

Tyrann



Capella



Tyrann

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TYRANN

Officially, Tyrann has completed its first year. The issue you are now reading is the seventh, and , in a way, the first. We'll explain that cryptic remark later.

The idea of publishing a mag dawned upon us on a clear winter morning. It seemed as easy as that to publish a fanzine.

However, the first issue sticks out like a sore tentacle. It was quite disappointing - even as a first issue. Relatively new fans that we were, with the stars of Opus and Quandry in our eyes, could you blame us for feeling slightly sick at the sight of "the slop on the kitchen table" - Tyrann I? The cover was a shoddy mess, pages were illegible, indistinguishable - and missing - and the artwork - what artwork?

The second issue was somewhat of a relief. Better paper was used and we stumbled onto the fact that we could use colors. Two great (and the term is not used loosely) fanartists had donated their help. Max Keasler, whose art folio in this issue should convince the skeptics that he definitely is great, and Richard Bergeron whose fantastically beautiful interiors have, more than anything else, pulled Tyrann up by its bootstraps.

After that, the quality of material and reproduction improved by the issue. Names like Elsberry, Winne, Shapiro, Ackerman, etc, etc. have crossed the pages of Tyrann. The artwork was as good as ever.

But don't get the idea that the way was all roses (only the Four Roses). The path was strewn with the thorns of trouble, financial distress, deadlines, laziness. One of our many troubles was the loss of our ditto. This resolved itself to the discovery of Walt Coslet who now publishes Tyrann.

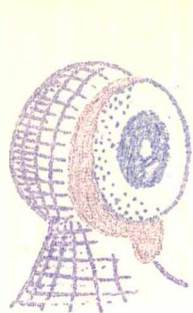
If we have learned anything from fanediting (besides how to softsoap contributors) it's how nice fans really are. We have received very valuable aid from neofan and BNF alike. Not only does a fanzine need material but it also needs friends.

Now to that cryptic remark in the first paragraph.

With this issue, Tyrann becomes quarterly. Lest tongues begin to wag, let us explain our reasons for this change, and what its results will be. We are of the opinion that fewer products of higher quality give much more satisfaction than many inferior ones. In other words, the change would result in the individual issues achieving a new height of quality that would be impossible at the former rate.

The art folio in this issue is the first of a series which we can present due to the longer schedule. The number of pages will increase. Tyrann will be mailed out in envelopes and will feature back covers by noted fanartists. These are only the beginning of a host of improvements we will make.

Stick with us folks....we're going places.



THE BIG EYE

By Erwinne

MISSION

You know, the papers are full of all kinds of ideas that once used to be found in s-f mags almost solely. Going from the sublime to the ridiculous and vice-versa, there is a new vending machine which sells you a cup of coffee which is hot, milked, sugared and percolated. They even have a very original name for it - the "perko-matic"! Previous machines made the coffee from concentrated or pellets but the "perko-matic" delivers real brewed coffee.

I am convinced that this is the invention of the century. For years I've read in s-f mags of machines that served delicious food and drink at your slightest whim. Just think how useful such a machine would be each A.M. if located by the elevator in the Con hotel. You might even muster enough strength to get to the morning session. "Perko" relieves your hango" would be a good slogan. Personally, I can hardly wait to install one in my own abode.

However, all that is trivial compared to my chief reason for delight at the invention of Perko. Recently I read an article in one of those "improve your life" mags. The writer stated that it was not enough to live decently, vote regularly, pay your taxes, love God, your country and your family, never kick the cat, engage in civic and charitable enterprises, be kind and courteous at all times and work hard at your job. All that is just the minimum conduct expected of all normal citizens so that our civilization may be workable. He did not speculate on the possibility of these standards being reached in all surface appearances, only to have some investigator, like Kinsey, discover that the populace was secretly kicking cats behind closed doors with all shades drawn. I think he did have some such fears in his thoughts, for he pointed out that we were all subject to certain tensions which in time would harm us unless they are relieved. He urged everyone to take a 50 question test which was provided in the article.

Here I received my first shock for when I skimmed through the questions I found I could not be certain that I could pass the test. Tricky it was. For example, one question asked how you regarded your teacher when you went to school. Think that one over. The hazards are obvious. If you said you liked her, then the answer might be that it isn't normal for boys to like their teachers. But if you said you didn't like her, then the answer might be that even at an early age, you were full of tensions and already were becoming anti-social.

I sneaked a peek at the answers and my worst fears were realized. Both love and hate, like or dislike were wrong. The proper attitude was one of "unemotional respect" for your teacher. If they chided you severely for playing hockey you should have realized that they didn't know you did it to get away from them. Or if you liked them, then it showed you either had a terrific mother complex or were too advanced for your years! Anyway I had too much sense to take a test that I might flunk. It would only add to my inferiority complex and

so make me more repressed than ever.

The writer went on to argue that we should all have a "private mission" in life. This should be the practice of some kind of leisure time activity that gives you a measure of pleasure and so lessens the tensions of normal civilization. The 'mission' of course is to stay normal by keeping from being too repressed. He suggested that in order to learn your "likes" you should first write down on paper all of the things that you dislike the most. Everyone, he said, should do this twice a year (which means you can include your dentist). If your 'hate list' becomes smaller each time then you are making progress. If the reverse holds true, then watch out! Each person should hold such a secret conference with himself semi-annually. This was another shock for me. For many years I had gone along pretty well, I thought, without ever consulting my innerself secretly, publicly or otherwise. Another advantage is that the dislike list will also bring to mind your real likes, which may have lain there quietly all the time.

I sat down with a full pad of paper and a slew of sharpened pencils and wrote down my dislikes for hours - with hardly a moment needed for deep thought. Apparently my innerself had full charge of the conference. Everytime I added to the list I became madder and madder as I thought of the hateful aspects of the item just set down. As I reached the end of the pad I imagined I could feel the birth of a new crop of ulcers - mine too, all mine! Throwing the many filled sheets into my File 13, I hurriedly took a cold shower and then brewed a cup of hot coffee.

Another consultation ensued. On the back of an old parking ticket I set down, after much soul searching, my list of "likes". They turned out to be sports, fandom, music and brunettes. There are, of course, a great many things which I dislike about certain aspects of my "likes", but I had to try to be affirmative here. Somewhere on the list was the "mission" which I should cultivate for my own good (or so I read). A choice must be made. Sports?

