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Two high light bulbs

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Assistant Editor: Richard Bergeron

Art Staff: Richard Bergeron, Hank Keasler, Henry Ebel, Jack Karness.

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THE MISSING CANON CLEANER



BERGERON

T Y P I N G

The need for justice has been rooted in man since he first reached an intellectual level above that of the other denizens of this sphere. The first law of justice was one of survival of the fittest. Later, when men formed themselves into primitive tribes, the strongest among them was the leader. His was now the task of dispensing justice as he saw fit, and since intellectually he was on the same level with the rest, it was primitive justice indeed.

Through the evolution of the tribes into villages, city-states, and finally empires, justice remained on the same level. It just became more complex. Exerting a continually growing influence on the dispensing of justice were the priests who wielded fantastic power with the superstitious people. Their power reached a peak in the Egyptian Empire when the priests of Amon owned a large portion of Egypt and had a voice in everything. Thus far, of course, justice was still a mockery of what we have today. Complete and unquestionable were the decrees of royalty. If some cousin of Tu-tankh-Amon wished you decapitated, there was no court for your defense. In the morning your brain case was carried away in a basket (unless your family couldn't afford a basket).

The first judicial system as we know it today, was set up by that illustrious nation, Rome. In fact our laws of today are derived in large measure from theirs. When Rome was conquered by the Germanic tribes, and reduced to nothing, justice once more receded to a low level. However, the road led uphill once more. Alfred, king of the Anglo-Saxons, instituted a stable system. But not till relatively modern times and the U.S. constitution have real advances been made in the field of law.

By far the most important aspect of law is the penal system. With the first tribes it was a simple and brutal affair. One who offended the leader was killed by him. One who offended a priest had a "spell" cast on him, and was killed or banished. This system did not change in any great detail through the Egyptian period except that class-division increased a great deal. There, royalty and friends of royalty either had absolute power to do anything (in the former, e.g., "The king can do no wrong,") or any misdeeds were overlooked (as in the latter case). The commoner, should he commit an offense against royalty or priesthood, would be handed over to the offended to do with him as they wished, which ranged from enslavement to death by torture. Corporal punishment was kept as a mode from then on until modern times for all punishments. This brings us to the high point of this discussion.

The central method of criminal punishment in the United States today is imprisonment. There is no doubt that today's prison system is a tremendous advancement over that of a century ago. Yet, a prison system, no matter how modernized, is absolutely of no value for the pathological, and mentally ill criminal. The majority of criminals are without a doubt pathological criminals. They committed crimes because of emotional disorders. Men murder because of pent-up hostilities. Men rob and steal only because of a thousand different neuroses, psychoses and complexes. Therefore we can easily assume that a tremendous percentage of criminals are emotionally ill. Under our present penal system, we use three steps in



THE BIG EYE

By ER WINNE

DANGER

Just read a pop talk Rosalind Russell gave to the single girls in her latest show. Quote: "I see very little effort being made. Let's face it. The man you want isn't going to ride up to the front door on a white horse. Most men are trapped. If you find the right guy, drop a net over him...." Which reminds me of another item. Louise has been going over some old ladies mags for some old colored fashion prints. I picked up a copy of Peterson's Ladies National Magazine for August 1982. On the cover it says, "Terms: Two dollars a year, invariably in advance." Skipped through a story called "My Love Is Like The Red, Red Rose." Rose, a poor, very poor, country girl has suddenly inherited a quarter million - real dough in those days. She is secretly in love with a struggling young artist and he is in the same condition. So she offers to stake him to the trip in Europe to aid his art studies that he has always desired. It so happens that she is headed that way herself. Take it from there: "Go as a recipient of your bounty? Never!" "I would rather starve after them than enjoy them that way." "How dared you think so meanly of me, Rose? I would rather die than advance one step in my profession at your expense". And: "In my poverty I yet retain my self respect. There is but one way to success-by self denial and untiring labor." Proud tho' poor, you see. Later came the day of parting. "The young man with his artistic, touching sense of beauty was taking in every detail of the exquisite scene before him." It was a July day near the rose arbor. "The graceful poise of the pretty girlish figure; the delicate wrist, with the sleeve falling back showing the lovely contour of the rounded arm; the dainty head, with its rippling masses of hair, whose golden tints,..."etc. She offers him a rose since he would not accept the trip. "He suddenly stepped forward, his hands outstretched, and a strange yearning in his face "What is it, what do you want?" she asks. "I want another rose," he says quietly. "The intensity of his gaze brought the color to her cheek. She motioned toward the vine. "Get it then." He shook his head sadly. "It is beyond my reach." He turned quickly and passed through the gate out into the road." Heartrending, isn't it? But it's not the way I had thought that artists behaved. Anyway Ros Russell should have been there! Oh sure, it came out allright in the end, but what a struggle. About five years later at the Academy in Paris she sees a picture of a young girl, her, on the porch of a New England farmhouse, reaching for a half-opened rose bud. It's labeled "The Two Rosebuds". Later in his studio where she is nursing him through a near fatal illness (funny how these artists get near-fatal illnesses all the time) she discovers another painting. The roses are full opened and her pic shows, "her figure had gained in height and fullness." This one is titled "Full-blown Roses." Subtle stuff, huh?

SPACE CORN

Sometimes fan writers are accused of putting out some very feeble humor in zines - so it was with some delight that I read a news item about the new trend of pros toward space jokes. Read it and weep -but remember we assume no responsibility if you strain a blood vessel because of undue hilarity. (CONT. NEXT PAGE)

From a newspaper item:

"Space Jokes New Hazard For America."

"It isn't bad enough that we have flying saucers. Now we get cosmic wit, to boot. Just watch the sky for flying saucers and catch up on the newest brand of humor - the interplanetary joke, or cosmic beff.

Like the one about the two young lovers on the moon who just love parking their car and neck when there's a full earth out.

A shy Broadway creator of wisecracks, Larry Gore, is the Nation's number one concocter of spacial humor. He says the demand has him hanging by his gravity repeloray (Cuch!...ev).

Will Jordan, night club comedian claims jokes about other planets always bring the biggest guffaws.....In the public square of Smooch, capital city of Venus, there stands a heroic statue of Orson Welles, who is identified on a stone tablet below as "father of our country".....There is a tribe of Indians on Planet X who've been going crazy since the A-bomb tests. They think some American Indians are trying to get a message through.

One goes, on the planet Pluto they drink only earth water.....The Planet Jupiter boasts of a high society which is purple-blooded. It's so coolish that any old peasant is a blue blood.....A well known concocter, unnamed, of be-bop jokes has changed one of his latest. Two beboppers die and go to heaven, are sitting on a cloud, swinging their feet and viewing the earth when a jet-propelled plane sips past at twice the speed of sound. One turns to the other and says, "Man, I thought he'd never leave!!"

