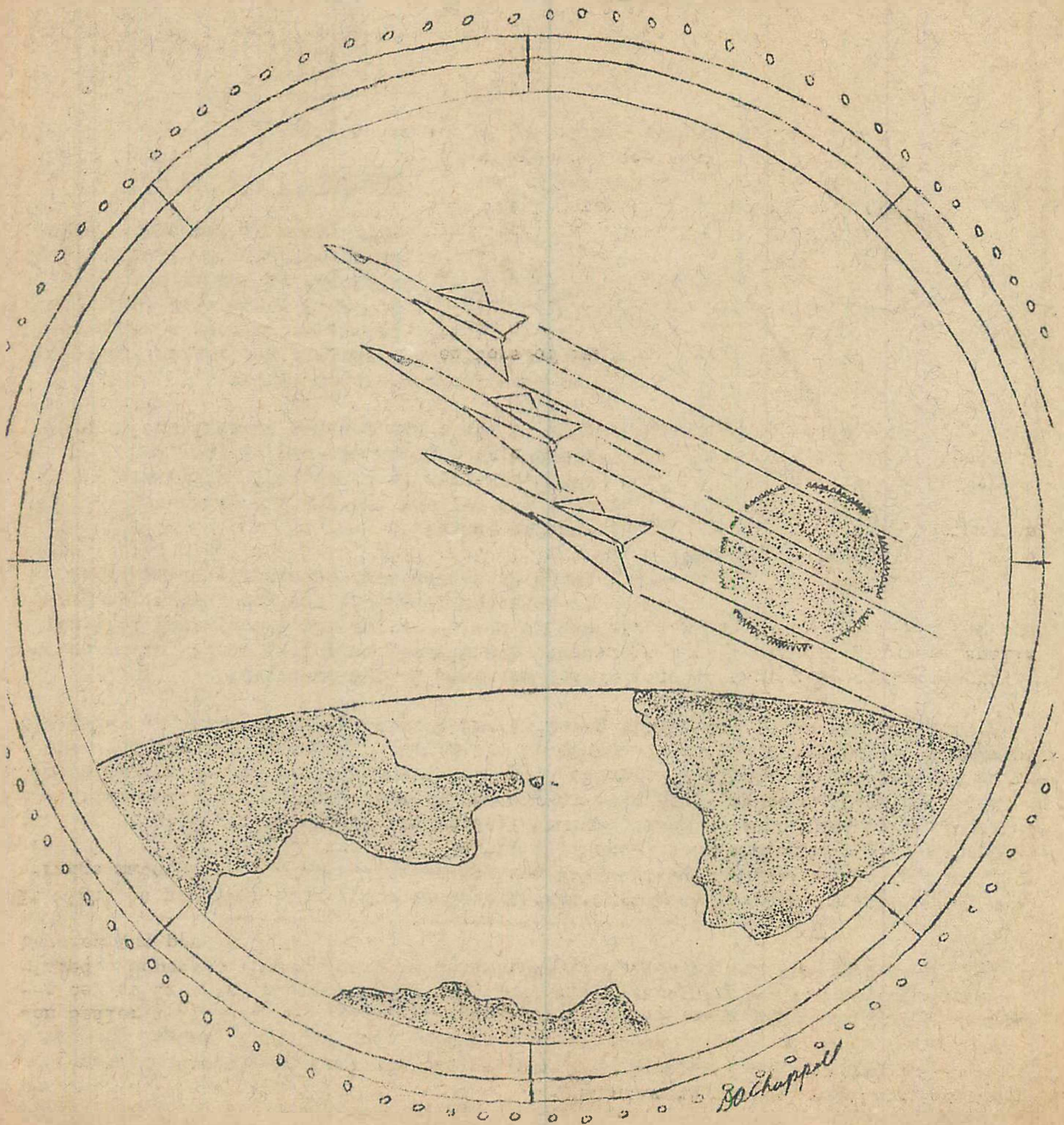


TACTUM

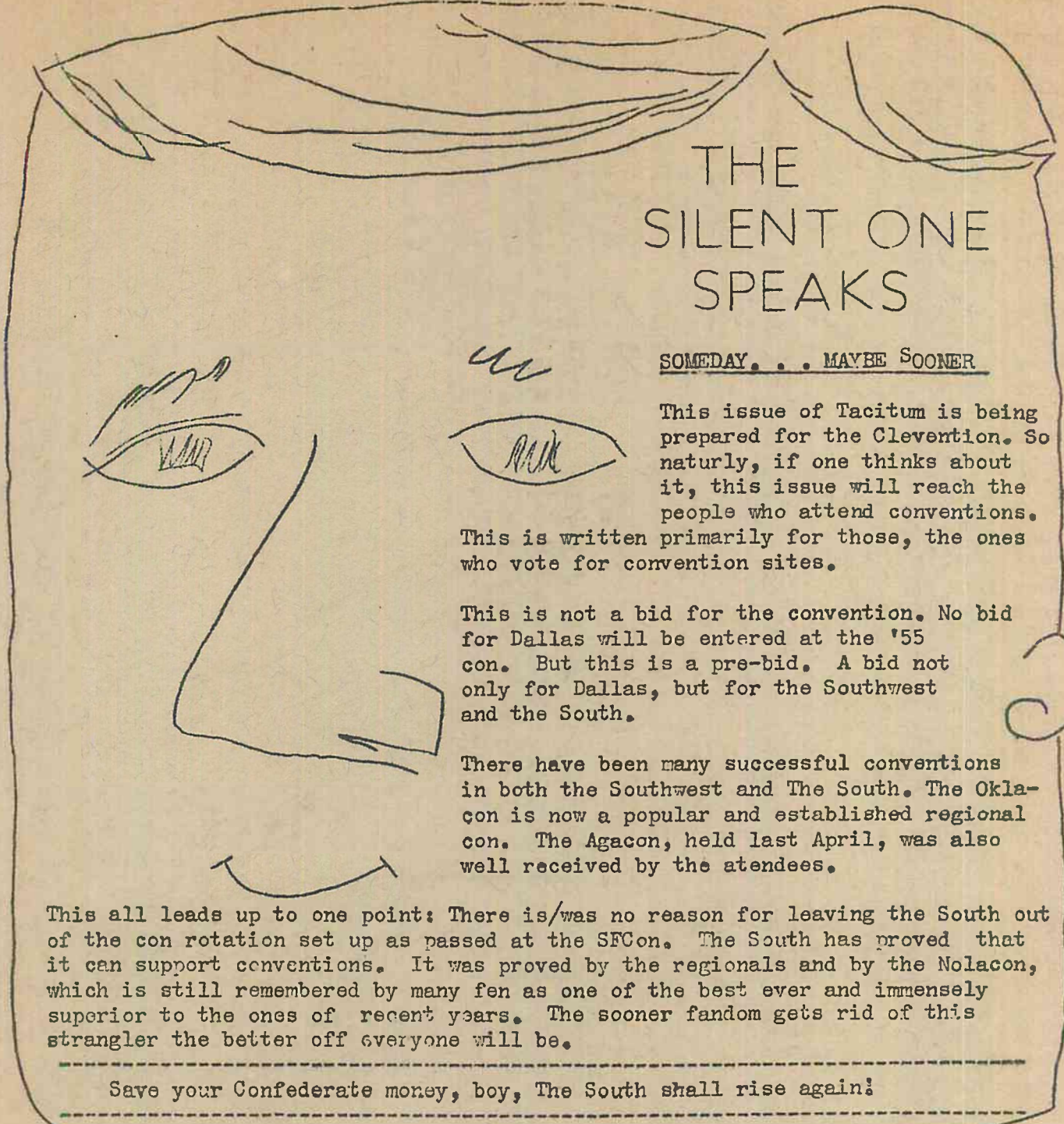
BENNY SODEK
1432 CAHOUN ST.
NEW ORLEANS 18, LA.

#4



CLEVENTON

SEPT. '55



THE SILENT ONE SPEAKS

SOMEDAY... MAYBE SOONER

This issue of Tacitum is being prepared for the Clevention. So naturly, if one thinks about it, this issue will reach the people who attend conventions.

This is written primarily for those, the ones who vote for convention sites.

This is not a bid for the convention. No bid for Dallas will be entered at the '55 con. But this is a pre-bid. A bid not only for Dallas, but for the Southwest and the South.

There have been many successful conventions in both the Southwest and The South. The Oklacon is now a popular and established regional con. The Agacon, held last April, was also well received by the attendees.

This all leads up to one point: There is/was no reason for leaving the South out of the con rotation set up as passed at the SFCon. The South has proved that it can support conventions. It was proved by the regionals and by the Nolacon, which is still remembered by many fen as one of the best ever and immensely superior to the ones of recent years. The sooner fandom gets rid of this strangler the better off everyone will be.

Save your Confederate money, boy, The South shall rise again!

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Art Credits: cover by Don Chappell, stenciled by Don Chappell. Bacover by DEA. Interior illos by DEA, Walt Rowart, Jack Zeitz, Publius, Dave Rike, William Retsler and me. (You call that art?)

This is a TEXAFANDOM publication.

DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS

There will probably be a World Con in Oklahoma in the next three or four years. Then, about three or four years later there will probably be one in Dallas.

Dallas is one of the most important convention cities in the United States. Dallas has many more conventions than any city comparable to its size. It has twice or many times more than any other southern city.

There are many reasons why Dallas is a good city for a con. (I just realised how like Claude Mallé article this sounds) Dallas is known as the "New York of the South". Dallas is an important travel center, show center, fashion center, stock market center, merchandising center, oil

Sometimes, I think Dallas is better than TEXAS.

center and cotton center. Dallas is not a sprawl city such as L.A. but a large compact one like N.Y. The shop-keepers of 'Big D' are used to conventioners. The hospitality of The South is exceeded only by that of TEXAS.