Well, I liked golf - how about that? Hmm, I'll be damned if I'll play on a rainy weekend and it has rained or snowed here for 12 consecutive weekends. Also I dislike crowded courses, duffers, sand traps, the cost of balls, course fees and new clubs. Then too, the balls seem repressed and fight you back. Many a time I've come back very upset about my score and all the lost balls.... Fandom?

I tried that once but it's a hard road just trying to read all the s-f mags for many of them are quite cruddy. Then there are all the fanzines and who can read them all? Worse yet, you find yourself with fifty correspondents and severe writer's cramp. No, I'm content to stay in the seventh stage.... Music?

Try to get some good music on radio or T.V. All you can find except on Monday's is soap opera, quizz shows and Godfrey. You get five minutes of real singing by a celebrity and twenty-five minutes of sudsy-wudsy commercials, gab or the likes and dislikes of the master of ceremonies. Try to play your good records at home. The neighbors want to sleep or want you to go out with them (seeing that you have nothing to do but play records!) or insist on a one for one exchange. So in order to hear Gilbert and Sullivan or legit opera, which you have selected over heavier pieces in order to avoid complaints - you have to suffer the "Steam Engine Polka" or the "Crapshooter's Blues" sounding like a noisy day at a boiler factory.

How about Brunettes? Here I thought I had it, but was wrong again. I already was married to a very desirable brunette and doubted I could do better. Then there was the cost, time and energy needed to acquire and keep and added supply. You can see that my "likes list" was of little use. Either I disliked my "likes" more than I appreciated them or there were other practical difficulties. I can tell you I was feeling pretty low for I could see I would soon be a victim of my tensions, repressions and complexes. Moodily I poured out my seventh cup of coffee. Suddenly I remembered reading about Perky. I'd always been very fond of coffee. Drinking coffee would be my private "mission"!

Too long has fandom split into various groups. We can unite together under the common cause of "Perko-matic"! They must be placed in all public buildings and in all bus and railroad stations. We need them in hotel lobbies, in theatres and in all gas stations.

When the all-weather model is perfected, Perky can be installed on all major traffic intersections. Stores, trains, trolley cars, libraries, schools, drug stores, nurseries, every spot must be covered.

Join the Perky crusade now. Throw your support behind the "Perky for the People" movement. All zine editors, article writers, con goers, fan correspondents - any hangover victims - can see the need for Perky.

A royal mission!

It must succeed even if I have to indorse dividend checks to reach the goal.

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PERIL TO OUR PLANET

By FORREST J. ACKERMAN

The Martians are coming. In technicolor. And in darkened theaters thruout the land, adrenalin will flow.

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS, long a classic in the realm of imaginative literature, has been produced by George Pal as a first-class motion picture. Its preview has earned my accolade; I am morally certain that were H.G. Wells alive today, he would have nothing for it but encomiums.

In a quarter century of movie-going, this picture emerges as the greatest sustained scientifilm footage my eyes have ever beheld, my ears have ever heard.

Already the word has come thru from England that Arthur C. Clarke is also ecstatic over the production, and here in Hollywood advance reviewers Ray Bradbury and Milt Luban (of the Hollywood Reporter) have echoed my personal enthusiasm.

Anachronisms of plot have been modernized, the whole emerging faithful to the spirit of the original.

The technical effects are Oscarful!

You will jump for joy when you see force-screens on the silver screen for the first time in your life, and the disintegrator rays too are a triumph.

The Martians, but briefly (and wisely so) glimpsed, are alien.

Just what it was one saw--an animated oyster or a featherless owl with weird appendages and exterior lungs?

The war is overwhelming.

And there's a beautiful bonus, right in the beginning, for all s-f enthusiasts, as we are treated to a Bonstellian tour of the solar system with thrilling views of Saturn, Mercury, Jupiter, et al.

Warning: Bring your own oxygen bottle.

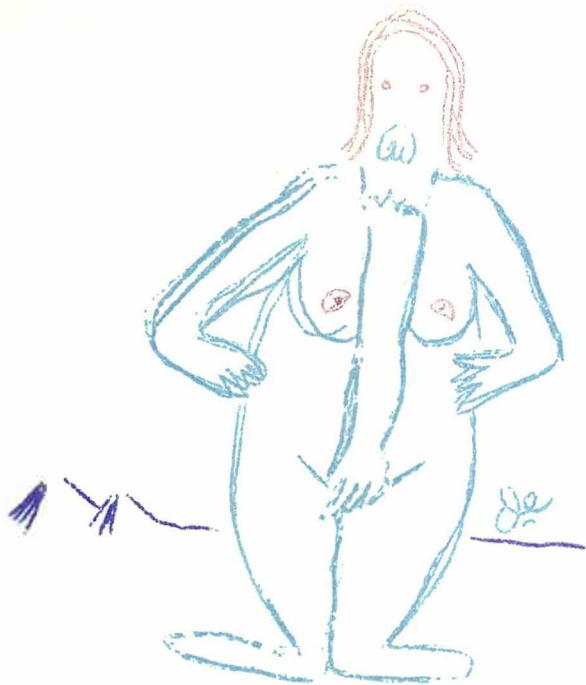
It's that breathtaking!

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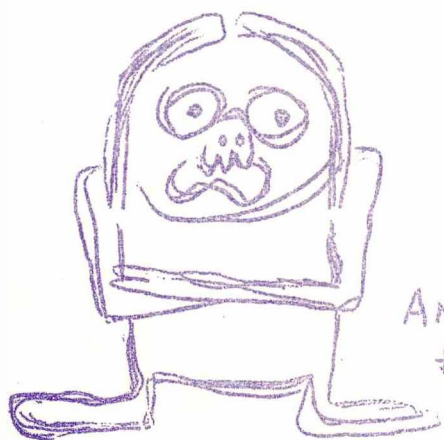
A DAVID
A ENGLISH
art folio ~



