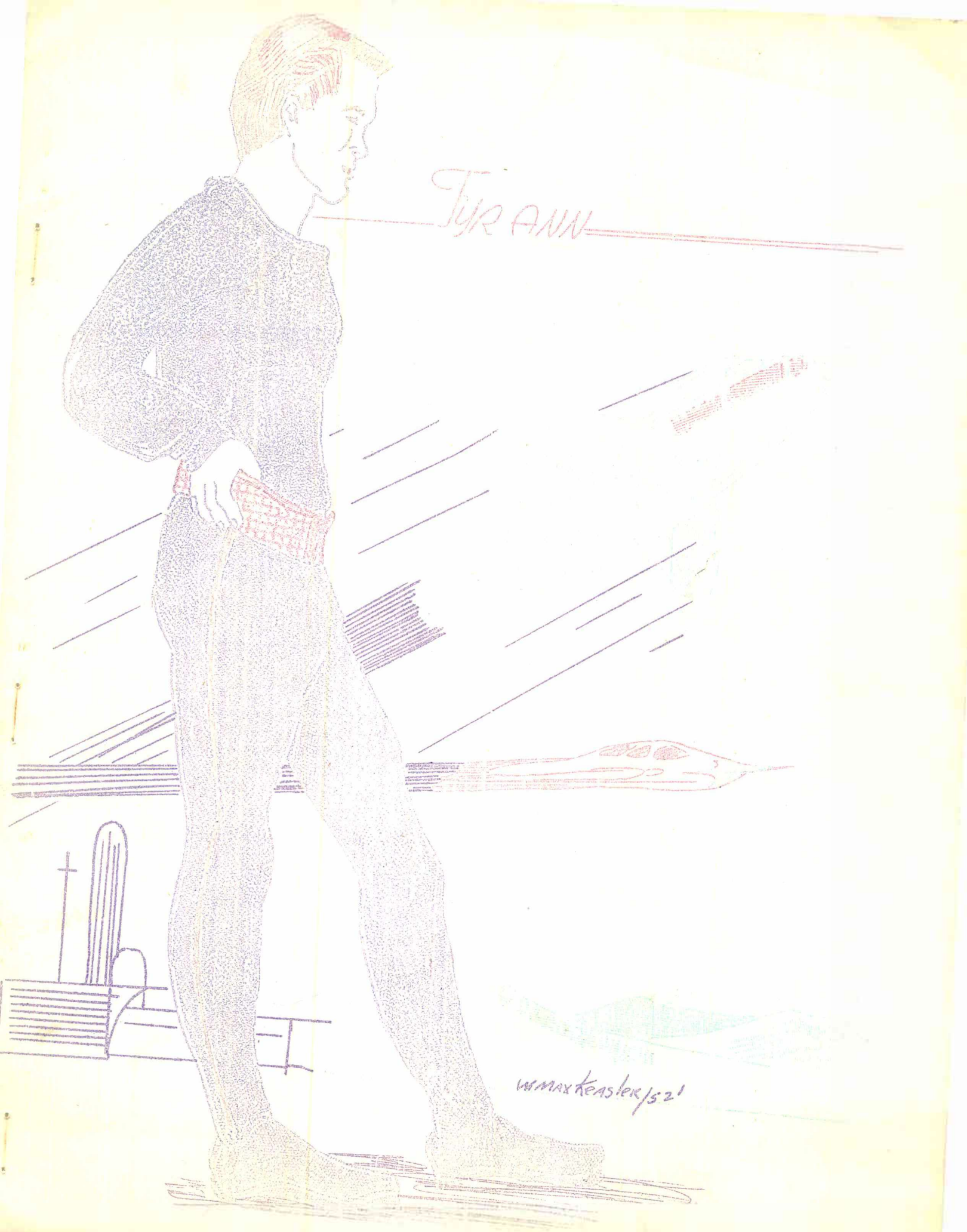


Tyr ANN



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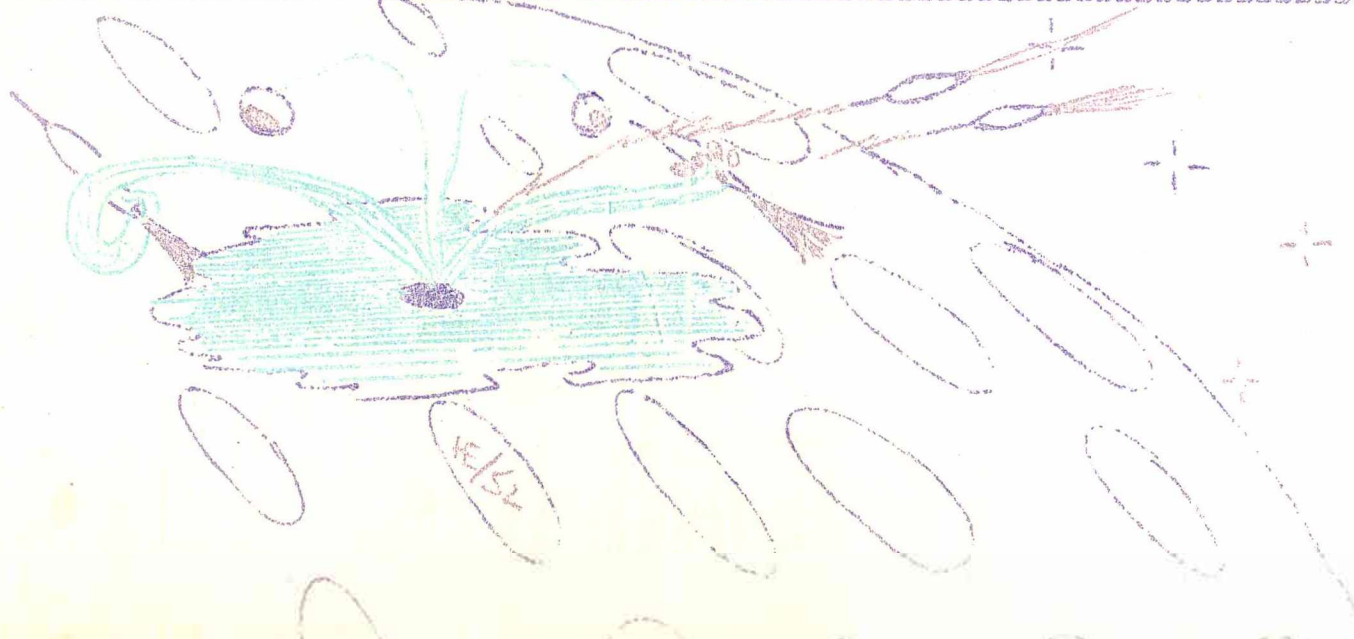
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TERRA-FORUM

TERRA-FORUM IS DEAD

Due to public apathy, Terra-Forum has died in the dusty recesses of its editors' minds. During its short life, only 4 (four) people responded to its plaints. Now it goes the lonely way of the has-been fan column, to a literary grave beneath the mountains of correspondence that eventually accumulate in our wastebasket. (Shed your tears elsewhere, please, your soaking the zine!)

However, the question scheduled for this issue was, in our opinion, interesting enough to warrant comment in this editorial. It read:

"Does juvenile and space-opera science-fiction have a degrading effect on so-called mature s-f in the eyes of non-fen?"

First, let's get straight what we mean by "juvenile and space opera sf". Space-opera, we guess, is quite well known to most of you. It still has upshoots now and then, but certainly has almost disappeared. Fans usually take an attitude of friendly humor to it, and a favorite in fandom is the bem. In its heyday, it undoubtedly had a very degrading effect on science-fiction, as evinced in the many people who say: "Science-fiction? Tha t trash? Read one story once; never'll touch the stuff again!" When, after fruitless attempts to explain to him as best you can what s-f is a ll about, you finally, in desperation, ask him about this repulsive story, he'll tell you it was fifteen years ago, and the story was called "The Marauding Martian Monsters".

Comes juvenile science-fiction, and we are faced with a totally different problem. By juvenile s-f we mean the oceans of television and radio programs, comics and comic strips, Buck Roger guns, spacesuits, rocket rings and whatnot being directed at the youngsters of America by equally many manufacturers. (We do not classify Heinlein's books as juvenile!)

