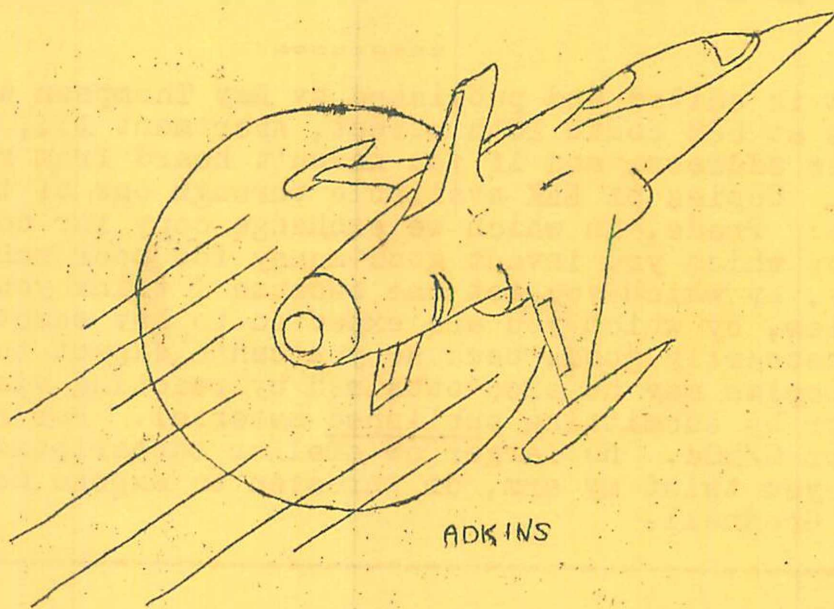


eclipse

NUMBER 18



ADKINS

ECLIPSECLIPSECLIPSE
"The Late Fanzine..."

Volume III

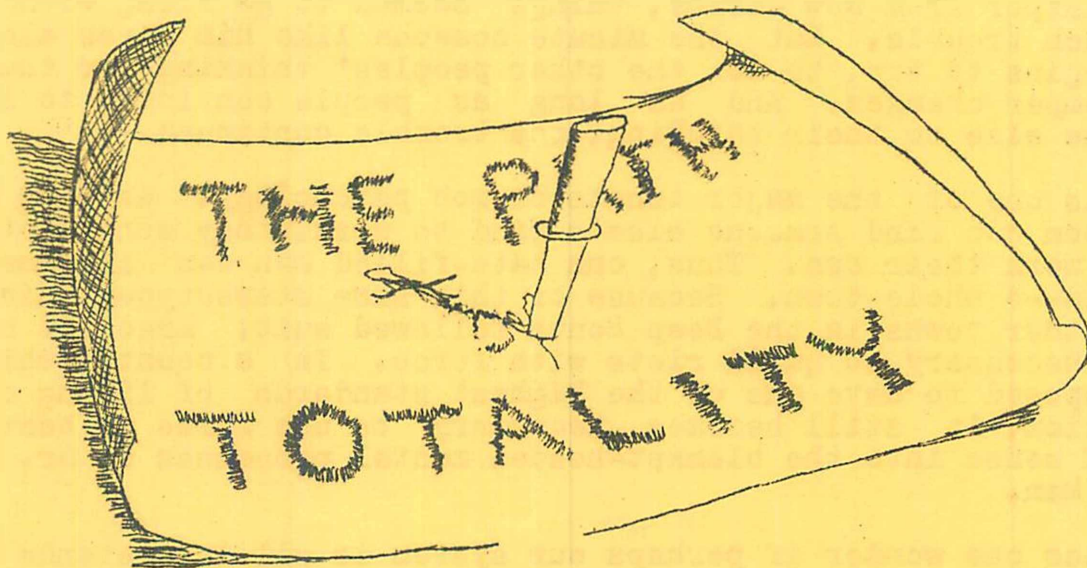
Number IV

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Cover by Dan Adkins (Bless his heart.) Inside illos by Adkins,
Larry Bourne, and the editor (Bless their hearts.) Mimeography
on the machine of Larry Sokol, fellow Omahan.

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ECLIPSE is edited and published by Ray Thompson who henceforth
resides at 628 South 20th Street, Apartment III, Omaha 2, Nebr.
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1/10¢ or 6/50¢. No larger or smaller subscriptions considered,
unless you twist my arm, or threaten to expose me to FAPA...
Caveat Grennell.



In our High School days, we used to hear references to "The Big Senior" and "The Little Freshman." One would get the impression that, due to the fact that the student or students in question were either the former or the latter, they were by a sort of follow-up logic, large or small people; all this without regard or reference to genetics, heredity, or any of the natural laws of evolution.

All this was due to an unfortunately well-circulated theory called "Stereotyped Thinking." It consisted of letting other people do your thinking for you; letting them make decisions, letting them mold your own destiny for you because you're too lazy to do it yourself.

It would seem as if this theory has bridged the gap between school and everyday life. For in the last few weeks, we have seen numerous examples of the mind-deadening impact of the theory in action. The efforts of one man turned a normally peaceful town into a mob-ruled lion's den.

I am speaking, of course, of the recent ~~uprisings~~ in certain towns and villages in the South. Mansfield, Texas; Clinton, Tennessee; Sturgis and Clay, Kentucky; these towns ~~were~~ the scenes of fury and violence. For perhaps the first time in the history of this country, heavy armour was used to dampen the enthusiasm of a mob. Whereas, in previous times, we were under the impression that that sort of thing happened only in other countries, in the past weeks armed military force was used to restore order.

In other places, the source of the trouble, integration, was being quietly and firmly enforced, with mostly peaceful results.

This shows that it can, and is being, done. Without such as John Kasper from New Jersey, things seemed to go along without too much trouble. But the minute someone like him comes along and begins to try to do the other peoples' thinking for them, the temper changes. And as long as people continued to let someone else to their thinking, the trouble continued.

That is one of the major tenets of mob psychology. As long as a person can find someone else's mind to work, they won't bother to work their own. Thus, one hate-filled man can inflame--and did--a whole town. Because of this same stereotyped thinking, other towns in the Deep South followed suit. Ergo, it became necessary to quell riots with force. In a country which is supposed to have one of the highest standards of living and education, it still becomes necessary to use force to beat a bit of sense into the blanket-headed mental processes of Mr. Average Man.

It makes one wonder if perhaps our system is all it pretends to be. Do our schools actually uphold the rights of free men as they are supposed to? The children--some of them of high school age--were just as much nit-wits as their elders. Does then, the "education" they are supposed to receive in their schools, penetrate so shallowly? Or does it merely indicate the thinness of the veneer of civilization that covers the beast in Mankind? What about the unfortunate younger children who necessarily witnessed the violence of their elders? Would this not tend to undermine their belief in what they have been taught about the "freedom" of their country?

This all came about because of the efforts of one or two men who were too self-centered and bigoted for their own good; and because the rest of the people were just too lazy to investigate for themselves the implications and meanings of integration. As long as such great numbers of both types are in existence no country, no people, can ever be really free. Whether I personally believe in integration or not is beside the point; what is important is the right and duty of each citizen to make up his own mind, individually, and act accordingly. Mobs accomplish little besides violence, property damage, and retrogression. But a person who is aware of both sides of a question can never be harangued into any kind of mob action.



SOMETHING ABOUT A FRIEND Herbert beach



It seems to this poor reader of science fiction that whenever a major publisher or publishers of stf magazines formulates a policy change; whether in story type or magazine format, someone will run around screaming, "The sky is falling!" Such I find, is the case of the article "On Trend" by Wm. Deeck, in ECLIPSE #17. I've only read the second part of this article, but it is very apparent that Wm. has no time for the "ad-

venture" or "space opera" type of yarn. This I find no fault with, as each reader is entitled to read what he sees fit. But as to this type of yarn being the ruination of the field--well, I'm afraid that this I must take exception to, and will do so in the following paragraphs.