1988
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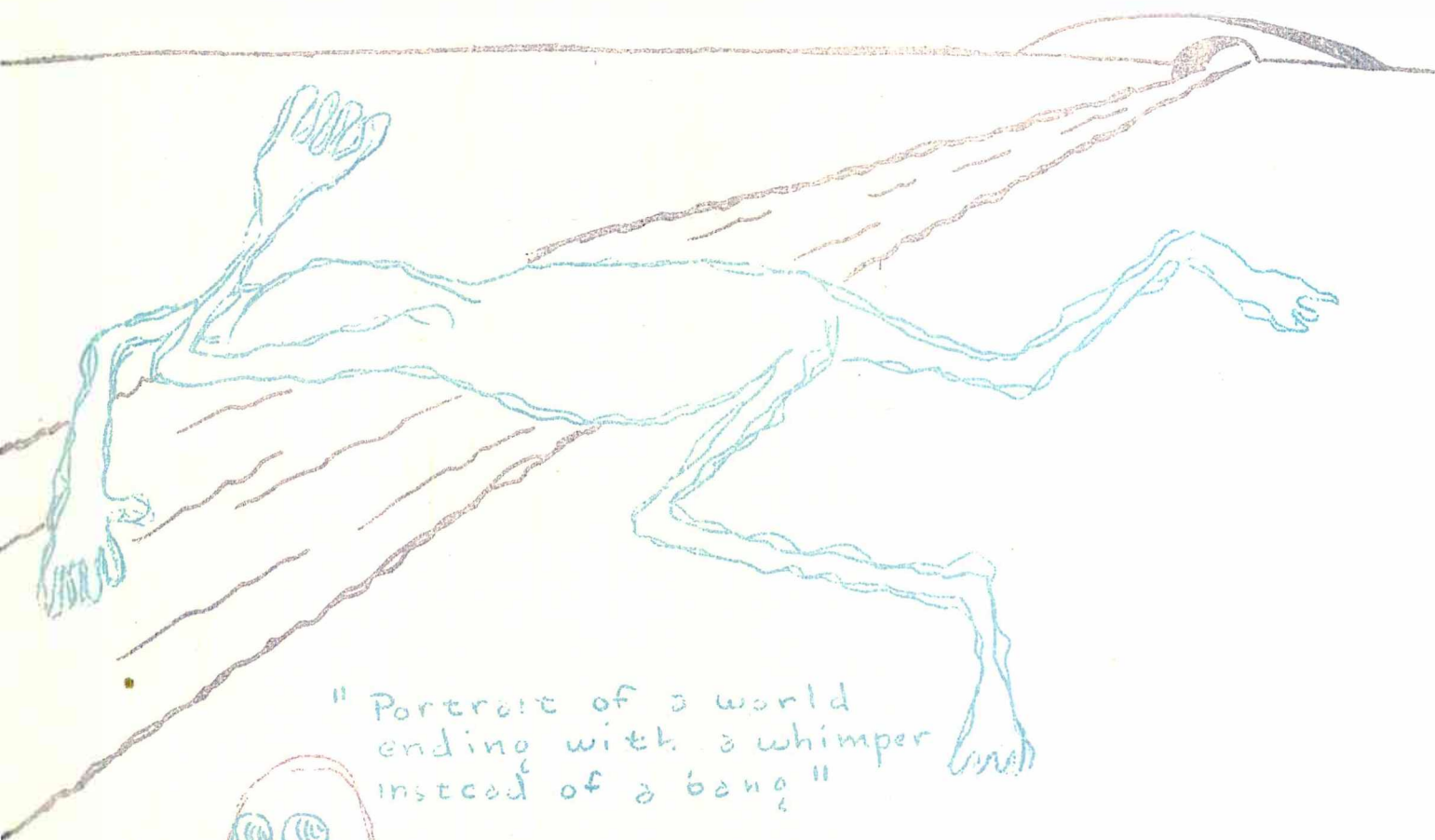
"Gif ye hae ony love
for me..."



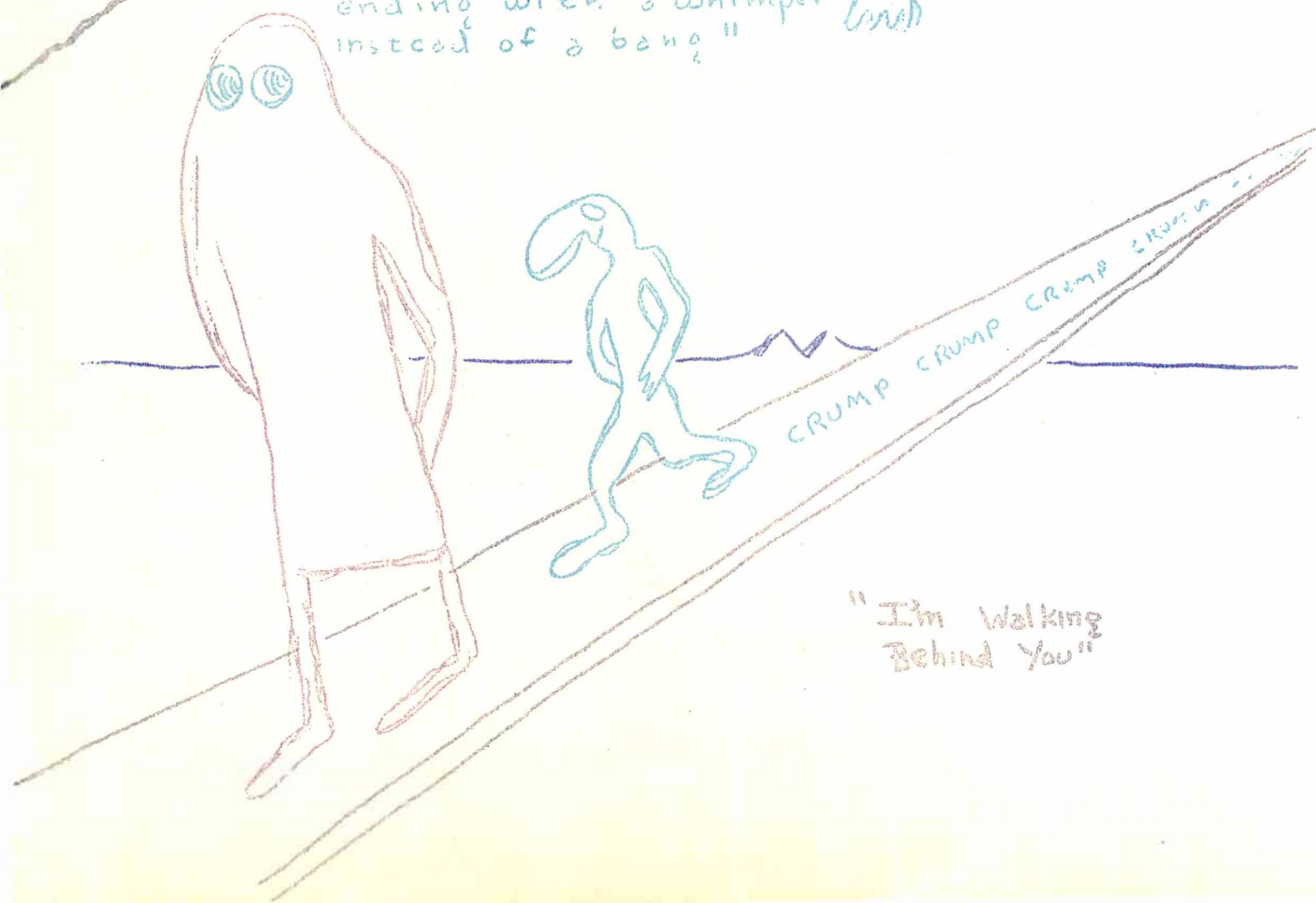
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#2