Now, when Papa comes home after a hard day's work and is greeted with a fall over Junior's rocket ship, manufactured from old fruit crates and conveniently left in the doorway, Captain Video going full blast on the TV set, and the shrieks of Little Sister being clubbed over the head by Junior who is shrieking just an octave higher: "Take that you dirty Martian", will he patiently say: "Just a passing phase, or will he try to strangle the local drug store man who tries to interest him in a copy of Startling Wonder Stories?

Somehow, we suspect, he would be inclined to do the latter.

Or, to site a more concrete example, just before the "Tales of Tomorrow" show, which is the only good s-f show in the Eastern area, there is an advertisement for "Space Patrol" telling all the children to watch and

see Commander Corey "fight the mad scientist on Mars" or "Try to find a cure for the Cosmophoria germ disease" and even worse. Then comes the announcement: "Stay tuned for Tales of Tomorrow and thrilling science-fiction adventures--". What non-fan would stay tuned in to watch T.O.T. with similes between that program and "Space Patrol" racing through his mind?

There is a good side to juvenile science-fiction, however. Somewhere along the line of experience with his space gun (toy though it may be), his imaginary battles with Martians, Junior is going to start wondering: "What is Mars really like? Where is it? How does a real space gun work?"

Somewhere along the line, he's going to start trying to find out, and perhaps a physicist, or an astronomer, or even a science-fiction fan will be born.

After all this argument, counter-argument, and classification, however, we are faced with that most maddening of questions:

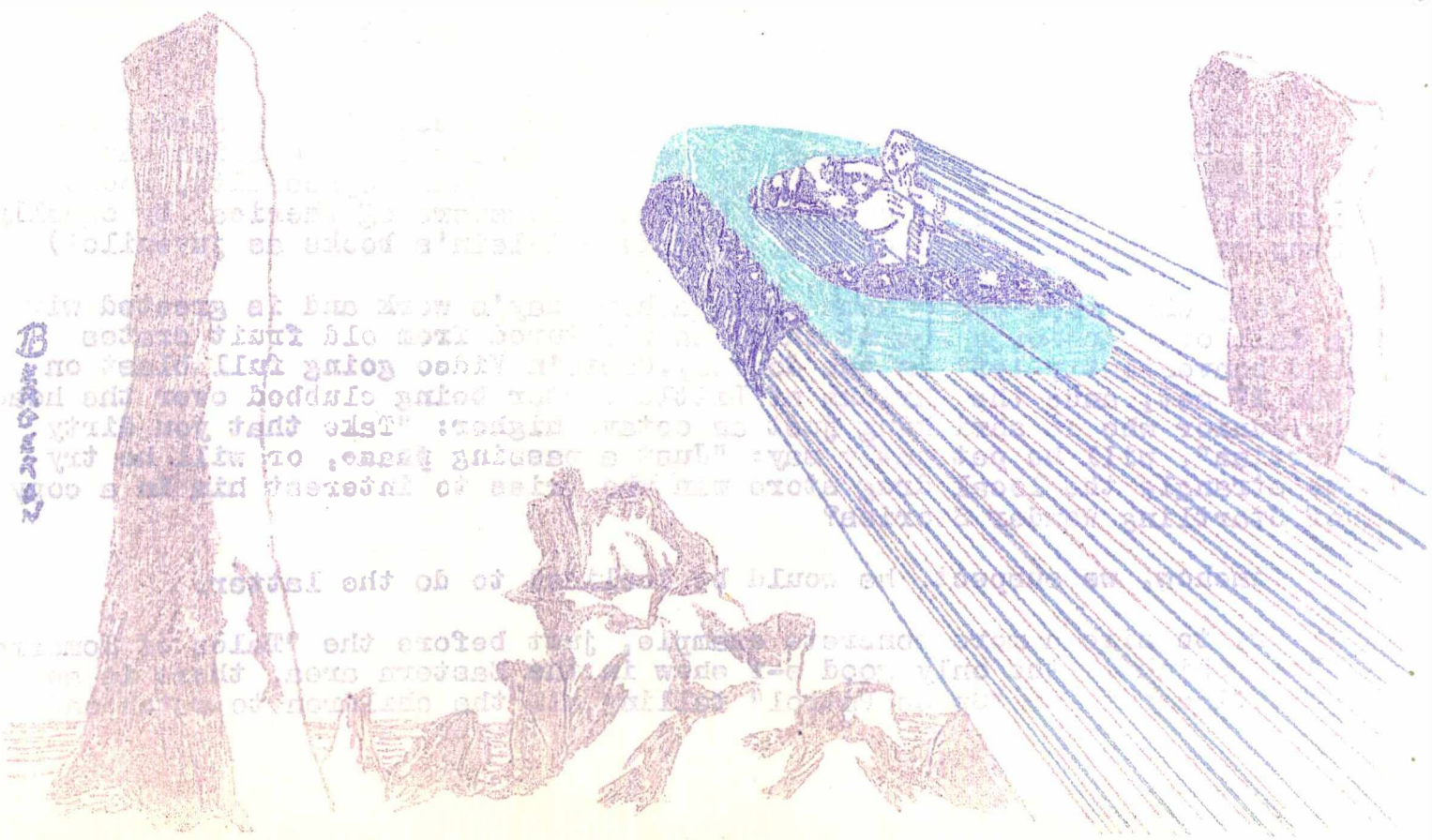
"Who cares what the non-fans think?"

-Henry Ebel-

and

-Norbert Hirschhorn-

.....





The Big Eye

THE BOOK COLLECTOR

Almost five years ago I decided that I would quit buying best-sellers and other popular novels. Instead, I decided to collect new science-fiction books, especially anthologies. At the time there were few s-f books in print and fortunately for me, only about 5 modern s-f anthologies. Also, to my good fortune, a kind friend warned me that the publishers of hard cover books were about to go for s-f in a big way and that a collection of just the new s-f anthologies and authors collections would become an expensive project. "Furthermore," he said, "If you continue to collect new novels by the better s-f authors also, you'll go bankrupt - no new cars or vacations for you!" Luckily I heeded his words and stopped when my book collection was at about a hundred strong.

My friend's words proved truly prophetic. To any fan thinking of collecting books we say, "Don't do it, unless you intend to remain single making a hundred or more a week, and have the sort of space that Coswall must have!"

THE MAG COLLECTOR

It was then that I once again went astray. I decided to amass a complete collection of fantasy and s-f prozines. First I listed the ones I had, mostly of recent years, and started to fill up the gaps. Here I got a terrific break - a local second-hand store was being sold out. I picked up about 300 mags at 5¢ apiece. A few were oldies and I found I even had some files of Fantastic Adventures, Planet, Startling, Capt. Future, etc. Yep, I was on top of the world...I was becoming a successful collector! So then I sorted them out in piles. Suddenly it dawned on me that the whole business didn't make much sense. I had several hundred mags but no one mag comprised more than 25% of the pile.

An appeal for advice was made to Ed Beck, a competitist mag collector. I was especially interested in ASF. Ed was very helpful and said that the best way of completing any collection was to go to a certain dealer in New York. "Take a hundred clams with you," said Ed. "And tell the dealer that they're his if he can fill out your ASF file. He'll probably do it. You can save a lot of money per copy that way".

It was about that time that I gave up mag collecting! I also told myself that I had never liked mags for collection purposes, that they took too much space, had horrid covers and came apart too easily. Worse yet, many of the stories were poorly written and don't forget the terrible adds in the back. This traitorous conduct nearly cost me my pleasant associations with several other mag collectors and especially Beck's. He replied strongly that he could prove with figures that mags took up less space than books did. More important yet, mag stories were nearly all originals and so first editions. The books were largely reprints. And so on, until I finally admitted that he was right all the way.

