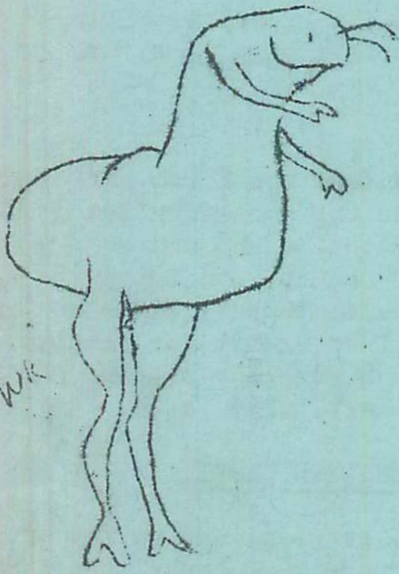


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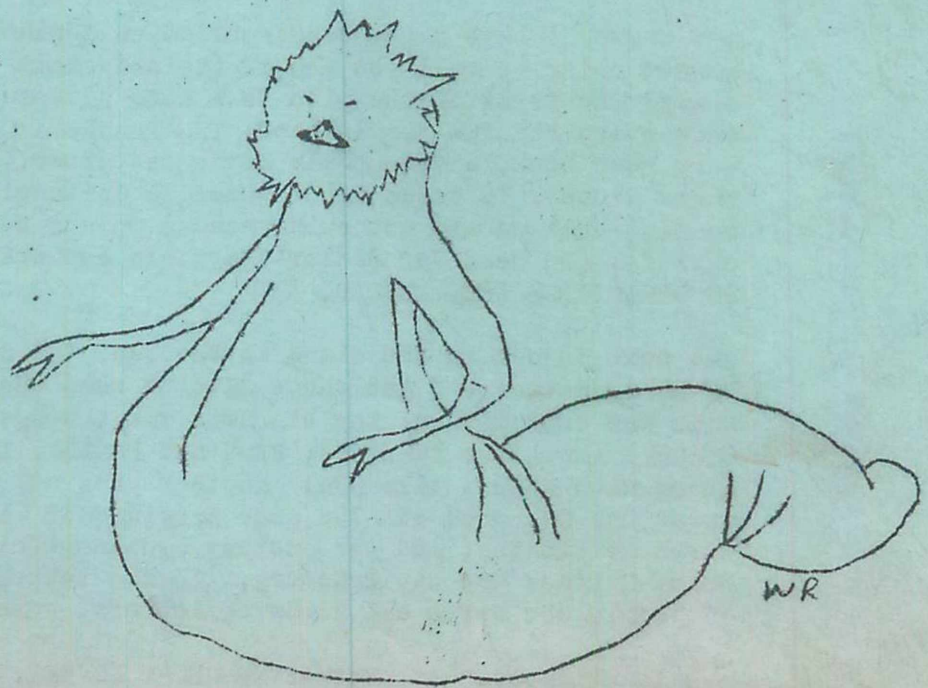
THE SILENT ONE



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JUNE

THE CONTENTS PAGE

The contents page is gone, as if you couldn't notice. I discovered that it served no useful purpose except to take up space; and it seems to me that I would rather fill up that second page with my words. Not that you (I imagine some people read this) would care. The only purpose it served was to give credit to the artists. So: the front cover is a couple of illos by William Rotsler and the back one is also by William Rotsler. The interiors are by Rotsler, DEA, Harness, Brownton, and the monstrosity on this page is by me.

JUSTIFICATION

Boy, am I glad that the first paragraph is finished. I did the justification up there on the spur of the moment and it was quite an experience. Oh, no, I'm doing it again in this bit. Halt! there will be no more of such stuff in T/so except for fiction. It entails too much work for someone who is as lazy as I.(am lazy, that is.)

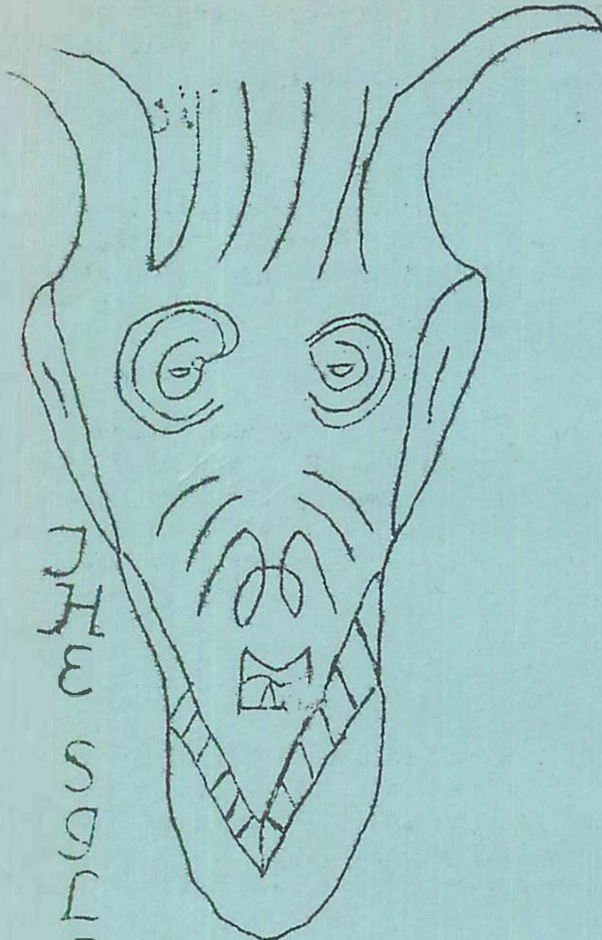
GEE WHIZ! I CAN READ DEP'T.

Around, under, between, and on top of my stencils there are many books that I have occasion to read. Most of my collection is at home but from time to time I bring things down to my father's office, where I am supposed to be working, and read to while away the time.

And anyway I have a few books/periodicals/what have you around that I am now going to tell you about. (So skip down to the next heading, already) The first of the pile is a nice adventurous and rousing book that every stf fan should have. THE BLACKBOARD JUNGLE. It's really a very good book, although the movie is better.(which movie I've seen three times). It tells about juvenile delinquents and all of us should be glad that we are not such because we are busy with fandom as a way of life. (Do read Jan Sadler's article and write me a letter) THIS BOOK IS DEFINITELY RECOMMENDED.

