

Day

eclipse

NUMBER XIX



"YOU NEVER CAN TELL HOW CHOPIN IS GOING
TO AFFECT SOME PEOPLE."

Comma

ECLIPSECLIPSE
"The Late Fanzine"

Volume IV

NUMBER I

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Cover by Larry Bourne. Inside illos, headings included, by the editor.

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ECLIPSE is edited and published by Ray Thompson, whose present address is 519-7th Avenue, Council Bluffs, Iowa. It is respectfully requested that all monies, mail, fanzines, etc, be sent to this address, rather than to Norfolk or Omaha. Much confusion would be obliterated. Copies of EEK are available through trade, contributory, subscription, commentary, or because I like the color of your typewriter ribbon. The foregoing does not apply to Bob Peatrowsky, whose ribbon is beginning to mold. Prices: (delete the words 'subscription' above) one for 10¢. No larger subscriptions taken. Write a letter and save yourself the dime.

THE PATH OF TOTALITY

IT'S THE EDITOR'S FAULT--

These have been hectic times. As I remarked in the last issue, I have been having trouble getting settled down in this new-to-me part of the country. My latest error in judgement involved trying to maintain a \$55 a week apartment on a \$150 a month salary. Hence, the delay in this issue is due to my frantic search for, and eventual moving into, a cheaper set of quarters.

This has been settled now, and I am really settled now--considerably closer to my work, and in considerably cheaper quarters.

Since I have gotten settled here in The Bluffs, in an apartment where everything is furnished, right down to the salt in the shaker, I have rediscovered a good many interests which I thought had long ago departed my mind. I find, however, they still persist, to wit, in order of importance: Cooking--you didn't know I was another Duncan Hines, did you? (And did you know that a surprisingly tasty quick meal can be made by mixing the contents of a can of tuna and noodles, and spaghetti and meatballs, and bringing to a boil? How's that for stomach turning concoctions, Geis?); History (this has been done by the fact that someone in the family has been shaking the family tree of late, and some very interesting swigs have fallen off.) Model-building; (although where, in a room eight by twenty I'm going to put them, I don't know...) Reading: (with all the fan ac I've been involved in, which is considerably less than some I've had blessed little time for any serious reading.) and any number of others.

The shaker that all this is leading up to is this: With these re-awakened interests, I intend to take less time with ECLIPSE than previously; hence, I cannot guarantee bimonthly appearance. For the last issue or three, I have not been get-

ting bi-monthly publication anyway--the only difference is that now you have a reason for it.

I should, of course, like to keep on receiving and reviewing fanzines. If necessary, I shall pull the review column out of EEK, and transfer it to another zine with more dependable appearance. So, please, don't curtail sending me your fanzine. I really do appreciate most of them, even if I don't write and say so.

There are a few-damned few, too--which I have absolutely got to have, and will even pay for them if I have to. This is sue I shall fight out with the individual editors. I think they know who they are. So until further notice, when my lesser interests fade again, or when I regain a little more interest in ampubbing, the story is thusLY: irregularly, but at least four times yearly, even if the four times means monthly for the last four months.

Also, no more subscriptions, please. If you must waste your money, 10¢ for one issue. And since I'm losing money on the thing anyway, all foreign fen, Britian, Ireland, Sweden, Germany, France, Australia, and even Borneo if necessary-- go free.

I must cut this short. I still have the foramast to rig on that frigate I bought last month...

Ray

STRAY

GLENN

KING

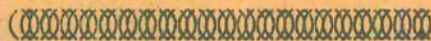
THE animal heard a slight noise. In sheer terror it crouched against a wall.

It was a stray. It had been raised in the warmth, comfort, and safety of a home; while being taken for a walk, it had somehow gotten lost. For a week now it had roamed the streets. Every sound in this giant noisy city almost scared the poor

thing out of its wits. Twice it had almost been run over by jet cars. Three times it had been chased away from homes. If the animal had been intelligent enough to express itself it would have probably wished to be dead.

As it crouched against the wall, it heard noises inside. The wall was the side of a building and children's voices were coming from inside; these sounds attracted the pathetic little figure outside. It half walked, half crawled around a corner toward a flight of stairs which led to an entrance. There had been three children in the home from which it had come. This fond, though dim, memory drove it on. Once it faltered and whined weakly, its empty stomach aching.

Then it saw the thing.



Ralph was late for school and he knew it. He had lingered too long before a toy store window; his teacher was very strict about such matters, and he would probably be meted a very stiff punishment.

As a result, he was sunk in a deep, dark gloom. The day itself seemed to mirror this gloominess; dark, heavy clouds lowered over the buildings of the city, looking as if they might loose a downpour at any moment.

Ralph turned into the schoolyard and broke into a run. If only the teacher would be late--he brightened momentarily at the thought--but...

Then he sighted the animal crouched against the wall. All thoughts of lateness were driven from his mind. He looked down fondly at the creature, as it backed fearfully away. He crouched and coaxed it to him in his most soothing voice.

The animal stopped backing. This was a child and it loved children. It slowly sidled up to Ralph. Nothing bad happened to it, so the creature gained a little confidence. Ralph coaxed it up the steps; finally he got it through the door. Now it was enclosed on a small square hall, on both sides of which were doors leading to staircases. Opposite the entrance was a door leading to the gymnasium. All these doors were locked.