LANA AND
BOB



"Portrait of a world
ending with a whimper
instead of a bang"



"I'm Walking
Behind You"



"The Mask"

Edward, David
and Virgil

A Visit to the Doctor

By FRED CHAPPELL

In the small moss hut, all was deathly still. He lay still and silent, trying to conquer the pain. He couldn't. Tears formed and dried in his eyes, leaving his cheeks untouched. He could not spare the energy to blink his eyes.

Finally he gave up trying to fight it and lay passive in the grip of the spasms. Outside, the wind shifted the red sand around the roundness of the hut. He lay, and listened --- and suffered.

Ten gradually --- years in slowness --- the agony subsided. But it had been so terrible, so intense that it left no relief when it released him --- only an empty hollowness that denied the existence of sensation, of emotion, of a soul. He lay still; there was no outward sign of life, but still, he dwelled within his body. And he listened to the wind.

The wind --- it was a spoiled child, mewling and howling to be noticed. It was an ancient matriarch, whining in its dry loneliness. It was a deposed, old king, emptily gusting of the glory and grandeur it had seen, of the living powers it had mocked. It was a Martian wind foremost, and it spoke of Mars in the voice of that King, for Mars was old and dry and dead. All the blood spilled and all the wine drunk upon its sands could not serve to embalm it; so its corpse was now dry-rotting.

The baleful red sun sank lower. He felt strength returning bit by bit, and by twilight, he had gathered enough to walk. This he did, in the room's murky purple light. He gripped the edge of the table when he stood, and he took a step and stood still.

I've got to get to a doctor, he thought. Many more like that will kill me.

He thought of dying and what it would be like to be dead, and he walked some more. It was a strange thought to draw strength from, but he did. For if there is no comfort there is always calamity. One offers power; the other gods action, but each is effective.

Thinking thus, he left the hut and started. Doctors practised in cities and the nearest city was fifty miles away. He started. When he opened the doors, the wind blew the sand about him and at him. He thought about struggling through fifty miles of that. He thought about dying.

He went to the moss ahead, opened it and climbed into the sand-bug. It was a rickety little contraption, very small and extraordinarily light. Nothing large or heavy could get through that sand, for it was as treacherous as the most slippery ice. The driver's seat was directly over the motor to conserve space. The tractor-like machine had wide traction treads.

He climbed in and touched the fingerprint ignition button, but nothing happened. The damn thing is on the blink again, he thought. He climbed out, and after a little while and some work, managed to open the front hood. Looking in, he could see nothing surfacely wrong. So he started testing each wire, each connection, each and every part of the machine.

A little later he straightened up, satisfied but angry. It was only a minor connection that was loose, but it had thrown a demand on the already phenomenally low batteries that they simply could not supply. So the sand-bug had not started. Now the connection was fixed in tight, and the others checked, but he was angry. The battery was too low to waste a bit of power, but it was so late that he would have to use headlights all the way. He climbed in again, readying himself for the long, cramping ride. The cockpit of the sand-bug was far too small to allow any movement than was absolutely necessary in the piloting of the vehicle.

This time it started, and he backed it blindly, but safely, out of the hut. Then he began the long, slow trip over the sands. With the slow-moving traction treads, the most any bug could do was twenty miles an hour. His would do fifteen at times. He figured to make the city in about four hours. Far ahead, he could see the faint glow of its lights.

An hour later he had moved steadily and a good-sized distance. He saw the lights ahead --- they were brighter than before. He heard the sand, sifted by the wind, ricochet twenty million times in a single second off the plastic of the cockpit. He felt a little better. The doctor will treat me, he thought, and within a week, I'll be able to get back to work.

Then he felt a twinge --- the preview --- and knew what was coming. He reached for the ignition button, but it was too late. Another attack seized him. The pain came and he wallowed in it. The paralysis was there --- an invisible, invincible prison that restrained his every action. The brake, the ignition switch --- tens of thousands of miles away. He strained to burst those mental bonds, but it was impossible.

The sand-bug lumbered along in its own eccentric path. With no restraining hand to guide, it lumbered to the left and to the right of, sometimes even straight toward, the far-lighted destination. He tried to endure the pain, tried to watch the ground outside. A treacherous slip in the sand could mean any number of a great many possible things ranging from stalling caused by clogging sand to death caused by rolling down a very steep incline.

He sat and peered through the grit-spattered plastic shell. Here a gentle rise sent the bug slightly to the left and the downslope turned it more sharply to the right. He rode them all, watched them, and feared them all. The little tractor was like a leaky rowboat in the middle of a stormy ocean. Suddenly, an unusually steep rise slanted up. The bug tried to climb the far right edge, but there was a crust, and the grips slipped in it. He felt the slipping and perspiration broke from all over his body, saturating his clothes and the canvas seat.

The sliding was at first very slow, but the weight of the bug gave it momentum and very suddenly it whipped completely around. But it was crawling - back down the incline. It had quit sliding and was normally crawling --- but in the opposite direction! Away from the city, toward the sand --- the bug was an inexorable, but unwitting murderer.

-12-

He noticed that the headlights had grown dim. The battery was running low --- and lower. He prayed that it would soon be gone altogether, for he reasoned that he had gone a good part of the way before the sand-bug had reversed itself. But it went steadily on --- and on and on.

Finally it stopped. The headlights quit shining, the motor shut off its guttural growl, and the wheels ceased their turning. The only sound was that of the windborne red sand against the metal skin of the vehicle.

He was asleep, having been absolutely drained of all energy by the two successive attacks.

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Day dawned greyly. He woke. He saw the morning. He looked for the city, but it was nowhere in sight. He pressed the cockpit release and clambered out. The wind blew sand around him. He stretched, yawned, and walked to and fro a bit. Then he reached over into the bug and pushed the ignition button. Not a sound. He opened the hood, though he knew it was folly for it exposed all the working parts to the needling sand, and checked all the machinery he knew about. The sand-bug seemed very healthy. So it was the battery --- completely run down --- not a peep from it.