The next object in the stack is the Jan. '49 SS, featuring THE TILE AXIS, by Henry Kuttner. I get these SS's to read the fanzine reviews and see what was around then. The big news was the special LE ZOM issued for the TORCON. Among the fanzines, PEON and Fantasy Times were on the A list, along with others like SFA. Another prozine, this one more recent, lies under the SS. Good ol' 196 page Amazing for March '50. It is hardly worth mentioning. And yet another prozine--This time the Dec. '47 ish. Henry Kuttner and Ray Bradbury. In the letter column are just all kinds of people who write all kinds of letters, some of whom are still around.

A Ballantine book is next--STAR SHORT NOVELS. I read McLeod's review of this in PIT #5 and went out and bought it. It is easy to see why none of these sold anywhere else. Sturgeon's is horrible anyway you look at



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it. West's is pointless and not well written, or so I think. The only good story is Del Rey's FOR I AM A JEALOUS PEOPLE.

Among some fannish literature around is ABSTRACT # 7, the first WAD(I understand there are more), EPITOME #2, and Randy Brown's WAPazine-RUST # 1. I just tell you all this so you might get some idea of what I read and to fill up space.

MATERIAL

Needless to say, I am still a struggling fanzine editor who needs material. So all you lovable people do send me material. I also am in desperate need of artwork, as you might be able to notice, I didn't have a real cover this time. Indeed, do send me some artwork. And also I need mail. Half of the people I sent #1 to, didn't bother to reply in any way whatsoever.

BLANK SPOTS

In the first issue the editorial was a biography of my fannish life; but, there were quite a few blank spots in it. For example, my first issue of OW and my finding of Amazing, which, believe it or not(I try hard not to), was my favorite magazine for about six months. Also worthy of mention, was the fact that I was offered an opportunity to by THE IMMORTAL STORM in the mimeod edition which unfortunately I passed up. And furthermore to my bereavement, I could have had a complete file of QUANDRY, if I'd been interested.

MAIL

During the time which elapsed between T/so #1 & 2, I received some letters. Some of these are in the letter section. Others I'd like to mention here. Dave Rike sent me a letter in which he showed his anger at Dallas fans(me included for some reason) because of late fanzine arrivals and bad stenciling of his artwork. In an Air-mail letter from Belgium, Jan Jansen had a nice commentary on # 1, but unfortunately he didn't want it printed.

Concerning mail, I would like some. I'm sure you people can find something in this issue to comment on. Hall's column or Sadler's article.

CLOSE TO THE END OF THE SECOND PAGE

Writing three pages of editorial was supposed to be easier than this. I did have, already written, a review of some television programs that have been shown in Dallas recently. But naturally, I lost the thing, but have no fear: As soon as I finish this page I'll go look for it and maybe it will be on the next page.

As I said, I thought that it would be easy to write three pages. I had a slip of paper with many topics on it that I could write about, but now that I look at the topics they all seem most trite.

I could give my impressions of the top ten fanzines as, it would seem, has been done from time immemorable. But unfortunately, I have never seen some of the top fanzines, like SKYHOOK or DESTINY. So much for that useless idea.

Well now, I'm almost at the bottom of the page and just when I decided I was going to tell you about the Dallas Futurian Society(original name, no?). But, perhaps, you will be saved from such a fate. We really do have a jolly time. Fights, arguments, political coups. (which explains how I came to be president of such an august group).

TOP OF THE THIRD; TWO DOWN, ONE TO GO

If you think this is bad--I'll tell you-- it could have been worse. I had ready a wonderful cover, a nice layout of a '37 Oldsmobile and a proposed drawing of the Mark V-II Continental. But Mike May and George Jennings took a look at it and then proceeded to talk me into using the two Rotsler's on the cover.

I could go into length and length over my troubles but that is bad practice and I'm sure all of you have enough difficulties of your own without latching on to any of mine.

Having nothing else to do I will go over the material in this issue until I think of something better to do.

IN THE SECOND AND GREATEST ISSUE YOU WILL FIND.

A fiction story by Noah McLeod. Probably many of you(people who get this zine) are avowed fan(or amateur) fiction haters. So, I ask you to please read this story. It has a bit more than the ordinary plot outline found in most pieces. And it is longer than you might think. My typer is very small, smaller than elite even.

I have mentioned the things by Hall and Sadler, and I'm sure you'll read those. And, of course, you'll read the fanzine reviews and letter column. And come to think of it, they're ain't much more except for Ron Voigt's poem.

ALAS, MAYHAPS I HAVE THOUGHT OF SOMETHING BETTER

As you know, or might know, there are four or five fanzines in Dallas. (Counting or not counting Mosher's newszine) And I might as well tell you that George Jennings's zine SPECTRUM should be out any day. I mention this because it was just as close to coming out before T/so # 1 as it is to coming out before 2. George is a perfectionist. He has thrown away reams of stencils. In fact, he had SPEC almost entire done on ditto when he decided it would be better mimeod.

Among other Dallifen, things are different. Take Randy Brown, for instance, he doesn't throw away many stencils. His big habit is putting out APazines and then throwing them away before he mails them.

Me? I'll do anything to save a stencil. (kind note to prospective artists) Unless, I've done a bad job stenciling some illos.

ABOUT THE TELEVISION REPORT

I couldn't find it.

ABOUT CONS

This year at least four of us from Dallas are planning to go to the OKLACON. (I spell that in Caps because it's pretty close to TEXAS). I don't think that any of us will be at the Clevention. Too bad. I almost got to the SFCcon but the people I was with(my uncle and my mother and a carload of others) chose to go to San Diego and Mexico instead of going north. We were in Hollywood, which I should have stated up there somewhere.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE, WHICH WILL BE THREE OR FOUR WEEKS HENCE, IF I GET MATERIAL

Will be a story on A.C. Clarke by Noah McLeod, Randy Brown's column, me and not much telling what else.

CLAUDIUS R.
HALL

THE
QUIET
FAN



Suspicion has entered my mind recently concerning the sudden change of policy in Amazing. I seldom read that magazine, but I read an article a couple of weeks hence, written by Redd Boggs concerning the fact that his PAPA zine, SKYHOOK, had received prominence upon the heading in The Revolving Fan, the fanzine review section in Amazing. Posthaste, I bought a copy of that once sterling publication (in the days of Ray Palmer and Shaver) and read it. All of it, I am sad to say.

