALSTAFF
YIT FALSTAFF ... FALSTAFF
... FALSTAFF

PAB-T-PAK?

PASS THE CHURCHKEY
WILL YA?

I'M COMPLETELY NUMB!

I'M NOT NUMB--I'M
SIMPLY NONEXISTANT

QUIET DOWN!
LOOK, I COULD GET
THROWN OUT OF
HERE!

TERRY CARR'S
FACE CRITTIURS
AT A BHEERENST

AH, BHEER, GIFT
OF THE CNEUS!

THERE'S NOTHING
MORE NUTRITIOUS
THAN BHEER AND
PRETZELS

DID I EVER TELL
YOU GUYS ABOUT
INCINERATIONS?

HEY! THAT'S MY
BHEER YOU'RE
DRINKING!

WHO SHOOK UP MY
LAST CAN?

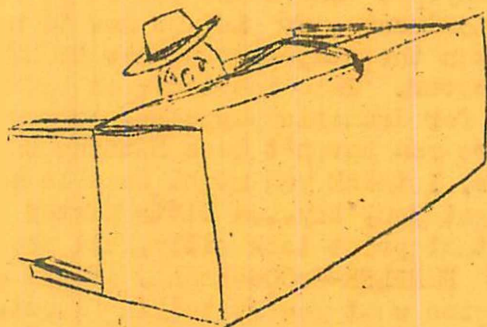
LOOK--WHEN HE TURNS
AROUND, DRILL A HOLE
IN THE BOTTOM OF
HIS CAN...

HA! THIS IS NOTHING!
YOU SHOULD HAVE
BEEN AT THE LAST
BHEER BUST!

YOU'RE DRUNK
AS A PIG!

LISTEN HERE, JUST BECAUSE
YOU'RE SOBER...

EEK!



Gerald Steward
166 McRoberts Avenue
Toronto 10, Ontario

ECLIPSE arrived the other day, and I would like to express an opinion on the future of reproduction of fanmags.

I disagree that Ditto will replace Mimco. ((I wish that, at least once, somebody would READ what they see on paper. I never said anything about ditto replacing mimco—I merely said that ditto was becoming equal to mimco.)) It may be true that ditto is somewhat cheaper than mimco, altho not on the initial outlay; but I don't think it will replace mimco to the same extent that mimco replaced hecto.

Ditto is nothing but a glorified hecto outfit. ((HEY!!)) When price of mimco machines came down to the level of the fans' pocketbook, the fans bought them because they could achieve better reproduction. I have yet to see a dittoed zine with as good a reproduction as available with mimco. ((Have you ever seen GRUE, or the old SHADOWLAND?)) TYRANN was one of the best dittoed zines I ever came across, ((No I guess you never have.)) with color illos and all, but the purple print is harder to read than the black print of mimco. ((Depends on what you're used to...))

The cost of the machines are about equal, as you say, and stencils for mimco generally run from 12¢ to the 18¢ which I pay. I know of an outfit in Minnesota which sells stencils for 10¢ plus postage.

But for all ditto has to offer, slightly lower operating ((slightly...?)) cost, multicolor runs, etc., it will never succeed the superior clarity of mimco. If anything ever replaces mimco, it will be Gestetner, which is a superior mimco process.

Come-closer...I have a story to relate to you...bend your shell-like-audible ear...closer, my friend...Enter into this den of iniquity, this velvety darkness, rooking with mystery and intrigue; for lo, 'tis the year of the ox, and once more the little

Shepherd of Kingdom Come gathers his forte about him, to entertain you, thrill and chill you, with strange tales from the underworld. And if we look closely, we might be lucky enough to discern a tiny figure, tattered and torn, bearing the label, "THOMPSON IS A TYPER WRECKER." Will John's other wife marry the third cousin of her grandmother's daughter-in-law? And will John stand by and let this happen, or will he seek revenge in a marriage with his grandmother's fourth cousin's sister? And will the mysterious stranger turn out to be the uncle of John's other wife's brother-in-law on her grandmother's paternal aunt's side of the family? Yes, indeed, stick around my friend, and watch the little ball go spinning, spinning, spinning...

