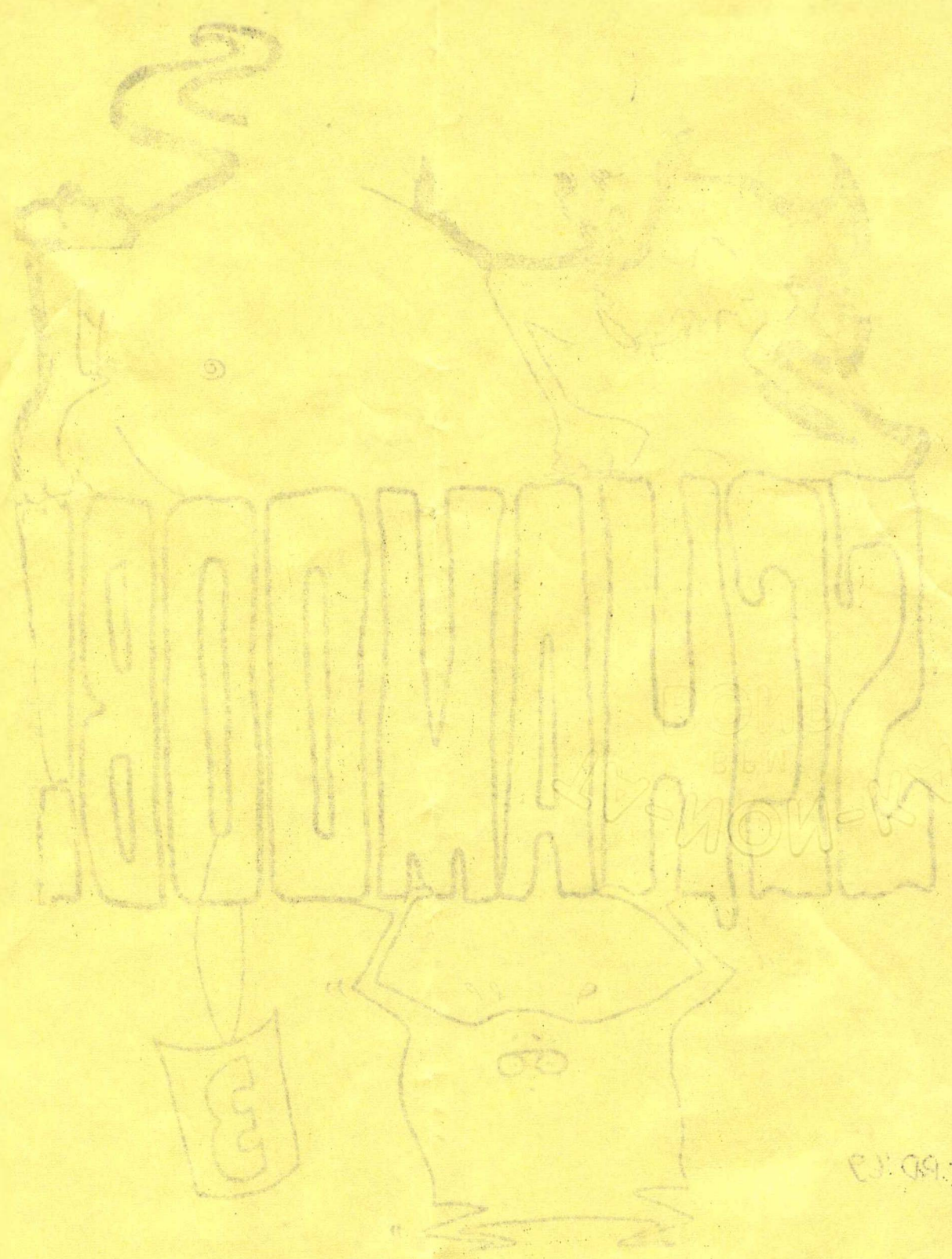


RD '69



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Schamooob is published monthly by IYDLILI*. This issue is going for 15¢. Subscriptions are 6/\$1 or until you your dollar's worth. Issues are also available for trade, contributions, and published LoC's. You can get this thing from Frank C. Johnson: 3836 Washington, Cincinnati Ohio 45229. Some art is electrostenciled and some ain't. How 'bout that?

TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Editor Rambles On and On! editorial by FCJ.....page 4

The Decline and Fall of Anybody book reviews by Leon Taylor and FCJ.....page 5

The Last One fiction by James R. Scott....page 6

CFG Fandom a report by FCJ.....page 6

Hyperboliclabsicsesquedalymistic..... lettercol by y'all.....page 7

Rotten tothe Core..... fanzine reviews by FCJ.....page 11



MAD? WHO → ME?
 NO. I'M
 COMPLETELY
 NORMAL.
 LIKE YOU.

ART CREDITS:
 Richard Delap - cover
 FCJ - all the rest

*- If You Don't It, Lump It.

Yes, I'm going monthly. Subscriptions are 6 issues for a dollar or until your dollar's up. This means that if I publish a two-page issue your subscription will be extended. This policy is made for your benefit, so don't worry about it. This makes it possible for very long subs. Please, no subs over a dollar.

This is SCHAMOOB #3 October 1969

Be sure to by the Oct. If. It's beginning to look like a prozine again.

THE EDITOR **RAMBLES ON and ON!**

Here we go again with another editorial. As you can see over there at the left, I've

changed my title. This was inspired by the review given for the first issue in Locus: "The editor rambles" (LOCUS 36). Sure I ramble. I find it hard to stay on one particular subject for any length of time. I don't know why I do this, but I guess it's just me. Personally I don't mind ramblings, but Charlie Brown does, and for his sake I'll try to keep it down to a minimum. OK?

As you can see, I'm back on electrostencil again, much to my dismay, as it costs an extra few bucks and is time consuming gluing these things together. I guess an occasional picture like that looks nice, but I wouldn't like to see anybody make it a habit.

It's now September or October, according to when I mail this thing, and school is in full swing. I've had a very hectic first few weeks with everything going crazy. On my first day, I find that I have a weird assortment of teachers. One in particular is my English teacher. He's different.

James Stattmiller is the man of whom I speak. He somehow got a copy of my zine and was very enthused about the whole thing. Questions by the millions were thrown at me. Millions of answers were tossed back. Seems he wanted to know all about fandom. Then I found out everything....(Suspense!)

WEIRD My English teacher reads (I didn't believe it) comics. That's right. COMIC BOOKS. Not just any comic books, but Marvels in particular. A Hulk and Silver Surfer fan. During the third or fourth day, he gave all his classes a speech and general plug on the mag. Thus I've confronted by 20% of the student body for a copy (and not being all dumb, sold the mags). Mr. Statmiller will also write an article for me on the Hulk and S.S. and their moral and social content. It should be ready in time for next ish. ~~It/better/ot/else!~~

PROZINE STUFF I'm not going to talk about actual stf prozines but any magazine of interest that I happened to pick up between now and last issue. F&SF has a 20th anniversary issue out. It will continue in the Nov. issue --- The Nov. Coven 13 has a weird Harlan Ellison story --- The Sept. Galaxy finally came out. It reads well, but looks cruddy. --- Famous Monsters finished the Frankenstein write-up. Took 'em long enuff. --- A new horror comic is out called Web of Horror. It's bi-monthly and cost 35¢. The first ish has a cover by Jeff Jones and interior by Bernie Wrightson and Ralph Reese --- The Sept. Readers Digest has a four - page deal on Edgar Rice Burroughs --- The Village Voice for Sept. 12 has a review on the movie Spirits Of the Dead.-----that's enuff

BACK TO THE USUAL MADNESS!!!! Thanks to the multitude of people out there, I'm alive --- I just thought of the perfect place for a stf convention. It's in a little burg called French Lick, Ind. The hotel there (which takes up half the town) is a gigantic resort. The rates are cheap and the food, that comes along free, is excellent (and you get to eat all you want). Someone look into this, and you'll out that it's a fantastic place. --- TV stf has gone to the dogs. All that's left is (yick) Land of the Giants. This year they go to the other side of the planet and find a super-civilation. Now they can have a super-civilized shoe step on them. The only difference is that when they are stepped on, the giant will say he's sorry. - TCH! TCH! CH! CH! CLUMSY