A Manhattan restaurant, McCarthy's Steak House, has decided to prepare for the day the little men from outer space actually step from one flying disk. The place has what must most surely be the first space menu.

It boasts such items as guided russels, Venus schnitzel with Mars-potatoes, ergo plant and flying sausages with gravity. Customers who like a drink beforehand are sure to be happy with a Mastini."

I'm really very sorry about this but I thought fandom should be warned about the latest crisis affecting S-F. At first I thought that here was a field where the Walt Willis crew could clean up - but I dunno, they must realize that such space corn must be designed for stay-up laterers, who are already well corned.

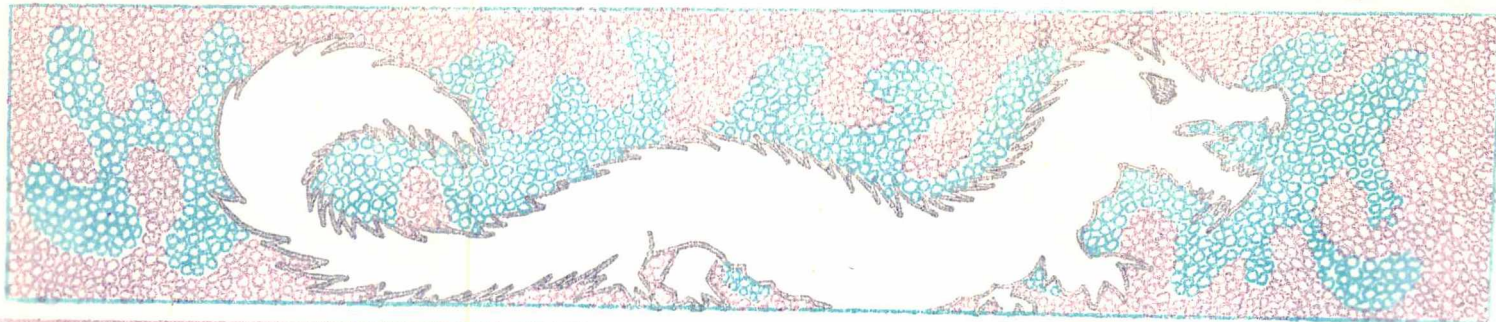
T H E
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For your information if read as only you wouldn't even go near to a pulp or a man intellectual

FRANK'S
FRANKFUTTERS

FRANK'S AMUSEMENT
CENTER
(ENTER HERE)

"WONDER WHERE HE GETS ALL THAT MEAT..."



THE SONG

By FRED CHAPPELL

Her dark eyes watched her father, following his every move in the dim morning light. He was old and his skin was ancient parchment, gorged with the wrinkles of age. When he spoke it was with authority; and when he was silent he retained the dignity given to an aged one.

He spoke now, and Hu Chala listened attentively and respectfully.

"Today," he said, "Ho Ling, Mandarin of the Fifth Rank, passes through our village." The old one spoke quietly and patiently, as if explaining to a child --- for despite her nineteen years of life, Hu Chala was in reality --- a child. "Ho Ling is a very powerful man. He is right hand to the Viceroy."

She stared at her father, wonderingly, uncomprehendingly. What did a Mandarin or Viceroy mean to her? She had no use for royalty in her world which was, indeed, a beautiful one.

"Do not sing today. Do not sing, Hu Chala." His dark eyes gazed deeply into hers. "Do you understand? You must not sing!"

She nodded mutely. She must not sing. Why she could not; she did not know. It was enough that her father had said so, for he was old and wise although sometimes he had the strangest ideas. She could not understand for instance, why he stayed in the stuffy little hut when it was always so much more beautiful outside. She must not sing. She could not sing here, anyway. Here, in this dark little room? Why, only the feeblest of the sun's rays penetrated the leafy mulberry trees around the hut. Sing here? It was impossible.

"Now go," said the old tea farmer, "Go as you will, lest, by your presence at the appearance of Ho Ling, you bring woe upon our house."

Happily she went from the hut, past the mulberry trees around the hut and into the adjoining fields. Into the dewy thicket. Here she stopped for a moment and delightfully surveyed her surroundings. Yellow azaleas bloomed on the surrounding mountains. The sky was blue, delicately blue like a robin's egg. Higher up on the mountain where the last yellow tinge of the azaleas faded away, a uniform greenness continued to the gentle summit. Nearby gorges bloomed with lillies and lanwhui. There was also the small fleece-clouds against the blue, the exact fragrance of the tea thicket, and the brighter promise of the Day.

For long minutes she hesitated, glorying in her exotic environment. It was a Day forthcoming. And a Day in the Valley of the Fountain is an object for contemplation. It is a delightful miniature --- a precise melody, A Mood ... a fleeting Mood ... an ideal of abstraction...

Then, almost breathless with anticipation, she hurried along the familiar to the ravine...

The retinue of Ho Ling, Mandarin of the Fifth Rank, came into the village. Grandeur, solemnity, and dignity pervaded all. The villagers thought most highly of Ho Ling.

Ho Ling did too.

The retinue came slowly through the narrow thoroughfares of the tiny village. Ho Ling sat inside the burnished sedan with arms folded, watching disinterestedly the passing scenery and the stumbling progress of his bearers on the narrow roads. The people of the village lined his passageway on all sides, but if he saw them --- and, indeed, he did not appear to --- he gave no sign. He was dignified --- but not haughty. And he was the right hand to the Viceroy.

It was an unfortunate coincidence that the event happened before the dwelling place of Hu Chala.

The song it rang out joyously over the valley. Over the cultivated fields, through the now-silent village, among the deep ravines, up the sloping mountains, and pealed into the blue void. It was a triumphant melody. It laughed, and its laughter was a crystal waterfall. It wept, and its weeping was a sun setting over a dark lagoon.

The people of the village were transfixed; even the birds were silent. The inhabitants lining the retinue were breathless --- even though they heard Hu Chala sing daily.

The bearers of Ho Ling's sedan were transfixed, too. Their initial wonder was too much for them. They dropped the sedan. Into the street tumbled the burnished palanquin, carrying Ho Ling with it. His dignity gone, he scrambled to his feet and --- immediately forgot his anger. He, too, was stopped short in the midst of his convulsive actions by the song of Hu Chala. He stood, his mouth open and fixed, but unable to give any utterance to the words, which aroused in anger he had formed in his mind.

The song continued --- a fragile thing of crystal cadenzas. The heart of Hu Chala was in that song being distilled in the morning air ----- and who can resist the heart of a child?

It was the breath of hibiscus, that song, as it floated into the dew and the heart of Ho Ling. It was the subtleness of the lotus --- the fragrance of sandalwood. It was the Introduction to the Day --- to the awaiting delights --- and possibly the Introduction might prove to be better than the Day; as the Prelude might prove to be better than the theme.

