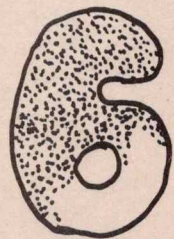
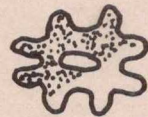
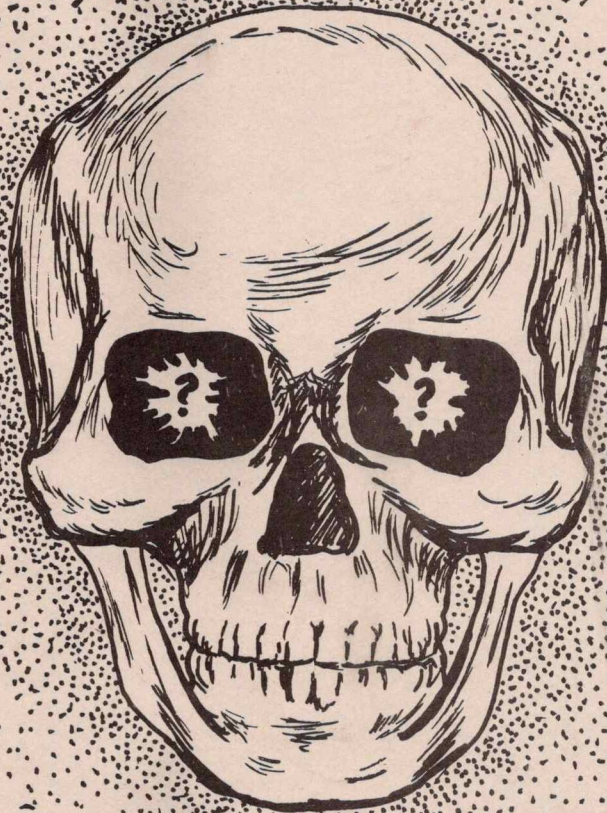


BEA
#6
BOO
BOO
BOO
BOO



BEA

SCHAMOOB #6

This here is, of course, the sixth issue of SCHAMOOB. The zine is no longer on a monthly schedule, and is now on something of a bi-monthly gig. This issue should be out in time for Maroon and the next issue will be out at Mid-westoon. The price of the zine has also changed. The subscription rates are now 4/\$1. This means that you will get the next four issues no matter what size they are. If you buy only one issue at a time, they'll be 25¢ or higher. This issue, #6, cost 25¢. Back issues are also going for the same price. You can also get this issue for trade, an LoC, or contribution. This thing comes to you from the offices and studios of Frank C. Johnson, 3836 Washington, Cincinnati Ohio 45229. Our transmitter is located at the local postoffice.



The Editor Rambles On and On.....	editorial by FCJ.....	page 3
Rotten to the Core.....	fanzine reviews by FCJ.....	page 6
The Decline and Fall of Anybody.....	book review by Leon Taylor.....	page 8
An Odyssey.....	an odysey.....	page 10
The Lunar Tuna.....	poetry by Thos. J. Lelandalla...	page 11
The Glass Prison.....	fiction by James R. Scott.....	page 12
Hyperbolicsyllabicesquidalymistic.....	lettercol by some preverbe	page 13
Why you got this issue.....	something to put stamps on.....	page 18

Art Credits

Bea Mahaffey.....	cover
Brad Balfour.....	2, 6
DEA.....	3, 13
Alex Gilliland.....	5, 7, 8, 14, 18
Ralph Goldsmith.....	9
Mike Symes.....	12
FCJ.....	1a, 15

THE EDITOR RAMBLES ON and ON

Well, it's time for that well known game called "Make Up Some Hugo Nominations." As you all know, Hugo time is coming and you probably expect me to sit and bull a lot on what novel's gonna win or what fanzine or what movie. Instead, I'd like to make a suggestion for a new award, another fan art award.

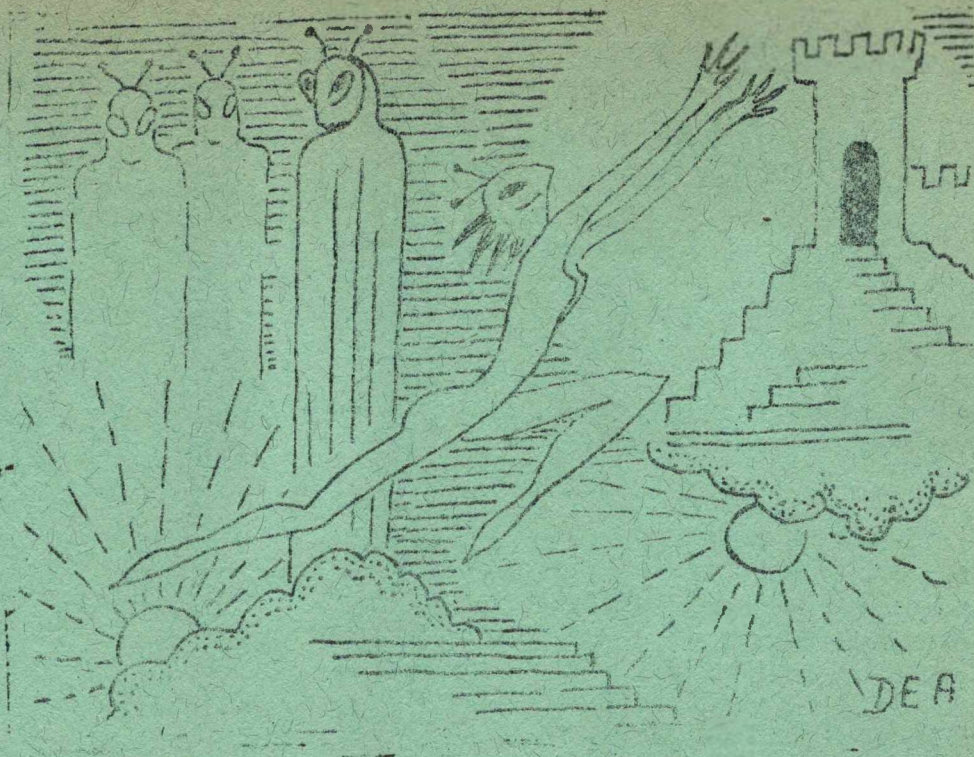
For years, now the fan artist awards have been going to the artist who has done the seemingly best artwork of the year. But all the time, this award has gone to an artist who has done mostly serious type work. In fact, last year's winner, Vaughn Bode was the first winner in years who wasn't completely "serious." I propose separate awards for fan artist and fan cartoonist. This would give artists more of a chance to get an award and would relieve a lot of worry of voters of bucking an artist, just because he's humorous.

