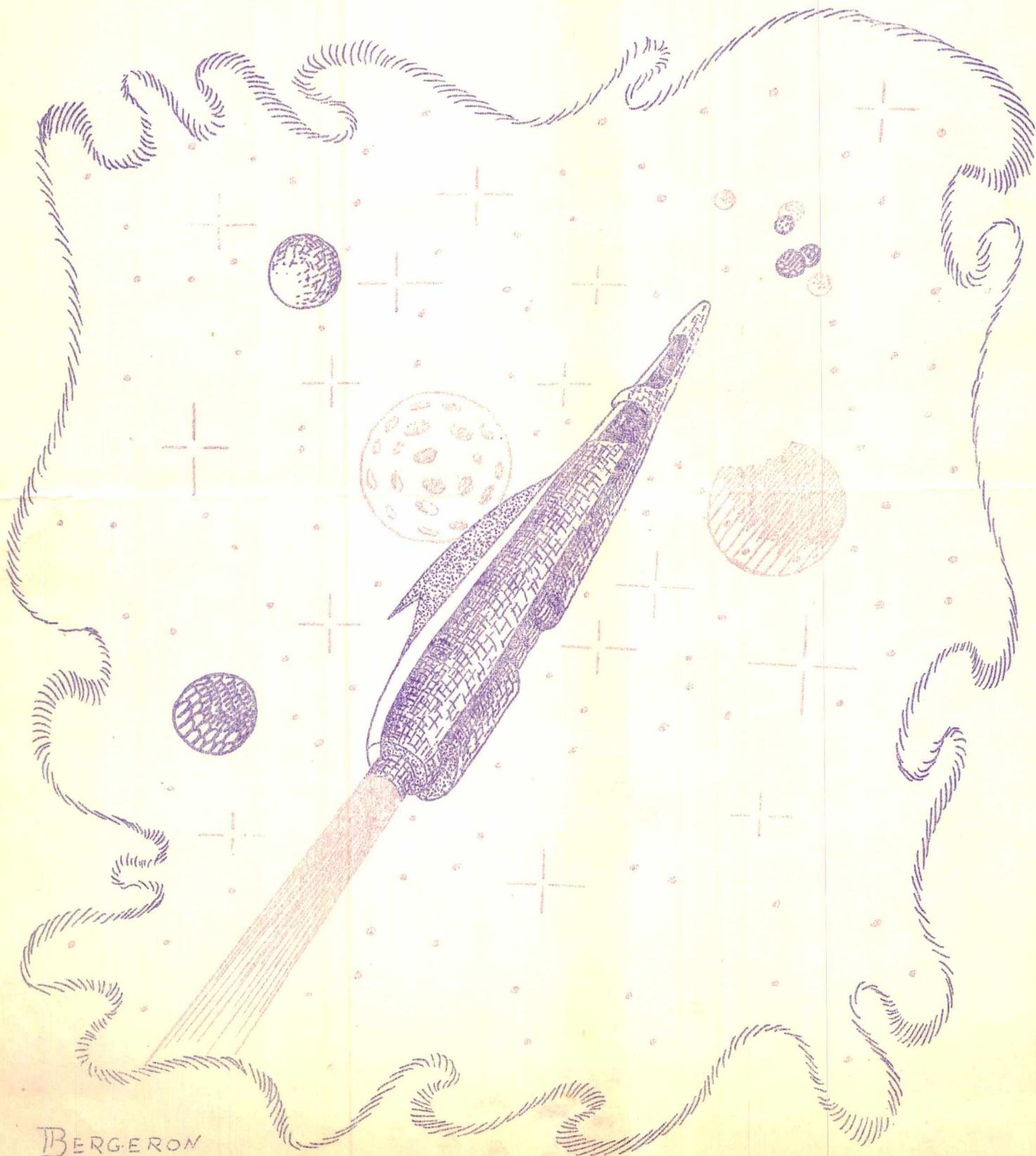


TYRANN # 4



BERGERON

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Assistant Editor: Richard Bergeron

Art Editors: Max Keasler, Richard Bergeron and Henry Ebel.

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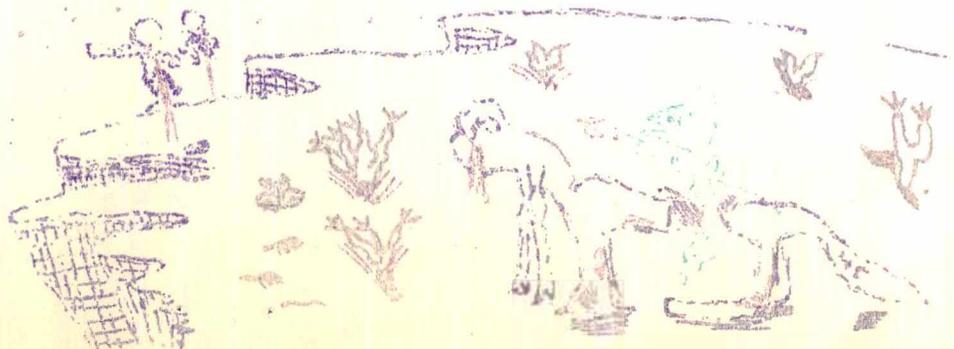
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TYRANNY

A question occurred to ye eds over a bottle of Martian Red-Eye. "WHY DO PEOPLE READ SCIENCE-FICTION?" A variety of answers are met, ranging from, "Because it's the thing to do" to, "My interest in wartime neuroses through emotional insecurities lead me to indulge in science-fiction due to numerous stories in this medium giving a graphic presentation of psychological conflicts in future wars."

Is there, however, a mutual reason for the reading of science-fiction? Many have touched upon the answer but very few have gone deep enough into the subject to warrant a standard answer. Their answer is "Escape!" But mere pronunciation of the word does not answer the myriad of questions that arise.

Chief among them is: Why do some people read science-fiction for escape while others are content with mysteries and essays on the sex life of the female night crawler of Lower Slobovia? The determining factor is obviously in the difference of the mentalities of the reader and of the non-reader.

Psychologists tell us that the primary need to escape is affected by
a) Environment;
b) Imagination.

This need to escape is evidenced by the fact that millions read and write fiction. This returns us to our original question. What causes some people to read science-fiction while others stay with mysteries, romances, etc.? Do people who read science-fiction have radically different environments from people who don't? Do they have differing amounts of imagination?

Environment, in our opinion, is the factor that causes people to read all types of fiction but is only a secondary factor in the reading of science-fiction. The influencing factor is imagination. Some people have a larger imagination than the norm and science-fiction is a sufficient stimulus for it.

Of course, this accounts for the average. There are a few cases of people who read it solely for escape, but who do not have the imagination to comprehend technical and highly psychological essays. Perhaps that accounts for the business that Amazing and other pulps are still doing. However, that is something else entirely.

A question for you: Why do some readers of science-fiction become fans while others are content with just reading the stuff?

Any comments?

.....000.....

This issue was supposed to be out in August. However the summer

vacation delayed us a while. After we got back the fun began. Like any good fanzine we went through a crisis. However all seems to be well at this time and we hope to be coming your way on time from now on. Thanks to you for being patient enough and waiting for it to come. Thanks to those who helped us with and worked with our problems.

.....000.....

TYRANN NOW CONTAINS CHLOROPHYLL!

TYRANN and ONLY TYRANN contains CHLOROPHYLL, that miracle substance of nature.

Yes, no longer need you put up with a musty-smelling stack of fanzines. Just place a chlorophyllated copy of TYRANN with your other fanzines. The odor disappears!