Then the song ceased. It died away in the blossom-painted ravines - as softly as a kiss.

The Valley of the Fountain came back to life. The birds resumed their cheerful warbling --- unmindful of the anti-climax they were creating. The villagers breathed once more. The sedan-bearers righted their sedan upon the ground. Then they waited --- sheepishly and uncomfortably --- for the impetus of the Mandarin's wrath to descend upon their heads. However, it did not come.

Wonderingly --- somehow humbly --- Ho Ling asked one of the throng, "Who is the maiden with throat of silver?"

The reply came: "It is Hu Chala, the daughter of Hu Chang."

"Where may I find the abode of this man?"

"There is the house of Hu Chang," said the other, designating the old tea farmer's house with a bony finger.

His arrogance returning, Ho Ling made his way to Hu Chang, who was standing in the entrance of his house.

"Where is she?" demanded the Mandarin impatiently.

"Your coming into the Valley of the Fountain is the turning of raindrops into pearls."

"I, Ho Ling demand that the singer with the voice of a thousand spirits be brought to me at once."

"The floor of my poor hut is unworthy of the touch of your sandals," bowed Hu Chang.

"Enough, old fool! Bring your daughter here --- instantly." The Mandarin's countenance clouded with anger.

"Yes, yes, I shall --- but how can I?" Hu Chang murmured in his great fear.

Ho Ling mocked scornfully, "How can you? Have not I, Ho Ling, Mandarin of the Fifth Rank, ordered it?"

Hu Chang bowed and crossed the room to the back exit. Here he stopped and bowed once again.

The Mandarin gave no sign that he had seen.

Hu Chang left. Out unto the world he went, through the mulberry trees, through the tea thicket, over the small sparkling stream, along the familiar path to the familiar ravine where Hu Chala spent her days...

...And back again. Up the winding, unseen trail, over the sparkling, flowing stream, through the tea thicket, the mulberry trees, and finally entered the house and bowed silently before Ho Ling.

"Well?" demanded the Mandarin.

"I have told her your words, O one to whom nothing is hid---"

"Is she coming?"

"Yes, yes --- she said that she would come."

"When?"

"She said," Hu Chang trembled with fear and trepidation, "She said--"

"Well?"

"When she got ready---"

Silence then reigned for a long time in the hut. Finally Ho Ling spoke again, "Why does she not come, old man? Have you not told her?"

"Yes, yes; I told her your words, O just one, but---"

"But what?"

"She is different. She is wild --- O Mandarin --- wild as the bright hummingbird, or the timid doe of the far mountains," Hu Chang bowed repeatedly.

Apparently, Ho Ling could not understand --- or perhaps he was hardly interested. He spoke, "Is she never coming?"

"I do not know; I cannot tell---"

"Is she not your daughter; does she not abide under your roof?"

"It is true, O great one, but I can do nothing, nothing."

Another silence ensued.

Finally Ho Ling stepped through the door and beckoned to one of the bearers. The bearer came.

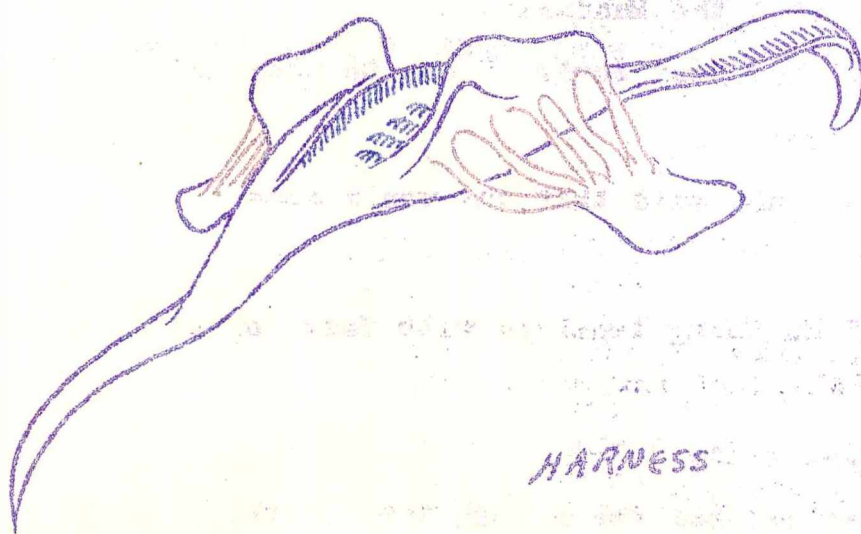
When the bearer had arrived at the side of Ho Ling, the Mandarin designated Hu Chang with a contemptuous gesture of his hand and said, "Take this old fool out and have the soles thrashed from his feet. Thus he may learn the value of disciplining his offspring."

The bearer nodded and left. Hu Chang followed, and as he passed, murmured softly, "Does one discipline the wild doe?"

The retinue of Ho Ling, Mandarin of the Fifth Rank, passed from the village that day, and from the Valley of the Fountain. There was heard no more the song of Hu Chala then, but ---

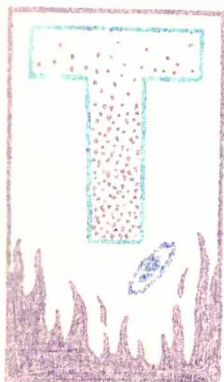
The Day was beautiful.

The-End



BLURBS

By Bob Silverberg



he blurb, like the appendix, remains secure in its position, despite the fact that hardly anyone has a clear notion of its function. All fiction magazines, it seems, use blurbs of some sort--sometimes they are quotations from the story; sometimes they describe the story objectively, sometimes subjectively. And sometimes they describe the story with mysterious sentences, and abstract epithets.

The early blurbs, like the early science fiction, were somewhat sedate and dignified. Consider this rather placid statement, italicized in the middle of a page of the Feb. 1927 Amazing:

Several years ago, the German Professor, Dr. Walter Finkler amputated the heads of various insects and transplanted them on others. Strange to say, the insects with the transplanted heads, after the new ones had grown on, managed to get along the same as with their original heads. So the operation of exchanging your old stomach for a new one may, after all, not be an impossibility, but you may get the surprise of your life if you ever make such an exchange. At least one millionaire who bought himself a new stomach found this rapidly in totally unexpected results, according to this story.

Compare the tranquility of Hugo Gernsback's blurb above with this, by Malcolm Reiss, from the first issue of Planet Stories:

Dakta death, horrible beyond the weirdest fever dreams of Earthmen, faced Space Ship Commander Gerry Norton. The laconic interplanetary explorer knew too much. He stood in the dynamic path of Lansa, Lord of the Soaly Ones, the crafty monster bent on conquering the fair city of Larr and all the rich, shadowless lands of the glorious Amazons of Venus.

