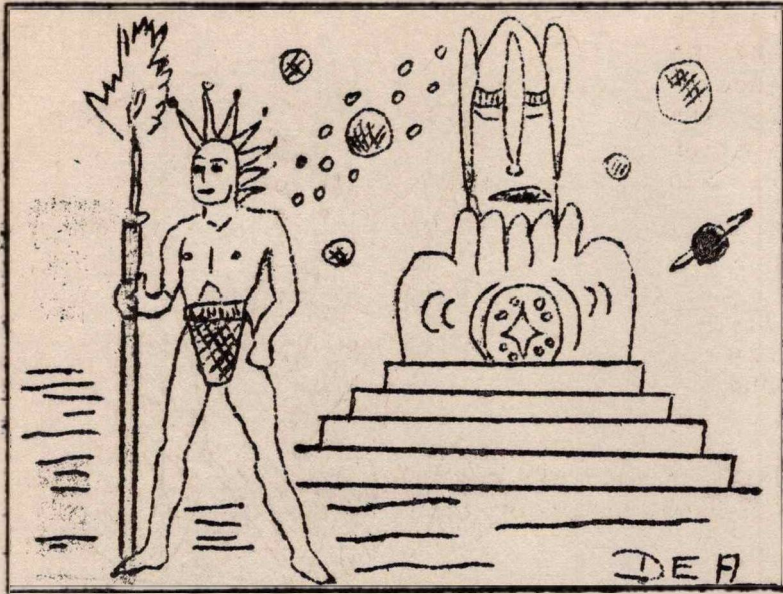


TACITUM

THE SILENT ONE



NO.
3



THE SILENT ONE SPEAKS

This is, much to the regret of practically all of the people who wrote in, an editorial of the same type as in T/so # 2.

In many zines the editorial space is given over to the ed's own views on the latest controversy to strike fandom. Were I in the right frame of mind I could throw in my two bits worth on

Ron Smith's discussion of Censorship (I think that's what it's about), Sam Johnson's likewise pacy discussions on religion (or so I gather from what I've seen), and the eternal bit -What's wrong with science fiction- (which I think is a part of the hassle in INSIDE). The reason I don't enter into the fray on any of these topics is shown by the Parenthetical inserts. If I choose to say anything, I would speak as a person to whom the whole thing seems odd. Anything stated by me would be from the viewpoint of the already decided observer. I have an opinion on censorship but I do not believe Ron Smith would be swayed by any thoughts my mind might hurl forth; nor do I believe that his expressions could change my impressions. Another reason why I enter not is that each person has his own particular viewpoint and sees the whole affair differently than anyone else. Of course, it is always possible for anyone who feels the urge to jump in and confuse the entire matter. It is relatively easy to pounce upon some minor irrelevant thoughts and minor mistakes and magnify them into the crux of any argument.

But all of this helps me not. It is incredibly boring to ramble for pages on the trials and tribulations of the tottering faned. A faned can always drag in the evening paper and find something space-filling-worthy to reveal to fandom at large. And the faned can always start a new and original argument with his own viewpoint as the starting gate. Then he can devote practically entire future issues to try to create a mess. If you'll notice I've not done this editorial too well. I hate to be apologetic throughout by saying such things as these, but I am not accustomed to the 'caustic eye'...

FOLLOWS A FANZINE REVIEW- JUST ANY OL' FANZINE, JUST ANY OL' REVIEWER.

'This is a really good fanzine. The editor uses three staples to put his zine together with. This really is a good fanzine. Be sure to send your dime today, I'm sure the ed has a few hundred extra copies. This fanzine is really good. I'm sure you won't be disappointed. Really, this is a good fanzine.'

Anyone we know?

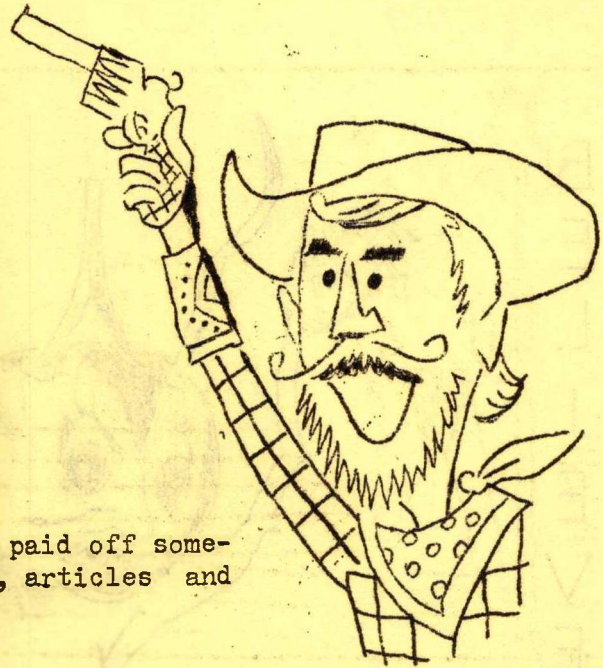
AND BELIEVE IT OR NO, THERE IS NEWS OF ME AND OTHER THINGS YONDER
(Yonder is the next page you fool)

I GO CLEVELAND, WHO YOU GO?

At the present time it looks like I'll be able to get to the Cleveland. It seems strange to me that all of a sudden I just get a chance to go. I'm sure that it will be a wonderful experience. In my best neo-fannish anticipation I look forward to meeting a whole raft of fans at the con.

Naturally I'd like to take a special issue of T/so to the con. I will, if I get this out in July. As I type this I've got seven more stencils to type and it's July 19, 1955, today.

Last issue I made a plea for artwork. Well, it paid off somewhat. So, now I'll ask for material. You know, articles and other little things like that.



Someday HE will be editor of Planet

I see no reason for doing this

BHEER IN A BASKET

...so automatically this is a good fanzine.

People will laugh at me

IT OCCURS TO ME THAT...

In recent issues of some of the writer's magazines I saw that a sf prozine called Science Fiction Adventures is listed as being published still. I have not seen an issue of said magazine in about two or three years down here. I also noticed that Planet now pays more than the Thrilling mag, AS and Fantastic and OW, not to mention 'madge', which is feeling strains or something because the latest issue due a couple of weeks ago has not shown up.

A couple of cruddy films, supposedly science fiction, are now at one of the local theaters- the Creature with the Atom Brain and It Came from Beneath the Sea. A friend of mine couldn't understand why I wasn't falling all over myself to see as soon as possible. Perhaps that is what is wrong with Hollywood, they are most amazed when something they label science fiction does not sell.

Our local science fiction club, started through the efforts of Pfc himself, Orville W. Mosher, has degenerated into occasional gatherings of me, May, Jennings, and Brown. The failure of our club proves that a SF club does not serve any purpose, and can not exist long after the initial acquaintances.

There is no lead article this time, but you lovable people did not send me one.