Next question is this: Who are the artists and who are the cartoonists? The answer is simple. Most artists either go one way or the other. William Rotsler is, of course, humorous. His pictures are not as artistic as those of, let's say, Jim McLeod, but they are some of the funniest drawings in fandom. I think that people like Rotsler, Tim Kirk, Doug Lovenstien, and George Foster should get some type of recognition for their work. This seems to be a better system and I hope it will be adopted soon. Hear, that, Hugo committee?

Over on the page to your right is a reprint of a book review by Mark Schulzinger. The thing that really gets to me is the stuff about the nude scenes. I have the book, read it about 3 times, and have not found one nude scene yet. There is a lot of sex in the book, tho. Just look at the back cover of the book. There's Wilma in all her full glory - masturbating herself on her right breast. I doubt if that's what she's really doing, but there's some talk going around that seems to be fact. It's terrifying to know that the big, heavy comic book you bought at one of the big department stores is really pornographic. And I didn't even buy a pornograph to go with it.

The reason that this thing is going bi-monthly is because of a diminishing treasury and the fact that I got other things to do. My latest endeavor into the communication world is a television show produced, directed, and all the rest of that jazz by high school students. As far as I know now it's a dance type program with local and professional bands. It'll be in color and mostly on video tape. We'll be on weekly on Ch. 48 here in Cincinnati. It should be quite a show and kinda different.

It's hard writing these things when you don't have anything to write about.



ZAP! It's Buck Rogers

**BOOK
PAGE**

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25th CENTURY, edited by Robert C. Dille, Chelsea House, \$12.50.

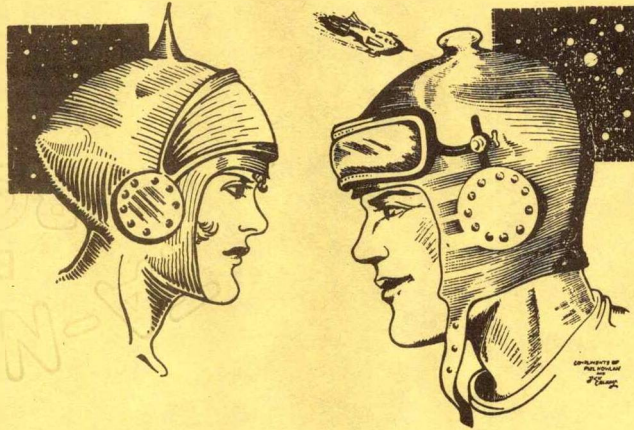
If someone had asked me what I want for Christmas I would have mentioned this book. Why, you ask? well, because it wasn't on the market when someone asked me what I wanted for Christmas.

But now it is.

"It" is a huge, 11 by 14 inch, 376 page collection of the best Buck Rogers comic strips from 1929 to 1947. "It" contains most of the daily strips from the first year of Buck Rogers' existence and 64 full color Sunday Strips from 1939 and 1947. "It" is big, beautiful, nostalgic, and expensive. "It" is a whale of a lot of fun to read.

Buck Rogers was a team effort. The first story was written in 1928. Entitled "Armageddon 21 49 A.D.," it was written by Phillip Nowlan and published in **AMAZING STORIES**.

A sequel, "The Airlords of Han" was published in the same magazine the following year. John F. Dille, then president of the National Newspaper Syndicate of America, thought that the stories would make



Wilma and Buck

good comic strips. He brought Nowlan together with an editorial cartoonist named Dick Calkins.

The result made history.

Just as **AMAZING STORIES** was the first hard-core science fiction magazine, so **BUCK ROGERS** was the first hard-core science fiction comic strip. It presented pictorially what the story magazines presented verbally. Its success was spectacular.

It was even a little daring. Wilma Deering, Buck's flighty girlfriend, managed to wander around in the nude once in a while. Most of her costumes were

pretty sexy bits of nothing much.

But, although sex had a small place in the strip, the main emphasis was always on gadgets and personalities. Dr. Huer was the super-scientist of the story. He was constantly coming up with wonderful gadgets that saved the day for Buck. Killer Kane and Ardala were arch baddies and usually made more trouble for Buck and Wilma than either of them could shake a zap gun at. Black Barney was the terror of the airways until Buck converted him. Then he was a faithful friend to the end.

The Buck Rogers strip

served for practical as well as entertainment purposes. During the second World War, Buck was busily fighting the Martians who were supposed to be tiger-people but who looked and talked suspiciously like the Japanese. There is included in this book a grotesque and rather vicious episode called "The Monkeymen of Planet X" which reflects this country's propaganda against the Yellow Peril of the 1940s.

Throughout its life the Buck Rogers strip tried to keep ahead of science in the best science fiction tradition. In the early strips shared the sequences with antigravity belts. Only 20 years later Buck fought the deadly Martian Pounce in a highly sophisticated dog-fight involving rocket ships.

There have been a host of imitators over the years but the best has always been the first. Buck Rogers was the first and this is his book. Do yourself and your children a favor and buy a copy.

Mark Schulzinger

ZAP! It's Buck Rogers

THE COLLECTOR WORKS
ON BUCK ROGERS IN THE
FIFTY CENTURY, edited by
Robert C. Dille, Chicago
Home Press

"If someone had said
the other day that I would
find I would have been
of this book, with its
well chosen illustrations
and the way it was
written, I would
have believed it."

"It is a huge volume
with 300 pages of
the best Buck Rogers
comic strips from 1929 to
1947. It contains most of
the daily strips from the
last year of Buck Rogers,
and is well color
illustrated and of high
quality. It is the best
Buck Rogers book and ex-
actly what I need to
have a set of for my
collection."

Buck Rogers was a great
story. The first story was
written in 1929 and
published in the
"Saturday Evening Post".
It was written by Philip
Frisson and published in
the "Saturday Evening Post".

A novel, "The Adventures
of Buck Rogers", was
published in the
same magazine in 1930.
The year 1931 saw
the first issue of the
"Buck Rogers" comic strip
published in the
"Saturday Evening Post".
The comic strip was
written by Philip Frisson
and published in the
"Saturday Evening Post".



White and Black

good volume since its
publication together
with an editorial intro-
duction by Philip Frisson.

The volume is a
great volume since its
publication together
with an editorial intro-
duction by Philip Frisson.

It was over a year ago
that I found Philip Frisson's
Buck Rogers comic strip
in the "Saturday Evening Post".
I was under the impression
that the comic strip was
written by Philip Frisson
and published in the
"Saturday Evening Post".

greatly surprised since he
had a small place in the strip.
The book emphasizes
always on Frisson's and
never on the other side of
the strip. It is a
great volume since its
publication together
with an editorial intro-
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BOOK
PAGE

seems for practical as well
as entertainment purposes.
I found the second world
war book was really
written by Frisson who
was supposed to be later
people but who looked and
talked suspiciously like the
Japanese. There is a
chapter in this book a
chapter called "The
Adventure of the
Yellow Pearl" which
is a chapter in the
book.