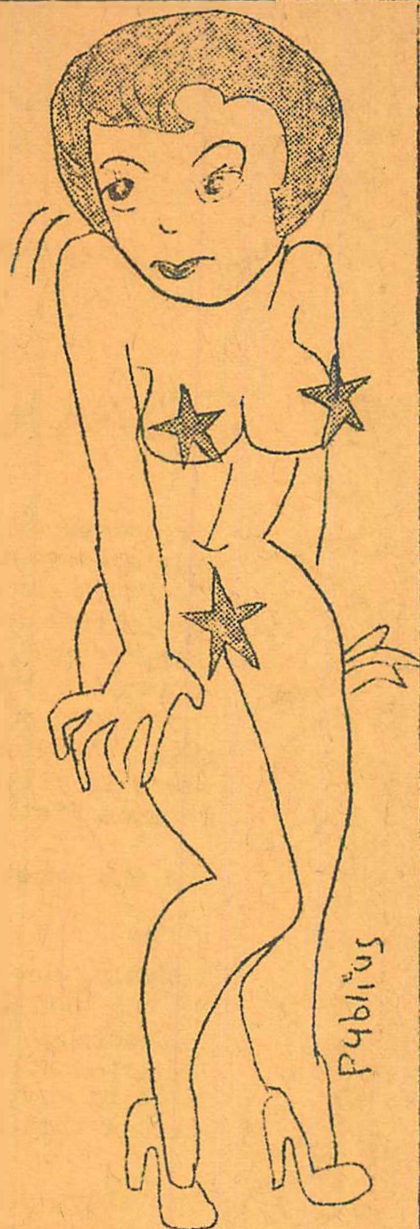
Dallas is just now beginning to grow into a fannish center of activity. I care not to sound too conceited, but the four fanzines from Dallas are constantly improving and we, as a group, are being noticed.

In five years I'm sure that there will be enough fans in Dallas and surrounding areas to put on A TEXAS CoN. Even now, there are many fringe fans known to us who may at any time blossom into acti-fans. One of them, Lee C. King, who lives right out of Dallas, has been reading stf for years and observing dandom. We have gotten him interested enough to write for fanzines, and some of his work will appear soon. I'm sure this will happen again and again.

GRUNT, GROAN, GURGLE, AND GURK

I'm going to college in New Orleans this fall. A super, special bulletin will be mailed out about SEPT. 15. Still, till you get a notice send all mail to my home address.

The Chopping Block was cut this time in interests of space and time. I did want to discuss SFR. Maybe next time... I'll send Geis all the money I never send to Fantasy Times.

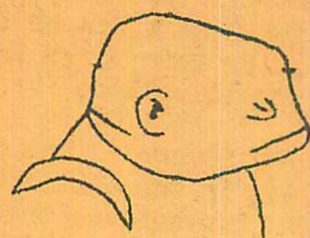


"WHY, YOU KNOW A
FANZINE WOULDN'T
BE A FANZINE NOWADAYS
WITHOUT ATLEAST ONE
NUDE GIRL!"

WHERE TO HOLD

THE NEXT CONVENTION

BY CLAUDE R. HALL



NOTE

For oodles of years when the time arrives to decide the site of next year's convention, somewhere among the din and dust raised in the election room can be heard the cry of, "South Gate in '58!" This argumentative phrase has received much more notice than the stirring yell, "Dripping Springs, TEXAS," as advocated by two fen during The New Orleans Convention when the time came to choose a site for the coming year's rendezvous of stiffans. Luckily, Dripping Springs, TEXAS, was not selected. I've passed through that place and even though beer is obtainable, there is little else to amuse the category of people that have attended Science Fiction Conventions since their beginning.

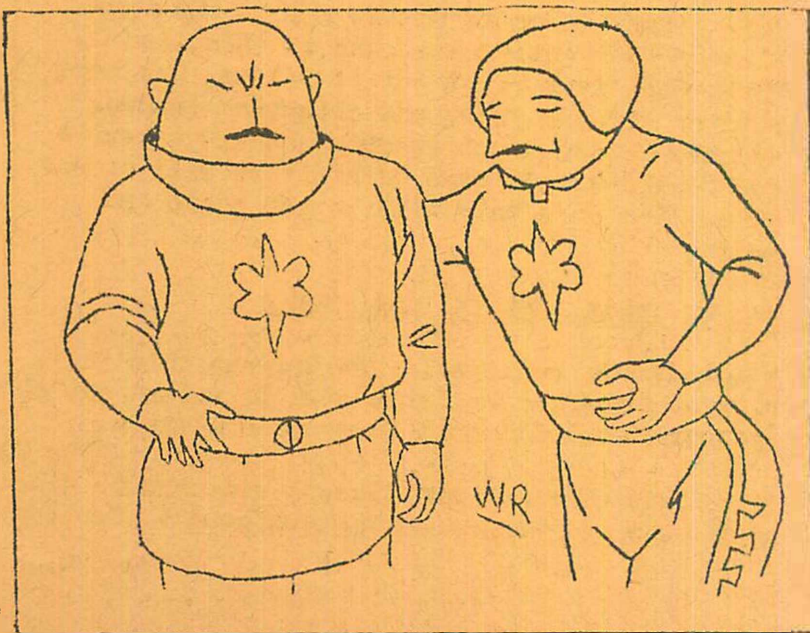
And the question is evident: "IS ANY CITY CAPABLE OF BEING A REAL SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION CITY? "

CONGRATULATIONS

Frankly, due to the high standard of laws, morals, and hotel detectives in the United States, very few cities are really suitable for a fan gathering. And the same, to an even more severe extent, can be said of Canadian cities. Such is the major reason why we should have a convention in Mexico. To be specific, Juarez, Mexico, would be so conventional that even Wilson Tucker could cease collecting bricks. . .

THE

Probably, you're thinking, Juarez is too distant." Yes, it is. California fen might not find it exceedingly far to travel, but the portion of fen that live in the region abounding from the Great Lakes to the New England territory might indeed hesitate before journeying almost across the entire nation. However, the advantages, that would be gained by holding the Convention in Juarez, greatly overcome this "small" tra-



voling hindrance.

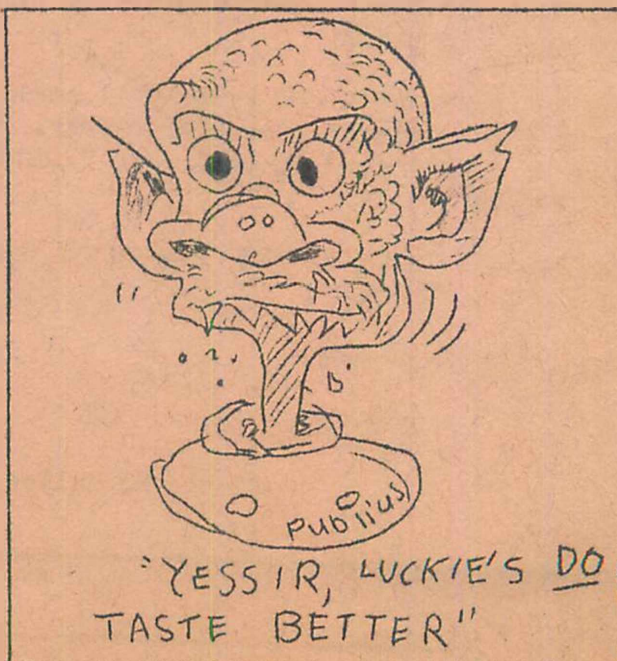
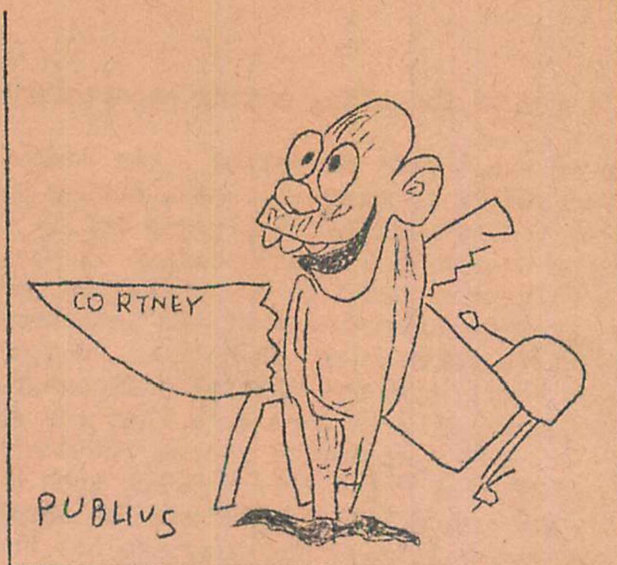
For one reason, as foreigners we would not be subject to the laws of Mexico. Of course, this might inversely require the constant aid of the American Ambassador to Mexico -- considering the manner in which some "child-fen" tend to conduct themselves. However, for the most part, the people in Juarez seem to pay no attention at all to the "tourists" that frequent the city. As a result, the city is filled with an atmosphere other cities cannot possibly have.

For instance, Juarez is a loud, brawling city and the people are constantly singing, fighting, yelling. Even Ellison would find his "match" in this border town. Of course, he would do well not to start anything since El Paso, TEXAS is just across the Rio Grande Bridge and TEXANS sometimes (often) visit the wild town across the border to blow off excess steam. The condensed steam might get Ellison all wet.

Fights attract only minor attention in Juarez. There are too many such affairs for the Mexican police to become interested and their beers would get warm if they left the saloon to quiet a riot in some other saloon. Narrow escapes are one problem no one needs worry about. Naturally, there is little to destroy in the "fannish" section of the city. If you spilled too much of your beer, you might "melt" some of the adobe houses. But who would waste beer?

