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Tyrann

TYRANN, Co-edited and published by Henry Ebel and Norbert Hirschhorn at 853 Riverside Drive, N.Y. 32, N.Y. Subscription rates: 15¢ for 1, 25¢ for two, 40¢ for three and 75¢ for 6. Tyrann is Bi-monthly and is published to lose money and have fun doing it. Asst. ed is Rich Bergeron. Art Staff: Bergeron (art editor), Jack Harness, Ebel, Max Keasler and others who will remain anonymous. Our motto is, "Instability for the masses"

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WYNNY

Fear is perhaps the most devastating of human emotions. More havoc has been wreaked by it, more dictators brought to power by it, and forced from power, than any other single force known. Through the ages, fear has become a weapon that is no longer used indiscriminately, but one that is channeled, occasionally disguised and applied where it will do the most "good".

Persons living in the United States tend to think that fear as a social and political weapon is used only by the "dictators", the Hitlers and Stalins, and that, "it could never happen here." Perhaps if these souls would do a bit more than surface thinking, they would realize that it has happened here!

In the last few years, an innate fear of "communists", "socialists", "left-wingers", "fellow travelers", and "sympathizers" has crept insidiously in the minds of free men with the aid of power seeking individuals.

But fear is not a useless emotion. Without it, men would walk from 20 story windows, stick their heads into ovens and examine leaky gas tanks with matches because they wouldn't be afraid of the consequences.

In this way, an understanding of the communist menace would be desirable, but not a blind, unreasoning, animal fear. Through exploitation of this fear by politicians, racists, and just plain trouble makers, hundreds of innocent persons have lost their jobs, their self-respect, and a chance to clear themselves of irresponsible charges.

It is a sad comment on the intelligence of the American people that these fear-mongers are reelected to office. Through a herd-fear the American people have turned to power greedy individuals who claim to know how to eradicate this fear - that they themselves have created!

It would be foolish to say that there is not any danger of communism and communist infiltration. It would be suicide to ignore it. But a fear of it is bordering on panic. And this fear is an unnatural fear, induced among the people. Fear is blinding; fear is paralyzing. This fear has destroyed The Voice of America which not even Stalin could destroy. This fear has ruined lives, cost people livelihoods, destroyed reputations and has given the enemy the greatest propaganda material they could hope for.

Why have these people gone on, despite the great havoc they have caused? Why does the American public not stop them? Why are they currently forcing men and women to account for their actions? The answer is very simple.

Fear.

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continued next page

As you can see, we have abandoned the justified margin. It was a pain in the-you-know-where. But the format will be simplified with closer margins and a neater contents page, which is being done by Rich Bergeron.

We'd like to apologize for the poor condition many covers came out in last issue. Max Keasler inadvertently used the wrong type paper, making it difficult for the alcohol to pick up carbon.

Some people have wondered why we don't use black for the type. It's a good question. Purple, generally, reproduces more, and does not fade as quickly as black tends to do after a certain amount of copies have been run off. This, then, turns into a dirty grey rather than black. For one thing, it will never be as black as mimeo. However, we're willing to make an experiment. This issue's Guillotine is being sent back to you folks in black (or dirty grey as the case may be). We would appreciate your comments on this. The more, the better, because not all copies may be good.

In the lead article for this issue, we present an eye-witness account of the explosion of the A-Bomb by Charles Allen (as told to Hal Shapiro) with a detailed drawing reproduced by Rich Bergeron. This article is the first of its kind to be presented in any fanzine. Which goes to show that Tyrann is on the lookout for material of every kind.

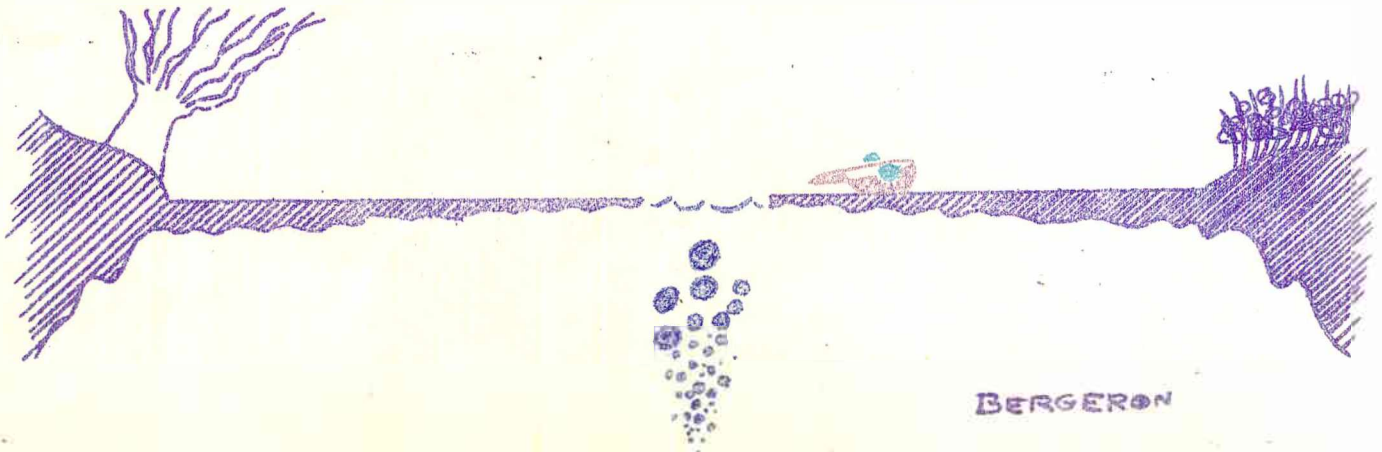
Rich Elsterry presents the second in a series of articles on fantasy movie directors. The first was an article on Carlos Menotti, producer of The Medium.

With this issue, Tyrann will go on an irregular basis for an indefinite time. The irregular is just a term for our own convenience since a tight schedule is very inconvenient. Never fear, Tyrann will come out 5-6 times a year on a more or less bi-monthly basis. Sub rates are the same as listed on the inside front cover.

Next issue, we welcome the return of Er Winne and his column, The Big Eye (just shows how late we've been). Also next issue is an article by Orville Mosher and a one shot column by the "one-shot kid", Hal Shapiro. This is the first one shot column in fanzine. Remember, you saw it here first. Also, an art folio by Max Keasler!

Watch for the big talent contest we are sponsoring, coming soon. Big names, big prizes. Keep an eye glued.