To begin, Wm., you state that "...an appalling number ((5)) of magazines are devoting themselves to the glorious days of yesteryear..." and that such devotion will surely sink 'the "ship" of science fiction and all on it. Further, you state that "...with the maturation of science fiction, the fans have matured..."; so, in other words, why return to the type of yarn that appeared during an earlier period? Well, Wm., in the magazines' own words, (they being, in this case, AMAZING STORIES, FANTASTIC, OTHER WORLDS, IMAGINATION and IMAGINATIVE TALES.)) the return was made because of only one reason: SALES! For some reason, when these magazines went to the more "mature" type of yarn, the circulation figures did not agree with the theory that the readers were tired of the adventure-type yarn. As to the fans who started reading stf many years ago--and I presume, Wm., that like myself, you are one of those who thrilled to the type of literature that appeared in AMAZING and ASTOUNDING in the '30s and '40s--yes, they have matured. Probably a great percentage of these (like yourself) have had their fill of space opera, and read nothing but mature stf. Others perhaps have never left the high-adventure story. But I think that a good percentage of this group read both types; one because they haven't entirely lost the "sense of wonder" of their younger days; and the other because they also enjoy today's level of science fiction--and because a steady diet of anything soon tends to become "...static, placid and usually dreary..."

But actually these five magazines didn't make the change to this type of yarn to recapture all of their old supporters of yesteryear. If this were the case, they would have all folded long ago. Rather, being the good businessmen they are--and in this business, you're either good, or you don't publish very long--they realize that there is a market for this type of yarn for the new fans; the ones who will become the "mature fans of tomorrow." I think, Wm., that even you will have to admit that the exciting adventure type of yarn will capture more new readers for the field. Or do you feel that the newer readers of today have such mature minds that nothing but the sociological type of story will have them clamoring back for more?

And the fact that these magazines have gained in circulation, (even Ray Palmer's, bless his outspoken personality) plus the fact that two or three new mags of this type are now appearing, should bear out that this market does exist. Does this mean that ASTOUNDING and others of this type are losing readers? I certainly don't believe so; nor do I look for John Campbell, Tony Boucher, or Horace Gold to immediately switch their magazines to space opera. Indeed, it would be just as sad to have

(continued on page 22)

THE

TRACK

OF
THE

FANZINES
IN
REVIEW

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Somewhere in portions of the globe far removed from this clime there are creatures not well known to mankind; these creatures are hardly the type one would expect to meet at a Ladies' aid gathering. Therefor, when we meet one of them on the shooting range, we are rather surprised, to say the least. Thinking that perhaps this is another of the president's trick targets, we go over to him, to find out. Brushing aside the collection of bent silver aluminum shafts lying next to him, we tap him on the shoulder to gain his attention. Finding that he is otherwise occupied with a crossbow bolt in his chest, we turn our quest for knowledge elsewhere. About this time, the tournament starter's whistle blows, and we four march to the first position. There we find, holding up the target, another of the strange creatures. We object, maintaining that he is obstructing the line of fire. The judge, however, assures us that he is a good dodger, so we begin shooting; only to find that indeed he is. Not only that, but it is now unnecessary to retrieve fallen arrows...We only wish that some of the forthcoming targets had the same resilience....

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

makes reading a hard job, especailly with purple print. And I know from personal experience that fandom takes a greater interest in one's product if it is readily readable.

MEUH: Jean Linard, 24, rue petit, Vesoul, Haute-Saone, France. Yes, France. "Provisionally free...", or 1/10¢; 6/50¢/Trades. Contributions. Here is a delightful, if huge, collection of what John Hitchcock calls, "...a sort of Creple." There seems to be a rumor circulating that its editor, Linard, learned the English language from reading Dell Comics. This I find a trifle hard to believe. At any rate, regardless of how he learned it, his English has a decidedly musical quality; undoubtedly, Jean will come to use English more fluently than he does at this time. However, when this time comes, something will be lost from his writing. It's a trifle hard--physically--to read, but the reward is well worth the effort. A very enchanting fanzine and heartily recommended; nay, unreservedly urged!

VOID. Greg Benford, % Lt. Col. J.A. Benford, G-4 Sect., Hq. V Corps, APO 79, New York, NY. 1/10¢; 3/25¢. Well, there's this fan, see; and he's got this fanzine, see; and he's got a deadline, see; and so he has to put something out, see...Nothing of a greatly innervating nature here. It's not really bad material--it's just...well...nothing. You won't miss anything if you don't read it, but on the other hand you won't particularly suffer if you do. The mechanics of the writing work out all right but the inspiration is highly lacking. Very dry.

CRY OF THE NAMELESS ONES: Wally Weber, Box 92, 920 3rd Avenue, Seattle 4, Washington. Claims to be issue number 94. 1/10¢, 12/\$1. It seems that this CRY has turned out to be an indistinguishable croak. It is notable for having--in this issue--perhaps the most-scrawled headings and illustrations I have ever laid eye to. Review of the pro-field by Renfrew Pemberton... Some might like it. Fanzine reviews by Amelia Pemberton. I keep wondering how many fanzines she's seen...It strikes me that CRY is intended for those persons who are on the bare fringes of acti/fandom; those who have been reading science fiction for a number of months, or a year, and who have a very slight interest in the field of fandom. As such, an introductory medium to fandom for these people, CRY adequately serves its purpose. However, conversely, it has very little of interest value for the dyed-in-the-wool faaaan.

JD. Lynn Hickman, 710 Blvd, NE, Orangeburg, South Carolina 1/20¢, 6/\$1. This whole issue, it appears, concerns itself with the segregation of Negroes, and the problems that have arisen. This in itself is fine--nothing has ever been solved without discussion. In this issue, perhaps the most interesting contribution to the discussion--and what it appears that the rest of the issue is built around--is an article by Hal Annas, Tension in The South.

Mr. Annas begins by hinting darkly and obscurely at certain "...social patterns and ideologies which have kept Europe in ferment since the Dark Age." Unfortunately, we never learn exactly what these are. At any rate, Mr. Annas works around to

blaming all our troubles on these patterns; the connection, if there is one, escapes me.

But concerning the immediate problem--segregation: Annas states that he respects the right of a person to disagree with him. So do I. However, when that disagreement leads to rioting, and property destruction, and all the other ugly things that are connected, then I cease to have respect for the persons involved. Annas quotes polls. This may be all right, too. However polls are tricky things. It is impossible to gain any insight into human opinion on a question of this nature, simply by taking polls. There are so many ways of asking the same question, and getting different answers, that any consistency is unthinkable. For instance, I might conduct a poll on public preference between pie and cake. The obvious way to conduct the poll of course, would be to ask, "Do you like pie or cake?" Do this, you might receive a majority of replies in favor of cake. However, if you tint the question thusly--"Do you like chocolate cake or apple pie?"--you might get an entirely different set of results, depending on how many people, although liking pie rather than cake, still like chocolate cake better than apple pie. So, if you ask a white man, "Do you favor integration?", he, though not having any opinions on the subject, will say, "I see no reason to object to it." A 'Yes' vote. Ask the same man, "Would you permit your child to sit next to a Negro in a schoolroom?" and the result might be entirely different. Then you are getting down to personal cases.

Mr. Annas continues to confuse the issue with frequent references to the "rot" of Europe. He brought me to my feet cheering with his remark, "'God intends this; God intends something else' Irrespective of the fact that they were not acquainted with God..."; however, it appears that he knows little of human nature. He would have us believe that because we let ourselves be influenced by European culture, we shall end up as non-thinking hulks, to be told how to think.

This is ridiculous. And around that statement can be tied the two great mistakes made by the United States in the last hundred years, regarding the Negro.