Now, doesn't that make your spine tingle with anticipated adventure? But maybe we're being unfair to Reiss. Let's march forward thirteen years, from the first issue of Planet to the current one, and examine the changes that a decade and a half have wrought.

Into the forbidden swamp belt of Mercury scurried the get---rich-quick riffraff. Space-rat Mallard was no exception...for that lurid land was beckoning him with the greatest bait of all--Rhizoids.

Progress, it's wonderful!

A study of the different types of blurbs used by the three editors of ASF reveals the evolution of the science-fiction field. The first appearance of Astounding, in 1930 under the guidance of Harry Bates, was a pulp magazine with fiction comparable to that in Planet or Amazing. The blurb was remarkably similar in each story, a four line affair summarizing the plot in the present tense. Note these from the April 1932 issue, for example:

Back in the Dim Dawn of Civilization Anak the Hunter stands in his night before the encroaching Neanderthal Men.

Trapped in the Great Dome, Darl valiantly defends earth's m-

tposts against the Bird-Man of Mars and his horde of Piggy henchmen.

In their pursuit of an unscrupulous scientist, Phil and Ion are swung into hyperspace--marooned in a realm of strange sights and shapes.

And so on. But, mercifully, Astounding folded in mid-1933, and when Street and Smith bought the title from the previous publishers a new era in science fiction began. F. Orlin Tremaine, the first of the two editors chiefly responsible for the quality of modern-day science fiction, developed a new style of blurbs--rather sophisticated affairs.

Science faces its problems as they come, but here was a time when ingenuity was strained to its uttermost.

Part four--in which gigantic forces trail and clash -- and trail again--

Not exactly as it sounds--and yet, you'll agree--blindness.

Those were three samples from the March 1935 Astounding. And that last one for a John W. Campbell story, incidentally--was a forerunner of the blurb to come--the Campbell blurb. John Campbell, one of the three most popular sf writers of the thirties (the other two were Weinbaum and EE Smith) replaced Tremaine at the helm of ASF at the end of 1937. His tenure there is of record duration; and he's still going strong, turning out an issue a month for more than fifteen consecutive years. Campbell's contributions to the field have been dwelt upon in great length elsewhere, but one facet of the man has been left untouched--his blurbs. The Campbell blurb came with the very quintessence of blurbness. It sparkles with utter incomprehensibility; it is a puzzle in itself, secondary only to the unravelling of the plot it pretends to describe. The first inkling of the nature of the Campbell blurb came with the December 1938 Astounding, JWC's no. 2 issue. It led off with this beauty:

Twin radiations in reverse--an unimaginable impact--out of which had been all that was-- matter and mind, mind and matter.

Lovely, no? This is probably the first example of what was to come. By '45 the good John had reduced the blurb to a formula--or, more likely, an equation--and we got all sorts of things regularly. Examine these choice Campbell blurbs, selected from 1945-52 ASF:

Schedules are funny things. If you have it figured right, you can break a man by taking over his schedule--but if you have it figured wrong, it can turn out that two plus two equals zero instead of four!

Dedicated in a way, they were, to the proposition that virtue is not its own reward, but apt to lead to fortuitous concenations of subsequent events, let's say. Anyway, they did, for one man---

One man knew--and his mind had been wiped clean. He had believed. One one man remembered--and didn't believe. And a world of savage contrast of luxury and hardness lay in the path of Something!

Some people will do anything to achieve what they want, even go as far as to accidentally reveal the truth they don't know!

Wonderful, aren't they? The Campbell blurb--marvelous in its complexity. One cannot help admiring the man behind those things, who flips through a pile of typewritten sheets and then reels off something like this:

A pretty problem they had...for not only had they no road

before then, they had three roads behind them--and all led the same way, forward! But, then, they really had only one choice, even if it did take three paths forward and only two behind--

This, I hasten to add, is not a Campbell blurb, but a Silverberg version of what Campbell blurbs are like. Long after such petty things as left-side borders are forgotten, the Campbell blurb will remain, an art form in itself. Compare it with this, from the current Amazing:

The grim and terrible pioneer days on Mars formed a lush field for the ruthless ones. Greed and murder were the accepted methods.

Amazing, though, has come up with some of its own innovations. One of the quaintest is the cover blurb:

Maddened by the lure of her lovely body, he became the.....
OUTLAW IN THE SKY, by Guy Archette.

Did this madman's mistake lie in his effort to destroy.....
TOO MANY WORLDS, by Gerald Vance.

But Amazing of a couple of decades ago was a different story. The mag in the 30's set a peak of dullness in fiction and blurbs which--I hope--will never be equalled. It was edited by the aged T. O' Connor Sloane, who took over from Gernsback in 1929 at the age of 78, and ran the magazine nine years. It is remarkable that he was able to edit a pulp magazine in his eighties, when most men of that age are out to pasture...but edit he did and the venerable white-bearded figure was one of the most colorful of the early days of s-f. His magazine, though, was nothing more than yawn-producing. Judge by this blurb from his final issue, April 1938:

We are glad to present another short narration, referred as in the preceding stories to Luna, the moon. This story is placed in an early geological period when the Saurians long ago wandered over the face of the earth. These events will be found to be quite exciting in the description of old-time combats.

Quite exciting...I'll bet.

There's a lot more that can be said on the topic of blurbs; the style of blurbing in Wild Tales, for example, or Sam Merwin's introduction of the Second Blurb, or the blurb as practised by such varied hands as H.L. Gold or Charles D. Hornig, and Robert Erisman. Matter of fact, though I am well over the assigned limit, those Erisman blurbs are too good to miss. Just as a cliff-hanger to clear the ground for a possible sequel, here's an example of the kind of stuff handed out in the December 1939 issue of Marvel Tales:

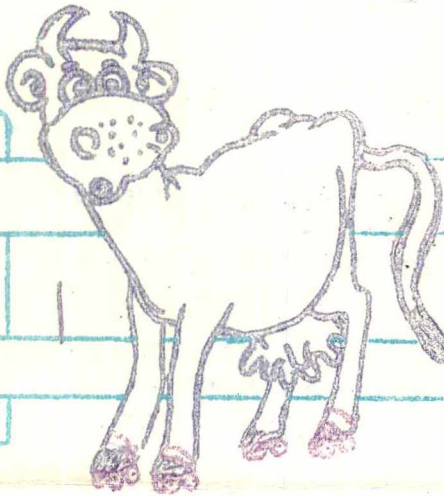
Amazing book-length novel of a lust-mad earth-man horde that pitted super-science against eternity's golden-bird girl! Could this hell spawned golden bird-girl dispell at last the shadow of ageless tragedy of Carter Boyd's earth-man heart? And had his passionate love for her mad civilization's doom a horrible certainty, and delivered ten million mortals into the hands of the Alexander's Gray Minions and their ghastly G-ray?