Well, that's all for this time. I've said enuff. My typing fingers are bone tired: yeah, both my index fingers. They're tired they can't even walk thru the yellow pages. Puff, puff. *Frank Johnson* (4)

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF ANYBODY

(OR WHAT A
BIG TITLE
FOR A SMALL
BOOK REVIEW
COLUMN.)

by Leon Taylor and FCJ

Starmind by David Van Arnem 216 pp. 75¢ Ballantine

It follows that if we are able to conduct successful heart transplants, then within another century brain transplants should also become possible. STARMIND is based on this premise.

Three hapless souls—pardon me, cerebellums—are repotted in one body: Benjy, a total idiot whose superb physique houses our three protagonists; Jailyn, another of those grasping multimillionaires, sex; F, and Joe, the residential genius and all-around wit.

This is a very talky novel, a plight which tends to exasperate me; the situation is alleviated somewhat by the fact that much of the dialog takes place telepathically, an infinitely absorbing process. In fact, characterization is in much sharper focus during these telepathic phrases that when it takes place in a more conventional technique. If it were not for these brisk intermind conferences, then one would be forced to earmark this as a very dull novel.

Van Arnem has a penchant for cleverly put phrases; a handy trick to have for, say, the first-person narrative, but when the author chooses to play the unseen god it gets to be a drag. Generally Mr. Van Arnem's obsession with teh cute word does little to liven the story and a great deal to drown it below reading level. He forgets that his foremost obligation is as a storyteller and instead engages in linguistic swordplay which in no way contributes to the economy, believability, development, or even interest of his novel.

A crying shame. For amid the drudgeries of uninspired yarnspinning are the threads of an engrossing society, all the more so because it is the logical outgrowth of our present day structure. In this world, city dwellers make up the total population, living useless, repressive lives. A few escape to the country, where they live as they please; naturally city-dwellers regard them with a mingling of fear and dismay, and never them in polite conversation.

Had STARMIND concentrated more on the complexities and irrationalities of that society, then this would have undoubtedly been a much improved novel. As is, I give it my unqualified recommendation to anyone suffering from insomnia. Give young Mr. Van Arnem at least a few more years. By then he should emerge as a vital writer with something powerful to say. — LEON TAYLOR

Lilith by George MacDonald 274 pp. 95¢ Ballantine

This lengthy novel is the Sept. fantasy offering. The colorful cover by Gervasio is the the first thing that captures your eyes. You then read Lin Carter's comments on the book and find out about the book's nineteenth century history. You are now ready to actually read the book.

The plot is interesting and is probably a remnant of "Alice". A mirror and a talking raven are the two objects which bring our hero into a magic world. The raven coaxes our hero into walking thru the mirror into the magic world. It is here where the raven takes his true shape: an old man. And once your mind is ordered to belief all this, then you're told that the hero follows the usual fairy-tale route, by having to marry the king's daughter. The usual amount of monsters, giants, elves, and other wierd things are present.

The book was, even after all this, interesting reading. The book was too long for its plot and was drawn out at times. The most interesting part of the book was Carter's comments at the beginning. If you are lighthearted (and light-minded) you'll have fun with the book. — FCJ

THE LAST ONE

You walk silently through the maze of city streets and you are sad.

by James R. Scott The fragile skyline spires that lace the heavens, force an ache into your heart - an ache that does not diminish.

Around you the heartbeat of the city goes on - a never-ending man-made rhythm that lights the night and hosts the day.

You watch the scene with more than your eyes. Your cheeks glisten in the soft light as your mind holds for a moment thoughts of friends and... and loved ones. And you walk on.

In the thronged streets you recognize the countless different robot shapes - machines that perform the work of man. Occasionally you see the "Others."

In mental pain your mind slows.

The "Others"... and a burst of laughter condenses into a half-sob as you watch the Androids move with human grace, human form, human perfection. Man has come far... and done his work with such perfection... yes, so very far!