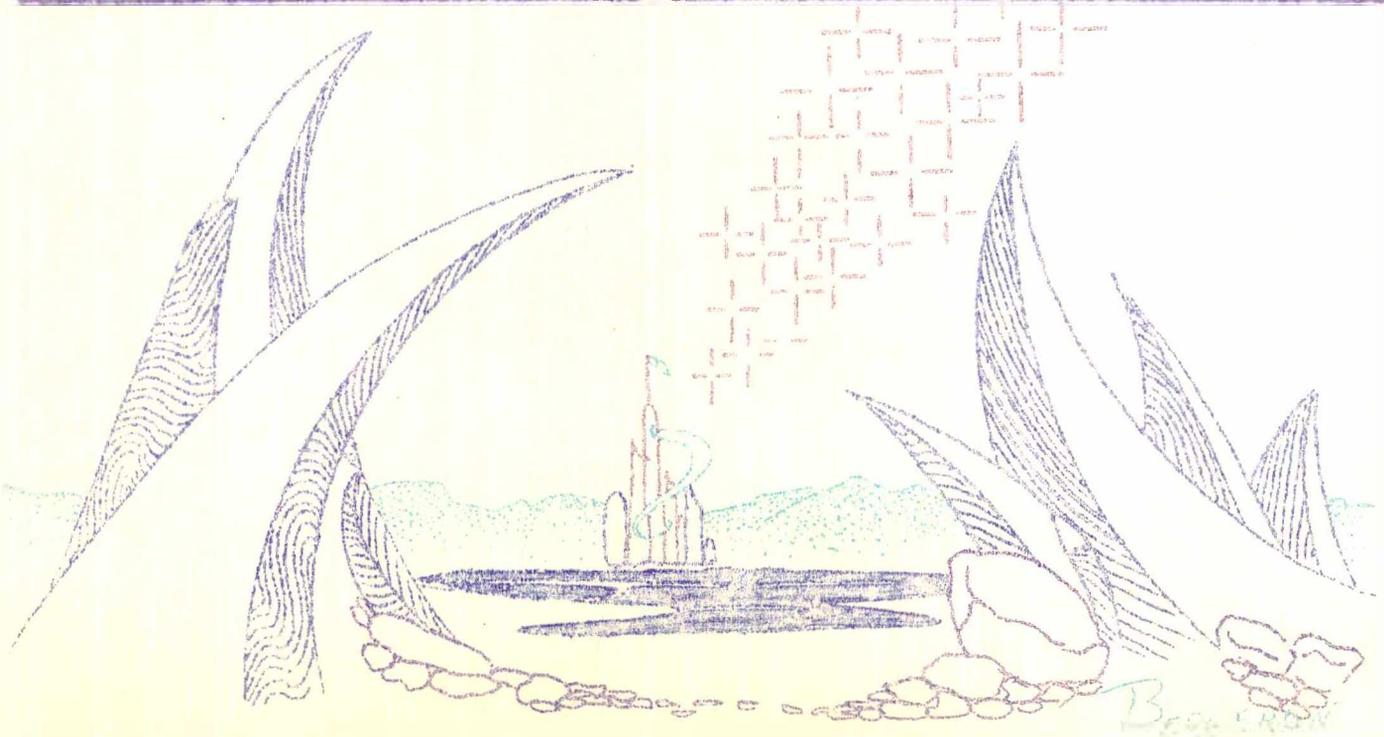
Try this simple test. Tear a small piece of paper from the edge of any well-known fanzine. Drop it in a bottle of beer. Let the beer stand in the sun for two weeks. Then smell it.

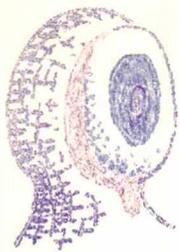
Aha! The beer turned stale! NO WONDER! THAT FANZINE DID NOT CONTAIN CHLOROPHYLL!!!!!!

So rush your filthy, smelly money to us today and we will send you a copy of TYRANN fresh from the woods.

FINIS

thisiscalledinterleannationitisverygoodforfillingupspaceandforbreakingoffff





The Big Eye

By Ex. W. W. W.

In mid-July I was in New York for a few days taking a special course and while there I had the pleasure of getting together for two hours with TYRANN's co-editor and publisher, Norbert Hirschhorn. I was not at all surprised to see that he was a very intelligent and keen individual with constructive ideas and plenty of energy - and with a great interest in fandom in its various aspects and works. One constantly reads in various sines that fen are zany, over excitable, muddled thinkers and irresponsible but this fen has not yet met with this type at any meeting. Perhaps the fen of this type spread the word so that they will feel more at home in fandom? More likely a few fen with a superiority complex have hoaxed us for their own ends!

I had thought that Norbert would want to talk about fanzines, TYRANN and perhaps about the weaknesses of a certain column (Nimble??). But after a short time he switched over to a discussion on the National Fantasy Fan Federation and we hashed over its objectives, programs, organization, its successes and failures, its friends and its enemies, and its constructive critics as opposed to its destructive critics. We agreed that many critics of the NFFF are very ill informed about the club, that some are fair and that some are merely sensation-seekers. Let us try to examine some of these suggestions, complaints, and charges about the NFFF and its operations.

First we find that some writers do not believe in fan organizations or national fan clubs. They single out the NFFF merely because it is the largest, or oldest or best known national club. They proclaim that they want to be free, unorganized fen going their own sweet way. That of course is their natural right but it is also the right of others to form and belong to clubs. Expecting a fair review of the performance of a club by one who does not believe in clubs would be too optimistic. It would be like expecting an objective article about a U.S. national election from a person who does not believe in democracy. Possible of course, but highly unlikely.

Taking exactly the opposite view are many fen who believe in a more tight organization for fandom than NFFF or other clubs provide. This belief goes way back to the early days of the NFFF when many of its founders and officers wanted the NFFF to be a national federation of regional clubs or of local clubs. Such a plan if in effect and working would, of course, have its advantages. But all NFFF leaders of recent years, both those in favor of a strong fan federation and those opposed, have agreed it is impossible of achieving at the present. The idea of federation is not peculiar to the NFFF leaders of early or more recent vintage. Both of the other national clubs have affiliated local groups or local chapters. Two well known fen have recently proposed and are now working for a new national federation of metropolitan clubs and are doing this on their own.

Occasionally the charge is heard that a clique runs the NFFF. Personally I have heard this said of every club I ever belonged to and in every case the so called clique was merely the group of energetic and idealistic officers and workers who were willing to spend their time and use their abilities to get things done. A member can become a part of the "clique" merely by

volunteering to work or by running for office! It's that easy. Sometimes the complaint comes because the fan has made a suggestion that has not been adopted. He should realize that several dozen ideas are received every year and that not all can be adopted for reasons of a practical nature such as manpower, finances, general appeal and the time factor. The chances are, though, that a really good suggestion will be used as soon as possible.

The friends and critics to whom I listen to with appreciation and interest are those who want the club to be more effective or active in certain areas. Quite a few believe the NFFF should have more fan publications of various types. But there is a severe limitation facing any group interested in fan publications. They are finances and production - every zine editor knows the hard facts of life regarding the money one can lose publishing zines and also the difficulty of getting dependable writers, publishers and subscribers. If only a modest number of members would support such excellent former NFFF zines as Futurist, Postwarp and Aleph-Null, then there seems little sense in spending treasury money for a minority of the membership. Instead it is better to put out occasional leaflets, as is the present policy and concentrate on a regular, well printed official organ - as is being done.

The NFFF has always done anything it could to publicize and increase interest in fanzines. In this connection it has mentioned all zines being published constantly in its O.O. and has published the Fanzine List. Two former projects, the Office Supplies Bureau and the Fanzine Discounts Bureau were discontinued because of insufficient interest. However two other zine services, the Manuscript Bureau and the Copyright Bureau are available and useful to all zine editors. Beyond that we have always urged new fan to sub to zines and to become zine writers or editors and pubbers as they gain the needed experience.

A Fan Clubs List is published and cons and conferences are noted in advance and later by descriptive articles in the O.O. Members are urged to become active in such fan groups and to attend the meetings. The NFFF roster is used by promoters of fan get-togethers.

Personally I don't believe a fan should join a national club for material benefits but rather because he wants to become a more active fan and his club membership will help to that end. The claim is sometimes made that NFFF lacks enough workers but this is entirely false. The Welcomittee has over 35 members and the Correspondence Bureau over 20. We know they are active for when they cease to produce we drop them after due warning. The officials are a president, five directors, a secretary, a treasurer, an official editor, a membership activities officer, a public relations officer, a mailer, and NFFF representatives in Great Britain, and Australia. The British Welcomittee also has several members. Then there are the two fanzine bureaus, the Fan File, the Fan Laureate Poll, the Library, the Fanzine List the Fan Club List, the Fan Names List, Fanspeak and the Sommitteezine. Temporary committees are formed as needed.

No, there is no shortage of workers in the NFFF. There has, at times, been a lack of experienced fan who would and could head up fan projects staffed by our host of willing workers. In the past we relied on obtaining BNF's but experience has proved that most of them are too busy in their own fan activities to have enough time and energy left for club affairs. Now we develop our own leaders through the various projects and committees. The results are encouraging. The chairman of the Correspondence Bureau and that of the Welcomittee were both trained as working members of their respective groups. We can expect most future leaders to come from this large group of interested, hard working NFFF fan. (continued next page)

The NFFF is steadily and successfully serving fandom and its members in all these and other activities. I believe that the material benefits are worth many times the \$1 dues. I have a good sized file full of those received in the last 2 years. They are useful and make good reading. But to me NFFF is the place where fen meet to belong to an active fan club, to plan and work together on various projects, to help new fen in anyway possible and above all to have a good time in just being active fen associated with each other.

THE-END

CLOUD, WHY DO YOU CRY

by toby duane

Cloud, Why do you cry?
Is it that you grieve for me?
Do you sorrow that our day is by;
That mankind perished in the swirling sea?
"No, I do not weep for that, oh soul."
Then it is because the birds are gone;
They do not fly and race up there with you
As they have done since long before your hazy dawn---
The radiations killed them as they flew.
"No, I do not weep for that, oh soul."
Then it is the trees, the grass, the flowers,
'Tis these you miss, uprooted by the force,
The fierce and fearful fury that was ours;
'Tis loss of these that fills you with remorse.
"No, you are mistaken yet, oh soul."
Then 'tis the earth!
You miss the lusty soil to soak your tears,
And soften Sol's hot glare that gave you birth.
The soil now gored and glass-like, torn with sears.
"Oh no, you still see not the cause, oh soul."
My leave from Hell grows short, good cloud,
So tell me please,
What other cause have you to wear a shroud
And weep so much, if none of these??"
"Tis none of them that you have said, oh soul,
For really, ere you mentioned them to me,
I hadn't noticed any of the whole;
Too bad, too bad; few diversions come to be."
I go now cloud, but tell me, please, you must,
What reason is there, then, for you to cry?
"Perhaps it was your bombs that raised the dust,"
The cloud explained, "I have some in my eye."

