

WYOMING



W. H. H. H.

T R N N Y

With this issue of Tyrann, we are instituting, or at least trying to institute, several improvements which, we hope, will meet with your approval. Most important among these is what we term, "Operation Color-Blind".

Richard Bergeron is now doing the regular artwork for us.

A lot of the illegibility of the first issues was due to paper of an inferior grade hiked off on us by the crooks that own a local stationery store. This issue we are printing on better paper and, consequently, we hope it will come out better.

We've improved the format (we hope), in a few minor details such as numbering pages, a contents page, etc.

Herbert Hirschhorn and Henry Ebel apologize to Henry Ebel for not making it clear that he was, is, and will be, co-editor of this zine.

On May third and fourth, 1959, the Buffalo Cones takes place. This convention, sponsored by the Buffalo Fantasy League in cooperation with the Deviants of Toronto is for fans in the Eastern and New England sections (but not exclusively).

Several typical Hollywood B-F and Fantasy films are lined up, as well as sci-fi-technical films concerning rockets, atomic power, etc.

Also on the line of entertainment are two hot sessions, round table discussions, and so on. Others are still undecided and we've been sure to keep 'em quiet till completion.

There'll be auctions, and door prizes, prizes of SF books and mags. There have been no banquet arrangements as a lot of fans would rather buy their own show.

For accommodations, the Hotel Richmond is recommended, in the heart of downtown Buffalo. Room average about \$3.00 for a single, \$4.00 for a double, depending on the accommodations you want.

For additional info, write to:

Mr. M. Faltzinger Jr.
143 Linden Street
Buffalo 2, N.Y.

Response for Terra-Firma was so poor, that it is hardly worth printing the two or three short replies we received, but we're going to make one more go at it.

The topic for Terra-Firma is lying somewhere in this zine. (where else?)

Again we would like to ask for material, features for review, letters of criticism, and, not necessarily help support Tyrann, O.K.?

Mail all articles, subs, letters, features and whatnot to:

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too severely the efforts of the anti-fan, who in turn replies, "All you do is pay your dues or not, if that!"

Personally, when the warfare starts, our sympathies are on the side of the determined, productive fan everytime. But we believe he should always realize that he is also responsible for his predicament. He was determined to be a fan leader, or well known fan writer etc. When he took that step, he immediately asked for the support and appreciation of the other fan. Very often he gets that in return for his efforts, but in payment for it, he must expect also their complaints and criticisms, no matter how unfounded they seem to be. Indeed, it's part of his job to receive and then overcome these complaints as well as he can. But let us look at a few examples of fan determination to accomplish certain objectives.

The National Fantasy Fan Federation is now in its 11th year. Each year has brought its crises, its serious problems, but each time some one person or sometimes two or three have decided to defeat the obstacles facing them, and they have done so. During our four year connection with the NSF this determination has been most discernible in the attitudes of Rick Smeary, Art Rapp, Eva Firestone, and Ray C. Higgs. From the early days in the NSF of E.E. Evans until now, the club has always had at least one leader of this type.... The same applies to the ISFCC. In the earlier days, Paul Canley kept it going through serious troubles, and of late, Larry Kiehlbauch and Ed Noble have carried it on.... These days, we notice Lynn Wickman of ULFA, who seems on his way to becoming the top fan leader in fandom..... The #1 fan today, we believe, is Ken Slater, a captain of the British Army stationed in Germany. His Operation Fantast is not the usual type of fan club, it's more of a fan service. But what a service! An excellently printed zine, a smaller newsletter, a terrific handbook (really a yearbook), and all sorts of other activities and opportunities for fan to use for their benefit. Ken plainly has odles of what is termed by industry and business, "drive"... One of the best examples of kicking problems is Farry Moore and the Holacon. New Orleans lacks a large number of experienced, enthusiastic fan. Also, it is very remote from the publishing and author centers of New York, Chicago and some others. Certain fan seemed to be trying to pick out at the publishing of the Con program and the program itself from their easy chairs at home in other sections of the country. But Moore and his committee still succeeded in putting on a good convention.... Henry Gurski and his helpers needed many months to stencil, mimeo and assemble the huge "Immortal Storm", probably the largest fan publication, of all time. Which brings to mind its author, Sam Moskowitz, who many years ago must have decided to become a top fan leader, writer and editor. One by one his rivals and opponents have faded away. Now Sam is unquestionably the leading fan throughout the metropolitan N.Y. area and probably, in the whole East as well. Jim Taurasi alone, seems to have anywhere near Sam's stature in the East. So, you must understand, that it was these people's determination to accomplish what they set out to do, regardless of obstacles, that have made them known in fandom, and their accomplishments equally, if not better, known.



" The giant suns constitute the greatest and most unusual phenomena of this galaxy. The smallest yet known is a good one hundred billion miles in diameter, and the largest, whose size has never been actually determined, to the many separate authorities' satisfaction, is, according to the most conservative estimate, two trillion miles, or approximately one third light year...

They occupy the entire southern end of the galaxy, extending inward for thirty million light years; nearly fifteen per cent of the galaxy's total volume...

...They are as yet entirely unexplored...as they radiate in the deadly low ultra-violet with such an intensity that there has been no adequate protection at distances of less than ten light years so, as the stars are rarely more than twenty light years distant from each other such means hardly prove sufficient...

There might, though countless arguments have been presented to prove there could not, be planets circling about these suns, and even, through some remote possibility, life existing upon them, for far in the past we have learned never to exclude the possibility of life's existing anywhere, no matter how adverse the conditions are to all known life forms...But if such postulated life actually does exist, it would be of a type so utterly alien to anything we yet know as to be almost incomprehensible to our minds...