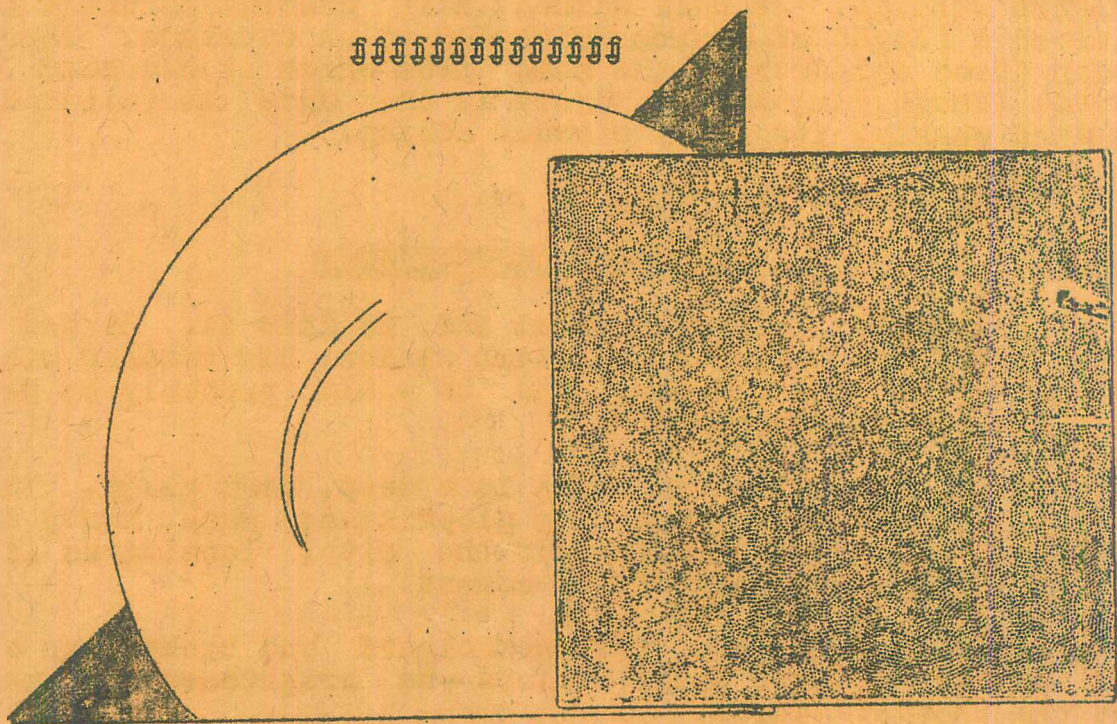
laid out his lunch for it; it bolted for the food and ate hungrily.

Ralph felt wonderful. At last he would have a pet! He was certain that no one would discover the animal here. Hardly anyone ever passed this spot. At dismissal time he would run in and pick up the animal and take it home. He was sure that Mother would let him keep it.

Now the animal had finished eating. Slowly it approached Ralph and licked his hand. It seemed to like him--yes, he was sure it did.

Ralph knew he would have a pet. And it was just the kind of animal he had always wanted. He flapped his long ears back and forth and almost barked aloud for joy. He was now the owner of Dog's best friend--a man!

30gk



DRAGON'S

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S
L
A
N
D

MARTIN GRAETZ

"What Power Did The Ancients Possess?" "Do Un-Seen Powers Direct Our Lives?" "In Your Mind's Eye...The Secret of Mental Creating". The Rosicrucians (AMORC). ((NOT A Religious Organisation))

A few months ago, an article by L. Sprague de Camp appeared, in which he revealed what the organizations called the Rosicrucians was all about. But what is it like to be one? (Well, almost.)

Some years ago, I threw caution to the winds and clipped the coupon from a copy of a pulp sf magazine. This simple act led me on one of the longest merry-go-round rides I have ever experienced.

In his excellent article, Mr. de Camp stated that the Rosicrucians and kindred groups appeal to those who desire something for nothing. This is hardly what is offered. What is promised is approximately nothing for \$5 monthly, plus the cost of optional books, texts, tomes, and tracts relating to the Course material. All this is very attractive at first, but as the months wear on, and the San Joes fraternity hears nothing from its prospective frater, things begin to thicken. But let us take it from the top.

About two weeks after I mailed the coupon for the free sealed book, "Mastery of Life," I received a plain brown envelope containing:

- 1 Slick-paper booklet, about twenty pages thick
- 1 8½ x 11 registration form
- A number of assorted advertising flyers.

This sealed (sic) ((sic!)) book, purporting to reveal how you, too, can gain the mystic powers of the Incas, Aztecs, or whoever, (I think the current craze is Mayanry), gives a very brief sketch of the "Ancient History" of the Rosicrucian Order. There are extra-wide margins on each page, room enough for the insertion of tidbits of information which turn out to be quotations from such alleged members of AMORC as Benjamin Franklin, St. Thomas Aquinas, Ug of Og, and Ramses II. After some fifteen pages of this bitten-thumb-nail history, there is a long plea for The Cause, and why you should Join.

The registration form is a marvel of engineering. I have never seen anything quite like it outside of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. The two sides of close-packed questions and answer blanks all boil down to a signed statement that I Will Solemnly Swear to Pay Five Dearly Beloved Dollars a Month, for which I Will Receive Monographs of the Teachings of the Rosicrucians, and Lessons (monthly) on How to Apply my New-Found Powers to the Achievement of Great Success in Life.

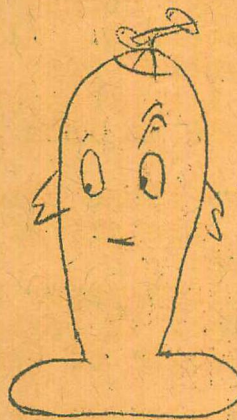
Evidently feeling that this barrage is quite enough for the novitiate, the Brethren of the Rosy Cross let me wait for about two weeks before sending me more literature. I assimilated the information provided in the material enclosed with the somewhat-sealed book, and awaited the next onslaught.