"But there are a few things they don't know!"

in O'Hitchcock
Arbutus Avenue
Baltimore, 28, Maryland

Received one total ECLIPSE (no pages missing this) from one (c) Raysie Thompson
of one helluva cold (the) berg-(on). ## McCarthy, anyone? And while you're at it,
don't mention the well-used crack about the fifth amendment. ## Let us now to have
taken the staples out of ECL--Let us now to have taken the stap--Let us now to have--
have--rip the damn thing open. Ah, here we have a cover. This one isn't so bad as
the other one. Was that tilt purposefully inserted for dramatic purposes, or were
you experimenting again? ((Tilt...are you quite sure you haven't been hitting the
applejack too hard again?)) Really, with 36 masters, I think you might be able to
experiment on the side. ((IM--possible! There I got you, boy...a ditto master
has only a front and back--no sides. And wouldn't that print look silly, all scoote
ched down on one end of the thing, anyway...?)) ## FUMBLER--oOoohhhhh, if you only
had made a typo with "Hallbreath..." ((I can't imagine what you're talking about...
I is a clean-livin' typo possum...)) I like the tone on which the story ends. "He
wouldn't DARE!" It leaves the reader up to his creative instinct to put on his
own last two or so. Really an enjoyable experience. Keep it up. ((Oh, you mad,
innocent fool, you!))

"To Hell with Coca-Cola--this is the pause that refreshes!"

Denis Moreen
214 Ninth Street
Wilmette, Illinois

Interesting issue. The cover is quite excellent and very entertaining. Shading
of letters on cover was never noticed by me before. Tsk. Your phone number is in-
triguing. ((No, it's Ofoop something-or-other)). Sometime when we get cross-coun-
try dialing, I shall dial that number and see what I get. ((Most likely a dirty
look from every operator from here to Chicago...)) ## Re that total eclipse June
30: Considering that the majority of us will not be able to see it, and also con-
sidering that you are asking for helpful suggestions, why not invite all fans to
come to Norfolk to witness it. It could get to become quite a ting, mass migra-
tion and all that. We could bunk out at Peatrowsky's and all you would have to do
would be provide the food. Think of it! All that fame and glory, all that town
full of fans, all that damn mess all over the place...It could become a second In-
dian Lake! ((Yeah...they're holding that convention down at Bellefontaine this
year...)) And then, after the eclipse, everyone could stick around and wait for
September, and then go to Frisco in one bunch. Gad, think of the convenience of
it all...when shall I pack? ((ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT--back off about forty rods, here...!
I asked for HELPFUL suggestions...)) ## John Fletcher's piece of fiction is one
of the best I've read in some time. Which makes me think that I haven't read too
much fiction of lat in any fanzines, at least not as much as I used to. ((This
amazes you?)) Don't let anyone tell you to drop Mr. Stewart's column because
it's not strictly stf, because it's entertaining, if not educational. Where else
can one learn about the principle of egg-laying and hot tamales, all in the same
breath. ## I haven't yet understood what it is that makes Watkins go crazy over
lyrics of songs being changed around to accomodate stf themes. I didn't care so
much for his list of titles, but the entire lyrics as in ECLIPSE are tolerable;
may, reading again, are very good. And think of the endless supply--Russ will be

unthinking fanods? If so, willst join me? ((Yeah, but is the Happydale Home a
 to a fistfight? Or was it over those stiffs you got in your basement? With Hopper?
 Bobby's Burblings was pretty good, but I remember seeing that poem on the third
 in a book of mathematical paradoxes I've read lately. It was uselessly put
 away. Is he crazy, or does he go berserk only while in a drug fountain? Po-
 story that will remain unread? I wished to ghv I'd not read it. I suggest that you
 burn all such things upon receipt. ((Now, wouldn't i look silly, handing my-
 self a manuscript I'd just written, reading it, retching, then burning it in a lit-
 tle incense burner I keep just for that purpose, with all attached pomp and circum-
 stance?)) Follow That Fan...something wrong...I didn't see my name in there...
 He No, that's rich...when was that thing written? Some of the names have
 already become fairly well-known fiends. That's what Burt gets for being a beer
 man and sampling his produce. YEEK! (A new name for EEK...) I like it. You
 don't. So stop sneering at me already. Howroo! I was not alone in debunkliking
 that thing that Warner threw your way. He probably threw it because he couldn't
 stand it. So you got a cold? The letters were boring, but your comments made
 them good. ((I'll comment you to a fare-thee-well, if you ain't careful...)) I
 hate to say something like that, but 'tis true. Why the hell you publish Johnson's
 letter? He hasn't got much sense as it is, and that letter reeks of a neo. But then,
 we can't all be like Thompson, can we? In fact, who would want to? ((Well, I dun-
 no...I think I'd feel kind of lonesome, being somebody else...)) You ran off
 some extra ads on the STARDUSTERS, didn't you? I know Warren hasn't got a ditto
 or a jelly glob, so I must conclude that you did it. ((The only reason, I wouldn't
 be caught dead printing the thing the way it was mimeced on those roady sheets...))
 At any rate, thanks for it. I gotta go...nat--((OHNOYOU DON'T!!! NOT IN THIS
 FANZINE!!!! Boy...always a sorehead in the crowd!))