One happy result was the cheers of my better half who had a dim

view of pulp mags, stimulated no doubt by the pics on the covers for which I didn't blame her a bit. (Note: she also had a poor opinion of s-f but this has modified a bit since she saw the flying saucer in 1958)

THE SOLUTION

I still had the collector's bug and finally stumbled on the answer. Louise had been collecting paper editions of classics, short story collections, popular novels, best sellers, joke anthologies, etc. at 10¢ apiece in the second-hand stores, for years. There it is: reprints, paper books, pocket books, small books, call them what you want but they make a fine s-f and fantasy collection. Cheaply priced, well bound, more moderate covers, take little space are their merits. And there are plenty of good ones on the market. Even Beck had to admit it was a happy solution and also that paper books take up even less space than mags. But sometimes I think he secretly considers them more mags than books anyhow!

To anyone who is thinking of collecting books or mags of our favorite genre we say, "Wait a minute, think it over, are you rich like Beck, do you have unlimited space like Coswall? If not, well then paper books are the answer".

BUT CAUTION

If you do decide on a collection of paper books you'll be smart to take the view that the real ones are the type first pubbed by Penguin in England and by Pocket Books here. Both date only from the 1930's and a complete collection is fairly possible at reasonable expense and effort. If you go further back you'll find yourself up against the Tauchwitzs, Frank Reades, Munros, Lovells, etc. - hundreds of them, and some are very rare. Reades can cost you \$3 to \$5 apiece. So tell yourself that you just want modern s-f or modern s-f and fantasy paper books and you'll rest much easier nights! Better yet, just stick to U.S. moderns. The British have put out more than the U.S. in the last few years and their quality is largely poor. If you are a completist, though, they can be obtained without bankruptcy threatening you.

PAPER BOOKS

Almost 18 months ago Bob Troetschel of Pittsburgh and myself decided to compile a checklist of S-F, Fantasy and Weird Paper Books. We each had over 200 items and figured we were reaching the end of our collections. Truly, the blissful ignorance of the novice is a wonderful thing.

Aid has been received from such people as Boucher, Bleiler, R.G. Medhurst of London, England, Dr. Eaton of California, Ackerman, Bill Groveman of Pyramid Books, Moskowitz, Ferguson, the Australian's Molesworth, Stone, Dard and a couple of dozen others. We learned that paper books in the genre came out as far back as 1885! Now we have over 1,000 titles and believe we'll end up with 1500. And new ones are coming out all the time. We believe that p.b. collections will be more and more popular. Now is the time to get on the ground floor before prices in the field begin to soar as the demand increases.

You still prefer books as a collection? Oh, I see you are going to stick to Van Vogt novels. And you still prefer mags. Oh, just Wonder Stories. Fair enough, when your collection is complete...then start on paper books...you'll love their easy effect on your bankroll.

THE END

A BLOODY MESS

The other day I got myself into a bloody mess. A frightful mess I said the other day; I mean the other night, of course. We vampires don't venture out into the sunlight.

I'll bet you don't believe in vampires. Well, there are reasons for your ignorance. One of them is that the vampire population is decreasing at an abysmal rate. Would you believe it? Once there were always at least a dozen vampires in any city of good size, and now you can travel through a whole country and not even run across one.

You might think that such a situation wouldn't have any effect on me - the decrease in our membership, I mean. You might suppose that just because we spend our days in coffins we aren't gregarious. Well, you're wrong. We like company a lot. We often make friends. I had a good friend, a very close friend, for many years. But that friendship ended sadly. You know how human friendships often break up because one of the men tries to make a touch. My friend tried to put the bite on me, too.

But that was almost a century ago. You still met a vampire occasionally, then. But the census kept dropping. Finally, several years ago, I was forced to the realization, the horrible realization, that there was an excellent chance that I was the last existing vampire.

Thus it was with some shock and relief that I met George. I didn't realize at first that he was a vampire. He was walking along the street in the downtown district of the city, and stopped under a dusty old street lamp to light a cigarette.

I was not too hungry. I had partaken of my special brand of food only two nights ago. I was walking slowly, enjoying the night air, and as I came abreast of him, he spoke.

"Excuse me, sir," he said apologetically. "Just a moment. This damned cigarette lighter of mine won't work. Do you happen to have a light?"

I did. Is it surprising to you to learn that vampires are users of tobacco? We have acquired many of your habits. After all, what man, be he superstitious or not, would suspect that tall, pale chain-smoker that is walking along near him to be a blood-sucking demon?

"By the way, have you given me your blood yet?" he asked me casually, as he returned the lighter.

Well, what would you have done? I nearly dropped dead; I might have really done so had I been alive. I did drop my lighter, however, and the stranger smiled at my discomfiture. He picked it up and held it out to me.

"Don't be startled," he said. "I just..."

I regained my voice. "I am not surprised," I said weakly. "Just

not prepared to meet another of my kind."

"Your kind?" he echoed. "Oh, then you're one of us. How've you been doing?"

"Not bad," I said. "I stick to young children, mostly, so don't have much trouble."

He looked at me queerly when I said that. I took no notice of his actions, though, and added, "This event is one to which I have long looked forward to. Would you care to show me your hunting grounds?"

"Well," he said, "it's a little late, but okay, come along." He turned and led me to the side door of a huge building. We went in - he had a key - and he led me to a small room. He turned on a light, and I looked around.

"Interesting place," I said. "You are a scientific fellow, then?"

"Of course," he said. "How else could I get blood?"

"I've never thought of implementing the natural methods," I said. "I mean, we vampires have always drunk the blood directly from the veins of our victims. I see you have improved on the old methods."

He looked at me, but said nothing.

"It is very annoying, after feasting, to be forced to lie in a comatose condition in order to digest the blood. I have never considered storing the blood for future use. Why, I can't imagine. After all, human wives store fruits and things in cans; why can't we vampires?"

He looked at me. "Exactly what I thought," his voice quavered, "why can't we."

"You know," I told him, "I'd begun to think I was the last vampire left in the world. I'm glad I've discovered another. Do you know of any more?"

He hesitated, then spoke: "Yes, I do. There are several others in the city. They bring their victims here and I perform the necessary operations. But perhaps you would care for a snack. I have here a can of blood which I recently made up." He got one out for me. "You just attach this little rubber hose and suck the blood out."

I did. It was good. Very good.

He was regarding me with a very queer expression on his face.

"Perhaps I can remain here with you," I suggested, ignoring his bad manners. "Or else I could find another as gifted as you and can organize a similar group in another city."

"Perhaps," he said, watching me carefully. I noticed his teeth. They were nowhere near as long as my beautiful, pearly incisors. I caught him watching mine jealously. His were nearly nonexistent; Perhaps this deficiency was the reason that he had devised his excellent scheme for getting blood.

"Have another glass," he offered when I had finished the first one.

"Oh, I don't know," I hesitated. "I don't want to drink too much. You know how it is when you drink too much. When my wife was undead, she always used to nag me about my drinking. But maybe I'll have just one more."

This went on for a couple of hours. I grew drowsy. The warm blood made me dizzy. I had just recovered from my last feast. Now I drank more and more. Finally I could drink no longer. I slumped back in my chair, tired and dormant.....

The men were clustered about me when I awoke the next morning. I was chained down in a coffin, and the sun had not quite risen above the horizon. I watched the men. The traitor was among them. I glared balefully at him.