Excerpt from HISTORY OF OUR GALAXY

by Me-Adron.

Vol. II: pp. 836-839.

First one ship, then another, and suddenly another appeared, became visible as they cut their speed to below that of light, until an entire group of forty five were hovering silently in space, peering down on the system of planets that lay serenely before them.

It was a strange system, to say the very least, the only one known that could actually be called a true system. For there were nine planets speeding about the nine hundred thousand mile sun, all in the same orbit, an almost perfect circle, its eccentricity being just under .0001, just fifty million miles from the sun. They were each trailing the one preceding it by almost exactly thirty five million miles.

But that was not all. The planets themselves were unique not only in their arrangement about the sun but in their external and internal construction as well. They seemed to be exceedingly methodically well made, strangely so, as if constructed by some great intelligence with the

ability to hurl about great worlds at will.

The surface of all mine were practically identical, gray, barren rock practically level for other than occasional projections scattered about the planet unevenly.

But that was not the most amazing feature. Directly below the surface of all the planets, at a distance of almost exactly five miles, there began a glistening, amazingly resistant substance, a dead white opaque material, beginning abruptly so as to form, if the overlying layers of rock were removed, a smooth white, greatly reflective, perfectly regular surface. It was almost as if this had been intended to be the original surface, and the rocky covering had been added only as an afterthought. Or a disguise!

And the most inexplicable feature by far was the fact that this very sun had been surveyed for planets just five hundred years before, and there had been none! Nor any indication that there would be one.

It would be impossible for any sun to acquire a planetary family, either from pieces of itself torn loose, or to have captured one from the countless leagues of wandering worlds of outer space in a period of little more than five centuries.

The ships each slowly turned toward the planet for which they were bound, and then, in groups of five, arched sharply downward to their respective destinations.

The ones to IV slowed suddenly as they approached the huge shaft already penetrating the rock layers, and settled down next to it in the almost perfect vacuum that was the atmosphere of these planets. They settled down in a group, and soon men began to emerge from each.

Then huge machines rolled slowly out of the gaping holes that appeared mysteriously in their sides. They were arranged about the shaft opening and soon an enclosure was erected about them and a roof of specially insulated material quickly covered the exposed machines.

Then an artificial atmosphere was forced into the enclosed area and the heating units were hurriedly activated, creating a fairly comfortable and breathable atmospheric environment.

Now they were ready to begin the operation that had brought them to this freak system across more than half the galaxy. Mining the strange white substance waiting at the bottom of that shaft. It would be exceptionally useful for countless purposes, one of the minor of which would be building material, and for instruments that had to withstand extreme shocks, for besides its being extremely tough and resistant it was greatly elastic for a substance of such hardness. It was the best balance between the desirable qualities of strength and elasticity ever found.

The shaft was gradually enlarged until it was a good one hundred feet in diameter reaching close to the area where the machines rested. Then there was a system of raising the material to the surface set up in the shaft.

By the end of the first day of actual operations one of the ships was filled to capacity with the valuable white material and it set out

Immediately for the mining headquarters nearly all the way across the galaxy, nearly one hundred seventy million light years away, dumped the load and sped back across the brilliantly studded star fields to the little system but a few thousand light years from the region of the giant suns. It arrived just in time to be again loaded and to retrace its course back across the galaxy. This clumsy system would have to do until one of the monstrous, regular mining liners was available for the work.

The work went on smoothly for nearly a month, during which time a mining liner had been acquired, until one day when Dod-Mento, the mining head, was down in the pit from which the countless tons of material had been removed. It seemed not to be exceedingly important, just a slight tremor that ran about the excavation causing no serious damage other than a slight crack running the length of the pit's floor. But these tremors could be expected on planets as new as these apparently were. Many had such disturbances as these at almost fixed intervals and never becoming more serious or severer than a slight shiver.

This seemed to apply to this entire system for during the following days, every planet there experienced similar shocks of slightly varying intensity.

The work continued for close to a week before it was again interrupted by another tremor, this time a bit more violent and more prolonged than the first. But work was again resumed in a short time.

It seemed at first that the other planets had not been so affected, but then threedays later a message came from one of the others that there had been another shock of a more violent degree. And within another ten days, during which nothing more occurred on IV, the rest of the mining groups reported similar incidents. This all gave the workers a strong feeling of uneasiness, slowing down their work output.

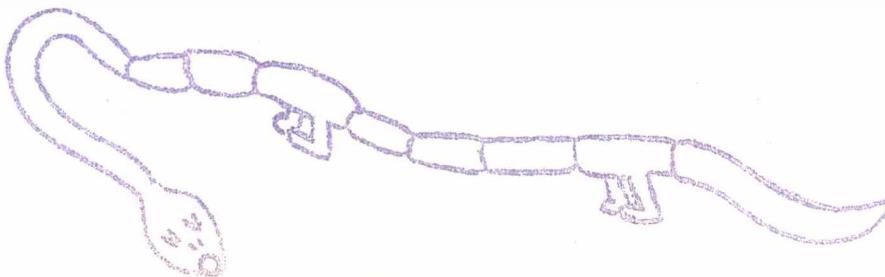
It was agreed that if another shock came, and was of increasing violence they would abandon the project and report back to headquarters.

Then, just two days after the last of the shocks had been reported, there came another. This was of a violence that threatened to tear down the structure housing the mining machinery and mining shaft, and causing great crevices to form not only on the excavation's floor but on the entire planet's surface.

It started as if it were going to be nothing but another tremor similar to the first, but it steadily grew in intensity until it seemed that the entire planet was being shaken violently, cracking its crust into monstrous crevices.