Throughout its life the
Buck Rogers comic strip
has been a success in
the best sense of the
word. In the early days
when the strip was
written by Frisson, it
was a success in the
best sense of the word.
It was a success in the
best sense of the word.
It was a success in the
best sense of the word.
It was a success in the
best sense of the word.
It was a success in the
best sense of the word.

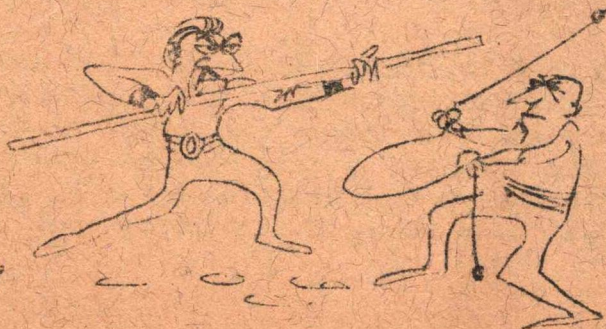
This issue is kinda loaded to the gills with artwork, all of it being litho or electrostencil. You probably by now have looked thru the issue and have seen what the art looks like. And you've probably seen the two photographic pictures on pages 10 & 15. This is a new experiment I'm trying where you take a photo and drawings, put them together and see what happens.. This works on electrostencil only if they are from magazines and newspapers. Both of the photos in this ish* are from Time magazine. It looks pretty good and I hope it goes over well. There should be a couple of these types in the next issue of Conglomeration, which is available from Brad Balfour, 5129 Newfield, Cincinnati Ohio 45229 (free pbug, Brad). His zine should out by Maroon. Who knows? Maybe I'll start a whole new form.

Well, Sunday (that's tomorrow) is the umpteenth tv showing of "The Wizard of Oz." Chances are I'll see it again. I don't know why, but that flick has something different, something I never noticed each time I see it. Just last Tuesday I watched Winnie the Poo on the tube. Next week, there's another Dr. Suess special done by Chuck Jones. I guess you don't have to be a children to watch children's programs. And there's still the Sat.&Sun. morn cartoons. I'm the type who will get home from a CFG meeting around 2AM Sun. morning and wake up at nine just to watch "Tom and Jerry." I'm addicted to the stuff.

Last issue, at the back, there was reference to New Year patties and sprained ankles. Well, here's how it happened. Brad and I and a couple of non-fan friends were going to a party. The guys were waiting for me in front of the house, so I came - not a'runnin'. The whole walkway was covered with ice. After I got the hard part of walking down a fairly steep hill covered with ice. I came to the steps. I forgot that the steps were covered with ice, too. SLIP! CRASH! I landed right on my ankle. The funny thing about it is that it didn't hurt. I went on to the party had a good time, but when I came home early the next morning, that's when it started to hurt. So you have to be some kind of weirdo to bust your ankle and still do a little dancing on it. I think I'm qualified for being the last fan accident of the year. It happened about 9:15 at night. It was a pretty wild night. Too bad I had to leave Brad and the rest early (3AM). Found out later that they went over to get a couple of girls and stayed until close to 7AM. I don't know exactly what they did, but Brad seemed pretty happy when he told me.

Then there was Bob Hambrick. But he's another story.

Brad (seems that provert is getting into everything) has talked one of the local book stores into selling fanzines. So far they've gotten Granfalloon, Riverside Quarterly, Squa Trout, and Witzend. Marlboro's the place and it's also the only place in the city to get sf books. They're also the only store in town that sells the underground papers and comics. The Gothic Blimp Works, one of these ug comics has been featuring work by Robert Crumb, Ralph Reese (he was on the Al Capp special last week), Vaghan Bode, and Harvey Kurtzman. It might seem a little at times but it's mostly good art and it's worth the 50¢.



Before I go, I'd like for all of you who are sending art, to get the large stuff for covers in before May if you want it to be lithoed. After then I'd have to go to professionals and I can't cut their prices.

Well, that all for today. I hope you all make it to Midwestcon this summer. Peace. - FCJ.

ROTTEN TO THE CORE

FANZINE
REVIEWS
BY FCT



WENNIE 7 Michael Ward, Box 45, Mountain View Calif. 94040 (mimeo; 16 pages; 6/81) The newszine for the western half of the country. Some of its news is taken from issues of LOCUS and LULL. Even though it is a western thing, there still is some east stuff. It's not really well organized as almost everything goes under "Miscellanea." This issue has "The Fried Hat Review" which seems to be an editorial of some sort, by Mike. Alexei Panshin and Fafhrd are the subjects. Also included with this issue is the third progress report of SFCOM 70. Everything but the progress report had good repro. There's even a little bit of art included.

LOCUS 46+47 Charlie Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx NY 10457 (mimeo; 10 pages @; 5/81) Still THE newszine in fandom. Ish 46 featured the Nebula Award nominations and fanzine reviews. 47 had large writeups on Dr. Wertham, and Horeason, and prozine reviews by Anthony Lewis and Mike Symes. #47 also had a couple of reprinted drawings from other fanzines. Wonder what's going on.

THE PULP ERA 72 Lynn Hickman, 413 Ottokee St., Wauseon Ohio 43567 (litho; 22 pages; 50¢) This is probably the only fanzine devoted to the old pulps. This ish has lotsa art but I don't like the layout. There are also some old drawings reprinted from pulps. The articles seem well written and pretty, but since I read pulps only as an infrequent lark, I didn't seem really interested in it. Lynn's editorial mostly talks about the pulp paperback reprints, a subject dearer to our hearts.

RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY VOL 4 NO 2 Leland Sapiro, Box 40 University Station, Regina Canada (80 pages; printed - halFSIZE; 60¢, 4/82) RQ has turned blue. Blue print, that is. This issue features serious articles of Edgar Rice Burroughs' Mars novels, Andre Norton, Poul Anderson, and J. G. Ballard. Again Jim Harmon's article held my interest: this time he talks about THE COLLECTED WORKS OF BUCK ROGERS. He gripes mainly about the editing of the book but still recommends it. There isn't one mention of the excessive sex in WORKS. Either there is ~~sex~~ or I run around with a bunch of preverts. There's also a nice lettercol with - get this - a loc from Yours Truthfully (free egoboo).