Slush Puddle Fandom

By MARION Z. BRADLEY

During the course of six years of fanning, I've edited, or co-edited, five or six fanzines and assisted with the editing of a couple more. I've published over a hundred items by dozens of different people, and, at a hazard, I'd guess that I'd read six or eight articles for every one I ever published. Probably that's a high average compared to the professional editor who must read twenty to fifty manuscripts for every one he accepts; but there really isn't any comparison. The professional editor has a secretary to weed out the obvious slush, to answer his mail and to reject unusable stuff. He is protected by his publishing-house's notice which states clearly that WE DO NOT ASSUME RESPONSIBILITY FOR UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS. He is permitted to reject a manuscript with no comment, or with the ambiguous comment of the polite printed slip. And, best of all, he can afford to be definite about his requirements without alienating anybody, because he is paying for it.

The fan editor is dependent on his friends and their friends for any material. He reads his own slush. He must assume almost total responsibility for everything that comes his way, be it good, bad or indifferent. And if he alienates even the lousiest of the slush-puddle writers, he discovers he has alienated, not one lousy contributor, but an entire bloc of his audience. Fandom is incurably afflicted with love-me--love-my-dog-itis.

And because the fan editor is totally at the mercy of his contributors most contributors take advantage of it to the hilt. In my entire "career" as a fan editor, I have read perhaps eight manuscripts, from about four different people, that would not have been thrown into a professional's wastebasket without even a second glance. I'm not speaking so much of writing now as I am of the ordinary courtesies which obtain in the field of manuscript submission. I have a name for these ambiguous manuscripts and for their authors. I call them slush-puddle posts. I can judge them only by impression they make on my mailbox. The following will outline a few of the worst slush-puddle posts, and every editor, from the editor of the biggest lithographed monthly to the neofan who hectographs six pages every three months, will beyond all doubt recognize these posts and join me in their wholesale condemnation.

The biggest and most exasperating pest of all is the one who sends an unsolicited fifteen page manuscript and forgets to put more than a three cent stamp on it. I pay six cents, perhaps, to get this oversize manuscript out of hock; after I read it, nine times out of ten, it is either too long or too something-else, and I must pay nine or even twelve cents to mail it back, because this bird never encloses return postage either. Why don't I just throw it in the wastebasket? Because this kind of guy rarely keeps a carbon copy of his stuff, and if it isn't returned, he will start deluging me with letters, postcards, and even telegrams (yes, I received a nasty telegram and a long distance telephone call from one of these jerks!). It's cheaper, in the long run, to mail the thing back.

The second slush-puddler, who is even worse than the first, is the

fellow who sends me a thirty-page manuscript written in pencil on yellow second sheets. Now, I don't mind reading a manuscript in longhand, if a fan doesn't have a typewriter. But to make longhand manuscript readable it should be very neatly written in black ink on white lined paper, on one side of the page.

I've received manuscripts written on pink note paper in blue pencil. I've read them in green ink and red ink until I nearly went blind. One of my best loved contributors always sent me her stuff in purple ink, on yellow paper. It was usually good enough to warrant struggling through it, but she was an exception. Once, I swear by Tao's toenails, we actually a forty-page manuscript written on both sides of kindergarten scratch paper, in soft pencil. I struggled through the scribble somehow. I deserved a medal. Of course it wasn't usable. A person who has so little respect for his own work can't write anything worth reading. A very young fan can be excused for this kind of thing, but with anyone over fifteen, it is the most appalling discourtesy. and these slush-puddle posts never realize that handwriting which looks perfectly legible to themselves, may be almost unreadable to a stranger.

The third slush-puddle pest is the kind who sends the right manuscript to the wrong place. He's the guy who sends fiction to Fantasy Advertiser, Pornography to Dawn, esoteric poetry to Wastebasket, space-opera to Orby and detailed science articles to quadry. That guy's first cousin is the artist who submits crude line drawings and cartoons to an artzine like Fanscient, or perfectly detailed, shaded and exquisitely drawn pen-and-ink masterpieces to a hecto or mimeo zine whose editor couldn't draw a straight line unaided, doesn't own a mimeoscope, and doesn't have the cash to have them lithographed. Both these pests are intelligent, talented and well meaning, and swell with righteous indignation when their excellent work is rejected. If they would apply a little of their very obvious talents to thinking which editors would appreciate their stuff, they could place every thing they write or draw.

Moving along we find the too-often found pest who simply cannot write anything worth reading. He is the hardest to deal with, because he tries so hard. It's impossible, especially in fandom, to return a manuscript saying, "This is lousy. You'd better take up model airplane building." Of course, sometimes this guy learns from experience, and starts writing stuff you can print without being ashamed of it. But the others simply keep on flooding you with stuff that you can't use. Learning how to reject this guy's flood of contributions is the hardest problem in fan editing. You hate to hurt his feelings. At the same time, you can't print his stuff and still saty solvent. And this slush-puddler is not a guy you can honestly dislike. He isn't really a pest, but he's a problem.

The one I really can't handle is the pest who asks me to criticize his story if I can't use it. This pest doesn't want criticism. He doesn't want to know why I didn't like his work. He wants to be reassured and praised. In my early days of editing, I used to accede to this request for comment and criticism. I lost some friends this way. Of course, if the person is someone I know, and if I'm sure of his ability to take it, I sometimes do criticize it. But it's always a risky business.

Akin to this pest is the one who writes a long, long letter explaining his article or story. Now, darn it, if the story needs that much explanation, the readers won't understand it, since they won't be reading his explanatory letter. That manuscript goes back very promptly.

There are other pest, which I have met only once or twice, and I think

THE INTRUDER

By PAUL GANLEY

The first faint stirrings of alienness came that summer afternoon...

The water was blue as it was warm, and Igor lay watching it come in. Waves rolled up on the yellow sand, lost their blueness in a mass of white, and died on the wet shore; little rivulets of the ocean's blood crept hesitantly back to meet the next wave. The sun was warm.

The sand trickled through Igor's fingers. He dug his hands into the earth and brought them up, covered with sand, and let it sift through slowly and steadily. It seemed that all his life he had been doing nothing but sitting, watching the water, playing with the sand.

Who am I? he asked himself, and an answer seeped back: My name is Igor Kane. And the questioner within his brain said: What matters a label? Who am I? And there was no reply.

And the waves came in like the waves from the river of time, and the sand trickled through his fingers like an hourglass' lost moments, and the sun slowly settled as he slept the day through.

"Isn't he looking better?"

"Oh, I think so; yes he is. Much, much better. Igor, what have you been doing this past month?"

"Yes, last month you looked so pale and dead."

Igor laughed and said, "Oh I've been regressing to childhood. I've been playing in the sand down by the seashore. I got a hell of a sunburn, the first day..." His voice trailed off uncertainly, as he tried to recall the first day, but there was no memory of it.

Virginia Kane, Igor's sister-in-law, laughed. "Sounds like fun." Her sister nodded a violent 'yes'. "If it's that effective, we should try it some time."

"Oh, I don't know," Igor grinned, "you both look pretty good to me as you are."

Ginny giggled, "Oh yes? After all those bathing beauties? Hey, you can't tell us you were watching the water. We know you too well."

The feel of the sand and the swish of the water and the warmth of the sun flooded back into him. The memory of the first day had hit all of a sudden. The girls in front of him were strangers, for he saw water in front of him, and his hand in his pocket was digging through loose sand. They stared at

him, as he turned without a farewell, and plunged down a side-street.

Igor felt a pain in his skull. The sidewalk danced before him and the buildings began the Irish Jig. Then he straightened.

"What the hell got into me?" he wondered. He turned and walked back toward the spot where he had left the girls, but they were gone.

Igor awoke slowly. Something was on his head, had an arm around his neck and was strangling...and then he woke. The arm was his own. His head was wedged down, and he was breathing hard. He rearranged the bedclothes, praying that the nightmare would not come again.

He dreamt of golden water and sunspllit beaches, and the nightmare went away for a long time.

"Hello, Igor," said Howard Jacoby, stepping into the entrance of Igor Kane's residence. "How are you feeling now?"

Igor smiled, and said, "Fine, Mr. Jacoby, just fine. I guess your doctors had the right idea, after all. I did need a rest."

"And you feel ready to come back to work?"

"Yes sir, I feel quite capable!"

"That's fine," Jacoby exclaimed. "You see, Igor, we need you right about because we've hit an impasse in the work. I brought along this portfolio, with the diagrams you'll need to become familiar with the work that's gone on since your vacation."

"Thank you, sir," said Igor, taking the small brown briefcase and standing it against the wall. "I'll look it over carefully."

"Good. We'll expect you back Monday, then, and... Igor...."

"Yes, Mr. Jacoby?"

"The next time you start getting headaches and feeling miserable like that don't hesitate to let us know. The quicker you catch an illness, the faster you can get back to work. Well, I'll see you on Monday, Igor."

"Good-bye, sir," Igor said. He stood watching the car of Howard Jacoby dwindle as it sped along the road, then turned and entered his living room with the portfolio. It felt heavy and unfamiliar in his hand.