The contents of the second envelope were similar to the first. More advertising, and an extra entry blank, just in case. There was an added teaser, in that one of the flyers declaiming on the Merits of the System carried a picture of the first Lesson and Monograph spread out on a table, with cabalistic symbols displayed enticingly on a number of the sheets. The print, of course, was just beyond legibility.

Through the next several weeks, mail was steady from the Boys of the California Nile, at the rate of about once every fourth day. It was 90% advertising, but frequently it was interspersed with generalized descriptions of the Courses, and testimonials from successful post-grads. And regularly, every fortnight, came the Official Entry Blank, which I had come to regard as an old friend.

This advertising material of the Rosicrucians deserves special mention. Most of it is printed on slick paper stock, and is attractive, through some-
garish. From the first, these ads were mostly for books either texts associated with the regular course, or else tracts and tomes by assorted fraters, deceased or otherwise, on the history of the Brotherhood, accomplishments of famous members or critiques of various bona-fide religious and theological works, in the light of Rosicrucian philosophy. Conversely, some claimed to analyze AMORC philosophy as represented by some of the more popular literature of the world. Quite frequently the titles ran to a sort of bastard Christian flavor, like "How Jeusu used Rosicrucian Teaching", "The Rosicrucian Christ," et cie. Though these are not exact titles, they will serve. (I shouldn't be surprised, on the other hand, to find that they were actually used.)

COCEPTICISM



The books were often designed to appeal to the sense of identification, promising that You Can Master the Secrets that gave Franklin His Power to Succeed. (For some reason, Ben Franklin is a favorite among the famous alumni of the Rosy Cross. The irony is that Franklin belonged to an entirely different organization, not even remotely connected with the present AMORC, which is less than a century old.) Other titles, more direct, hinted at untouched goldmines of power hidden within yourself. ('Unchain the Dormant 80% of your Brain.")

In all of this, however, there is a basic similarity, a tipoff to all but the very gullible that this whole thing is a rather large framework built around practically nothing. Now where in this whole morass of wordage is there the slightest hint that mastering these techniques is hard? It's all So Very Simple. All you have to do is come across with the monthly five; Success is virtually Guaranteed. (They can't come right out and say so, of course--they'd be in lawsuits right up to their rosy ears.)

Back to the fun. By this time, things got tiresome and repetitive. I had been subjected to nearly three months of mail, and most of it was going into the circular file unopened.

Then, suddenly, everything came to a screeching halt. For most of two weeks, I heard nothing from Rosicrucian Park. Though I was relieved, still I suffered pangs of regret. After all, they stuck by me, and it made me feel somewhat important. But now, had I done something to Offend Them? True, I had sent the good scribes a postcard during the height of the storm, in a vain attempt to stem the flow. But now?

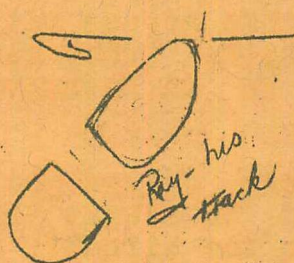
Thus it was that two weeks after the abrupt curtailing of mail, I received a staid white envelope, exactly as I had so many times in the past. Eagerly I ripped it open; perhaps I had not angered the High Ones after all. Sure enough, there was my old friend, the Entry Blank, along with some form-letter equipment reminiscing on past times and the good fun we had together. There was a tear in my eye and a lump in my throat as I put the ceremonial match to the contents of the envelope.

A month passed. I was beginning to forget my long association with the Ancient and Mystical Order. One day--it was midsummer now--the familiar sealed envelope showed up again. With that here-we-go-again feeling, I opened it. Immediately, I was struck by a single jarring note: the Entry Blank was green? Impending disaster, but I brushed it off when I found a relic from a long-dead past. This was the flyer illustrating the first Lesson and Monograph, with the gull-page picture of the sheets arrayed on a table. Feeling secure in the knowledge that I was a life member of the AMORC mailing list, I solemnly filed the material in the furnace.

CONTINUED P 20

THE TRACK OF THE

NORSEMAN



wasting as little time as necessary, we hastily brush our way past a couple of pieces of rusty tin which pass for a bridge across the surprisingly dirt-lade creek passing beneath our feet; only to find, a little further down the broad way, a sign saying, "Welcome to the Heart of the Good Earth." Elevating an eyebrow, we turn our attention to the bending trail beneath our feet, only to trip over a huge stack of magazines impeding our progress to freedom, the first of which is:

APAS: Boyd Raeburn, 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 9, Ontario; Canada. At the outset, we find Boyd taking to task one Wm Deeck, for Wm.'s remarks about the 1956 convention. He begins by stating that Deeck "...appear(s) to be confined to dull, rambling articles which appear occasionally in the lesser fanzines, the editors of which are...desperate for material..." Now, this may be contrived to mean that ECLIPSE is a "lesser fanzine" and that I am "desperate for material." This, however is highly irrelevant, and guilt by association besides. Throughout his discussion of an article by Deeck dealing with the recent convention, I am bothered by a tendency on the part of Boyd to construct Alps from anthills. He takes a statement which Deeck obviously means to sound humorous, ("...I was not dismayed, but I, of the ever-discerning eye...") and builds what amounts to a case of mis-placed egomania from it. Thus, also with such seemingly innocent statements as, "...the fans want their cherished traditions, as Bryan wanted his Genesis, to remain unchanged and unquestioned." This, along with a sentence immediately preceding it which states that fans are like the people exhorting Bryan to greater effort when Bryan stated that men are not mammals, Boyd asserts he does not understand. It's really quite simple, it seems to me. Deeck is merely stating that, do what we may to try to change conventions, fans as a group will not let us. The fans want their cherished traditions, and like that.