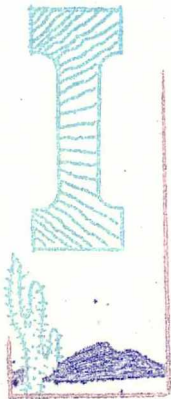
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i went to desert rock

By Charles Allen

As Told to Hal Shapiro



I was one of the 4,500 servicemen who received orders to take part in A-Bomb tests near Camp Desert Rock, Nevada in 1952. Like most of the other observers arriving at Camp Desert Rock, I didn't know much about the surrounding countryside. Gordon Dean, head of the Atomic Energy Commission, described it as "a good place to throw used razor blades." It is genuine waste land. The flat, alkali desert is rimmed with mountains and sparsely covered with yucca plants and sagebrush. The test site lies near the rim of Death Valley, California. The nearest settlement, 15 miles from the camp, is Cactus Springs, Nevada with two houses and a filling station. Shortly beyond is Indian Springs Air Force Base, at the small town of Indian Springs, once a stage coach stop. Then, 65 miles from camp is fabulous Las Vegas. It looks like good after-tent life on a sun-baked, dusty desert.

I spent four days at camp getting preliminary orientation and lectures by expert instructors. They acquainted me, in an unusually effective manner, with molecules and atoms, electrons and ions, and roentgens--all of which became highly interesting to me when I considered that I would soon see their capabilities demonstrated in the field.

The instructors told me about the ways in which atomic scientists had harnessed nuclear fission, and how military commanders can use nuclear fission weapons--bursting them above or at the surface of earth or water. They showed training films, including restricted footage on previous bursts.

A practice march was made through the target area. There I, and the rest of the test subjects, inspected other test objects--equipment and animals--placed at various distances from ground zero, the point directly under the burst.

The army uses sheep to determine the effect of bomb bursts on living creatures. Normally, the effects of heat are immediately visible on sheep. The effects of blast and flying debris also become apparent. Although the sheep's wool affords excellent protection, it shows even a slight scorching.

We also viewed the results of earlier experiments made in this enormous out-of-doors laboratory. The tests have been varied to show observers not only the nuclear explosion phenomenon itself, but also the results of atomic bomb bursts in a variety of standard military operations and situations.

When the big day arrived, we were taken to the range, reaching our position about an hour ahead of time. The positions are several

miles from ground zero--at a safe distance, but close enough so that we were able to witness the tremendous effects of the bomb.

Most of the AEC's tests are conducted before dawn, when the air is still. As we filed out in the early hours to the forward area positions and got around in the trenches, we swapped wise cracks, most probably to keep from being scared stiff. I heard the distant thunder of high explosive charges being set off ten miles on one flank for the calibration of scientific instruments. But, thinking ahead a couple of hours, I was only mildly impressed.

As H-hour approached, however, the general atmosphere became tense with expectancy. About ten minutes before the weapon went off we were told to get into the trenches. I sensed the tightening expectancy about me. About two minutes before the blast we were told to squat down in the trenches and face to the rear, so we would not get spots in front of our eyes from the sun-like flash of the bomb burst. I came more than a thousand miles to see the sight that was about to unfold itself on that dim desert, and there was no sense in missing the show because of temporary blindness.

From the AEC's controlling point came a voice through the public address system counting off the seconds. "H-15. . . H-10. . . H-5, 4, 3, 2, 1--Zero." And during the chanting of those seconds the tension that rose, even among those battle veterans who have seen many shots, was brittle as ice. At the count of zero there was a tremendous white flash of light and you know what happened.

The colossal flash was the most striking of the actual physical effects I experienced during the exercise. It came at the instant of detonation. It has been described as being many times as brilliant as the sun at noon. It wasn't like a photo flash bulb going off in my face for, if that were the case, the areas at the sides and back of my head would remain in comparative blackness. It was more like putting my head in a bushel basket of flash bulbs and having them all set off at once; even with my back turned.

The sound of the weapon was a gigantic, sharp bang, followed by a rumbling echo coming back off the hills. But, after this test, I will always be able to tell by the flash, regardless of where I am, whether or not an A-Bomb has been detonated in my vicinity.

Shortly after the bomb went off--in a matter of a few seconds--the command, Raise! was given and I turned around to see the awesome sight growing before my eyes. The first thing I saw was a glowing ball of fire up to one thousand feet across suspended above the desert floor. A shock wave from this explosion hit the ground and raised a mammoth cloud of dust--lifted for hundreds of feet over the desert. Because of the more than one million degree centigrade heat, the central portion of this dust was pulled upward as the fireball rose, forming the stem of the familiar mushroom cloud. The fireball which began to rise at about 50 miles an hour, rapidly became a brownish cloud. That was caused by the nitrogen in the air being turned into various oxides of nitrogen. The cloud was picked up by the stem of the mushroom as it rose and was then churned into the fireball itself. The fireball then became a brownish orange color, fading into a pastel shade.

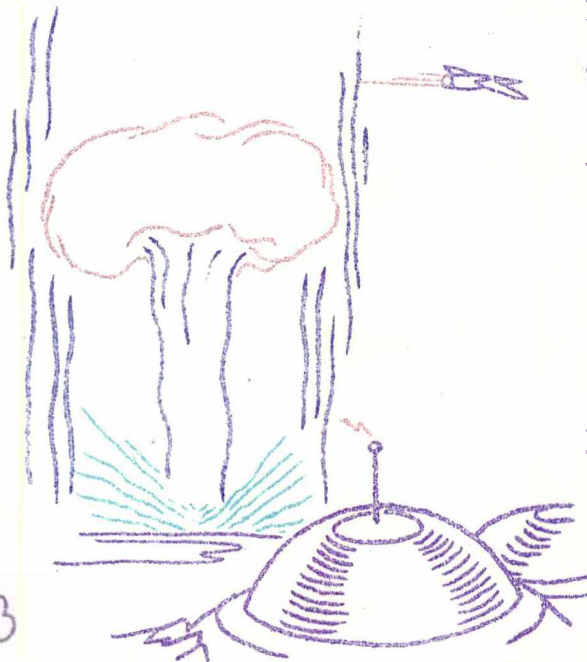
As the fireball rose, the intense heat of the center caused a violent churning action. It looked as if the head of the mushroom was continually turning itself inside out as it soared upward. When the fireball got up to an icing altitude, condensation of moisture

in the atmosphere formed an ice cap, which flowed down over the fire ball and mixed in with it, producing one of the purest whites that I have ever seen.

Reaching its maximum altitude of about 50,000 feet (maximum height depends upon atmospheric conditions at the time of the shot) the mushroom maintained its identity for about twenty minutes. This is also variable, depending upon the atmosphere.

It is possible to gauge the extent of the phenomenon in several ways. At Desert Rock rockets were sent off at stated distances on both sides of ground zero and their vertical streamers drew a scale in the sky for photographic recording apparatus to use as markers. Normally, a B-29 looks like the head of a pin at 40,000 feet, but when you stand at a point a few miles from ground zero and look at an atomic cloud reaching ten miles upward, you will think that it is directly above you. Or so it seemed to me. It seemed to fill the sky and looked like the tallest thing I ever saw. It was! Mt. Everest is only half as high.