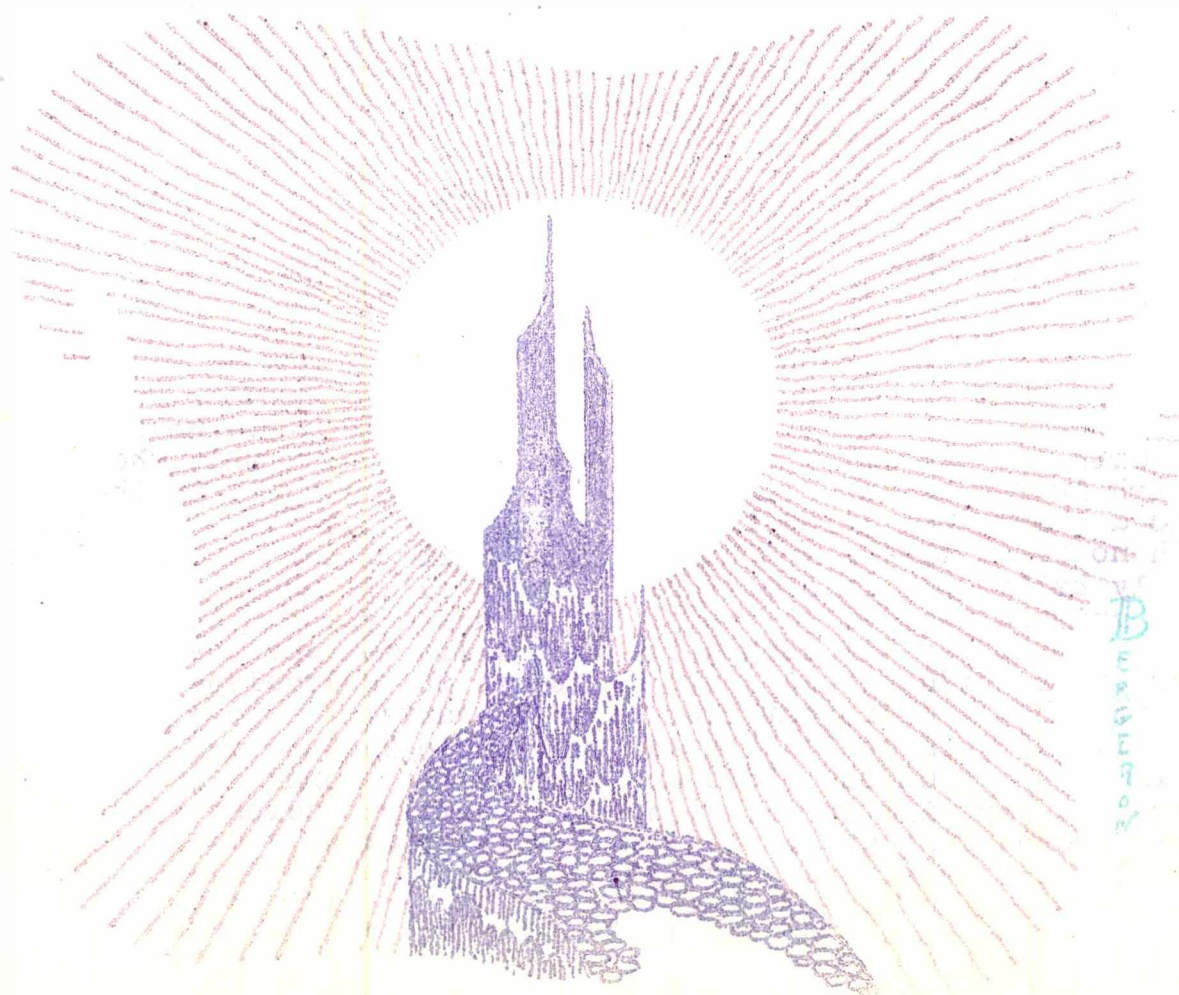
"And I thought he was kidding, till he drank the blood and I noticed his teeth. And those reports of kids who died from lack of blood.... But this will be the test. When the sun rises. Then you will believe...."

And of course they did believe. It was afterward that they pounded the wooden stake through the place where my heart should be, fastened me inside the coffin, and buried me secretly deep in consecrated earth.

Well, so I was stupid. How could I help it? We vampires don't know everything about human beings, and I can't read English anyway.

How could I know what a "Blood Bank" was?

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STFOLOGICAL GARDEN

As Larry O'Keefe and party rounded a corner in the passages beneath the moon pool, they saw a projection of two figures on a wall fifty feet away. One was a gorgeous blonde and the other a gigantic frog woman, seven feet tall, the blonde's protector. The image fades but Larry pursues the blonde for 60,000 words through the exotic fauna of A. Merritt's "The Moon Pool". The huge frog woman turns out to be only one of an army of frog women and Larry has to satisfy them that his intentions are honorable before he has a chance with the fair maiden.

Over the years, the stfological gardens have been stocked with a host of wil nature creatures, plants and insects far more alarming than seven feet frog women. And this flora and fauna has had an evolution which we hope to outline in this article.

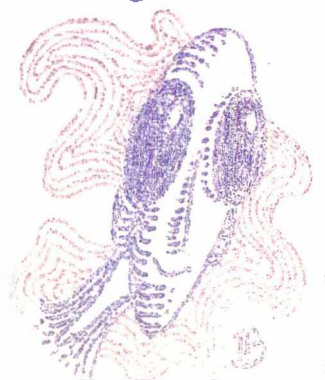
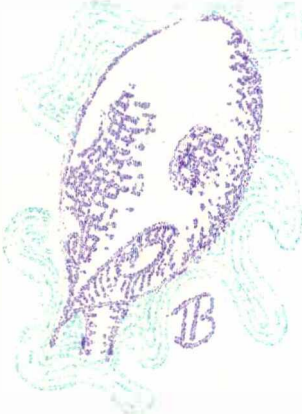
The three old masters, Lovecraft, Merritt and Clark Ashton Smith used wild nature in their stories, but their creations were only props.

They added to the eerie atmosphere. Few could be called originals, in that they were beings wholly evolved out of the imagination of the author. Lovecraft used bats, whippoorwills and rats in stories. They were extraordinary only because he gave them powers beyond the ken of the real life animals.

Merritt created gods out of animals by giving them extraordinary powers. There was the Snake Mother, a snak; and the Kraken, an octopus. If there was anything unusual about these other than their godly powers it was often their huge size. Clark Ashton Smith went in for unusual gods, but few of them were take-offs on nature. He did cook up a gigantic white worm that froze everything within a hundred miles of it.

This creature was unusual in that its eyes dripped red goo, but in the last analysis it was kin to the stfological monsters of the day and could only be called an inflated worm.

It was Stanley G. Weinbaum who started a new vogue in wild nature. His story, "A Martian Odyssey" published in WONDER STORIES, July, 1934, contained a host of strange beasts, the like of which has never been seen on this earth. He had an intelligent ostrich-like bird that when excited leaped high in the air and landed on his beak, burying it in the ground. There was a plant that lured its food by hypnosis. There was a silicon monster with no sense that spent an eternity making bricks and leaving all of them neatly behind him in a sort of Chinese Wall. Weinbaum's screwball animals were still props, but he had a purpose in creating them. It was his contention that different environments on other worlds would cause creatures to be developed that were wholly different from those on earth. Many authors followed Weinbaum's idea and the stfological gardens grew to immense proportions. Here are some of the monster s that grew, and ran wild in the pulp. One hero ran across a worm six inches long and an inch wide that attacked humans on sight. It entered the body from any angle and devoured the victim in a matter of minutes, leaving only the skin and skeleton. Then it hid in the skull near the eye-hole to



-9-

await the next meal. In spite of the fact that it had just consumed about 200 pounds of meat, it always scooted out of the eye hole still six inches long and an inch wide.

One villain armed himself with a rare Egyptian seed so small it would float invisible on the air. He would toss a number of these seeds near the nostrils of the victim so that one or more would be inhaled into the nose. If a seed got into the nose it would sprout through the olfactory nerve and grow up into the brain. The first hint of trouble was a violent headache. The victim would go mad with pain while little blue blossoms sprouted out his scalp. He was usually found dead with a huge bush growing out of the top of his head.

There were any number of treest, vines and flowers that tricked their victims into reach and devoured them alive within their bellies. There were all sorts of man eating birds, beasts and insects. Some, of course, were more ingenious than others.

After Weinbaum's point had been made a thousand times over--that different environments will create animals and plants unlike anything on earth--the screwball flora and fauna began to wane. The authors got too good. In many of their stories the animals stole the show. This created unbalanced stories that were not good for business.

There was another factor. John W. Campbell became editor of ASF. He was all physics, extrapolation and two plus two makes four. He published galactic empires, time problems,

and atomic bombs. It was twilight in the sfological garden. Campbell did have a mutant horse that asked for a drink of whiskey, but he was a closer relative of the atomic bomb than Merritt's seven foot frog woman.