A terrific attraction Juarez has for the average Science Fiction fan is the cheap price on all liquor goods. Due to the low tax rate, all beverages are relatively low priced! Even a fan who is just-about-broke can afford a quart of Tequilla for fifty cents.

Experience has taught me that a magnificent binge can be had on a mere quart of Tequilla and sometimes you recover after only two or three very sad days. As you can see, obnoxious persons could be easily managed through use of a little strategy. Just dilute whatever he's drinking with Tequilla or Mescal and he'll immediately assume a solid rosy glow which is brilliant enough to read any well-mimeographed zine like Thurban I. Incidentally, this method of handling is especially efficient if the fan was drinking a Claudiusoda to begin with. For: reference, the Claudiusoda is concocted thus: fill a large tea glass half full of rot-gut-dry-gin; next measure out one eye dropper full of 'coke'; then fill it full to the brim with Tequilla. Warning: Sip only, for a gulp might blow your head off. In my experience, however, I've discovered that after a half glass of this mixture it begins to taste like water, only smoother. I have also found that some dero keeps tilting the



world off to the side, giving everything a Willis-zine sort of look.

Some of the little señoritas in Juarez are like little fire-balls with hectic, unpredictable tempers. You see, during the old days there was a Chinese smuggling racket that flourished in Juarez and El Paso. Both cities are filled with a racial mixture caused from interbreeding of the Mexican and the Chinese and the white race. It's nothing unusual to see white men married to Mexican women and vice versa. But the greatest achievement of the interbreeding is the "doll-like" girls that you'll find quite extensively in both El Paso and Juarez. Their skin is cream colored and clear. Their eyes are generally tiger-green, not slanted a bit. And the girls are small, seemingly so darn cute that you feel like having one wrapped to take home with you for your mantel piece. But don't be misled by their apparent fragility. A friend of mine tried to out-drink such a fragile "doll" one night. Drinking Mexican beer, she was still going strong at chuggalugging when he passed out. And almost anyone can tell you that they are not breakable like a china-doll should be. However, they are sexy. What more could a fan ask for?

A program would not be necessary for a Juarez con. No one would have time to attend the lectures, etc. Possibly, fan might attend the auction if you bargained off a couple of señoritas. More money would be gained in this manner, too. The real thing would be much better than even a Bergey painting, you'll have to agree.

There would be a problem of getting from El Paso, where most fan would stay, to Juarez. But, it's only seven blocks; and, the short walk would be traversed with great joy by the loyal stiffen who knew the joys of the other side. Of course, those fan who have a violent dislike for hotel detectives would find it more convenient to stay in Juarez. In the center of the city can be found several nice hotels frequented by the best of people such as politicians-on-the-run, movie stars down for a quickie (divorce and other wise), and many, many "doll-like" señoritas. As you can surmise things would never be dull. It would be unnecessary to manufacture "amusements" such as is done at present day Conventions now.

Probably the greatest attraction about having a Science Fiction Convention in Juarez would be that Claudius would be there. A Juarez Convention is one that I would not dare to miss!

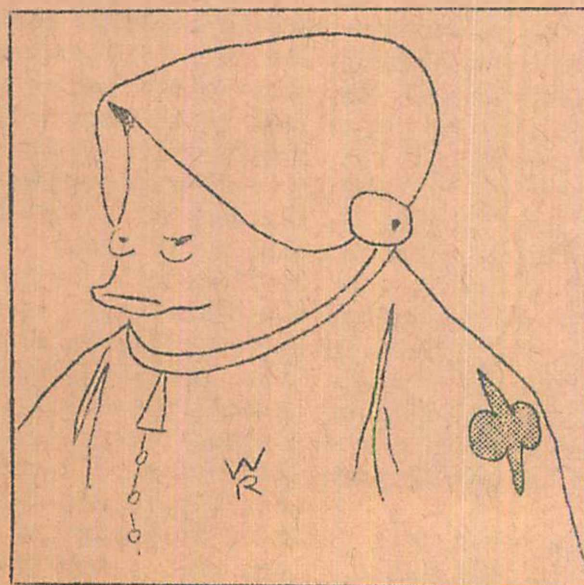
So, let there be a new rebel yell among the crowd in the election room this year. For the sake of a dull fandom, yell out, "WAZOO IN SIXTY-TWO!"

Remember, "WAZOO, IN 62! for CHEER, BHEER, AND MISS HOY PING PONG!"

Hell, let's go now!

THE END

--Claude R. Hall--



"BE QUIET, DEMON"

Demon, demon
In thy spite
Should you shriek throughout the night?
And wake me rudely so
From dreams of splendor, sweet voices low
Of wine and song and beauty fair
That in the real is never there...

Demon, demon
Is it right?
I should suffer in the night
Because you fear the coming morn
And dread the sun that is so born
For many of your kind has died
At my stake where YOU are tied.

Demon, demon
Do not spoil
This hobby at which I earnest toil.
Die with pain if you so must
For I enjoy with devil lust
The death that you in crying -- fight
But gosh! I'd like to sleep tonight!

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LETTER



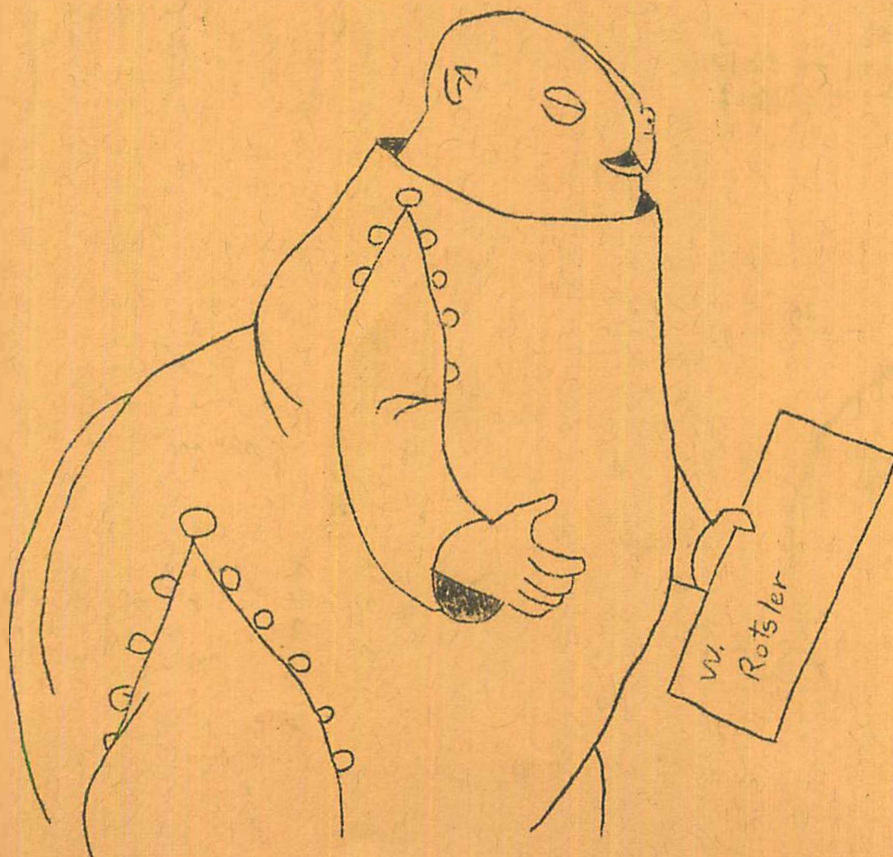
TO

JAN

This may be pretty long. And I'm in no position to re-write it now, so it will certainly be somewhat disconnected. Bear with me.

I didn't bring it on my own head; my name isn't what you say it is; I deny making Luksus 'uncomfortable', and deriving any unholy glee therefrom, and if I did I don't see that it makes any diff whether I'm male or femme, and if I did I also think I was, by my own tenets, a little justified; and the information I hinted at had but naught to do with anything you helped to put over.

And the reference to the Whole Truth (letter of June 6th) meant the



BY

J
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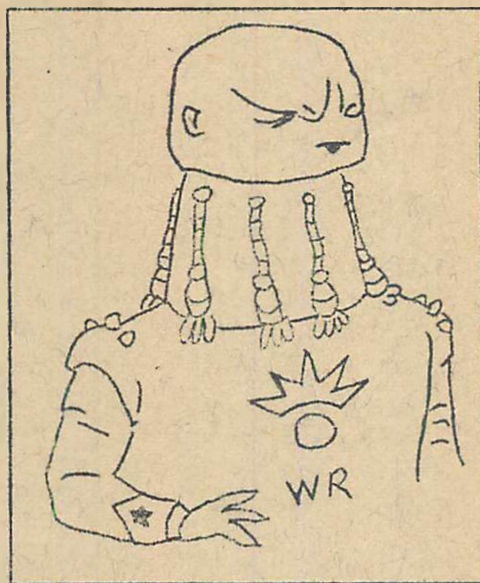
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Jimmie, my fake sister, hoax and nothing else; and thus was not, repeat not, contradictory to my previous claim of silence.

And now The Facts: ALL of them is a pretty strict order, but I think I know what you want. I reveal these, not because my opinion of your powers of judgment has changed, but 'cause I fail to see how it would, could do any harm.

The Facts: You recall THE fan? The one who bashed me in the roof with a Fontaine Sisters platter when I made a particularly atrocious pun? Wull, I'd been rather cool on him ever since he dented my flattop; but one night I peradventured to go down to his quaint little abode in search of fannish company. After supper he was lying on the bed reading something stfish, while I went through his files of correspondence. Apparently he didn't notice the file I was going through, but it was one of his revivals of an old correspondence with Wm. I was looking for something specific: a couple of days before he had collared me in homeroom to say "Deeck says he suspects Jimmie doesn't exist because she's too good a typist to be a fan", which sounded rather odd on the face of it, and I wanted to know just what had provoked it. I found it: Deeck had said: "I rather suspected that Jimmie didn't exist; too good a typist to be a fan, you know." A reference to the fan's previous letter explained the past tense; he had gone and told!