MOEBIUS TRIP 3 Edward C. Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria Illinois 61604 (mimeo; 32 pages; 35¢, 3/81) The third issue of this fairly new zine seems to have progressed from the earlier ones. There still is a strain for humor, but a definite try for seriousness is shown. There are a couple of long book reviews and a couple of editorials. There's a very humorous fake article on the Paul McCartney jazz. The issue came out well except for the pictures which were kinda fuzzy in

spots. The lettercol typing was very cramped at the end of the zine. The mag's fun to read and you'll probably like. I especially enjoyed the Rotsler cover.

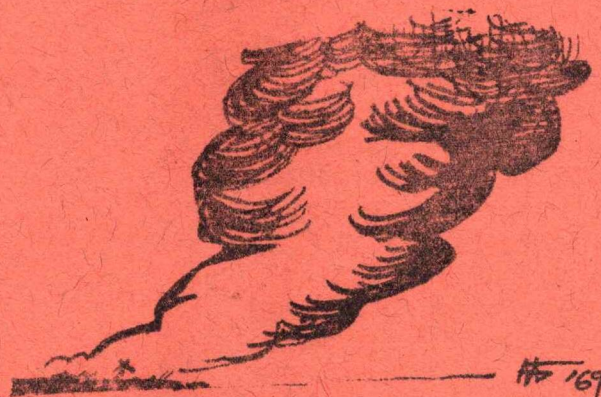
GRANFALLOON 8 Linda E. Bushyager, 5620 Darlington Rd., Pittsburg Pa. 15217 (Litho & mimeo; 56 pages; 60¢, 2/11) I got this issue because I hitchie nicely (it's good to know someone appreciates your efforts). Even though Linda's editorial is very entertaining, it is dwarfed by the rest of the ish. Jesus Cummings (is he real?) gives the first part of an article "Sex at the Cons". It might prove useful come Midwestcon time. Hugo awards are crapped on by Jerry Lapidus, while Richard Delap knocks on books and movies. Fanzine reviews are included in Linda's other editorial. Artwise, the issue is fantastic with lotsa of Connie Reich Faddis artwork including an Einstein art portfolio. Alsoart is done by such as Steve Fabian, Tim Kirk, Mike Gilbert, Alicia Austin, Bill Rotsler, and Richard Delap. This zine is highly recommended and really wild.

DALLASCON BULLETIN 4 Tom Reamy, Box 523, Richardson Texas 75080 (photo offset (?); 48 pages; "free to anybody and everybody") Aside from Tom's editorial, business & con reports, the whole issue is just ads for cons, fanzines, comic sales, and people. There's even some stuff for Dallascon.

BELBOHEMI 7 Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper St., Quakertown Pa. (mimeo; 84 pages; 60¢, 4/22) Another big ish, half of which is taken up by the lettercol which is dominated by the SFML. After you take that out the rest is columns by Frank and Piers Anthony and Leo P. Kelley, a bit on Hugo winning, and book reviews. Art is well scattered and well reproduced.

HARPIES 7 Richard Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit Mich. 48234 (mimeo; 12 pages, I guess its available to certain people but was post mailed in the 12-69 FAPA mailing) This is the last issue of that well recieved thing from Mich. The only reason this is out is to fulfill Dick's FAPA membership requirements. Dick gives a short biography of HARPIES, EN GARDE 7 and himself. Jeffrey D. Smith gives a review of "Last Summer". Dick is still with the Avengers and proves it byta great Mrs. Peel cover.

RENAISSANCE VOL 2 NO 1 John J. Pierce, 275 McMane Ave., Berkeley Heights NJ 07922 (mimeo; 15 pages - legal size; free) This issue gives an opinionated nutshell history of sf. Some of John's ideas of hierarchies, I just can't agree with. The best thing in the issue is the book review section. John can write one good review and it's the first thing I looked at when I got the issue. Recommended especially for the intellectual.



The Decline and Fall of Anybody
book review by Leon Taylor

The Standing Joy
Wyman Guin 224pp
Avon 1969 75¢

In this novel, All-American hero Colin Collins plays an Indian girl, disserts knowingly on the joys of masturbation, pisses up a barnwall 14 boards high and creates an orgasm-repeating medicine. All this happens in the first chapter, a little over 12 pages long.

Essex House is not dead; it has merely reincarnated in the form of Avon Pubs.

This is not a very modest book. We are still being weaned on page two when Guin casually informs us that his protagonist is probably the greatest person who has ever lived, and proceeds to back up his wild-eyed statement by relating some of his really gosh-wow adventures in mathematics and finance (sex, too, but we've already discussed that). Never mind that nothing can be established merely by the author's claims that the reader must be convinced by the hero's characterization - Colin's a genius, man, like he's an Albert Einstein squared! Didn't I just tell you that he made a million dollars while still in his early teens?

