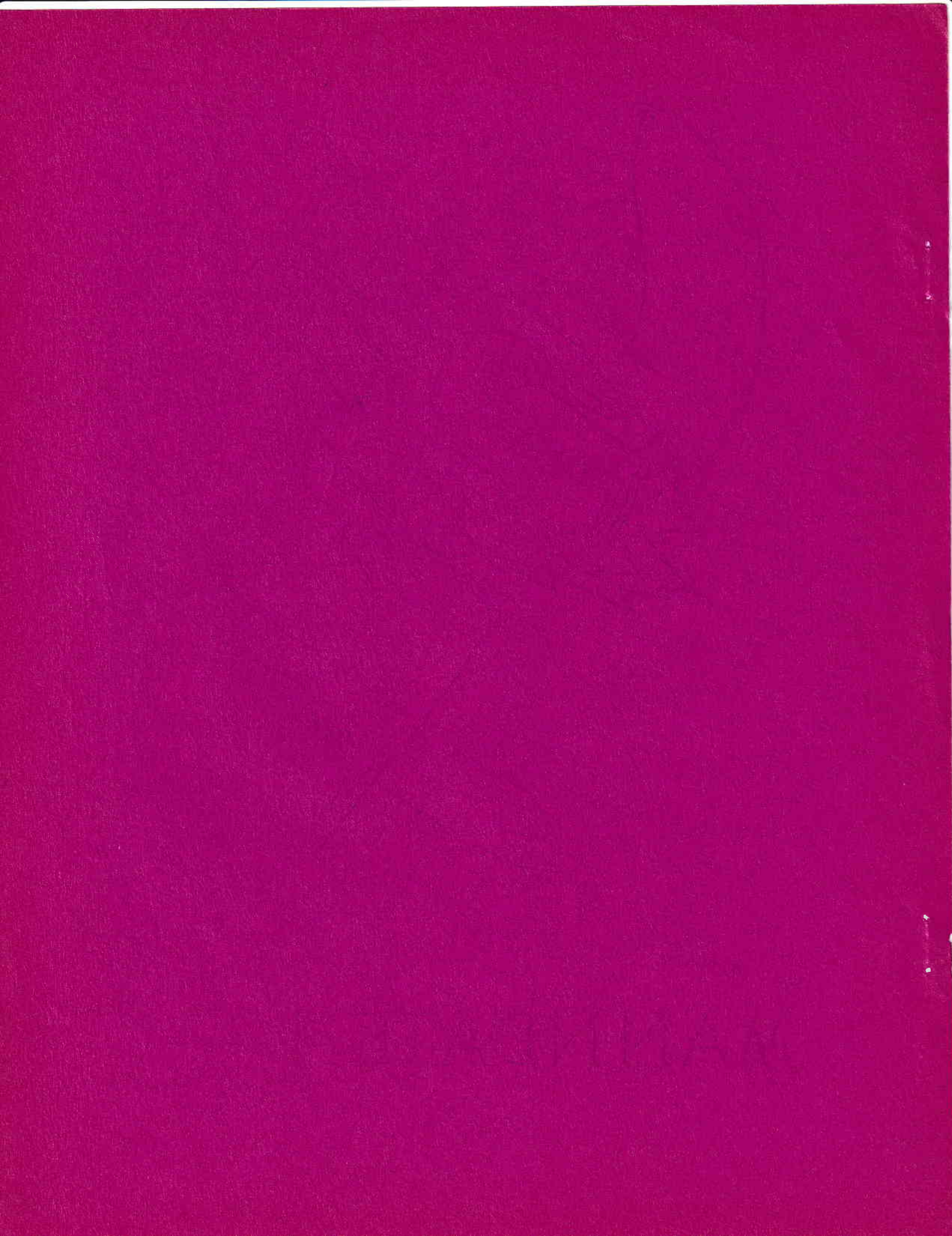




MANNDATE 1





Yes, this is Manndate #1, a fanzine published by one Richard Mann mostly for the Southern Fandom Press Alliance, although others can get copies if they try Real Hard. This is Volume 1, Number 1, whole number 1 of this fanzine, and I wish I could get away from publishing things with a "#1" after them. Richard Mann, the above-named editor lives in various places, like so: Up until the 26th of September, use this address -- Richard Mann, c/o Major Edward O. Mann, 46th Bomb Squadron, Grand Forks Air Force Base, North Dakota. Since you won't be reading this until almost that time, I'd better include the next address, too. After the 26th, try -- Richard Mann, Bryan Hall, Michigan State University, East Lansing, Michigan. This issue is published for the September 1964 mailing of the SFPA, even though I don't know what the number is. Linoigraphy should be by Bruce Kelz, though he doesn't know it yet. Thank you muchly, Bruce, if you do this. This publication will appear in editions of at least 6 pages length every six months for the duration of its existence. Although the actual publication dates will vary, it will become available to non-SFPA types after each of the quarterly mailings that it will appear in. Outsiders who desire to come into ownership of an issue of this fanzine should send me contributions of a usable nature, 15¢, a letter of comment, or some trade fanzine. This is ROMPress Publication No. 7, and was stenciled almost if not entirely at a home in Riverton, Utah around the time of August 14, 1964. This has been the Colophon -- is there anything I've forgotten to put into it?

Hi there, SFPA. I've just joined your group, and this is my first fanzine published for your edification, among others. This issue is being produced with a modicum or two of haste, as are most of my fanzines, in spite of plans, etc. Surprisingly, this will probably reach Joe Staton a week or even two of them before the deadline, which is quite unusual for me. It's not my fault, really, I just happened to fall into a set of circumstances that made me do it a bit early.

I guess I'd best explain myself before your wrath descends upon me as a Damn Yankee type or something. Really, I'm not one of them, even though my parents live in North Dakota, and I go to school in Michigan. You see, I'm a Texan in exile. My family's legal residency for purposes of voting, taxes, banking, and the like is the sovereign state of Texas. I've even lived there a couple of times, and I was almost born there. You'll have to ignore the fact that our car wears Utah license plates (EH 7739); and also the fact that I'm stenciling this in Utah. Actually, I never live anywhere for very long; that's why we had to establish a legal residency where we don't necessarily live.