Until 1861, the Negro had been bowed beneath the yoke of slavery. Along comes Abraham Lincoln and upsets the applecart by declaring that the Negro is free. (I am not saying that the Negro should not be free!) Two hundred years of culture have been uprooted. Then, just as repairs are coming along nicely, along comes the Supreme Court and declares that we must--by law--integrate the two races.

Now, the point is this: The trouble in the South--and elsewhere--does not stem from the fact that we are being unduly influenced by any European "rot"--it is merely because in the two aforementioned incidents, and a lot of other incidents in Negro-White relations, the idea was pushed onto the people concerned without too much of their consultation. And that is why we shall never be reduced to unthinking hulks--human nature forbids being told what to do. History shows what has happened to every dictator who tried it.

HYPHEN; Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast, N.I. 15¢ or 1/- in-the-coin-of-your-realm per single issue. At the outset, I was horrified to find that Irish Fandom has made poor old decrepit George Charters into a common workhorse. John Berry's TWILIGHT OF THE GHODS has P.O.D. GATWC working as a common butler, and regardless of P.O.D. GATWC's fondest wish to be such I feel that it is using a helpless old senile creature such as himself too, too hard. And if that were not enough, the cover--THE COVER, MIND YOU!--shows P.O.D. GATWC pulling a handcart! In the rain, too. With three heavy men, reams of paper, and a mimeograph, as baggage. Willis, Berry, White; all of you. You should all be heartily ashamed of yourselves, making the poor old man overwork himself that way. Why can't you be satisfied merely to let him sit in his bathchair and dream about bygone days, only moving to help with a hand of ghoddminton. It is disgraceful! You may expect my lawyers to contact the GDA immediately. This insult to the Immortals of Fandom must not go unpunished!

BRILLIG; Larry Burnes, 2436 1/2 Portland Street, Eugene, Oregon. Through a lack of planning in layout, this magazine loses a considerable amount of reader - appeal. However, if one wishes to claw one's way through 24 unedited pages, ducking scattered illos all the while, he may--just may--find a certain amount of writing which isn't too bad.

There is, as I said, a lack of planning. This is most obvious in the innumerable quarter-page illos scattered throughout the magazine, giving it a cluttered look. It also makes the material hard to read, when you must trace with your eyes a trail like a corkscrew, among the pictures. Materially, the magazine is somewhat better off. Perhaps the best item in the issue is Dick Geis' article on UMBRA; and this is true only because Geis has a distinct talent for reviewing. He does mention, however, certain trends in fandom which I feel must be answered. Fandom, as goes the perennial cry, is on the way out. "I would say that the interest has died in producing fanzines ((and a more awkward sentence it will be long hard to find!)) because the good ones have died...The greats have either retired or quit." In this, Geis merely parrots tens of other writers even better than himself. True, certain of the better ones are no longer among us. Would you have them become jaded, and stagnate fandom as a result? The main precept of an "organization": such as fandom is change. Just as water changing in



Skater in Motion-

bed of a stream, so must fandom alter itself, or become rotten as bad water becomes rotten. This harking back to the "good old days" doesn't help--what must be done is to make an honest effort to produce something better than the "good old days" ever imagined could be. And anyway, what's the matter with FAPA becoming American Fandom? As long as the people are there, what possible difference could it make what they label themselves? But back to the fanzine:

Bourne further clutters his pages with a profile of Ralph Phillips. Nothing could interest me less. I do not care for Mr. Phillips' "artwork", nor do I care about his religious beliefs--which are his own business, anyway--nor does it effect me in the slightest to have divulged to me the fact that no one has ever tried to imitate his style. I can see why not.

All in all, however, aside from the fact that it will never replace Hyphen--which IS alive--BRILLIG could be an interesting little magazine--if Bourne wanted to take the trouble to make it so.

ESP: Don Stuefloten, RT. 1, Box 722, Hemet, California 1/10¢. 6/50¢, 12/\$1. This is perhaps the most original fanzine I have seen in some time. It's editor, Don Stuefloten, has a style of writing that is, trite as it may sound, inimitable. He sounds like an amateur Bradbury. Many times you read the appellation "poetic" as applied to certain styles. Never have I seen it more appropriate than in this instance. For Stuefloten's style is truly poetic. The illustrations of Larry Bourne quite adequately complement the style of the writing. There is a sort of dreamy quality about the whole thing. Even the poetry shares this quality; it is the first example of free verse I have ever seen that really deserves the name.

Beg, borrow, steal, or even buy, if you have to, a copy of ESP. (Which, by the way, is now called THE SHADOW BOX.) You are in for some momentous reading; and you will never regret it.

OBLIQUE; Clifford I Gould, 3741 Liggett Drive, San Diego 5 California. 25¢ A fairly readable thing, this; Has a wide variety of material, which is one of its redeeming features; so few fanzines do nowadays. One of the best is Vernon McCain's advice to the fan editor, HOW TO WIN READERS AND INFLUENCE BNEs. It has been running, lo, these three issues, and promises to be one of the mainstays of fannish literature. It is a very sensible and thorough approach to the art of editing and producing a readable fanzine, and would that more fan editors take heed of it. Terry Carr follows with a priceless bit of "Fanzines-Articles-Fan Poems-Fanfiction I never Finished Reading." Berry, Geis, letters--the variety is seeming endless; so much so that it is a trifle overpowering, and a bit hard to review competently with the forced scanning I was able to give it. Suffice it to say that you should be able to find something you like.

PEON; Charles Lee Riddle, PNCA, USN USS CASCADE (AD-16) FPO, New York, N.Y. 1/15¢, 8/\$1, or in the sterling areas 8 for 7/- Here we go again. This time Jim Harmon creis, "What's Wrong

with Science Fiction/fandom?" I know one thing that's wrong with it--nobody reads anymore. It's not just science fiction that is suffering; the whole publishing business is experiencing a slump. The average home today consists of a bookcase with perhaps six books in it. And these are not even read. Not only that, but I have recently read that some homes don't even have bookcases. To paraphrase an old ditty; "I'm sorry for folks; where-e'er be their places, who live in a house where you see no bookcases." The slump, therefore, is not due to unoriginal concepts--concepts have been thus ever since man began to write--nor is "an economic cycle" to blame. People just don't read; and science fiction, being at the bottom of the preference chart, feels the pinch first and hardest.

Lee Riddle remarks on the fact that he was surprised by the reaction brought on by the sending-out of a notice that PEON was being suspended, and that anyone wanting their money for unfinished subscriptions should let him know.

There is one of the pitfalls into which we all become ensnared. We tend to take things for granted. At item like this comes along, maintaining a fairly high standard issues after issues, and soon readers start taking it for granted. Being taken for granted is one of the most discouraging feelings imaginable. However, as I said, Riddle was surprised to find that when his readers were informed that they would not see PEON for some time, they were very swift in their assurances of loyalty. So, remember--it just takes a few minutes to write a letter to the editor/s, letting them know you appreciate receiving their magazines, and it makes us feel that our efforts aren't completely wasted...

All, however, is not tea and roses with Lee. He is unfortunate in having a grimy little story by Ronald Smith, entitled "The Odds Against You" which strikes me as not a little like the sort of stuff you would expect to find in a number of pocket-book reprint hackings. The other is a silly little thing written by Lin Carter, on about the level of 14-year-old neofanzinery, which tries to pass itself off as a "semi-humorous" article, being a parody on "True flying saucer" reports. It may be that I have read too many of the latter type of hack, to appreciate the former. At any rate, it is my own opinion that PEON would be much better off without that sort of thing. Let's face it, PEON just isn't a humorzine.

The inclusion of these two pieces of writing may be possibly laid to the fact that Lee is hard put to find material. It would seem, however, that regardless of how hard material is to come by, a certain measure of editorial discretion should prevail.

