

ECLIPSE

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THE ZINE THAT ENSHADOWS ALL ITS RIVALS!

DEADLINE DEADLINE DEADLINE DEADLINE DEADLINE

FRIDAY 20th AUGUST

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From 29th July, you should be able to reach me by way of the address on the right, but I shall be travelling over various parts of England during August, so I don't guarantee a speedy reply to any mail. Anyway, at the end of August, provided the lodgers move out, I hope to be returning to my rightful abode at 37, Meadow Way, Theale, Reading, RG7 4AU. Don't send any money there until after 1st September, but send insulting mail any time you like. We've got a big dustbin.

This ~~is~~ elegant prose is by Paul Willey, who is doing it while he is supposed to be working at La Casa Inglesa, Marques de Sotelo 1, Valencia-2, Spain, where it's almost as hot as it is over there!

COA COA COA COA COA COA COA COA COA COA
O By the time you receive this, C
A I shall be on my way to sunny O
C England (where it will immediat
D tely start raining!) so orders C
A for the next issue should be O
C sent to 7, Shirley Avenue, Hove
D Sussex. You can try phoning C
A Brighton 553353, but I shall O
C probably be out, and if you A
D leave a message it will very C
A likely reach me differently O
C from the way it left you! A
DA COA COA COA COA COA COA COA COA COA

And now it's time for.....

WILLEY'S WAFFLE

Hallo, (I hear you cry), he's got a new typewriter. No, I'm doing this on the office machine, because my own is amidst a batch of luggage en route for England, where BH and KENNIE are probably doing their best to destroy it! I mention this to excuse the higher than usual number of typing errors ((a nice one!)). I'm not as familiar with this machine as I am with my own. In particular, the Scrabble problem is a bit of a disaster area. I ballsed it up in both copies!

You may have noticed that this issue is four pages and not the promised five; you may also notice that there aren't any games in it. That is due to the fact that I have received orders from only Andy Evans and Bob Brown. The reasons for the absence of the others is impossible to explain with certainty, but there are two possibilities. One is that there has been a postal strike in Madrid, which has held up a lot of mail. The other is that some of you may have sent orders to the Hove address which I was foolish enough to give you last time.

The question is what to do about it. Well, I thought I would extend the deadline to Thursday (20th July) 6.00 p.m. I shall be flying back to England on Wednesday night, and if there are orders waiting for me, I shall get them when I arrive on Thursday morning. If you have sent your orders to Spain, and I haven't got them, I suggest you send another lot to Hove. I'll try to be in on Thursday afternoon to receive phone calls, too, but I can't guarantee it. If I don't receive any more orders by that time, I'll carry out Andy's and Bob's and let everybody else's stand unordered.

I shall send out the game supplement, first class, at my own expense to only the players and anyone else who specifically asks for it. All right?

One of the people whose orders did get through has also submitted Mensamind guesses so why not give him some opposition.

Finally a quick word about game fees. When Eclipse goes proper I shall charge 50p gamefees to ordinary mortals, and 30p to members of IMA/UK. Any games that start before then will be free. I have two down for Regular, and one for just about everything else! I hope to start mimecing within the next three issues - but it depends how quickly (and cheaply) I can get a daper.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Do you remember a programme on the radio called "My Word"? (Radio, in case you forget, is the TV that doesn't get pictures). The highlight of the programme was when Frank Ruir and Dennis Norden were asked to give the origin of a famous phrase or saying. I can't, I'm afraid, match the wit of those two brilliant punsters, but here is the kind of response they might have given to, say "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!" (Actually Richard III, I believe.):—

Ethelgreen the Alwaysready gathered his tribesmen together one day, and said, "Look, you geezers, those there Vikings keep comin' over here, an' rapin' an' pillagin' an' that, don't they? So what I reckon is this. We wanna go over there an' straighten 'em out a bit, don't we? You know, give 'em a bit of their own bouver boot. What do you reckon?"

The Angles looked at it from different Angles, uncertainly.

"They say them Vikin' birde is a bit of all right," encouraged the king.

In due course, a great warship, big enough to carry all the Arsenal supporters (both of them), set off across the waves. Ethelgreen, being Always-ready, had taken a couple of bits of crumpet across, Gloria and Myrna, just in case their battle wasn't successful, and he spent most of his time in his stateroom with them. By the third day across NTH, he wasn't feeling up to it, as the saying goes, and was looking a bit green, for the water was a little on the choppy side. "Ooi!" said Gloria, "you don't 'all look awful. What's the matter?"

Ethelgreen, being something of a scholar, replied "Sic transit Gloria."

By the time the ship arrived, the Angles were spoiling for a fight. Ethelgreen, now recovered from his mal-de-mother-in-law, looked ashore and caught sight of some busty blonde crumpet, threw Gloria and Myrna overboard, and instructed his men to bring him back a nice pair — or one with a nice pair, he amended. So, off they went, swords in hand, to do battle with the foe, and take a neutral supply centre into the bargain.

Unfortunately, it didn't go as well as planned, because Russia had sent an army north, so there was a bit of a set to. After the battle had been raging for two or three seasons, Ethelgreen was getting a bit impatient, not to mention frustrated at constantly seeing the Norse beauties just out of reach, so when a lieutenant came back to report failure, he was speechless with rage. However, he managed to find a pencil and paper and scrawl a message to the effect that if they didn't come back with a decent Viking bird soon, the ship would sail without them.

The lieutenant, being a bit of a crafty one, arranged a secret meeting with the Scandinavian chieftain. "Look," he said. "I'll tell you what. Just hand over one of your pretty birde, and we'll push NTH off and forget the whole thing. All right?"

"Okay," said the chieftain, who had picked up the Americanism from Lief Ericsson, one of his sailor boys. "You can take one of the Russian prisoners."

"No, no, you don't understand," said the Angle. "It's got to be a Norse! A Norse! My king's dumb for a Norse!"

Well, not up to the Norden and Ruir standard, I'm afraid, but enough for you to get the general idea. I want to apply it to zine names, and the more witty you can make it, the better your chance of winning the 50p prize. The money will be in credit which can be used for subscription, or, if you are a trader, towards game fees. ("Gamefees?" I hear you cry. Yes. Read the Waffle on the front.) All right, the one we're going to start with is Eclipse. (Might as well do it on your own door first.) The funniest version of the origin of the title will win 50p. Usual deadline, please.

A fellow went into a pub and ordered a pint of bitter and a tot of bitter, and produced a little man, one foot tall who proceeded to consume the tot. "That's a very lifelike doll," observed the barman. "No doll," said the man. "He plays the piano. Look," whereupon he placed the little man on the piano so that he could jump from key to key, thereby playing a melody. "Amazing," said the barman. "Where did you find him?" "Strange story, really," said the man. "I helped this old dear carry a heavy bundle of firewood, and when I'd finished she said she was a witch and would grant me one wish. Unfortunately she must have been a bit deaf, because what I actually got was a twelve-inch pianist!"