B
E
L
I
E
V
E
R

BY

R
A
C
E
M
A
T
H
E
W
S



The atmosphere of the smoking room was warm and friendly, and the fumes had accumulated to just that density which breaks down the walls of reticence and lets men who have seen something of life talk to one another. The political officer was in his usual chair by the fire, the missionary was leaning against the mantelpiece stuffing his pipe, and we were draped about the room in various attitudes of exhaustion. Our professor was sitting at the table with a book open in front of him, but as he had not turned a page for some five minutes I guessed that he was thinking up a question for the missionary. These questions had been a regular feature of our evenings at the holiday house, and we had all enjoyed the skillful way in which the two men sparred over the controversial questions of religious dogma. The missionary had a seemingly bottomless store of experiences on which to draw for illustration and example, while the professor could summon up a mental vigour and an erudition which marked him as one of the most brilliant men of his day.

"I have often wondered," he said, "what the Church will do when mankind finally makes contact with some extra-terrestrial form of intelligence. Assuming that this intelligence follows some form of religion different from ours, or if, as I would think more likely, it has no religion at all, how will the learned masters of doctrine reconcile this unhappy fact with the universal nature of God?"

The missionary stared down at the fire for some time, thoughtfully drawing on his pipe. At last he looked up, and smiled at the professor. "I'll tell you a story. As a matter of fact, you'll be the first to hear it, as I've never been at all sure that I'd be believed. Certainly I wouldn't have been at the time, 1954 or 55 I think it was, for every second day there was a new and fantastic tale abroad, and mine would have been classed as just another hoax. At all events, I had a parish near the Cornish coast at the time, I believe as bleak and barren a spot as any to be found the world over. It was my custom to take a morning walk along the beach, which was actually some two miles distant from the village. One foggy morning I had reached my furthest point from home and was about to turn back when I heard a peculiar noise in the distance. It reminded me vaguely of the cathedral organ at Salisbury, and I walked on determined to find what was making the sounds. As I drew closer it became obvious that this was some form of creature, and, with visions of some relative of the Loch Ness monster before my eyes, I took up a position which seemed closest to it.

"The mist was rolling in over the sea-great, grey banks of it, ever merging, ever spreading out into new and fantastic shapes. Small waves were slapping against the sand, and the air seemed to reverberate a grand cadence of "Ulla, ulla, ulla." It sounded to me like some vast and beautiful lament, ranging the entire tonal scale, so that sometimes it soared up to a pitch which my ears refused and sometimes sank till only some long-latent faculty of my mind sensed its continuance. I stood amazed on the beach listening, till my mind became numb, and something began to paint pictures before my inner eye, pictures of

infinite distances, of the dark waste between the stars, and of the loneliness of a creature which knows it will never again breathe the atmosphere of its home world, never again commune with those of its own kind.

"Somewhere overhead the sun was struggling to break through, and a brisk wind was springing up from the land. The damp heavy masses of the fog parted unwillingly, taking every opportunity to join again. Sometimes a single ray of sunlight would lance down through a break in the ceiling, and my straining eyes would catch a tantalizing glimpse of something out across the water, a half-suggestion of something huge, of something gross and repulsive in form, something which heaved and tossed in the shallows, while giving forth its continual cry of "Ulla, ulla, ulla," while pouring at the same time into my mind pictures of delicate and bizarre beauty.

"I was shown a planet which was green, green with the cold, grey tint of a storm-tossed Atlantic. No eruption of land spoiled the billowy perfection of this globe, and thick layers of cloud screened it from the light of the double sun around which it revolved. I sensed the cool, peaceful beauty of the watery depths, and saw grey, gigantic shapes move gracefully in the half-light among wavering waters. A mind which was not mine pictured these scenes for me with a wanderer's passionate, hopeless longing. Suddenly the mist broke, fleeing in disorderly rout before the wind, and the sun's rays shone down on the waves. The monstrous thing in the water ceased its movement, and a flood of incomprehensible images descended upon my mind. In that moment I was overwhelmed by a knowledge of the thing's resignation to death, and then-nothing. A sea-gull which had been hovering high overhead screeched to its companions, and began to descend in jerky circles."

The missionary paused for a moment. "Looking back on it all," he concluded, "I'm sure the thing was praying."

THE END

--Race Mathews--

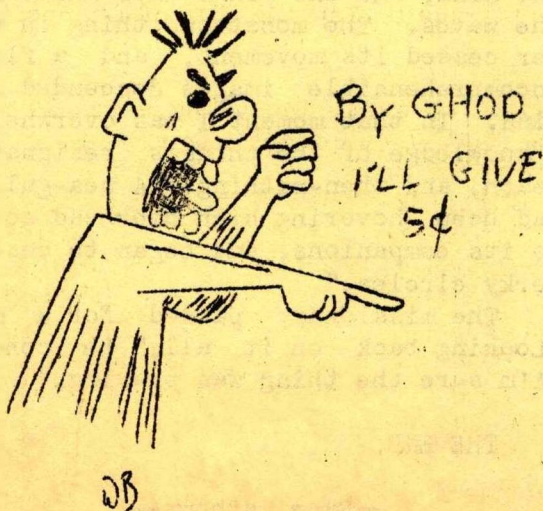
CABANA PEELINGS

BY GEORGE JENNINGS

Mike May and myself had been preparing for the trip to Tulsa and the OKLACON for many months; then the day finally came. The alarm got us up at about 5 a. m. I dressed, ate, and began loading the car. By 5:30, everything was finished, and I had managed to slip into a corner of the garage to get a couple of minutes of more sleep before we left. Mike woke me up and somehow managed to pull me into the 'Chevy' before I fell asleep again. When I finally rewoke, we were on highway 75 heading out of the city. I looked at the map and reassured myself that 75 was the straightest and fastest route to Tulsa; and, since ~~there~~ was nothing else to do, I read a SUPERMOUSE comic book that my brother had left lying in the back seat.

We reached the Oklahoma border about an hour later, and from there the roads became pocketed and bumpy. After an hour or two of bouncing around, we stopped to get a coke and a new map at a service station, since the one we had was about five years old. The new map showed us nothing, but the attendant of the station told us that 75 was being worked on all the way to the Missouri border. That overjoyed us no end. But we kept on the highway we had been traveling because there was no other within a hundred miles on either side. Though our progress was slow, we knew that soon we would be meeting fans.

When we got to Tulsa at about 1:PM, I was happy to say the least, but in no condition to laugh. We fumbled and searched around the myriad of people in the car, Mike came up with the mimeoed map of the city which Don Chappell had sent us in one of the publicity notices for the OKLACON. By perusing and observing the document carefully we discovered that the Western Village Hotel (or motel, as you like) lay on the far east side of Tulsa. As luck would have it, we came out on the far west side. We rode around for an hour or so, hunting a street called ADMIRAL PLACE, which the con site was located on. When we finally hit the right street, we stopped at another gas station to see how much further we had to go. This attendant too, was very helpful as he told us that the motel was about four miles east of where we were. Four miles later the hotel was nowhere around. We kept going, and, five miles later, we were there.