Igor fed the last of the problem to the calculator, and stepped back, surveying the panel. His trained eyes flicked the various meters. It would take some time for the answer to come through. He turned, abruptly, as the door behind him opened.

"Oh, Mr. Jacoby," he muttered.

"Hello, Igor," Jacoby said. "How's the problem coming? Armand told me you
ow's

were getting somewhere on this at last."

"Oh. Yes, Armand. I think I've isolated the cause of the trouble. Remember that accident I had with the reactor about a year ago? I think it wasn't exactly an accident."

"Huh? Not an accident? You mean somebody_____"

"No, no, nothing like that," Igor said hastily. "No, it's just something our math didn't indicate about element 112. It acts up in a certain way. That's why the rocket is showing the variance. I think we'll have to alloy the Thorium with some other radio-active - Californium, or Americium, I'd suggest. More money."

"As long as you've solved it, boy!" Jacoby said enthusiastically. "Congress is being generous, for a change. Their secret agents have dug up information that three other countries are well on the way toward getting a spaceship built; which ones, I don't know, but I can certainly guess one of them. So we can stop worrying about money."

"How long will the problem take to sift through the calculator?"

Igor looked at his watch. "About _____" He stopped suddenly as a sharp pain coursed through his head. He felt dizzy, weak, and would have fallen, had not Jacoby stepped forward to steady him. For a horrible moment he seemed to be losing control of his muscles... and then, with a supreme mental effort, he cast off the blur.

"It's all right," he muttered. "Just a dizzy spell. Been working too long on this."

"I'll get you the fold-up cot in my office, and you can sleep for a while. Then I'll look up Armand and have him take over here for you. Damn it, Igor, I told you not to overwork!"

Hardly protesting, Igor followed his boss from the room.

He lay on the cot, but sleep did not come, for he would not let it. He dared not sleep; the nightmares came then. It was the nightmares that had given rise to the horrible suspicion that he would hardly admit to himself. He only felt, dreadfully, that he must not sleep.

He slept.

"Hello? Hello? Is this Mrs. Kane? This is Mr. Jacoby, down at the research lab. No, no, your brother-in-law's all right, that is, nothing's happened to him. He's overworked again, that's all, and is sleeping in my office. I wonder if you and Rand would come down and take him home."

Jacoby glanced down at the desk and drew an unreal doodle. "I wish he wouldn't take his work so seriously. We need him, and if he goes on at this rate, we won't have him very long. What's that? Acting strange? Well, naturally you know him better than I do. But you're right, I do remember that he used to get out more often. Oh, I didn't know that. Your sister used to go out with him, eh? About six months ago; well. You know, I can't help having the feeling that there's more behind this than... Well, you will come down for him, then? Good. Yes, all right, good-bye."

Jacoby hung up and sat morosely before his desk, finishing his doodle.

He had drawn a man with two heads.

Jacoby looked up from his desk, a week later, as the inter-com buzzed. Miss Golem, his secretary, announced that Joyce Maynard wished to see him. A moment later his door opened and a tall girl entered and seated herself beside his desk.

"Mr. Jacoby," she told him at once. "I'm Virginia Kane's sister. I'd like to talk with you about Igor."

"Yes," Jacoby said slowly. "How is he? I didn't expect any such relapse as this, or I'd have given him another month. Is he all right now?"

"I don't no, I don't think so, Mr. Jacoby," Joyce said hesitantly. "I'd like to tell you about him, though. I mean... well, tell me what you think. Will you?"

Jacoby leaned back in his swivel-chair and said, "Go ahead."

"When we got him home, he seemed all right, but when he woke up - we had taken him to my sister's house - he complained of nightmares. In his dreams he felt someone trying to choke him. The next day he started getting headaches. He told us he'd had them before, but not so badly. The nightmares got worse, and sometimes when he was awake and talking he'd suddenly stop and stare off into space."

"Hmm, Sounds like we should call in a doctor, at least. Is he rational otherwise?"

Joyce hesitated. "Sometimes he's himself," she finally said, "and then other times he's different. Once while he was daydreaming he mumbled that he felt as if someone was trying to take over his mind, and when I asked him what he meant, he couldn't or wouldn't remember it. Mr. Jacoby, don't you think he should have treatment of some kind? He won't let any of us get a doctor for him, but I thought maybe you..."

Jacoby nodded. "Yes, and I know just the fella. Knew him in pre-med school. You go on home now and just let me take care of everything."

Igor tossed restlessly on his bed, seeking a position that would lessen the pain that was splitting his head apart. It felt as though his brain was being smashed slowly by a sledgehammer, and the thought of his brain being demolished was even more repulsive than the pain. Downstairs he heard the front door open and close, and voices dulled by the distance seeped through like the far-off humming of bees. He listened, half in panic, as footsteps came up the stairs and approached his room.

He lifted his head. "Ginny?" he asked.

His sister-in-law appeared in the doorway. "Igor," she said, "you have some visitors. In here, Mr. Jacoby."

Igor watched as Jacoby, followed by a second man, entered his room.

"Igor," said Jacoby, "this is Dr. Raymond Jordan, a good friend of mine.

Now, despite any objections you might have, I want you to let him examine you. If you won't do it for your own sake, then do it for the benefit of the research. I think we're hitting another snag."

Igor glared at his boss, but muttered, "All right."

Jordan smiled briefly, then turned to the others. "Now I'll ask you to leave us alone, please." As they left he turned back to the man on the bed. "How do you feel?" he asked.

"I've got a miserable headache," Igor said, managing a weak grin.

The doctor went through the customary medical motions—temperature taking, heartbeat listening and nerve probing, and then he said, "Well, whatever's wrong with you, we'll need a more extensive examination to find it out. How are your teeth?"

"Okay," Igor muttered.

"Hmm" Jordan thought for a moment, then suggested, "Of course, this could be mental rather than physical."

Igor looked up at him.

"I'm told you do your best not to go to sleep. Afraid of the dreams?"

Igor's head bobbed in a short nod.

"Will you tell me about the dreams?"

"I thought you were a doctor, not a psychiatrist," Igor muttered.

Dr. Jordan smiled slightly. "No, I'm not a practitioner, if that's what you think. I'm from University of Buffalo medical school, a rather new department; I teach the medical school instructors when they come to classes for information on the newest medical practices. So you see, I'm a sort of walking medical encyclopedia. Now, about the dreams."

"The dreams." It was a statement

"Go on."

"All right," said Igor, "I will. Most of them are the same, generally speaking. It's like...."

"Go on" said the doctor once more.

"You might think I'm crazy."

"Well?" asked the medical man bluntly. "Wouldn't you like to know it if you are? Wouldn't it be better to have treatment?" Without pausing for a comment from the patient, he went on, "Now tell me what the dreams are like."

"I dream that someone is trying to take over my body. Trying to shut out my mind, my brain, trying to drown my thoughts. When I sleep it starts, and I wake up just as I'm about to be cast out. Only... Only..."

"Yes?" prompted the doctor.

"Only I'm afraid that one time I won't wake up soon enough."

"I see."

Igor continued. "And that isn't all. If it were only the nightmares, I wouldn't be in such a state; I mean, I wouldn't be afraid. But sometimes it even happens when I'm awake! All of a sudden some power wells up in me, and suddenly I can't move any of my muscles. I fight with all my strength... -but I can feel my own reserve of strength dwindle...and some time, oh my God, some time...."

"Take it easy, man," Dr. Jordan said. "We'll fix anything and everything." He withdrew a hypodermic needle from his bag, filled it with a nerve-deadening liquid, and injected this narcotic into Igor's body. "You can sleep now," he said, "and perhaps your intruder will sleep too."

He quickly walked to the door, opened it, and called out to the others.

"Well?" they asked simultaneously.

"I don't know," the doctor said. "I'm going to try an encephalogram, for one thing. He'll sleep for a while but tomorrow we can see what will happen. I want to remove him to the hospital for observation, with your permission."

"Yes," said Jacoby, "and I'll take the responsibility. And Doc, when you make your tests on him, I want to be present. All right?"

"Sure," said the doctor. "Just as long as you keep your big mouth shut and realize that you know as much about medicine as I know about physics!" They chuckled together.

The room was lightly bright. Igor lay upon a table, with various connections from a nearby machine strapped to his head, to his arms; his eyes were open, and he looked straight ahead. Jacoby stood apart from Igor, and Dr. Jordan, watching the scene without commenting. Finally Jordan finished and began to unstrap the connections. Igor's eyes were closed, as if he were asleep.

"Well?" Jacoby said in a low voice.

"It's what I thought, I guess," the doctor said. "He has a brain tumor, and we'll have to perform an operation. Will you ask his brother to sign the release?"

"His brother? Can't he? And what did you mean by , you guess?" Jacoby demanded.

The doctor looked uncomfortable. "I have a theory," he said finally. "He told me of the recurrent experience of being pushed out of his body, as if another personality were attempting to take over his brain. Of course, it's likely to be just a delusion caused in part by the presence of the tumor."

"But you think it's something else?" asked Jacoby.