RETRIBUTION #3, John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Avenue, Belfast, N. Ireland; ArThomson, 17 Brockham House, Brockham Drive, London S.W. 2 The Official Organ of the Goon Defective Agency. I feel that there must be something that can be said in defense of fandom, after the shellacking that various facets of it receive from the GDA "operatives" across the UK and America. It is, however, virtually impossible to make any coherent evalua-

tion of the magazine as a whole, merely because it cannot be taken thusly. Various unrelated impression keep coming to the fore--like the headline for The Cheech Beldone Caper, by Chick Derry; INTERDEPARTMENTAL MEMO STOP TO THE GOON STOP FROM C. DERRY USA REP STOP SUBJECT: There is the Tresco Horror, and A Touch of Sanity, and--well, there just are too many things to adequately cover. It would be best to obtain a copy and read for yourself.

#####

It would perhaps, be best to at this time state that we have quite suddenly found that we are not alone. For all about us, we see dark grey shapes, of all sizes and varieties. They swirl and tumble round and round, over and over. We are as in a dream, walking forward to some unknown destination, through this greyness. And it would seem that all the world is as in a dream, walking forward to some unknown destination through a deep grey fog. There are many pitfalls along the way, and every so often we can hear a scream as some hapless wayfarer meets his end in the hands of some enemy, whether real or imagined. Suddenly we find a stragge statue of some sort, looking over us in the darkness. On closer examination, we find that it resembles the head of a man on the body of a lion, the lion being in a reclining position. As we stare at it, its usually silent exterior rumbles forth, "Thou shalt not destroy my sover eignty!" A little bulldog over in one corner barks, "But my bones are all getting that dirty oil all over them! I've got to wash them off!" The statue answers, "NA, SIR!!" An old frog speaks up and says, "That attitude of yours demands a very clear will to use force!" But the bulldog says, "Dan't we talk this over? If we fight, my bones will be in even worse shape." But still, if our right to use our short-cut is threatened, we must use precautionary measures to protect it." About this time, a man in a striped suit, wearing a red-and-white top hat appears leading five other men behind him. "Have patience, fellows," he says, "We'll settle this peacefully. We are committed to a peaceful solution of this problem." They sit down and begin to palaver. The statue remains aloof. The bulldog and the frog begin to howl about their rights, while the statue interjects remarks about its sovereignty. The resulting furore is too much for us, so we decide to seek excitement elsewhere.

It is not long in coming.

Suddenly, the fog clears, and we find ourselves tramping up a long, grass-covered slope. All around us are majestically huge trees resembling redwood. A soft breeze blows coolly through their branches, touching the grass now and then with a vagrant puff. Looking off to the left, we see far below us, a crystal-blue lake, with a number of small sloops scudding across its surface. S small boathouse clutches one bank wity long stilt fingers. Several ant-size people can be seen far below, just putting out onto the water in their own sloop.

All this while, we are still climbing, with a feeling of antic-

(continued on page 22)

DRAGON

J. M.
GRAETZ

(FOOCOM)

(ILLO BY THOMPSON,
AFTER BOURNE)

Boston, 30 August
1956, 2255 O'clock

This was my last day in town for more than a week, so I spent most of the time batting around it wrapping up loose ends--like buying a phonograph record I can ill afford at this time. I'm going into NYork with \$40, to be approtioned out over the convention and the six-day Writer's Conference in Milford, Pennsylvania. Of course, I will also have a friend who will be loaded.

Behind me as I write stands a suitcase, innocent enough but with a weight density of something like 1.5 long tons/cu. ft. Half empty, naturally, since all good fen load up on magazines, books and manuscripts. (Tho whal I will do it with I know not.

The train (New Haven Owl, coach to NY) leaves in 90 minutes.

Tomorrow the roof caves in.

[illegible]

NEW YORK, 1 September 1956, 1800--

First they didn't have any typewriters. Then, when they had them, they wouldn't let me come near one. Now, while they aren't looking, I got one.

After four hours of sleep bracketed by five pages of "The Green Millenium", I checked into the Hotel Biltmore at 6:15 Friday morning. By 8:30 I was at convention hall. By 8:45, blithely ignorant of convention organization, I was glefffully answering telephoned queries about same. Registration, scheduled to start at nine in the morning, was postponed a short while until six pm.

By 8:30, after a running battle of "Hi, how are you.." "Have you ever written anything?" and "Are you anyone famous?", we were duly registered, had duly eaten, and were dutifully trying to locate a case of beer for the inevitable party, announced here last issue.

The party was like most convention affairs, and consequently I remember very little of it.

Impressions of the first day:

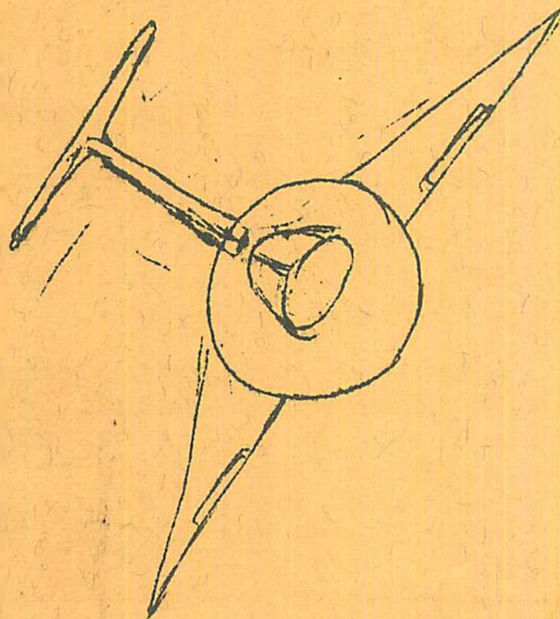
Fritz Leiber; a hulking Appollo of a man, with a soft, but powerful voice...Six-feet plus of Forry Ackerman, standing on the edge of a group surrounding six-foot minus Harlan Ellison. A flash of clothes, a gust of wind, and a shout, "Hi, Randy!" Isaac Asimov-(I think) greeting Randall Garrett...Watchword of the convention committee: "Ask Marty Greenberg."...Watchword of everyone else: "Ask Dave Kyle"...Two nephews looking for autographs: "Are you Robert Sheckley??"...Pick an elevator: In this one, Damon Knight, Ted Cogswell, and Charles de Vet; In that one, Arthur Clarke, GOSmith and your reporter...A flash and more wind; I'm SURE it was Asimov...The Party: Shel Deretchin, Trina Perlson, Dave Ish, Bob Hoskins, and your correspondent's roommate, who got the last can of beer and then let in the House Dick--quite unwittingly, it must be said.