I asked Bill Plott about becoming a member of this group several months ago, but he didn't seem too convinced that I should be, when he bothered to answer my letters. Therefore, when I heard that Joe was taking the OEship, I asked him about it. He thought I presented a decent case of being a Southerner, so here I am.

I don't know a whole lot about the SFPA and its rules. I've never even seen ~~one~~ of our mailings yet. I have seen several of the fanzines from some of the recent mailings, though. I have Spectre 1 and Warlock 2 from Larry Montgomery, Outre 1 from Kent McDaniel, Isariots 11 and 12, I think, plus about three issues of Spore from Bill, including the last one, in which I am the featured lino writer. That was a surprise..... I read Buck Coulson's review of one the mailings in Double Bill some time ago, and



from it, I get the idea that Spore and Iscariot are traditionally the best things in the mailings. I can see why. And that, in a nutshell, is about all that I know about the SFFA. I don't even know that Warlock has improved very much, even unto being one of the very best in the group, as Larry can tell you if you'll just ask.

Good friends in the group include Al Andrews, Joe Staton, and maybe even Arnie Katz, if he'd only answer a letter or two I've written him. Then there's Larry Montgomery, who wrote me a letter that arrived just today, and even Len Bailes, who shows up everywhere in fandom that I do only first by a mailing or two. That reminds me, I saw Zaje Zaculo, too, in its first issue. The names some people choose for fanzines.... (I'm a great one to talk about that!)

This is a sort of a clean-the-files-out-a-bit-and-run-up-the-page-count issue; in other words, I'm using a bunch of stuff that has been moldering in the files for a while and should be used. I've been saving it for a fanzine that it seemed to fit right into, and this is the one. Next time, I'll hopefully feature things by other SFFA members, to keep it all in the family or something. I've also got a lot of things like fan fiction (four or five items constitute "one lot") that I could use here, I suppose. It's either here or in N'APA or even in Mannderings, my genzine. I don't know that I'll use this fanzine as a sort of genzine thingum yet -- a lot of things remain to be seen. I have the feeling that perhaps I'll be doing mostly minac for the SFFA for a while, much as I'd like to be able to devote a lot of time to it. The multi-apan who faces a drastic cut in his fanac time has a real problem. I'm going to college for the first time in September -- I'll be getting there about the time that you read this -- and the time is going to be really cut.