 Oleomargarine is that stuff used by folks who've seen butter days...

Redd Boggs
 2215 Benjamin Street, NE
 Minneapolis 18, Minnesota

Thanks for ECLIPSE #3 with the pages by Nydahl from the previous issue. I havent
 read it yet, except for Joel's column and your editorial. Ditto has been used
 in fandom for quite a few years. November 1949 FAPA ((hearken ye to the voice of
 experience...)) mailing was largely dittoed, a fact. A few dittoed subzines were
 STELLARITE and LUNACY (circa 1947). I believe the first example of dittoed fan-
 zines appeared about 10 years ago. ((Yes, but at that time, the very great major-
 ity of fans were printing with mimeograph. My point is, during those days, almost
 as many fanzines are dittoed as are mimeced.)) Thanks for the comments on SKYHOOK.
 Sorry, I can't possibly do a column for ECLIPSE. Have enough trouble doing FILE 13
 for SPACESHIP.

 "...And I come before you to declare, very emphatically, that scamgravy is NOT wavy!"

Because in fights, Willy licks her,
 Sis shoved him in a cement mixer;
 Shoved him in and closed the lid;
 Man, dig that crazy, mixed-up kid!

A vampiro girl enticed poor Willy;
 She led him on, and knocked him silly.
 But as she drank, at the dinner hour;
 She cried aloud, "This stuff is sour!"

FUMBLER was sort of hacked up or at least read that way. Think maybe that it
have been better if it had been longer and not so disjointed. Was
find more of the story about three pages later. Dobby's Dabblin's was ok. Drawin's
r. I run poetry myself for those that like it, but don't care for
or it that comes out in fanzines. Would like to know who wrote "To A Neo-
man." So much like the poem by Doorman that I used. ((Not you Doc??!!)). I
always enjoy the letter column. May write something and get my name in it some-
....

Jerry Dargo
415 Pavillion St. SE
Atlanta, Georgia

EEK arrived, surprisingly. Was it been two months? ((No, actually it was five
weeks and three days...)) Approve the new editorial title. Far more appropriate.
The June eclipse (which misses Atlanta, darn it) is the first total eclipse to be
visible in the United States, in this century. However, there will be four more
between 1975 and 1984 - which seems rather unfair to the first half of the century.
But I seem to remember vaguely some business about smoked glasses and stuff back
in '38 or '39. But it will take someone with a better memory than mine. I was on-
ly seven or eight at the time. I always carry a piece of exposed film with me
just in case, but it looks like I probably won't have any use for it until 1959.
I still prefer the dime, even if it isn't as easy to fool with. Purple just
doesn't look good to me. "The Fumbler" was good, but I wish you would give some in-
timation of it, when you continue stuff. I thought the story ended on the
third page. It was rather abrupt, but the point was obvious. The rest of the
magazine was interesting, as usual. Only, Dobby needs some new material. The title
of his column is becoming all too apropos... Your account of the meanderings
of Homo is very interesting. ((Private letter, people...)) I particularly notice
that Ore-Magnon returned from Spain to dislodge Drumm man from his old territory
12,000 years ago. And Atlantis sank 10,000 years before Solon, according to Plato,
or, 12,000 years ago. Connection? However, we can't take this account as too fact-
ual. It is, of course, the best that can be constructed from the evidence, but con-
clusions are arrived at necessarily by logical interpretation of that evidence, and
logic is SO often wrong. I don't think the best man won in that deal, anyway. The
Ore-Magnons were obviously superior, mentally and culturally, to modern man. They
had a larger brain capacity. ((Yes, but did they have a larger brain?)) They were
also physically superior. So why didn't they survive?

"Correct Fingering is the keynote of success in the art of typing."