It made me mad as hell. My first impulse was to cram his tonsils down his throat, but I restrained it. I was easily capable of it, but it wouldn't solve anything, wouldn't be conclusive, and certainly wouldn't prevent future recurrences of the same thing. So I lit upon a Plan. I put the Deek's last letter on the desk, which was so cluttered he wouldn't notice it there, then rearranged the file and placed it in the drawer. I then made an obvious theft of fifty cents; un-obviously put the letter in my hip pocket, and led a merry chase about the house. He recovered the dough, but I left with the letter. When I got home I typed a few nasty remarks on it, stapled it, and dropped it in the most proximate box, sans stamps.



I knew he had already written an answer to that letter, so that Deeck might reply before receiving. He probably would. The next Thursday I decided to go down and see how things fared. Nobody home. Nothing in the mailbox. But the back door was open, and on the kitchen table lay Deeck's reply... UNOPENED. Honest, this is how it happened. I left with the letter, added more nasty comments. And on this one I told Deeck he should write to my address in the future, because The Fan was merely an alias of mine. Same process as before, but this time I got soft and put a stamp on the envelope.

That's just about the long and short of it, except that when the fan came to me bemoaning the "loss" of that latest letter -- seems he had to leave for the university that night, and didn't have time to read it -- I told him he should write Wm. a postcard explaining and begging for forgiveness. So after school we sauntered down to his home and he typed out a postal. I offered to mail it on the way home, and he said okay. Three guesses.

I've tried to leave all justification out of this little narrative; make what you will of it. And to hell with you.

--THE END--

—AND LISTENS...



... TO THE MANY VOICES

EVER RESONANT ...

REDD BOGGS *2215 BENJAMIN ST. N.E. * MINNEAPOLIS
18, MINNESOTA

Why not be egotistical enough to put your name in a more prominent place in Tacitum? Only place in #3 where I could find it was on the back cover, under a smudge perhaps placed there by the post office. Unfortunately, I find it difficult to remember who in Dallas published what, so I'd welcome an easily-found statement of publishing data.

The editorial was barely adequate, but was. But to quote one of the interlineations you threw in to fill up space: "I see no reason for doing this." A bunch of completely esoteric remarks like "People will laugh at me" aren't

much fun to read, though maybe you and some friend jellify in mirth everytime you see that in print. . . .The failure of (your local sf club) proves that a SF club does not serve any purpose after the initial acquaintences"? I wonder what the history of the LASFS, which has been going for nearly 20 years, proves then?

"Cabana

Peelings" was the first news I've heard about the Oklacon, so it was interesting for that reason. But as a synopsis rather than a first-hand account it wasn't very good, I'm afraid. But maybe Jennings isn't altogether to blame. Sounds like a pretty dull affair, and if that's what Jennings was trying to put across, he certainly succeeded.

The fanzine reviews were okay; at least you reviewed some very recent issues and that's praiseworthy. There were some good observations here and there, and I liked your chatty style. Keep it up.

McLeod's reviews of Clarke's works were hardly in the same league with his longer and more penetrating reviews elsewhere, but I got a big chuckle out of his remark that "Sturgeon fans hate Clarke, feeling that he is of the Gernsback school, while Clarke fans...think that Sturgeon is a juggler of meaningless words and schizophrenic images." I wonder what Noah thought of Childhood's End, a work which cracks that generalization somewhat, since it is a little Sturgeonish in some respects. But it so happens that I'm a Sturgeon fan -- I consider him the leading sf writer today -- but Clarke is certainly among my top ten favorites.

Speaking of McLeod, I notice several letter-writers remark that he is a "fiction critic". Seems to me that McLeod seldom criticises a work as fiction but rather discusses the validity of the ideas presented in the work. This is in the grand tradition of fannish critics, Jack Speer being an important example, but it hardly indicates that Noah has the know-how for fiction writing. Perhaps it indicates that he hasn't.

Tsk, in the third paragraph of Chappell's letter you forgot to type "Texas" in all-caps. Will you be run out of the state for such a traitorous oversight?

(YES,bas)

SAM JOHNSON * 1843 EMBASSY DR.,
SO. JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

The discussion in UN is running along religion, politics, and philosophy in general. I've got another ace up my sleeve when the argument dies down. You'd be amazed how easy it is to run a discussion type magazine once you get started. However, I think maybe I like TACITUS muchly. You've got a good fanish fanzine.

I've about become convinced that people just aren't interested in reports on conventions. The convention itself. If you spend four pages talking about how you got there, and the difficulties you had, you're automatically a success. Maybe we could start printing triparticles. Like: I Tripped on a Pogo Button; or Around the World in 80 Days; or Around the World in a Balloon; or I Made a Trip in a UFO. This could very well initiate a whole

new concept in fanzine publishing. We could have trip-fanzines like: Nite Walk; or TACITUS the walking one; or perhaps Undertaking trips. Amazing what the fertile imagination can spout forth, non? (Itaque...bas)

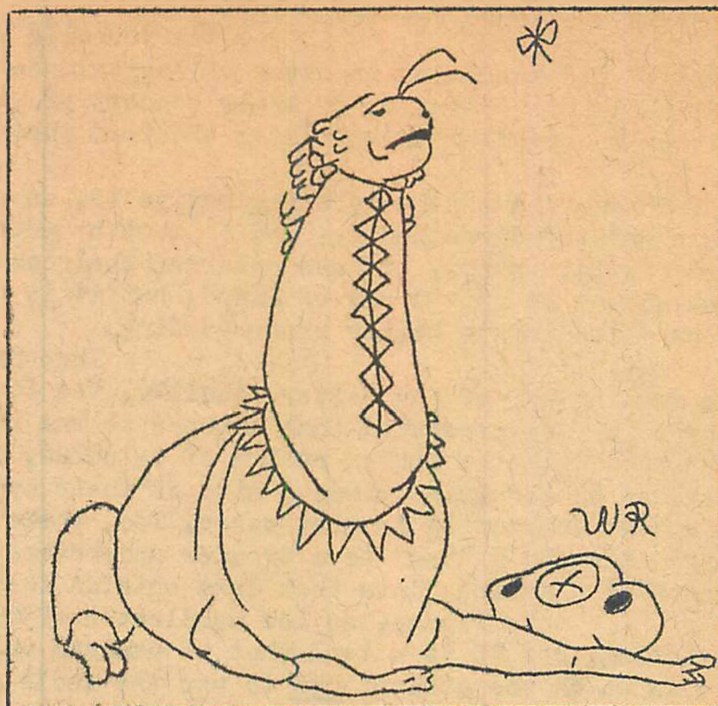
George Metzel may be a cross between a bibliophile and a hack, but you'd be surprised at the number of fans who enjoy his work in UN. You'll see another story by him in UN6.

SF Adventures was supposed to have folded. At least that was what I was told. I've not seen an issue for a year. IF has gone bi-monthly. I believe Madge has too. FCSF must have gotten hard up for subscribers. They sent out those cards as Madge did a while back. For two bucks they'd send you the next 12 issues. I subbed naturally. Be a fool not to. PS is still one of the best magazines out in my estimation. I don't give a damn if it is space-operish, it's daggone good reading. This from a fan who has read almost everything for six years is an honest judgment. And Fantastic promises a "new direction" in fantasy fiction too. Wonder if Browne has gotten to meet the eds of EC comics? Have you read this latest issue of AS. The lead story reads like an adaptation of a comic-book story. The author couldn't even keep track of the characters. I felt sick (sic) after reading it. I'm sticking to Planet. Care to join me?

LEE J. SORENSON * BOX 1067 * TOLEDO, OREGON

The topic more-or-less touched upon by Lee Huddleston concerning "The Blackboard Jungle" by Evan Hunter, which was previously written up as being a valuable addition to anyone's library, strikes me as being but one phase in the workings of fandom. Actually the story of a teacher's experience in a manual trades school is dual in nature -- the same as was very ably pointed out by the author in his narrative of the "Fifty-First Dragon", which I consider as being one of the most important hi-lights of the entire volume.

Indirectly, this falls within the realm of fandom or fan activities as a "Way of Life". True, it is not the only way, but is a mere stepping stone. Perhaps one might term it "educational" in that it instructs individuals in the art of self-expression, either through experience in fan activities or else in learning how to think.



And here we reach the crux of the problem. How do we think? And what effect does our thinking have on our livelihood and the way we appreciate beauty, art, love and the rest of the finer things? A lot!

The juvenile characters portrayed in "Blackboard Jungle" did not think in terms of logical, constructive mental activity nor out of rational interpretation of their concept of mind; they thought emotionally - instinctively - according to knowledge obtained through their environment.

Participation in s/f fandom and really becoming active is, as stated, but one step on the stairway to complete understanding. And it must be noted that many past faneds eventually outgrew this stage, or have enlarged their activities to match their capabilities. No, fandom is not "A Way of Life", but it is an "Attribute of Life" - a part, a portion - leading to better understanding.

Through participation in fan activities and in reading s/f of the better quality, the fan eventually comes to realize that there is more presented than appears to the naked eye. Readers of s/f in becoming acquainted with the higher realms of calculus, sociology, philosophy, etc., seem to develop an inquiring mind; a mind of their own and the ability to express their convictions coherently in most cases. Too, there is the imaginative ability...and imagination is a "key" to a broader understanding in that it opens the door to acceptance of plausible data that lies outside their known framework of knowledge.