After the dazzling white flash of light informed me that the bomb had gone off, four miles away I was hit by a definite wave of heat. What I felt, a small sample of the power of the wave did not reach 16 seconds. There command to rise to see this start moving picture. The silence except here and there, observers. People they watched this ball glowing red, orange, white, the dust carpet, fireball. They stood open, watching the we realized it, us. It felt as though a shovel had been thrown down and three down neck. The dust, coming on the pressure wave, first struck me in the face; then in a succeeding phase, more dust was pulled down my neck.



When I first arrived at Desert Rock, I was a little worried about the dangers of radiation. I'd read books and articles which claimed that areas under an atomic blast would be uninhabitable for 20 years, 50 years, a century. This, I learned, is not true. The radiation from a bomb, burst in air, is all gone in a minute and a half. After that time, no significant radiation exists on the ground.

After observing the shot, we were not allowed to approach ground zero until AEC radiological safety teams and teams from the Army Chemical Corps had monitored the area. An instrument called the ionization chamber was first flown over the area by an Air Force-AEC helicopter. Later, the same type instrument was carried into the area by jeep.

The cloud itself remains highly radioactive. It was followed by aircraft approximately 600 miles to determine the actual cloud position so that "Fall-out" of radioactive wastes downwind can be

estimated, and also to control the air lanes so that other aircraft will not fly into the contaminated area.

The ionization chamber is used for testing for large amounts of radioactivity, and is of primary value in wartime. It does not read the very low amounts prescribed as peacetime tolerances by the AEC; the Geiger-Muller Counter is employed for that. This counter is carried by troop Chemical, Biological and Radiological (CBR) personnel to monitor radiation clinging to the participants in the Exercise after they have passed through the blasted area.

The radiation for which these CBR monitors are looking existed in form of radioactive dust particles and were, I learned, on my shoes, on my clothes, and in my hair, so that, for a while, I was radioactive.

The low level radiation dust particles on my clothes and shoes were removed by brushing off the dust with an ordinary broom. However I had to launder my clothes and take a thorough shower, giving particular attention to my eyebrows, hair and scalp, and fingernails; these are the places where, I am told, the dust particles collect and stick. Several of the men who did not do a thorough washing job were sent back to the showers by the monitors.

Similarly, vehicles were brushed down and checked. Some had to be washed.

Most of the radiation from the airburst will go upward. By the time these particles come down, or "fall-out" they are so widely dispersed that they can be detected only by the most sensitive instruments, and they definitely do not present any hazard to personnel, in spite of what Raymond Palmer says.

----EFFECTS OF THE BLAST----

As we moved forward toward ground zero after the blast; as we examined military equipment left at varying distances from ground zero; as we inspected the close-in positions, with their charred and smoking dummies and unhappy-looking sheep above ground and apparently little-damaged dummies and animals in holes; when we learned the scientist's reports of the amount of heat that existed at different locations, the amount of blast pressure, the amount of nuclear radiation that occurred, most of us realized that we could live through an atomic explosion, unless we are so unfortunate as to be either directly under the bomb when it goes off, or unprotected.

A-Bomb blast does not kill people directly. Frail as human beings are, it takes a helluva lot of pressure to crush a man to death; up to 100 pounds per square inch. This is much more than the pressure required to knock down an ordinary building. Greatest danger comes from flying debris, coming at hundreds of miles per hour. A wooden pencil traveling at 100 mph can be as deadly as a .50 caliber bullet.

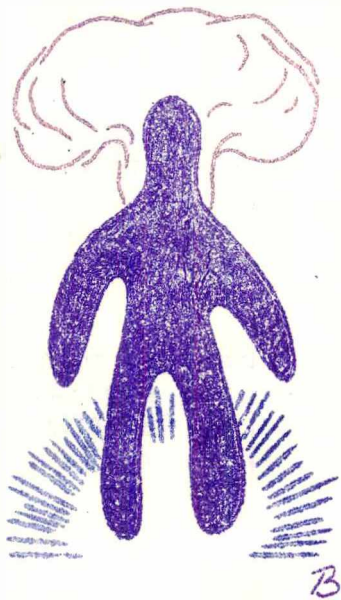
The second effect of the bomb is heat--tremendous heat. It can cause flash burns and flame burns. The heat comes out of an atomic blast in the first three seconds. A person $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the explosion may receive burns on exposed parts of his body. His hair may be singed or burned. But heat travels in a straight line, exactly as light does. At a mile and a half, which is pretty close, the clothes you wear will protect you from the burn. The sides of a ditch, the walls of a trench, anything that hides a man's skin from the fire-

ball's blinding white light--which is millions of degrees in temperature--will protect him from the burn. (Flash blindness affects anyone within ten miles who watches the detonation with unshielded eyes. In daylight this temporary blindness lasts about five minutes. At night, about 15 minutes. The danger of permanent injury to one's eyes is very slight).

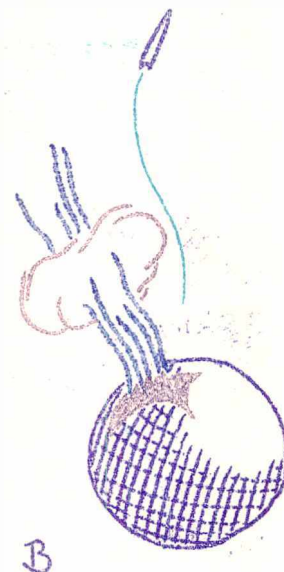
Flame burns are secondary effects of the burst. Atomic blasts can start numerous ordinary fires. Stoves may be blown over, electric wires broken, gas tanks on vehicles damaged, ammunition exploded. People caught in the wreckage of buildings, in vehicles, or in areas that have caught fire may suffer flame burns.

Radiation--not just radioactive dust, but direct glass radiation--is more difficult to cope with. Yet it is not as serious a problem as people think. Before I went to Desert Rock I heard all about the fact that radiation can injure or kill body cells. I knew that if enough body cells are injured or killed, I would become seriously ill or die. But there was a lot more to learn.

The amount of body damage depends on the intensity of the radiation, the length of time one is exposed, and how much of one's body is exposed. The damaging effects of radiation may not appear at once. The length of time before damage appears may vary from a few hours to several days. But your body is capable of replacing large numbers of damaged cells. This capacity for repair gives one a good chance of recovery, even though one's body has been affected by exposure to radiation. The seriousness of radiation hazard depends primarily upon the nature of the burst.



Initial radiation has little effect upon your body if you are more than a mile from ground zero. If you are less than a mile away, and do not have good shielding between you and the burst, you may suffer radiation sickness. In this area you'd probably be hurt anyway by the secondary effects of blast or by burning. As a general rule, the strength of the initial radiation is reduced by 40 to 50 percent by shielding with one inch of steel or three inches of concrete or five inches of dirt or 12 inches of wood. However, if you are unprotected and find yourself uninjured by blast or burns, you do not have to worry about flash radiation.....