So, I guess I'm gonna have to do minac for most or all of the apas I'm in. Here and in N'APA, you'll probably see me only twice a year, in SAPS perhaps every mailing with at least a token fanzine, and in APA45 every doggone mailing. You know, that group requires some 56 pages a year. I'll try.... I happen to be the unfortunate type of apan that thinks a good apan contributes to every mailing a fanzine that is the product of a lot of work and time. Ch, I'm gonna suffer....

That's enough of that, I guess. Let's do something else, like look over the contents of this issue. I can't give you page numbers, because I don't happen to know how much room this editorial maundering is going to take. I can tell you what's there, though. Not necessarily in order of appearance, I've got first Wayne Wightman with a pretty good peice of fan fiction. I've got to give credit to Clyde Kuhn for it, because Clyde is handling the placement of Wayne's things about fandom. I think. While I'm crediting Clyde, I'd best tell you that the CEK on the front cover means him. James Wright comes through with some good advice to young wizards and magi -- actually, what appears here are chapter 5, verses 32 - 40 of a book that is explained in the selction...Sheesh -- don't make me explain, just read it. Richard Badzik is represented with an essay-type thing that is probably out of place here in fandom, as was the last thing of his like this that I ran. I like it, so I'm using it. Then there's some good book reviews by Richie Benyo that were left over from Mannderings 1 -- he sent about ten pages of reviews, and I couldn't use them all. The heading for that column is by Joe Staton, who thought I was going to use it for Mannderings (I am). Richie thought I was going to use the extra reviews in N'APA. I get Confused sometimes. The title of this fanzine was suggested by Joe Staton -- thanks.



This issue is also an experimental one in a couple of respects. I've put all of the artwork (what there is of it) onto the stencils myself this time instead of resorting to the aid of my more artistic mother. I have no idea what it's gonna look like, so I'm anxious to see how it'll all turn out. I think, at this stage of the game, that I need all sorts of practice yet.

To give you an idea of my publishing history, here's a quick re-cap. Counting this one, I've done 7 fanzines, and cut a total of 82 stencils for them. I belong to 3 apas and am on the waiting list for three more. I've published for two of the groups I'm waiting to get into, SAIS and FAPA, and had fanzines in mailings of N'APA and SFFA. I'm a co-founder, in a manner of speaking, of the APA45, but haven't yet published a zine for that group. And I just put my name down for the Cult and don't know much about it yet. Here's a chart/index sort of thingum:

ROMPress Publications

<u>#</u>	<u>Title</u>	<u>Distribution</u>	<u>#copies</u>	<u>#pages</u>	<u>Date</u>
1.	Romann 1	N'APA/gen	100	12	March 1964
2.	Romann 2	N'APA/gen	100	16	June 1964
3.	Nothing #1!	All apas/gen	400	2	June 1964
4.	Manderingings 1	general	100	28	Aug 1964
5.	Your Own Personal Gold Mine 1	SAIS	55	10	July 1964
6.	Timpanogas 1	Shadow FAPA	140	3	Aug 1964
7.	Landdate 1	SFFA/gen	50	11	Sept 1964
<u>Totals:</u>					
	7 fanzines	4 apas/gen	945	82	7 months

Now you know. I didn't get to send Nothing #1! through the SFFA because I didn't have a roster to use. If anyone of you out there didn't get a copy and want one, I've still got plenty that I need to get rid of somehow. And should anybody be interested, I sell Manderingings for the usual or 30¢. Romann bears some resemblance to this fanzine, and can be had for 15¢. YOPGN is a dime, and so is Timp, if your interested. I gotta sell those extra copies somewhere. I also take money for Charles Platt's BEYOND, a good British fanzine at 15¢ the issue.

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MANN FOR OFFICIAL EDITOR OF APA 45 and N'APA. HE'S YOUR MANN!