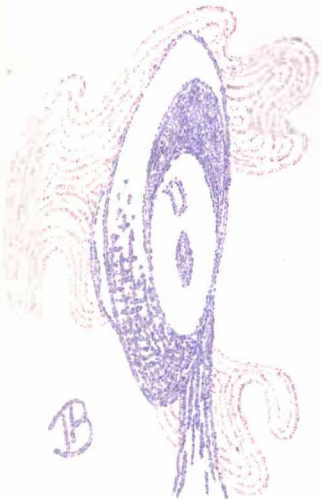
Fiction ideas never die. They exist in a sort of in and out rythm. They are here today, gone tomorrow and return the day after tomorrow. All things may exist with this sort of rhythm. Toynbee applied it to history and called it "Withdrawal And Return". With each new appearance the idea changes for the better. It is so with wild nature stories. They are back and they are different.

In the fall of 1949 "The Magazine Of Fantasy And Science Fiction" Vol. 1. No. 1. published a story "The Hurtle Is A Happy Beast" by Theodore Sturgeon. The hurkle is a bright blue animal, has six legs, four of which are stiff, the other two being double jointed. He is transported to our planet by accident. This kitten-like creature likes to purr when it is happy and it is happy 1999 per cent of the--time. When it purrs it sends off radiations that make humans-itch. It has litters of two hundred little hurkles. Can you--see a problem for humanity here?

The hurkle was so successful that we soon got gnurrs, quiggies and vimps. In the plant world we got tri-fids. Gnurrs are scavengers from yesterday

that is, they are in yesterday when we are in today. When a--certain type of prism is vibrated, millions and millions of--gnurrs pour into today. They come out of the woodwork. They--can ingest the entire contents of five Quatermaster ware houses in just over two minutes. You can see what a military weapon they would make when inflicted on the enemy. That is just what they are used for in "The Gnurrs Come From The Woodwork Out" by R. Bretnob in Vol. 1, No. 2, "MF&SF".

Quiggies are the food of the inhabitants of a certain planet in the galaxy, whose peculiar moral set-up causes them to be quarantined. The quiggies are kitten-like and are very amusing pets. Put two of them together, any two, and BOOM, you get quiggies and more quiggies. They have the rabbit beat six trillion to one (reminds us of the shmoo). What a way to break a quarantine. First you send out a few quiggies with no instructions



and then you wait to be called out to help control them--and that is what happens in "Take Two Quiggies" by Kris Neville in Vol. No.5 of "MF&JF"

The vimp is a horrid monkey-like creature that can dismantle your new ship in a matter of minutes. They are so swift they are almost impossible to catch or even shoot. They love angry and hateful people. The worse you are the more vicious they become. They can't stand love. And love is the only weapon that could get rid of them in "Love Thy Vimp" by Alan E. Nourse in Vol.3 No. 2 off "M&SF".

The triffids are plants that can move slowly and that have a stinger in the top of their six foot tassel. They eat carrion. Their method is to sting an animal to death with their vine-like stinger and then hover nearby until the flesh rots. They have a low order of intelligence and are clever at ambushing victims. They can be disarmed by cutting off their tassel. To blind men they would be a terror out of hell as they move very slowly and stealthily. When most of the world goes blind through a mysterious display of green meteors, the triffids have their day in "The Day Of The Triffids" by John Wyndham, a serial in Collier's. (Available in hard covers now).

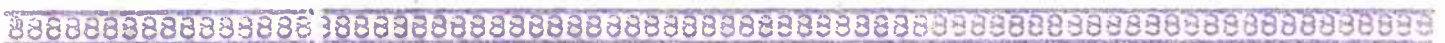
These are a few of the new exhibits in the etfological garden and they are more exciting than anything we have had before. They are different. To place an exhibit now an author must be aware of the requirements:

He must have only ONE!! screwball per story, and the screwball, whether it be plant, animal or insect, must be star of the show. There will be no more of the Weinbaum stories, that of creating a whole new school of nature and having one or more weird creature steal the story right out from under the hero's nose. The ONE!! screwball will be the story.

The ONE!! screwball in the story must be in a dynamic situation in relation to man, and this factor must be the motivating force in the story. There was the huckle and the itch, the vimp and his capacity for irritation, the quiggie and his fecundity, the gnurrs as the perfect war weapon, and the triffid and his mastery of the blind.

How long will readers delight in wild nature screwballs in dynamic situations? No one can tell, but for the moment it is the thing. Just what new turn the evolution in the stfological garden will take no one can tell, but somewhere, someone is banging on a typewriter at this very hour and the mutation should appear at any moment. Put on your dark glasses or this mutant will blow out your eyeballs. Fair warning!

The End



The Growth of Australian Fandom BY ARTHUR HADDON

It would be impossible to give a detailed outline of the growth of Australian fandom in a short article such as this. However, when dealing with Australian fandom you are dealing almost entirely with Sydney fandom and that is practically synonymous with the Futurian Society of Sydney. So in this brief article I shall be speaking of fandom here almost entirely from the viewpoint of Sydney fandom and in the later stages, that of the F. S. S.

Arthur Haddon

The existing fandom can be traced back as far as 1937. In 1937 Charles La Coste, Oslan, and Hewett formed the Sydney Chapter of the Science Fiction League. No lasting effects were made by this group.

Later in the same year informal gatherings were held by Bill Veney, Bert Castellani, Ron Lane, and Ron Brennan. They published, by hand, a collector's item called Spacehound which ran for ten issues. This group, with two newcomers, formed the Junior Australian Science Fiction Correspondence Club in 1938. Although the actual policy of the club was never successful 8 or 9 official meetings were held in 1939.

At this stage contact was made with another group in Adelaide. By name "The Adelaide Science Fiction League" it appeared to have been a one man show.

Fandom here was still nothing but a collection of individual readers, the main activity being irregular publication of fanzines. However it is only fair to point out that our fandom contained no adults, the majority of fans being "starry eyed youngsters".

Then in November 1939 the Futurian Society of Sydney was founded by E.F. Russell, Bert Castellani, Vol Molesworth and Bill Veney. This was undoubtedly the most important event in Australian fandom to date. The society continued to expand during the early part of 1940 but internal dissension, due to different views on policy, split the Society which disbanded later in the year.

One of the first activities of the Society was the formation of a nationwide register of fans known as the Futurian Association of Australia. After early successes the F.A.A. suffered from differences of policy and the Association was disbanded and reformed as the Southern Cross Futurian Association. This was also disbanded without having accomplished anything of great import.

After the disbandment of the F.S.S. there was a general dying away of activity. During the following twelve months two conferences were held by Sydney fans, the F.S.S. was reformed and fan activity became known in Melbourne. Personal feelings were still causing dissensions and as fans were being drafted into the army the future of fandom was in doubt.

This situation became steadily worse although fans were prodded up a little by the 3rd Sydney conference in January of 1942. Melbourne activity

died down and in Sydney, professional writer John W. Hemming was to assume control of, and eventually wreck Sydney fandom.

For the remainder of the war years, fandom here was dead. Admittedly those fans who were around met each other occasionally and talked about stf. Eventually, with the war over, fans drifted about and finally decided to reform the F.S.S.

For a period the reformation was successful. Membership was large, due partly to associate members, but eventually the club found itself with only four members, one fan carrying the administrative section on his shoulders. This position lasted until the 4th Sydney conference in June 1951.

From this point onwards the story becomes interesting and the activity a little too rapid for full details.

The F.S.S. library became the Australian Fantasy Foundation and offers to Sydney fans a choice from over 200 magazines and books at nominal fees.

The Australian Science Fiction Society, privately sponsored by Graham Stone, has built up a membership of 92 fans in Australasia. This includes members in every capital city, and contacts in every state of Australia.

The F.S.S. was formed under a new constitution along business lines. The Society now has 82 members two of whom are women. A point of interest here is that one female member is the E.K. Hemming who writes for Thrills Inc. and Science-Fantasy.

The society has successfully run theatre parties for stf and fantasy films, more than successfully sponsored the first Australian Science Fiction Convention (which was advertised throughout New South Wales on nearly every newstand by printed circulars). The Society is responsible for the weekly informal gathering of fans. The 5th conference will be held on July 19th and the second convention is tentatively being planned for April 1953.

A female fan club is in existence and another fan club was formed by those fans who responded to the convention circular but found the F.S.S. a little too far from their homes. Activity in Melbourne is on the rise and anything may happen there. Futurian Press continued to publish locally written stf and these publications have gone over well.