Elsewhere in the issue, Harry Warner, Jr., writes an article on Claude Degler, and in it states, "I think enough time has passed to recall...a gentle sense of regret at the realization that we once succeeded in getting so worked up over a fundamentally unimportant person and his ideas."

I can't help feeling that, in this case, Boyd is letting himself become a victim of the "inverted and misplaced enthusiasm which Warner also describes. I feel that, if he were to give a second thought or two, he would find that Deeck's article is not really that important, and himself so excited over a relatively unimportant point as a person's style of writing.

The aforementioned article by Warner--"I Walked Beside Thee"--demonstrates a common human failing; that of gossiping. For if one is to believe the statements made here--and I see no reason not to; for considering the rep of the person under discussion, it would profit Warner very little to write something which punctured that reputation; unless it were true--much of the malicious feeling that fandom felt, and feels, toward the character of Claude Degler, is a result of gossip; writing and passing on sometimes completely unfounded stories about a person merely because they are sensational; piling untruth upon untruth until what started as a rather innocuous rumor is built into something of a sensational legend.

Bob Bloch's article on damned literature goes along with this theme, with certain revisions. His is not so much a concern with the huckstering of mediocrity as it is a concern with material which, while as good or better than that which is given publicity, is forgotten. This is an extremely valuable contribution, since Bob states very few conclusions of his own. He merely asks the questions, gives the examples, and tells you to think it out yourself. When you stop to think about it, very few "philosophical"--and I use the term guardedly, since I am sure Bob means no philosophy--essays give the reader a chance to form his own conclusions. They merely give a set of conditions, tell how the writer feels about these conditions, and require that you either accept or deny them. This has led to a common failing among people--they don't really think anything through, which may be the reason we are in such a muddle internationally, today.

It also may be the reason that some of the things which Bob says were ignored, were ignored. Unless you really think about a reviewer's statements in regard to a piece of literature, you may come out with a stereotyped set of ideas about literature. One must be flexible and decide for himself whether or not the reviewer feels as he does about something because it is actually as bad or good as the reviewer avers, or whether the reviewer has an ax to grind, or whether he just doesn't care. The main enemy is mental lethargy; a tendency to take another's word on something, a failure to investigate on one's own, a consent to let others select one's mental fare, without bothering to find it on one's own.

As respite from the heavy mental labor required to assimilate these three articles, there are shorter, lighter works by Bob Shaw, Alex (or Rich) Kirs, Bob Tucker, and others; which create a sort of balance which is very agreeable.

I like ABAS

HYPHEN 17, Walt Willis 170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast, N Ireland. The Journal of Irish Fandom. There is little indeed that one can say about this monument to trufandom, other than indicate that it contains material by Willis, Shaw, Chuck Harris, White, Berry, and countless others. It should need no introduction; therefore, I shan't give it one. If you know about this one, you won't need it--if you don't what possible difference can it make?

QUIRK: vlnl, Larry Ginn, Box 85; and Johnny Hilleman, Box 77 Choudrant, Louisiana. As a first issue, there is considerable that needs to be discovered through the only medium possible; experience. And the only way to gain experience is to continue publishing. As a starter, this isn't awfully discouraging. The editors appear to be the sort with steady hands at the type writer and stylus; the material is adequate, and there is no noticeable air of forced fannishness. Given a bit of time to discover itself, this may turn into something.

CRY OF THE NAMELESS; Wally Weber, Box 92, 920 3rd Avenue, Seattle 4, Washington. This continues to be, to the average faan almost entirely worthless as to entertainment level. Containing such "deathless" items as Renfrew Pemberton's pro-zine review column, another review column featuring an issue of AMAZING STORIES for 1940, "...Over Spilled Milk", by Dewey d'Pop, (o barb of humor, where is thy sting?) minutes of the latest meeting of the Nameless Ones, ad infinitum et naseum. The only thing that remains in mind is a thought, "As if anyone cared..."
I certainly don't.

PSYCHOTIC; Dick Geis, 1525 NE Ainsworth, Portland 11, Oregon. Be it here known that the best West Coast fanzine in existence is, once more in existence. The unbridled, and often sharp, tongue of M. Geis wags, to the delight of all, once more. Beware, ye Clods of humanity! Defend thy Halls against usurption! The Nemesis is again upon ye!

And upon again he is, wasting little time in making himself known. He writes of many things: Hi-fi; "The demonstrator put an organ record on the turn-table, adjusted a minimum of ten knobs, and promptly blasted the huge room into oblivion with floor-shaking sound." Privacy: "If you live in an apartment, you cannot escape the sounds-of-living of those above, below, and around you." Wetzels: "I'm going to pretend he does not exist." But most of all, he writes about quote and comment.

Especially interesting is a quote from a Jack Woodford book, How To. If this is "how to", Lord deliver us from the home experimenter. Mr. Woodford mouths words and phrases like a man cussing out the government on income-tax day. He is highly opinionated and in his zeal, lets his reason give way occasionally, to appplectic hysteria. My Heavens, if we were all as bad as Mr. Woodford would have us believe, we should all be dead by now.

The mere fact that Mr. Woodford touches on practically every subject under the sun, in one chapter, infers that he cannot stick to one subject long enough to really explore it. His derogatory attitude toward most of what he writes reveals him as a bitter old man who probably doesn't even like himself. I have noticed a startling, and vaguely alarming, tendency of late, to reprint large amounts of material from the typewriter of professional writers. While this may be fine, and an indication that the individual faneditor is doing something more with his time than sitting staring into vacant space, or mugging old ladies, it also indicates that the individual faneditor cannot get enough original material, either from his contributors, or from himself, to fill his pages. Ergo, quotes. Or, it may, as a sidelight, also indicate that the average fan-editor is so overcome by his intellectual acumen in reading such stuff in the first place, he must brag to somebody.