And it was evening and it was morning, the first day.

~~~~~

By Saturday noon, when the exhibits were opened to the public, the MIT SF Society contingent was going quietly berserk. The five feet of table space had withered away and disappeared during the night. Brainstorm: And now the SFS display graces the first pillar in the showroom with the posters displayed around the column on low tables. For free.

At 1:55, Jean Carroll called the convention to order, Dave Kyle gave the welcome, George Raybin called for the rules adoption, and Dr. Milton Rothman called the roll. Then Lin Carter introduced Arthur Clarke, the Honored Guest. On his heels we get Bob Tucker, Anthony Boucher, and Sam Moskowitz introducing celebrities all around.



#### Impressions of the second day:

Dave Kyle doing a masterful emcee job without the notes he



siad he should have had...Double Star: The speaker's platform and John W. Campbell--as many people around one as the other... More gusts of wind: Isaac Asimov just saw Sprague de Camp... Randy Garrett explaining a filthy (his adjective) joke to two young ladies...People at table in the Lounge: Larry Shaw, dam-on knight, Ted Cogswell, and a seat occupied, consecutively, by Lee Hoffman Shaw, Tom Scortia, Lee Hofiman, J.M. Graetz, and LeeH again.

The displays: The Ziff-Davis AMZIVAC: A computer of sorts by which one determines how far out one is. (Answer the questions, plug them into the rack, push the button, and your score shows up on a planet on a big display. We were GONE, MAN GONE, which seems to be the utmost.)

The US Air Force: For the first time, the USAF Air Research and Development Command has been allowed to make an official admission of the existence of the ICBM. ARDC has a very fine display including a peephole view of an earth satellite.

The Green Men: whoever they are, they seem to have a couple of single records of sf tunes--so they say. These entrepreneurs have dyed their skins green and their hair copper. Real Alien.

Books: Marty Greenberg and Gnome Press, WW Scott and the new Super-Science Stories, Jim Taurasi, Ran Van Houten, and Frank Prieto with the monster 15 annish of Fantasy-Times, Steve Takacs and wife Ronnie with three tables, Brad Day with half the stuff and one third the space, and one lone fellow with a very extensive collection of ASF.

And displays by Kelly Freas, Ed Emsh, Richard Powers, and the MITSES.

And for the last hour and a half, you truly stuck behind this only typewriter.

See you tommorrow.

ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय

MILFORD, PENNSYLVANIA, Wednesday 5 September 1956

After a forced three-day delay, here we go again.

Saturday night, when the preceding installment had been wrapped up, I had the typewriter and set everything up for the big evening. Your correspondent, who doubled in brass as general convention factotum, was helping the Philadelphia SF Society show their fanfilm, "Longer Than You Think." This excellent amateur film produced, directed, and acted by members of the PSFS was a thoroughly enjoyable spoof of the mutant vs. human troubles after atomic war. The mutants, identified by long noses, and the Anti-Mutant police of the humans, stage a fine collec-

tion of Hollywood-type cliches in excellent parody, among them a manhunt, a hand-to-nose fight, a char chase (The Flying Jauguar is something to be seen rhather than described), a drunken orgy and a good-guy victory all in twenty-two minutes.

Production-wise the film was quite good. It was done in beautiful color by Hall Lynch, and Jack Zeitz had done sound blocks of background music that matched very well. The film was shown twice, and was well received.

Thus it was that we came to the costume ball. Held on Saturday night for the first time, therewas quite a turnout of costumery. We came in rags and a paper cape that read, "I need a ride to Milford, Pa., and back" since my only avowed purpose was to get down to the writers' conferne. However, a lot of imagination and thought showed in the other creations, among them a thinking machine and his robot, done by Shel Deretchin and Dave Psmith, Lin Carter as a very evil Satan? Dracula? and dapper George Price in a handsome Space Navy uniform that won him an honorable mention.

Winners of the contest as I remember them:

Most beautiful costume: Olga Ley again (much controversey)

Best Team: The four green men (some said they won by a stomach--Tam Otteson's)

Most accurate character: Two persons who showed up as a pair of those most wonderful of cartoon characters, Luther Scheffy's hairy monsters.

And a couple of others I do not recall.

Saturday night impressions: Lee Hoffman Shaw, Larry, and Larry's pipe, all in costume...Pshel Deretchin melting inside his thinking box...Tam Otteson's stomach...The SF Ballet; A job with some very good and very bad spots, some find dancing, and a 13-year-old kid next to me who pointed out all the Freudian and sexual symbolism in the thing...The Parties, and one reporter's private investigation into the possibility of mixing Bheer, vodka, rotgut scotch, rotgut bourbon, and tequila in one evening. It can be done, but in the morning, the laws of compensation apply with fury.



Well, Sunday--they tell me--came around. When I finally came around it was nearly noon, so I decided not to go on the boat ride which was just then returning from its trip.



The afternoon session was the big one. John W Campbell was on. This was to be the big psionics revelation. Unfortunately the whole speech, from the words, "I am an amateur", was merely a rehash of all of the years' past ASF editorials and psionics articles. We wandered in and out, talking with pros and fen, running errands, and wishing he would get the hell finished with the speech so the panel could have at him.

The panel of experts consisted of Doc Smith, LS de Camp, John, and Hal Clement, with Chairman Dave Kyle presiding. Unfortunately, Dave had to go and cut the thing short just as a real battle between avowed skeptic de Camp and Campbell was brewing.

But all things pass, dinner came and went, and your report er much too insolvent to even contemplate going to the seven buck banquet, contented himself with missing Al Capp, but having the pleasure of seeing other deadheads didn't either. ((( )) Five of us from the MITSFS acted as honor guard to keep floaters out of the banquet hall until Kyle gave us the word. And it was then that the real fun began.

By the time we got in, Isaac Asimov was already on his feet, and everyone was loving every minute of it. This man is so epigrammatic that if any reader has access to the Convention tape records kept by Ernak Dietz, be sure to listen to him. Some samples: Isaac on Campbell: "When I look at him, I see a dollar sign"... "When I told him the surface (of the Hieronymous psionics machine) felt slippery, he triumphantly pointed at me and said, 'Ha! Negative tacky!'"... After all this and more, Isaac turned to look at Campbell and asked, "You haven't been listening to all this, have you, John?"

And then the incredible. Isaac Asimov and Randall Garrett singing a--well, duet, if you will, of Randy's G&S parody in the con program booklet. If Columbia ever releases this as a record, Anna Russell might as well take up the mandolin.

Now, follow Asimov with Bloch. Since such a thing is impossible to put into words, mostly because those that Bob Bloch uses are much too enjoyable to be perverted by memory, we will merely say that after Bob took off on most everyone, he introduced Mr. William H.H. Anthony Parker White Holmes Boucher, the Scourge of California.

Among other things, it became apparent that Mr. Boucher was working up to a grand declaration of wariness about Campbell's psionics, a sort of skeptiosisim. He suggested the creation of a society for those who fail to get a positive reaction to the little bakelite plate, namely the Hieronymous Anonymous. Somewhere in the middle, thos, something went snap, and he wound up his talk by advocating a kind of modified nudism, or at least a revolt against dress conformity. It should be noted however, that at no time during his speech did Mr. Boucher remove his jacket.



So much for Boucher--a wonderful man, by the way, whom this reporter has had the pleasure of meeting at the Milford writer's Conference. Bob Bloch, the masterful emcee, then brought on the main course, guest of honor, Arthur C. Clarke.

Mr. Clarke, in admirable fashion, thrust a number of thongs at the gathering which we had all thought about peripherally before, but never with such penetration as he gave them.

For the first, Mr. Clarke attacked the irresponsible attitude of the main stream of literary criticism which relegates science fiction to a back-of-the-book, back-of-the-hand position, passing it off with the deplorable "I don't understand it therefore it is nonsense" syllogism. Admittedly, Mr. Clarke pointed out, there is a correlation between this view and the association with sf or splinter cultism, such as the UFO's, Scientology, and Bridey Murphy. He decried the blind acceptance on flimsy and contradicting evidence of such fanaticism, even though such cults are not intrinsically bad.

From this, Arthur Clarke posed a number of intriguing problems, among them the old chestnut of whether science fiction wants to be accepted by mainstream literature, or wishes to remain separated, or both. He was concerned about modern sf getting too esoteric, and consequently drawing in its limitations about itself, so that our writing is good only for us, who understand the terms.

But nowhere is Mr. Clarke so disappointed as in the realm of science fiction films as they stand today. I think his whole attitude, and the attitude not only of this reporter but of a good 99% of the field, is best summed up in his proposed title for the science fiction monster film to end all films:

"THAT, SON OF IT!"

And Sunday wound up in a blaze of glory.

~~~~~

Monday morning was nearly over when we awoke to find that L. Sprague deCamp, Chairman of the by-law amendment session, had just thrown the whole thing out, since there was no quorum.