"You seem ill, Master!" comes a voice.

You are startled. Anger, deep indignant anger, fires your veins and snaps you from - your reverie.

Slowly the anger fades and you look at the Android. It hurts your pride to raise your eyes to the face of a nine-foot human image. You cannot help feeling like a child before that towering Android.

"There is no illness." You pause. "No, tired, just tired."

"Yes, Master, I understand."

You stare at the cold blue perfection that are the Android's eyes. Yes it understands. Compassion has been programmed into its circuits. It is almost, yes - almost human.

"Dismissed!" you say and make a gesture.

The android turns and strides away but you caught the look of reverence in its eyes. An involuntary shudder invades your calm. Yes, the Android reveres you. After all, are you not the last of the Human Race?

CFG Fandom

a report - kinda

by FCJ

Quite a few people have me to write something about Cincinnati fandom. And since I've in it (or at least interested in it) for 3 years, I can't write a whole lot. But I'll try anyway.

There is one fan group called the CFG - Cincinnati Fantasy Group. It is headed by Lou Tabakou. There are really no other officers, as this is a very informal club. Meetings are held at somebody's house every 2 to 3 weeks on Sat. night. Even this isn't a really a meeting, because everybody comes, sits on chairs or floor and talks until some early hour. Active members - those who come to meetings - consist mostly of the aforementioned Lou, Mark Schulzinger, Dale Tarr, Mike Lalor, and Bea Mahaffey and others who I can't think of right now. Also in the thing are a load of mildly jumping eager teenage guys: Brad Balfour, Joe Small, Joel Zakem, and of course myself. (I probably forgot a few people here, too.)

Boy that was short wasn't it? Maybe more next time. Gee, that was a big bird.



YOU'RE RIGHT!

IT WAS A

BIG
BIRD

HYPERBOLICAL FABRICS ESQUEDAILY MISTIC... a lettercol --- more or less

Mark Schulzinger/P.R. #1/Flemingsburg Rd./Morehead Ky. 40351

I found the latest issue of whatever-it-is waiting for me when I came home for a visit this past week-end. Thanks much.

As you can see from the return section of the letter, my address is different from last time. Other things are different too. For example, rather than having a nice spacious house to live in I have a trailer. It's made out of reclaimed chicken fat and lists to starboard. Despite the fact that there's no room in it, the stove doesn't work properly, the shower leaks, the john doesn't stop running and, when it isn't too hot it's too cold, everything's miserable.

Actually, though, things here in the Incredibility Gap aren't too bad. They have telephones, although it's General System and they dislike talking too the Bell people. I expect my phone sometime before the end of the year. They promised me one for next week but I know I'm not going to get it. You see, they have to lay a line from the road to this Polish castle I'm living in and line is something they just don't have.

If you think that's bad — this is a dry country! Yes, Virginia, there is a Hell...

To get to matters more dearer to your to your heart, I found SH #2 pleasant reading. The repro is much better than the last ish and there is a delightful de-emphasis on artwork. I was pleased to see your reprint of the Bradbury-Jones-Hall interview. I don't care for Bradbury's writing but I think he's a lucid thinker when it comes to fantasy.

Let me comment about the fmz review section. I'm beginning to think that you and I are the only two people who have gotten HARPIES #4 and that you are the only one who got #5. The Misfits are running to true form at long last. They were off their feed for a while and were doing things logically. It's nice to see that everything's back to normal for Detroit fandom.

You commented on my proposed Sercon, the convention that will be devoted to nothing but serious fandom. I was going to wait a while before I announced it but you have let the cat out of the bag. I suppose there's nothing more for me to do than to say a few words about it.

The first Sercon is tentatively scheduled for this coming spring. I am still discussing possible locations with a number of different people but you can be sure that the final location will be one most conducive for serious and constructive thinking. The guest of honor has not yet been selected but some of the speakers have already been decided upon. I think that thier contribution will be wide range and long lasting as far as fandom as a whole is concerned.