ABSTRACT 10, Peter Vorzimer, 777 48 Street, San Diego 2, Cal. (I have since received a letter which I mailed to that address. It was marked, "Not at this address." ?)

Here is as remarkable a collection of mixed-up contradictory, back-patting as I have ever seen. "...I was at one time carrying on the largest single correspondence in the USA.." "...I feel I know/Terry Carr/ as few do..." "...the gigantic 100-page issue of ABSTRACT..." Ad nauseum. He says fandom is made up of hollow shells, then says it is a sign of maturity to remain in an fannish state of mind. He says fandom is inconsequential, yet he is "...glad to be back." He is going to publish ABby monthly, yet confesses that if everything hadn't been handy, this ABby wouldn't have appeared.

It reminds me of a poem adapted from Don Marquis: (The second verse only applies, so 'tis there I will begin.)

"But then he got so very vain, and sneered at us
and snickered;

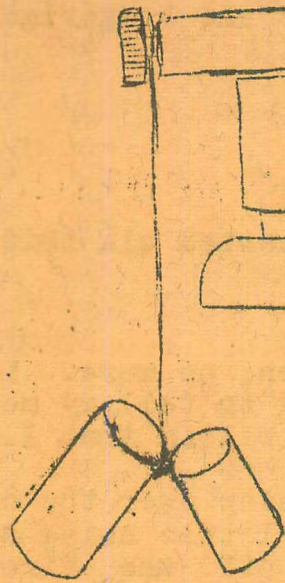
And said, 'I'll bet you've never seen before, a bug
who flickered!'

And so I said, 'Although you think you are a natural
wonder;

I've watched your lightening all night long--
But I don't see not hunder!'"

A mighty poor risk, this.

BRILLIG: Larry Bourne, 2436½ Portland Street, Eugene Oregon. I am continually amazed at the success Larry--or Lars, as he seems to enjoy being called--is making of BRILLIG. With the exception of M. Raeburn Phillips' work, there is a fine illustration style which seems to go hand in glove with the title, and "feel" of the zine. You cannot definitely categorize this personality; it lies somewhere in between GRUE and HYPHEN--though of course, not nearly so pretensions as either. Of course, the editor, and one or two of his writers tend to get



FAMILY

FANAC

JOHN BERRY

FAN PAR EXCELLANCE

"Well, Diane--yes, I think I'll adjourn for a spot of fanning. Bring me up a cup of coffee at about nine-thirty."

I smile at my wife, hoping for forgiveness because I am leaving her alone for a couple of hours. With a parental hand, I ruffle the heads of my two children, Colin, aged five, and Kathleen, almost two.

"Good-night, Colin; good-night, Kathleen."

I climb up the stairs, the thick pile of the rug deadening the sound of my ascent. I unlock the door of my den, switch on the cunningly concealed lamp. With a certain air of modest pride, I glance at my autographed portraits of Marilyn Monroe and Bob Tucker. Underneath, at shoulder level, are rows upon rows of science fiction books, the cream of my collection. On the bottom shelf, stacked in alphabetical order, are my fanzines. A little red marker clipped into OOPSLA shows that a deadline is approaching. I sigh--good old Gregg.

In the corner of my den stands my mahogany writing desk, surmounted majestically by my new REMINGTON noiseless. A few letters are scattered professionally around it. I flick thru them; Ray Thompson...Archie Mercer...Cliff Gould...ah, well; it will be a pleasure to drop them each a long rambling letter giving them all the news.

With a satisfied smirk, I draw up the soft-cushioned chair and settle comfortably in front of the gleaming REMINGTON. Carefully selecting a sheet of paper from the stack of various sizes in the rack in front of me, I insert it into the typer... flex my fingers...press the keys...

Then I wake up.

"Diane...er...excuse me, dearheart...I've dried up the crockery, chopped the wood, and fed the budgerigar. Can I...er...would you mind if I...er..."

"Fanning, I suppose?"

"Er...heh heh...er...yeesssss..."

"Wait till I see Willis. He started all this."

"Oh, er, really, er...?"

"Hmmm. Ok. Half an hour, then, no more. Leaving me all night like a grass widow. I'm going to tell my mother. No one else would stand for it. I'll tell Willis that I..."

With a finger in each ear I step over the children and creep up to the coalhouse. With as little noise as possible, I drag the dreaded Shaw-Berry typer off the firewood box, blow the dust off it, and sneak it into the room.

No one notices.

I creep back to the kitchen and select two full tins of baked beans. Back at the table, I tie the beans together with a length of wire, attach one end to the roller, and suspend the beans over the edge of the table. My typer is now in P.M.O. I glow with pride at my triumph over adversity; not everyone's; typer works by baked beans.

I drag up an old chair, and flick the keys up and down to remove the removeable dust. All is ready.

"ER...sorry, sweetest, I forgot to ask if there was any mail for me...?"

"Huh, here's the electric bill, a letter from Aunt Edith, and the final Rates Notice for \$15."

I console myself. Maybe, maybe tomorrow a fan letter will arrive.

And so, I force a piece of paper through the roller and begin a letter; "Dear Gregg,
Many thanks for OOPSLA, which--

"Can I type, Daddy?"

--arrived last week. I--

"Hey, I wanna type."

--feel that as each issue goes by--

"LEMME TYPE!"