BUT...there is adrawback. Weird and similar magazines are forbidden imports, all other magazines while passed by the customs generally are prohibited imports and there is a law against sending money to the dollar area. In spite of that we still are fans.

Unfortunately, I have glossed over many events which are not too familiar to me. This is due to my inactivity while serving in the Navy. For those interested in greater details, I would suggest "Postwar Development In Australian Fandom" to be published by Futurian Press. This will eventually be available through James Taurasi at \$1.50.

I would also suggest that those fans who do not wish to pay cash but could send magazines should contact me. I would be willing to pay for them in Australian currency and accept, say, \$1.25 in promags.

The End

Early to bed, early to rise, is a hell of a way of living---N.H.

How to Form a Science Fiction Fan Club

How to Form a Science Fiction Fan Club

BY ORVILLE W. MOSHER

In this article I do not propose to tell you how to start a fan club as the title might infer, but to tell of my booklet, on this topic, which shall speak for itself.

At present time I am working on a project that should be of great benefit to the fan world as a whole. This project will bring a closer unity to those who are interested in active fan activities.

How To Form A Science Fiction Fan Club will bring a closer unity to those interested in fandom because it will be designed to encourage the organization of fan clubs; tell how to organize them, and keep them going; tell a fan who wishes to join a fan club about other fan organizations operating close by and something about their operation.

It is my belief, though I can't be sure at this point, that the booklet will have three sections: (1) articles on some phase of fan groups and actual letters from contributors; (2) a composite of information from all the letters, with illustrations by Shelby Vick; (3) all pertinent information on how and where to attend a club with something told about each.

Two other NBFers are working along with me on this project. They are Shelby Vick and Nan Gerding. I'd like to call attention to the fact that before the booklet is ready to go, Shelby, Nan and myself will give it a thorough working over.

As to the booklet, Shelby, Nan and I are in complete agreement on one thing. The project will not pay for itself in monetary values but in the many friends we hope to acquire.

As to the price of the booklet, we can't say. It will probably be priced at what a good fanzine would charge. I have been offering this booklet to fan who either write an article on some phase of fan clubs, or by telling about a particular club.

As to the date of publication; well, it would be well to say it might come out in 1952 or in 1953. This is not a hasty project, but one which will attempt to cover fan clubs from A to Z. I want this booklet to be in the best possible condition---not one that is just slapped together.

Having never formed a fan organization myself, I am no authority---but I plan to be. This means that I will have to spend endless hours in the investigation of fan clubs, chiefly through mail. This puts me at an advantage because every piece of information would be noted and not forgotten, and I would also be able to draw on the experiences of others who formed and attended these clubs.

Each contributor will receive a letter from me within a few weeks after I get his. Also, when the booklet is ready to go, he will have a chance to see his name printed along with his club.

As to what to write about his organization is left pretty much up to

-13-

him. All he has to remember is that I'm interested in the care and feeding of infant fan clubs, from birth to maturity---or death.

Often times the fan who write me want to know what they can tell about their club, or how they can help. I suggest that they can help me by telling others what I am trying to do; and then by writing me a letter telling me about his fan club. Then I make the following suggestions to get him thinking about his club. Where and when and how a person can attend a meeting; what the club accomplished and plans to accomplish; what the individual members do for the club; the every day problems the confront the organizers and members of the club; how the club was formed; how they choose leaders; how the election was conducted; how they choose members; how they choose a meeting place; what was done to bring members in; the problems that were faced and how they were solved; any constitutions made; if the meetings were fun, if not---why?; how they enforce discipline; observations---anything, no matter how trivial; etc.....

I have a number of desires:

- 1) A wire recording of a meeting. I have a wire recorder and I would get some first-hand information of an on the spot club meeting. I would return the wire with comments in return for the information.
- 2) A list of fan projects and discussions.
- 3) Decorations for s-f clubs and s-f parties. I'd like some drawings of the actual gimmicks used.
- 4) Actual club advertisements, notices, and fanzines.
- 5) Information on the way a fanzine is put out. That is, how the members work together---the whole works.
- 6) The best ways of handling different types of fan; i.e., how to get them to work for the benefit of the club.
- 7) Emblems, constitutions, cards, application blanks, pins or buttons.
- 8) The different types of s-f movies, or movies suitable for an s-f club; and where to get them.
- 9) Information on the regular meetings and what transpired.
- 10) Different kinds of s-f clubs. For instance: School clubs, wire-recorder clubs, shut-in clubs, Army or military fan clubs, correspondence clubs, etc.
- 11) A list of possible places to hold meetings and how to secure them.
- 12) The arrangements to get speakers a fan affairs.
- 13) To hear from fan clubs from different countries.

Now you see some of the scope which project fan club deals with. Sometime next week, I shall go through all the letters I have so far received and make a list of information I want so that the various clubs can use the list as a guide.

As I stated before, I will try to find an answer for problems that various clubs have. To do this, I will consult the information I have compiled. Also I will pass the problem onto some other club to see what their

reactions are. The answers that I receive, I will pass back to the original contributors. I will also attempt to get clubs to compare notes on their views.

The project is so time consuming that I have little time to write to prozines. Much of the information from the other clubs are due chiefly to others passing on information about my project. A few friends have informed me that I'm beginning to get write-ups. Nan Gerding and Shelby Vick are helping me with matters of policy. Much of the success is due to them. Also, should I be unable to continue with this project, they are prepared to take over and put the booklet out themselves.

My reasons for starting this project are not for the ego-boo, or the thought of pay. At first it was my intention to form a club of my own. "What is the best way of going about it?", I asked myself. I then thought that others found themselves in the same situation. At the time I was wireresponding with Shelby Vick. I mentioned that it might be a good idea to put out a zine on how to form a science fiction club (I wasn't thinking of doing it myself). Shelby suggested that I try the idea out, so I did.

One fan asked me if the booklet will go to the NSF. My views are that it may go at a reduced price to members of the NSF.

That about does it. If you have any questions on this please address them to Orville W. Mosher, 1728 Mayfair, Emporia, Kansas and I will try answer you to the best of my abilities.