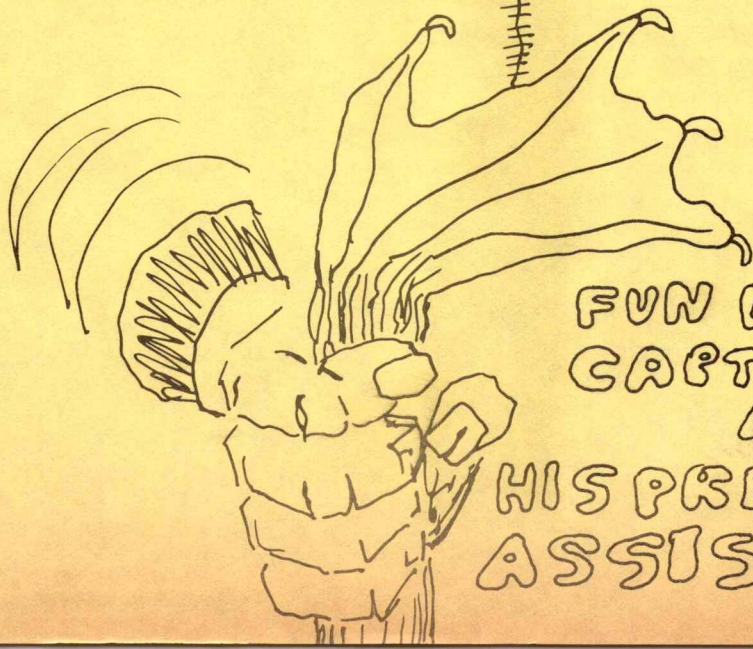
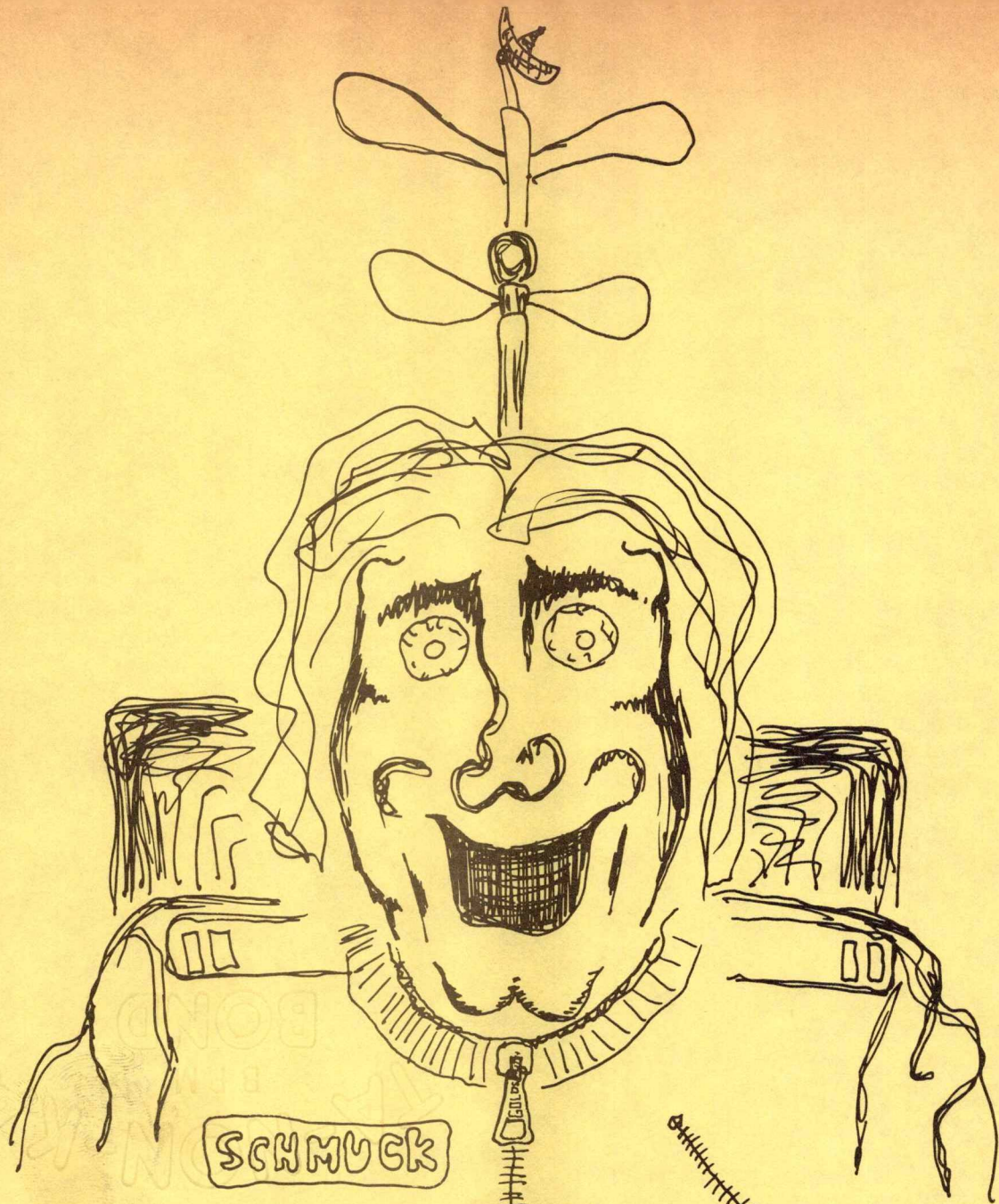
You get the idea. Guin expects us to take his simple word on everything - evidently he doesn't have time for justifying what he says. Much too busy trying to figure out how to work another sex scene into his already-overloaded story (even the title, as it turns out, is descended from Guin's erotic mania. "The standing joy" is a noked broad, all ready for action). What results is neither a super-story of a superman nor even a passable story of a seemingly-super man; the unwanted end product is the world's first novel-length comic strip. Without pictures even.

The Standing Joy isn't 100% bad. Wyman Guin has an engaging style and sprinkles his book liberally with all sorts of in-jokes (the height of the novel comes when Colin, upon inquiring about snores heard from a closed door, learns that a prostitute's husband "accidentally got drunk" the previous night.) But even this is completely ruined by Guin's ghod-awful characterization of Colin Collins, professional boy wonder. Consider: he rapes his first French teacher at age 13, spends his 14th year educating an apprentice whore, and celebrates his 15th birthday by observing tribal rituals at a "house of good repute". In spite of all that, his attitude toward sex is the wild-eyed one of a faint-hearted farmer's boy. How do you believe that. I don't.