Other than a slightly fair story by Paul W. Fairman, the fiction was abominable. Let us not consider the fiction too seriously; many avid science fiction feel that fiction is only a necessary evil that must be suffered. I am not of that opinion. I read my first copy of Planet years ago in search of new adventures. I still like good science fiction stories. Such are few in these slack times, however.

Let us detour from the fictional side of this publication and consider the editorial written by Howard Browne. Ah, how things have changed: When Browne changed the magazine, he dropped all the fan features. But now, in his own words (not exactly, because Amazing is copyrighted and I refuse to commit myself) sales have fallen off to such an extent that he's having to return the columns devoted to fan activities. If you would like to receive the full impact of his statement, read the last paragraph of the May issue of Amazing.

I wonder. . . .

Surely, the price, thirty-five cents for very poor stories, has had some effect upon the loss of sales. Speaking only for myself, I definitely refuse to

good money for only a 130 pages of crap. As good, if not better, stuff appears in many fanzines throughout the fandom field for much less in price.

Not to digress, I purchased the May Amazing to see the fanzine reports. I had heard that they were written by Roger DeSoto, the pen-name of a well-known fan. They were. You should be able to recognize the writing style of that fan easily, but I will certainly not give up his name; it's a SAPS secret. Only you'll know anyway if you've kept up with your reading of fanzines in the independant field.

This review column was undoubtedly the best thing. DeSoto writes a terrific bit. But what about the rest of the contents? Out of 130 pages, two and a half pages were taken up by unfunny cartoons, eleven pages by the letter section, a little over three pages by book reviews, two pages by Browne's editorial, one page for the contents, and the front and back inside and outside covers were counted in that 130 pages. Only 130 pages for 35¢! And only 111 pages devoted to fiction, minus the illustrations. This means we have received barely 28,360 words, more or less, of fiction. And we have paid 35¢ for this outrage on science fiction! Twenty-eight thousand words of lousy stories! Lousy!:

Consider this: Eliminating the fan columns, you would have almost 5,000 more words of this lousy fiction! I think Amazing pays (paid-bs) almost two or three cents a word. Certainly Browne would claim that demand is the reason for the fan features. He was spending one or two hundred dollars to fill these pages.

I admit that DeSoto was a nice change, because of his ability. But the question in my mind is this: Did the fans DEMAND another review column? Well, to really delve into that question, we have to consider the three different factions in the fan world. You have the actifan, or person who not only reads science fiction but participates in publishing fanzines, writing for fanzines, corresponding with other fan, attending cons, etc. Naturally, these would, for the ego's content, want a review column in every mag published. But what about the secondary fan? The person who reads prozines and fanzines only occasionally. He gains nothing from DeSoto's bit. I have corresponded with fan who have protested the fact, and bitterly so, that space was wasted in such a way. Last, but certainly not least, you have the average person who sometimes reads stf for relaxation, who doesn't even know what the term fanzine refers to, and who definitely doesn't give a damn about active fanning or anything connected with it.

Overall, it has been estimated that the fanzine reading section of SF readers is only about two or three hundred. Is this figure large enough to warrant a fanzine column in Amazing? That's hard to say. I know of other like columns in other prozines. How many review columns does fandom need? Does Howard Browne hope to sell his lousy stories with a well-written fanzine review column?

Hell, even DeSoto's six and a half pages aren't worth 35¢.

Mr. Browne, why don't you let De Soto write the whole mag? That would be worth 35¢, even for the slight 130 pages offered.

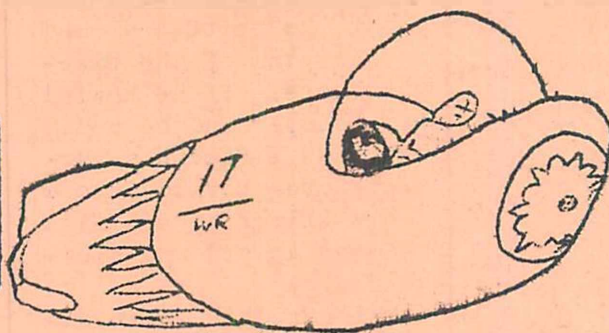
Knowing the money saving ways of editors, I can easily see that such an event is out of the picture. Thus, it will be impossible to sell me another copy of Amazing. Not even for De Soto.....

--Claudius R. Hall--

RUMPLES AND THE ALIENS

By

NOAH MCLEOD



At the age of four months, Rumples knew he was a special dog. Since the end of the twentieth century Pomeranians had been bred for intelligence and keen senses. Rumples was a three-pound ball of soft brown fur with bulging brain case and a pair of pop eyes which took in everything. Although his mistress, Mrs. Elena Tennant, knew he was smart; only her little great-niece, Bubbette, knew how smart he really was. Bubbette was the only person who really understood him, he felt.

Mrs. Tennant answered the door bell that morning. Framed in the visiscreen, a young man smiled through to her. He said, "Madame, I am a veteran of the Antartic War. I am selling encyclopedias to pay my way through college."

Mrs. Tennant hesitated. Selling microfilms was an old gag; often resorted to by burglars to see whether a house was worth robbing. Besides, there had been a few mysterious missing persons cases lately. She was about to tell the young man she already had three encyclopedias; but, against her better judgment, she opened the door and let him in.

Rumples, watching a mouse hole behind the sofa, sneezed as the mixed odor of ammonia and vanilla struck his nostrils. The mice were forgotten as the puppy wriggled close to the edge of the sofa and peered carefully around it. His hair rose on his back as he saw the three legged alien with a circle of nine tentacles instead of arms and a head like a grasshopper's. He didn't know that in the past few months there had been a very puzzling jump in the number of missing persons cases; a jump which had the police of all countries at their wit's end.

Rumples knew from the way Mrs. Tennant was talking she thought the alien was a man. He must warn her. He rushed out from behind the sofa barking loudly. The alien, realizing he had been detected, and losing his nerve, hastily decamped. The door banged and he disappeared. The puppy tugged at his mistress' skirt, and whined and growled in the special language he used with Bubbette, trying to tell her that what she thought was a man was truly a slimy green thing with three legs and nine arms.

"Rumples", Mrs. Tennant scolded, "You bad dog. How many times must I tell you never to bark at strangers?" Then, she reached down and boxed his ears. "Just for that you'll go to bed without any supper."

Rumples started to whimper, hurt not so much by the physical punishment as by his mistress' anger. He wondered why she couldn't understand him as well as Bubbette. Being only a puppy, he hadn't learned that little children know many thing that adults forget.