By three o'clock, London had been voted in for next year's site, and yours truly was jackknifed into the back of Judy Merrill's station wagon with eight other writers, and their luggage, on the way to Milford.

And now for the big news: The winners of this year's Hugo awards, presented at the banquet, are:

Best reviewer--damon knight

Most Promising author--Bob Silverberg

Best Feature writer--Willy Ley (Honorable mention, de Camp)

Best Artist--Kelly Freas (Honorable mention, EMSH)

Best Fanzine--INSIDE & SF ADVERTISER, Ron Smith, editor
Best Short Story--"The Star", by A. C. Clarke
Best Novelet--"Exploration Team", by Murray Leinster
Best Novel--DOUBLE STAR, by Robert Heinlein
Best Magazine of 1955-56--ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION

All in all, a well-run convention, in comparison with others I have seen. It is true that I have never attended a previous sf convention, and I am told that others were better, but the committee this year was composed of honest, conscientious workers, most of whom I now know personally; and can speak for with reasonable accuracy. It is true that the convention lost a good deal of money due to a number of organizational mistakes, but a lot was recouped, and a lot was not the committee's fault. The theft of \$400 worth of equipment from the USAF recruiting stand was due to negligence on the part mainly of the Air Force. The cover painting by Kelly Freas for I, LIBERTINE, was stolen Friday night, but Ted Sturgeon recovered it Sunday. In general, the con went very nicely, with a number of hotel employees, most significantly the bartender, commenting on how well-behaved the group was.

Thus the Newyorcon. My impressions of it have been good. And the credit for these impressions goes straight to the convention committee, whose executive members include Dave Kyle, Chairman, and Jean Carrol, Ruth Landis, Dick Ellington, Art Saha, and George Nims Raybin. The rest of the convention committee is populous, and naming is too long, but every one deserves the special mention I cannot give.

Till next year, then, when London is the host, and Ted Carnell the Maitre d', this the World SF Convention.

--30jmg

ADDENDUM: (From a letter dated 11 September 1956)

The cocktail lounge on the convention floor was a masterful idea. It circumvented the inevitable piling-up of fans around one or two pros, by offering lots of tables for people to sit at. This was good for the ego of those who wished to hobnob with the pros without looking like adulating neofans.

Did I mention that Kelly Freas' excellent painting for I, LIBERTINE was stolen? Ted Sturgeon, who wrote the story, got it back in a very cute manner. One of the authors, I think it was Ayjay, spotted someone with it running down the hall, called Ted's attention to the fact, and Sturgeon ran over to the fellow. Accosting the culprit, Sturgeon exclaimed, "Oh, you found my painting for me! Where did you ever find it!?"

Word has it that the thief gulped a few times and sort of melted away...

--30, in reality.

all space opera as it would to have all your mature level stf, for obvious reasons.

So Wm., I think that your fears that you'll be forced to read stories of a type below your mental outlook are unfounded. ASTOUNDING is going to be around for a long time to come, and I surely wouldn't want it any other way! But let's give the new fans a chance to experience the same pleasure in the sense of wonder yarns that we enjoyed when starting out; and at the same time provide a place for some of us oldtimers to try to relive those thrills of yesteryear. In the long run, this policy won't sink the science fiction velles; but will strengthen it to sail through the years, stronger and healthier than ever.

30hb

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

THE TRACK OF THE NORSEMAN
(continued from page 14)

ipation in our heart. The climb, however, is a long one, and we tire before we reach the top of the slope. We decide that perhaps it would be best to take a breather, which we proceed to do.

As we sit thus, watching the powder-puff clouds skimming across the sky, savoring the cool breeze, a small rabbit approaches and tenders a white card, on which are the words, "You'd better hurry--the time is short."

And indeed it is. Short unto almost non-existent. And through this remarkable lack of time to do things as they should be done, go the white rabbits and the Alices, the worriers and the innocents, bungling along somehow, and always managing to just barely come out alive. However, as the time is short, we begin climbing again. Just as we begin to see the summit, we awaken. Always, just as Man begins to see the summit of his dreams and ideals, he is rudely awakened into the hard world of reality, to go plugging on along in the same old hand-to-mouth fashion that he has known all his life.

Sometime, we hope he finally reaches the summit, and gets a good look at what's on the other side...

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

PILAN

Remarkage by the Readers—

There are, without a doubt, fewer thorns everywhere than are found in the trails before us. And try as we might, we cannot keep the recurve from tangling in the underbrush. "Brush buttons," say our companions, "are just the thing to end your troubles." Would that were true! O, to find some simple little device whereby one could without pain, divest himself of worries and cares! How wonderful! How restful! How delightful! How dreadful! For, yea, were not the way strewn with brush and twigs, our path would be not unlike a superhighway, as straight as a string, and as interesting as a blank page. For 'tis said that a goodly amount of interest lies in the wondering of what is over the next hill, or around the next bend. However interestingly the course is laid out, though, it seems that we are always glad to see the last target before us. Too late we try to make up for the mistakes we have made in the course of the shooting; too late we find that, as another before us has said, the fun is in the trying; and there is always that feeling that we should have--could have--done a bit better. But the round is ended, and we trudge wearily up the trail to the judge's table, hoping that, at the ultimate Judge's Table, our showing won't turn out to be quite so bad...

At any rate, some things turn out fairly well...

Herbert E. Beach.....Many thanks for the copy of ECLIPSE you sent my way. Unlike a lot of zines I've tried, yours has readability and personality; something many others should attain before they begin harrassing their local post offices. Your movie review column was a scream; particularly because I was recently sucked into said films. Each time I go, I vow never again; but somehow wind up back at the theatre hoping for the best, but expecting the worst. Enjoyed your fanmag reviews; most of these are titles I've never read--and frankly, for the most part, don't especially care to--but I like your comments on them. Your letter column is good, and quite an indispensable item in a publication of this type. Artwork was fair to good, but good illos are hard to attain with a mimeo process. In fact, enjoyed the whole magazine and would like to see it keep coming my way.

((Frankly, I think all the crud being put out by the Hollywood producers in the name of Science Fiction is worth wading through, as long as one occasionally comes across such gems as the "Robby" character in FORBIDDEN PLANET. Seldom does one find such an imaginative characterization as this--in fact, it is the first time I've ever seen a robot with a sense of humor!

Fanzines are much the same way. You can wade through reams and reams of crud--pure nothing--but the occasional, and inevitable gem that is produced makes the whole thing worth the effort.))

Redd Boggs....."Thusly begins any hint of abnormality..." It does indeed. I see no reason for making a perfectly good adverb, thus, into an adjective, but I'm more concerned about the meaning of the rest of the sentence. It seems to mean that each time there's a hint of abnormality, it begins when the White Rabbit says, "I'm late!" That is not true. Evidently, you mean, "The first hint, no matter how small, of abnormality..." 'Any' is perfectly acceptable in a construction like, 'I need any help I can get.', to mean, 'no matter how small', but here it's a clumsy, obscure way of saying what you are trying to say. Is it a vernacular expression? Graetz' "Dragon's Island" is similarly obscure in telling about "It is a proud and lonely thing to be a fan." He said it was "...by ye edde, the last I heard it." One wonders whether he means by "ye edde" the editor of ECLIPSE or of F&SF, and if he is suggesting that you or Boucher invented the expression, or merely said it recently. The compilers of Fancyclopedia will surprise me if they track down who did invent it. I think it arose spontaneously from various fannish typers after the original line appeared in the June 1949 ASF ("To Watch the Watchers" by W. MacFarlane): "It is a proud and lonely thing to be a man."

What'll you bet that John Henderson'll credit Bob Bloch with inventing it, after they recover a copy of the Fantastic Universe containing "A Way of Life"?

What a meager crop of fanzines that is in Track of the Norseman. Thanks for the review of QABAL--Not QUBAL or QUABAL, as you variously spell it. ((My apologies, sir, for mistreating thusly the title of your zine. Force of habit, I assure you...))