Knowledge, as Lee Huddleston might concur, is but a tool utilized in thinking; but it is a tool that is useless unless applied. The purpose of education is to teach the student how to use the tools given him: language, history, mathematics, etc. And by all means, philosophy - for philosophy gives the student a background of our various civilisations and of the thinking men who propounded on the ideas or theories that make our present world what it is today. Einstein was a philosopher and mathematician -- and the world today is in the process of being exploited by man because of his thinking. An idea - a theory - bingo! So, we have another "Industrial Revolution" which will change the outlook of most all of us, or our children, and their children.

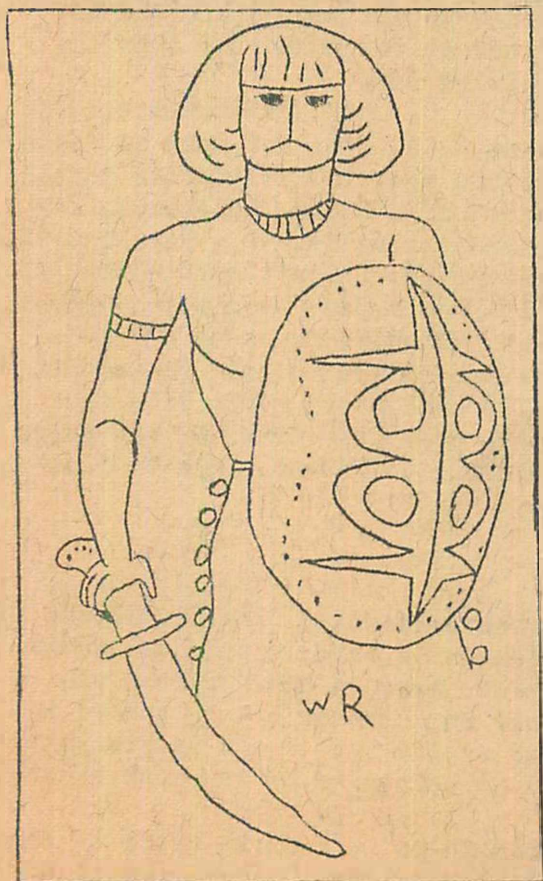
Our technological advances in the phenomena of nature are due to the various branches of scientific inquiry and the utilization of this known data. But it takes thinking to bring the original idea or theory out so that it can be acted upon.

In this, I believe that fandom "As a Way of Life" serves a purpose, but will argue with no one that it is the only way of life. It is but a part. . . the part that broadens the horizons. . . of thinking.

JAN SADLER * 219 BROADMOOR DR. * JACKSON 6, MISS.

Usually I don't bother to follow up the effects of my stuff on fanzines, defend my views and generally set up as a pot shot target...but in this case I think Lee Huddleston should receive a more lucid explanation.

Yes, I DO think that participating in fandom broadens the mind. Anything you do -- be it cleaning fish or writing a poem -- broadens the mind if taken in the right way. Of course, there are those who see nothing but the manual work in



fish cleaning, the tools of fandom (such as the fanzine and club) instead of the intangibles they bestow upon the individual who is searching for a more perfect life.

Broadening does not come with maturation. Maturation is the growth that comes from broadening your horizons toward the shores of humor, understanding, ability to express yourself, etc. Omar Khayam is his favorite thought builder... this is a method of intellectual maturation, which I consider useful, but not the most important goal one strives for.

The above

paragraphs aren't the semantic tangle they appear to be on first glance. I do acknowledge that they are philosophy, but I don't apologise for it.

Doesn't everyone use 3 staples to put his zine together? Mayhap you and I are just in the minority. (Yes, JAN. You and I are both minors, too bad...bas)

The illos for CABANA PEELINGS are very good...I mean, they are recognizeable and still funny. "I wish you'd do the fmz reviews every issue, they're a definite improvement. Even if you DID pan SLANDER over a hot stove. "JCLEod seems to favor Dallizines too...somebody wrote and said he thought I lived in the fair city because so much of my stuff appeared in publications from around there. Little does he know.

JOHN W. MURDOCK * c/HENRY MOORE STUDIO * 214 E. 11th ST. * KANSAS CITY 6, MO.

There is little I can say for the OKLACON report. Jennings has covered everything sufficiently, I think, up to the time of his and May's departure. I'm sure that both of them would have enjoyed Gerry Greenstreet's talk on Davy Crockett and Science Fiction. It was very interesting. That was about all of importance they missed, the con broke up after that.

You complain somewhat in the editorial about not knowing what to write. My boy, write what you damn well please and to hell with the consequences. I'd say that by now, with three issues under your belt, that you were well on your way. I imagine there will be continued improvement. So go ahead and write whatever you feel like writing. The reason I say to hell with the consequences is that no one is going to run you run you out of fandom. You'll have supporters no matter what you do.

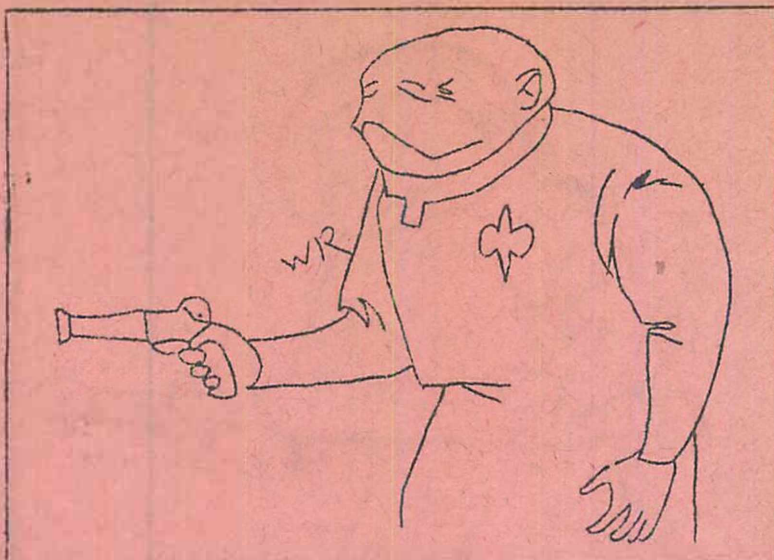
There will be guys who will pan you one time and commend you the next. It doesn't matter what you put in the editorial - some one will like it and someone won't. Don't make the mistake of trying to please everyone all of the time. It isn't done.

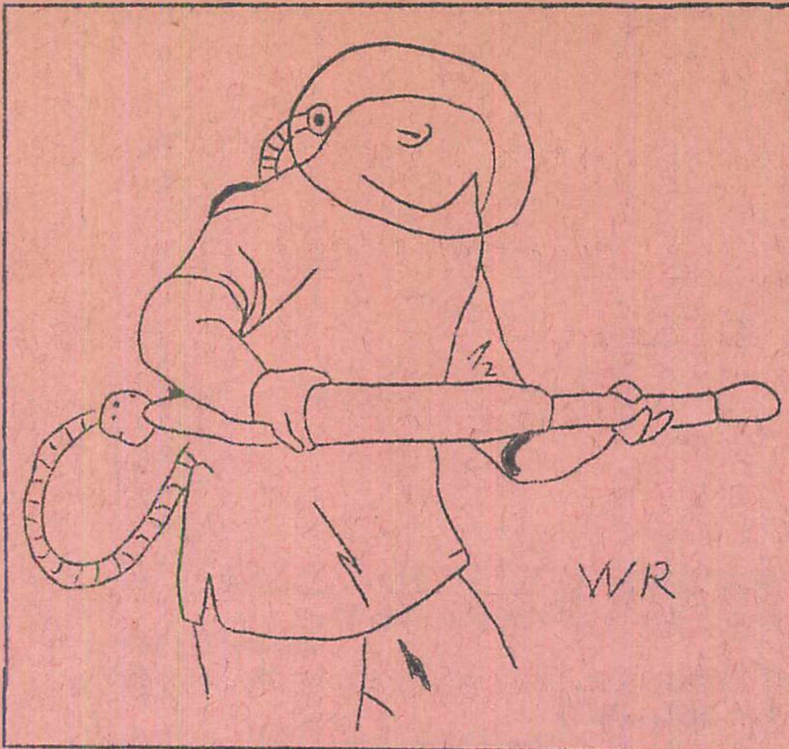
((Thank you, John. You are really one person I'd like to meet.

I might as well mention that there will probably be a longer letter column. Right now, as I type this, I am looking at a stack of letters that could have been printed...

Bob Farnham asked me to announce that The Chigger Patch of Fandom has folded...

bas))





THOM PERRY * 4040 CALVERT ST. *
LINCOLN 6, NEBRASKA

The editorial, once again, should have been planned; would help immensely. Spending three long paragraphs saying you can't think of anything to talk about -- even embellished with "anything to talk about that I know anything about" -- isn't healthy, and is putrid to read. You'd do far better to dummy, at least, the editorials; filler is filler, but leaving interline space between interline interlines don't look good. You didn't center them either...and that can be done right on stencil.

The reviews were better done by yourself. Yes, you heard me -- even the Brown would have probably patted me on the

back (if only to save me from breaking my arm) after the scolding. They could be better, yes -- foreign stance, it's rather amusing to see you praise Sadler so mightily just after ripping her zine to little teeny pieces -- but you do the job far superior to Randolph.

MCLeod makes interestingly, for this once. And, having a tender stomach, I skipped the fanfiction. Bringing us to a very intriguing letter column ... is good, is intriguing because would be better if expanded and people had time and space to get mad.

Barf. What's Jansen howling about? English, he has admitted, is his second or third language, and no one expects him to handle it like a native type Amerikanner -- Sadler doesn't, I don't, I don't really think anyone does -- and he doesn't. No reason why he should. He's making a great big thing out of something pretty small in the bargain. GiCarr: "Those who persist in protesting against fanfiction are those who persist in writing the stuff." HUH? Pose or no, the 'semi-apology' -- granting her dubious point -- is something the folks kind enough to read this trash have damn well earned. The Bubbette series, and Carr's own gems, are very typical examples -- sadly.