He started walking, retracing his tracks, walking as fast as possible before the blowing sand covered them up....

He had been walking for what seemed like aeons when he saw the moving speck. It grew larger and he saw what he had known but had not dared to believe.

It was a sand-bug.

He calculated where it would be and ran there.

It came toward him first, and then it arrived where he was. He saw it coming, saw the red sand ejected from under its treads, and saw something else. A sign --- an insignia was on its front. A rod with wings and two intertwined serpents --- a caduceus. It was a doctor.

He waved at it, shouted, jumped in the air. It stopped and the cockpit shell opened. It was a doctor.

"Yes? What do you want?" called the man. He was very sharp.

"Could you help me?" he yelled. "I have the disease and I need medicine"

"I do not treat Martians ." He spat the word into the sand; the wind caught it and rang away. The cockpit closed and the sand-bug started again.

"Wait!" he shouted, but it did not stop. He did not know what to do. He stood in idle postures and then he thought about dying on the red desert. There are other doctors than he, he thought. They will help me.

He started following the sand-bugs's tracks. They undoubtedly led to the city.

thend

"HERE COMES A CHOPPER...."

By Elsberry

Chronologically, I'm a fairly young fan. In fandom, though, I guess I'd be considered one of the 'old-timers'. The average fan burns himself out in a couple of years, and, well, I've been around a bit longer than that. I've been knocking around fandom (some say just knocking) long enough to have a background that comes in handy. And, when I say that "Captive Women" is the second worst s-f picture I've seen, I don't think there will be too many to debate the question with me.

The worst, by all odds, was "The Man From Planet X," and it shouldn't surprise you to find out that Wisberg and Pollexfen, who unleashed the thing upon unsuspecting fandom, are also responsible for "Captive Women" (cogently sub-titled 'Love in 3000 A.D.')

Bluntly, "Captive Women" is a propaganda film, almost as blatant in its devices as "The Day the Earth Stood Still." Unfortunately, it has nowhere near the quality of the latter film. It might have been fair, but I figure the producers got tired of throwing good money after bad.

The propaganda technique is poor. As the film begins we are told of the threat of the atom bomb. Shots of Bikini are flashed on the screen. Little children are seen walking to school and playing in the streets. These innocent little babes must never know the horrors of an atomic war, infers the narrator.

But, he says, this can happen here. Then, the narrator explains that what we are going to see next is what the future could be like. The movie proper begins.

If you can keep back the yawns, I'll try to outline the plot, even though I'm rather ashamed to do so. It seems there are a bunch of mutants, and they want to better their lot. Really fine men at heart, but they cannot have normal children. They have broad mental horizons and realize they must look to the future. Unselfishly, they realize they must try to cleanse the human race of the atomic taint. They decide that the only way this can be accomplished is to mate with normal women, and so every once in a while they raid the "norms" for women. However, no matter how hard they and their enforced mates try, the children are never completely normal. And, from what I gathered, they tried pretty hard and pretty often.

The "norms", as you might have guessed, are a slovenly, slobbish lot, given to throwing drunken debauches at the drop of a hat. They all wear garments that I haven't seen since the last Roman Epic hit town. I've heard of Westerns being turned into s-f, but this is the first time I've seen the Roman era dragged in by the toga.

With a few minor plot alterations the scene could easily be shifted back 3000 years. The mutants become Christians, the subways change

into catacombs, etc. The dress and weapons would remain the same. Personally, if the world is going to retrogress, I wish they'd pick some other period. I know damn well I'd catch on hell of a cold if I had to tramp around in those damp subways with nothing but a sheet wrapped around me. I suspect that some of the cast probably did.

To wind up the plot, there is a revolution among the "norms", and the overthrown and fleeing Prince is captured by the mutants. Remembering the Prince had spared one of their people once, they decide to spare him. However we have the inevitable mutant traitor who tells the aggressive "norms" of the secret tunnel by which the mutants raid the "norms". The mutant chief is captured, and the mutants charge to the rescue. The cunning "norms" have set a trap for them, but the equally cunning Prince deduces this and sets a counter-trap. The mutant chief is saved, and as the "norms" chase them through the tunnel, the mutants, who have weakened the roof supports, allow the roof to collapse and the river pours in on the hapless "norms".

And they lived happily ever after.

One of the few things I did like about the film was the fact that the "norms" worshiped the devil. "At least the Devil's works have endured," says one character. They also have some other quaint sayings, like: "The only good mutant is a dead mutant," etc. But, counter-acting this, the mutants deluge us with Bible quotations and references to a "new rebirth of mankind". As the picture ends, a final slap in the face is given the already bored-movie-goer. We see a preacher marrying the "norm" and mutant couple, and they are framed against a bamboo cross in a medium long shot. And the stupidist of individuals could not have missed the symbolism.

The stars of this epic, if they can be called stars, are Ron Randell, Robert Clarke, and Margaret Field. I was also interested to find that Chili Williams had a very minor role in the picture. I can remember a time when a rumor that she was enrolling at Minnesota created a near riot on sorority row. She also won several GI awards for her figure. It must have been quite a come-down for her to appear in this picture, but I guess even a calendar girl has to eat. Personally, if it was a choice between appearing in "Captive Women" and not eating, I'd rather starve.

The picture was released by R.K.O., and I couldn't think of a better reason for Howard Hughes selling the company. But, I can't figure out for the life of me why in hell he bought the company back. Maybe Wisberg and Pollexfen have promised to make no more movies. It is the only condition on which I would have accepted such a gift horse.

(This was the third in a series of articles by Rich Elsberry on s-f and fantasy movies and their producers. The first two are no longer available).

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I saw a saucer in the sky,
Its color was blood-red;
And no one will believe me,
Except the green man under my bed.

Just this Once-

A ONE-SHOT COLUMN BY HAL SHAPIRO

Many times various persons have stated their preference on fantasy over science fiction, or vice versa. As a personal preference, I have always held fantasy far above stf. And, as a personal preference, I have always held to the belief that this philosophy needs no defense. However, permit me to list a few reasons for this position. Although stf gives almost unlimited range to the imagination, fantasy eliminates that "almost" implanted by scientific plausibility, and allows the author to let his mind wander at will. In the unbound realms of the human mind, the author may then find that prime element, often lacking in pure stf, humor.

Where in a stf yarn may one find characters like Thorne Smith's uninhibited people? Too often is humor lacking in "pure" s-f. Maybe I over emphasize humor. But I doubt that its importance can ever be minimized. No, personally I shall always pick fantasy over stf, and humor above both.