What's a "self-written fanzine"? Sounds Fantastic to me.

Deeck was good, but this sort of article on sf trends is pretty predictable while it deals with generalities. Wm. could have been much more interesting if he'd gotten down to providing examples. He named a few magazines at the end, more or less at random, but didn't name a single author or a single story. I don't think modern sf is so all of a piece that one can generalize and come close to defining trends, and even if it were, it would be more interesting if Deeck got specific enough to talk about "The Dragon in the Sea" or "Double Star" or whatever.

You printed a fascinating collection of letters, though I'm not inclined to take up any argument outlined in them. I'd like to ask about something GM Carr said, though: "Neither LeeH nor Forry were able to make it to London this past Easter..." She kidding, or was I Cathectized into a different time-track this past spring?

Despite your lack of lettering-guides, shading plates, ktp ((?)) you put out an attractive fanzine. The mimeography is better than average. What a far cry from a few brief years ago!

((Redd, I feel that you're being a trifle too pedantic about my usage of Americanese. As far as the word thus goes, it is perfectly legal to use it as an adjective. I have seen it done hundreds of times. The great redeeming feature of the American language, to my way of thinking, is its extreme flexibility. So if my meanings seem a bit obscure now and then, pay no attention. You understood it in this case didn't you?

A bit of history will clear up Graetz' meaning. Last Christmas, Graetz was home for vacation, so I went down to see him. As the afternoon wore on, and we were discussing anything from ampubbing to The Effect of Psionics on Modern Science Fiction, I happened to fill a momentary silence with the words, "As somebody once said, 'It is a proud and lonely, etc...' Ta...?"

Although I have read of Lee Hoffman and Larry Shaw--Mr. Lee Hoffman--going over to the Ketthing, I haven't read whether or not they used Taff funds for the trip...

Jeremy Millett.....It is, of course, the fashionable thing 1446 Garden Street to sneer and snicker at the sense of wonder. And so Deek faithfully follows the pseudo-sophisticates like a modern-day Satcho Pimples trailing after his Down Erotic. If "Snatcho" Deek wants to do a little tilting of his own, what does it matter if he sets up his own windmills? It just makes them easier to knock over. "Fine" says Snatcho. "If I made them out of a foundation of facts, it would be too difficult to tip them over."

So I'll just construct 'em out of fairy dew and used pop bottles. That way I can knock 'em around and make it look as if I'm learned."

Heavens knows I can't complain if a guy understands what he's talking about; but Deeck doesn't, didn't and probably never will. ((Is all this due to the fact, perhaps, that you just don't look at it as he does?)) The sooner you clear his eruc tation out of EEK and get a writer who knows something ...about the sense of wonder--even if he doesn't like it--the sooner you will improve your mag.

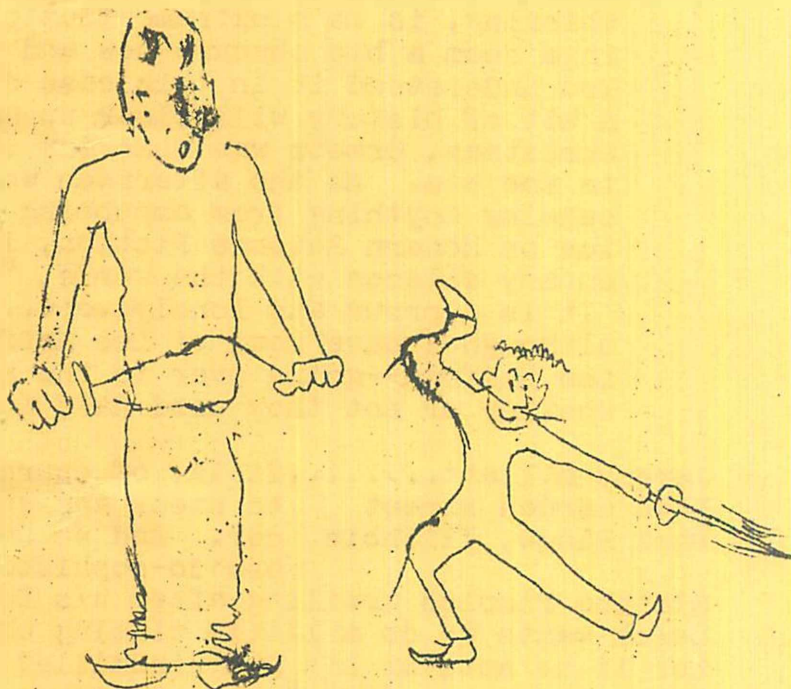
The rest of the mag was uniformly good, with the Terse Verse out standing. But what happened to the zine reviews? You seemed to have slashed them down to almost nothing. A shame, too -- do so well on them.

You and John Hitchcock might remember--please drive carefully; the life you save might be MINE!

((I think one of your personal major blunders in respect to Deeck's article is this: You are confusing his reasoning with his opinions. Now, there is nothing at all wrong with his reasoning. Many stories--and not only sf--are entirely predictable, from beginning to end. This, you must admit, detracts considerably from enjoyment thereof. Also, the heroes--characters--are stereotyped and formulized. This also detracts from enjoyment. These two will possibly lead to the ruination of science fiction. This is Deeck's reasoning, and it is partially true. Ergo, I fail to see, while you are completely entitled to disagree with his opinions, how you can argue with his logic.))

Perry & Thrust, Fansmen
4040 Calvert Street
Lincoln 6, Nebraska

Face facts, Ray. Live life. Ed Cox's thing in OBLIQUE was a PARODY, don chasee...a funny, a satire on all crud people like Clod Hall publish with solemn intent to Do Some Good in Fandom. When I first read your review issue before last, I was gonna write you and tell you, and then about a week passed before I got around to it, and I figured somebody else would have already told you. I'm really surprised you didn't get called on it. ((Gee. I wish I had your faith.)) Just got home from San



Francisco and the Republican, and I figured since EEK had apparently been lying around here for nigh onto a month I'd better say something about it...and then, alas, I discovered HYPHEN in the pile...and--well, hell Ray, you know how it is. Willis Has Impeccable Taste. So.

Labor Day is a good time to discuss the auto crisis, no? An estimated 480-odd dead before this letter'll arrive in Norfolk. I haven't really much to say myself; just thought I'd mention that if you wanna read some real cynical type stuff on the subject you might peruse the SPOOR OF SPOOKS, by Bergen B. Evans of Northwestern--the chapter entitled, "Autointoxication". Very good medicine for cynicism--it'll either make it go away, or else put it on a very sound basis.

((As for myself, I find my taste most peccable.))

Jerry Greene Egoboo, egoboo, ah, the egoboo. Why do I
482 East 20th Street say this? For the first time in my fan-
Hialeah, Florida zine history, I received TWO fanzines the
 same day with one of my letters in them.

You didn't spell my name right, but who cares. Egoboo, egoboo, ah the egoboo...

I like the different color paper much better than that dull red you were using. ((You may see more of it--I have seven reams. ...)) I think the yellow paper looks best. How kind of you, tho, to give me two copies of pp 5-6. I wonder if somebody got EEK without pp 5-6? As for Graetz' top five, I agree except for "William" and Galaxy. I am curious. Why does he call F&SF "William"?

Reviews are excellent, as is par for the course. I still think EEK would be just as good or better if you wrote the whole thing. The Shag is only partly correct in my estimation. He is right, of course, in saying that some space opera is juvenile. But he is not right in saying that all space oppra is juvenile. I have read space opera that was exciting, well-written, intelligent, and sometimes even had the "sense of wonder" to it. I also think that his definition of a "hero" is entirely wrong. I think ye ole Shag is being a little bit hard on ye ole Lero. Letters were very good. Do you and Ron Ellick know that Clod will probably leave general fandom in the near future? He is joining OMPA. ((HE WOULDN'T DARE!!!)) I'm afraid my letter will be a bit shorter than usual. I'm bushed.