Tune in next week for the thrilling answer.

Along THE Way With Labor

IF YOU ASK ME, THIS DAMN FARM
MECHANIZATION PROGRAM IS GOING
TOO FAR!

By
Lynn Hickman



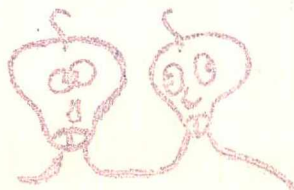
There's a strange thing about machines. Although they save labor, make life easier for us and give us leisure time, THEY ACTUALLY CREATE JOBS. That is the miracle of America. The machine is our secret weapon. Mechanization makes us strong. In the past, important steps in mechanization have sometimes resulted in temporary dislocation of employment, but the long-range result has been an overall gain. For evidence that machines have MADE jobs -- not taken them away -- all we need do is look at the record. In 1890, when mechanization was just getting nicely started, the total number of gainfully employed persons in the United States at the time was less than 25 million. Now, it is more than 60 million. American genius in mass production has brought greater earnings to workers, more demand for products, and more jobs to supply the demand.

Despite the glamour often associated with inventions and inventors, most new machines are more often the result of perspiration than inspiration. One writer put it this way: "Inventions don't burst full-bloom like popcorn from the popper. Almost invariably they come as the result of one step after another." By that he meant they come as the result of a lot of hard work.

Trained engineers play a greater part in the development of new machines today than ever before, particularly in refining them for production line manufacturing. The idea for a new machine may start in any one of a thousand places, but it is the engineer and the production man who convert it into a usable, saleable piece of equipment.

Man's urge to invent is strong and it will probably continue as long as we maintain individual freedom which permits the inventor to profit from his contribution to society, both in satisfaction and in financial gain.

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PERSONALITIES - SAUCERDOM

By V. Paul Nowell

Most men like to wonder and speculate about flying saucers. We do not know what they are, where they come from, and, indeed, if they exist at all. But we do know one thing. There are certain individuals who believe, or so they say, explicitly in saucers because of "experiences" they claim to have had. Their stories are most interesting to any who care to listen. In this article I intend to point out a few individuals, most of them authors, and their stories. You, as a stfan, can take them for what they profess to be. As a logical human being you may find it much harder to accept, however.

First, let's get some background and review the saucers. They were first sighted in droves in 1947 flying over Mid-Western and Western U.S.A. Many hundreds of reports came in, many from publicity seekers, no doubt. But there was always a small percentage of sightings that went unexplained. The Navy called them Skyhooks. This still left many cases in doubt. Soon, new theories cropped up as men tried desperately to explain away a phenomenon they didn't understand. Theories of night lights reflected at night on upper atmosphere layers were heard. These were clearly shown to be at least partially true as "blips of light" flashed across Washington D.C. radar screens. Many "shiny, silent objects" turned out to be planes banking into the sun. However, there always remained an element of doubt.

Saucers were sighted before 1947. W.W.II remember them as "Foo Fighters". There are records of strange objects in the sky as early as at the turn of the century. All of this, however, is yet to be proved or disproved. Since we have not done either, it is up to the reader to decide if it suits his fancy to believe in them or not.

The man who started it all is Kenneth Arnold who sighted the "first" flying saucer over Mount Rainier. He lost his fame soon after the sighting in 1947. But then he began to spread his daring story with an autographed book, "The Flying Saucers-As I Saw Them." As if this wasn't enough he combined efforts with Ray Palmer (of the Shaver Mystery fame) to publish a book, "The Coming of the Saucers." This was advertised as a private printing, no censorship whatsoever. As far as the public, and many authorities knew, Arnold never did more than see and describe the "first" saucer. Then it came out that he had seen the saucers so many times, and at such close range, that he's built a model from actual observation or so he says. In an article in a science magazine, he reported numerous personal sightings, many of saucers on land (funny how one man saw so many--takes talent, I guess). He told of an airplane belonging to the US airforce (with two officers aboard) and some "souvenir" from a damaged, or partially obliterated saucer, which crashed in Washington (the plane, not a saucer) killing the two officers and causing the fragments to be "lost". These fragments "should have proven the existence of saucers beyond a doubt."

The man who worked with Arnold on "The Coming of the Saucers" is well known for publicity stunts along with the "someone is watching us", line in his mags. This does not mean that their book is necessarily untrue, but it leaves a sneaking suspicion in the minds of anyone who has heard of Palmer. If what Arnold says is true, then we can learn quite a wealth

of info from him, but it is rather hard to believe him because of the many claims he has made to sightings of saucers (one would think he would, and should carry a camera with him) that were lying on the ground, conveniently enough. He was also very much unknown until he joined hands with Palmer. I would go as far as to say that Palmer sponsored Arnold's books and lectures for publicity only. But, the, try and get some information out of Palmer.

Another well known authority on saucers, who has been literally "ground" and "under" by other writers is Major Donald Keyhoe. He wrote one book and numerous articles for True magazine. The Major, in contrast with the unknown Arnold, has a good background. He is a graduate of the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. He flew in active service with the Marine Corps and managed the tour of the historic plane in which Floyd Bennett and Admiral Byrd made their North Pole flight, was an aide to Charles Lindbergh after the famous Paris flight, and was the chief of information for an Aeronautics branch of the Dept. of Commerce.

In his book, "The Flying Saucers Are Real," he has presented many cases for consideration. Many have or could be explained, and those left were worked down to the last bit of information. The result was that a number of sightings seemed to prove that there was "something". The Major wisely presents all the facts and theories, gives the pro and con of each, then leaves it up to the reader to decide what they are.

This brief summary of Keyhoe and his book proves his integrity and apparent honesty and leaves the way clear for a purposeful and scientific analysis of the material he presents. Keyhoe's purpose in writing the book was as the title indicates, to prove that the "flying saucers are... very real". While he has not and cannot prove it conclusively, his book gives the most food for thought and may be used as an accurate guide in any discussion of saucers.

Another "authority" is Frank Scully. He writes for Hollywood papers, and claims to know several men who have actually seen and worked on flying saucers which landed in Arizona and New Mexico. He claims to have an eye-witness proof of seeing a piece of metal which supposedly defied analysis, and a tubeless radio which gave "whistling signals" at intervals of several seconds. However, so much of what he has written and said has been disproven and he has contradicted himself so much, that most of what he says shouldn't be taken too seriously. He was one of the first to publicize saucers and that much credit can be given to him. But at the same time he succeeded in hampering legitimate operations with his wild stories. His book makes good reading if you're a stiff.

A photographer of space ships, Professor George Adamski, of Palomar Springs, claims that the saucers and other objects are space ships. He says he has positive proof on film. He goes on to claim that he has been photographing these ships for years through his telescopes and has some very good, unreleased pictures showing great detail. He published some photos, but they were immediately called fakes and said that they had been tampered with. Yet, if a man claims to have the proof on film, why are they not released through all the papers? The question may be looked at from two angles. Either they are fakes or the Army wants to hide something.