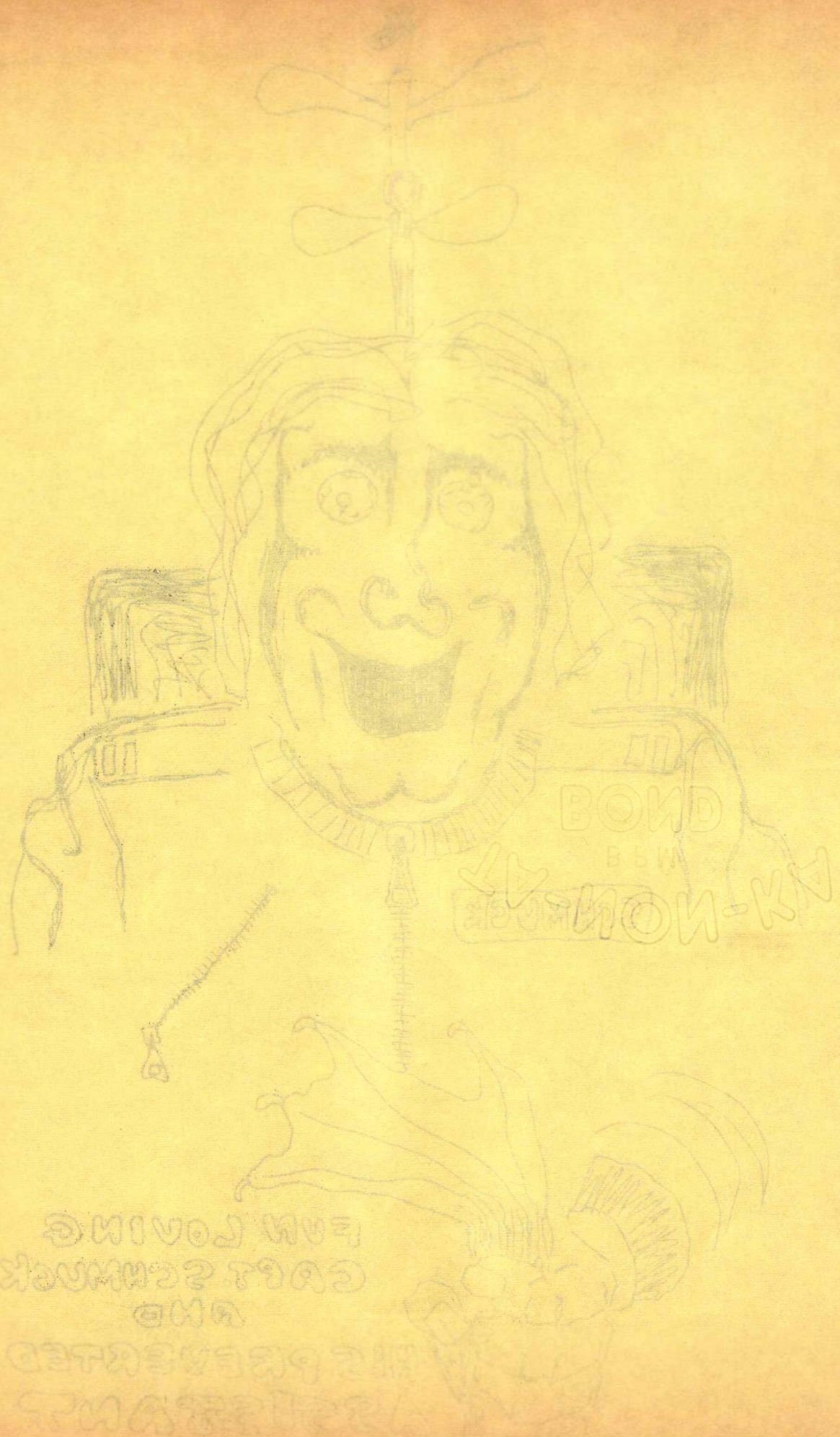
Fear not, it gets much worse. Colin has this voice of destiny, see, and it tells him to do groovy things like hypnotizing cherished Father (Hypnotizing? Yep, it seems that Colin has special mesmerizing powers which he readily employs whenever he gets in a tight pinch. Does wonders for the story's suspense, as you can imagine). Eventually it tells him to team up with his Russian counterpart and together they go out and fearlessly save the world. How? Never mind how, you idiot. Do you think the author has nothing better to do than to answer such trivial questions?

continued on page 9





FUN LOVING
CAPT. SCHMUCK
AND
HIS PREVERTED
ASSISTANT



FOR LOVING
CAR SCUMPER
AND
THE PREFERRED
FOR THE

Captain Darkyn climbed down from the astrogator's turret; his face was grim. He had a problem - one that would concern the fate of the whole galaxy. Should he add to the galactic competition problem? Should he write another sentence? Of course he should!

But another sentence would doom him and the galaxy. One more line would fill the galaxy to the brim. "Any more suggestions?!", he said to himself. "I must be going over the edge, talking to myself, worrying about what I am doing. Hell. I'll just grab her, throw her down on the bulkhead and wrestle the cork out with my teeth so I can pour it all over..."

Captain Darkyn finally came to his senses; he flashed a radiospace/electro-mahaffreygraph to the CPG - "You people got me into this, now get me the hell out!"

Meanwhile, far across the incomprehensible reaches of the galaxy, old preverted Captain I. P. Schmuk was saying to his depraved assistant, "... Suck my schonk ...!"

"Alright - as soon as you get your mouth off my yibbits!"

"Mummph! Slurk!", said Capt. Schmuk.

And he quickly began hemmoraging from the upper frammis located on his left buttock! He began breathing heavily, his eyes became glassy. His skin split and a large butterfly stood in his stead. The remains of what had been the Captain lay at its feet. (Read between the lines!) The butterfly immediatly flew straight up and bashed its brains against the ceiling of the spacesuits.

I hate those
BYOB parties



FJ

"ZHYZPHT" the butterfly shouted. "VTZUJTKD TTRUXLZ NEOPAMISH KLZHBIBIT!"

"Oh, I didn't know that" he replied with a quizzical expression.

"Mummph! Slurk!" said the depraved assistant, who was not fully aware of all that had transpired.

George Wagner, champion of all that is good and moral and kind and ethical and just in the world, and who always pets stray dogs and gives saucers of milk to stray kittens and puts splints on injured sparrows and robins, came along to clean up the situation; he pressed the electro-destruct button, and the captain, butterfly, the space-ship, the universe, everything went up in smoke. This was the end. That's all folks. No more. Gone. Sorry. THE END!

But out of that smoke came... "Schlurk! Mummph! Dreegle!..." and then an evil bloodshot eye could be perceived in the dissipating mist. The eye went back and forth viewing all the heavenly bodies formed by the now solidifying smoke.

"Have to use the super-destruct-destroy-nomore-vanisho-ggneagain-goodbye-farewell button." And he did.

Meanwhile, he said "Salimi Mommy" sas he probed his throbbing pencil into her moist cushion. Her finger stabbed out and pushed his button where upon he proceeded to fall apart into 27.83 pieces. 27 of which were not his own.

Continued on page 11

My typewriter has turned into a prevert!

THE LUNAR TUNA by Thos. J. LeMandalla
(a paraphrase on "The Cow Jumped over the Moon")

Part I
ONCE there was a tuna
Who leaped way up to Luna,
Up beyond the great Inosphere.
And while he was leaping,
He was oft heard repeating,
"NO, I WON'T, I WON'T GO THERE!"

Part II
He blasted off quite quickly.
Oh, what a glorious sight!
With power hardly sickly,
He passed the Northern Lights.

At Cape Kennedy, by the sea,
They shouted, "Man alive!
What is it that this thing can be,
That's passed by Sputnik Five?"

Proceeding like a satellite,
Above the clouds he'd soar;
But there was a delay in flight
When he hit a meteor.

The meteor didn't phase him;
And then, very soon,
After the meteor grazed him,
He landed on the Moon.

Part III
Since half of Luna's boiling hot
And the other side's a freezing lot,
The Tuna wasn't very comfortable.
He landed on the hot side,
And roasted 'til he died;
And was served that Night as Supper on a Moon Man's Table!

AN ODYSSEY continued from page

Fat George Wagner said "Wait! Would science-fiction fans ever act dirty?"
And an answering voice cried out "Slurk! Mummph! Dreegle! - - -"

EEP!

BARF!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

"BARF!!!!!!!!!!!!!!", he asked. "It sounded more like 'Mummph! Gorp!?' (Glurch!?' Smurple!?' or something like that."

"No, it's more like 'Mumph! Schamurb? Dreegle! Glarph! Scronch! Short!' and so on.