((You're punchy, too. The Shag didn't write the article about spape opera, senses of wonder, etc. That was Wm. Deeck. I rather doubt that neither would care to be confused with the other. Speaking of which--Marty, you've been asked the obvious question. Were you paying attention?))

Martin Graetz, Focoom Latest EEK here. Glad you cleaned up
2 Thomas Park that sentence about Fandora. I was hav-
Cambridge 38, Mass. ing one hell of a time trying to make it
 come out right. I guess I just use too
many words, too often. Ellick tells me that everyone thought the Sep GALAXY, which I based my current high opinion of the mag

on, was lousy. Mebbe so. On re-examination, I find the issue hangs completely on Sturgeon. However, the Catfish is much better all around. By the way, Ellick will be at the New-YorCon. The boy is trying to push into the adult world fast--he's in the Marines, it seems, and he used two whole cuss-words at me in his last letter. Sompin tells me I better hide the pbeer from him Friday night.

He told me he didn't like WURF. Shall we get out another 1-shot just for him? I happen to know people who thought parts of it were reall funny--me, for example--and others who thought the rest was just too hilarious--you, for instance.

I like Moomaw's comments on Deeck, especailly in the light of this latest Deeck installment. A godd friend of mine, who has been reading sf since 1927, is even willing to admit that stories now are better than they uster be, but not violently so. Deeck is getting even more balled up in his verbiage...reads something like pre-1952 Graetz!

I'm going to quit now. It's early yet, but I'm leaving late tomorrow even, and I want all the sleep I can get before I hit town. Believe thee me, I'll need it.

Ce la...

Jerry Merrill

632 Avenue H

Boulder City, Nevada

On Trend by Wm. was ppor to fair. The fair only because what he writes about is fact, but his opinions are not on same.

Why doesn't Wm. get something to write about and then really write about it, leaving emotions and opinions out of it. If he wants to use opinion, let him start a review column or something. I agree with him on the "sense of wonder"; indeed, I call it more of a "sense of blunder", but he cannot stop these. Only the fans and readers of this type of fiction can. If there are such people that like it, let them like it. Do not try to stop them--this is absurdity. However, I will say this; it is better than his last column, and considerably so than his article Gafia, A Study, in FBO. Are you using Fibretint paper? It looks like the stuff. I used it in FBO#4, and it was pretty heavy...

((My God in Heaven, man--what kind of would would you have without opinion! Every word you read outside of textbooks is somebody's opinion. The very type of article that Wm. wrote demands the use of opinion. You make articulate use of opinion yourself, in your criticism of his article. Obviously, his opinions won't be fact--neither will anyone's else. This type of article is built on opinion--and demotion--and without either, it would be nothing. Just because you don't agree with him always, don't try to make a fool of him by saying he confuses you with his opinions! If you're too nauseated by what he says, use your opinions and write a rebuttal--I'll publish it if it's any good.

Paper used in number 16 EEK was VARITON 24lb. Pre-war stuff the supply store hadn't been able to sell. Got it at cost. Sticks like bloody hell...))

Larry Bourne--or Bor-nay, as some are prone to say.

How say you, Larry?

2436½ Portland Street
Eugene, Oregon

So here is another issue of
ECLIPSE. Weth a front cover
by Bourne yet. "hat is this

world comeing to, anyway--Why, Bourne is even brash enouth to
coerce the Great Thompson to print some of his crud on the front
page. # A very good issue, Roy, and I'm proud of you. ((Me

too.)) ~~Let the Russians have and rant about how with this is.~~
((It is?)) We know they're wrong. # I wish I had your mater-
ial. So much good stuff. I shed a bitter tear. The Path of
Totality is a fine editorial as usual. To hell with the fellow
who doesn't like that kind of editorial. Everyone to his taste
I say, and who is to say there is anything wront with what you
say, or the way you say it. Nowone, I hope. # The Track of
The Noresman is always good. I wish I had your talent for fan-
zine reviews. I wish I had your fanzine reviews. # Pilau is
getting lively nowadays. With Ellike and Fugghead Hall tearing
around the pages: I would like to see that Ellik-Hall crud
contest turns but. I think Hall is a chicken even tho he can
beat Ellik all hollow. # You have a nice issue. I hope to
see EEK go on and on and on and on and on...

((Gosh...with all you people saying such nich things
about me and EEK, I'm having all sorts of trouble
getting caps that will fit more than three days at a
time. Stoppit, huh? This is getting expensive! All
I can say in regard to the Ellik-Hall dispute is that
when you starve with a tiger, the giger starves last.))

Lynn Hickman

710 Boulevard

Orangeburg, S. Carolina

ECLIPSE 17 received and enjoyed. Bourne

usually leaves me cold, but this I en-

joyed. Dragon's Island was interest-

ing. I agree with Marty on his rating

of ASF first and MF&SF second, but from there on in I differ
with him greatly. I for one enjoy OW very much since it went

pulp size. I'd rate it 4th or 5th as a prozine and 1st as a

fanzine. Actually OW seems more like a printed fanzine to me,

and I'm hoping Palmer can keep it going.

From his letter--as an example--I firmly believe Ron Ellik could

win in a contest of ignorance with anyone.

((Other Worlds a fanzine?? Heaven Forbid!!!))

~~~~~

So here we are. This cloud high above the ground, which we are  
floating on, is of a very tenuous nature. It is however, a very  
nice cloud, and we should be sad indeed to see it disappear be-  
neath us; especially since such an occurrence would mean that we  
would ultimately find ourselves falling at great speed in the  
general direction of down. This would result in great amounts  
of blood and gore over certain parts of real estate. We are  
clean individuals, and should not like to cause anyone such an  
inconvenience.

It would, perhaps, be well to note that such a thing is not completely impossible. Thus we find ourselves continually wondering if something is not amiss. Did we turn off the lights before leaving on the cross-country trip? Is the dog fed? Will the budgerigar have enough birdseed to last? Yea, these, and many more questions pound through our fevered brow as we wend our way down the rocky path, which is strewn with the bodies of those who have gone before. For the trail to fortune is a dangerous one, and rampant with side-paths and snares to trap the unwary. We have been fairly lucky, we think for we have been wary of the siren wail of recalcitrance; ever have we heeded the clarion call of duty. At last, perhaps, our reward is nigh. For lo, rising in the East is a great light, as of a huge number of fires burning at once. Discovering that these are the fires of perdition, we hastily about face, only to be met by a small demon dressed in red long johns and carrying a poor-man's trident. As he jabs us a good one in the posterior with this wicked weapon, we cogitate on the fact that we had been so busy accepting the posies that we weren't watching for the brickbats. Such is life.

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ADDENDA:

These last few weeks have been of the utmost horror; for I have left the old homestead at Norfolk, and have had all sorts of trial and tribulation in settling down to a new existence. My current address is 628 South 20, apartment 3, Omaha 2, Nebr. This, I hope, shall remain static. It is due to this moving that the last few pages of EEK look so badly in need of correction fluid. I was able to move only a small part of my working equipment down here with me and did not include the corflu. There is also a matter of not enough light to work by, and a shaking kitchen table instead of the desk to which I am normally accustomed. Most of these drawbacks will be--or should be--partially corrected by next month, when I start working on Number 20. I have acres of storage space--almost more than living quarters!--and intend to move some more of my equipment down sometime in the near future. With these thoughts in mind, I hope you shall indulge me my disadvantages, and kindly overlook the numerous typos you are sure to find.

Thank you.

ECLIPSE
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628 South 20TH, Apt. # 3
OMAHA 2, NEBRASKA

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