The upheavals increased until the ships were loaded and they took off for the next planet, thirty five million miles around the orbit. Their rate of acceleration was supposedly slow for they wished to observe what was to become of that violent planet.

Their curiosity was so great that when they reached a distance of but a little over five hundred thousand miles they stopped the ship, turned it about to watch the planet.



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At first it seemed to be no different than it had been nearly two months previous when they had first arrived. But as they watched, a gradual change seemed to come over the surface's texture.

Then there suddenly, magically appeared the beginnings of a huge, world spanning crevice in the surface. It suddenly shot out toward the poles, then branched out in several directions, some disappearing to flash around to the opposite side of the planet.

Then another crack appeared, and another...

They would shoot out, then suddenly branch out and intersect each other, then branch out again and cross still others that were being formed by the dozens, until the entire surface resembled a huge enamel ball with the enamel cracked and weathered from years of service.

The impossible came! The entire five mile surface of rock, all over the planet, seemed to crack away, like loosened hunks of black enamel, in huge sections, some as great as a thousand miles. They would detach themselves from the white sphere beneath, and fall away from the planet, and, after hanging loosely in space for a moment, would plunge into the sun.

This continued more rapidly until the shiny white subsphere was left hanging there in space before them, like a monstrous glittering jewel, with hundreds of huge faults coursing about its surface.

Then, suddenly, unheralded, it came!

The entire planet exploded! Not the ordinary explosion... There had been no flash, and apparently no heat released, only an incredibly fast outward bursting.

The planet's fragments shot out at what must have been close to, if not above, light speed, one passing dangerously close to their ship. From their instruments it was evident that the chunk of material was a good fifty miles thick and several hundred miles wide.

They all looked back at the space where the planet had been. But as they looked, there, unbelievable as it seemed, was the planet hovering in space before them!

They rubbed their eyes and looked closer.

It was not the planet! It was instead, another, noticeably smaller sphere, brilliantly colored, huge red circles obviously hundreds of miles in diameter dotting the surface; monstrous blue and green carved slashes shared in splendor with these on the surface.

Then the entire planet began to expand, grow larger with an ever increasing speed. Suddenly it took on the appearance of unfolding, as if a rolled up ball of tin-foil of colored brilliance was being forced open by some inner, central, motive power.

Then, suddenly, with a violent snapping motion, there hovered in space before them, where the planet had been brief moments before, a huge, incredibly, unbelievably gargantuan animal!

It had brilliantly decorated wings which extended to constitute a

"ingspread" of at least fifty thousand miles. They were attached to the forepart of a monstrous, wormlike, grayish brown body with two huge shining disk like orbs reposing on its face. They were evidently its eyes. For they suddenly shifted, and something that must have been several miles in diameter appeared in the center of each eye. And they seemed to greatly resemble pupils of eyes!

As it hovered there, unmoving in the utter vacuum of space, a great slash appeared, opening directly below its eyes. In it, protruding from the glowing white mountainous objects could be seen a mouth and teeth!

This opening would open and close alternately and the eyes would shift from side to side as if being tested for their maneuverability. It was hovering there in space... just hovering... where had been a planet mere moments before.

Or more accurately, it was the planet, metamorphosed into a brilliantly colored, life filled being, yet undecided as to what course of action to take so soon after its first glance at the light of day.

On the whole it strangely resembled a gigantic replica of an insect common to many of the smaller sun systems. But somehow that didn't seem to fit.

It came nearer to being a duplicate of one of the brilliantly colored, birdlike insects that made their homes on several planets bordering dangerously close to the Giant Sun. In fact it was, except for the body, which was shaped as if several huge balls had been fused together at their points of contact, giving the effect of several, consecutive, even larger humps, an exact duplicate, on a gigantic scale.

With a sudden downward slash of the huge wings, it shot upward, through some unknown means in this vacuum, a good ten thousand miles. Up until this time the ship's occupants had been entranced with the happenings, but this sudden movement brought some back to themselves, for first one ship, then the others, turned and shot away from the beast at full acceleration.

They were above light speed in a few seconds, but the huge animal seemingly sighted the ships departing, for it suddenly shot after them at an acceleration that more than matched the ship's speed, and passed light speed almost immediately.

The ships were overtaken in a matter of seconds.

It came flashing past them, turned in their path and with a single sweep of those monstrous wings, destroyed the ships utterly, leaving naught but some tiny pieces of interplanetary dust and debris floating about.

For some seconds, the beast hovered there in space as if searching the surrounding area for signs of other such ships. But it could find none, and it glanced backward to the sun glowing brightly in the background.

Apparently satisfied, the being went off, again at a speed considerably above that of light, on its mysterious and unknown means of propulsion, directly for the sun!

It approached until it was but a few thousand miles from its blazing and incandescent deadly surface.