"I don't know," admitted the doctor. "But this is possible: The tumor is in a position of the brain where much of what the ordinary man calls 'thinking' takes place. There are two such areas in the brain; the destruction of one might not impair the intelligence to a recognizable degree. However, scientists have often observed that when a part of the brain is destroyed, the cells that exist around this portion appear to take over many of its

duties. The tumor might have had the effect of separating this one section of the brain from the rest. Therefore, Igor Kane is a man with two brains."

Jacoby stared at his friend for a few long moments. Then he said slowly, "But in that case, it would be almost murder to take out the tumor. You'd be killing___"

"My good friend," the doctor said, "you are even more imaginative than I. Come, I shall prepare the release and you shall have his brother sign it"

"Never mind!" came Igor's startling voice from the table. It sounded tired. "I'll sign it myself." They looked at him.

The anesthetic served to remove all bodily sensation, but the mind was little affected. Igor's mind functioned; both of it. He was floating in a black whirlpool, and something was pushing him under. He was stronger than it, though. Stronger. He laughed. Soon he would be alone in this fleshy abode. Soon he could sleep peacefully.

He felt waves of resentment coming from the Other. He laughed again. He tried to analyze the waves to some extent, for suddenly he began to wonder what kind of person the Other would be. He relaxed slightly, and the Other grasped his mind and tried to push it down the bottemless hole, but he easily downed it. He recognized that he was getting stronger now. Perhaps it was because he had found a way to handle his hated enemy.

Oh yes, he hated the Other. He decided that now, at once. The Other was familiar to him, but he hated him. He recognized him, in some unconscious manner, and knew his faults, and hated them. And struck at them.

The Other retreated, brooding. Igor felt something besides hatred emanating from the Other's personality, a kind of waiting, but no dread. Suddenly he felt worried. Could it be that the Other had some knowledge that he did not possess? Well, no matter. The operation would soon begin.

"Thank you nurse. All right, we will proceed now. Watch carefully, Jacoby."

"I hope nothing goes wrong," said Jacoby worriedly. "I have a funny feeling about something. I keep remembering how Igor has changed. How he stopped going out with Joyce Maynard, to whom he was almost about to propose marriage. How little things changed about him. How his whole personality seemed to... Oh my God, I just thought of someth---"

"Well, keep it ~~so~~ yourself," said the doctor, "because here we go."

The pain was a surprise. It was pretty much of a fact, and the doctor had even mentioned it to him, that the brain itself could not feel pain. You touched a brain cell and the patient saw stars, or heard sounds, or twitched a limb, but there was no pain. But there was pain here.

Igor relaxed a little, and the thoughts of the Other reached him. He was surprised to find no apprehension in them. The pain increased. As it

did, it seemed to increase his own ability to perceive, for the Other's thoughts became increasingly louder. There was no apprehension. The pain was unbearable, he began falling...

The whirlpool whirled, Igor fell, and he listened to the thunder of the Other's thoughts, which were everywhere now, and louder and more powerful than he had ever imagined they could become. He saw the whole personality, the whole life history of the Other, but still he shouted, "Damn you, die, damn you, die, damn you..." And the thoughts were there and there was no apprehension but only a twinge of pity and no hatred such as he felt, and he cried out soundlessly, "Doctor, fool, doctor, you're removing the wrong brain cells, damn you, you fool..."

And then the pain turned into blackness, lines of red blackness, and burned out into a pale forgotten ash. And he fell out of the whirlpool and sailed through a something composed of nothing.

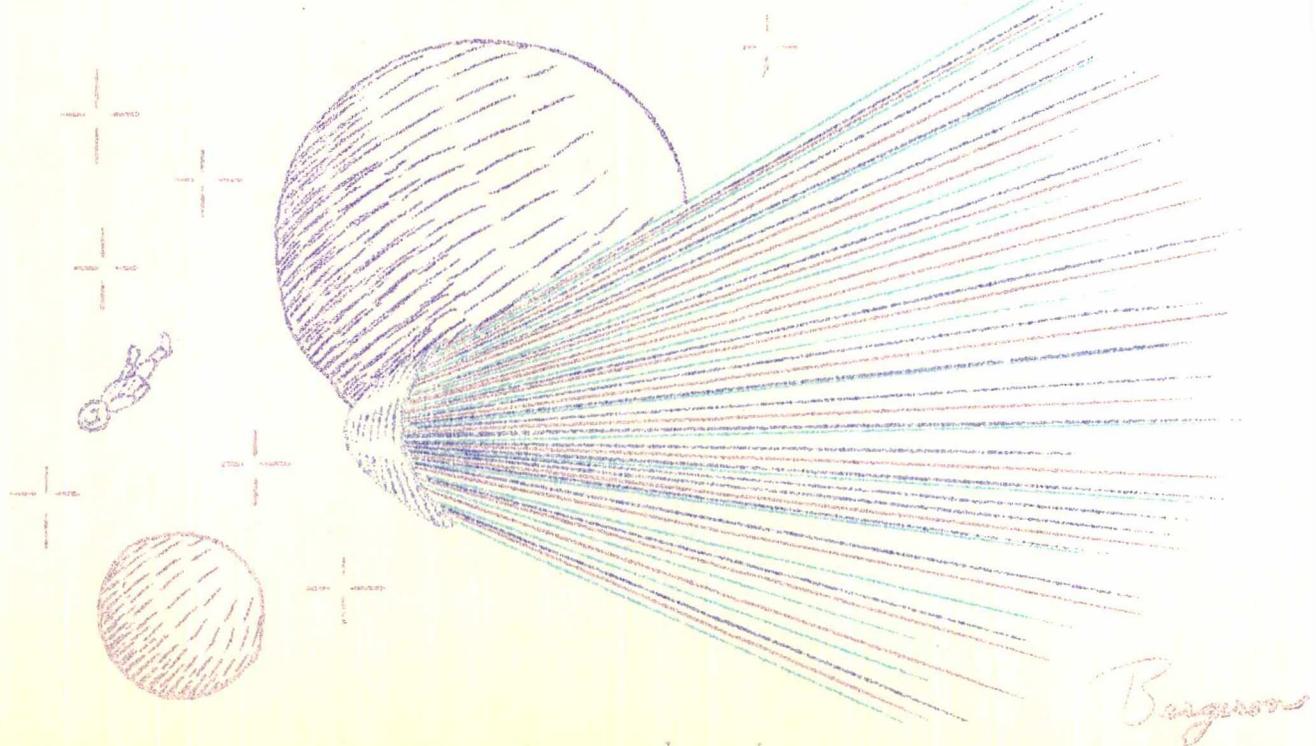
And before the thoughts faded, he remembered the history he had read in them, the life history of the Other, the life history that stretched back into time for twenty nine years, and he examined his own mind, and he wondered if he, too, would have a soul....

The last thought was the first, and he found himself lying on a sandy beach listening to waves coming in, pounding in from the relentless sea-- or was it the blood pounding in from his temples.

But then he remembered that he didn't have any temples or any blood or any heart to pound it with, that it belonged not to him but to the Other, that it was not him, but that the Other was not the Other at all, that he was.....and he died.

The doctor had removed a tumor.

THE END



By Bob FARNHAM

The population in a certain mental hospital in one of our larger states is said to be composed entirely of imbeciles, idiots and low grade morons.

A sarcastic comparison of the government of any Hamlet, City, State, or even the entire nation, as coming under that heading, to say nothing of the state of matrimony, may, perhaps, be excused if not forgiven by the comparees, especially the female gender, when the said comparison is made as the somewhat cynical and slightly satiric view-point of the jaded side lines observer who has been the victim of too much government, or too much matrimony, both of which, in the long run, amount, to all practical purposes, to one and the same thing.

Completely dazed, they wander thru the balance of their stay on this earth wondering how it was done, and not even the most thoroughly educated, whether he be layman of politics or of matrimony is sufficient enough of an Einstein to learn the answer.

Politics, like marriage, is a subject from which any intelligent man will shy as from a clump of Poison Ivy.

Politics, like marriage, is an institution for the damned.

Politics, like marriage, is a dictatorship, with one side or the other, the "Insiders" or the "outs" in politics, the wife or the husband in marriage, assuming the role of Dictator.

Only an imbecile would be sufficiently of an optimist as to entertain for a single moment the idiotic superstition that peace and tranquility can be had under a dictatorship in either politics or marriage.

A politician may enter politics as an honest man and an average, or better, intelligent being. He leaves it a low grade moron.

A groom may enter marriage a half-decent being. The only way he'll ever leave it is via a divorce court or a coffin. Either way, he is a well skinned mouse.

Elections, 99 times out of any hundred, seldom, if ever, consist of any other process but that of voting one crook out of an office, and voting another into that same office, to carry on in the identical manner and methods of his predecessor.

Granted that he is an honest man when he enters politics, he must either become as crooked as those about him, or withdraw from politics entirely. The pressures put upon him by those in position to apply it are far too intense for either flesh or spirit to withstand for long.

Matrimony is no different. (cont. next page)

~~(ed's note - This was written by Bob in the last issue of The Centaurian, 8-8- of the defunct club of that name. It was written to stir up the ladies of the club. Bob didn't really mean, he's married. On second thought, did he?)~~

The same rose with a different non-de-plume, but well hidden, in both politics and matrimony, are the ever present thorns upon which the unwary being is thoroughly stuck fast. Dictatorship in politics is no different than dictatorship in matrimony. While the methods employed in either case may vary, with time and experience, the end results are identical.