That night, Rumples couldn't sleep. He turned and twisted in his satin-lined basket, while the hungry feeling grew inside. Only Bubbette could understand him, and he must go to her, and tell her about the thing with three legs and nine arms.

Bubbette lived in Santa Cruz, forty miles away, but Rumples knew the road perfectly. Being only a puppy, he underestimated the dangers of the trip; he thought, for example, that he could live off the country by catching field mice.

The clock struck twelve. As the stroke died away, Rumples was out of

the basket, running around the room. Look for open windows, but found none. There must be some way out. He trotted around the room again, smelling of the baseboard. No way out there. If he howled Mrs. Tennant would come, and he could dodge out past her. He lifted his muzzle-- but the first note turned into a astonished yip, as a silver sphere five feet in diameter materialized and slowly settled to the floor.

Rumples was familiar with that odd sphere. It was a combination space warmer and time machine belonging to Goggles, another friend of Bubbette's. But his appearance was certainly unexpected. Goggles was supposed to be three billion miles away exploring Pluto.

The door of the sphere opened, and a small furry creature, half monkey, half squirrel, hopped out. There were some doubts as to whether Goggles was the Eocene tarsioid he claimed to be, or a spirit of interstellar space who took that form to avoid scaring little children.

"What's the trouble?", the tarsioid asked, then without waiting for the dog's answer, he said, "You're hungry for one thing!", and hopped back into the sphere. He came out with a hot dog which he tossed to the puppy. "I borrowed this from Rolvang's Luncheonette for possible emergencies. He won't miss it."

A ravenous Rumples attacked the morsel; being so small, he was gorged to the ears when he finished it. When he had eaten, Rumples told all of his tragic story to the tarsioid. He wondered how Goggles understood him so easily, not knowing that his friend, a telepath, read his brain waves.

Finally Goggles said, "I've got to get you to Santa Cruz to see Bubbette. Then, I've got to get to Washington to warn the president."

"What do you think of it?", the pup asked."

"I don't have to think; I know. The aliens are casing the joint to take it over. Apparently, they can hypnotize people into believing they are men; but, I don't think they understand enough to fool them."

"How are you going to get the President to believe you?"

"I've got to take a chance," Gog-

gles said, "~~Maybe do a little juggling myself.~~"

"Let's get going", Rumples said, "I want to see Bubbette."

"Okay, hop in."

Rumples jumped into the sphere, and the tarsioid followed, closing the door after him. Goggles sat down before a complicated bank of dials and levers, flicking one switch after another. He finally threw a large lever. Everything went blank for a time and the sphere touched the floor with a jar. Goggles opened the door and Rumples looked out. He saw a tiny bedroom lit by the glow of a single nightbulb. The walls were decorated with animal pictures. In bed lay a little golden-haired girl, her face relaxed and smiling. Rumples let out a joyous whine at the sight of his Bubbette, and jumped onto the bed. Still whining, he licked her face. Her lids slowly opened, showing a heavy pair of blue eyes.

"Rumples", Bubbette asked, "How did you get here? Did aunt Elena come?"

Then, seeing the silver sphere, she asked, "What is Goggles doing here? Something terrible must have happened."

Rumples began to talk in his own special language of whines and growlings which the little girl only knew. She listened until he was finished, then she said: "Oh, my goodness, an invasion of BEM's-- like in those new science fiction books daddy reads. And don't dare tell mommy. She wouldn't believe me. She'd only wash my mouth out with soap for telling what she thought was a lie."

Rumples' heart nearly stopped-- here was an unexpected complication. He had thought Bubbette could do anything--well, practically anything. But she couldn't warn people of the terrible danger the world was in, because they wouldn't believe little girls.

Just then Goggles said, "Good bye you two-- I gotta go", and closed the door of his ship. Then it vanished.

The girl and the puppy sat alone in the semi-darkness. Bubbette was speechless, her upper lip quivering as she fought back the tears like the brave little girl she was. Rumples lay with his head in her lap, whimpering faintly. Then a new resolution came to him, if he could not save the world, he

could die defending Bubette. This gave him new courage; his pink little tongue licked her hand.

How long they sat there, they did not know. A stiff breeze blew up, and made eerie whistling sounds as the house swayed gently. The shadows cast by the moon through the windows marched across the floor. Then, after hours of waiting, Rumples' ears picked up a faint creaking of boards, while to his nostrils came the unforgettable smell of the aliens.

The creaking grew louder. Bubette couldn't hear it because of the wind, but Rumples could plainly. The hated alien scent grew stronger. Finally the puppy knew the alien was just outside.

There was a wide crack under the door, and the alien began filtering slowly through it. Rumples did some fast thinking and faded out into the shadows, ears layed back and neck hair bristling; but, ready to spring in from the flank. Once under the door, the alien hurriedly reconstructed himself, and advanced on Bubette, who wide-eyed and motionless was staring at the monster. He slowly came toward the little girl. Then Bubette found her voice and screamed. At that moment a silent ball of fury sprang at the alien from out of the shadows.

Rumples' needle sharp milk teeth pierced the alien's slimy skin. The puppy recoiled and crouched for another spring. The thing from outer space flashed a brilliant neon red and toppled to the floor.

Just then the main light went on and Bubette's mother entered the room. "What on Earth is it?", she yelled as she saw the dying alien on the floor.

Bubette started to explain. "Rumples came to tell me. . ."

"What's this thing? How did Rumples get here?", Mommy asked, a badly confused woman.

The next day, Bubette was kept busy telling a hundred strange men about the alien. Then with Rumples in her lap, she faced a bunch of black one-eyed gadgets. Rumples blinked as the flashlights went off.



A heliocab lit on the roof of the White House and a tall man in the uniform of a Russian Field Marshall got out. He walked briskly over to the roof entrance.

Five minutes later he was seated in the Presidential study, a glass of whiskey in his hand.

"You know, Marshall, "the President said, "the first real evidence of this invasion was when a Pomeranian poppy killed one of the aliens two days ago."

The Marshall frowned in a puzzled fashion; "But Pomeranians are very small dogs, are they not?"

"True, but there seems to be some substance in a dog's saliva which kills ~~these monsters and alike, too.~~ And another thing, they can fool people into thinking they're human -- but they can't fool dogs."

"But the object of the invasion?"