We entered the plush lobby of the hotel and, from the bulletin board, we found that the con was being held in the Frontier Room. We went in, and immediately were greeted by four fans. Val Walker, Walt Bowart, Kent Corey, and another friendly fan whose name escapes my mind. Bowart filled us in on what had happened at Don Chappell's house the previous night. One thing he mentioned was their joy when John Murdock called and the group realized he was from Kansas City. Walt also told us that the other fan, aside from those who greeted us, were out to lunch.

The Oklacon III, con't.

Seeing things were at a lull we remembered that we hadn't eaten yet. We gave that as an excuse, and went out to find a place to stay. After looking around for a while, we decided on a little motel about a mile from the Western Vill-
age, which was not so ultra priced as the latter. We ate, and returned to the con about an hour later.

When we got there, about 25 fans had already arrived back. Mike and I circulated around a bit, meeting fans, and looking at the exhibits. The most outstanding of the exhibits was a model of a flying saucer made from a painted over 'coke' sign. An award was later given to its designer, Neil Noble of Guthrie, Oklahoma.

As soon as everyone was back, the jukebox was turned off, and the con began officially with welcoming speeches by Don and Dolores Chappell, Dan McPhail, Sam Martinez, and William Clyde. Clyde never actually made it that day, but he had been there the night before and had left his speech with instructions for Larry Walker to read it in case of a delay on his part. I got a good part of the speeches on my tape recorder for the Dallafen who couldn't attend.

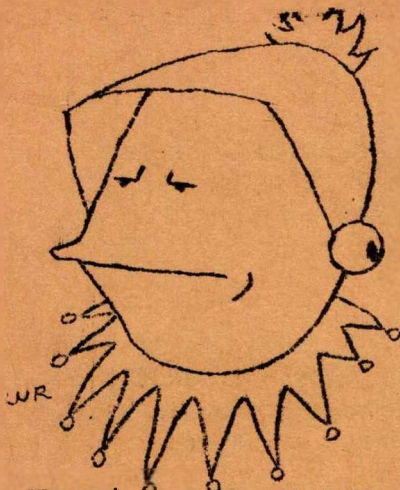
The magazine auction began immediately after the speeches were over. Some of the first items were some fairly old AMAZINGS and PLANETS as well as some newer mags which were all to be sold. By this time Kent Corey and Bill Shell had found a fifth of scotch conveniently placed behind a couch, and Corey was sufficiently drunk to buy half the stuff that was being sold. Mike got a couple of nice illos and I picked up a Tucker manuscript and some illos. All of the stuff being sold went for ridiculously low prices.

While that was going on, some of us started working on a one-shot which had been begun the previous night at Chappell's house. I typed a few paragraphs, and then Bill Shell, who was in the same fannish condition as Corey, came over and insisted on doing a line or two. We let him, but it was a bit incoherent. Sam said he would cut it out when he ran the thing off, but I don't think he will. Dolores Chappell finally got him sobered, but I'm not sure who took care of Corey -- probably it was Bowart.

We left for lunch about 6:30, and returned at 7:30 to find that we were the first ones back. We gazed at each other for a while and then pounced on the first fan who came through the magic door. After us, the others began dribbling in, and an array came in one big deluge, with about twenty people getting out of Chappell's-Limousine.

As soon as quiet settled, we auctioned off anything left, including some old manuscripts and some of the more recent magazine that were left lying around. Then we gathered toward the center of the room and voted on whom we would like to be the next president of the Oklacon Science Fiction Confederation. With little, in fact no, disagreement Dolores Chappell was unanimously elected president. Then we argued around for a time on such time honored subjects as who had hidden the scotch, outlawing the world con, and the selection of the site for next year's con. Mike and I tried to pull the con closer to the TEXAS border, but Tulsa was chosen as the site of next year's con just as it was this year. I even put in a bid, but it was very quickly put in the same classification as the moon.





By the big picture windows in the Frontier Room they stood staring at us for about five minutes. Finally, one of them splattered the window with some beer, and then the whole group departed. Shell was cursing them out for that when they disappeared from sight of his alcoholic breath.

After all the main issues were settled, we adjourned to the Chappell's Cabana. The air conditioning in the Frontier Room was getting unbearably cold, and everyone was going outside to warm up. We followed everyone to see where they were going and ended up in Chappell's suite. The cooling in Don's room was controllable, thank ghod.

We sat around and talked on various subjects for a while before Sam and a few others decided that they were hungry and went out after some hamburgers. Those of us that were left, feeling very industrious, worked on the one-shot, named the OKLACORN from the OKLACON, for a while, John Murdock being the most industrious at the time. (See free ad for OKLACORN in letter section...bas)

As soon as the group started returning, I took out my tape recorder and tried to coax a few people to say a little something into it for the benefit of the Dallafen back home. I had pretty good luck and soon the whole group was gathered around the recorder telling jokes and reading poems into it. As soon as Sam Martinez came back he was given his turn at the machine. We continued this for ten or fifteen minutes until we were all talked into working on the one-shot by Mr. Martinez.

We did so, and by 3:00 o'clock in the morning it was finished. There were some more weakly told jokes which my little recorder also tapped. Sleepingly we talked about how we thought the one-shot would come out. Somehow we ended up outside and since we were half-way there, we decided to go to our motel.

Bowart, Corey, and Shell had taken a room at a motel next to the one we were staying at and invited us to stay over there and do some more fannish things. I went over, along with Mike, and picked up some copies of ALICE to take to the fans in Dallas. We both knew we had to get up early in the morning so we dragged each other home. (not to Dallas, but next door where we were staying)



Somehow I awoke at 7:30 the next morning, but Mike refused to open his eyes. I thought of a few things I could use to get him out of bed, but he awoke before I had a chance to use any of the fannish schemes on him. He refused to get out of the bed though, so I turned on the radio and tuned in some disc jockey show, and lay back down. An hour or so later, we went over to the Western village and picked up my taper which had been left there the night before. I inspected it carefully to see that none of the participants had destroyed the tape and then we went on our way. We loaded the car and left Tulsa about 10:00, not wanting to stay later and have to risk the Fourth of July traffic.

Thus ended the OKLACON III for me and Mike.