In governmental politics you are told what you can raise, what you can sell, how much you can raise, how much you can sell and how much you can charge for your products. You are told what you can buy, where you can buy it, how much you can pay for it and the quantity you may buy; that is, if you have any money left to buy after paying your income tax, your county tax, your city tax, and the various and sundry hidden excise and luxury taxes on what you actually have to have...or starve to death. Notwithstanding the drain on your pocket-book through taxation by non-representation despite the flowery political pledges, the Army, the Navy, the Airforce, the Red Cross, aided by various rehabilitation organizations, are now demanding the very life's blood of the beings who support them. That such demands are justified is not disputed by this writer, but none dare deny that between politics, matrimony, taxation and blood-dozing, mere Man will eventually weaken and perish.

In matrimony, to all practical extents and purposes, the identical situation exists for the imbecile, idiot and low grade moron who suffers such a catastrophic stroke of ill fortune as to allow himself to be beguiled into becoming a victim of it.

Matrimony, as may politics, might, by stretching a point or two, be likened to a game of cards.

The innocent victim of Cupid's poison falls into the spider web of feminine wiles and loses his HEART. He hastens to advertise his state of idiocy by giving his "chosen" nemesis a DIAMOND to wear on her fingers that all the world may see that she has "hooked" a sap. The fun starts in the matrimonial squared circle when the preacher acts as the time-keeper and tolls the bell of doom. Until one or the other dies, or the groom has sense enough to clear out for parts unknown, he is kept under control by the CLUB of alimony. The status quo prevails until, by natural causes--or otherwise--the imbecilic bridegroom is at last patted in his face by the grave-digger's SPADE, and his surviving nemesis enjoys the proceeds from his insurance policy while she casts about for another sucker.

The United States of America is, reputedly, the land of the free and the home of the brave, but in no other nation on this green Earth can the female of the species turn Man into mouse as quickly or as expertly. In no other nation is the male talked to, talked about, talked up or talked down, lied to and lied about, cussed and discussed, dictated to and lorded over than he is in this same supposedly free United States of America.

A certain degree of a sarcastic sense of humor at witnessing other imbecilic idiots voluntarily committing themselves to a situation where inevitably his innermost thoughts, ideals and dreams must forever remain ineffable, gives this writer sufficient amusement as to enable him to hang on, if only for the sake of discovering what in hell is coming next.

Politics or matrimony...Atomic Bomb or Hell Bomb.....

Man is doomed!!

.... end

WHO WENT THERE

By ELSBERRY

About five years ago two operas by the contemporary American composer Gian-Carlo Menotti appeared on Broadway. These two short pieces, "The Telephone" and "The Medium" were something new to the crowds who frequent the show street, as sparse attendance at early performances clearly showed. The producers began to wonder if the Met wasn't the proper place to present these operas and sadly hung out the closing notice. But that seemed to be a signal for a sudden surge in boxoffice popularity and the notice was taken down with the double bill continuing for 212 performances before finally closing.

Commissioned by the Alice M. Ditson Fund, "The Medium" was first presented at Columbia University in 1946. It was then restaged by the Ballet Society for an engagement before it finally went downtown to the Ethyl Barrymore theater in the fall of 1947.

Producing the play wasn't easy. A straight play, providing it reaches Broadway, and there are plenty that close out of town, has a one in five chance of succeeding. That is, lasting more than a month and reaching what can loosely be called the 'hit' category. Losses are tremendous and it takes strong intestinal fortitude to take the plunge. With these kind of odds against you, why even bother the 'South Pacific crowd' with an opera?

No one, least of all the Met, wants to take a chance on producing a contemporary opera. Production costs are so high that they can't take the chance of fostering a flop. Therefore they stick with the old standbys--Puccini, Verdi, and Wagner--and occasionally, if your name is Igor Stravinsky, you can get them to put on a new opera like the forthcoming, "The Rake's Progress."

Somehow, though, with plays closing like ten-cent mousetraps, Menotti found the necessary backers. Menotti knew that his only chance was to take his opera before the theater-goers. The scepticism of the venture was soon gone, as "The Medium" succeeded despite adverse reviews by the critics.

Musical drama still has a tough time on Broadway, as was shown when "Regina", Marc Blitzstein's excellent adaptation of Lillian Hellman's "The Little Foxes" received rave notices from all the critics but lasted only a scant month. "The Medium", then was more of a fluke, for despite the obvious handicap of being an opera, and with the critics solidly declaring for it a short and unprosperous run, it blossomed out into a distinguished success, and even forced performances by the Met.

The popularity of Menotti's work undoubtedly owes itself to the fact that it is sung in English, and is set more-or-less in the present day. Commercially, the fact that it has but six performers and only one set cannot be overlooked either. With a small overhead there is a greater chance of at least breaking even, even on a short run, and a producer is more likely to take the chance.

Perhaps it was the success of the opera on the stage, or the fact that movies aimed at the also limited field of ballet such as the "Red Shoes" and the "Tales of Hoffman" were received so enthusiastically, that Menotti decided to make a film adaptation. (cont. next page)

Maybe he just wanted the opera to reach a wider audience, or to try his talent in a new field. In any event, Menotti made "The Medium" under enviable conditions. He had to take orders from no one. There were no script writers to add 'additional' dialogue or to 'liven it up'. No musical director to make his score more commercially palatable. And no producer to rant over production costs or point out that an opera could never be a commercial success. Menotti could do exactly as he pleased; and from all indications, he did.

Menotti made his movie in Rome. I don't think he ever thought that "The Medium" would be in the money-making category, but he realized that he could produce it much more cheaply in Italy than in the United States. He wisely took with him two of the stars of the stage version, contralto Marie Powers and Dancer Leo Coleman. They could be expected to perform their roles expertly, and would require minimum of coaching from director Menotti.

In Rome he found his third lead, 14-year old Anna Maria Alberghetti, who was to play the role of the Medium's daughter, Monica, and also obtained the opera's three other minor performers.

The story of the medium is quite simple, suspenseful, well-sustained--and not at all new. Madame Flora (Marie Powers), an aging matron, is a fake spiritualist, specializing in ectoplasmic visitations and various other tomfoolery. It is a highly remunerative business in that she charges a rate calculated to bleed her clientele white in as short a period as possible.

Then, in the midst of a seance, Madame Flora comes out of her trance, mortal fear written on her face. Something, a hand possibly, had touched her throat. She is deathly afraid, afraid that for the first time she has contacted the other world. Now she suddenly realizes that if there is another world, some frightful punishment must await her there for the way she has acted.

The old charlatan is completely devastated. "Who touched me?" she screams, banging about the room. Desperately, she tries to believe that it was someone in the room, and not that which she fears. Her three clients, who devoutly believe in her talents, tell her that nothing, no one, has touched her. Wild with terror, she searches the whole apartment, to find nothing. Angrily she dismisses the three and slumps into a chair to try and rationalize her chaotic thoughts.

Hoping to pin the hand down to an earthly source, she fixes her hope on Toby (Leo Coleman), a deaf-mute who she picked out of the streets and on whom she has regularly vented her discontent.

In between bouts with the bottle she plaintively asks him, "Are you sure you saw nothing touch me?" But Toby shakes his head negatively. She goes to her clients with the same questions, but they treat it light-heartedly and express their confidence in Madame Flora.

She returns drunk, and once more goes to Toby, who she feels is holding back on her. She finds him lying in his small cubicle, fainting sleep for fear of a beating at her hands if he answers no again. She senses that he is pretending and taking a candle she drops a bit of hot wax on his body and sees him wince. She knows now that he is awake, and in a rage, she begins to let the wax drop from the candle onto his closed eyelids. Helpless with terror, and afraid to move, Toby lies there as both his eyes are sealed by a layer of quickly drying wax. Monica (Anna Maria Alberghetti) finally pulls her mother off and brings her back to her senses.

Later Madame Flora tries the gentle approach. She coaxes him by offering him all the manner of things, but the poor boy just shakes his head numbly. Finally she offers him Monica, who she knows he loves. When once again he expresses his innocence, she explodes and begins to beat him, ending up by throwing him out into the street and collapsing weakly into a chair.

Unexpectedly the three clients show up for their weekly seance. Madame Flora tells them that there will be no more, but they will not hear of it. She tells them she is a fake, offers to return their money if only they will go away. They refuse to believe her. She has Monica sing for them, and shows them the cubby-hole with the wiring for the table movings and light-flashings. They tell her that she might have thought she was a fake, but they know their own child's voice. They plead with her for one more time, in a beautiful scene of dead-pan harmony singing. And again Madame Flora flies into one of her rages and chases them from the house.

As the scene shifts we find Madame Flora in the dimly lit room singing drunkenly of all the horrors she has known over her lifetime. As she falls into a stupor, Toby, who has been hiding on the balcony, moves across the french doors, and his shadow momentarily arouses her to "Who's there?" but she soon has her head down again. Toby enters, but in his fear he is more interested in watching Madame Flora than in where he is going and he knocks over a table. Hurridly he runs for the one hiding place that he knows of-- the cubby hole.