I take my flinching hands from the vase on the table and turn to the children. I wipe a bead of sweat off my forehead. I bare my teeth in a grin. I try to be sociable.

"Now, children; run along. Daddy is working."

--OOPSLA becomes better and better. There is
a--

"Why can't I type?"

--certain finesse about the--

"Mommy says I can type."

I reach calmly and sanely, up and ruffle my hair. With my two forefingers, I pull down the skin from under my blood-shot eyes. I screw up my face in a diabolical, gargoylish, grimace. I give a maniacal scream, at the top of my voice. There is a vibrant silence.

"I wanna type, see?"

I consider. I didn't want my little son to use the typer. I love him. I was taking a risk even letting him see it. The machine, to the young, the innocent, the uninitiated, could cause far-reaching mental aberrations. It could drive them to the hills, in a last desperate attempt to ward off the horrors of the mechanical age.

But I consider.

I arrive at a momentous decision. I dip my hand in my trousers pocket, deeeep, and produce two pennies. I give them to Colin and tell him to take his sister and go and buy sweets.

He sneers triumphantly as he strides away; peace at last though, as I return to Gregg.

--way in which your whole personality seems to pervade every page. That article by Grennell about his car--

"I can't hear the television with that horrible clanking noise in my ears," observes my wife, trying to make her ears funnel-shaped, with nervous fingers.

I allow my fingers to beat a heavy and rapid tattoo on the tabletop, to show I am considering her statement. I breathe rather heavily to show that I don't like being pushed around.

But I decide a move is indicated.

I pick up my typer and paper and copy of OOPS, and stagger off to the kitchen,

The Kitchen.

I fold up two rugs and ram them in the crack under the doors. I apply a match to the gas stove, and turn the heat up to its fullest extent. I light several candles to assist the illumination of the 15-watt bulb hanging from the ceiling. I unfold the folding table, test to see if it will bear the weight of the typer, surprise myself considerably by finding that it does. I have trouble with the beans, the wooden table top being split along the edge, and the wire insisting in catching in the cracks, which annoys me. I eventually fix it by nailing a strip of metal from an old baking kish along the edge of the table.

--made me very envious of fen able to keep a car running in these difficult days. It takes all my finance to enable me to keep my pedal cycle on the road, and--

Diane comes in. She puts a big bag of flour behind my typer, several bowls and basins under my elbows, and a bag of currants by my left hand, a box of castor sugar by my right hand. She puts some flour in a bowl, adds some butter, and starts whisking away at the mixture with a wooden spoon. I flick pastry off my nose. I look up.

"Thanks for the hint," I say sarcastically.

"You shouldn't be here anyway. I want to bake a cake for tea tomorrow. It's Willis that's..."

"Yes, you told me," I grin, removing a lump of butter off the back of OOPS. I attempt to retain my composure. I want to borrow money off her tomorrow to post a few more of my fanzines.

I start to gather up my fanning kit, and stagger towards the room from which I had but recently vacated.

"Don't go in there," cries Diane. "My mother is watching a programme about potted shrimps. Leave your fanning for tonight, and try to be sociable to my family."

Potted shrimps.

I head upstairs.

Settling down in the airing cupboard, I suddenly realise that I am creating a precedent; fanning has been done in some odd places, I'll warrant, but never in an airing cupboard. I

have to make one or two minor adjustments. The width of the walls is not sufficient to enable the roller to move out to its fullest extent, but when I turn my seat around on top of the boiler, bore a hole in the plasterboard door, once again I am I an~~on~~.

--even mending a puncture takes my pocket money for a month. I would like to make a few random comments on that very clever drawing on page--