Sam Johnson
1517 Penny Drive - Edgewood
Elizabeth City, North Carolina

I smolt EEK this afternoon, and must write... Cover is tops. What's the address of
this John DeJardin person? I might have a proposition for him. (NO, NOT THAT
KIND!!!) Path of Totality (I'll run down the contents page) ((Cor! 'E's a
blynkin' monkey!)) was written about like my last editorial. I had some two
pages to fill, and nothing to write about. Isn't there some sort of school for

in the business of changing lyrics alone for the next seventeen years. And who the heck wrote that last poem? It sounds strangely like one of Boerman's items in his lighter days. And damn—it'll probably turn out to be you. ((Indeed, yes...I must hang my golden curls in a prettily-contrived picture of guilt...)) Speaking of Boerman, his article is surprising, at least to me, considering that I didn't know him to do columnistic type stuff. But then again, I bet you didn't know that in a third grade assembly, I once played the part of an elephant; now, did you? ((No, I didn't—and I'll bet you've not been able to look an honest-to-Ghod pachyderm in the face since...don't take it so hard—I'll still be your friend.))

He hurries like a man trying to keep a dental appointment...

Dobby Stewart
RFD #4
Kirbyville, Texas

This ECLIPSE thing...I notice that you have stopped already with the page numbers. Actually you had no need for them in the first place, since whenever you continue an article, you never tell us which page to look on. So I guess nobody will ever miss the page numbers. But Gois gets along without page numbers and we don't have to wrestle with his zine to read it. ((Gillor Johnson won the third fall from the Golden Terror in three minutes of the third round, with a body press and a flying dutchman...)) ### THE PATH OF TOTALITY is a nice title, but I had grown to love YE EDITOR YAPPETH. And you know, you almost had all the fans calling themselves "yed". ### This special eclipse issue intrigues me. You ask for ideas; well, you could get Sharp to write an article on eclipses in general, or some famous eclipses. You could get Warner or Fletcher to do a special story based on eclipses (maybe the reactions of Pithecanthropus seeing the first eclipse...) or I could do you a cover; you could have some do or ESHM cartoons about eclipses. Well...? Oh, yeah, we mustn't forget your account of the eclipse, which would be the main thing. Maybe you could get Hank Martin to do a humorous account of the thing. Of course there's no reason why you couldn't do the humorous account, but then we never hear from Hank Martin. ((Is there any difference?)) Would this be a regular issue with columns, et al? I might be able to fill up about 1/2 of the column, talking about eclipses. ### Speaking of humor, I don't think much of your puns, but your nonsensical comments, sarcastic replies, and what-the-hell attitude send me reeling on the floor...

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away..."

Don Chappell
5921 East 4th Place
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Thought EEK 8 was a great improvement over #7. The cover was really well done. The cross-hatch work came out good. Enjoyed THE PATH OF TOTALITY, as usual. I think we all suffered from the joke. ((Joke...?)) You spoke of SHADOWLAND. Was over to Sam's house Saturday night helping to get together SHADOWLAND #5. With I could photo-reproduce NITE CRW.

Paul Mettelbuschor
c/o George Werneke
Sweet Springs, Missouri

So here I sit, utterly exhausted...I tell you, son, I have struggled! Of course, I have been troubled with gafia for the past couple weeks, but that is really no excuse. I can't remember ever having so much difficulty in producing a column. I once did a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ page deal, revised by someone else, which was supposed to have appeared long before this in the pages of one of the better new fanzines, in hardly no time at all...6 $\frac{1}{2}$ pages, mind you! Then I did something for DAG very recently which I knocked off in a wee period of time with not a pause or confused moment, but QUAGMIRE...ghaaa...on reading it, (it is enclosed if you've not noticed) you will find it impossible to believe that I rewrote the damn cruddy mess FIVE times! I hope to hell it arrived within time; figure it should get to Norfolk on Saturday. I, in an effort to get it off this morning, worked on it until three a.m...nuts... wrote a page and a half on various topics, which I junked...it just didn't seem right for EEK...finally in desperation I turned to rehashing a yakked-up movie review I wrote as part of a letter to a friend I met in service...this thing needed an introduction...I got carried away and before I knew it, 'twas 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ pages long. Frankly, I am not pleased with QUAG yet...no time, however, to rewrite a sixth time...awee!...all us hacks hit these dry spells once in a while. Did you ever sit and stare at that clean virgin paper for mounting minutes, Raymond? I tell you, it is a HORRIBLE feeling...if I can once get on my feet again...what little correspondence I do is shot to hades...what a life...((And there, my friends, you have a true story, from the pen of a well-known writer, on his trials, troubles, and tribulations, when writing. 'Tis a sad tale, nought? Think you got troubles? Try and read something like this, in the original form...all one big run-together, single sentence, practically...naw! My speckletickles!))