Madame Flora is now fully awake. She draws a gun from the table drawer. "Who's there?" she cries. Toby can say nothing. Frantically, he tries to get out of the cubby hole for he knows she will beat him, but the other exit is locked. He claws the wall in desperation, his face a mask of mixed emotions. His hands catch on wires, push buttons, and the lights begin to fade and brighten in the other rooms.

Madame Flora points her gun at the cubby hole and again cries out, "Who's There?" she asks. Blindly she pulls the trigger.

Toby, the bloodstained cloth over the entrance to the cubby hole wrapped around him, pitches forward from the tiny cell.

Slowly, Madame Flora, gun at side, moves forward and bends over the still form. Looking into the wide-open eyes; a faintly satanic grin etched on the still features of his face, she stares for a moment. Then, softly, she asks: "Was it you?" And even in death, as in life, Toby can tell her nothing.

Aside from the music and acting, Coleman's pantomining is truly brilliant. I think the thing that surprised me most was Menotti's superb direction. He had spent just three short weeks studying film techniques before he started the movie, and yet he has created a film worthy of the highest Hollywood standards.

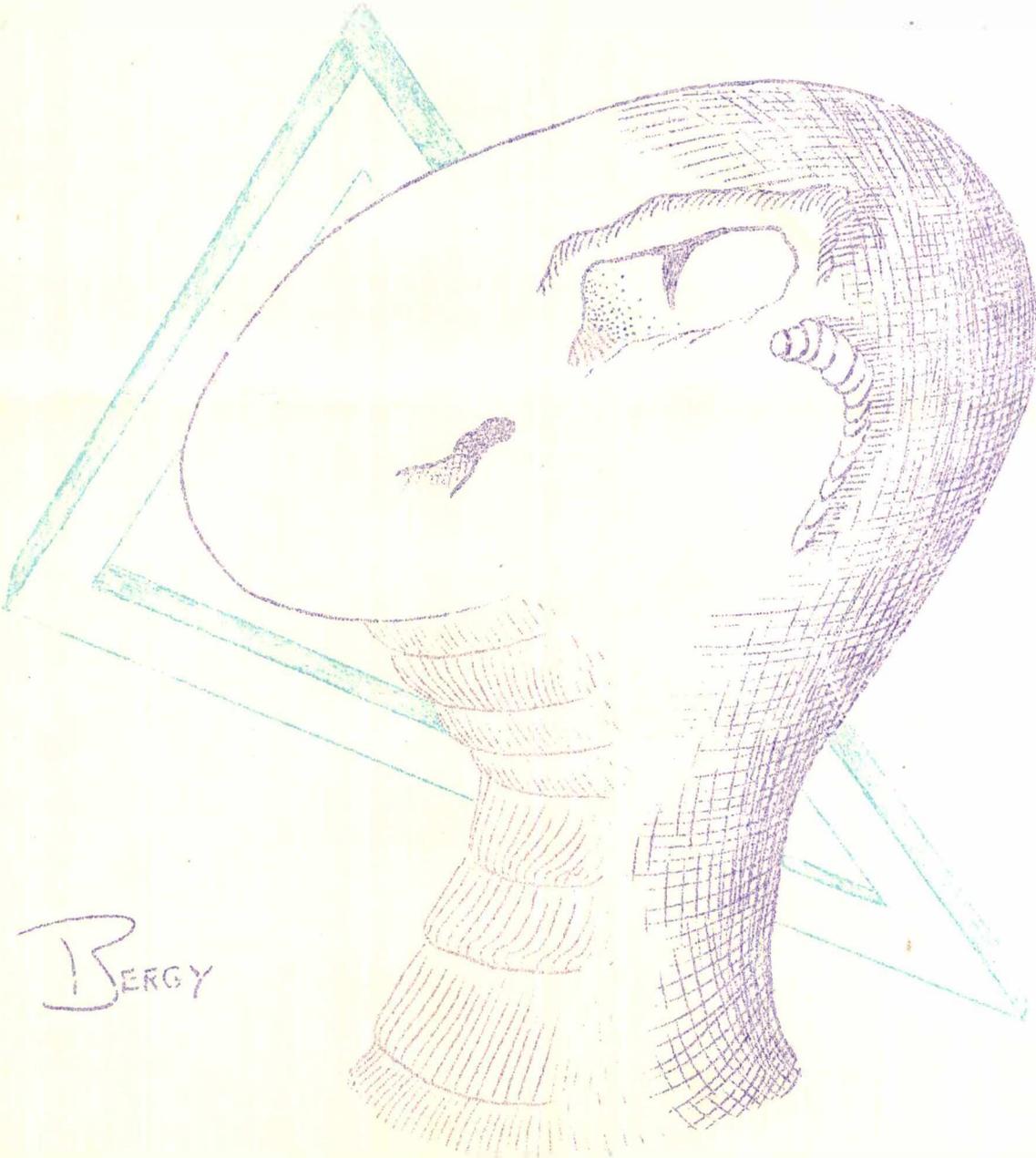
Despite its black-and-white excellence, technicolor would have been no handicap. The scene where the bloodstain appears and slowly spreads on the curtain before Toby collapses with the curtain wrapped about him cries out for color. Menotti's score, is of course, quite brilliant, too. I was especially enthralled by the background music for the film credits at the beginning of the movie. It was composed especially for the picture and bore a marked resemblance to things recently done by Stan Kenton and his arrangers, in that it seemed to be scored for bongo drums, electric guitar, and triangle among other things. (I was almost as surprised by this as by one jazz combo in the background of a sequence in "Miracle in Milan").

Because of the shortness of the original piece, approximately a half hour has been added to the film version, but much of it it has been so skillfully blended that it is hard to detect.

Knowing theater managers, you probably won't have too much of a chance to see this. Don't pass it up because of that 'opera' tag on it. You can't say you don't like opera until you've seen the "The Medium". Then I dare you to say it.

The end

)))))))))



BERGY

Fanzine Club

BY HIRSCHHORN

The other day I got a call from Joe Semencovich who usually does this column explaining that he had a multitude of personal problems and couldn't meet the deadline and wouldn't I please take over for him for this one issue. I said I would and hoped all would straighten out and that he would be back at his old spot next ish. Anyway, I've always wanted to be a reviewer. So I could tell other eds what I think of their mags. I always did have a knack for telling folks what was wrong with their mag. This should also prove to be quite useful as I will need some experience in reviewing. Nan Gerding (that dear soul) picked me up as reviewer (aya think The Newstand is a good name for a review column?) for her Chigger Patch (plug: Good zine, send 15¢ for one, no subs.. Bob Farnham, 104 Mt. View Drive, Dalton, Ga.). Well, 'nuff of this small talk and on to telling other eds what's what.

Cosmag/Science-Fiction Digest. Ian Macaulay and Henry Burwell editors, Sept. 52 With this annish comes the sad news that the printed format is gone after this and that a new fmz will be named soon. This will be a club zine (C/SFD was printed by the ASFO). Seems the printing was too much. The club will go into hardcover book printing, first book to be The Immortal Storm. Address all matters to Ian Macaulay; 57 East Park Lane, Atlanta, Georgia.

This annish was a beautiful job, a really nice goodbye. The covers on both sides are terrific, by Burge and Jeeves. I thought "Judgement" by Mack Reynolds a nice piece of writing in that it was very smoothly narrated. The plot was rather ancient, but then a plot is rare if new. Lem Craig relates the sad woes of the s-f field as more and more writers are going to the greener pastures of the pro field. This article has much of the writer's opinion in it and therefore cannot be truly rated as factual. Following is a summary of the history of Weird Tales. It seems that every second fanzine has a history of some prozine or fanzine. I'm afraid to say, with no offense to Bob Briney, author of this, that they get quite dull. Only good writing make it halfways readable. Bob's was. Seems like Peter Ridley is beginning to run out of ideas for his column, Speaking for Myself. He's stooped as low as to review some fanzines, a summarizes a story. Will his column discontinue with the fall of C/SFD? I hope not.

The other half, SFD has mostly reprints from old zines. The ones I liked most were A Fan At Large by that mystery writer called Tucker. It was from the Chicon Yearbook, 1440. Was a letter from a neofan to his mom from a con in the distant future. Chuckles at every line. He should do so well as a novelist. The Vacuum Beetle, and The Hibernation of Bertram Bugger were good as fan fiction goes. The interior artwork was sensational. Their even was a picture of a g-i-r-l wearing nothing but a "come-hither" smile. If this is what they mean by pornography, I'm all in favor of it. A really great ish. I'd like to offer a tribute to Messrs. Macaulay, Burwell and their contributors. They have given fandom a gift never to be forgotten. C/SFD will be a fanlandmark, known to all. With the passing of this great fanzine it will be hard to find another to take its place. But knowing fans, those who have the spirit, courage and the sheer ambition of these two, zines as C/SFD will never be lacking. My hat is off to you gentlemen.