I brush a bead of sweat from my forehead, another, and yet another. It's getting hot. VERY HOT. I suddenly remember; this is bath night. Diane is probably stoking the fire downstairs to heat the water, and I am sitting on the boiler. I count up to a hundred. By some miracle I retain my composure.

~~~~~

So OK. So it's dark; so it's dirty; so it's dusty. I'm going to finish that letter to Gregg or die in the attempt. Anyway, being in the coalhouse has one redeeming feature--I don't have to move to put my typer away when I do finish.

30jb

(DRAGON'S ISLAND)

Another month fled. It was now the middle of August. My mail contained a blue second-class envelope with the familiar Rosicrucian Park return address. Of course, I saw right away that doom was nigh; I had fallen from the Inner Circle of the First Class Mail. Inside, everything was a horrible blue, unvarying, lifeless. The Entry Blank, the poop sheet, and--something new. A four page booklet actually giving instructions for two experiments, taken directly from the first Lesson mind you, on How to Detect your Autonomic Nervous System.

But it was all a death rattle. No more would the friendly questionnaire grace the fireplace. Never again would the smoke from reams of advertising copy scale the heights above the chimney.

I was free.

30 mg



PICARV

Without further ado:

Terry Jeeves  
58 Sherrard Grove  
Sheffield 12, England

Very many thanks for the copy of Eclipse, this arriving several days ago, but owing to a pile-up of mail and fanzines, this is the first chance I've had to write to you about it. Hope you'll pardon the delay--no doubt you often have the same trouble and understand only too well.

I liked the cover of 18 very much; the interiorillos and layout were good, but here and there it seemed as if you had been a bit pushed for time. ((If you only knew!)) Anyway, the mag aroused that pleasant first impression by looking good, and all so feeling good owing to its thickness. I hate flimsy efforts of one or two pages.

Path of Totality seemed to be the sort of thing I like and approve of. I say 'seemed to be' as I didn't know the actual point under discussion. I don't know what John Kasper might be famous (pr infamous) for, and because of this, the article lost a lot of its pwer. I did wonder if this might be an article on the colour bar. If so, I approve of anything aimed at knocking down such a terrible institution. And I hope that that doesn't involve me in a feud. I liked Beach's balanced arguments for and against space-opera, and quite agree that publishers have to please a market. If space-opera sells--ok--somebody likes it. If 'mature' yarns sell, then the same applies. Each publisher aims in general at one particular field and each reader gradually drifts towards the particular field which appeals to him. To argue against any particular one is as pointless as arguing against Westerns, Detective, Sport, Horror Comics, and the like, simply because you don't like 'em.



To some people the argument goes like this;

I don't like this stuff.

Ergo: It must be bad.

Ergo: It must be stopped.

I prefer "X"

Ergo: Let's replace the bads tuff  
with "X".

That's the petty reformer or dictator in action. Yes, I like Beach.

((It seems to be a human precept that as long as  
anything at all exists, there will be someone to  
hate it.))

Charles Lee Riddle  
Apt. #1, Bldg. 927  
Bainbridge Village  
Bainbridge, Maryland

It appearst that we fans are a moving bunch. Of course, fans have come to expect a change of address from me from time to time, but now that I have settled down and started to write letters again, I find that quite a few others have moved also--including yourself. I am sorry that I haven't written you a letter of comment on EEK 18 before this, but since we came back from Europe, it has been a mad scramble to get settled down to port routine aboard ship, and just as I was getting settled down again, here comes a set of transfer orders ~~for~~ me down to Maryland--oh, well, this should be good for three years in this area.

I liked this latest issue of EEK very much--a finer issue than you have ever done before. I especially appreciated your comments on PEON. If ind that I ampractically in accord with you. So, when the next issue of PEON comes out, you will see that I have more or less slipped back into the old rut. I find it easier to publish PEON that way and I guess both the readers and myself like it that way.

Dick Ellington  
98 Suffolk Street, Apt. 3A  
New York 2, NY

Now, let me see--there must be some good reason for waiting this long to answer a letter and comment on a fanzine.

Actually, I do have quite acceptable ones. Had your stuff all piled up and figured, well, I'll answer this shortly, but there's one or two more things...Then came the mad hunt for an apartment and even madder moving into same which put me weeks behind everything, then the editing of a much-delayed non-stf mag I am in charge of make-up for, then the doubly-damned holi days (o, and it is lovely that they come only once a year!!). But here I am with New Years a day past, and last of the final hangover fading slowly and fannish energy tromping madly threw ((sic))my fingers.



Yes, we have quite a few of the imitation-Dixie outfits around here too, but ours are strictly imitations. They even go to the length of copying solos, note for note, from the oldtimers and you can imagine what that gets 'em. There are some nice bits around town only mostly everybody knows about them, and the prices are too steep for us'ns--the poor slobs, that is. A place called the Metropole alla-sudden switched from Gay-90s type crooners to Dixie and for quite some time nobody knew about it. Right on top of Times Square and you could walk on in a Saturday night and they'd toss a reserved sign on the floor and seat you with a flourish--all this and reasonable prices, too. The space behind the bar and on the same level as same had been widened to hold a combo and in between one of the Napolions and combo was an outfit with a real fine drifting population, among them Jimmy and Marion MacPartland, Big Chief Russel Moore, Pee Wee Russell, etc; strictly traditional and with a few wxceptions, strictly old-timers. Made for most fine sessions. Then it got discovered and bloeey. Huge crowds of idiot touristas, bheer up to 80¢ a bottle and a nasty head-waiter. Foo.

Cannot unnastan fandom's reaction to your talking about accidents. Hell, most of the rest of tru&andom considers it their privilege (me too) to discuss anything under the sun in their fanzines, or in any other fanzine they can get it published in but for some unknown reason half-a-dozen people have reviewed your zine and yawped loudly about-what-the-hell-do-you-think you're-doing-talking-about-accidents. Don't dig it.

I flipped slightly over your editorial. Very nicely done and prebably most impressive to me because I agree with you right down the line--though if we got into it we'd probably split somewhere. Anyway, I am impressed. This is fine writing for anywhere, let alone a fanzine.

HA! Starve with a tiger! Wonder how many Pogophiles will recognize that one. I find it one of Kelly's most expressive expressions. And have you heard the Pogo Record? Plan to tape same on somebody's taper for posterity and the Anglefen.

((Yes, I did hear the Pogo record--part of it anyway. And the thing that sticks in my mind above everything else is the fact that Walt Kelly singing 'I Go Pogo' sounds exactly like my impression of the voice of Albert. I have often wondered how an animated cartoon done by Kelly would turn out...))

When I was last in Norfolk, I discovered that there was an outfit calling themselves by the unesoteric name of "The Dixie Five." Having an interest in anything remotely Dixie, I hied myself out to the roadhouse where they were appearing. I dunno--I ain't no critic of jazz, but that's the first Dixie outfit I ever see with a fiddle and an accordian...))