THEEND

~~~~~

"WHO"

BY Nan Gerding

Who would like to roam afar,  
From planet to planet, from star to star?  
Who would like to swing and sway,  
In a glimmering, shimmering Milky Way?

Who would like to know the embrace,  
Of vast, emotionless, cosmic space?  
Who would like to know the feel,  
Of a shining ship on even keel?

Who would like to know the glow,  
Of flaming jets in steady flow?  
Who would like to come with me,  
While I explore the mystery,

Of outer skies and alien lands?  
Handiwork of celestial hands.  
Oh Lord I pray, let me traverse,  
This wondrous place, Thy universe.

---

# THE FAN EDITOR

BY

H.E. GOLD

The Fan Editor was strolling down Main Street. Flying saucers whizzed by overhead. Down the street a two-headed apparition resembling a pterodactyl, came flying, pursued by an ugly blob of slithering jelly. His face remained impassive. "Egoboo," he murmured, "No articles, no features, no nothing."

Turning in at Madison Ave. he continued his stroll. As he abruptly turned a corner, two ordinary white worms, excluding the fact that they were somewhere about twenty feet long, hastily slid down a sewer. The editor resumed his mumbling. "Damn Manuscript Bureau... Ten times I ask them for articles. So whadda they do? They send me ten poems."

He felt like burning his ills in a good Havana, so he stopped in at a small corner candy store. Disregarding the three-eyed man slouching in a chair with a paper, he walked over to the counter. Not noticing the clerk being strangled by a tentacled flower growing from a box of vitamin pills, he picked out a cigar, tossed a slug on the counter and walked out.

Feeling a bit less morose, he stopped at a lamppost to ponder his problem. He stood for a moment watching the pink elephants and charreusse crocodiles going by, and then fell into deep meditation, with one eye on a filthy magazine cover being transported down the street by an industrious crew of six inch ants.

He was awoken from his reverie by a small man about three feet tall with a coat collar 3 sizes too large pulled over most of his head till nothing showed but a pair of luminous disk, which might be assumed to be eyes. "Would you happen to have the time?" The man asked politely. Slightly annoyed by having his train of thought broken, the editor answered in a gruff voice. Paying no attention to the fact that the dirty look the man had given him had reduced the lamppost to a small mound of ashes, he continued his stroll.

Coming up the street he saw a small, inconspicuous man, with horn-rimmed glasses. His face brightened. Stumbling over the headless, still twitching corpus delecti of a six limbed creature being devoured by a twirling electronic funnel, he rushed over to the man.

"Aren't you Pecivald G. Pennitaast, the only person who owns all ten copies of Slime Science Fiction Digest?"

"I'm sorry," said the man, slightly abashed at the sight of the Fan Editor on his knees. "But you must have mistaken me for someone else." The man took off rather hastily, the eyes in back of his head wide open to see if the Fan Editor was following him. But our hero had not moved from his position. His eyes assumed a glassy stare. At length he roused himself, brushed the dust from his trousers and slowly, disconsolately, made his way home, carefully threading his way through the four foot stoatstools sprouting from the sidewalk. Safely in his house again, he stopped before a door, the door of the room in which he kept a battered mimeo. A tear rolled down his cheek. "Nobody EVER sends me articles. Nothing ever happens." "Egoboo," quote he, as he slowly made his way in the deepening dust toward his room.

the end



F

ANZINE  
R4345

BY

The review, this issue, is rather short due to "circumstances beyond my control", but I'll try to make a "review supreme" for each of the zines.

TELEPATH; Vol. I, No. I; Arthur William Haddon: Box 56, P.O. Redfern, N.S.W. Australia. Price- 1 shilling or twenty cents a copy.

This issue, the first, includes an interview with Alister Jones, editor of the Australian s-f mag, Thrills Inc., TO THE MOON IN '92? by Robert Heinlein, which forwards the theory that the primary obstacle to the achievement of space flight is not technical, but political, social, financial, and military. Heinlein had asked an officer at the White Sands proving grounds when he expected space flight. He said: "We can do anything we want to do if we want to do it badly enough."

TELEPATH is printed, and very neatly so, and has a heavy-paper cover. The articles are all interesting, but how about more of them? Format is very neat. Next issue promises to be even better.

TNFF; Vol. II (that's eleven), No. II; Official Organ of the National Fantasy Fan Federation; Racy Higgs: 813 Eastern Ave., Connersville, Ind. Free to NFFF members.

Cover pic on this issue was quite disappointing. A poor reproduction of a scene from "The Day The Earth Stood Still". However, the excellence of its material redeemed it. While TNFF is largely a clubzine, it does have several very good articles in each issue. In this issue, we find "The Mechanical Brain is Here" by Gwen Cunningham who expresses apprehension at the possibility that robots may take over all our daily chores, resulting in mental and physical laxity. She's got a point there. Look what happened to the Roman Empire when they became altogether reliant on their slaves! Also included are "Film Report" by Fred Burgess which poses an interesting question or two, a commentary on scientific phenomena by Eva Firestone, and a rather pointless article by William Miller which runs nowhere in a hurry, and rambles on, and on, and on, and on to the next review...

OPUS 4; Vol. I, No. IV; W. Max Keasler: 420 South 11th, Poplar Bluff, Mo. 15 cents a copy.

Opus, this issue, is rather short on articles, but it does have a terrific new feature which is the enclosing of photos of various well-known fans. How Max has the patience of reproducing hundreds of photos I don't know.

The cover pic of this ish is rather poorly done, at least not up to tp the usual Opus standards. Interior artwork is good however. ALL OUR YESTERDAYS by Harry Warner Jr. was interesting, but written to give as many cracks as possible at the NFFF which made it not so much a history as a cynical review. Roger Dard's "Fantasy in Film" was a good review of most of the science-fiction and fantasy films that have come forth from Hollywood in past years. There are more than you would imagine. Marion Bradley's CRYING IN THE SINK was good, as it always seems to be. On the

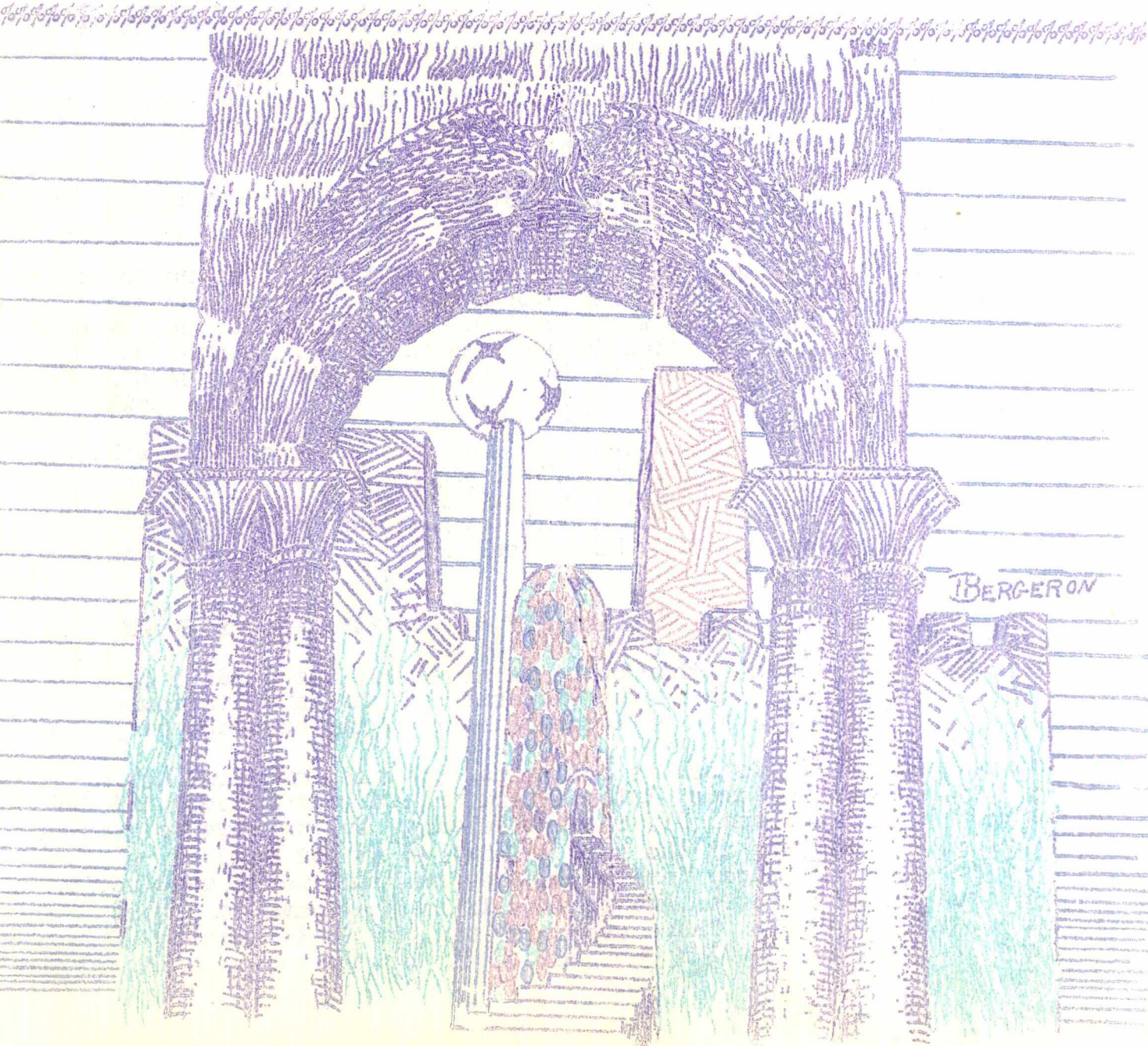


whole, the ish doesn't quite measure up to Opus' usual standards, but, no doubt, with a few more articles, it'll be back in there by next month.

Brevizine; Vol. I, No. I; Warren A. Freiberg-FANTASY POCKETBOOKS: 5018 West 18th St., Cicero 50, Ill. 10cents a copy, 3/25.

As the name suggests, this zine is quite abbreviated. Small in size, it crams in a bit of interesting reading. Although this first issue consists largely of reprints, it shows promise for better future issues. Included in this first issue is a review by Robert Hughes, noted book critic of the Astounding Science-Fiction Anthology, edited by John W. Campbell, Jr., which provides an interesting view of the view of s-f by a Non-fan. Interesting quotes from prozines and other places are included in various spots.