"So who wants to dust a star?"

Sgt. Stephen F. Schulthois
AF 15495905, Hq, 3750th AB Gp.
Sheppard AFB, Texas

ECLIPSE # 8 received and muchly enjoyed--as always, why else would I subscribe? The fiction, poetry, and articles, such as they were, were real real, especially INERTIA by good ol' Joel. There (Where?) was a piece of writing. ((You got no call to be sarcastic!)). EEK The high point of the issue though, for me, was the letter in EEK from Daryl Sharp. THERE is something I can really mount my soapbox and take off on. Your comments on his comments were sharp my friend, and to the point. ((Pun intended, or no?)) I shout Huzzah! to every syllable. Mr. Sharp's viewpoint however, I fear is becoming all too common in fandom (or perhaps I should say, fringe-fandom) and with the growing number of "readers" which seem to be a voting block to reckon with at the world cons these days, they present, in my opinion, a very serious threat to the World (Fan) Convention that we hope to find awaiting us when we journey thither and yon over the country each year. And now, this growing voice has a soapbox of its own. Good ol' Bill's (Harling, of course) editorial in the January MADGE caused a bit of a stir, at least in my immediate circle of fan acquaintances. Most of it was negative, thank goodness. Then in the April issue readers' column of that zine, we find Ed Wood adding his voice (!) to the shout. Of course, (and I've ventured this opinion before), Ed's chief reason for being in fandom appears to be the immense pleasure he seems to derive from condemning everything in fandom (and his criticism is oft very interesting and valuable, withal); but that there are others of

... is as important in such letters as Mr. Sharp's which appear from time to time in Imagination, yet. ### In the event that you don't read IMAGINATION (the official journal of the fandom--and we love it for it), Hamling's January editorial was, and concisely, was to the effect that the World Science Fiction Convention is now "Big Show" (his phrase). He thinks that "it is high time that those organized science fiction recognized the fact that a science fiction convention is not just a fun get-together--it is the big show of the year to which all the readers are invited--for their particular benefit... people come to a World Convention to be thrilled and entertained." (Underlines my own.) He infers that the "Big Show" should be given over to those better qualified to handle it. Now, we have a basic issue here. In a letter I wrote a couple of weeks ago, I took the trouble to boil the whole mess down to six points, like so:

Point number one -- A large number of persons attending the World Conventions (the last two, that is) have come, expecting a "Big Show". (If I may be snide, they've come to be told what to buy, and to see the pros put through their paces, just as at any other "normal" convention.)

Point number 2 -- Plain, old-fashioned, don't-give-a-damn fans don't have the resources or the inclination (especially that) to put on the kind of show that that public demands.

Point number three--- The term "World Science Fiction Convention" IS misleading. So much of the advertising.

Point number four---It should be called the "World Science Fiction Fan Convention."

Point number five---The first nine "World Conventions" were put on for fans by fans. "World Conventions" numbers ten and eleven have been put on (presumably) for the public by fans.

Point number six---Either the newly-defined "Big Show" must be turned over to persons capable of handling it, or it must be retained by the type of fan who started the function, and must be redefined to make perfectly clear who the "World Science Fiction (Fan) Convention" is put on for and who it is put out for. ### There they are; what do you think of them? ### As answer to Mr. Sharp's question at the end of his letter, may I say that, from my own personal experience, that it is much easier for the neophyte to integrate himself into fandom as a whole in the more informal "fan convention" than it is in the "Big Show" type of convention--which, actually, by its very spectacularly dull nature, drives established fandom into cliques. (Of course, if the neo waits around to be integrated, chances are he'll never make it under any circumstances--and if he does, I don't think he'd be the type of fan I'd care to associate with. After all, I should think that one of the prime prerequisites for being a fan should be a strong desire to be a fan.) Let's face it, your nice slick "Big Show" is going to attract the "readers" and neos, alright, but it's not going to attract them to fandom. Anyone who uses that argument (and it is used a good deal, it seems), should re-examine the situation. Logical as it may seem, the fact that the best way to attract "readers" to fandom is by inviting them to a fan convention, seems to escape a good many people. Certainly, a fan convention may drive a good many potential fan away from fandom, but that is far better in my opinion, than to attract them with a "Big Show" and then have them quit fandom a year later, spewing gafia, gall, and disillusionment all over the countryside. ### Some may perhaps maintain that a con can be put on that will appeal to both the readers and the fan. San Francisco seems to be attempting to do this. The results should be interesting--and entertaining. I suspect that such a con, fine though it may be, will only add impetus to the growing dissatisfaction on both sides. You know how fans are. I can hear the comments.