THE CHOPPING BLOCK

WHERE THE EDITOR . . .
UNDER HIS OWN NAME...
TAKES RANDY BROWN'S
PLACE

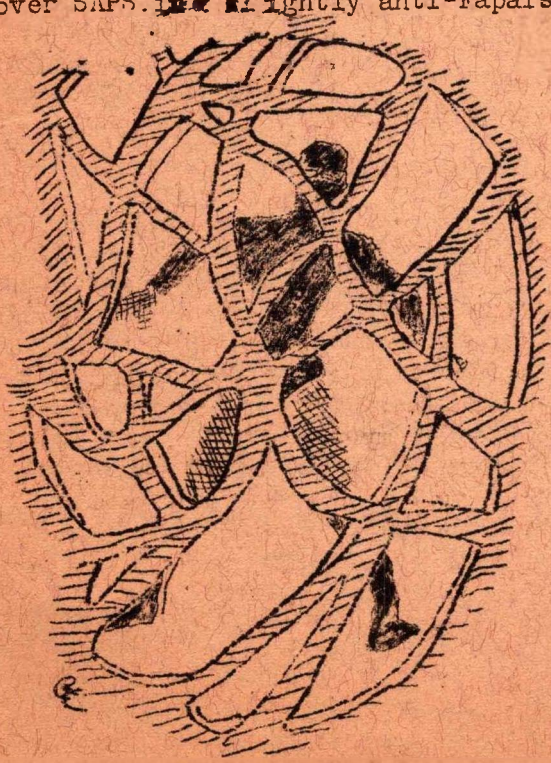
NITE CRY - Don Chappell, 5921 East 4th Place, Tulsa, Oklahoma - 10¢

This is number TEN. One of the main features of this issue is a story, GNOME BODY, by Harlan Ellison. It is written in somewhat of a slang style and makes interesting reading, despite the ending. There follows a most continually interesting, to me at least, regular coupe or three of pages by Dan McPhail telling about 'old times'. Another column by Claude Hall discusses the topic that fandom is growing dull because no new fans are starting to read science fiction. Ron Ellick, in his usual style, batters a few more fanzines. There is not much to say about the makeup of NC. Since this is #10, any falws in repro etc. have been eliminated.

MUZZY - #7 - Claude R. Hall, 100 East 20th, Austin, TEXAS - 20¢

On thumbing through this zine the first thing to strike your eye is the profusity and excellence of the illustrations. MUZZY is nicely presented on many colors of paper and well laid out throughout. The contents page lists three long (long for a fanzine) pieces of fiction, ranging from 2,00 to 5,000 words. Fan fiction in such lenght, from 1,500 words up, is usually well developed and of a quality equal to the prozine's. The stories in Muzzy, by Garth Bently, Hal Annas, and G. M. Carr, are certainly well above what you might expect to see in a fmz. An unusual feature is the printing of letters in this, the first issue in about two years, which fall into the classification of letters, old and new. It proves that somehow letters can remain interesting long after they are written. Fred Remus muses over SAPS. ~~in~~ a slightly anti-Fapaish way. MUZZY #7 is well over fifty pages of

the best available. If you didn't get a copy write and see if there are possibly any left.



SAUCERIAN - Grey Barker, Box 2228, Clarksburg, West Virginia - 35¢

This is reviewed because there are a number of fans interested in flying saucers and related subjects. In Saucerian, the staff sifts through the many reports and presents the most authentic. From a purely repro standpoint it would make any faned blush greenly, with its printed pages (or lithoed) and photos. This is #5. The most appealing article was the editorial which was a discussion of Dr. C. A. Laughhead who predicted that the the end of the world would come last December 21. Grey Barker in a well written editorial, protests against the treatment accorded Dr. Laughhead because of his ideas. I hate to sound like a reviewer, but this alone is worth getting the zine for--all of it makes interest in reading.

FAFHRD - Ed Cox, 115½ 19th St., Hermosa Beach - and Ron Ellik, 277 Pomona Ave., Long Beach 3, California. Price is a trade or letter of comment. This also goes out to FAPA.

Turning the cover that is no cover, but is at least original and not stereotyped, we find a rather verbose contents page which is part editorial and partly good description of the things inside. This is marked 'first issue', but it is not the first for either of the duo; so, naturally, the repro and artwork is above the average for any fanzine. The material, while it makes good reading, is not especially outstanding.

PANTHEON #2 - Jack Harness, 220 Spring St., Meadville, Pennsylvania. Apparently published for SAPS, FAPA, and trade.

Since Harness is known mostly throughout fandom as an artist, you'd expect this zine to feature good art. It does; there are three full page illos, all perfectly stenciled and reproduced, two by DEA and one by Jack himself. The frontispiece, I'd call it a third page, is a quote page, which necessarily a hit and miss affair because of its length. There is an eerie one page vignette and a few poems. The main feature of this ish is a feature by the editor titled A Nonscientific Manifesto which brings forth the new science NOSCIENCE.

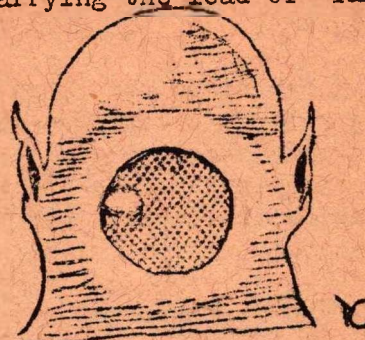
SLANDER - Jan Sadler, 219 Broadmoor Drive, Jackson 6, Mississippi - 10¢

This is a first issue with below average diltography and above average artwork, done beautifully in color. On the contents page there is listed an editorial which does not appear in my copy nor in any of the other Dallafan's copies. I just wonder if there really is a letter column started and the editorial. Anyway my copy starts in the somewhere of a letter column. A TEXFAN, Mike Chandler is around with a column in which he too openly strains himself for the least humorous effects. Burt Beerman pounds down both DIMENSIONS and ABSRACT as not being able to qualify as fanzines. In the beginning he says both are not fanzines, sorry to be repetitive, but he is too; but somewhere in the middle of the article he lets Vorz off the hook and concentrates on DIMENSIONS. By far the silliest and most wasteful of space is a something by Thom Perry who dug up a little corn from his Nebraskan backyard and sent it to Jan. Unfortunately, Jan printed it. I have condemned the piece and if you read you can see why. But, perhaps there be someone who didn't; if so, I'll explain, Perry takes too much space on the very fannish thought of why people are not splitting infinitives. There are three Agacon reports, all of which are good. But it seems that it was rather dull. Then again there is Thom Perry with a fanzine review column. He reviews the SatEvePost in fanzine fashion. 'Nuff said. S.K. Nock does a fair job of placing himself to the task of reviewing fanzines in the style they are accustomed to. There is half a page of linos in imitation of HYPHEN which did not go over too well with me. Jan came into fandom the way that is best. She observed for a while then subbed to a few zines, thus familiarizing herself with fandom. Then she started writing for other fanmags, making good contacts, and now she pubs a fanzine which is not full of neo mistakes. The one point she missed, one that she should have hit, is the typos. It seems that seeing a fair number of zines before, she should have taken more care with neatness.

GASP - Gerald A. Steward, 166 MCROBERTS Avenue, Toronto 10, Ontario - price is what you think it's worth because it's mostly used for SAPS and trade.

Usually, fanzines from Canada, England, and Auatralia arouse a feeling of boredom bordering on the bound. But, it seems these days that Canada must be stricken from the list of places that produce zines marked by neat typing and neat repro along with traditionally dry material. The neat typing and neat repro is definitely present in Gasp, but there is certainly no dryness of mediocre material present here.

Harlan Ellison has an article in which he comments and raves about the absence of 'good fanzines'. He says that several producers are now carrying the load of far-
 dom. I feel very sure that in three or four years someone will point at the top ten of today and say the same thing about fanzines of that period. Also there is a fascinating letter column. There is a lack of illos, in fact, there is only the cover; but, it is not noticed because of the layout and the clean white space present.