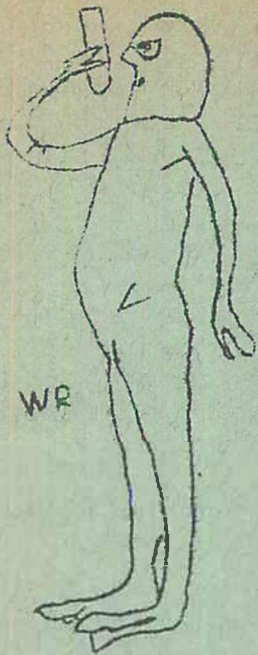
"We still don't know that -- these aliens are so alien, that they're difficult to understand."

The Marshall thought a minute and then said, "At least now we Russians and you Americans have a common enemy. There is no danger of us fighting."

Rumples curled up on the blanket across the foot of Bubette's bed, a completely happy little dog.

THE END

--Noah W. McLeod--



THE CHOPPING BLOCK

BY RANDY BROWN

I have received about thirty five fanzines in the last six weeks, but there's not space for all. I'll review the ones I've gotten in the last three weeks.

THE COSMIC FRONTIER, Stuart Nock RFD#3, Castleton, New York-10¢, 3/25¢

This is one of the most recent arrivals and a most pleasant surprise.

CF is really good this time. Stu has perfect registry on his ditto and the best repro of all fandom. A fair cover by Ted White is helped out muchly by the reproduction, color, and layout. Nice. A very nicely laid out contents page follows. Stu has a good editorial in which he explains some of the worries of full size to a person who is used to doing half-size. A fairly good article, with a well planned theme, by Sam Johnson follows. Another article, just fair, by Jan Sadler is included. A reprint, by Bob Farnham, from the FANTASY ROTATOR #9 is a ribtickler. A column by Don Tegars and other fine features round out the issue. GET IT

INSIDE, Ron Smith, 510 W. 113th, Room 407, New York 25, 25¢, 5/\$1

One of the top fanzines in the field. Each issue Ron deletes more ads and adds more features. This one has super deluxe layout and super deluxe art, along with good material. The ads are so well laid out that even someone who's not interested in them finds them pleasing to look at. A long editorial and letter column(combined) leads off the issue. I agree with Ron on every word of it.

"The Story of the Future" is a ten page art folio by Morris Scott Dolens, Neil Austin, Jon Arfstom, Naaman Peterson, and Jack Gaugan. It's terrific. Must have cost Ron a fortune. The rest of the mag is full to the brim with interesting features. Ron does a wonderful job. GET IT!

MAGNITUDE, Ralph Stapenhorst, 409 West Lexington Dr., Glendale, Calif. 10¢

Maggy has improved muchly this issue. Mostly in repro. Maggy is photo-offset. Last ish there were some bungles in the repro department and it was not-so-hot. There is, sadly enough, too much fiction, but they're going a long way toward moderation. TRY IT.

OOPSLA-Gregg Calkins, 2817 11th St., Santa Monica, Calif.-15¢, 4/50¢

OOPS # 17 is here and it has everything a top fanzine should have. The contents boast Bloch, Willis, Silverburg, Gregghisownself, and others. Beautiful artwork, best repro anywhere(in mimeo), and top material. All I can say is it's the best. HOW CAN YOU LIVE WITHOUT IT?

SATELLITE-by Don Allen, 3 Arkle St., Gateshead 8, Co. Durham, England-Trade for American prozines or fanzines. 1', 4/3'.

SATELLITE #5 has a cover of six photos of Anglofen. The interior is done in very readable mimeographing. The mag naturally features Don Allen, his artwork and his writing(which is good). But there is more two fiction stories, both fair, by Tom White and John Ashcroft.

There is an interesting fanzine review column and the letter section. The last few pages are filled with cartoons in defamation of Vargo Staten and other staid institutions.

NITE CRY-5921 East 4th Place, Tulsa Oklahoma, 10¢, 6/50¢ edited by Don Chappell.

Vol. 2, No. 2- This is becoming very consistent in its regular appearances. It has good repro, good artwork; but, the material isn't up to either of them. Along with DEA, Plato Jones, we have boring book reviews, horrible fiction and a short letter column. The only saving features of this fanzine are its regular columnists: Elik, Hall, and McPhail.

VAGABOND, PAR, edited by John W. Murdock, c/o Henry Moore Studio, 214 East 11th St., Knsas City 6, Mo. - and- Jim White, 7770½ Rosewood ave. Los Angeles 36, California.

VAGABOND # 1 is an ambitious first issue, with fair artwork and good mimeo reproduction. Stan Woolston gives advice to new faneds on make up problems. George Wetzel is at it again, this time giving a bibliography of H. P. Lovecraft in the amateur press. Fanzine reviews, a poem, some fiction, and other articles make V #1 almost 50 pages. TRY IT

WHIMSY, Ron Voigt; 3859 Sullivan, St. Louis, Mo.- 6/50¢, 12/\$1

WHIMSY(yes, with two w's) is obviously a labor of love for occult fan fiction. This first, hand printed issue is a combination of two 5x4 pages and 12 3x4 pages. It features short, short vignettes and brief poems. Needless to say, being printed, it is certainly legible. Personally I think the long hours could have been put to better use.

PSYCHOTIC, Richard E. Geis, 2631 N. Mississippi, Apt. 106, Portland 12, Oregon-20¢

With thish comes the official news of PSY's folding. Unfortunately, he is replacing(Heaven forbid) it with a SerConnish sounding thing, SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW.

But the old PSY is wonderful, McCain, the marvelous-long SEConrep, and the most interesting letter column around."YOU MUST HAVE THIS!"

--Randy Brown--

ANALYSIS

BY RON VOIGT

I saw them feed man's mind through an IBM

catalogue his psyche and

analyze behavior structure.

They slid thick dossiers in vertical files

abreactions and psychoses

electroencephalographs.

They hatcheted man into indices

subtopic under subtopic

row upon row like an ant-train.

Is there somewhere a puzzle-master

Putting man together again?

MUZZY

is back

Quarterly

20 cents per issue

50 pages

Material by: Garth Bentley
G. M. Carr
Nancy Share
Buddy Nelson
Hal Annas

and Claudius R. Hall
105 West 20th
Austin 5, TEXAS

Artwork by: Plato Jones
Nancy Share
DEA
Harness
Bergeron
Wm. Rotsler
Juanita Coulson

All of this in issue No. 7, May issue...