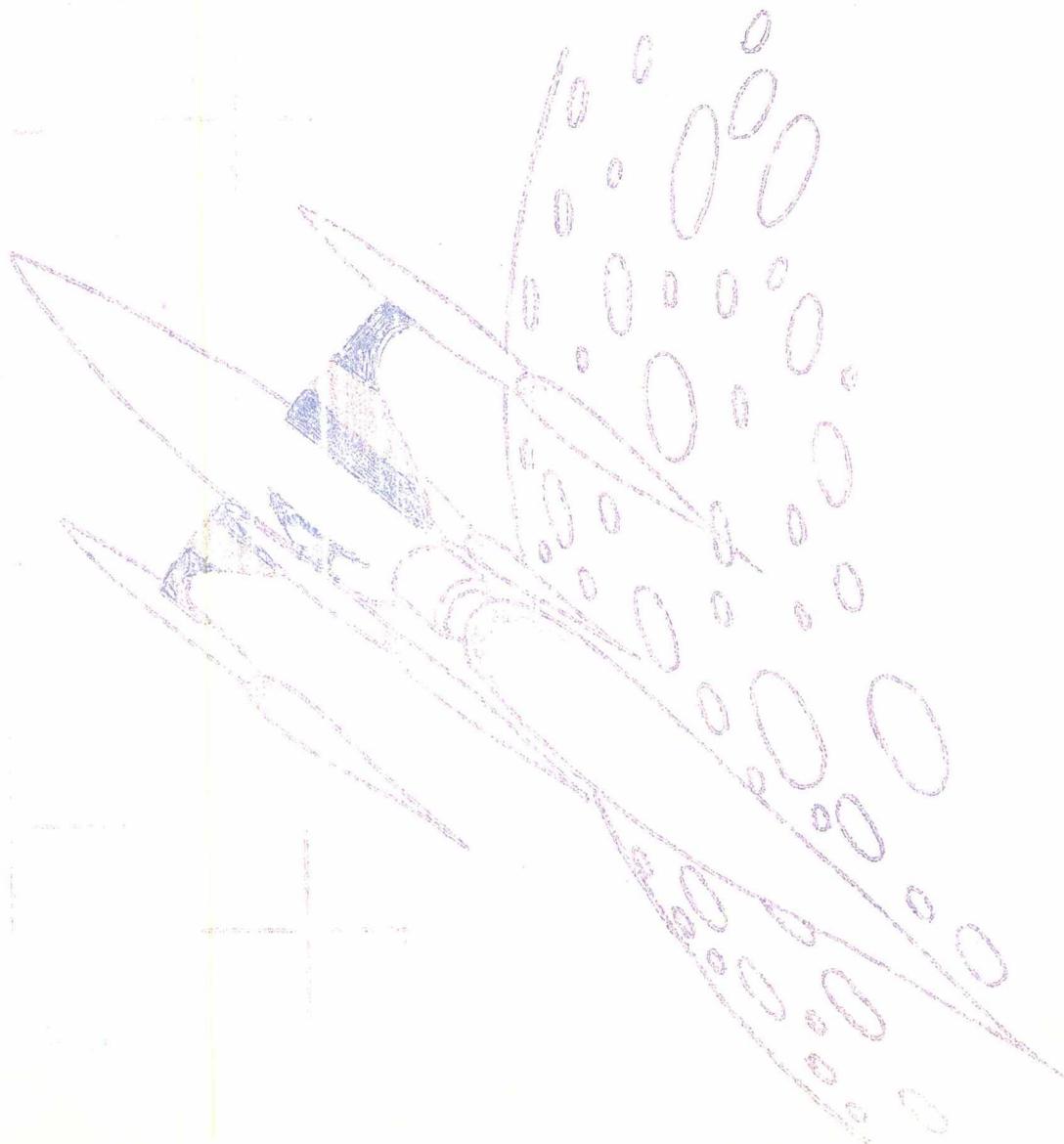
But rather than ~~faller~~ ~~and~~ ~~dash~~ headlong into the sun, as would even the best insulated ship at that distance, it hovered there. It just hung there for several seconds, seeming to be absorbing the sun's own power, seeming to become stronger and more powerful every second it remained.

It stayed but a short time, ~~then~~, seemingly invigorated, it wheeled abruptly in space and flashed off at a speed and acceleration never matched by any ship.

It went off at its incredible speed, on a direct line for the region of the Giant Suns!

And somewhere far behind its departing being, the other eight planets were experiencing increasingly greater shocks and tremors.

THE END



my machine's counter while running off a Bob Tucker article. Anyone who has run a mimeo with no counter can appreciate the difficulties of counting out 110 copies over and over again, so I spent half an hour groping into the inky mess over and over on a hot Sunday in June, trying to fit the pieces back together. Eventually I tracked down the place where the break in the counting mechanism had taken place, and I tried to put it back together--first with a rubber band, then with a milk wire. It took 55 minutes to convince me that I would have to get along without a counter--and in that time I had done a grand job of damaging the stencil, which was still on the machine while I did my repairing. Sweating and ink-stained, I decided to let it stand, and limped through the remaining 20-odd copies of the Tucker page, damaged stencil and all. The counter snafu remains, though; the cost of fixing the damned thing is prohibitive, and I've been counting my copies by hand ever since.

As I look back at #14, I can't remember any particular snafu, but I ran most of it off in a daze. Many of you know that I live in Brooklyn, and the date of the issue was October 1951. The only explanation I can offer for failing to snafu anything in the Oct. issue was that certain events taking place that week, culminating in a well-known home-run, left me (and three million other Brooklynites) in such a state of shock that I forgot completely to foul anything up.

#15, though, saw me right back in the old groove. Ray Capella had drawn a nice cover for the issue, and I had spent several hours tracing it onto the stencil, when a ~~*10*~~ stylus (casswords deleted courtesy Crusade to Clean-up Fandom) slipped while I was lettering the name of the mag onto the top of the stencil, and I was left with a long, jagged line running down the page. "All well and good," I thought, "I'll just splash some correction fluid on it and it'll be as good as new." I went to the drawer where I kept my correction fluid. At this point, following the original snafu of letting the stylus slip, a new factor entered which I have subsequently termed the Secondary Snafu, or the Salt-In-The-Wound factor. The fluid had, somehow, jelled into a solid mass of blue, evil-smelling, rubbery stuff. I tried boiling it to melt the solidified correction "fluid" back to its original fluid state, to no avail. The next move was to heat the bottle over the stove, and this darn near was my final move. The bottle exploded, leaving me still holding a lump of solidified correction fluid.