If the burst occurs 2,000 feet in the air or higher, most of the radioactive particles are carried harmlessly away. Very little residual or lingering radiation is left on the ground. You can move into the area under a high burst as soon as you can reach it on foot or by vehicle, and there will be little danger from radiation and falling debris. Moreover, there is almost no danger from the fall-out from an air burst.

Bursts on or near the ground usually will leave an area of heavy contamination near the point of explosion. The danger from fall-out in this type of burst is greater than in a high air burst.

One of the main things I learned at Exercise Desert Rock is that

the foxhole is still in vogue. Field fortifications that will protect you against conventional bombs and shells will also afford good protection against A-Bomb blast, heat and radiation.

But maybe you are not in a foxhole when the bomb goes off. What then? Experiments at Desert Rock showed that armored vehicle crews in their vehicles were sitting pretty. Unarmored vehicles provide only limited protection against an atomic burst. If you have warning, stop, roll down the windows and crouch low; the vehicle will give you some protection from the blast, heat, and flying debris--but not from radiation. If the first thing you see is the bomb flash, stop your vehicle, crouch low, and stay there until the debris has stopped falling.

If you are in the open, and some protection such as a ditch, a wall, foxhole, even a curbstone is no more than a step away, take shelter there with your back to the explosion. Don't try get to shelter if it is more than a few feet away. Drop flat on your stomach and protect exposed parts of your body as well as you can.

If you are inside a building, drop to the floor with your back to a window, or dive under a desk or table. When you have taken shelter, stay where you are for at least ten seconds to let the effects of the bomb dissipate and any debris to fall.

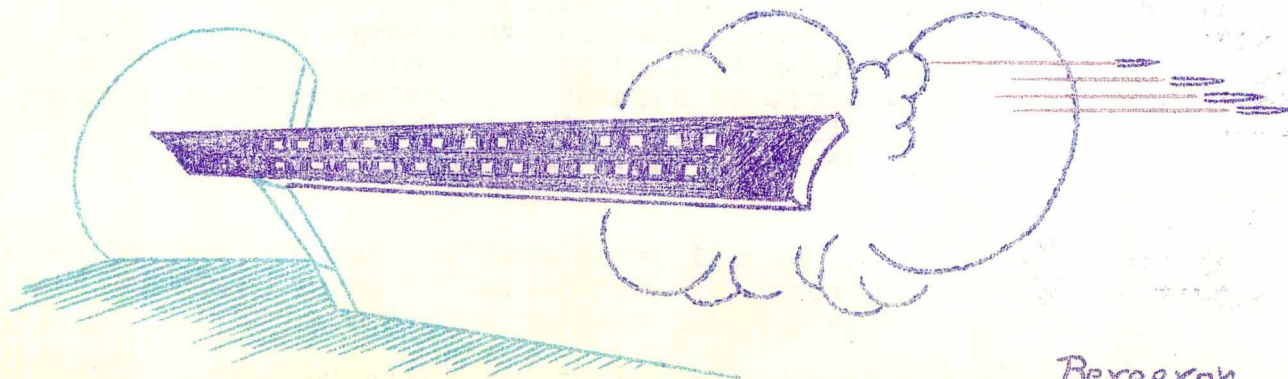
If you are alive and uninjured after being near an A-Bomb blast, you're damn lucky. You needn't worry too much about the flash radiation. The decontamination problem is relatively simple, although there is no chemical or medical method of neutralizing radiation. Just use good old-fashioned soap and water--the hotter the water and the stronger the soap, the better. If you get rid of the dirt from the blast, you get rid of the radiation.

At Desert Rock, the Armed Forces are learning to fight an atomic war, not just by dishing it out, as in World War II, but by taking it as well. I learned there that intelligent, disciplined, individual action can double my chance of survival under atomic attack on the ground or in the air. I found that we can counterattack across a bombed area far more effectively than we knew we could before.

I came back from Desert Rock deeply impressed by the awesome power that stunned and dwarfed me. But I, and all of you to whom I pass the word, will feel a sense of relief at knowing the score, I'm sure. An A-Bomb blast does not necessarily signal the end of the game.

Just time out.