INSIDE and Science Fiction Advertiser - Ron Smith,
 611 West 114th St., Apt. 3d-310, New York 25, New
 York - 5/\$1.00

I often wonder why INSIDE is not included when someone decides to decry the photo offset zines. There is a long book review section in this #10. Ron says there will be a new policy in Inside, they will try to review/mention all books published. Howard Browne is writing against the views of William Freeman. Then right after Browne's bit, Joe Gibson tries to start a fight calculated to draw a reply from Ray Palmer. The editorial and several other pages are taken up by arguing.

UNDERTAKINGS, Samuel J. JOHNSON, 1517 Penny Dr., Elizabeth City, N. C. -15¢
 correction- Edgewood in /

It is going to be quite a job to review this, the 1955 annish. The only way is to start at the front and work to the back. (My, what a carefully deducted thought) The cover, unlike that of most annish's which are offset or extravagant, is simple and yet distinctive. The first thing in the book is too many pages of argument by H. Maxwell. Though I didn't care for the article (or its thoughts) it is well-written and certainly different from the Maxwell I have seen previously. George Wetzel, who seems to be the ultimate cross between a bibliophile and a hack, tries too hard to write a Poeish story. Two pages of book reviews which could have been longer precede a piece of fiction by Hal Annas. The story is typical of Annas with its polish and flowing thoughts. Russ Watkins prints some letters he forgot to mail to a few faneds and calls them reviews. The letter column finishes the mag; it appears a little unbalanced, but I too certainly would have printed the letter from Charles Athey.

OBLIQUE - Clifford I. Gould, 1559 Cable Street, San Diego 7, Calif. - 2/25¢

This, #3, is the first issue of OBLIQUE I have seen. And it seems strange that this fanzine could arouse so many varying opinions. I have seen the first two, so I should of said, in fact, I should have said too, that I still cannot see. Before I lounge completely into incoherency let me say a few words. This is one magazine that is unbalanced by too much FANNISH fiction. It would be all right if all the stories were good, but the only good one is by the editor himself. Jim Harmon has a column which is pointless but good reading. Cliff's neo attitude still shows out a little too much. The letter section is average. The whole zine is finely reproduced and fairly free from excessive typos. The artwork is good, but not yet laid out in the best possible way.

 ART CREDITS for T/so #3 are: Cover, by DENNES MORTON, stenciled by TERRY CARR. Back cover is by DEA. Interior illos are by: DEA, WALT BOWAPT, WILLIAM ROTSLER, MAURICE LEMUS, DAVID RIKE, RAY CAPELLA, and TERRY CARR. The first illo of 'Cabana Peelings' is stenciled by GEORGE JENNINGS. The heading on same feature is by MIKE MAY.

ALPHA- Jan Jansen, 229 Berchemel, Borgerhout (I can't say he lives in Belgium I'm not sure anymore) and Wim Struyck, Molenvijver 40c Rotterdam N. (Maybe they all live in Holland) if you want ALPHA, send a trade or send 60¢ to Dick Ellington 113 W. 84th St., 51E, New York 24, New York

Well I spent so much space up there I don't know if I'll review Alpha or not. But, I guess I will. Perhaps some of you remember the last review of Alpha to appear here. It was slightly colored by a blast, not really a blast, at HARK. Jan is a very nice guy and has sent some nice letters to me, so naturally he will get a fair and impartial review. In #10, all the contents are produced by fans on the continent. It features interlineations in French, very intriguing to say the least. I was going to translate a few, with the help of a French dictionary, and present them here; but I didn't get the time. The material in Alpha just does not appeal to me. I can not say it is bad, it just doesn't interest me at all. Alpha is well put out and edited. It is certainly better than a multitude of other zines. I imagine that Jan is faced with a problem-whether to slant his zine to American fans or to publish it for the enjoyment of himself and his friends.

CALIFAN # 4 - David Rike, Box 203, Rodeo, California - 15¢

Here is a fanzine that definitely holds my interest. The cover is hectographed and is a trufarnish thought in the mind of every fan. There are a few pages of editorial ramblings. QUIS CUTODIET is one of the best of fannish fiction stories I have seen.. '...I have a sub to STAR ROCKETS. What should I do?' The preceding is a quote from the funniest page in the zine. There are letters and a supplement called Fandom Dispatch. Here fan news is very interestingly presented.

PSI - Lyle Amlin, 307 E. Florida, Hemet, Calif. - 5¢

Between the last reviews and these, three issues of PSI have come forth. There was little improvement in #2 over #1 as there should have been. #3 and the promises of things in #4 show that PSI will probably improve in #4 as it should have between 3's 1 and 2. Number three is ten pages and so does seem a bit slight. Cover, contents, and two pages of editorial plus a vignette sort of letter column leave room for not much else. But the best thing in the issue is a review of This Island Earth by Juanita Coulson. Also good is a one page review of Revolt in 2100 by Peter Eberhard. I wouldn't send for any of the first three issues, would invest at least a nickle in #4.

ALICE - Kent Corey, Box 64, Enid, Oklahoma - 15¢

This is #10, multilithed on Walt Bowart's litho. It sprawls through 18 pages. I didn't figure this out but I think that for about every page of print there is one page of illustration. The material consists mostly of the editor, doing an editorial, reviewing fanzines, and doing a column in the guise of 'Alice'. Still this is a fanzine to have, especially with the article by Bob Bloch.

This is about the end of this column. I have a few more zines that I could review but do not feel in the mood. I would like to review PSY and lament its really going gone, but I have not the space to satisfy myself with.

I might as well put in a thought that we (Dallifen) were discussing recently- Why it often happens that a mag is reviewed and the ed of the mag reviewed does not get a copy of the zine in which his zine is reviewed. YaknowwhatI mean? If you do, write me.

Randy Brown will be back next issue...

ARTHUR C. CLARKE

PROPHET OF SPACE

BY NOAH W. MCLEOD

In 1951, Horace Gold made one of his few scoops when he bought and published as a GALAXY NOVEL, PRELUDE TO SPACE, by the then relatively unknown Arthur C. Clarke. Unlike most writers of space opera, who use space travel as a prop for action yarns where old western plots are acted out with blasters instead of six guns, and Martians in place of Indians, Clarke really knows science. He is a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, and has twice been elected Chairman of the British Interplanetary Society.

Unlike most of the English science-fiction writers, Clarke is an extrapolator of the Heinlein type, rather than a sociologist-philosopher like Huxley or Orwell. But there is this difference, with Heinlein the story; with Clarke, the science, comes first. In stories of the near future, this difference is especially apparent. Heinlein will introduce completely unknown gadgets; whereas Clarke prefers to extrapolate from the known. It is greatly to Clarke's credit that he turns out first-rate science-fiction in spite of this self-imposed limitation. It is noteworthy, however, that Sturgeon fans hate Clarke, feeling that he is of the Gernsback school; while Clarke fans (including me) think that Sturgeon is a juggler of meaningless words and schizophrenic images.