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Yes, I'm running for two OE jobs. I've got hopes of winning at least one of the two, though there isn't much of a chance to beat out Fred Patten in N'APA. I would very much like to win the APA45 race, though. Hear that, Larry Montgomery? Dwain Kaiser and Richie Benyo are both running, showing that interest is high and we have people willing to work for the success of the apa. Richie will be handling it all for the first year, so he'll be up for re-election and will carry the corresponding advantage that an incumbent usually has.

Well, SFFAns, that seems to be it for this time. I may or may not be back next mailing, but I will be back in 2 mailings with mailing comments and the like, to fill up the pages with my own stuff, along with that of the contributors. See you soon!

-- Richard Mann; August 14, 1964



# SCREAMS IN THE NIGHT

RICK BADZIK

"OOOoOOEE\*\*A-A-A-A-A-A-A! Wheenawop-a-wheenawop-a...." As the sound of African drums fade away over the veldt and the dark folds of night cascade down from the heavens, a blessed stillness settles into place. What have we been listening to for the past three minutes? You say it's the wailing cry of agony as a wretched missionary is tortured to death by chanting cannibals? It is a very astute deduction, considering what has audibly transpired; but, it is also wrong. That, my friends, was music (spelled with a diminutive "m" to distinguish it from music and the classics, which I like to refer to as music).

From the groans issuing from some of you, I can see that there are a few rock'n'roll fans in our midst. You claim that this thorn in Beethoven's side is a form of art, an expression of the inner feelings of our poor, misunderstood, maladjusted teenagers. I would like to pose a question or two to our aficionados of the "45's": If these assailments on humanity's ears are such high forms of art, why do they not last longer to be treasured for the enjoyment they give the listener? Why is their popularity such a fleeting thing? How can really good works be turned out on a production line basis; i.e., over five hundred yearly? True art is not as transient and glutted as this; you have only to look at the enduring, time-honored classics or the well-worn popular tunes of past decades to find the meaning of true art.

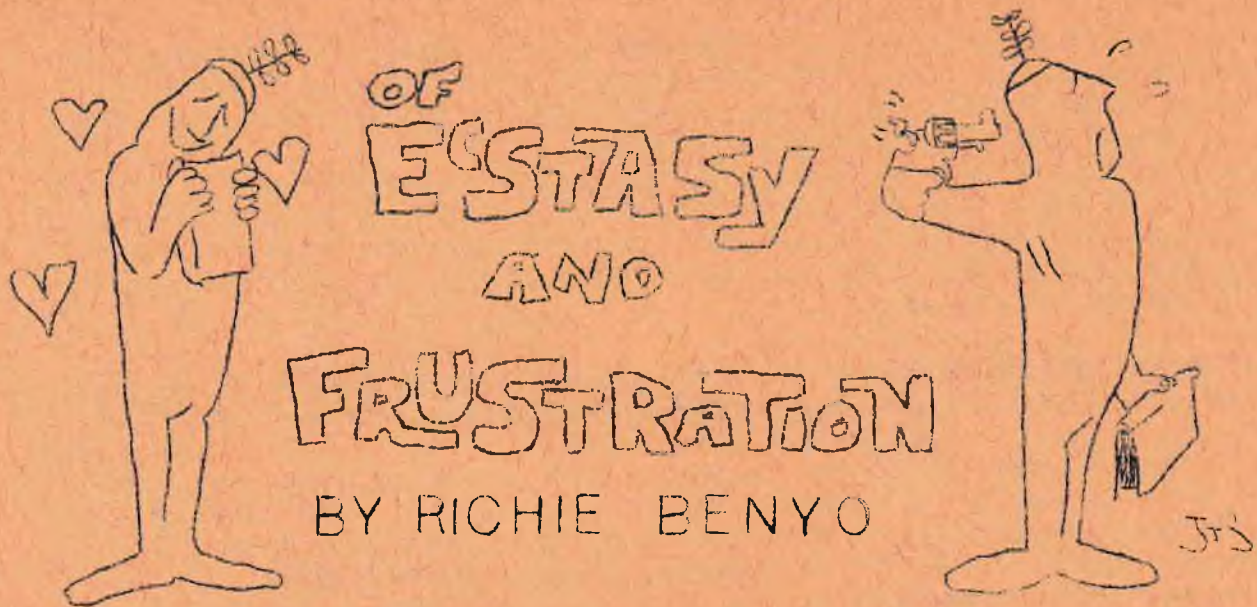
I'm not saying that this degeneration of taste and values is restricted to our generation. No, on the contrary, I believe that each and every generation has had some passing fancy to captivate and subjugate the easily-molded masses. Our guilt lies in the fact that we live in an age of intellect and yet regress to the primitive in search of a means of expression. Can you imagine a scientist asking a Neanderthal man the best way to improve upon a nuclear reactor, or a physician consulting a witch doctor on a difficult diagnosis? Ridiculous, isn't it?