-The End-



Bergeron

WHAT HAPPENS IN AN A*BOMB BURST

TERMS

Fall Out - Radioactive dust
falling back to
earth

Mach Effect-Blast echo ref-
lected from
ground

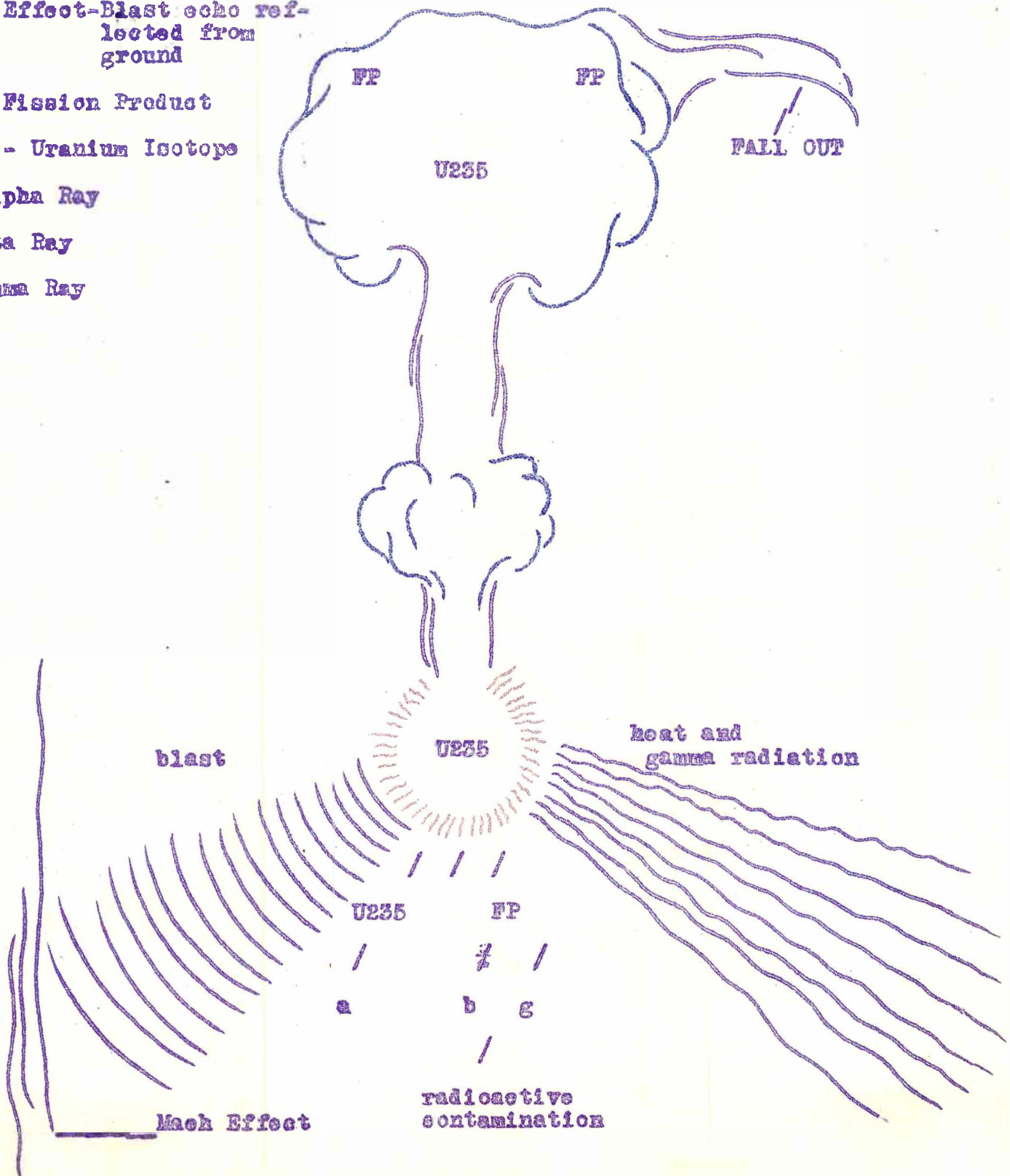
FP - Fission Product

U235 - Uranium Isotope

a- Alpha Ray

b-Beta Ray

g-Gamma Ray



THE SURREALISM OF LUIS BUNUEL

By Elsberry

In "The Young and the Damned," Luis Bunuel, Mexico's foremost film director, moves his camera into the slums of Mexico City to view one of the growing bands of juvenile delinquents which roam the city. Bunuel's vividly introspective camera follows this group of "forgotten ones" with cold dispassion, occasionally sympathetic, but always with cynicism. His motley crew of actors, mostly amateurs, compromise a completely ruthless gang. They kill a boy for 'squealing', attack a blind beggar for the few centavos he has in his tin cup, and rob a legless man and send the cart he pushes himself around in on hurtling down the street, leaving him lying helpless in the gutter.

This group of normal, healthy young citizens is led by an escaped convict, only a juvenile himself. Rejected by their parents and society, unable to obtain work, they have no choice but to follow him.

But overshadowing everything, is Bunuel's sense of the surrealist. Whether it be the symbolic black rooster, or the 'mangy dog' which comes loping down the street for the dead, you are always aware of it. Bunuel, however, allows himself complete freedom for his surrealist devices in a beautifully conceived and photographed dream sequence.

One of the gang has just learned that a boy they beat up has died. He sneaks home late that night and has hardly touched his head to the pillow when a black rooster flutters across the room. He sits up in slow motion and sits up in bed as the rooster goes under his bed. He gets out of bed and looks under it, where he sees the writhing form of the murderer, blood streaming from his forehead and his face and body contorted with agony. He gets back into bed, trembling, and his mother rises up from her bed and floats across the room in her billowing nightgown, jumping from bed to bed like some fantastic specter. She comforts him and lies his head down on the pillow, then starts back for her own bed, when suddenly the boy sits up and says, "Mother, why didn't you give me any meat last night?" His mother stops and slowly turns around, her features etched into a horrible parody of a Mona Lisa smile, and with outstretched hands she offers him an enormous piece of raw, dripping meat. She brings it to him, and just as he takes it from her hand, an arm reaches up from under the bed and wrests it from his grasp. The boy slowly sinks back into bed and then suddenly wakes up in a cold sweat.

Although seemingly complex, Bunuel's symbolism yields easily to analysis. The black rooster is a symbol of destruction and it appears earlier in the movie when the blind beggar has been robbed and beaten. The body under the bed is a fore-shadowing of the future and is a glimpse of the end that is to come for the murderer when the police trace and kill him as he tries to escape. Earlier, the boy's mother has denied him food, saying that he is old enough to go out and earn his livelihood. She gives some canned meat to his sisters and brothers and the boy cannot understand why she doesn't love him as much as the others. When he asks her about the meat he is in effect saying

^{of the} Logical Inanity

By Harlan Ellison

We were not only taken by surprise, but their appearance left us in a state of amazed shock, so much so, that the Earl had landed their ships in Moscow and New York, in Paris and the Vatican, in Ankara and Munich, in fact everywhere, before we knew what was happening.

Their ships dropped out of the skies on a clear, wintry day in February. They skimmed down like a smooth, round rock on water and bumped almost imperceptibly onto the white-covered turf before the White House. I was there with the President, playing a little golf. He had been inaugurated a few weeks before and needed liason men as much as he needed a vote of confidence. The ships opened and they emerged one at a time, seemingly unaware of the fact that we had drawn our guns (you see there was a segment of the National Guard on hand---I don't remember why just now) and they were leveling them at them as they stepped out of the cigar-shaped vehicles. They stood about three feet tall and looked humanoid to all but the very closest of scrutinization. Their skin was a very faint blue-ish tinged epidermis with the coloring just barely showing superimposed, it seemed, over the lustrous white. Their six-fingered hands were webbed and they carried themselves with arrogant bouyancy that left no doubt as to the esteem they held themselves in.

Seven of them came toward the President, the Guardsmen and myself. They walked casually, almost too casually, and then suddenly stopped, -slung a metal box with a multi-faceted crystal in a socket on the face of a small dolly and pointed it in our direction. Contrary to what we had expected, having heard stories and seen motion pictures of like events, not one of the Guardsmen fired nervously at the aliens. They all stood as we, rooted to the spots in which they had stopped.

"...frxsbbl margraff klineoct menciinne-okatto mawhere as ffiends to live beside you as brothers and contribute to your progress," the mechanically nasal voice emerged from gibberish into understandable English. "We are here from (the concept wasn't too clear at this point though we gathered that it was from an immeasurable distance away). Our voyage has been a long and tiresome one and we ask for no more than routine cordiality, in exchange for which we will bestow our advanced scientific knowledge upon you."

The President leaned forward, subtly empowered to speak for us all and hoping that the voice-box could decipher what he was saying. "Why have you come here? Why do you want to do this for us?"

"We must live with you in the Galactic culture, must we not?" twanged the voice-box. "Thus we must educate you. We come not as conquerers, but as fellow thinking beings." We shivered a little at this, imagining what any other "thinking" beings in the universe might look like, for these aliens seemed to have a quality about

them that frightened us.

However, nothing more untoward than what we had seen, seemed to be about them, so they were led, as all delegations, to the reception room where The President, myself, and nine or ten other top men in the government, and a horde of Guardsmen listened to them. They told us about the trackless wastes of space and of the armada of teaching-ships(as they called them)which had ventured from their home star. They informed us of the 98 other ships, exactly like the two on the White House lawn, which rested in other parts of the world, carrying out the same task these representatives were.