If anyone is interested, at the tail end of 1953 there were approximately 480 "comic" magazines on the stands. Wanna put out a check list?

Well, it took Hollywood fourteen years and a couple of million dollars to find a successor to Jean Harlow, who melted movie celluloid from 1927 to 1937. However, the search ended when the title "Queen of Sex" was deposited in the willing hands of Marilyn Monroe. Anyone interested?

Reminiscent of Fred Brown's detective yarn, Night of the Jabberwock, is this one sentence news story coming out of O'Neill, Nebraska. "After the weekly newspaper's only reporter came down with the flu, the typesetter had four teeth extracted, and went to bed, the pressman got pneumonia, the office manager also got sick, and the furnace blew up, the editor single-handedly got out and printed an eight-page edition instead of the usual twelve, then got the final crushing blow when the village police chief was murdered---just a little too late for the news to make the paper."

Popular Publications is now issuing a line of 35-cent paper back books called Fiesta Books. Like other of the paper-back ilk, they are featuring, prominently, sex. However, we hear that there is some good stf in there, if one can wade through all the filth to find it.

In the same year that the world was set agog by news of a woman in Scotland being changed into a man, and an ex-GI in Denmark being changed into a woman, scientists find a "surprisingly high number" of mixed sex cases in a well known and highly pure strain of mice (white). The mice have female structure on one side of the body and male structure on the other. So far seventeen of these gynandromorphs have been obtained. Just what causes this mixing of the sexes is not known, but the project is in the mill.

One of the most asinine assemblies of gobbledgecock seen in a long time is a book by two Catholic Nuns titled Persons and Personality. This volume, sub titled, "An Introduction to Psychology", by Sisters Annette Walters and Kevin O'Hara, selling for \$4.50, purports to be a text for the Catholic student of Psychology and "is designed to help the Christian student reconcile his religious teaching with scientific knowledge," according to a book jacket blurb. As a handbook for priests, this guide for steering thoughts of the "gullible herd" is indeed a masterpiece. For the layman or psychology student, he could get a better education by re-reading Shaver's Lemurian series.

On the other side of the fence we find Introduction to Evolution by Paul A. Moody. This volume, published by Harper and selling for \$6.00 provides the layman a truly elementary text in non-technical language. Highly recommended.

Well, Dr. Edward McCrady, president of the University of the South recently stated that this universe is not more than five billion years old, basing his deductions on the known facts of radioactive decay of uranium. On the other hand, Dr. David Layzer, of Princeton, stated recently that the earth predates some stars and went on to speak in terms of many billions of years. His creation of earth theory being based on the thought that small astronomical systems came into being earlier than large ones.

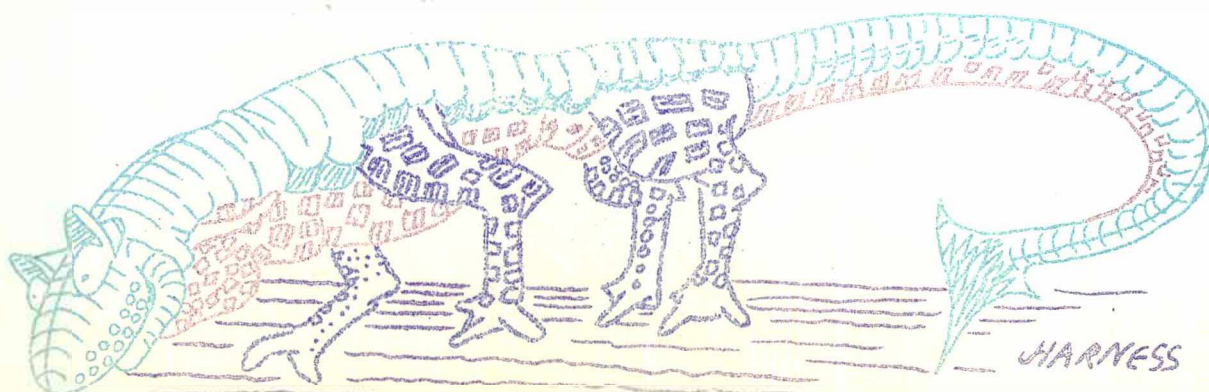
And while we're on astronomy, Dr. Harlow Shapely of Harvard thinks that the astronomical yardsticks currently used are all wrong, that it should be shrunk. He says something about new estimates of distance being made possible through the establishment of accurate photo electric magnitude standards in the Magellanic Clouds. A full explanation can be found in the January 10 1953 issue of the Science News Letter.

Also in that issue is the news that Saturn, the ringed planet, is larger and heavier than it was previously thought to be. Space opera fans please note.

Well, atomic energy is passe. But we aren't going to let the hydrogen bomb change us into hydrogen bums, I hope. Regardless of this new power let loose, for good or evil, in this wooly world, I refuse to worry so much about what it may do that I'll end up a derelict in some mental skid row. The experts can analyze, and prophesy, and pundit-ize but, since no one expects this column to last, I can't brief you on the latest horrors.

Which may be just as well.

the end



the big whirlpool & little eddy

By T.E. WATKINS

Sooner or later most fansine writers receive this strange request, "Could you send some material, NOT NECESSARILY SCIENCE FICTION?" The request might be, "We are open for stories and articles about ANYTHING, and we mean ANYTHING!" Requests for material have been made that even went as far as, "We want material about anything EXCEPT science-fiction."

You should know right away that some knucklehead is wrestling with the most difficult problem in fan publishing: the creation of a little eddy in the big whirlpool.

We would not be so crass as to claim that the problem is impossible of solution, nor would we be so partial to science fiction as to claim that no one should try it, but certainly anyone who tackles the problem ought to know what he is trying to do and what his chances are.

The first thing one should realize is that the vast turbulence surrounding the science fiction field known as fan publishing is motivated by science fiction--by the ideas in science fiction stories, by the many who are trying to develop as science fiction writers, by the fellowship and intense interest of the devotees of this new art and by the organizations that promote the development of the art. It should also be noted that professional writers and editors of prozines by publishing letter columns of their readers and by giving space to the advertisement of fansines are largely responsible for the rapid growth of the amateur writing that surrounds science-fiction.

The problem of an editor who wants to create a non-stf fansine is understandable. He is not interested in science fiction, he is interested in publishing a fansine. Perhaps he wants to be a writer or an editor and there is considerable experience to be gained by presenting his wares to the public as an amateur. He sees that general writing pays more than science fiction writing. There are more people reading general writing. Therefore there should be a larger market for a fansine of a general nature than one devoted to a specific field. There are few, if any, fansines operating in this larger field and at first the opportunities might seem unlimited.