Sadler did NOT say being an actifan 'broadens the mind'...altho it probably does. And I quote: "It gives a broader meaning to everything you do", and it does. So does building hotrods and listening to progressive jazz, or composing dirty limericks for washroom walls. Even one who just gets out and walks the streets now and then is bound to have a broader outlook than another who merely sits on his fanny and contemplates the Universe. (I'm boldly resisting the temptation to make a rather crude pun; please, nobody, spoil it.) Anything that associates one with other people broadens the outlook. As for history, poetry, and Shakespeare: unless you're a really devout student, the history you read is probably an equal mixture of lies and half-truths; there is a great controversy as to just what IS poetry, the stalemate of which leaves it up to the reader to determine whether or not he's reading rhyme, high-class prose, prosody, or poetry; and Wm. Shakespeare did not write the plays published under his name, or so the evidence points. This last point, of course, is unimportant and irrelevant, but Something To Think About.

MARK SCHULZINGER * 6791 MEADOW RIDGE LANE * AMBERLY
VILLAGE, OHIO

'Sfunny how all the fanzines from one particular area of the country look alike. T/so looks just like SPECTRUM and slightly like PIT.

Ho, so you want to take a special issue of T/so to the con too. As if every faned, including me, didn't. I liked your mag even tho it didn't contain much to comment on.

((I printed the above letter so that sneaky ole me would have a chance to insert the 'Terrifying Tribulations and Trials of the Trufan' section in. ¹¹ I am trying/tried very much to have a look of my own with T/so. The first issue...yes, it resembled any of the other Dallazines. But the second issue I got hold of different paper to print on. The third issue was paper never before explored by Dallafen too. Now I will resemble only EPITOME. Mike May and I ordered a bunch (20 reams) of the same paper.

I should like to talk about this special issue of T/so. Even though it may not look much above average it is still special to me. Now, being right now, I have already run off the first ten pages and I think that they are the best repro I've yet been able to get.

Twenty-four pages at 200 copies is a rather large order for me. I would have liked more pages, I had the material, but I just cannot afford to.

For instance already, I have an Agaconrep by Jan Sadler that is growing more dated and dead by the minute. But it would run eight pages if I used it. Maybe next time, Jan.

The letter column was supposed to run four pages and followed by fanzine reviews. I cut the reviews because I was getting far more letters than fanzines. And besides, The reviews in T/sc have usually been fresh, some goofs, but not many, and up to the minute. Last issue I accomplished my aim in life: Some people in Pandom got the review of NITE CRY ¹¹10 before they got the zine. And furthermore, I might leave town the 20th of August and this must be finished before I go, because I leave/left for Cleveland Aug. 30th.

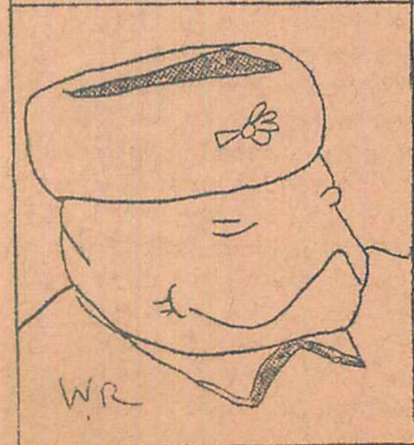
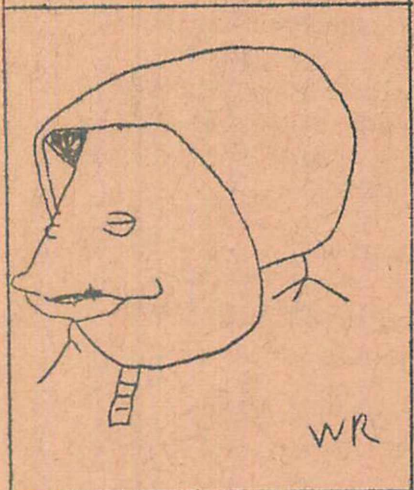
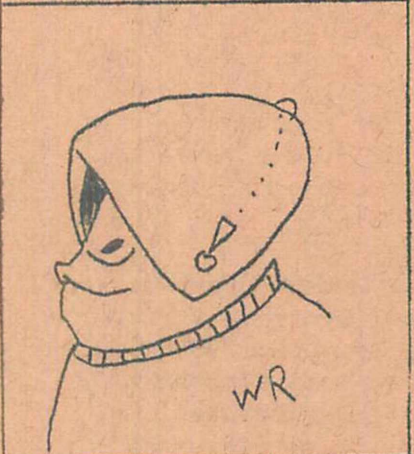
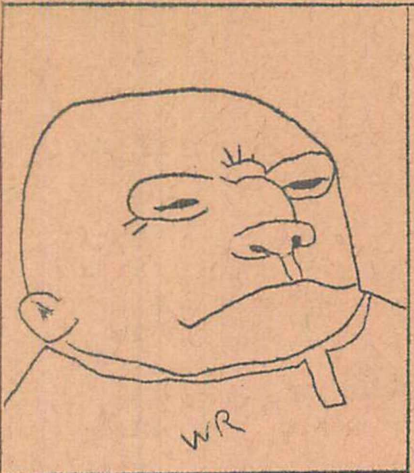
Now I have wasted too much and have none left with which to print letters.

I could make up linos, but really, if I did no one would read this crud. They'd just skim through reading the cute little interlineations.

In the front editorial I forgot to tell you that Dallas is the largest city in the United States not on a waterway.

I just think of things like that all the time.

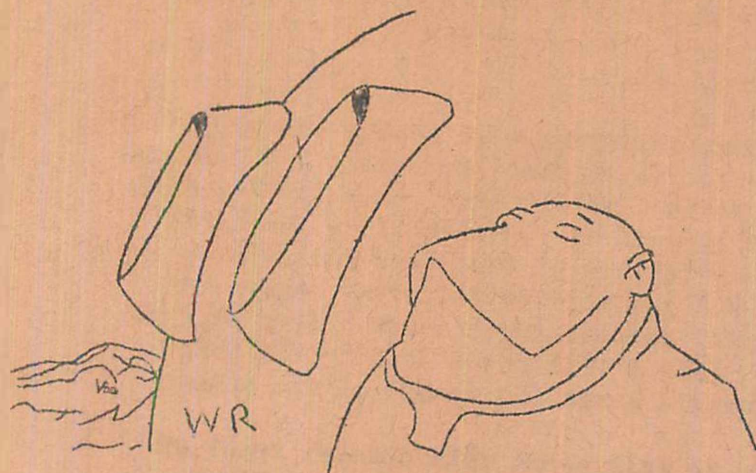
I zee by the clock that it is time to go... And I would like to thank all who wrote.....bas))



SO TIRED ...

RANDOM RAMBLINGS

BY LARRY ANDERSON



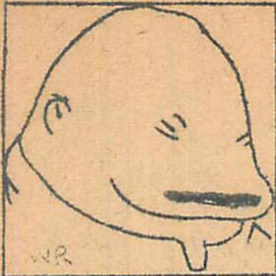
Those of you who are interested in mundane news have been watching the development of a phenomenon that we thought would never occur. You have your choice of either the proposed space projects, or the softening of Russia. These have hit the papers at about the same time, and in my mind there is a certain connection. Nothing can cement the two occurrences as well as a vivid imagination.

In my mind there are two tracks of thought. Firstly, we have a program that can put a satellite up in a few years, or a few months, at the least. For all we know, the little bugger might already be up there, circling madly about us. Now if any of these were true, Russia would probably know of it, and could be putting on an act to show us all of their friendly intentions, just a precautionary movement to keep us from planting a few goose eggs on the Kremlin.

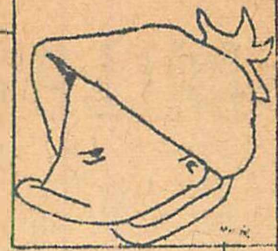
On my other hand I have five fingers, and another solution to our little problem. Perhaps Russia is in a position to throw a miniature moon up in the air, and just doesn't want anything to get hot on her while she is getting in a position to make things hot for us.

So the two alternatives are; Russia's being nice to us because we are going to have a big club; or she's being nice to us until she can get her big club in hand for a swing.

The outcome of this space race will mould the world. I'd laugh if all along, some little country like Switzerland had been building an artificial satellite, and in an authoritative ultimatum tell us that the world wasn't going to be dominated by either capitalistic fanatics, or by communistic fanatics, but by Switzerland in the name of all people who want real peace and security.



Well, INSIDE has turned into a full-grown, intellectual magazine, in only a few issues. Some have termed it "avante-garde." Well, it is that, yet a little more down-to-earth. It contains the raging controversy over censorship, plus a few more over various editorial policies of the motley crew of editors in charge of our science-



fiction prozines.

These are problems that would have been hashed and re-hashed in the ordinary, run of the mill fanzine of yesterday. But today the only magazine that seems capable of intelligent treatment of the controversial subjects is a lithographed, expensively-prepared and ad-supported "little" magazine. Ah, for the snows of yesteryear.

The flock of fanzines coming up from TEXAS way, all seem to remind one of each other. TAGITUMI, EPITOME, etc. They all seem to have reasonable contents, but nothing really outstanding. Even though EPITOME does seem to stand head and shoulders above the rest, at the present rate of growth, no one can tell who will come out ahead.

And on the East coast, we have that little condotiari, the Coup Group. Tho it doesn't rhyme, it seems to have become quite popular. Not that I've ever seen a copy of Coup, but things seem hells-bent-a-poppin' for a reawakening of the old new York predominance of fandom.

Except for the everpresent CanFan group... Ghod, but those Northerners do seem to keep rolling out the material. If it weren't for them, I think fandom would be hub-deep in the mire of gafiation.