Now that we have established the impossibility of using music to express anything intelligently, let us see if it really does represent a teenager's innermost emotions. Have you ever thought of the innumerable stacks of "45's" spewed out by a high-profit industry and just how many "songs" (that's what they call them) are actually written by teenagers or anyone with a background in psychology? I fail to see how a middle-aged, balding man with ulcers can possibly hope to realistically set to music teenagers' thoughts, ideas, ambitions and ideals, when teens themselves have little or no knowledge of them. Some shrewd opportunist fills his pen, closes his eyes, and squirts ink onto blank music sheets. Now comes the hard part: should the tempo be fast or slow? Tails! This time it will be a slow one. Fine -- all that remains to be done is to convince the gullible teens that this is how they feel way down deep. This task is facilitated by the acute dislike sensible, mature adults show for such works; if adults hate it, naturally the teenagers will love it.

Of course, the points I have strived to bring forth in this dissertation will be of no avail. In fact, the more protest that is raised, the more teens will hold onto rock'n'roll as their own. music will have to die a natural death; but until it does, the screams you hear in the night may not be on a record. That's me screaming in agony as the D.J. "slaps on another platter" with his usual "and this one is really on its way to the top!".

--Richard Badzik, 1963 -





STAR GATES -- Anuro Norton -- Ace Books -- #F-251 -- 40¢ -- 1963 release,  
1956 Copyright -- classification: adventure fantasy

This one was slated to the graveyard by the editor of Ace Books, Don Wollheim, about one and a half years ago, as far as a reprint went. In a letter, Don mentioned that it was too much fantasy to make it worthy of a pb edition and that therefore there were no plans for it. But a year later it was on the stands, much to my surprise. I believe that this move is due to the upsurge in interest in ERBurroughs, OAKline, and their works. But, whatever the reason, I was certainly pleasantly surprised to see it in an Ace edition. I'm ashamed, though, when I think back on the instance, and remember how I virtually called a fellow-fan a ~~liar~~ prevaricator when he told me that he had bought a copy of it in an Ace edition; but things became stable again a few minutes later when I saw that he wasn't kidding, as he sometimes does concerning "new releases". But, getting off of personal experiences, and getting to the review -- this was, until recently, one of Miss Norton's "most powerful novels". It is a tale of men fighting pseudo-selves, of alternate universes, of "Star Gates" (similar to those featured in WITCH WORLD), of true heroic fantasy adventure, and of, to quote a phrase, adventure that meets and surpasses "a high water mark" in the field. This book, if it would have been read by more fans during its first year of printing, could well have been a contender for Hugo honors, were it not for one factor. That factor is one that has marred Miss Norton's books for the last few years -- a juvenile hero. This juvenile period of Miss Norton's writings seems to be at a definite close, as she now puts forth books of the caliber of WITCH WORLD. As in many fantasy books, Miss Norton herein takes the reader into the tale, with a telling that begs that the reader be a native of the land discussed. Only slim description is used on the articles, the habits, and the thought trains of the inhabitants. But, to an enthusiastic reader, this serves as a loophole for the reader to fit himself into the tale as though he were a wise wizard partaking of the events from within his cave of magic, where he views all with a knowing eye in his crystal ball. I will not come right out and say that a person should rush out and hunt up a copy of this book, but I will say that if he wishes to relax in body, and follow a thrilling escapade through his intellect, that then, this is the book for him. My opinions following will no doubt bring about an onslaught of criticism from the ERB and OAK fans, as well as from those people who have another favorite fantasy writer



than Miss Norton. To my mind, the death of ERBurroughs left a void in the adventure fantasy field that had not been able to be filled by any other writer. He wrote to the public, in the form that the public wanted. There is, beyond a doubt, a marked lack of modern fantasy writers who produce novels of an adventurous type. And, looking at the sales of Andre Norton's works, it would seem that, in a very subtle manner, ERBurroughs is now with a successor, and a good one at that. But, as I mentioned, these are merely my own observations. But, the way I look at it, there has to be something to inspire these views.