Where can he start? He has to have some readers. Why not start with friends and neighbors? Anyone who has ever tried to sell magazines subscriptions from door to door will understand how ridiculous this suggestion is. He could see 100,000 people and never sell one copy of a mimeographed fansine. He might run into a little old lady who felt sorry for him, but those kind of people are 100,000 steps apart.

Why not a mailing list? There are promoters who can supply a mailing list of people interested in almost anything, but the chance that they would have a list of people devoted to reading amateur writing other than science fiction is remote. There has to be some demand before a promoter will go to the expense of creating such a list. If such a list existed it would probably cost more money than our tyro would be

willing to invest anyway.

The best way to find out how to start is to see how others have started. There are two methods of finding a reading public that have been tried. The first is the amateur journalism clubs. The best known is "The Vanguard" outfit. The editor joins the outfit and agrees to produce so many pages of material a year. Most members produce a fansine. They may write the whole fansine themselves or have others help. The editor mails enough copies of his fansine to the secretary who sends out a "mailing". Pay consists of praise and congratulations traded by members of the group for each other's efforts.

The average tyro editor is uninterested in such a limited field as the A-Js, described above. He wants his fansine to grow! Along with pats on the back he expects a few bumps(not many, but a few).

The second method is to jump into the big whirlpool of fansine publishing and lure a reading public into a special eddy of that whirlpool. We know of two such efforts --- both failed.

The most ambitious effort was Max Keasler's "Fanvariety". Max started out with a half and half fansine. He accepted material slanted for science fiction fans, but privately he urged his writers to produce material other than science fiction. Max had a chance of success, except for one thing. He got interested in science fiction. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he got interested in fan activities. His fansine became more and more stiffish. He went to a fan convention and was sold solid. He abandoned "Fanvariety" and started "Opus" and finally went whole-hog fan, even pulling off a couple of hoaxes.

The second effort was Cameo, a joint fansine by Marie-Louise Share and Gene Ward. Marie-Louise was the writer of some of the best material in Keasler's abandoned "Fanvariety". Cameo No. 1 was a delightful issue and had such well known fan writers as Toby Duane, Marie-Louise and Jim Harmon.

Just the other day I received a letter from Marie-Louise returning an article I had done for no.2. The fansine folded after one issue. Gene Ward, who did the publishing, is ill and unable to continue. So perhaps this is not a fair trial after all.

Cameo was an interesting experiment because the editors insisted that the material be anything EXCEPT science fiction. "Fanvariety" failed because the big whirlpool ate rapidly into the little eddy and washed it out. The half and half policy left the gates open. The main current of the whirlpool rushed in and made off with the editor. "Cameo's" exclusion policy might have been better protection against the whirlpool.

Before anyone else jumps into the big whirlpool to splash out his little eddy, he should understand one thing. S-f fansine publishing has had a lot of help from a number of directions. S-f fans are young and have a lot of energy and time to produce and read fansines. Prozine editors have been a great help or at least tolerant. There are no professional publications operating in the field.

On the other hand, in the general writing field there will be no help from professionals. Wherever there is a chance to produce a publication that will sell, a pro mag is probably covering it. The public can get general writing in mass produced mags at a low cost. The amateur will find the competition terrific. This doesn't mean that it can't be done. If you're ambitious and know what you are trying to do jump right in the big whirlpool and start splashing up your little eddy.

M O I S E R I E S & M O U T T E R I N G S

FRED GOETZ

I liked your editorial on communism - with reservations. The way I feel about investigations is this : They ought to be carried on privately and each individual given every chance to present his side. No public official should be in position to attack people left and right hidden behind his immunity. That's what's known as a "smear" and even if the individual investigated should clear himself there will always be people who'll say, "well, this fellow got out off the jam alright, but there must have been something to that accusation or he wouldn't have been investigated."

Incidentally, just how did you hit on Tyrann as a name for the zine. As I recall it, that's the German word for tyrant.

((That's pretty much the way we feel about the investigations. We've been having a running correspondence with Gem Carr on this topic and she has printed in her Fapa zine our editorial and several letters that ensued. Ask her for a copy if any are available.

Tyrann comes from the Asimov novel, Stars Like Dust. They were the villains. We pronounce it in the German style - Ti-rahn. Not Tie-ran)))

REDD BOGGS

You should have provided a mirror with each copy of the latest Tyrann so we could appreciate that cover, thought I must say that it doesn't look much better in the mirror. You're having cover trouble, but bad.

It strikes me that you handled Herman Swathmore completely wrong. If you disagree with what he says, you shouldn't have barred him from Tyrann. I recognize your right to do that, as I recognize anyone's right to bar a Negro or a Jew from his home, if he wishes. But even if you disagree with what he has to say, you shouldn't have said he was unwelcome in fandom. Fandom is not yours alone, nor Swathmore's, nor mine, and none of us has a right in this case to bar anybody from it. I thoroughly disagree with Swathmore's views but as far as I'm concerned, he is welcome to " Crusade" for his ideas in fandom or anywhere else. I have sufficient faith in the good sense of fans not to be convinced by bigotry. If we can't let fandom think for itself, we'd better resign from the democracy.

((Or as Voltaire put it, "I disagree with what you say but I will fight to the death for your right to say it." Perhaps we did take liberties in saying what we did.

The cover, incidentally, was a product of that bygone era called "Keaslerism". We're still trying to figure out how he did it!)))
what well known fanned (the pros' favorite fan prints only 200 copies of his magazine to fill a circulation he purports to be 450!
He is well known for his constant fibbing. Oh fie!

DAVE PAPAYANOFULOS

I've heard about characters like Swathmore, but I've only half believed in them. It's shocking to think what kind of people will claim they're stf fans. Your answer was quite good. But it's obvious that Swathmore doesn't know what fandom is and what's more, he doesn't care. All he knows is that he can have so much free space to spread his lies.

"If more people listened to such men as Marwin K. Hart and Gerald Smith, this would be a happier world". I certainly can't deny this. All the world's ills are caused by disagreements, no? Well, if Smith and Swathmore and their ilk had their way, anyone disagreeing with them would find himself wearing a coat of tar and some feathers. After a while there would be no one left to pick on. So the Bonfire Boys would take care of themselves. No more trouble on Earth. No people.