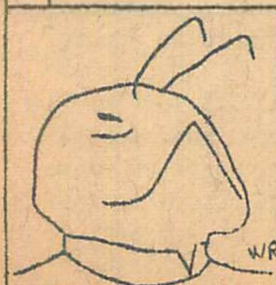
Of course, there are such old reliables (by now) as Oopsla, Peon, Psychotic, Thurban I, etc. But this backbone is now considerably weakened. Psy is going SerCon, Peon irregular, and Thurban I, I hope, just going.

What shall become of fandom? Who shall save us? Tune in next issue, same magazine, same address, for the GRUESOME details.

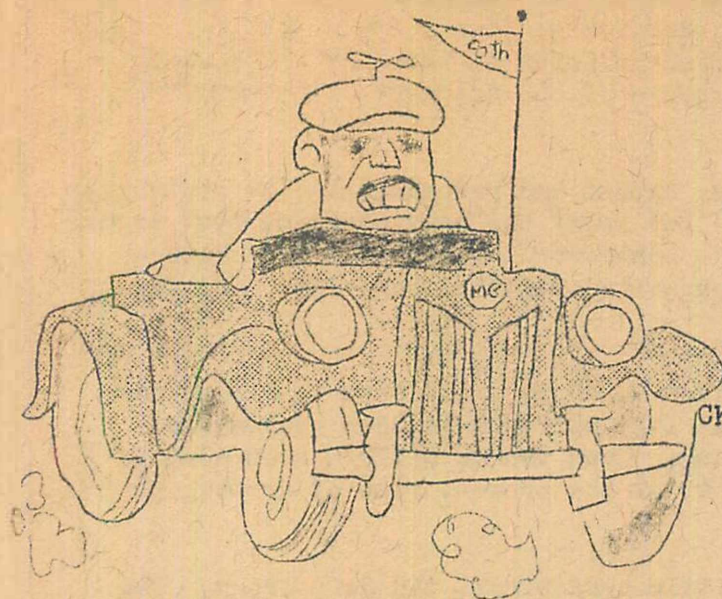
You will all please notice, however, that the magazines that seem to predominate deal with partially non-fannish material. INSIDE has its censorship rally. The CanFen have sportscars (long live 'em) and jazz. The Coup Group has everything from Joe McCarthy to Gem Carr.

But the trend is towards non-fannish attributes. Can this be a guiding sign to the future of Stf fandom? I doubt it, but it could show the way to a gradual decrease of interest in Stf and a predominance of more popular subjects, until Stf fandom is just so much more mundaneism.

--Larry Anderson--

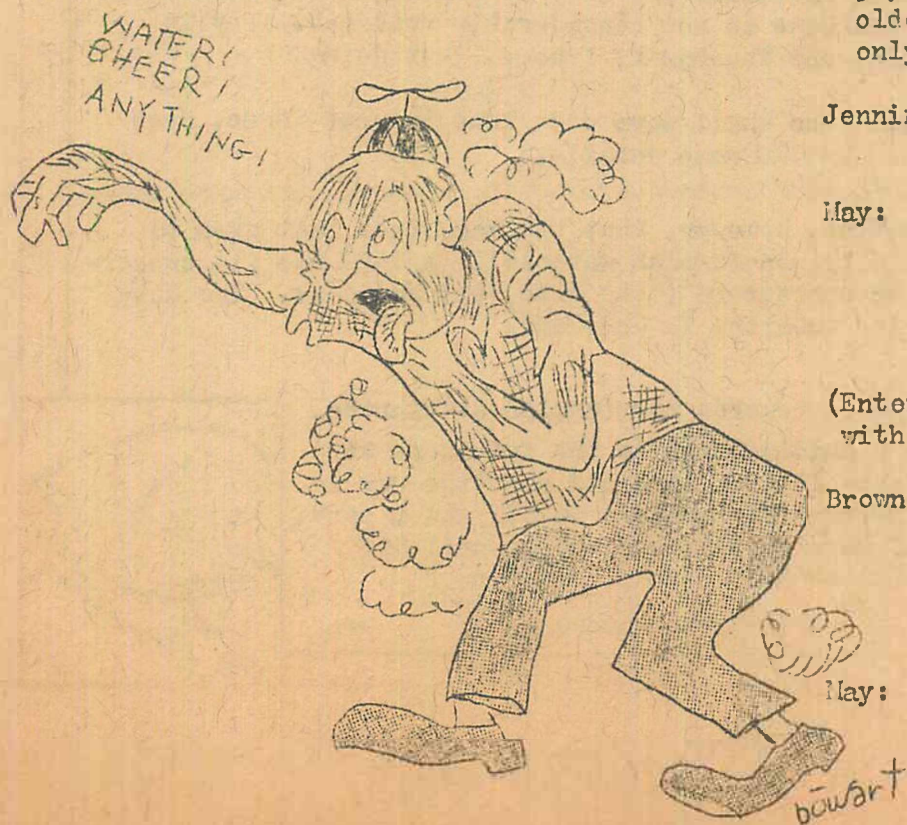


DALLAS DEROGATION



by EDMOND DAVISON

illustrated by WALT BOWART



The Scene: Home of Mike May, in Dallas, TEXAS

The Actors on Stage Now: May, George Jennings, Don Chappell.

The Plot: A Plagiarism on a series being done in Canada...

May: They should be here pretty quick, Don. Benny said he'd be over right away if we all bought gas for him.

Chappell: Well, I want to meet Randy Brown. I hear he's a fine fellow. I always like teen-age fans. I've had a lot of fun with Kent Correy and Val Walker, you know. We double-date and do a lot of other things together.

Jennings: Double-date? Isn't that rather awkward? I mean, you are a lot older than either of them. Besides, you're married.

Chappell: My wife doesn't mind. She enjoys it. And I'm not too much older than Kent or Val... I'm only thirty-seven.

Jennings: By Roscoe, you don't look that old.

May: Yeah, I would have taken you for a man in the prime of life, almost; but not thirty-seven.

(Enter Brown and Sodek, covered with dust, Brown about to faint)

Brown: WATER! WATER! Let me lie down somewhere. WATER! Quick, May, get me some water! (Collapses against the couch in exhaust)

May: (To Sodek, while getting some water from the tap) What's wrong with him?

Sodek: Well, while I was driving over here...

Jennings: YOU were driving? That explains it.

Sodek: What's wrong with my driving? I drove to California just last week, didn't I?

Brown: GIVE ME THAT WATER!
(Collapses again from the effort of yelling)

May: I hear that California drivers are horrible.

(Enter Orville Mosher, toting a huge filing cabinet)

Mosher: What's this about California drivers?

May: I was saying, they're awful. Especially in Southern California, around Los Angeles, and like that.

Mosher: Just a minute I'll see. (Consults filing cabinet under various sub-topics for a moment, meanwhile Brown is muttering something about lack of hospitality among fans, gets up and gets a drink of water for himself.) Yes, it seems that drivers in that area are wild, rather. This doesn't affect fandom there too much, you know. Jack Speer of Washington, and Elmer Perdue of Los Angeles are the only wild drivers known to fandom historically...

Jennings: Put Sodek's name down there too.

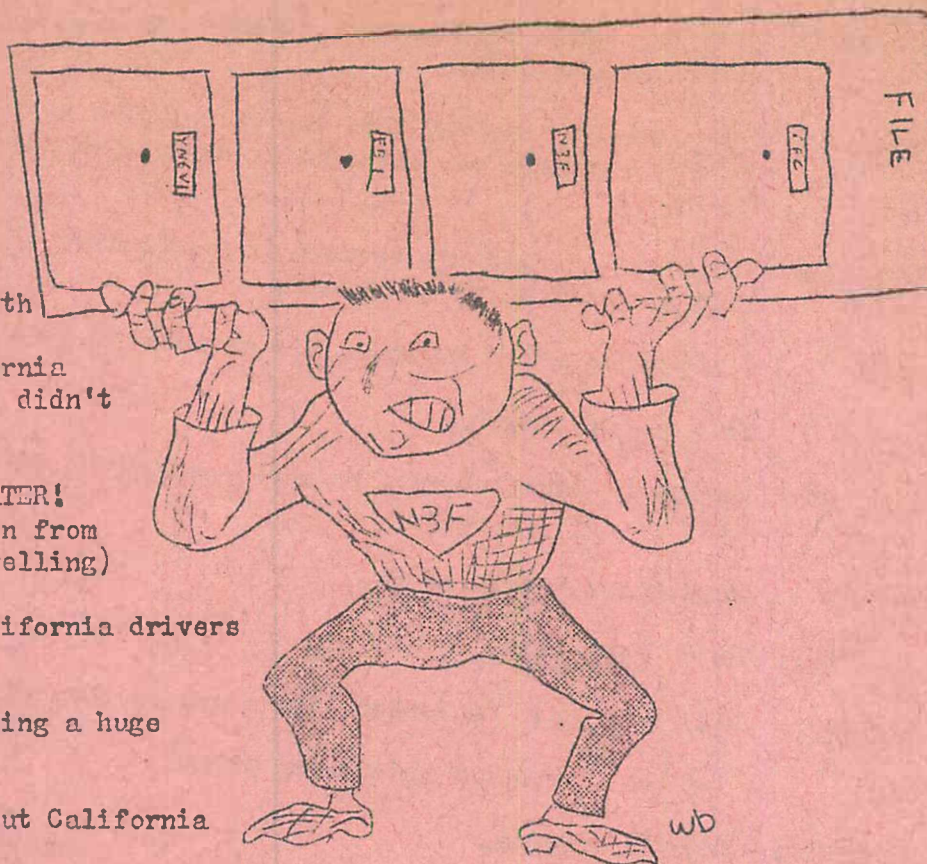
Mosher: (continuing)...but other than that...oh, yes. I'll have to make an addition. I remember Paul Nowell was telling me that Peter Vorzimer had a terrific auto accident some time ago. Of course, his mother asked everyone to keep it quiet in fandom.