Might be a good idea for you to help it out by sending not only subscriptions but, if you are capable, stories, articles, and artwork as well.





M

SERIES  
UTTERINGS

MARION BRADLEY Since this is only a review copy, maybe I have no right to an opinion, but here it is unasked.

Your format is very neat and original, although colored dittoo is an abomination. The cover, although non-stifnal, was very, and I mean VERY, good.

The best thing in the issue was William Miller's "DOWNFALL". It had a genuiness and vivid realism that made that piece by DeWeese sound like something out of a grade school English class. The columns were moderately interesting.

((Well, when we sent the copy for review we meant for you to state an opinion. Right?)))

BOB FULTZ First thing that struck me was the front cover. What a job, what a job! Who colored it anyhow? You and some sort of ink I suppose(((nope, Keasler))). The inside contents were remarkably legible. Except for the editorial. Red doesn't show up too good.

DeWeese's story, "Cocoon" was great, but I couldn't figure out the relation the Giant Suns had to the plot of the story. This was darn near a pro-story in my opinion.

Really the best in the whole issue was Bob Silverberg's "Snafus of Spaceship The place where he ruined the Capella cover was a riot.

The rest of the material was remarkably good for the second issue of a fanzine. If you keep up the pace you'll be at the top notch in nuttin' flat! Richard Bergeron's artwork was swell, too. Specially the pic on page 9..

ORVILLE W. MOSKER Got your zine. If this was a mimeo job, I can't figure how you were able to use those various colors without blurring them. Like your purple-blue ink better than black. Do one in green ink---it'll be easy on the eyes, appear less blurry, and will certainly be novel.

The article by Bob Silverberg was quite interesting and informative. It brings back memories of a high school newspaper I was turning out in an effort to raise money for our senior sneak. Believe me, I am in sympathy with all fanzine eds! I didn't even break even.

((We use dittograph, a method of reproduction whereby you can run off different colors in one operation. You mentioned in one part of a letter that Ev Winns is a she and belongs to the Round Robin Of New England Fen. Ev stands for Everett, not Evelyn and the R.R. you are referring to is probably the one of the NSF Correspondence Bureau. But don't feel bad. This is the age of misunderstanding. It all started with Lee Hoffman. Then came Julian May, Ian Macnaley and Ev. Who knows? Maybe you'll be next))).

ED COX Thanks for the copy of Tyrann which came the other day. It's nice to see a dittoed zine in circulation again. One reason why is proven by the cover reproduction. Tyrann seems to be well on its way. You have all the material now with the exception of a good make-up in format. That will come with age.

You have a very good columnist and have competent fiction writers that turn out pretty readable work for fanzine fiction. You could do with a stronger lead article. Bob Silverberg's was good light reading. All in all, you have a nice zine there.

((Thank))).

DAVID ENGLISH The cover was an exceptionally fine one, the colors all being neatly aligned (I take it you had to print them on one at a time?). (((UH, UH))) The Big Eye has achieved something or other in that I don't feel inclined to add anything to Wipac's thesis.

Snafus of Spaceship was a lovely piece. I can imagine all the fans in the audience chuckling, or writing, in identification with our struggling hero. The one flaw to this article was that it drew no conclusions. It merely related a string of incidents and then ended. A lot of Bob's articles are like that. He has a lot of information but no ideas.

Fanzine Fracas is very much improved and will probably continue to do so.

((Dave's letter was much longer but unfortunately we had to cut it short because of space. He wrote what we considered to be a perfect letter, except that it was a mite too long....heyyyy this is great... the eds criticising the letters...next))).

STAN WOOLSTON My views of the latest Tyrann must be colored by a liking for articles and columns over most poetry and fiction. It is the subject-matter of the cover that doesn't exactly thrill me. Your headings and incidental artwork shows some imagination, and I think that ditto can improve this aspect of your mag in future issues as experimentation goes on.

Contents are pretty good. Fiction is readable, but not outstanding. I hope that if you work up your non-fiction content that you won't insist on having fiction all the time.

The Big Eye and Fanz Fracas are two good columns. Ev has a point about the fans with push being a strong point in fandom.

MAX KEASLER Bergeron did a nice job on the drawing on page 9. He has done some nice work for SABS. I see you are having as much trouble getting response to your discussion question as I am...well I gave up(((so did we)))

#### FINIS

((One last note. Just look over this section and see the diversity of opinion among fans. Interesting, eh?)))



# - PUG PAGE -

Some people inquired last issue, "What is this Pug Page?". Well, a word of explanation. We felt that at present, with our meager circulation (in comparison to BWFanzines), no one would think of placing any ad in Tyrann. So, we decided to be good partisans and try to put in a pug page. If you have any news you want made known, just write to us and we'll try and fit you in. If you have a new fanzine, books and mags for sale, in the search of books and mags, meetings, anything of concern to fandom, just let us know. 'Tis all on the house.

## HINKIE PINKIES

This is sort of an experiment with a rather new type of game. We weren't sure if you would like them or not, but finally decided to gamble on it.

Hinkie Pinkies were originated in England and can be quite enjoyable. Essentially, Hinkie Pinkies are two words, one a descriptive, that rhyme. You are given the definition and are to try to figure out the solution. Here are a few examples.

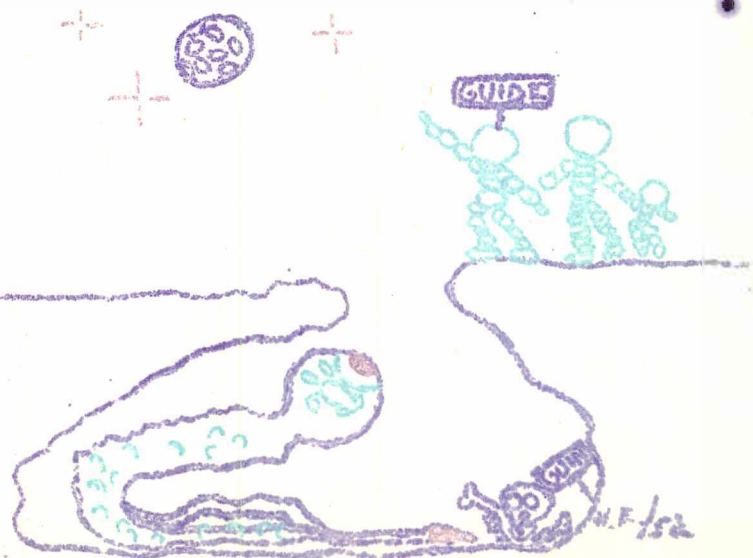
A crippled woman would be a...Lame Dame.

A stout ape would be a...Chunky Monkey.

An angry Baby-watcher would be a...Ditter Sitter.

Sound simple? Well try these ten. They're quite easy to make up, also. Please let us know if you care for them by voting on the Guillotine either no or yes.

- 1) A greasy means of transportation (remember, only two words that rhyme)...
- 2) Sore Mourners...
- 3) A spaceship electrical outlet...
- 4) A wet means of illumination...
- 5) A strange doe...
- 6) A silent uproar...
- 7) An Obafacerodent...
- 8) An insane flower...
- 9) A lady monster...
- 10) A furred elf...



The answers will be in the next ish. But, PLEASE let us know if you want us to continue the Hinkie Pinkies.

- 0 YOU ARE A SUBSCRIBER  
0 YOU ARE A CONTRIBUTOR  
0 WE TRADE FANZINES  
0 YOU BOUGHT THIS ONE ISSUE---IF YOU LIKED IT AND WOULD LIKE TO  
RECEIVE FUTURE ISSUES?SEND ANOTHER TEN CENTS OR A SUB.  
A THIS IS A SAMPLE COPY---COMMENTS AND/OR SUBSCRIPTIONS WOULD BE APPRECI-  
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0 PLEASE REVIEW TYRANN IN \*



0/0 ROBERT HIRSCHORN  
853 RIVERSIDE DRIVE  
NEW YORK 32, NEWYORK

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