What are the saucers? Are they from Russia? Obviously not. They have all of Siberia to traipse around in. They wouldn't be ours or the fact would have been announced long ago. They may be extra-terrestrial objects about which no one can talk. They may be just another "Orson Welles" gag perpetrated for some unknown reason. However, what is known by the Army should not be suppressed. "There may be something to saucers after all," said one general. The people in a free country deserve to know the facts

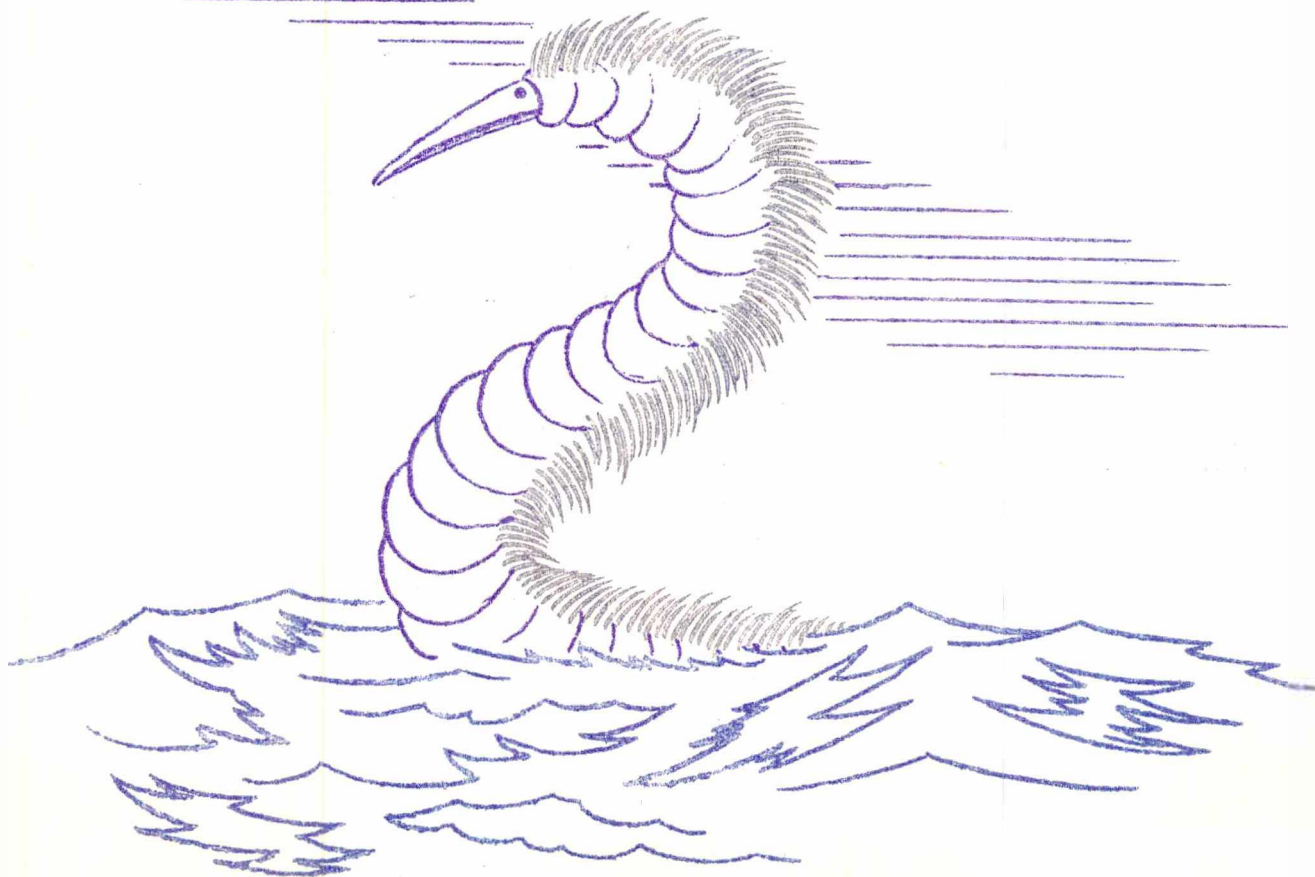
as they are.

Meanwhile, it would be a good idea to dwell on the personalities. Many not mentioned here, include, meteorologists (in connection with the green fireballs in New Mexico), scientists, also tramps and children. Their stories are different but all insist they saw a saucer.

Is their story valid? Is it logical? Who tells these stories? Do they offer proof? If so, what kind? Can it be disproved? What were the circumstances? What kind of people told the stories? Reliable? What would I say if I saw a saucer? Ask yourself these questions and leave a margin, just for errors and imagination. Find out about the personalities behind the stories. Then try and come to a conclusion that will fully satisfy you.

I dare you!

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BERGERON

Treatment & Prevention of Gafia

By BILL VENABLE

Scientific medicine has taken a new step forward with the development and revelation of a complete understanding of that dread disease peculiar to fandom, Gafia. First recognized as a prime threat to the health and orifines of all fan about twenty years ago, Gafia was only recently pinned down and named by the eminent lecturer and diagnostician, Dr. Road Beggs, founder of the Gafia Clinic and Press and recently elected president of the National Association for the Prevention of Dianetic Treatment of Gafia, Inc.

Gafia had originally thought to be a complication arising from Faggh-eed Fever (a theory advanced by two California psychiatrists, F. Turner Looney and Chiggers Bumbee). This theory was proven to be wrong by Attar R Knock, who, in 1947, proved conclusively that Gafia was a separate disease caused by the bacterium Getawayfromit Allis, a nearly invisible germ discovered by Dr. Knock to live in flat beer, decaying mimeograph ink, and between the pages of second hand science-fiction pulps. In experiments on several unknowing Michifens, Dr. Knock found that half a case of sufficiently flat beer, if drunk over a period of several hours, produced an acute though short lived attack of Gafia, while stale mimeo ink, if plastered over the victim's shirt, trousers, face and hands, was sufficient to produce prolonged and severe attacks of Gafia. In another experiment where several Michifens were led through some old second hand bookstores and permitted to browse through some old rare issues of proxines, Dr. Knock found that an attack of Gafia began shortly thereafter, following the patient's discovery that he had spent all his money, or else that he hadn't ever read the pulps that he bought.

In his attempts to isolate the bacteria producing the disease, Dr. Knock began a systematic culture of the bacteria in beer. In a gesture of self-sacrifice to humanity he purchased numerous cases of the beverage, and began his work of tracing down the invisible marauder that lurked in its depths. He admits that in his first attempts he unwittingly forgot to flatten the beer, stating that "from force of habit I put it into the refrigerator before I could stop myself." This was not a total loss, he adds, as he drank it anyway. However, he finally managed to imbibe quite a quantity of flat beer one summer night, during an electrical storm, when the electric power was off and the refrigerator did not work. He reported: The morning after, I was seized with such an attack of Gafia, I could hardly get out of bed.