In exchange for an opportunity to excavate for fuel for the return trip and provisions, they would not only give us the accumulated knowledge of hundreds of thousands of eons, but they would give us the greatest gift ever dreamed about in the mind of Man. One hundred per cent logic. They would subtly alter the brain patterns of every living man, woman and child in the world to make them think accurately, emphatically and lucidly. There would be no more war, no more crime, no more insanity. Their gift of unhampered logic would be the greatest step forward for man since he had emerged from his primeval cave-depths.

The President was all for it. He got in touch with the heads of the other great nations in the world and found to his surprise that they too had been offered the gift and were chomping on the reins to receive it. A meeting was called of all government heads in the U.N. headquarters in New York, and the date was set for a week later.

Came the day of the meeting and such co-ordination and accordance of thought would have done the peace-lovers of the world good to have seen. The decision was reached within a matter of an hour and the aliens left for their ships, to plunge upward into the stratosphere to loose the network of rays that would stabilize mankind and give him! One hundred per cent logic.

Invaders come in many guises, and the saying about Greeks bearing gifts is not an empty one. Why should a race three feet tall worry themselves about ray guns and killing and fighting and losing their own people, when to defeat another race all they had to do was use subterfuge?

Yes, they gave us logic, unimpaired logic, thorough logic. But it was our downfall, not our awakening. For within twenty minutes after their network of rays had started, employing the one thing we could have used against that awful weapon---our agreement and trust---every single human being in the world was hopelessly insane.

Did you ever think what complete logic could do to a person? Prevent him from seeing the beauty of a sunset...break it down into: one G-type sun, disappearing behind a range of sedimentary mountains due to the revolving of the earth on its axis. It would prevent him from seeing beauty, from seeing the subtle nuances of everyday life. It would furnish, instead, for him, a bare, sterile and coldly logical existence.

Madness.

finis

Commercialized Fantasy

—HOWARD BROWNE AND HIS FANTASTIC
By IAN MACAULEY

Quite a bit has been said about Mr. Howard Browne and his fairly new magazine, *Fantastic*. And many of those comments have been degrading and extremely critical ones. But, despite all of the latter Browne has a very excellent publication; few will dispute this. *Fantastic* presents on of, if not the best, formats in the science-fiction field (also fantasy magazine publishing) today, disregarding the cries of the loyal *ASF* and *Galaxy* supporters.

The main reason Mr. Browne has received so many complaints with reference to his publication is his choice of writers--popular, well-known ones, but not good science fiction and fantasy writers. Why is this? It's only self-evident that Howard Browne is out for a fast buck, and limiting his publication of good *stf* and fantasy.

With Mr. Browne's "best" writer he has presented his worst story from a science-fantasy viewpoint. I am using "best writer" here, it may be assumed, to signify his most popular one. And that being none other than the fabulous Mickey Spillane. And with Browne's presentation of Spillane's "The Veiled Woman", he has shown that his choice of non-*stf* writers cannot write science-fiction. At least not in the case of Mr. Spillane.

Why, then, was the issue that contained Spillane's novelette a sellout of a near 200,000 copies? Of course, the answer is because his level of audience attraction was aimed at the general American public, and not at that of the science-fiction reader and fan. Here, Mr. Browne shows his lack of interest in presenting science-fiction, and preference of material that will bring home the bacon to Ziff-Davis.

To ramble off the subject for a paragraph, I'd like to bring out the fact that Browne, as most fans know, has no interest in science-fiction, but is remaining in said field to reap in the harvests of green lucre. At the 10th Anniversary World *SF*FL Convention in Chicago last fall. Mr. Browne announced his latter feeling towards *stf* and has consequently lost him the minute, but forceful, support of fandom. For a very short while I talked with Browne at the convention, and was amazed when he told me that he had a Spillane story featured in his coming issue. When I asked why, he replied with his simple statement, "Money!"

At any rate, disregarding the Spillane attempt at science-fiction, the majority of material printed in *Fantastic* has been of high quality and extremely good. Howard Browne made a sparkling debut with his first issue, which, in my opinion, has been his best to date. Gold's and Asimov's stories in the latter issue were quite entertaining, and showed proof, at that time, that Browne was attempting to get the best names in the *stf* field in his new publication. Bradbury's and Neville's shorts were extremely well-done, and really made for a high quality first issue.

With the second issue, *Fantastic* gave us Eric Frank Russell's witty "The Sin of Hyacinth Peuch" which will probably remain as one of the most delightful tales that Browne will ever print, and proba-

bly one of the best stories of 1952 in the science-fantasy line. Boucher was present with Star Dummy, another delightful tale, which helped place Browne and his new mag higher in the limelight.

Bang! Then followed the third, not so glorious, issue of Ziff-Davis' ever becoming top ranker. As all know, it contained Spillane. Enough said. But taking the immediate, preceding statement back, I'd like to reminisce for a short while over Spillane's so-called science-fiction story. What was the stf angle? I certainly had a hard time deducing same. The only answer I could find was that there was a green lady from Venus present who received the lead pellets in her abdomen, instead of some lithe blonde being the recipient of same. Oh, yeah, incidentally, it was the left breast that received the bullet, and not the stomach, but that is a very insignificant point.

The remainder of the third issue of Fantastic was good, and worth reading. I wish I could say the same for Mr. Spillane's attempt.

With the fourth issue, Browne resumed a higher quality issue, where he left off with number two. Most noticeable in Fantastic number 4, was Bloch's finishing of Edgar Allen Poe's "The Lighthouse" which Browne should be whole-heartedly commended for printing. And, too, Joseph Shallit's "Wonder Child" was a gruesome, yet entertaining novelette--one of the best that Mr. Browne has featured.

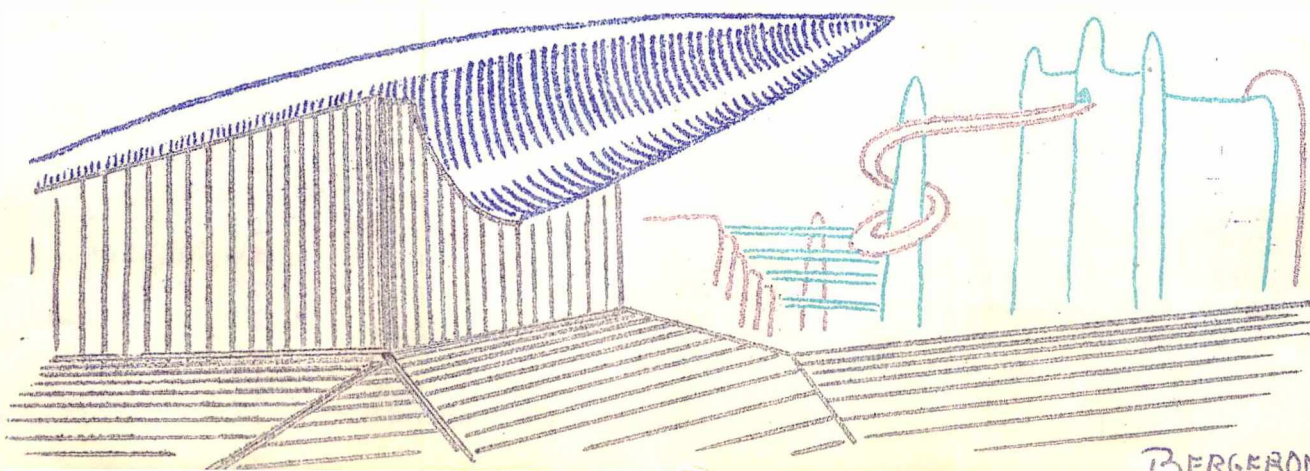
Summing up, it can be briefly stated that Howard Browne is extremely commercializing his publication, and aiming its audience not at the slightly limited one of stf readership, but at the average American's taste in literary dribblings. The latter is very low, incidentally--the taste, that is. And, too, although Browne has snafued around a bit, he has brought us the good, along with the bad, and, actually, should be congratulated for his high quality format, and design of his magazine.