Brown: Naturally.

Chappell: Funny, I hadn't heard about it.

Mosher: As I said, his mother kept it quiet. Nowell thought I should know, tho. Great fellow, Nowell. You know, he's the type that just sits on the sidelines and watches things happen, and then reports them to fandom.

(Continued on next page...)



Chappell: Yes, Ron Ellik said as much in NITE CRT #3, where he was reviewing the last issue of HARK.

Brown: (considerably revived from the water) The next issue of MAGNITUDE and EPITOME had come out already. It's your job as an editor to watch out for that.

Chappell: Ellik should send his reviews in just before the deadline so I wouldn't have too much worry on myself.

Brown: I never have that trouble. His reviews for HARK are always fresh.

May: So are you, Randy.

Jennings: (aside to Brown) Randy, be more respectful. Do you know how old he is?

Brown: No....about twenty or so.

Jennings: He's forty-two.

Brown: NO! Gol-lee. He looked like a man in the prime of life to me.

May: What're you two whispering about?

Jennings: Benny's driving.

Sodek: Let's have a little less sarcasm, you punk. Remember, I'm going into college this fall. And, (coming down from table top) remember, too that I'm going to the World Con in Cleveland.

Brown: Button your fly.

Sodek: I don't like kids that are younger than me acting like they aren't. I think you should stop acting so condescending.

Chappell: I wouldn't worry about it, Benny. Everybody in fandom is really equal. Besides, if they act condescending towards you, it will do you more good than harm.

Sodek: I don't get that. How could it do me more good.?

Chappell: Well, maybe if you read my editorial on the Oklacon being censored by the World Con you'll understand.

Sodek: I did read it...I sent you a dime for it. I thought it was a bunch of bull in self-defense.

Chappell: Now, don't get smart, Benny. Remember, I'm a little older than you are.

Sodek: Not much... You look like you're about in the prime of life to me. Exactly how old are you?

Chappell: I'm thirty-four.

Sodek: Gee Whiz! That old???

Brown: (aside to Jennings) You told me he was forty-six. What's wrong?

Jennings: Shhhh. He's really only forty-one. I guess he doesn't want Sodek or you to know his real age.

May: NOW what're you two whispering about?

Sodek: If you make another crack about my driving, Jennings...

Brown: We were just talking. Sorry, we didn't mean to be rude. Let's not have a fight now, fellows, while we've got a guest.

Mosher: Well, I've got to go. Next issue of the Fandom Service Organisational Bulletin is due out this week.

(exit Mosher, struggling under massive weight of filing cabinet)

May: Don't the rest of you guys have to go to school tomorrow or something? It's after Randy's bedtime, you know.

Sodek: I wish to Ghu you'd stop acting so confounded condescending, May. I'm a year and a half older than you.

Jennings: Physically, yes.

Sodek: What'd you mean by that crack, buster?

Chappell: Now, let's not brawl.

Sodek: YOU stay out of this graybeard.

(exit Chappell, huffily)

May: NOW see what you've done!

Sodek: He? It was him! (Points at Jennings)

May: Aw, go on home, all of you! (Starts to point at door. finds he still has a glass of water in his hand.) Do you want this, Randy?

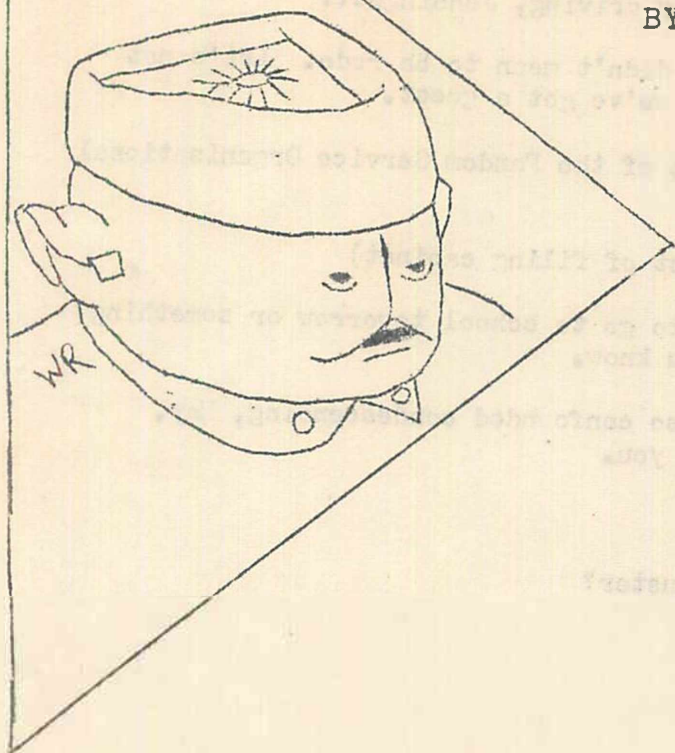
N.B. If the Dallifen(Dallards) are not liquidated en masse by certain parties whose names shall be unmentioned but who are known by all, the second in the series of DALLAS DEROGATIONS will appear soon in EPITOME.

...illegal stencils...



FANDOM, AND SCIENCE FICTION FANS, ARE A WAY OF LIFE

BY BOB FARNHAM



I have seen several times, in various Fan Magazines, sneering and derogatory remarks belittling Science Fiction Fandom as a way of life. Fandom demands so little as Mr. Sneary says, and also will take so much, therein I'm in complete accord with his writing. But I have found, by personal experience, that Fandom can- and does- give much more than it will take.

Regardless of whether one approaches Fandom in a Serious Way, or in a spirit that gets them the most enjoyment and pleasure out of it, Fandom is, in many instances, a Way of Life. Nowhere else in all this world, can be found that spirit of Comradeship- that spirit of "Belonging", the sense of unity and of "being wanted" or of a more common trend of thought and understanding of one's fellow-being, than in Science Fiction Fandom.

In Science Fiction Fandom, one is judged by their intellect, ability, disposition, and ambition. Even though ambition toward any specific project, or line of progress may be entirely lacking, the spirit of unity stands fast.

In the world outside of Science Fiction Fandom, one is judged by appearance. Intelligence is ignored, and if one is unable, or unwilling, to strain themselves nigh unto death in an effort to "Keep up with the Joneses" one is sneered at, talked about, lied to and lied about, even by those closest and dearest(?) to them. Religious hypocrisy abounds around this writer's residence and even in his family, and when questioned about my . . . taste for religion-- as practiced-- the answer always remains the same; I can find no common ground with those around me.

These conditons do not prevail in Science Fiction Fandom! The spirit of Comradier that prevails in Science Fiction Fandom is often displayed by the Fans who go to make up fandom. I have known, in the past ten years I've been an active and a Passifan both, of many instances, too many to list herein, where that selfsame spirit of Unity has asserted itself in a material way. I'll cite just one instance of that friendship.

Several years ago a fan I know lost his job. He was forcibly retired because he had lost his hearing completely. He also lost his home and had to relocate in a distant part of the country. He wrote a Farewell Letter to Fandom, and explained why he was dropping out of it.

Within one week after his letter was published in Startling Stories, this fan began to receive letter after letter, each with stamps or cash or post-cards and unsigned notes wishing him luck and urging him to remain an active fan. Interspersed with the letters came package after package containing past and current prozines, stamps, and/or bills (money), along with encouraging letters and notes. Also there came packages filled with, besides the prozines, cigarettes and pipe tobacco... and the flood still continues after years...

Recently, a group of southern fans sponsored a trip for a fan to attend a local convention in a town some 100 miles away. He was sent sufficient cash to pay his expenses, buy his films and flashbulbs and pay for the developing of them. He sold several sets of the compix, at cost plus postage, and has consistently refused to profit on any Fan... he has always held to this policy.

Personally, ever since attending the Nolacon in New Orleans and the Chicon II in Chicago, and also at the Philcon II in Philadelphia, I met and made friends that I still have. At the Nolacon and the following cons, I have met for the first time, and with others, repeatedly, friends I have held since entering fandom in Spring, 1945...

It is, mainly, I believe, that spirit of "Belonging", and that spirit of being accepted and "being wanted" that makes Science Fiction Fandom not only a way of life, but an absolute source of happiness and contentment that cannot be found in the world outside of Science Fiction Fandom.

I have yet-- after ten long years-- to meet the first Fan I could not like.

I've met a stinker or two...but not more than that number...who were at the same time so confounded likeable that it was impossible not to like them. Even the one-time, much-discussed and much-cussed Richard S. Shaver, met in person, is such a personable being that to meet him once is to be unable to forget him. To Old Guard Fans: this is not a defence of Shaver-- it is solely a statement of actual fact.

I have found that Old Fans do not die, neither do they fade away. Once a Fan, always a Fan, in Fandom or out of it. I am always in contact with many Old Guard Fans, who, while, inactive, do not forget the friends they made in fandom and still have an active interest in all things scientific and Stfannish.

Yes indeed, Fandom can be a very pleasant Way of Life, but it is the personal attitude the individual Fan takes that spells the difference between a pleasant association, a pleasant activity, and a career in Fandom of friction, unpleasantness and ill feeling and not least in mention, of Feuds. . . Feuds - the downfall of many a Science Fiction club and the downfall of many a Science Fiction Fan.

Common sense, tolerance of others' short comings, a tolerance for others' religious beliefs, religion, or lack of one, the ability (or blessing), to be tolerant in judging another, will provide a happy medium of activity and association known as Science Fiction Fandom.

Peace or War. . . both can be found in Science Fiction Fandom. But it depends, as I have already said, upon the individual which he, or she discovers . . .