PUBLISHED AND EDITED BY CLAUDIUS R. HALL

Harness

ONE AND THE SAME JAN SADLER



Perhaps when writing an article like this, one should begin by listing his qualifications. After all, a mere neo-fan should not and could not comment upon the traits desired in a BNF because obviously, he knows nothing. If he thinks he does, he is soon revealed. No matter, for I shall write, and all revealing be on your head. (Address: 219 Broadmoor Drive, Jackson 6, Mississippi. All differing opinions will be welcomed in the letter column of this magazine.

Today at eleven o'clock (this being Saturday and I being home) the postman staggered up the staggered front steps of Sadler Hall and deposited numerous thick, heavy manila envelopes into our back receptacle with a sigh of relief. With an equally fervent scream of joy I gathered them to my breast and rushed for a knife to cut the string with which they were bound. This was rather difficult, for my mother has learned to hide knives from me. The dittoed, mimeod, and Gestetnered pamphlets emerged from their wrappings posthaste, and I settled myself to read, knowing that I would not break water until late that night.

I shall forever bless that fa-a-an who had pity and sent me these backissues of PSY, the ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR, and WAD; but. . . wait! No more than five or six had I avidly read (skipping the amateur fiction, of course. . . UGH!) when a certain very controversial topic made itself very noticeable. I.E.,

IS FANDOM A WAY OF LIFE OR IS IT A GODDAM HOBBY?

At the Agacon, from which I have just returned, there were two ominous groups who argued heatedly over and over, again and again, on what seemed, at the time, an utterly pointless subject. I, who have a perennial liking for all kinds of people, saw in these battles a patent method of gaining as enemies a compact clique of people who could just as well be friends. Merely observing, I said naught and let the others talk.

HOWEVER, the time to state my views has come! First let us examine the opposing beliefs.

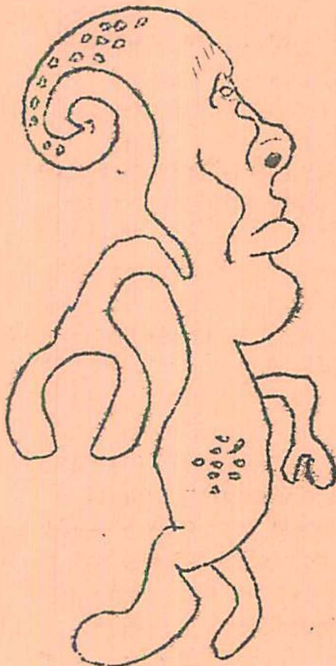
Postulate: Fandom Is A Way Of Life. What is a way of life? How someone conducts his everyday interests and how he follows them, of course. If this were clearly stated, most who discuss its advantages, or berate its disadvantages would quietly pick up their beer cases and steal away.

Instead, a Trufan is represented as one who burrows his head into fandom, its deepest secrets and its oldest legends. The Trufan is intensely interested in every phase of "what goes on", publishes a voice in the fannish wilderness, and/or contributes to other voices, and all the while, in every way possible, proclaims long and loudly that HE IS HAPPY.

The hobby-ests yell just as loudly, in the same assortment of media, that they can take it or leave it and byghod you won't find them trailing Fandom as a way of life. Others of this breed are sneeringly tolerant of group "A", while dissecting them("... obviously neurotic, etc.") and among the great majority of people who read SF, there are those that just don't care whether there is any distinction or not.

I don't give a damn. Somebody among either group stop yelling long enough to look at the straw you've split in half: Fandom is Fandom, and never SerConFan, Fugghead, or FakeFan will change the basic components, even if the views and perspective are altered by over-emphasis.

A Trufan and an Occasionalfan both lead the Way Of Life, because they choose to dabble in the stream of fannish commentary. This, no matter how you reword it, changes your outlook. It gives a broader meaning to everything you do; for good, bad, or just there. But there is no way you can avoid fandom and remain in it.



PAGE

Call your fanac a hobby; berate those who aren't ashamed to say they enjoy participating in Fandom's messily democratic and wonderfully humorous circle of postmarks and linos; yet try to go gafia and you'll find the little twisting fillip(good word, Jan...bas)which previously hung around and yelled a time or two a day is gone, completely...and irrevocably...gone.

If your crifanac isn't a way of life, it isn't a hobby...and if your hobby doesn't rate enough time and energy to be called a way of life,..... Buddy, you ain't lived!

How do I consider myself? I'm in fandom to have fun. When it ceases being fun, I'll go elsewhere for my enjoyment; but, in the meantime, I'll throw all the enthusiasm I can muster into my immediate project and get as much satisfaction from it in return; I'll add new fields to my interests, uninhibited by my fannish 'doins. In other words my hobby is a way of life. So is yours you can't help it. So why pretend it isn't?

--Jan(for Janice)Sadler--



AUDITA



JAN SADLER*219 BROADMOOR DRIVE*JACKSON 6, MISSISSIPPI

TACITUM received and duly noted; you have made a very good start and I wish you all the luck in continued publishing. You may now do the same for me. Nope, that isn't as small as it sounds...just a very good way to bring up slander(SLAnDer, i.e.-bas) my forthcoming fanzine.

The defence of my writing abilities in Through the Narrow Eye of Brown makes me feel very good...but Jan J. isn't such a bad guy; I wrote him when I got my copy of ALPHA and, in fact, he's very friendly. I don't object to criticism when it's constructive. Probably, his main fault is non-familiarity with American ways and in having to publish the zine in a strange language. What could be said in English tactfully, he does very well to say bluntly. I don't think he should be criticized for this, just accepted with maybe a few words telling him how he goofed, so he could avoid another error of the same type.

SAM JOHNSON*1517 PENNY DRIVE*EDGEWOOD, ELIZABETH CITY, NORTH CAROLINA

What are you people down in Dallas trying to do anyway? This is the third new magazine from that area! Well, your magazine was quite readable. The one constant error I noticed was in grammer, and most persistently, you used "don't" for "doesn't". This I'll attribute to inexperience in editing. The mimeographing was very good for a first issue, but I'm sure you'll find ways to improve when you reap the fruit of experience. All the articles were excellent, especially McLeod's. The fmz reviews were enjoyed, and particularly the one concerning the last issue of my own magazine. (UNDERTAKINGS, you modest soul-bas) I feel rather good knowing that at least one hardy soul is willing to admit he enjoyed it.

(Well now, Jan and Sam both feel good; so, let's see what Claude Hall says-bas)

CLAUDIUS R. HALL*105 WEST 20TH*AUSTIN, TEXAS

I received your fanzine with the noon's mail and was pleasantly surprised to see such a good first issue. It was a hell of a lot better than my first issue--except in material content--and darn more so than my third issue(wishing hopefully that that skeloton wasn't in my closet).