My inborn resourcefulness came welling to the fore now, and I reached for the bottle of nail-polish-remover which I had heard served in the stead of correction fluid, applied a liberal coat to the gash, and, assuming the misplaced cut was no more, slapped the stencil on the mimeo and began to turn the handle.... Must have been the wrong kind of nail-polish-remover, or else I was supposed to use nail-polish and not remover. Instead of removing the long slice in the stencil, the nail-polish stuff merely ate a swath an inch wide and four inches long bordering the cut! Instantly I knew that I had made a valuable discovery--reverse correction fluid for backward fan-editors--but the fact remained that the cover was worse than when I had made the original cut. There was nothing for me to do but trace the whole accursed thing over again, doing much damage to the beauties of the Capella original in the meanwhile. So, while #15 has no visible snafu, you may be sure that the original cover entailed a triple snafu which left a long and deep scar in my soul.

So these are all the heart-breaking snafus in Spaceship's

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He stumbled out into the night - the light from the open door behind him flowed out past him and on ahead into the darkness like a soft, golden stream, to be swallowed by the mouth of night. Halfway down the path he stopped and half-turned, listening with his ears, his every nerve; his body poised to catch the sound. The light faintly cast his shadow before him like some soft, grey replica of himself; it too poised and still as if to mimic his fear and panic.

He was blind - blind from his sudden plunge from the lighted room into the dark, and blind from his fear. Looking at him, standing there in the path, you could see his fear and hate. His mouth hung open as if a strong spring were forcing it to do so. Although the night air was brisk and chilled he was drenched with sweat. It ran down his broad forehead and wormed its stinging drops into his eyes.

He wore a pair of grey pajamas which hung damply about his tall, bony body. His arms dangled uselessly at his sides. In one hand he held a vibra-gun, his knuckles white in their numbed grip.

Somewhere from the bowels of the house a door slammed shut. The sound seemed to melt his petrification - he whistled, fled off the path and across the grass; away from the golden spear of light. He slowed down before a low wooden fence and vaulted over, landing silently on the other side in an alley - the gravel feeling like little needles pricking the soles of his bare feet.

Again he paused in his flight, to listen as before. He was breathing harder now, and the darkness was all about him. It seemed to press against him, to choke his mouth and nose, to squeeze shut his eyes, and fill his ears. It was a solid, living thing - creeping into his body, chocking him, cornering him, seeking to feed his fear and clog his veins.

Sound once again wakened his frantic mind, freeing his body from the black coffin his fear had crested. The crunch of footsteps on the path pushed him into motion - the black length of the alley stretched on either side of him and he turned, fleeing wildly down its endless ebony tunnel.

On and on he stumbled, his breath coming in ragged gasps. His feet were cut and bleeding from the rubbish strewn ground. Suddenly he tripped, pitched forward; the gun flew from his hand - thumped on the hard-packed ground, and he lay sprawling; the wind forced from his lungs by the fall.

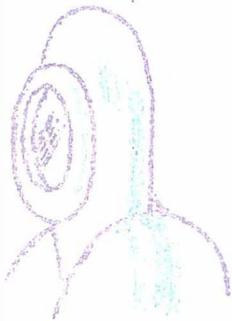
He heard the pounding footsteps behind him as he half-strangled and gasped for his breath. On hands and knees he clawed about seeking the lost vibra-gun. The footsteps ceased. The stillness slithered in like a giant snake. He heard a metallic snip and a powerful knife of light slashed a gaping wound in the night. He turned slowly and the beam came to a rest on his face. He tried to scream but couldn't. The words of bloodling caught in his throat and ceased.

through his eyes. There was a tiny, momentary piercing whine and then it was gone - to be replaced by a sharp explosion as the small wooden crate lying in the dirt beside him disappeared in a grim puff of smoke.

He looked back up at the blazing white eye of the flashlight and the scream came bursting forth from his throat - raw and animal like. The explosion that filled the night air was much larger this time. While the din of it sought to muffle the echoing scream, its cloud of smoke lifted quickly toward the sky - a black, foul-smelling shroud of death drifting in the cool night air.....

"So," said a voice from the darkness, "The last of their leaders is gone. Tomorrow the invasion begins as planned. His race shall never war again."

THE END



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TERRA-FORUM



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We hope to institute Terra-Forum as a permanent feature of Tyrann. This cannot be done without your cooperation. Every issue, we intend to pose a question of interest to all men and most of all to you.

We hope that you will respond favorably, thereby enabling us to have an interesting and worthwhile discussion.

The question we are asking in this issue is:

"Is juvenile and Space Opera science fiction degrading mature s-f in the eyes of non-fen?"



Bergerson "But I tell you, I just saw an Earthman!"

When it comes to the question of what kind of science-fiction story certain fan like, you'll find a sizable group who vote for the gadget type of tale. This is the type of s-f so very popular (in fact, if our s-f biographers are correct, it was about the only kind around!) back in those "golden days" when science-fiction was in its infancy. The gadget stories are not now, we noticed, so abundant; and that fact alone, I believe, shows a great forward step in the progress of science-fiction. It has been my experience that good characterization or plot treatment is usually secondary in such a story.

One cannot help but notice, when comparing the common run of today's and yesterday's stories, that modern science-fiction has a far more mature note; that the writer is giving the reader credit for having a fairly intelligent mind. Sometimes, as with all other good things, you'll find this usually desirable trait overdone...as in the case of some of van Vogt's stories, where the reader is expected to do nine-tenths of the story's reasoning. The World of Null-A was such a story...there were at least 2 angles of that story which van Vogt failed to clear up, and which bothered me for days.