Many of the peculiarities of Clarke's work can be explained by the fact that he is a man with a mission, that mission being to get man into space. His best work is the non-fiction EXPLORATION OF SPACE, one of the best popular books on space travel in any language. Clarke's expository gift is so extraordinary that he satisfactorily explains many highly technical matters without recourse to mathematics; an uncommon feat. He discusses not only the mechanics, the economics, and politics of space flight, but also the conditions to be encountered on the other planets.

PRELUDE TO SPACE was a fictionalized account of how a moon expedition might come into being. The villain of the piece is no Commie spy, but turns up as a religious fanatic who thinks God made man to stay on Earth, and who attempts to sabotage the space ship. There is little melodrama and the story is in many ways the opposite of space opera, most of the interest is derived from the theme itself. The science and economics are thought out with great care; and are a magnificent job of extrapolation.

THE SANDS OF MARS continues the extrapolation into the far future, to a time when the planet Mars is being colonized. There is a trace of the lack of tabcos in this book, one of the episodes concerns the part in the story where the hero, a retired newsman, meets his illegitimate son. It is hard to imagine Heinlein or Asimov including this in one of their yarns.

In CHILDHOOD'S END, Earth is invaded by altruistic bat-men from Carina, who enforce peace on a world about to blow itself up with fission bombs. In this novel Clarke most closely approaches Stapledon and Huxley, as he speculates on how the human race would react to the benevolent rule of super intelligent aliens.

EXPEDITION TO EARTH is an anthology of short stories, varying from excellent to "pretty good", some philosophic, some space opera, but all with the careful, logical plotting and extrapolation which distinguishes Clarke. Of these, SUPERIO- rity, the story of a great power defeated by its own super science, is easily the most original.

AGAINST THE FALL OF NIGHT projects the history of the human race one billion years into the future. Here, for once, Clarke's extrapolating breaks down. If man evolved from goggle-eyed, squirrel-sized tarsoids in fifty million years, he would be changed beyond recognition in twenty times the span. Clarke's knowledge of the vertebrates is somewhat inferior to his knowledge of space travel.

Other books by Clarke are: ISLANDS IN THE SKY, EARTHLIGHT, and INTERPLANETARY FLIGHT. He has recently written several articles; some on space travel, others on Astronomy, in various slick magazines. He had an article on the star of Beth- lehem as a possible super-nova in HOLIDAY for December, 1954.

Clarke had a position with the English government before up took up full time writ- ing as his means of livelihood. He claims his first acquaintance with science- fiction was when he bought a crate full of old AMAZINGS and WONDERS at a second- hand shop for a small sum. His enemies don't doubt this, claiming he gets more and more like Gernsback everyday.

In the biography attached to the Ballantine edition of CHILDHOOD'S END, Clarke complains that although he has a camera, he can't afford a wife. In the dedication of THE EXPLORATION OF SPACE, a certain Dot appears, who is in all probability Mrs. Clarke. A close friend of mine who has met and talked with Clarke never mentions whether he was married or not. So there the matter stands.

Arthur C. Clarke is in many ways intermediate between the English and American schools of science-fiction, but on the whole leans toward the latter despite his nationality. When discussing science he usually emphasizes the technical side rather than the social effects. Some of his stories are top heavy with detail in quite the old school fashion, but even the worst are readable. He rarely defies sex taboos in the manner that Huxley and Stapledon did. He rarely touches on re- ligious questions; although, Vandemonde, the spirit of interstellar space in AGAINST THE FALL OF NIGHT, may have been suggested by the biblical Yahweh.

His stories contain content; he is no mere mood painter like Bradbury, or juggler of words and images like Sturgeon. Some of his stories have melodrama; but unlike Jack Vance, that is not all he has to offer. Even when Clarke seems to write pure space opera, his plot turns on some little known scientific fact.

Perhaps Clarke's greatest weakness is in developing character. Not one of his heroes is even half-memorable; they might as well have been robots who have memo- rized all there is to know about space travel and related subjects. His heroines are not even animals with the glands and drives of healthy females. Without strong characters there is no real drama. In reading a story by Clarke, one is interest- ed in what happens, but hardly in whom it happens to.

-AND LISTENS...

RICK SNEARY*2962 SANTA ANA ST.*SOUTH GATE, CALIFORNIA

Just for the record, your artwork has improved. It had to. You still lack something though...I'm afraid it is art. While complaining, I want to say your editorial wasn't as good as the first... A cardinal sin, saying you're sorry you don't have more to say and take up numerous lines saying it. Frankly, you should have waited until you found those notes. What you did talk about was good, but a bit scratchy.

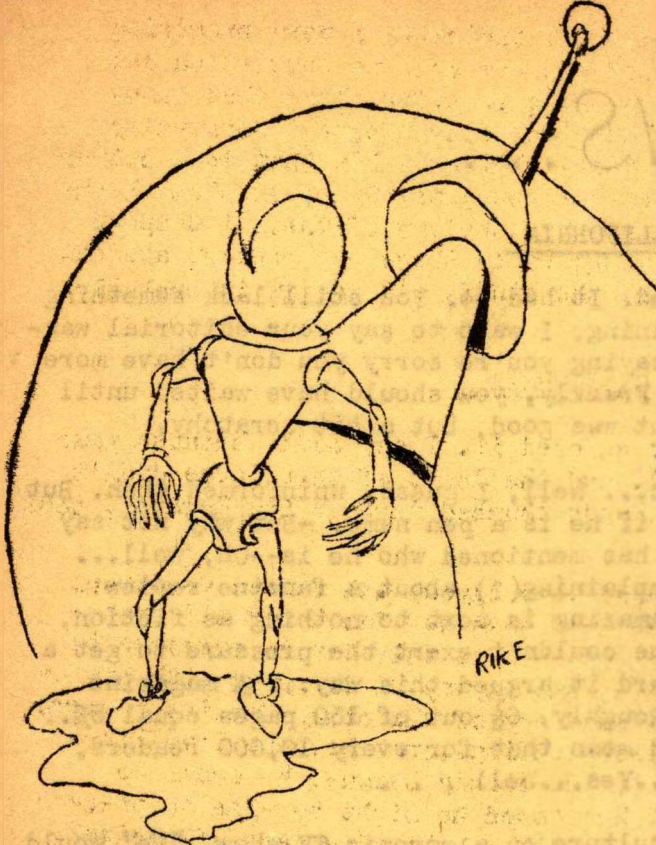
Well, maybe I'm new...no, that can't be right... Well, I guess, uninformed then. But I never heard of Hall before. I might wonder if he is a pen name. -But why not say who De Soto is? It seems to me that Ackerman has mentioned who he is--Oh, well... Actually, it seems strange to hear anyone complaining(?) about a fanzine review column. Of course there is no question that Amazing is next to nothing as fiction, or that Browne is saving money. --Or that fans couldn't exert the pressure to get a column put in(or taken out). But, I have heard it argued this way... A magazine should offer something for all its readers. Roughly, $6\frac{1}{2}$ out of 130 pages equal 5%.. Well, that is a pretty high average. It would mean that for every 10,000 readers, 200 would have to be actifans. With Amazing...Yes...Well . . .