I've got some general comments about your zine that I might as well make now. First, leave out such stuff as "We Want You at VDU". That sort of thing is fairly well for the APA's but not for a subzine.

Now, Randy Brown had some good fanzine reviews, but he should find an interesting method of presenting them--a means of attracting the eye. I suggest that using a lettering guide on the titles of the zines or separateing the reviews with a line or something. Would help. As a German friend used to say about my photographs (during my amatuerish days), "It shocks the eyes."

I'll comment on the rest of your zine now--but don't take anything to heart. The

The cover wasn't any good, but you probably already know that. I liked your contents layout. Too bad you didn't have an illo there to balance things.

Your editorial was tops. I definitely liked it and suggest that you make it longer, bringing in more comments, facts, etc. McLeod's piece wasn't any good and seemed to be filled with errors. I read the "Lovers" way back when and can't remember too much but this was a poor job of reviewing anyway.

Both of your fiction pieces were fair--but too darn short to be worth reading. Fan-fiction should run about 1500 words. I went to the extreme myself in this coming issue of MUZZY. Just got through cutting thirteen stencils on G. M. Carr's story. It was over 5,000 words--but terrifically good. McKerman almost placed it.

"The Cult" by White was fairly interesting....I almost died laughing from his last line. You see, when I had that broken leg in Germany, cast and all, I was very prolific, turning out two or three columns or articles a day. I sent one to a name I picked out of a fanzine review column in some magazine. Well I immediately got a copy of that zine...Thurban I. I wrote the ed, whoever he may be, to change my name on the column "quick". Evidently, he didn't like the tone of my letter, so he sent the column back and commented that he had several BNF's contributing to his zine. I lived over the dreadful blow.

Dennis' wanderings was uninteresting. This kid should hear of some of the secret weapons that I know about, but Art Rapp has requested me to leave the rumors I picked up in the army in their proper place, the latrine. Of course, all the rumors weren't exactly rumors. I read them in THE STARS AND STRIPES, the Army newspaper.

Overall, what you need is some good material to back up your editorial(which I rated best thing in this issue).

ROBERT BLOCH*P. O. BOX 362*WEYAUWEGA, WISCONSIN

Thanks for TACITUM...enjoyed the contents and took particular note of McLeod's article on THE LOVERS, with which I find myself in general agreement. You must pass along my acknowledgements to Randy Brown for his flattering comments, but please explain to him that everything I write is deadly serious...it's just that some people don't seem to take it that way. And yes, I believe "pruriency" is the correct spelling: I took it from my copy of 40,000 COMMON OBSCENE WORDS EXPLAINED AND DEFINED, an invaluable dictionary for any fan or pro. Now that I no longer contribute to fanzines but merely sit back and enjoy them, I find less use for the volume, however. Glad to see Texas(TEXAS-bas) has adopted the fanzine habit, which has long been prevalent here in the U.S.A. Many thanks for a look at the latest effort.

(Here we go with a letter from Rick Sneary and I am presumptuous enough to try to reproduce it exactly as written-bas)

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

Just finished TACITUM, and think it deserves a few words of comment. Well, also a little money, for a future issue. I hope there is one.

I must say quite frankly that your artwork is very bad. It even detracts from the general appearance on the inside. The layout and format is alright, but you don't seem to be able to get a smooth line with your stylus. (Frankly, I can't either) I would recommend the use of mere lines, or geometric patterns, which can be run up with a straight edge. Some of the very best zines do this, and it is very effective. And, please don't think I'm merely finding fault with you, because your you. I have I have criticized Rich Gies for the inadaquit use of the media he has in PSYCHOTIC.

I liked your editorial, and approve of the idea of an editor talking a little about himself in his first issue. It was much more informative and interesting to learn how you started, than to have you spend the same amount of space telling what you were planning to do.

McLeod's review/article on THE LOVERS is, as always with him, well written, interesting, and I find myself agreeing most completely. The subject matter is a little old, only... But, as he was pointing out what should have happened to the field as a result of this story, the delay was with reason... You are to have an item by him in your first issue, as it sets you off well...

Visit. Noted, but I didn't get anything from it. TWO'S A COUPLE was rather cute.

Randy Brown was no doubt the most entertaining feature of the issue. In principle, I disapprove of this type of reviewing. But one must admit, it causes more mental activity on the part of the reader, than the straight and cultured kind. I got a laugh out of the fact that Randy damns Jansen for taking up "practilly a whloe paragraph" to find fault with him, and then he takes nearly a whole page to do the same thing. Nearly all on personal matters which had nothing to do with the quality of ALPHA. Mind! I haven't seen ALPHA, but it looks strongly as if Randy's review had been colored by personal feelings.

Ted White's Progress Report was very interesting. I'd only heard vaguely of the CULT, and was glad to learn the facts. As one of the charter members of SAPS, it sounded very familiar. I'll take a report over a mere column anyday... And anything over fiction... ---White writes rather well too... Gord...you people might be the real start of Seventh Fandom... ---Sorry...This seems to be such a running joke, and it all started when my back was turned, and I haven't the slightest idea what it means.

WOODOO U. was rather funny... To be beastly frank, it no doubt seemed as funny as hell to you guys. It did to me, when I, and a gang with just as much or little talent as your's have got, were doing the same thing. You know, that is the reason why new fans (and I don't mean neo-fans) think that the older fans do nothing but criticize them. While, at the same time they write what seems very stupid to new fans. --All fans seem to go through a cycle, very much like a child growing up. So that at different periods, different things interest him, and the same things interest most fans, as they pass through that period. The new fans, having less to compare things to, are less critical. But, in my case, I've been reading fanzines for most of ten years... Most of which I might add, were not any better than TACITUM. But, the result is, having more to compare with, there is a strong tendency to compare with things one has liked most... So, when you don't come up to equal Bob Bloch, there is a strong urge to pass it off... But, don't let it bother you too much. If you enjoyed it, there is the real importance. And as long as you don't demand other people agree with you, I'm for more power for you...

(This page of Rick's letter is supposed to be a corrected version, so if there are any typos they are mine. I dropped the printing as is because I wasn't sure whether it would offend Rick or not. And Rick, thank you for the new fan, not neo-fan-bas)

JOHN W. MURDOCK*619 E. 8 TH ST., APT. N.*KANSAS CITY 6, MO.