But this article is not intended to point out the obvious inabilities on my part to appreciate the finer methods of abstract thought....oh, no. I would like to write about gadgets...those little doodads and gimmicks with which some of the authors have so much fun...making them warp space, bend light, run the locomover, give the hero a college education in two minutes flat, create whole universes, etc., etc....

Seriously, though, there are a considerable number of gadgets, used in an equally considerable number of stories, which are seemingly inserted much too blithely by the careless author. The gadgets then perform their tasks (which almost always verge onto the miraculous) very efficiently and promptly; without showing so much as a black-and-white striped sign of caution to the avid and not a little bewildered reader. I'd like to point out some gadgets used in the "Golden Days".

For instance, our hero's space-ship is crawling along at a mere 125,000 miles per second, when he spots Black Roger the space pirate moving in a little too fast for comfort. What does he do? You ask that?!?!? Why he calmly reaches over, places his pinky on a button (for some reason always called a stud) and--ffft! He's gone. Where.... I hear you asking....Why into over-drive, of course! into this "black" galaxy that doesn't really exist (beats me how they get into it, under the circumstances, but leave it to those pulp writers to beat a path through the most unsolvable problem) where our hero is variously pictured as turning green; seeing spots before his eyes; or just plain going slap-happy; all according to which author is doing the story. It doesn't help Black Roger a bit to follow our hero into this dubious dimension, either--nobody finds anybody here, unless they're in the same boat, or...ship.

to educate our hero (and the reader is again left in the cold to puzzle it out), in case he happens to come out of over-drive into some galaxy other than the one he started from. It's usually a very helpful gimmick to have around; and it skirts neatly the author's obvious problem of how to make the alien's thoughts known to both O.H. and the reader. In most stories the handy little doodad is a machine that puts O.H. to sleep quicker than Sanka, then with the gentle persistence of a steam-roller, proceeds to cram his skull with odd bits of trivia that he might find helpful in his new environment, such as how many concubines the local squires are allowed to accumulate, the goodness of the former Grand Potentate, and invariably, the lesson includes complete data, back to year One, of how much of that rare and precious mineral, Kasite, the planet has produced. This information usually proves invaluable to OH when he sets out to ingeniously trick the local swindlers out of a large portion of their ill-gotten gains. The reader is of course, asked to remember that our hero has a photographic memory and never forgets nay of the million bits of information stuffed in his head.

One of the handiest of gadgets is the time-machine. It'd only disadvantage is that it's usually a bit too bulky to be carried around, so the time-machine itself is usually incorporated into a space-ship; this enables it to move in all four dimensions at one time. I've always wondered what happened to the characters when the time-space-machine moved through a mountain or the Empire State Building. Probably nothing - they're always around in the next paragraph, and only the reader is worse for the wear of it.

There were many other gadgets too numerous to mention. But just the same, these gadgets were very illogical in their use, and the stories, consequently, illogical. No matter how illogical they are, though, those were the favorites of the "Golden Age". They still are used on the kiddie shows and in comics (and, this may seem strange), and are still seen occasionally in so called "adult" prozines. The trend today is toward the human angle. This is definitely a good sign of s-f approaching maturity (you'll notice that these were the exact same trends in all other types of literature. Mysteries were pure farces, human interest novels were shoddy and tear ridden plots, movies were slightly worse. But these developed and grew to be the fine things they are). I hope it stays that way.

t-h-e- e-n-d-

A BEN OF EARTH

By W. Wrenkamp

Behold the ugly Blotchit,
A beast of varied hues,
That breathes a toxic vapor
Of anti-racial views.
A misanthropic monster
Weaned on hates and fears,
He whispers words of cunning
in unsuspecting ears.
Beware the crafty Blotchit
When he is not in view,
For a joss or word in anger
And the Blotchit say to you.

I
FANZINE
RASCALS

Joe. September

Last issue I received quite a few complaints about my column. It seems that I didn't criticize any zine, and always ended up with "buy that zine" or something to that effect. Well, this issue will be different. If I don't like a certain mag I'll say so. The only reason that I didn't do so is that I'm an editor of a zine myself. It's a rather peculiar position to be in, but I'll have to make the best of it.

I'll review the zines fairly without any partiality in my views. If I don't like any part of a zine, I'll say so and give the reasons for disliking it. So here goes.

SPACESHIP: Bob Silverberg: 760 Montgomery Street, Brooklyn 15, N.Y. 15' an ish.

Except for this issue, which isn't too bad, number 16 is the best issue Bob has turned out. As usual, the mimeoing is excellent, and the interiors duplicated excellently. He starts this issue with a terrific bang, there's a long article by Lilith Lorraine entitled "Science Fiction And Civilization" which, Bob explains, really was intended as a speech at the Solason but unfortunately, it wasn't delivered as planned.

This is a long article, as I've said, - 2500 to 3,000 words, and its title, you can with little difficulty, imagine what it discusses. The only thing that I couldn't figure out was, and I quote, "It's a good thing 12 simple men of Galilee did not ask that question when the Master called them to his service of revolutionizing the decadent Roman Empire?" The latter sentence refers to the question, "What can poor little we do?" As I remember, the Roman Empire was not decadent at the time of Christ. In fact, the empire was just recently born, and it didn't start to crumble until 180 A.D. after the reign of Trajan. Actually, I think that those 12 simple men should have said, "What can poor little we do?", we might be somewhere now.

Another outstanding feature of this issue was the short by C.L. Morris. One of the best fiction pieces I've read in a fanzine. When Bob prints fiction, he makes sure it's more than just "readable".