...reports now: "Had one helluva time, but the con itself was a fail-
ure, I mean--it was boring." "The committee really went all out on the
con, but I was sort of disappointed in the fans--too cliquish; you couldn't
talk to anyone." And so it goes...((Indeed it does. You must remember, there
are different kinds of fans as there are fans, and you can't expect to please
all. Depending on each fan's particular peculiarities of personality, they are
going to come away from San Francisco with varying reactions; some will like one
thing, others, something else. The vagaries of human nature, nothing more.))
Well, cons come and cons go, but fandom goes on forever. As you may suspect, I get
one heck of a kick out of fannish uproars. Come what may, I continue to find fannish
things interesting--and amusing. Which is perhaps why I don't find gafia such a malignant
lady as some. I'd really be sorry, though, to see the World Conventions pass from
the realm of things fannish. There are few things I enjoy more than a good fan con-
vention.

((Never having attended a convention of any kind, I am certainly not well-able to
discuss intelligently, the machinations thereof, the why and wherefore. However, I,
like most people, find myself with several opinions on the subject. It would seem to
me that the conventions should be run so as to seem to be "all things to all fans",
be able to provide some high points for everyone. And that seems to be the way they
are being run at present.))

Yeah...well, that would seem to tear it for now, non enfants...once more, we
slam the door as forcefully as possible, in the collective face of those who are com-
ing after, whom, I am told, are following in the footsteps of us. The web has been
completely spun, and all has been relegated to the limbo of all forgotten things....
all the little spiders are starting to go home; and as we turn away from the spinning
kaleidoscope, we will see, if we look closely, that same tiny figure, still tattered
still torn, but resolute yet; and, looking still closer, we might distinguish, on the
other side of that rented sandwich sign he's carrying, a group of letters in large
black block form, which, when taken in their entirety, might spell out, "THE EDITORIAL
SLANT IS DECIDEDLY JUVENILE: CONSCIOUSLY AND DEFIANTLY SO." Stopping only long en-
ough to spit on a competitor, we sleepily wend our stumbling way home, mumbling to
ourselves, "A goof. A goof. A goof. A goof." Upon finally reaching the cobweb-
ridden noseleum which we call home, we fall flat on our face and drift off to a dream-
less slumber. The sound in the background, which you hear, and which reminds you of
a buzzsaw in operation, is not, as you might suspect, we, snoring, but a buzzsaw in
operation.

(continued from page 16)

"Banks says that conditions are poor in the entire sf magazine field at the
present. It'll be a good time to catch up on your chores, dear."

Dongling sighs and gets to his feet.

"Ok, dear, I'll get that issue of ECLIPSE for you. Do you want any other fan-
zines?"

(PATH)

I have been ostracized from Mari Wolf's review column in MADGE, it would seem. She has not reviewed an EEEK since last November. I think it all stems from the fact that she called a dittoed issue of EEEK, hectored, and I, beings somewhat incensed, sent her a most curt letter, with an example of dittoed work, and hectored, work, respectively, in the fervent hope that she will be able, in the future, to discern between the two with more ease. Since sending the letter, she hasn't even mentioned me. I feel slighted. But I'll show her...I'll send my fanzine to Rog after this...

You people have probably given up all hope of ever seeing another issue of EEEK. It's all my fault, actually...I had wanted to get this thing out, over a month ago, but during the spring and summer, we florists have gotta work like hell...all kinds of holidays right now, and spring planting besides. But back to the subject at hand...Several of you have written me, and have not yet received answers. Whether you'll get answers before this issue, gets to you, I don't know. But if, well, that will be fine. And if not, let this be a admonishment to wait just a few more days while I catch up on my back correspondence.

One of the big reasons that I'm so late, is getting used to my mimeograph. As I've said, some of the mimoeing is not so good, but I'll try to improve that. Let not this deceive you that I am not still a fervent upholder of the ditto as the answer to quite a few fans' prayers. Actually, what I started out to get was a second-hand roller ditto, but they're just not available in this town; so, I took the next-best thing. And let me say that once you've worked with a mimeo, messy thing that it is, you'll never go back to ditto. There's just some odd fascination about the whole process that draws one to go on and on, in spite of over-inking, under-inking, inked rollers, torn stencils, ad infinitum.

Until next issue, then...

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