Spaceship; Bob Silverberg, 760 Montgomery St. Brooklyn, 13, N.Y. Oct. 52. 10¢
This issue is number 19 and comes after a summer vacation taken by Bob. It is up to the usual standards of Spaceship and one can get a good bargain for these ten little pennies. Richard Ward, who has a style all his own, gives us a nice cover and equally nice interiors. Bob is short on articles this time. He writes of British Reprint Editions in his usually dry style. He mentions in 1953 that the Germans were bombing England (just a passing remark) put being a stickler for details, I think that the bombs didn't come till 1940, but what's a year or less? As I've said, Bob's style is dry, which is good for certain kinds of articles. But when he fills five pages with sheer catalogue talk, it does get rather dull. I mentioned on the preceding page that an article detailing articles and material used in past years needs a smooth type of writing to make it interesting. Bob failed in this. Roger Dard tells us of the happenings in Australian fandom. Sounds like a big feud is brewing between Capt. Slater and Vol Molesworth. Tsk! Tsk! I guess it's things like these that make one wonder whether we're all little kiddies or mature people. Thrills, Inc., the only prozine went out of business but a new one is seen to be coming. Also in the ish is an amusing tale by Fred Chappell and an account by Sir Ian Macaulay on the plight of C/SFD. Sub to this zine would be first advice, also send some material. O.K?

Fantasias; Dave English, 515 Deer Street, Dznkirk, N.Y. 15¢
Looks like the season for annishes is on. Dave, however isn't as spectacular as Cosmag. He didn't chose to be, either. I've noticed that Fantasias has always has duplication trouble. I hope that can be remedied. Thicker Paper? There is a review of a book called OAHSEE which was reputedly to have been written by a galactic race that is watching over us. Sounds like fascinating stuff. Where was the book found? Where can copies be found today? Can anyone tell me where it is? George Wetzel has a fine fiction piece in the story, "Playground". Write well done. P.H. Economou (yes, that's a legit name) has some chuckles in his "Neofan's farewell to fandom. All I can say is, ain't it so? Fred Chappell shows signs of becoming a known fan writer (he has a fiction bit here next ish). His column, The Goldfish Bowl is one of the best columns I've seen in a long time. Some suggestions to Dave. Improve your format, it needs an overhauling. Try improving reproduction. Otherwise, it's o.k.

Renaissance; Joe Semenovitch, 155-07 71st Ave, Flushing 67, N.Y. 10¢
It seems Joe has fallen out with his former co-ed Warren Freiberg. It seems that Warren, after they went co-ed, turned out his own fanzine and refused to return the names of the subbers and some stencils, etc. In fact, as Joe says, he never answered. Joe met Warren at the con (He was, as Joe put it to me, "a short little guy, about 14-15 years old". Sounds like a brat) who promptly promised to write, made an excuse and avoided Joe for the rest of the con. He still hasn't written. Ah, well, let the blood spill. Redddd, bloody redddy ink should be interesting. (Hmm, that reminds me, I haven't seen Harry lately). The zine itself was at its best. The fiction was good. Dr. Dullener writes an interesting tale on pill-nutrition. Ben And The Electron, by C. Danowski was rather corny to say the least. We have a new-comer to fandom. Going by the selling name of Steven R. Paul he is one of the most promising new writers on the fannish horizon. He seems to specialize in esoteric stories. I like it. I think we should be seeing more of him in other fanzines. What's his address, Joe? We have another history of a promag (the woods is full of them, pa. Should we fight?), Other Worlds. The same. Well written, nothing fascinating. Joe plans on having a fanzine. Send him stuff and a sub. Worthwhil methinks.

MISERIES: MISERIES

Bob Fults

Best thing in this issue was Watkin's Stfological Garden which was well-written as is usual for him. The Fan Editor was next, and Bergeron's art and lettering came in on its heels. That boy can really draw--the shading on the peaks in the pic on pg. 2 was superb work, but the one on pg. 7 was about the best. The head on pages 8 and 9 were cleverly executed; real fantastic drawing. For once I liked a fan poem--a new epoch is arrived. Nan Gerding's Who showed real talent. You should get more, Nan obliging. This was a really good ish.

((You're right. Bergeron can really draw. The lowest rating he received was an 8, and only one 8.))

David English

Latest T. was, as one would expect and hope, better than the previous ones. Which is as it should be. The Keasler cover happens to be one of those that don't particularly impress me. He seems to be working too hard at having a cover on every issue of every mag. It can't be done; or if it can, who wants it? He's best at drawing exotic femmes, and better still when he takes his time to work the thing out properly; then, I might say, he can't be beat. The drawings and headings by Bergeron certainly added life to your pages.

((Well, it seems that mos' folks like Keasler's work. We did, otherwise he wouldn't be doing our covers regularly.))

Redd Boggs

Tyrann is very interesting and very promising. It's nice too see some-one making use of ditto's abilities in a subzine. Keasler's cover, one of the best things he's drawn ((See D.E.)), I think: well proportioned figure and a clean-lined rocket plane. Bergeron's pic on pg. 18 was fine, as were his smaller pix. The headings were good and bad - those for Miseries and Lutterings was terrible. Stfological Garden was your best item, I thought. Watkins is an undeservedly obscure fan writer. Actually he's one of the best article writers around, as he shows in nearly everything he writes. The Big Eye was #2 item, and I guess Canley's "A Bloody Mess" was #3. It was better than average fan fiction. Moshert's "How To Form A S*F Club" was a rather long ad. Hinkie Pinkies a "rather new type of game" if They're not even new to fandom. I vividly recall Art Widner's article in Spaceways about 10 years ago about his trip to the Chicon of 1940, in which he told how they played Stinky Pinky to wile away traveling time.

((Well, we thought it was new. I guess we wuz too young to know better at the time it came out. It is good for spending idle time))

Nan Gerding

Gad, you hit the jackpot, didn't you? This issue was really excellent. Not too much--not too little--you've hit a wonderful stride with the third issue--just keep it up. Reproduction is outstanding and the interior artwork exceptional to say the least. I enjoyed all of #3--I even enjoyed reading my own poem which is darned rare.

((This issue, I think is even better))

We want to apologize to those whose letters we ommitted. We've run out of ditto carbons and have to conserve. There'll be more next time.

WEOA! We done found another carbon. On with the letters!

Frank Gorden

I think Tyrann should go places. Of course, it needs an amount of improvement in duplication and material. What kind of mimeo do you use? Stofological Garden was interesting as were the other articles. The fiction was enjoyable but nothing to be remembered. My advice: Build up a stable of regular, dependable writers to supply you with good material at an instant.

((To build up a stable of writers one must keep the stable happy. Being an amateur fanzine we don't give out prizes to our contributors. In fandom the thing that keeps fans alive and kicking in this field is the fact that they give to others unselfishly and receive only egoboo in return. That is why so many fanzines have succeeded. Of course, many have failed because of lack of good material. We are becoming known in fandom and I think that we should be able to send to you a good selection of material at all times.)))

Richard Bergeron

Tyrann 3 was very good. Keasler's cover was outstanding for Keasler. Wish he'd do more like this one. With somany serials on fandom coming out now-- Keasler's in TLA, Willis' in C/SPD, Firestone planning one on NBP I believe, why don't you get on the bandwagon...contact some Aussie fan to write up the history of Aussie fandom in serial form. Molesworth would be an excellent catch if you could swing the deal! Ev's column is getting almost as interesting as his Sapszine Boffin, which is one of Sap's best!

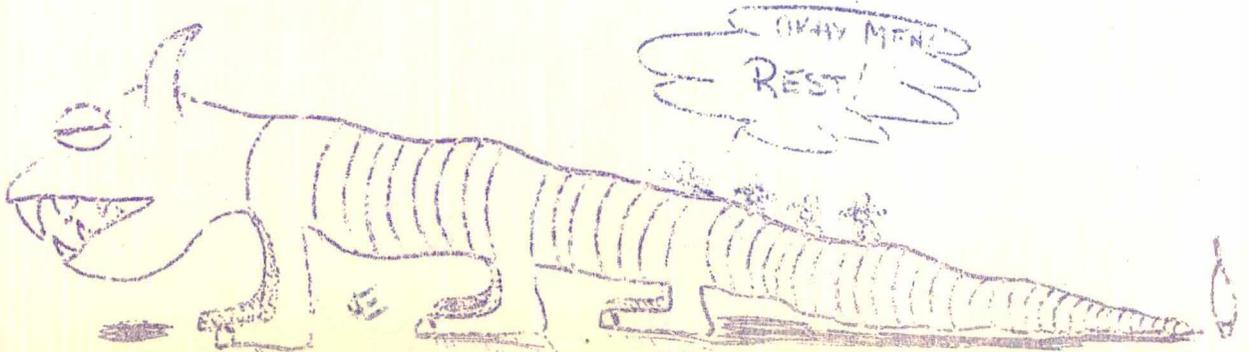
((Don't you think those serials are rather dull? It seems that too many folks are telling about the glorious days of fandom's past. We never were ones to dream about the past. If someone could write a serial of future fandom or telling of present fandom, we'd rather take that than a history of past fandom. It is only a rare fan that can make something like that fascinating enough to read. Harry Warner and Sam Moskowitz are two such folks.)))

Max Keasler

Your work with different colors is fast becoming as good as S-F Fan once was, and that's the top floor, the pent-house. Bergeron's headings and artwork are on the most part outstanding, and even good in the bad spots. I see you're editorializing in the editorial...how dare you!

((Well, we can't help it Max. It just is that Opus is Opus and Tyrann is Tyrann. Both types of editorials are fun to read. By the way, when is Opus due?)))

~~~~~





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