Also in this issue is a fairly good article by M.D. Falcy called "Speaking of Science-Fiction". He predicts that Galaxy, ASF and JASF will still be here in 1987. Roger Ward's column "Report From Australia" is also enjoyable.

FAN-FARE: Paul Ganley: 119 Ward Road, N. Tonawanda, N.Y. Nov.-Jan. ish. 15' an ish.

This, without a doubt, is the best fan-fiction zine in the field. Also, without a doubt, it has the best format--in mimeoed format.

The fiction this issue is excellent. The best, although they were all good, was "Rudolph In Helmannland" by Holmes. This really isn't s-f or fantasy, but fan fiction. It deals with s-f etc. You get a laugh out of every sentence.

FANTASY: Lee Hoffman: 111 Argyle St. Savannah Ga. 16th issue. 15' an ish.

This is a typical Hoffman issue; loaded with laughs and occasionally a loud moan from the once happy reader. This issue, Lee seems to have changed her format slightly; instead of using just green colored paper, she uses pink, yellow and green.

There's an article by Hupp that leads off the issue. It has something to do with Forteanism. Not the best in the issue, though. Also, fairly hard on the eye is Lemuel Craig's Pros who have known me. I know it sounds like a good title but it's what you'd call an attention getter. Maybe it would have been better if Craig had tried to be funny.

Willis has a good column titled "Harp That Once 69 Twice". By far the best in the issue. Tucker and Silverberg also have some good material in the Quinish. Tucker's is something about the SFF Conventions while Silverberg gabs about the latest happening in fandom. (Pro world also).

Quandry seems to be getting better and better every issue. And yes, I can't forget Lee herself in her editorials. They're good.

OPUS: W. Max Reasler: Box 24, Wash. U. St. Louis 8, Mo. #2. 15¢ an ish.

This issue is rather low. Max usually comes out with as good an ish as any other fan-ed in the field but this issue, his luck didn't last. Seems that he ran low on material for the whole issue is taken up by letters (well most of the issue). Some are very interesting, while others just aren't. Good though in the issue is Willis' "The Immoral Storm". This is a satire on Sam Moskowitz's, "The Immortal Storm". Here under the dubious penname of Walt Moskowillis, he writes of the not too future years of fandom. The big clean-up which at the end leaves fandom rid of all the vermin. A real hearty laugh to anyone. Also, I cannot forget H. Warner's, "All Our Yesterdays". This is one of the best columns going on in fandom. Sort of a history in serial style of fandom's great moments.

Also in the issue are beautifully mimiced drawings. Jokes here and there. The only thing wrong though, is that the jokes are corny to say the least. My god, Max, you can think up better ones than that, can't you?

This ish, although not so good on the material, has excellent reproduction. The best Max has ever put out on his mimeo.

GHUVNA: J.M. Fillinger: 148 Landon Street, Buffalo 8, N.Y. Jan-Mar. issue. 10¢ an ish.

This is a rather good one for a first issue. Especially the cover which is photo-offset (the rest of the zine is mimeoed). A really professional drawing if I've ever seen one. Cover alone, worth ten cents. The material though, is quite to the contrary. The fiction isn't so good, nor are the articles. Best thing in the issue aside from the cover is the checklist of E.R. Burroughs works.

Why don't you help this newcomer and send some of your material and dime to it? This zine shows great promise.

M SERIES
AND
UTTERINGS

REN BEALE... You really shouldn't have asked for an opinion of your editorial. I never like to rate these things, but since you did, I gave it to you.

If, as most fans do, you succeed in overcoming the mechanical difficulties attendant upon producing a legible fanmag, you will have a fairly worthwhile 'zine. You are luckier than most in having access to a ditto, as this process is, I believe, an easier one to employ than mimeo, and gives better results. Roteler does most of his work directly for ditto, and probably other leading fanartists do, too.

Altho I disagreed with a lot of what G.M. Carr said, her article was interesting. The Wills story was better than most.

Try numbering your pages. Try putting in a contents page, too.

Detailed comments, for what they're worth: The 'humor' mentioned in Ev's column, first page, was a painful example of the low opinion the non-fans seem to have of sf and its devotees. Sure, they've recognized that we exist, but this is the same sort of grudging recognition a Park Ave. matron would give to the family of Hottentots who had moved in next door. Bah!

If Mr. Mosher ever gets his booklet completed, I wish he would send me a copy. After belonging to four local organizations in more than two years of actifanning, I wish somebody would tell me how to start a Science/Fiction club. I still don't know. If anyone can tell me how, I'd be glad to listen to him.

G.M. Carr made an error or two in her otherwise fairly accurate piece. "Lost Continent" is not ancient, but a new film, made by Lippert. She must've been thinking of "Lost World". It would have surprised me no end had "The Day the Earth Stood Still" been called "Return of the Master". I'll bet it would have surprised Harry Bates too, since his story was called "Farewell to the Master". I don't know if the "gaily helmeted spacemen" she mentions were in the "best TWS cover style", but I do know that they were in the best "Destination Moon" style. In fact they were the same spacesuits used in that picture, or didn't you notice?

As to her opinions of the movies, I disagree, as I usually do, with everything GMC says. I doubt if King Kong will ever be re-released as sf. She does not seem to realize that the re-release of these pix is not for the benefit of a few thousand fans, but for the public at large, who will go to see a film with rocketships, spacemen and the like--the, to them, quite familiar trappings of movie sf. "Kong" would be a flop, except with those who'd already heard of it, or seen it. No rockets....

WILKIE CONNER... You have a fine little zine and I'll see what I can do in the way of offering a sub. It is seldom I subscribe to a new magazine; it has to be good. I think, though, that Tyrann will be a good mag.