QUEST OF THE DAWN MAN -- J. H. Rosny -- Ace Books -- #F-269 -- 40¢ -- 1964 release, 1924 copyright -- classification: pre-historic adventure

This is, it goes without saying, a novel in the ERB tradition, with a definite difference in style, but not much change in plot, other than an over-all moderation of imagination. Aoun, son of Urus, and Zouhr travel to new lands, hunting for new stamping grounds for their tribe. In their travels, they encounter a variety of pre-historic beasts, each encounter making for an individual plot of each section, woven into an over-all plot. The striking difference between this and a book by ERB is the different tone and style. A major criticism of Rosny is an over-abundance of description in one spot, with a lack of the same in another. His description, however, is quite poetic, and provides a study in itself. There is a definite use of all type and form of wildlife which roamed the lands at the time of Mr. Rosny's novel, but the large majority of these, and there is a large majority of every imaginable creature, are only minor beasts, offered more for a colorful story than for any specific intent. With every change of scenery, or every alternation of action, there is a lengthy paragraph accounting the presence, or lack of some of a multitude of insignificant animals. However good the story, this use of over-exactness detracts from the central plot. The story seemed, by the process, to drag, causing me to speed read the last two-thirds of it. It was not a bad novel, if one has nothing else around to read, but I, for one, would not look forward to another one of Rosny's books. In France, Rosny's native country, the book has seen some 40 editions. And, if anyone is interested, the original title of the book is "The Giant Cat".

THE PRINCE OF PERIL -- Otis Adelbert Kline -- Ace Books -- #F-259 -- 40¢ -- 1964 release, 1930 copyright -- classification: adventure fantasy (ERB style....)

In the same general vein as Quest of the Dawn Man, this is a book of adventure, escape, and fantastic fantasy. Kline has, as is common knowledge, been compared with ERB more than any other author. After him, I'd say, comes John Bloodstone. But, on to the book. Through "telekinesis", an ancient form of telepathy, the adventures of Borgen Takkor, warrior from Mars, are related to the author. Borgen Takkor is the Martian prince with whom Harry Thorne traded personalities and minds, through the machinery of Dr. Iorgan. He was brought to the body of Harry Thorne, but is now anxious to be about some adventures, as besets his nature. Dr. Iorgan, through the same personality exchange, brings a prince of Venus, Zinlo, to the body of Harry Thorne (man, that body is third-hand now), and vice-versa. Hence begins the adventures that always seem to creep up on an unwary hero. He falls in love with "the most beautiful girl I've ever seen", fights "the best swordsman I've ever met", and is attacked by "the most ferocious beasts I've ever seen". One fact is missing that would make it a definite imitation of ERB -- wholesale capture and escape. Borgen Takkor,



who is now Zinlo, is captured, but more through wit than strength, manages to escape with his princess. There is, as was mentioned, no wholesale capture, and that which is used is performed in a more subtle manner. It is really a loss when one recalls that Kline wrote only five interplanetary novels. His writing is similar to that of Burroughs, but it carries enough of a difference to make it worthy of being "different". More description seems to be apparent in Kline's writing, though it is done with much less emphasis on impressive adjectives, in comparison with that of ERB. There isn't actually much more one can say, unless he would wish to go into a complete analysis of the work, other than to say that it is the source of enjoyable reading, it is the second of the Venus series, it doesn't have to be read in order to be enjoyed, and it is a good piece of adventure fiction in any man's book. Pick up a copy....