Soon afterward, Dr. Knock was able to report that he had isolated a culture of Getawayfromit Allis in a stale bellermaker left over from a New Year's party, and still later he stated that microscopic examination of mimeo ink stains on an old shirt revealed the same germ. He failed to isolate the bacterium in the palpsines that he bought, because he found them too hard to read through a microscope.

Sometime later, Dr. Knock's career was ended when one of the Michifens in whom he had induced a severe case of Gafia, set off a bomb in his front yard, destroying his microscope, his mimeograph and his refrigerator. However, medical science owes a debt of gratitude to Dr. Knock, the first important researcher into the causes and effects of Gafia.

While Dr. Knock was still occupied with his later researches into the causes of Gafia, advances were being made in the cure of the disease at the Deutsche Gafia Herzustellungen, a German institution devoted to a study of the disease on the continent. Dr. Wilhelm Liebling reported in 1949, that mild Gafia attacks are often relieved by the inception of a feud involving the victim (Frühling in Gebang, Donner und Blitzen, 1949), while, at the same time, Dr. Johannes Pfeilungen showed that a rise in the victim's monetary income may also relieve or cure the disease (Geld und Gelt 1950-51). The feud theory had to be revised when in 1951 a surprising event demonstrated that if the feud turns into a full scale war, the victim may be seized with a relapse that is often permanent. In the spring of 1951, Dr. Wolfgang Sprech became involved in a hot argument with Doctor Liebling, over the issues of having the 1958 convention in South Gate. The argument precipitated a full-scale feud between the participants, who became lifelong enemies. In the summer of 1951, with the tide of battle going against him, Dr. Sprech suddenly fell victim himself to a fatal attack of Gafia, and in Sept. of that year sent in his resignation to the National Fantasy Fan Federation, and retired from fandom. Dr. Liebling was saved by the fact that the feud increased the circulation of his fanzine by 300%, thus increasing his income and substantiating Dr. Pfeilungen's theory of monetary cure.

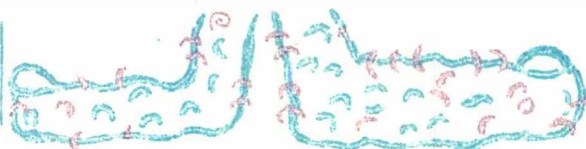
But the most important work in finally procuring a cure and a preventive for Gafia was done by a newcomer in the field and a woman, Dr. Leigh Houghmann, who only last year published a report of her work based on the egoboo-crifinae theory. Using Dr. Knock's work as a basis, from which to start, Dr. Houghmann began in 1950 a series of exhaustive researches on the patients in the Savannah Gafia Sanatorium, an institution endowed by the Rebel Yeast Corporation in 1949. She discovered the important law of Egoboo-Crifinae Valance, namely that a diet of too much crifinae or too little egoboo weakens the fannish constitution to the point where Getawayfromit Allis can flourish and produce attacks of Gafia ranging from the mild to the fatal. In her report (Gafia: 100 Case Studies, Rebel Yeast, 1952) she outlines her method of treating the most severe cases of Gafia successfully by establishing a healthful egoboo-crifinae ratio in the patient's system. The treatment is supplemented with a strict diet of cold beer and sparkling champagne, and periodic injections of Gafia anti-toxin (weakened Getawayfromit Allis) into the bloodstream.

With the spreading of knowledge brought into light by Dr. Houghmann, Gafia can no be completely eliminated in those areas where epidemics are now going full scale, and also prevented in other possible danger areas. Mobile hospitals dispensing anti-toxin shots are on their way to Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Minneapolis, New York and Los Angeles, and others are preparing to cover the other important cities. As well, she has turned over to the NFFF her work on egoboo-crifinae balance, supplying them with a system for maintaining for every fan the correct ratio to steal his system against recurring attacks of Gafia.

Another disease is conquered, as medical science marches ahead!



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BEFORE - DR. XZFL'S GROWTH SERUM - AFTER

the crux of it all, said the professor, is that I never learned to breathe

Miseries AND Mutilations

Lately we've received many complaints and have been subject to malicious smears on account of employing dittographing as a medium. We want to make this clear. We are using dittographing(not hectoing, mind you) , only because we think it a better method than mimeography. Many fanzines have come our way that were mimeoed and a very small percentage of them were done well. In mimeography you find whole sections faded out. In ditto, the legibility is better than mimeo(under proper circumstances). In mimeography you get no where near as good art reproduction as you can in ditto. We have had trouble with our duplication(perhaps that is why some think dittographing is not goo)before because of thin paper. However, you can see that this has been eliminated. We will use ditto on Tyrann, no matter what anyone says. We will improve on Tyrann to the extent where, you, the fan, will come to consider dittographing a normal process. Many complaints stem no doubt from the fact that folks think this is hectoing. This is far from it. In hecto you use jelly. The first twenty-five copies are good and the rest get progressively worse. In ditto, we use alcohol which will reproduce, legibly, up to five hundred copies. And that is all we will say about that.

RICH ELSBERRY: Cover was beautiful and interior printing excellent. Your lineup very fine this time. I always get a funny feeling when I read the type of thing Bradley wrote. I get damn sick and tired every time a fanzine editor starts bulling about receiving illegible manuscripts, those handwritten in red ink, etc. This is the exception to the rule! It happens only in scattered cases, and dammit, the fanzine editor gets so few submissions he can afford to read them all without straining his eyes. Fanzine editors want every consideration in the world, and then treat the author like a mangy cur. They want the mss. double-spaced on one side of a white sheet, with return postage inclosed. What does the author get? Sloppy mimeography, misspelled words, wisecracks interjected, etc. I feel the fan editor has to meet the author at least half-way.

((And that was a very effective rebuttal! Perhaps you both are going a bit overboard. We all have our faults, and as fans--even more! For every injustice the editor pulls off the author has one to balance it, and vice versa. No?)))

HAL SHAPIRO: Liked the Bergeron cover very much. The Big Eye seemed to be watering all over the place in its defense of the NFFF. Hope Winne can hit his stride again in #5. Farnham's item was delightful. Elsberry's piece cannot be classified except to say that it is an excellent critique of The Medium.... Now as to the question of why some people turn into actifans and others a content merely to read? Who really knows? My guess would be that the more gregarious a person is, the more pies he's apt to stick his fingers into. Pubbing and the other facets of fandom just offer an outlet for the steam generated by the gregarious disposition of so many fans.