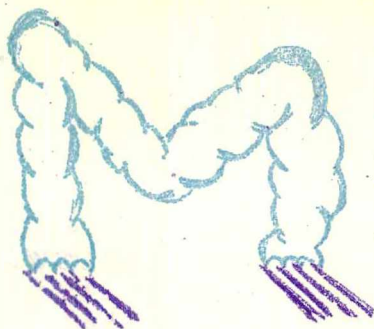
Just as a side-light, I wonder what the effect of Fantastic Adventure's folding, and Amazing Stories going digest-size will have on the quality of Fantastic? And, too, will Billy Rose's story in the fifth issue be as serious a mistake as Spillane's in the third? At least, Mr. Rose is not known for an over-abundance of sex as in the case of Mr. Spillane.

At any rate, one good thing about Fantastic, it sure is color-ful!

-finito-

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SERIES & MUTTERINGS

DONALD SUSAN: I like the color heading sections. One thing on all of them, please use a neater lettering for the author's name. It clashes with the neatness of the larger letters.

Re your editorial: It is doubtful whether the majority of criminals are in any real sense pathological (it strikes the "normal" mind that they must be. Remember that in another society what you do as a matter of course and consider proper or passable, might be a crime). The majority of "hardened criminals" are rather well adjusted... albeit in an anti-social manner. Some criminals are never caught; a really pathological criminal tends in most cases to be caught eventually and those that the psychologist would call pathological are usually caught because their crimes were just incidental to their illnesses, e.g., exhibitionism, etc. At best, I think it would be hard to judge the criminal more pathological than thousands of others who get along in perhaps marginal but still not antisocial pattern.

((By your own argument, a person who is anti-social may be doing the right thing from a standard viewpoint of another society. However, it is recognized that a crime against one society is punishable by that society. If a man robs and steals he is violating his social code under which he lives - and chooses to live. He is then punished. Since man's civilization has progressed, his standard of society has excluded robbery and murder as the norm. On the question of pathology, it can be only a neurotic, an insecure person - not necessarily pathological - who will rob and kill to exist. You made a fine point on criminals wanting to be caught)))

ANTHONY DE LUNA: The art work is about the most impressive thing in the zine, taking nothing away from the very fine written material. Although the pictures are very pleasing to the eye, I think that they are a waste of talent as fillers. If the artist is given jobs that fit exclusively around written contents, I think the magazine would have amore professional look. As it stands, I get the idea that the zine is not entirely coordinated. I will say that Tyrann is the most elaborate I've laid my eyes on.

((If the pictures "are very pleasing to the eye," then they have accomplished their purpose, no? From a practical viewpoint, an illustration of material is used to clarify the work. As in this issue with the Desert Rock article. And then, who wants to be professional?))

JOE SEMENOVICH: Tyranny, the editorial interested me tremendously. Not in the sense that I agreed with you in everything you said --- but in the first four paragraphs, my interest was captured. The reason for this, of course, is that it dealt with ancient history. You seem to be under the misconception that there wasn't much law prior to the establishment of Rome. True, there wasn't much justice, but there was justice --- justice which the Romans, more or less, copied from. Don't be misled that the Romans copied, but their ideals of law were not, by all means, original.

Our first, and perhaps most famous lawgivers was Hammurabi. He wrote

a book dealing with the laws of his nation, And as I seem to recall, all men were said to get the same "chance" as the next guy. It didn't matter who you were; of royalty or of plebian parents. You still went up before a court, told your case and it was decided which person was guilty, or not guilty. And as for more justice, which perhaps equals the Roman courts, what about Greece? If you are under the misconception that Rome established, or modeled present day courts, please forget it. Rome is noted for being an excellent adapter.

((We humbly stand corrected. And it's a damn good thing that Rome was such an adapter. Our alphabet, coming from Latin was also adapted by Rome from Greece, which got it from the Phoenicians who got it from the Hebrews who got it from who knows where.)))

PAUL MITTLEBUSCHER: Bob Silverberg always writes an interesting article; envy runs high when I notice how casually he quotes from those ultra-early issues of ASF, etc. What a collection he must possess. Didn't particularly care for the Keasler cover. Despite your argument I still prefer mimicing to the manner in which Tyrann is produced. Rest of contents were fair. Enclosed is my 50¢ for the next 6 issues. How about back issues; can you supply them?

((The sub convinced us that we're not so bad as all that. No back issues. We never thought of printing them up. Costs dough and takes room. Don't worry. Tyrann may never become a collector's item.))

VERNA HAMPTON: Tyranny is very, very good. In my opinion you both are idealists. All this "reform" stuff about prisoners will never happen, for the simple reason that it would be pampering them in the eyes of the police, and lawyers, judges, cops. Some people commit crimes because they're morons and stupid enough to get away with it. Just think what a boom it would be to those mugs to have a doc to cry to...instead of getting the "working" over they deserve for raping, murder, stealing. Some convicts are very smart. This is usually the business man type...shysters and so forth. The difference between business deals and robbery...If you are a good business man, and pull a sharp deal, and in the process you happen to 'steal' money off a 'client'...then it is called business...and people give you credit for being smart...But if you are a low-brow and you steal or con someone out of a dollar...of to prison you go.

((Many 'business' are caught up with. Don't you watch T.V.? They'll tell you how they do it.)))