The fan fiction was better than average. I don't particularly like poetry, fan or otherwise, but I found yours readable.

I liked Nan Gerding's article best of all. The gal has a chatty way about her that is easy to take. Talk another article out of her.

Incidentally, we rebels know and love the Gettysburg address as much as you damyankees. Rebels die d at Gettysburg, too. Every soldier who fought there on either side was fighting for the same thing: freedom. Each side had

its own idea as to what constituted freedom. Economics, not slavery, was the primary issue at stake. Slavery was just the hinge on which to hang the powder keg of unrest and jealousy that filled both sides. The war would have happened even if there had been no slaves.

Jealousy is the reason we have wars.

((This is an editor's comment. In the future we certainly won't label each comment "comment", so remember, and don't confuse them with the letters. First, a comment on Ken B.'s letter which we forgot to include. Several of Ken's suggestions have been taken up. Thanks, Ken. The sentiments in Wilkie's letter were voiced by other Southern fan. Thanks, Wilkie, for clearing them up. Because of lack of too much space, many of the letters are being cut. Hope this won't cause any ill feelings.))

EV WINNE... Frankly, I had my fingers crossed when I opened your first issue. Wasn't suprised that it was so good, but was pleased that you avoided the errors that so often are sprung upon innocent fan by non editors. Best of all I liked the Willis story--well written indeed. Next I liked your editorial and the movie review column by G.M. Carr. Everything else was interesting. The only suggestion I could make is to get more humor in the next issue, but it has to be good, as nothing is flatter than a poor joke. I've never tried heckto(citto) but have always heard its a difficult method, so I thought your work on it was fine. ((It isn't))

Man Gerding's friend, the Sarge, should stick to his fiction writing, which takes plenty of hard trying, and forget the checklist. Bleiler's checklist contains about 5500 items, mostly novels. If the Sarge reads the introduction, he'll realize that the way of the checklist compiler is a hard one. Bob Troetschel ((Hope that's right, Ev)) and I can speak from experience. We have worked on the Paper Bound Fantasy C.L. for nearly one and a half years, have over 1,000 titles, expect to pass 1500, have had aid from 50 collectors, fans, pros, some of whom have been with us for over a year. But we know our project depends also on research in libraries and many reference works. Also necessary is access to the records of the Library of Congress and the British Museum files!

Orville Mosher's project of a booklet on how to form an sf club is more within reach, especially as I take it that he means local clubs. Best way to learn is to try to start a local club himself! Yes, Mosher's booklet could make interesting reading.

Best of luck for Tyrann 2.

MAN GERDING... I was amazed at the quality of your zine--you have only one worry now. That is to equal that quality again... or better it. The duplication as a whole was pretty good--there were only a few spots hither and you that I had difficulty reading. The artwork could be better and I have no doubt that it will improve as you go along. Otherwise about all I can say is congratulations.

You'll probably think I'm nuts, but would you like to know what I liked best in the whole issue--chuckle--it was HAZARD by anon (and just who is hiding behind that penname?) I thought it was wonderful.

((Man, you mean you don't know who that anon. is? It is A. Nony Mouse!))

JOE SEMENOVICH... Hmmm, I think I liked your zine aside from the duplicating. What the hell, ((tak tak Joe, you want us to get banned from the mails?)) how did you do it? I know you didn't use a standard mimeo.

Your material was excellent for a first issue. I liked your editorial

a lot. Got quite a few laughs out of it. Using the address was a good gimmick.

All the articles were good. Winne could have had a better column, but that's the way the ball bounces. Gerding's was good, and as usual she gabbed a mile a minute. Everytime I read anything by her, I can imagine her talking it. Ly, she talks awful fast (there Nan, I'm getting even. I still say it was four roses).

BOB FARNHAM....Just received and finished reading my sample copy of Tyrann. I thank you, muchly, for same, and rise to state with a loud shout that I thoroughly enjoyed every word, even the nearly blank page in The Rival. However, this is no cause for comment; it happens in the best regulated fanzines, not to mention the blanks in fans.

I wasn't able to tell whether your zine was mimeod or hectoed, but either way, it is a splendid job all around. The fiction and poetry were fine, the fiction being a much higher quality than I've read in a long time.

The one point that is usually the bane-of existence in even the top grade zines, that of misspelling, was happily missing from Tyrann.

Another high point in your favor is that you put out an entire issue without someone taking a nasty crack at someone else for their efforts in the fanzine pubbing field. Fanzine Fracasé by Semenovitch is a good example of what a fan without spite in his makeup can write about others.

G.M. Carr's article was well written as is all her work, and of considerable interest, but the entire article did nothing but tear down. And Carr failed to consider that Hollywood has an entirely new subject, which, despite the most expert technicians, foils the best intentions, often upset by bull-headed know-it-alls at the top of the movie heap who know absolutely nothing of the subject of science fiction, yet whose orders must be obeyed--or else! Evidently Carr has never worked for a boss...

((Thank for the swell comments, Sch, we appreciate them. Speaking of misspelled words, "evidently" was spelled wrong in your letter. Tsk! Tsk! We must be slipping.))

MAX, "EVER LOVIN' YER'S", KEASLER....The best thing I liked about your fanzine is that it is dittoed, a medium that is very much lacking in fandom. A lot can certainly be done with dittograph. Please don't change unless you have to. I only wish you could see what the old 'zine Science Fiction Fan did with ditto, it was marvelous. In its day, it was the top fanzine. It ran from 1938-40 or 41.

As first issues go, yours had a high standard of material.

((For you ignorant cusses that don't know it, Max, edits Opus, a top-notch zine. Pogo endorses it.))

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