Yes, but, really it is like having a bit of culture on a moronic TV show. "We" would watch it just for that, but we should be glad to see(a)that the less-than-we are having a taste of the better things,(b)that people with brains are getting paid. Me, I'd write a column for anyone..even if I couldn't stand to read that magazine. I've met Browne, and in person he is a nice guy. He frankly said he edited Amazing for a lower IQ than others, or, for the very new and very "young" fans. We may lament the trash he prints, but we aren't forced to read it.

I'm afraid Sadler-who writes very well- doesn't quite know her terms. "Fandom is a Way of Life" is a much kicked around phrase, mostly taken as a joke, and misused badly. But, as I have understood it, it is this...A fan who believes that Fandom is a way of life, takes it very seriously. Fandom is the most important spare-time ~~or~~ activity he has. He is unquestionably a SerConFan, though not necessarily a BNF. He is an organizer of clubs, and believes that they should be run "by' the book". He believes that fans are the only worthwhile people(not that they aren't), and generally takes them seriously. He usually thinks fandom is important, not necessarily to the world, but to itself. The general idea being, if it is worth doing, it is worth doing well(though he may not be able to do so himself). He automatically goes to its defence, when it is attacked by others.(No doubt because he has become so much a part of fandom, that he feels any attack personally)

The average fan makes fandom part of his way of life. But, there is really nothing wrong with the more serious approach. It is usually hard on the fan, in the end, but he might do some good while around. In all groups, there has to be some dull routine work done. And if it were not for the SerCon's, and the Way of Lifer's, things might be in a sad state. As an ex-SerConFan, I know that for some it can be a very good thing. I know of many fans, who like myself, because of illness were unable to take part in a normal life. Fandom, which demands so little, but will take so much, is an outlet for people like that. And, the jolts and jars, along with the friendships, make most of us better for the belief that "Living is a Way of Life".

South Gate in '58!



LYNN HICKMAN*200 N. HURON ST.*ALBION, MICH.

Please note my new address on the other side. Received Tacitum. Why not drop "the Silent One" from the title? It would sound better. This last issue was pretty fair, nothing controversial to comment on, but I did enjoy it.

(the Silent One is a translation of the title-TACITUM. I put it in to avoid people asking what TACITUM meant. --bas)

JAN JANSEN*229 BERCHEMEI*BORGERHOUT

Reproduction is very nice throughout, and as it seems Randy Brown runs it off for you, I wish he'd take more care when cutting his own stencils. The illos weren't as good as I would like them to be, especially Rotsler surprising me by a far-below par couple of illos.

Re: the subject of mail. May I once again draw to your notice that not everybody has the time to start writing letters all of a

sudden because a new fanzine appears on the scene. This issue was quite good again, not outstanding, but the general level of the material, combined with good layout and reproduction should ensure some measure of success. Only by keeping it up, and improving, will the letters start coming in...

Nice of you to tell me where I lived. Didn't know there was anyplace called Belgium in Europe, sounds so strangely Turkish to me. And can you tell me of anybody who would want any letters 'prited'? My dictionary lists this as a presumable mistake for printed, but still...

In the letter section I cannot find any reason in Jan's letter why I should be feeling good! To the contrary, her implication that I do not know my way about in the English(or American) language is rather hard to take. Though I'm not going to discuss all that...Perhaps, "what could be said in English tactfully, etc." would also be applicable to her letter.

Back to Claude again, where I have to disagree with him on the VDU item. If that had been published for one of the APA's, I wouldn't have seen it, and as I said, I liked it a lot. I hope that neither Claude's nor my opinions will influence you to drop any thing you yourself like doing. Perhaps you haven't yet the 'touch' to make articles like that stand up against the examples from the past which Rick Sneary refers to, but I'd rather see you bringing an occasional piece like it in than some of the fan fiction that would most probably fill those pages if you hadn't plotted VDU out.

G. M. CAPR* 5319 BALLARD AVE.* SEATTLE 7, WASHINGTON

Thanks for TACITUM #2-very egobooish to find my name mentioned so unexpectedly. Not having seen #1, I can't tell how justified the letters of comment were, but I note that you took the advice given because there were at least 6 lettering guides used in

#2 and the reviews were separated as suggested. That indicates a very promising state of mind for a new editor, because it means you are open to suggestion and constructive criticism. Unfortunately, I have nothing to offer along that line. Aside from a little inking trouble, there was nothing to criticize. Personally I prefer a Table of Contents to a page of pointless chatter-- but that is a matter of taste and the editor sets his own policy for his own zine. Or he should. I enjoy the Bubbette stories, wish McLeod would make an anthology of them. I suspect this sneering at fanfiction is mostly just a pose; since those who protest against it most loudly are those who persist in writing the stuff, I'd say it is probably a semi-apology.

TERRY CARR*134 CAMBRIDGE * SAN FRANCISCO 12, CALIFORNIA

Got T/so yesterday, and oddly enough I rather enjoyed it. I say oddly because your first issue showed very little promise at all, and the looks of this issue didn't exactly prompt my heart to beat faster as my hands thumbed through it. However, some of the material was quite good.

Cover is poor Rotsler art, poor stenciling, and poor layout all thrown together. Looks pretty bad. Anent Hall's column (why doesn't some new fan break all precedent and not print a column by this hack?)...just who is this DeSoto supposed to be? From the hints Hall gives I'd say Art Rapp. And anyway, I disagree with him as to the quality of DeSoto's work...I'd rather read any of the other fanzine reviews than DeSoto's. McLeod's story was highly disappointing...not because I've liked his previous works so much, because I haven't but mainly because he seems to think he's such a good fiction critic that I had hoped he might be able to practice what he preaches. He can't, apparently. This is a hell of a mess of wooden characterization, cliches, plot-gimmicks-dragged-in-by-the-heels, unexplained references, choppy writing, topped off by an ending which solves nothing...it merely makes reference to a problem not connected with the story at all as being solved. Brown's reviews are good in spots, mediocre in others, and bad in most. I'd suggest he devote more space to each zine, so that he could do more than merely list the contents of each. Voigt's poem is rather good, I must say, as is Jan Sadler's article (with which I am in partial agreement...to the degree that it doesn't really matter...calling a hobby a way of life is a misnomer if I ever heard one, though). Letter column is surprisingly good for a second issue, particularly after such a bad first issue. Voigt's story is pretty good, too...I'd say that Voigt is your best performer of the issue. Try to get more from him. It's the fanzine that can develop its own talent in addition to attracting the already existing talent that becomes popular.