Meanwhile, back in the smoke, they were heard to say... "Good Lord! It's live!"

Yes, indeed, friends, the proper chemicals had been joined together.

Yes, indeed.- Captain Darkyn climbed down from the astrogator's turret (Dreegle!): his face was grim.

THE GLASS PRISON by James R. Scott

Henry Gilroy looked out of his glass prison at the hideous eyes that watched him for the one millionth time that day. He recoiled from the sight in mounting fear. The creatures came often and when they did, each visit meant screaming, terrifying death for the chosen ones in the glass prison. Why? Why was he, Henry Gilroy, one of the sixty odd crew to be chosen for death? Death was certain, only time remained suspended. The creatures controled the prisoners completely and all that Henry and his helpless comrades had left now was raw hope, and even that only increased the fear of their plight..

He sadly remembered as he gazed out at his fate, only two, short days ago he had wandered along the beach, his family was enjoying their wonderful complete life together. He was a fisherman: his needs had been small, most were taken from the sea. The sea had been his life and his family's. But that was two days ago. The creatures had always been a threat he'd remembered, but until that day, his neighborhood had never been attacked.

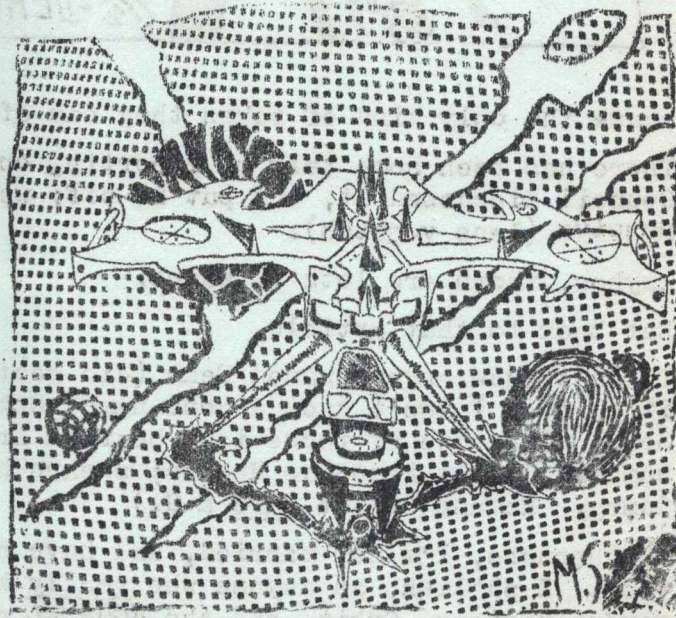
Now only the present counted and for the present Henry and the others were frightened prisoners, instinctively trying to evade the grotesque figures and faces of their captors. Suddenly a gigantic hand reached into the prison entrapping him in a breathless grip. Henry screamed, "No, please, not me — I have a family" — but the monsters did not listen. They merely laughed — giggling laughter which Henry repulsed. Suddenly the tight grip loosened and Henry was plunged into a bubbling death vat of burning destruction. He never heard the cook tell the little boy he had made a wise choice and the little boy never heard Henry's savage screams of pain coming from the big pot as his rough shell slowly turned a golden brown in the hot grease of the lobster pan.

MIDWESTCON 1970

This year's MIDWESTCON will be held on June 26-28th, at the Carrousel Inn, 8001 Reading Rd., Cincinnati Ohio 45237. That's only $\frac{1}{2}$ block from last year's site. Registration is \$2, payable at the Con.

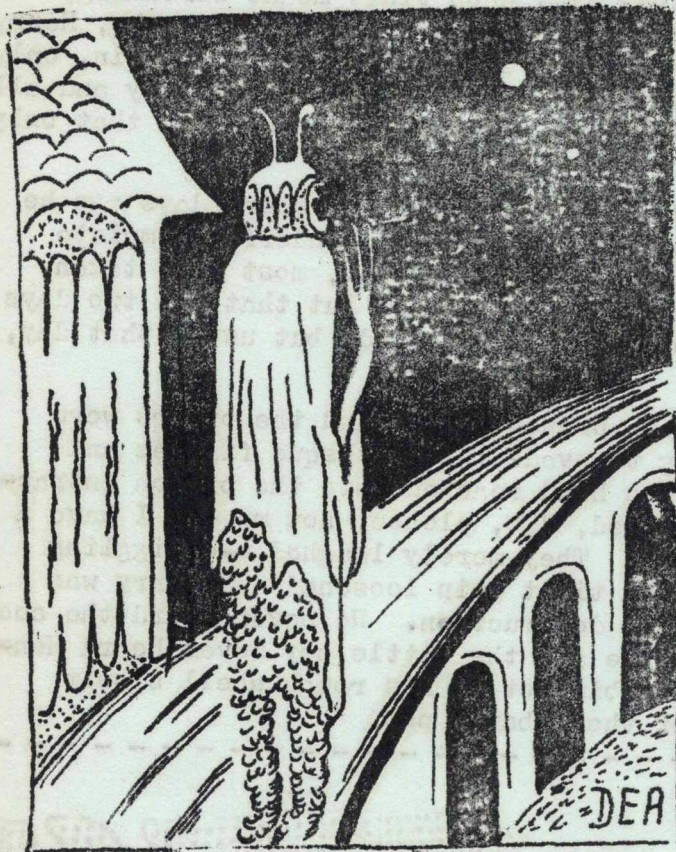
The Carrousel is one of only four Five***** star rated motels in the country. The accomodations are luxurious and the prices reasonable. It boasts two outdoor and one indoor swimming pools, tennis courts, cocktail lounges, coffee shop, and the famous La Ronde Dining Room, rated one of the great eating places in the country by Holiday Magazine.

The Midwestcon has come to be known as the relaxcon because of its programless relaxed atmosphere. Come to the Midwestcon and eat, drink, and play. This is the one con your whole family will enjoy.



HYPERBOLICSYLLABICSES -
QUEDALYMISTIC

THE LETTERCOL



andrew offutt/Drawer P 316 E. Main St./
Morehead Ky. 40351

Skamboob,

Thanks. And yes, I do prefer translation of the Greek 'ch' into 'k'. Besides, I know how to pronounce your zine's title.

I had to write. First, because you were nice enough to send me #5. Second, because of one wild article I read. By Mark Schoolsinger.

Look, it was all lies. Morehead is enormous, sprawling along the highway, with an Interstate exchange and a Holliday Inn. Too, there's the Morehead Playboy Club (open five nights a week. On Thursday nights the bunny bowls). (NOTHING in Ky is open on Sunday night. Except Church of God and the Baptists).