THE UNKNOWN FIVE -- D. R. Bensen, editor -- Pyramid Books -- #R-962 -- 50¢ -- 1964 -- classification: weird fantasy

This is the first kind of contact I've ever had with Unknown. I'll state outright that I'm not a fan of weird fantasy, but this book did provide a good deal of entertainment, in spite of that handicap. A straight diet of this type of tale is not advised, but to read some of these stories once in a while is some good advice. This collection features five stories, as the title hints, and each is a masterpiece in its own right. Among these stories is the first publication of an Isaac Asimov tale, titled "Author, Author!", which Doc Asimov had had accepted by Unknown for publication. But, before it saw print, the paper shortage of the early 40's caused the dearth of Unknown, one of the most famous of all fantasy magazines. Perhaps, in way of review, it would be well to give the five authors represented in this work: Theodore Sturgeon, Alfred Bester, Cleve Cartmill, Jane Rice, and Isaac Asimov. The tales vary in both length and type, but each is enjoyable in the utmost. In this collection, there is one passage, some 5 pages long, in the story "Hell is Forever" (Bester), which proved, to me, a highpoint in this year's readings. A line of the passage reads thus: "Then there was a blinding jerk that racked his entire body, a dull crack that sounded large and plunt in his ears, and a sensation of intolerable pain in his neck. And for the first time, Pell's iron control was broken. It took him fully five seconds to realize that he was still alive." As I said, it was an enjoyable book. Perhaps it is just my sadistic inclinations, but the gruesome passages stood out quite well, and I'd like to read more of the same, if I can find them without going through fifty issues of Fantastic. Anyone who wants a strange mixture of horror, humor, weirdness, and some gooseflesh at night, read this book, if you can still get your hands on it, as I doubt that it'll stay in print long. Gee, after reading this one, I've just gotta get hold of the first collection, titled "The Unknown". That one has 11 stories of the same type. Read 'em both....

-- Richie Benyo, April 1964



The  
Book

of

KRON

Personal Grimoire of the Magus, Tao-Shan: Translated by James Wright....

32: One must use perseverance and diligence to acquire the magnificent goal of magus. To live by the following words helps to bring that goal closer.

33: As a young understudy, it is always profitable to take every advantage possible of your master. When he is not looking, take careful note of spells that he does not tell you about. If he keeps a record, then you are in luck. If not, keep your eyes open. This may make you unpopular if found out, but it does prepare you for future enmity between yourself and your master. Most certainly, he will be angered at some time and you may thus protect yourself directly or by blackmail.

34: Remember the following chant in times of need; it works for anything.

"Potions of Lemmon, curses of Sar,  
Demons of Thath, from way afar,  
Come to me, I demand and decree,  
Obey my least wish, take no fee,  
But only follow my desire, spirits of Tal!  
Infinite by thy speed, when I call,  
Delay not a whit, but do and die, if I want,  
Agents of Gammon, secure they Vaunt!"

35: Take some time to sell varieties of your master's secrets to competitors. Never accept payment in material trivialities, but always for more knowledge. After you receive this new lore, take it back to your master and trade with him for new secrets. This, of course, you can trade with another competitor. And if you handle it correctly, you have a never-ending cycle of gaining new spells and exorcisms for yourself, while giving everybody else only parts of the secrets. This could be dangerous at some times, though, so it is best to get rid of these victims when you have enough power.

36: Usually, there are mortal ruler; kings, queens, dukes, and such, not shielded from the occult arts, nor skilled in their use. It is beneficial if you can get in favor with these nobles. You can gain much by doing so. If it is possible, putting it bluntly, to "rat" on any of these self-styled sorcerors, such as your master, you can gain in two ways. First of all, winning favor, and most likely material rewards, such as the duke's leftover "playmates", and by making one less competitor to oppose your rise to power.

37: Obtain your own equipment for incantations, etc. Store them away in a safe place where no one will ever look. You won't regret this type of precaution any time in your career.

38: It is also a good idea to intercept all of your master's correspondence. It may come to use later in the most delightful ways.

39: Keep absolutely no records of your secrets. Commit them all to memory. You may keep a ledger when you are well established and powerful. But even then, never set down your deepest, most powerful mysteries.

40: Women can be a curse or a blessing. Never mix women and wine, unless you have the discipline and self-control of a magus. Even then, think first. But a woman may bring pleasant release and if you can acquire charm and skill with the more beautiful sex, it may well bring innumerable rewards later. Stay in practice.

-- The Magus Tao-Shan, date of writing unknown.

-- Translated by James Wright, May 1964