I plan to have something for everyone at the con. There will be a session devoted to nothing but fanzine publishing. Lynn Hickman has promised to speak on the selection of proper papers for reproduction. There will be a panel discussion on correcting and splicing stencils, led by Hal Shapiro. I know that HARPIES #4 didn't look too good but you should have seen ICE.

I have a feeling that if I tell you all about it I will have nothing new and

startling to announce later. I assure you that the other events at the first Sercon will be every bit as exciting as what I have already announced.

By the way, even though I've moved I remain a CFG member. I should be able to see you in person now and again.

Regards,
Mark

((When I got this letter, I rushed to the nearest map. Who ever heard of Morehead Ky? I spent a few looking, searching minutes. I couldn't find it. Then I looked for a Kentucky map. Still couldn't find it. But I did find out-of-the-way places like Brazil, Brooklyn, and Harlan all in Kentucky.

I'm sure to be at the Sercon. With a line-up like that, I think that this will outdo the Octocon. - FCJ))

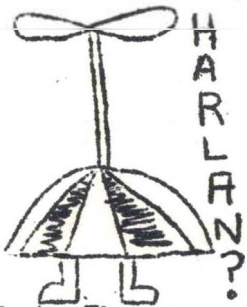
Richard Schultz/19159 Helen/Detroit, Mich. 48234

As you know, Brunner's STAND ON ZANZIBAR won the Novel Hugo at St. Louis, and immediately prompted a great deal of comment afterwards at the parties re who should have won. At least amongst many of the younger fans.

That's an interesting point, come to think of it. People like Richard LaBonte and Richard Delap and Dean McLaughlin had definite ideas on why STAND shouldn't have won and their favourite didn't but should have and almost everyone with a strong opinion is either a pro or young and slightly new fan. My generation and before and those somewhat after, still read the stuff, but it is no longer a white-hot sword to be hammered into a ringing weapon to sweep the infidel out of the Holy Land, ect., ect.

And only fans who still enjoy reading the stuff, irregardless of degree of enthusiasm, seem able to get a kick out of this generation of fandom. This is definitely a fandom (if you still believe in that numbered fandoms theory) of serious mien and social intent...

But it was fun talking stf with people who similarly have reasons for their opinions and are willing to crosspollinate thoughts and ideas with other people. But eventually the difference between Brunner's STAND and NOVA and PAST MASTER came down to the point that this year author's style and treatment had more to do with who won more than any other single factor. STAND has yet to see magazine or or paperback distribution, so, like MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE, its reputation drew readers to it. Ditto NOVA. Subject matter was spread all over the map in the five nominees. And thus the only factor left to consider as a whole is style.



And baby, we have never had so much obvious style in a list of Hugo nominees in all the years I've been getting the ballots. The trouble with artistic style being that in the extreme forms evident here is that factor alone turns off a hell of a lot of people. The argument of most of the anti-STAND people was just that. They were anti-STAND because of the way Brunner handled the story (pardon me, Story), and pro whatever it is that hit more of their personal empathic buttons. In much the same way Chip Delaney didn't especially appeal to me and R.A. Lafferty's PAST MASTER utterly turned me off. Not because of the subject matter, but because of the subject treatment.

In the end it was proven that STAND turned off fewer people than NOVA and PAST MASTER and thus had a larger bloc of supporters. But that is all the Hugo awards proved. Not which is actually the "better" (empirical judgment) book. That particular judgment is probably going to have to be dedicated by the vague "They" of the future and not this generation of readers by itself. In the end it may not

be any of them, but the RIGHT OF PASSAGE by Panshin, which was not nearly so stylistic but had so much meat to its bones that it fairly growled back at the reader who ran his mind through the pages. We shall see.