((We got many replies from our devoted readers - ahem! - on this topic of Swathmore - who's poison pen letter we printed last issue. There were 4 types of replies. 1)I think he's all wrong because.... 2)I think this is a fake but if it isn't I think he's all wrong because//... 3)This is a stunt to rouse interest 4)I'm Redd Boggs.... The truth? Well, Swathmore exists, unfortunately, hails from New York and is probably, as many guessed, a disillusioned teen-ager. But as Boggs says, or implies, our democracy can hold them pretty safely. At times, we're inclined to think, there is a little bit of Swathmore in us all.)))

T.E. WATKINS

You can certainly afford to pick and choose with the caliber of material you had in the last issue of Tyrann. Hal Shapiro's article was very well reported--one of the best news reports on the bomb I have run across in the press anywhere. The press goes in for sensationalism and is scaring us to death. Shapiro's article left the impression that we can live and fight in an A-Bomb war.

I'll have to put Ian Macaulay in the cellar. He says that Mickey Spillan's story was bad and doesn't say what she was about or WHY it was bad. This is criticizing a story on the basis of an author's reputation. His attitude about Mr. Browne is completely ridiculous. OF COURSE Mr. Browne is out to make money. So is Mr. Gold Of Galaxy and Mr. Boucher of MF&SF and Mr. Campbell of Astounding. You don't suppose there is anyone in this business who publishes a pulp magazine because they think it's "the Lord's work," or even because they think it's the highest form of art? Mr. Browne is just one of the boys!

((We think that perhaps fans are a bit selfish. Many fans are inclined to believe that the prozines are published for them! And only them. When such obviously ghosted stuff by Spillane and by Lee Mortimer appear, fan are hurt because Mr. Browne is trying to make more money by appealing to the "heathens". If stf is to spread, it must by necessity be somewhat watered down. Gernsbackian stf is dead.)))

DON SUSAN

Ellison's piece is semantic gibberish based upon specious reasoning; one cannot assume that everyone who immensely enjoys a sunset is both very sane and very illogical AND that a very logical person can look at the sun and find no beauty.

Do astronomers find the sun solely an object of study? Would any man looking as closely as we can now fail to get some thrill from the bleak and sculptured surface? Moreover, those who really see knowledge about something for the first time often go on "logic" binges and get soused on the thrill of insight.

The Desert Rock article was cogent and instructive. Good work...for a scoop of sorts.

((Good reasoning. What we've failed to do, tho' is to define 100% logic. Perhaps if we were so logical, we could see beauty all the more. Or, being beings of pure logic, we could fail to go crazy at all. Personally, we both feel that human beings are, for the most part, happier if they can bumble around in a problem until they luckily hit the solution. The thrill there is immense. Pure logic would take the fun out of it.)))

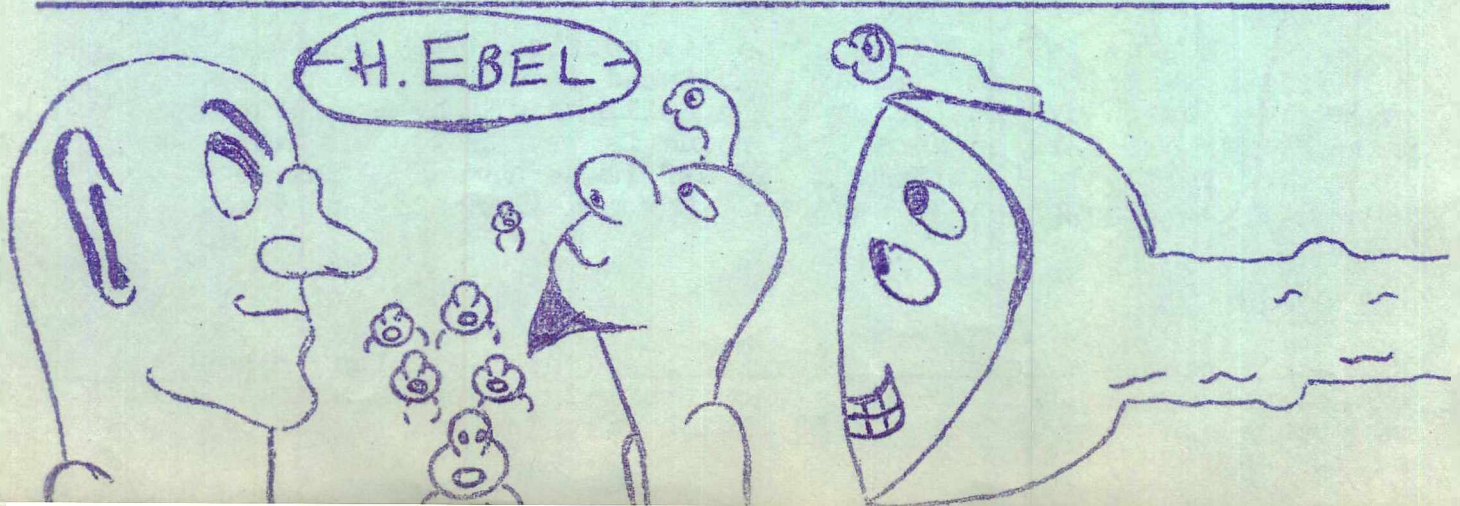
L a s t M i n u t e N o t e s

Well, this ish was assembled in July. We lacked only the Keasler folio. And we waited...and waited...and waited...Keasler had dropped out of fandom taking our materials with him. So, a rush note to Dave English whose hilarious folio appears an issue ahead. Thanks.

One of ye eds(Hirschhorn)took a trip up to the Adirondacks for a fortnight to do some fishing("you know about the 'big one that got away'? Well, I caught twelve of those.")and some out of season hunting("and there I was - 8 bears behind me, a tiger ahead, a sheer cliff to my left and a 1,000 foot drop to my right." My Ghod, what did you do? "I couldn't do anything - the tiger ate me.")). The other ed(Ebel)plans on going to Philly while Hirschhorn struggles with a bad flu("did you ever try to type in bed?")and wonders if he'll make it.

Nextish: A folio by Jack Harness, mayhap. I go Pogo, by Jerry Hopkins with illos courtesy of Walt Kelly! Also, a story by Fred Chappell, a bitter article by Nan Garding, a report on the con by ye eds and various sundry items. Since this is only a fanzine we do no believe in making you pay return postage, we are fully responsible for all mss. and armed forces pay as well as others. We want serious articles with a mature outlook and interesting ideas. Perhaps a good satire too.

Next issue- in December.



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