((Good 'nuff explanation. There may be more to it than meets the eye, however. You'll notice that many fan leaders are not that high in larger social circles outside of fandom. Perhaps it is just a way of expressing their desires to be leaders. But, heck, it a hell of a lot of fun!)))

FRED CHAPPELL: Bergeron is a great artist. I mean this for earth-shaking, volcanic praise. It must take him literally years to finish a detail e d

drawing like the cover pic. Also very good was the pic on page two..... You had a terrific issue out this time. I loved everything except the Big Eye. This is no criticism of Winne whom I usually like. But it's just that the EBF as a subject bores me.....Hinkie Pinkies is a fascinating-- keep it up....I congratulate you on this monumental effort!

((Wal, thanks. Not only is Rich B. a great artist, but he's a swell guy to boot. We agreed with Winne on his column. Sorry, Hinkie Pinkies are a dead thing now. We'll admit, it was made up in a moment of madness. Sorry if we don't give the answers to last issue's hinks.)))

REDD BOGGS:Your discussion in Tyranny of why people read science fiction while others don't, confuses me, but it seems that in your opinion science fiction is a rare wine, appreciated only by specially endowed connoisseurs of literature. That's very flattering both to the authors and readers of s-f, but is it a deserved compliment? Let's use the "rare" wine as analogy; let's change the question to read, why do some people to like beer and others champagne? Ask an aristocrat the question in 1700 and he'd likely tell you that common peasants didn't have the refinement and keen appreciation for the better things of life, etc. to appreciate champagne. I don't think many of us would answer the question that way. But in your question about s-f you provide an aristocratic answer: Some people have a larger imagination than others. I don't think my own imagination becomes any more attenuated when I read a yarn taking place on Mercury in 2971, A.D. than when I read a novel about China in 1300 A.D. I'm completely out of my own space and time in both instances. I'll grant you that it takes a certain adjustment to learn to like a yarn about the unborn future. But given the right opportunity, nearly anybody who can read can make the same adjustment, just as nearly anybody who can drink liquor can learn to like champagne. In both instances, it's a matter of acquired taste, shaped mostly by circumstance, not of any inborn capacities.

((A brilliant argument. However, our main point was that the point where people begin to read s-f is decided by co-ordinates. The important pair is the couple called: 1)The need to escape -- and you will admit that s-f and fantasy give a greater amount of escape than the starkly realistic, and lifelike literature pervading the earth these days -- and the amount of imagination -- for truly one must have a certain amount to read stuff that ranges from the technological, to social, to psychological, to satire, to humor, to tragedy, and usually all in one story! Therefore, you have your two deciding points. The point that they decide is where some people will read s-f and others be content to read the literature that is not as escapist as s-f and fantasy by virtue of their very realism. Every one has a certain amount of imagination--some are idealists and some realists. Every one needs to be free from life's troubles. S-f is a type of literature that, in our opinion, fulfills the needs of only certain types of people. Who knows? Perhaps everyone meets the requirements set by the co-ordinates but are ignorant of s-f.)))

HONEY WOOD:If Tyrann keeps up the quality of the work shown in the latest issue, they will fast become one of the leading fanzines. I enjoyed-- ((fouled that up-ed.)))just about every part of the issue and the artwork was especially good. Your method of reproduction of the artwork is done well and Tyrann to me seems quite well rounded out. Keep up the good work.

((We always knew someone else thought the way we did about Tyrann. We've come a long way from the first issue - a fan mag only an editor could love - and we hope to be going much further (dammit, the typing in this section is atrocious! Tyrann will be minus a co-ed if this keeps up.)))

G.M. Carr:Unusually high class contents. Very attractive use of color and

There are a lot of things to plug and a lot of news, so excuse the lack of written headings.

There are a lot of good fanzines out on the market. We want to plug some of them here.

First, there's Norman Brown's Variations. This new fanzine (not really, it's seen three issues) is one of the best out because it is something radically different. Everything Norm does is different. You pay what you think the mine is worth. Brown's ingenuity has produced a new and different mag, Variations. Send no money--you pay what you think your reading pleasure would be worth. Write: Norman Brown, 13906 101A ave., Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. Ian Macauley, famous ed of Cosmag is reviving it with a coming mag called, ASFO (Atlanta SIF Organization) which will be more than an club 00. It promises to be good with Ian at the helm. Write to: Ian T. Macauley, 57 East - Park Lane, Atlanta, Ga.

Care for a mature mag? Try Pendulum. This is edited by Bill Venable and D. Susan. This is one of the better mags featuring the best fan material. Bill Venable holes out at 1055 Moorwood AVE, Pittsburgh 18, Pennsylvania. Mote is another good zine. This is edited by Bob Peatrowsky. Unfortunately we don't have his address here. It's worthwhile trying to find it tho'. One of the best new fanzines is Harlan Ellison's Science Fantasy Bulletin. This has perfect mimeography and excellent features. It has certainly proven itself in the first two issues. Ellison, one of the best new fan is burning up fandom with what seems to be a successor to C/SFD. This comes at 15¢ an issue and may be obtained from Harlan Ellison at 12701 Shaker BLVD. Apt. 616, Cleveland 20, Ohio.

There are several Flying Saucer Bureaus lying around in the U.S. The newest one, however, seems to be the best. The International Flying Saucer Bureau is headed by Al Bender. Their aims are to collect all information related to saucers and other objects. The hope to answer any question addressed to them on saucers. They also want to organize "saucer minded people". A long range plan is to publish a book with the accumulated data they have. This is, of course, an amateur non-profit group. Dues are \$1.00 a year. Write to: Albert K. Bender, RQ Box 241 Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Another EXCELLENT fanzine comes from Larry Touzinsky, Fan To See. This mag was a first ish, but we wouldn't have known it. The editors should go far with this mag. Write to: Larry Touzinsky, 2911 Minnesota Ave, St. Louis, Mo.

A great plug for Chigger Patch (and not only because they were nice enough, when they did the same). This is an irregular fanzine with guidance by Nan Gerding (that should be enough to make you want to buy) and Bob Farnham. Don't send a sub--just a Mine--because TCP is irregular (we said that already). Nan Gerding: Box 484 Roseville, Illinois.

News on Tyrann: We've dropped the fanzine review column. No one read it and it took up too much room. We've also dropped Hinkle Pinkies. Some will protest but all we say is, T' heck wid em!

Ev Winne does his last column for some time. We were sorry to see him go, but work comes first. Next issue you will find a new column by Hal Shapiro called Halberd (kind of spear--"get the point"--shapiro). Also, we may have a new column by Redd Baggs. However, this is not quite settled yet. We're planning to start a series of art folios (one 'o' to many) in the near future. Also, watch for a big contest! Till next issue,

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TYRANN

c/o Norbert Hirschhorn

853 Riverside Drive

New York 32.

New York



Richard Bergeron
R.F.D. #1
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Vermont