But if this year and last is any indication, the New Wave that Harlan is yelling about is already here and came full blown into the world at the same time as his Dangerous Visions. The New Wave of emphasis on style and manner of presentation, of subtle and not-so-subtle assaults upon the minds and thinking pattern of the reader, of attempts to by-pass and flank the usual prejudices and mind-screen the reader habitually puts against any new idea or unpleasant thought. This is New Wave, baby, in a meaningful form. Not necessarily New Ideas, but new ways of inserting them into the Story, and of making you look at them in Different ways. Harlan did not create the New Wave then. Obviously not. But he has managed to confuse the issues beautifully, and has probably been responsible for more bad fiction being passed off as New Wave and therefore Q.E.D. something Wonderful and Good For Your Tummy than anyone or anything else in the field. But New Wave, whatever the semantic term applied to it, is here to stay. Obviously when style works, it works very well indeed, as witness Delaney's NOVA and Brunner's STAND and all the spectrum of stylistic presentation between and around and past them. But the great weakness of stylistic emphasis is that when it's bad, it's horrid. That and the fact that stylism tends to press different buttons in different people and therefore the good stylistic novel or story is not going to be appreciated by even a majority of the readers. Alas.

REnough for now.

I'll be seeing you.

Yhos, Richard Schultz

This here is a letter I got from a person who likes to remain a secret. I can only guess at this, but I think this came from David Gerrold. Let's face it: he's the only person around who send things on the back of a giant postcard with a scene from Star Trek. ↴

Thanks for Schamooob Number Two. Don't be discouraged at initial small response. Your readers will grow as you do. Article with Chuck Jones and Ray Bradbury was most interesting. Having admired both of these men for many years I found several things in there to delight me, notably Chuck Jones' advice on how to make friends with a child, "Hi, have you ever been stung by a bee?"

Lettercol interesting. Glad to read comments by Harry Warner Jr. and Buck Coulson. Both ususlly have nice things to say.

By the way, I'm sure you must have heard what 2001 really meant. Kubrick is supposed to have said that it means "Life is a fountain." (So who needs Clarke to explains monoliths?)

And finally, in the egoboo dept. I might add that you should watch out for the Dec. Galaxy, supposed to have a novellette of mine in it, one I am particularly proud of.

Thanks again
((No name or address or anything))

((Dec. Galaxy? As long as they are on their present bi-monthly basis, there won't be a Dec. issue. I doubt if they'll make it that long. - FCJ))

Hobbits don't smoke pot; it stunts their growth

-----S-H-A-M-O-O-B-----

Stanley Hoffman/7657 Orion Ave./Vans Nuys Calif. 91406

Don't worry about publishing a 30+ page fanzine--it's not really worth it. I would much rather see a good short zine than a poor long one. I would rather see a good short one than a good long one. The short, mimeoed zines like SCHAMOOB are real fanzines. Letter substitutes--printed party-lines conversations--personality extensions. Much better than the huge zines which are aimed at mass appeal. Not that a zine should be an in-group thing, but it should have warmth. Also I like mimeo over the commercial-like offset. When you see a mimeo zine, you feel that you could do something like it (if you only had a machine). It is not so remote. Also, a short zine can appear more frequently, so real discussions can develop in the lettercol. NIEKAS is a fantastic. But it comes out so seldom that when you read the letters, you have to dig out the last few issues to find out what's being discussed.

Anyway, SCHAMOOB is getting to be the kind of zine I like. It is certainly an extension of your personality--or the personality you want us to think you have. Why can't you fill up a whole zine with just (or mostly) letters? Naturally, for a whole zine to be entirely letters, they would have to be rather interesting letters and good discussion would have to develop. I think it will. Naturally you want some articles, but quite often the lettercol is the most interesting part of a zine.

The interview was good. I'd always wondered why the modern horror stories didn't have the same effect on me as the "classics"./ The story was alright. Not very original, tho./ Your humor comes out better when you're not specifically trying to be funny./ Repro isn't bad, tho some improvement is needed. The yellow paper is the best.

If you're only going to publish 3-5 times a year, why bother to send it first class? Third class is much cheaper, and even if it takes a week or two to get there, there's plenty of time before the next issue for replies.

Keep it up.

Auf Wiederschreiben!
Stanley Hoffman

((Last two issues have been very colorful as far as paper goes. This time most of the issue is on white paper. And I'm also back with electrostencil for some of the drawings. Sooner or later I expect to have everything hunky-dory.