HERMAN SWATHMORE: I'm new to fandom, having found it through Imagination. But already I see a sad situation that I would like to see wiped out. I am of the increasing section of people that have come to see the vast hypocrisy of religion. In effect, I am an atheist. There are too many fan who speak out on this subject. I've seen I've seen many articles extolling the righteousness of God but none on the truth of Atheism. I intend to rectify this. Another point. I recently saw an editorial on negroes (I won't capitalize it) in, I believe, Science Fantasy Bulletin, where the editor called for 'brother' hood with the black race. I don't see this at all. It has been proven many times that the Black man is the one who robs, rapes and murders innocent whites. If more people listened to such men as Merwin K. Hart and Gerald Smith, this would be a happier world. This letter is intended as the first in a series of letters to fans and gansines to show them the actual truth, and not the lies put forward by the NAACP and the infamous B'nai B'rith.

continued next page

(((It was a terrible day when you found Fandom. It is a sad comment on the human race that bigots, maniacs and idiots like you still exist. Believe us, Fandom does not want you in the least. We don't need anyone telling us how to think. Fandom is a semi-formal group of people of varied ideas. We have few arguments on these. There are some atheists and agnostics. There are many theists. We respect their right to think the way they choose. With some gagging we find we must accept the right for your opinions to be voiced, too. That is why we print your letter. In a land of free speech, the reckless, the irresponsible and the bigots of your ilk are put down by the people. We ask that all the fen who get Tyrann, to write and put down men like Swathmore! Mr. Swathmore, you are unwelcome in fandom. We don't want you. We don't want crusaders who try to impress ideas on the others. And especially, we cannot, we will not, we shall not tolerate those who preach segregation and "Lovinghood". Anyone with intelligence and one dedicated to the idea of friendliness and mutual satisfaction can join fandom. We don't look at the color of the hand when we shake it. The smile tells us everything we want to know.)))

JERRY HOPKINS: Received the recent copy of Tyrann today and have completed same. Although I gave the editorial a 6 rating, I did enjoy it; very much. Well-written and all that, but does it belong in a zine? Maybe I'm not intellectual enough, but I enjoy an editorial about sf trends, sf happenings, etc. Keasler's cover illo was excellent; at least as much as I could detect was. Bergeron is the best fan artist around, second to none. Harness' illo almost looked like a Bergeron illo. Both great! Bob Silverberg up to his usual top rating --- too bad he doesn't have time to do more of this sort of thing --- what with Schip and all. All in all --- a great zine. But my sub speaks for me.

(((That 6 hurts us to the bottom of our ditto-stained toenails. It might be fairer to the author of any piece to rate the material and the interest it holds for you. This issue's editorial is by no means a fannish one. We are of the non-conformist school - "It is proud and lonely to be a non-conformist" - and believe in writing on what strikes us as fairly printable stuff - whatever it is.)))

HARLAN ELLISON: Poof! Such potential wasted. The problem seems to be that you're in the same situation I'm in a great many times. The "names are turning a good deal of stuff out, but it's just so much grist from worn out mills. Bill Venable, who is one of my best friends, pawned off his most useless bit of hack on you. Knowing Willy, that thing must have taken him all of ten minutes to slosh out, and he should be ashamed of himself, because Tyrann deserves something better.

(((Oh happy days! At last a reader who doesn't yammer down our throats for the occasional poor piece we may print. Face it. Tyrann isn't infallible. Galaxy and ASFA come up with gloops sometimes, too. Even SFB. We only print the stuff. If you can't read it - then blame us. Oh, for those ignorant cusses what don't know: Ellison edits Science Fantasy Bulletin. More details in Tidbits.)))

There are two types of fen. The lazy ---- and the very lazy. Erk!

(((Letter column continued the next page. What's more embarrassing than to look into a keyhole and see - another eye?! Then there's the one about this harem girl and when the caliph looked in she was...

HAL SHAPIRO: It seems that CosWal is proud of his dittoing prowess

that he has to stamp it on everything he turns out. If I were he, I'd try to hide the fact that I dittoed this ish of Tyrann. No slurs meant. I've seen some damn good work by him. But this isn't it. The Big Eye was better than the last one, but still not up to par. Oh well, guess Ev has other things to think about. Still in all, I hope that my crud is half as good at its best as Winne's usually is. However, his data on space jokes caught me by surprise. I was aware of the fact that many radio and t.v. comedians use them, but didn't know they are now considered a fad. Maybe I should try to crash the gag-writing game with something like: Two boogers of the future yapping in the new interplanetary talk. One says, "Who was that lady I saw you outwit last night?" Oh, forget it.

Bob Silverberg, with his blurbs, performed a service for fandom which shall not be forgotten. An article on this subject was something which has long been needed. And yet, it has never been written. I imagine that there are many other such subjects. But it takes a man like Silverberg to unearth them. By the way, what type of blurb would you have written for that article, if Tyrann used Blurbs?

In your defense of dittography vs. mimeography you failed to mention another clear advantage which places the former over the latter. If you ruin all your masters when dittoing, you still have the alcohol left, and if you're thirsty.....

In any event Tyrann is good and shall probably remain good, as long as you can keep up the excellent selection of material.

((Winne is returning next issue. Trust Shapiro to think of the alcohol angle. Dunno about it. Seems to us that we'd rather mix a mimeo ink concoction. Doesn't evaporate as fast as alcohol.

Interesting question on blurbs. A Sambell blurb would go, "When is a blurb not a blurb? The answer is simple. When it is a queerle." Or how does the Planet Story blurb strike you? "Through the sloggy and impenetrable jungle of dirt, came a hero in the famous armour of the Top Secret Police, exposing the horrendous(nice word)brutality of the Snake Men, publishers of the soul tearing dirt, mysteriously named Tyrann by the superstitious folk. His mission: To save the Earth(and fandom)". We could end up nicely with an Amazing cover blurb. "Maddened by the lure of unprintable fanzines, this young fan was blinded from reading, "Too Many Blurbs" ". 'Buff?'))

this is the end of the letter section because we have no more room for another one

T*I*D*BIT*S

Rich Bergeron says: Wanted, most fanzines, to buy. Send list, as long or short as it may be. Address is R.F.D.#1, Newport, Vermont.

Found a new zine out. A digest size. But unlike most digest size zines, this one is great. Absolutely readable, cardboard covers, cute illos, good material. All this in a bite size mag called Micro. This is from DON CANTIN(remember that name - it'll go places)at 214 Bremer St. Manchester, New Hampshire. Fanned: Don also does a fmz review somewhere.

We promised SFEB(only 1 B) a plug. This is being done because we correspond with Ellison and are good friends and also because we expect the same. SFB is a sensational mag at 20¢. The 13th ish soon. Every issue running 40 pages or more with great names as Ley, Mack Reynolds, English, Willis, Venable, Elsberry, H.L. Gold, Emsh, Harness, Hoffman Bergeron, Hirschhorn(who?), Calkins, Bradley, Shapiro and so on.

aufweidersehn---shalom--adieu--hastalavista

You receive this noble fanzine because:

- ☐ You subscribe(aren't you proud?)
- ☐ You were a subber but this is your last issue(need we say more?)
- ☒ You contributed some of the material in this issue(thanks)
- ☒ You are a co-editor of this mag
- ☐ This is a sample copy(subs, comments, material appreciated)
- ☐ We trade
- ☐ This is a review copy. Please review in _____
- ☐ You are a relative.

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