(Thanks Terry. The letter above was from Terry Carr, just in case you couldn't read the first line. I've just bought a new typer and didn't know where the little deal was that turned back the roller after you make a correction. (yes, I do use correction fluid) I've found it now though. Some one finally asked or mentioned last issues fanzine reviews, so I'll tell you a story about late columnists. Naturally I wanted to get T/so #2 out on time but Brown didn't. He didn't write no column. So when I was over at his house running off the other pages (I used to use his mimeo but now I have my own Tower). Anyway I decide to use only two pages of reviews. Randy had one written so I wrote the other one. We were rushed and it was not as good as it could have been. Glad you like Voigt, a longer bit of fannish fiction by him should appear in #4 or 5. And speaking of future issues- Anyish now you may expect to see a letter from Walt Willis in these sterling pages (phrase courtesy of Rick Sneary) explaining why he thinks Randy Brown and I are the same person. Now turn page and read more letters if I can find them. . .

DON CHAPPELL*the address is in the fmz reviews and I don't have it handy here

You ramble a little too much in your editorial. With three pages to fill it seemed disappointing. Perhaps you could expand a little more on each subject and bring in fewer subjects. Randy's reviews could have been much better. He should explain a little more why a zine is good or bad. If he mentions a bad item he should give some reason he feels makes it bad. Also he contradicts himself sometimes.

At the Oklacon last year we had a few TEXAS fans and are looking forward to even more of you this year, particularly some of the newer fans. Being a former Texfan, I am always interested in your activities.

If the Texas and Oklahoma fans continue to gain in strenght we should be able to put in a successful bid for the World Con the next time it is slated for this section of the country.

(I missed the Oklacon because I was working. Judging from the reports I've seen I sure missed something. Speaking of the Con-there was a one shot put out at 3A.M. one night. If any of you want any write Sam Martinez Box 4251, Tulsa, Oklahoma. Send him two bits and ask if there are any copies of OKLACORN I around... bas)

LEE HUDDLESTON* B OX 352* ANTON, TEXAS

Why should every fan have the Blackboard Jungle? Granted, it's a marvelous book and would be a valuable addition to anyone's library; but, why? You dismiss it with the statement that it tells about juvenile delinquents. That's hardly a fair statement. There were a few cases of juvenile delinquency (I'm speaking about the book) but they were unimportant. Primarily it was about teaching and teachers. It was especially interesting to me because teaching is my intended profession. Some of the ideals and philosophies I adhere to are presented therein. I, too, heartily recommend this book; but, please go below the surface.

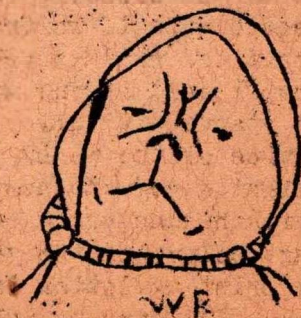
A "Way of Life" involves more than mere pursuance of interests, but, since everybody has a different definition of what a "way of life" is, I won't attempt an explanation. Such would entail a lengthy discourse on my personal philosophies which I'm afraid, would interest no one.

Quote: "This (dabbling in the stream of fannish commentary)...changes your outlook. It gives a broader meaning to everything you do;..." Evidently Sadler thinks that participating in fandom broadens the mind. Yes, it does; but, to say that everything you do has a broader meaning merely because one is an acti-fan is "a bunch o' bull!"

The broadening outlook is one of the natural results of maturation. It is true that science fiction accelerates the rate of maturation; but no more so than other types of literature. (It's my personal belief that history, poetry, and Shakespear are the best aids to mental growth.) My favorite thought builder is Omar Khayam's Rubaiyat.

I suppose I should let Sadler be- my reasoning is as muddled as hers. The columns were fair, the fiction I didn't read, and the poetry?- I like free verse, but only Whitman's.

(Turn yet another page and read a postcard and whatever I can find...bas)



LEE J. SORENSON*BOX 1067*TOLEDO, OREGON

Claudius R. Hall's article pertaining to a particular segment of prozines and comments upon the letter columns of same was easily the best of the issue I received .

Jan Sadler in taking up the baton to lead the band to play upon the tune of "Fandom --a way of life" does very well at it, presenting facets that perhaps V. McCain missed. However, fanactivities should not be indulged in to such an extent that it becomes the predominant goal.

It might be pertinent to point out that the purpose of an editor is to correct and arrange material for publication to achieve the best presentation--whether from the viewpoint of context or format. At such, it seems inexcusable that poor spelling of a contributor should be derided and played upon as a humorous example. It's the content of the writing that is most important -- not the way it is written! And Rick Sneary (whether writing his way on purpose or not) does present ideas for fandom's assimilation that are beneficial. I think you owe him an apology -- for you too, whether through typographical error, miss-spell words.

For that matter, if you want to jump on the bandwagon and castigate contributors, you might say that Sam Johnson, writing on the subject of incorrect grammar, spells grammar as 'grammer' (if you have not made a typo). Or in Claude Hall's letter (paragraph 1) skeleton is spelled as 'skeloton'.

These are the things that an editor should strive to eliminate -- not deride. Perhaps even in this letter I will make grammatical errors, spelling, poor punctuation.

As a neo-fan I can see the great gap that exists between those actifans who have become wise to the ways of amateur publication methods; who have become innured to the sly digs of other writers. Perhaps they have become calloused to the idea of minor faults in writing.

But the new contributor (whom all editors of fanzines try to attract) see these things in the publications and mentally review their chances. And there is no telling how many of them become discouraged, quit -- and another member to active fandom has been denied entrance.

Humor is a rare thing - and when an author can inject a bit of it into the pages of fandom's publications it will enhance their potential value to reader's.

(If you glanced at Rick Sneary's letter, you can see that I agree partly with Lee. Rick's letters are presented because of their thought value, not as a novelty...)

DAVE RIKE*BOX 203*RODEO, CALIFORNIA

It was interesting to see McLeod do a piece of fiction, especially since he has deemed himself worthy of criticizing pro pieces and I was curious to see if he practiced what he preached. Despite the shoddy repro and offset on two of the pages, I read it and must say he didn't. Nothing but not-so-hot pseudo-pro fiction. He starts with alien-invasion conflict and then shifts from that to the worn out device of the world powers forgetting their disagreements and joining together against a common enemy. And then he ends the story without resolving the invasion, which humans can't solve because they don't know an alien when they see one. The last column of the yarn was the funniest thing in the issue. Why didn't you answer or print my letter instead of interpreting its contents yourself? (Running out of room, I'll try nexish, Dave... So long till the CCI, see you there... bas)

TACITUM-the Silent One is entirely edited and published by Benny Sodek at 1415 South Marsalis, Dallas 16, TEXAS. 10¢ a copy, 3/25¢. This is a TEXAFANDOM publication.

- Contributor
- Care to contribute?
- REVIEW COPY
- Trade
- Care to trade?
- You sub and have ___ ishs left
- Sample copy
- Please comment
- TEXFAN



10
 John S. Magnum (S)
 203 Noah
 Oberlin
 Chris
 6 St. Trophim Rd
 Baltimore
 Md



POSTAGE DUE 2 CENTS
 Forwarding Postage guaranteed
 by addressee.