When I said 3-5 times a year, I was talking the rest of the year at hand - half of it gone. But it seems that I'm going monthly now, and it'll be 12 times next year. I go first class because I like to be different.--RCJ))

Richard Delap/532 S. Market/Wichita Kansas 67202

I wish I had time to write a long LoC, but it just ain't that easy. I'm working on some fiction at the moment, as well as keeping up four fanzine and one prozine review columns. Suffice to say, I must keep my comments short.

I did enjoy reading SCHAMOOB (and you did misspell it on the front cover, did you know?). Most of all, I enjoyed your reprint of the newspaper interview with Bradbury and Jones. I've been reading about The Phantom Toolbooth in the film tradepress for a couple of years now and have worked up quite an interest in it. But without the magic name of Walt Disney attached to it (or, as in the recent Yellow Submarine, the instant draw name of The Beatles) one wonders how it will fare in today's young-adult oriented industry. It will be interesting to see how MGM handles this movie's promotion campaign, and if it works. The only remark that bothers me is Bradbury's odd confidence in his book "Something Wicked This Way Comes," which is probably the worst thing he ever wrote. He'd be much better

off putting his support behind "Fahrenheit 451" or "The Illustrated Man," or even "Dandelion Wine." The interviewer, Mary Harrington Hall (who she?), sounds like a naive schoolgirl, but Bradbury and Jones are interesting in spite of her.

Thanks again for sending me a copy of your fanzine. Best of luck.

Best,
Richard D.

((The odd spelling on the cover was one of the pronunciations of the zine - SKAMOOB. The other one is SKAMOOB.

It's for sure that Walt Disney will draw a crowd to an animated cartoon, but I think that it's also the character involved that brings the moviegoers in. A large amount of people went to see Yogi Berra and Fred Flintstone mainly because everybody's already heard of them. Wait until the Peanuts movie comes out. You'll see everybody out there, mainly because they know just who is involved.--FCJ))

Rotten to the Core short fanzine reviews by FCJ only two this time

LI'EM 1 Karen Johnson, POBox 9872, Minne, Minne. 55440 (mimeo; 22 pages; LoC, 25¢, printed contributions, trade, APA45)

This is an excellent zine of new, fresh, and honest stuff that is very good reading. The repro. is very for a first issue; in fact good for anything. Not much feature but mostly editorial comments on anything. There is an interesting fanzine review, even tho it isn't called a fanzine review. It's called mailing comments, without the addresses of the editors so that if you get interested and want to read the zines reviewed, you can't get them. Is this APA45?

1981
M
1982

LOVE 2 Fred Haskell, 2109 S. 9th Street, Minne., Minne. 55404 (ditto; 37 pages; 25¢ or response)

This is the first ditto zine I've seen in a long time. Multicolor yet. Long editorial, mailing comments (i.e. screwed up fanzine reviews), lettercol, and a lengthy con (?) report by Sunday Jordane. LOVE is likeable. Also APA45.



Well, that's all for this ish. It's been fun. The reason it's small is because there wasn't much to put in it. I'll put out a 2-page paper if I have to - just as long as I go monthly. Bye. And peace in the forecoming millenium.

Give Peace A Chance - Now! - Joel D. Zakem

WHY YOU GOT THIS ISSUE

- You paid
- You contributed
- You might contribute (please)
- You review fanzines - **HARPIES**
- Your zine is reviewed inside
- You are a pro **SHEEEESH!**
- You are a friend
- You are in the CFG
- Your loc is inside
- You'll write a LoC (please)
- You are mentioned inside

- I thought you might be interested
- You look like a fan
- You think "sex" is a four-letter word.
- You begged me for a copy
- We trade
- You know who the Cool Ghoul really is
- You don't smoke
- You don't smoke - tobacco
- You listen to Jelly Pudding all the time and you still don't understand it.

(11)



FIRST CLASS

THIS
WAS
A ^{FJ}
GOD
ONE!

To: Dick Schultz
19159 Helen
Detroit Mich
48234

This is Schamooob #3
From: FRANK C. JOHNSON
3836 Washington
Cincinnati Ohio 45229

FIRST CLASS