A/2C Bill Conner  
AF 15534626  
3320th Instls Gp  
Amarillo AFB, Texas

(Whoops! Nest page...)



Suggest you refer to any good history of the United States. You will find that there have been many incidents of the use of military force to stop civilian uprisings, and in a few cases, the encounters were accompanied by considerable bloodshed. The use of heavy armor in the Kentucky integration disorders may seem a bit heavy-handed to you, but there is sound psychological reasons for doing so. When infantry forces are used to reenforce the police forces in large riots, the mobsters sometimes engage the troops in small arms battles, or goad them into firing their weapons by stoning them. This certainly isn't the outcome the people who ordered the militia out had in mind. People usually respect the authority of the National Guard, but when they don't there is bloodshed. People don't usually challenge the authority of a tank, unless they have been driven to the point of desperation as was the case of the Hungarians. The soldiers in the tank aren't easily provoked into firing on relatively unarmed and defenseless civilians. Again, the Hungarian rebellion is an exception. The Russians were loathe to fire upon the populace until Mongolian "Storm Troopers" were sent into the fray with orders to shoot the rebels and force the regular Russian tanks to do the same. In the Kentucky case, I think the use of tanks may have prevented bloodshed.

This is not to imply that I am in favor of enforced integration in the South--I am not. This is a radical social change, one which should not be suddenly imposed upon Americans. It is more characteristic of a dictatorship or a totalitarian state to force social change upon an unwilling segment of the citizenry. I feel this social change in the world is inevitable and will gradually be accepted in the southern states, but it will be opposed as long as the government tries to enforce it. In this we are in agreement. I didn't have the opportunity to read Hal Annas' article in JD, but from reading your review, it appears to be a case of a fugghead sounding off on a subject which he hasn't taken the time to really look into. European culture, with all of its shortcomings, is responsible for American civilization as we know it now, and if Europe had developed in a way similar to that of areas of the world other than Europe, we would still be barbarians, I'm sure.

((It seems to be a favorite human precedent that they do exactly what they're told not to do, or don't do what they are told they should do. It is a matter of conjecture whether this is a means of proclaiming their independence of nature, or whether it is just an indication of pure cussedness. I question your remark about Mongolian "Storm Troopers," in connexion with the Hungarian revolt. My own reading about it, recalls no such mention of storm troopers, from any news dispatches. I possibly read over it without seeing it, so I would appreciate your quoting your source for this information.

Walt Willis

170 Upper Newtownards Rd, Belfast, N. Ireland

Eclipse came yesterday with the news of your move to Omaha. I thought I'd better tell you that Hyphan 17 is winging its way unerringly to your old address, so that maybe you could send a



posse but to head it off, if possible. Liked E, especially the fmz reviews. I was glad to notice you taking up the cudgels up behalf of poor old George, and you should be glad to know that a new native champion has sprung up in Irish Fan-dom to defend him. But what pleased me more than anything was your pungent dismissal of Ralph Raeburn Phillips. Ho yes, wel spoken, sir.

Graetz' conreport was interesting. I'd heard so much from the people who were told that Kyle didn't allow them to sit there, that it was almost awe-inspiring to hear from one of those who actually brought the tablets down from the mountain.

Redd Boggs' grammar is slipping. Adding 'ly' to 'thus' doesn't convert it to an adjective. It just adds two extra letters. In the sense in which you used it, and indeed in any sense in which it is possible to conceive of its being used, it is still an adverb, since it modifies a verb. How could 'thusly' be used to qualify a noun? The worst you were guilty of is a little affectation, which is a very tiny target for Redd's canons of criticism.

Well, hope you like Omaha. I was there once. We turned on the car radio and someone was quoting hog prices. It seemed to be too pat to be true...

((I trust this new native champion is all coiled to strike...))  
(esoterique)

Bob Coulson  
407½ East 6th  
N. Manchester, Indiana

Since your letter arrived somewhat too late for the letter column--to my sorrow, since I'd have enjoyed including a couple of items--you get a personal-type answer.

On the trading policy, you seem to feel that I'm somewhat of a snobbish S.O.B. Since I hate to be thought snobbish, I'll explain. I was afraid that my statements would be misunderstood; at the time I couldn't think of a better way of expressing myself. I am not going to send every issue of YANDRO to every fan-editor who sends us a copy of his zine. This, however, has nothing to do with the literary merit, (or, make that just merit--fanzines don't have literary merit) of YANDRO, but solely with the quality of the zines received. YANDRO figures strictly as a dollars-and-cents and blood-sweat-and-tears proposition. I fail to see why I should put out the cash, and work and time--especially the time--to run 15 or 20 copies extra of YANDRO per month, and in return get 15 or 20 bi-monthly or quarterly fanzines (averaging 7 or eight a month) which I'm not interested in in the first place. If a cash subscriber dislikes a zine, he quits buying it. Why should I be required to take it--paying more, in time and money, than the cash customer--simply because I put out a zine of my own? If I like a fanzine, I'll trade for it; if I'm indifferent to it, I'm still willing to trade, one-for-one, if the other editor wants YANDRO that bad. If he doesn't, that's his affair. And if I actively dislike a zine, I'll tell the editor not to send any more.

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An additional reason for this policy is that we're putting out all the copies of YANDRO we want to. And average circulation of 115 isn't exceptional, but we can't go much higher and remain a monthly. And while I'd be perfectly willing to go bi-monthly, Juanita isn't--and after all, she started the zine...) If we wanted to increase our circula~~ation~~tion, we'd be willing to trade with anyone; since we don't, I see no reason to trade for mags unless I like them or their editors. And Juanita doesn't read over 1/4 of those we do get. Re-reading this, I notice that I sound belligerent as usual. My sweet, kindly personality doesn't seem to show up in letters. Honest though--I'm trying to make an explanation, not to insult you or start a feud.

((Thinking things over, I can of course, see your side of the picture. If I remember correctly, fandom as a whole made the same complaint in '51 and '52, when LeeH Shaw proclaimed that subscriptions to QUANDRY were being taken by invitation only.. It is, true, and effective method of keeping one's circulation down; however, I am cursed with a liking for getting all fan-zines, even if I find later that I do not particularly enjoy the things afterward...))

o o o o o o o o o o o o o

#### APOLOGAE

Though as a child he'd been frightfully  
clumsy;  
Had grown up to spill soup on his vest,  
They chiseled on the face of his tombstone;  
"His intentions were none but the best!"

Hank Martin '57



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