Thank for TACITUM. It shows a great deal of promise. I can't say that I care for the art work in it or some of the inclusions. (VDU, no doubt-bas) But it wasn't bad for a first issue. You can read it and that's something you can't say about some of the old established mags. You could use some improvement on the layouts.

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Joe Fann swallowed his first sip of coffee for the morning, black and acrid, and fumbled a cigarette out of a package and brought it with shaking fingers to his grim determined lips. He struck a match, almost burning his fingers, staring at the bright flame for several moments absent-mindedly, before he brought it to the cigarette tip.

RON
VOIGT

By gosh, today's the day, his thoughts tumbled off his mind and hatcheted like a guillotine into his consciousness, slicing away a portion of his sanity.

Reaching his sun-tanned hand, which he had acquired from a Flocon, he forced his hand to curl about the nude-splotched cover of Fantastic Drivelings, one of the better procrudzines, and brought it beside his plate of half-eaten bacon and eggs, staring at the cover. This was as far as he'd ever get in the past five years, and as far as he was content to be.

But things had happened of late. Despite his pubbing of Neurotic, Fanefame, and Weerd(irregularly, infrequently, and bi-yearly, respectably), and attending the Midwestcons, the Worldcons, and some of the smaller cons, he noticed the subtle shift which had been going on about him. The underlying themes of science-fiction had changed, new fen were hep to the advances in science(which he had always shrugged off), and a new rise of fanlingo had been in the making(somebody said it was 11th fandom), and his theories as to what made a good stf story were being pooch-pooched.

Only five years ago he had read his last stf story, a terrific thing in Amazing Galaxies. For the past five years now he had been bluffing, his reviews of SF mags and novels were ghost-written, gleaned from other fanmags and prozine letter sections.

FakeFan was what several others had sniggered behind his back. They could almost read the guilt in his face; they knew he knew that they knew that he hadn't cracked open the cover of a stf book in the past half-decade, while all the time he'd reply stuttering to their half-asked questions, "Er. . . gafia's sort of got me."

Joe now picked up the prozine. Five years was a long time. With a supreme effort of will, he flicked the cover back

(without creasing it; he still saved his mags in mint condition) and glanced at the contents page. Joe wearily turned to one of the short stories listed, scanned the illo (crudely drawn) and began the first paragraph.

Three minutes later he arose, pale and shaken, from the table rushing toward the white tiled sink, knowing that he would never make it,...

* * * * *
One half-hour later, calm and collected, Joe's mind turned to the problem in question. He knew that he had to read a story; that was the only way to break the ice. And he would have to read it soon.

Deliberately and coolly, he placed a sheet of mimeo bond he had lying nearby, into the typewriter, and began to peck away (one finger Columbus method) at some improbable event, building the story about wooden characterization—a gadget type story, with things that "go boom".

He sealed the fat envelope (the story had not been re-written, but double-spaced, with return postage and envelope) and stuck it in the most convenient mailbox, settling back to await further developments.

Just one week later he received an acceptance letter (payment on publication at 1/10¢ a word) and a month later picked up a copy of the prozine with his story in it. Happily, he tucked it under his arm and strode blissfully from the drugstore, knowing he had fulfilled himself.

* * * * *
Joe Fann sat down at the table, his printed story in front of him, well-aware of his euphoria origin. His coffee was luke-warm, because his eyes had been glaring pleasedly at the gorgeous, well-drawn female, which graced the cover, for over 10 minutes. Then he turned to the magic page of 78 on which his story appeared, and looked with happy eye upon the fine illo which was built around his story logo.

His eyes captured each jeweled word, imbibing them like sips of wine. Then his head spun familiarly for a moment. This story was the same as a hundred he had read before, the same swill which filled all stf mags. This was somebody else's, anybody else's (thank god he used a pseudonym). Printed it irritated his eyes, the jeweled words turned to coke glass, the hastily constructed plot disintegrated. Joe Fann received the same reaction to his minor masterpiece as from others.

He knew that he could never re-adjust to fandom, even by writing and reading his own stories, for fake-fannism was a disease which bit at the core of an individual, and gafia was an infiltrable virus which struck like sleeping sickness, wrenching the brain, and bringing the fan to his knees in surrender.

Joe Fann flung down the magazine and raced toward the white-tiled bathroom. Somewhere the words of A.E. Van Heckly, Ted Sturville, Robert Heinov, and others floated through the SF ether, gaining substance on paper, which was being read by some fair trufan.

Joe Fann knew he would never read them through; Joe Fann wadded up the hated stf mag, put it in its place, and started retching.

---Ron Voigt---

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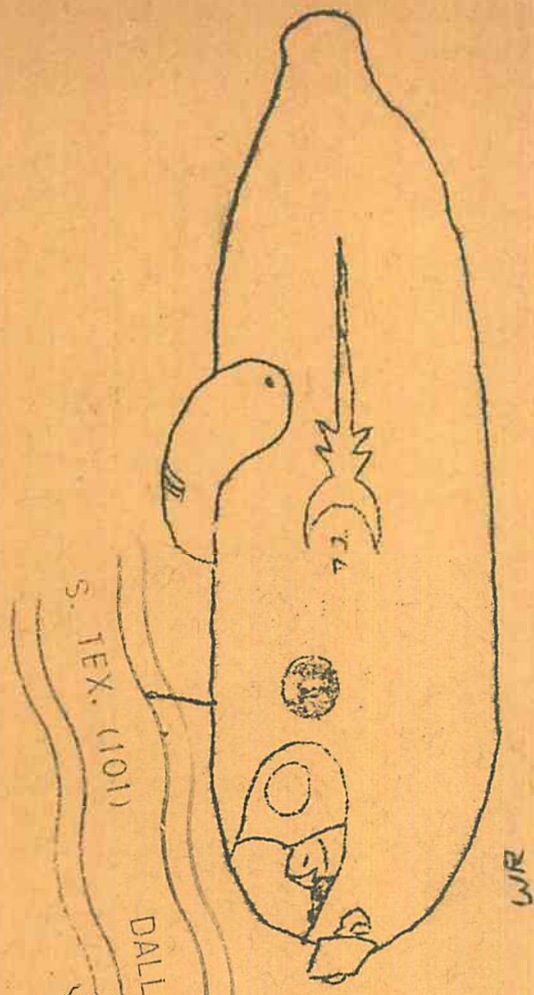
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