People in Morehead don't go to bed at 9PM, and we don't got big families neither. We often stay up until 9:30 or even ten, on weekends, and certainly no one here has families as large as any Kennedy. Morehead isn't big enough to be able to afford Catholics. We do have one black. His name is Gary ("Shadey") White, and he stands around street corners, either one or the other, five nights a week, for atmosphere. He shakes his fist and looks mean at cars with Southern plates. (Five nights a week: on Thursday nights he bowls. With the bunny. On Tuesday we loan him to Salt Lick ((8 miles down the road)), because the only kind of token they can afford is the bus kind.)

There has been some talk of importing one Jew, too, from Cincinnati maybe. City Council discussed it, but put it off; we'd have to raise taxes. Jews are more expensive (less voguish).

Anyhow, there are lots of wasps.

But back to that article.

I don't know anyone named Beam (Jim Beam? Now HE's a Kentuckian, and that's where it's at). I don't know anyone named Schulzinger. God, I don't even WANT to. Sounds like one of those icky bearded Arab types. I DO have a coonhound, but his name is Sextus Pompeius Magnus; swears he don't know no Gaius P.M. (That's Caius, dummy. Romans didn't have a G.)

Furthermore, I'm not married, and have never written any 'obscene historical' fiction. I publish, as anyone who really knows me knows, in GALAXY, IF, Again, Dangerous Visions, Orbit, and the JOURNAL of the Amercian Medical Ass'n. And nobody in Morehead drinks; it's dry, man, dry. Like we even have to send out for water.

I want to ask you, Frank Johnson, to cool it on these spurious articles purporting to relate wild tales of visits to my domicile. ONLY Ike Asimov, Harlan Ellison,

Art Clarke, and Moshe Dayan have visited me, and we discuss world affairs while drinking sassafrass tea. Moshe has this dog, an Arabic Setter, who's crazy about my Pompey. Her name is Caia Marcella Shulsina.

((Look, we know all about Morehead being a little burg just off the highway and having "Now Entering" and "Now Leaving" signs only 5 feet apart. We know all about that college that leaves you all deserted on weekends. We also know about the mildly-ponomographic Conan spoof that Dell is releasing (Free plug, andy). We also know that your dirty novels aren't necessarily "historical" ones. As if that makes any difference. - FCJ))

Mark Schulzinger/RR #1 Box 170/Morehead Ky. 40351

Yurk! Can it be? Guess it is. Here the latest ish of SCHAMOOB has been lying around in Incredibility Gap for close to two weeks and I haven't written a letter to you about it. Even tho it contains Schulzingerisms all through its incredibly long length (yeah, I know you tried to escape notice by not bothering to number the pages, but I counted them just the same — 20) I have not yet written to tell of my appreciation by such slavish pandering to my ego.

Maybe I've been busy.

You damn betchum.

Hell, I haven't even had a chance to play wargames more than once with Offutt in the past several weeks. Maybe I ought to enlist in the Army. It's probably quieter in Viet Nam than it is at the abortion clinic.

I found Mr. Stattmiller's article interesting, mainly because of the comic characters he chose to write about. Of all the comic critters around, I find the Hulk most disturbing. He is the most Freudian of all the superheros; perhaps the most deliberately so. Consider: meek, mild-mannered scientist, Bruce Banner, must keep his nervous system under control lest he become the Hulk. Even so, the environmental pressures he is subjected to occasionally become so great that he undergoes the change in spite of himself.

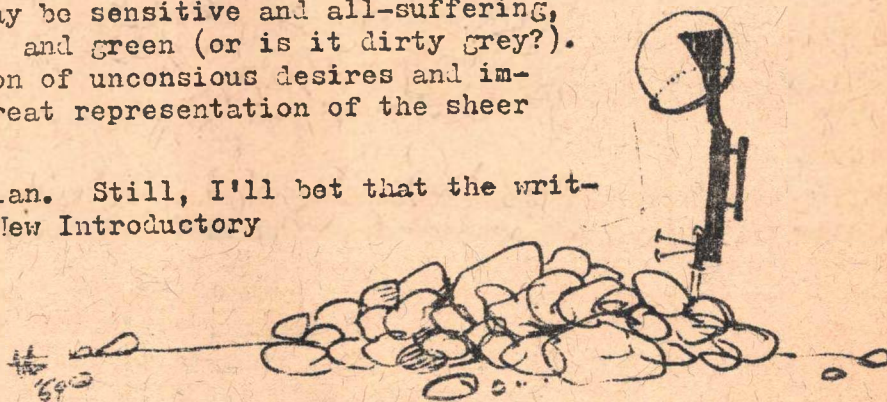
The Hulk is basically Banner's id taking control of his body. Granted, the Hulk may be sensitive and all-suffering, but he's still rule, crude, and green (or is it dirty grey?). He's a perfect manifestation of unconscious desires and impulses, not to mention a great representation of the sheer brute strength of the id.

So, you're not a Freudian. Still, I'll bet that the writer of the strip read the "New Introductory Lectures".

Of all the comic book heros, then, the Hulk represents the most unabashed and thinly disguised wish-fulfilment around. For

that reason I feel uncomfortable when I encounter him. I've worked long and hard to keep my id in its place. It only gets a chance to fool around when I'm asleep. I've even relaxed censorship so it can let me know, pretty directly, what it's up to. I certainly wouldn't want it to come busting out when I got a bit upset.ugh. The very idea makes me shudder.

I also want to comment on Jeff Smith's Beatles letter. By now we all know that Beatle Paul is Alive and Well in Wales or someplace like that. We also know



that, while clues had, indeed, been planted, they did not refer to Paul's death. They were merely misinterpreted. We also know that other "clues" had no symbolism whatsoever.

This episode should prove something. That something is probably what the Beatles have been saying all along — they are a hoax that made good. They were competent songwriters who deliberately distorted their own creations to produce something outrageous. Outrageous but good. The old Beatle music stands out because of the sheer musical ability of the group as well as for the deliberate spoof it represents. More recent work is more deliberately spoofing but still good.

Far from being off the books as a hoax, they were welcomed by people who felt that this music represented an approach to musical nirvana, much in the same way the Beatles themselves welcomed the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. As new musical messiahs they were, at least, canonised and, at the most, defied. Everything they said or ~~did~~ represented something mystical and far more meaningful than it really was.

Is it so strange, then, that the followers of the Beatles finally read sinister symbolism into what they saw?

This has happened whenever people try to interpret things which require no interpretation or are uninterpretable. I am reminded of what happened in a 1942 issue of UNKNOWN when Anthony Boucher tried to interpret Nostradamus and wound up with a prediction that the war would be over in the next year. He was woefully wrong.

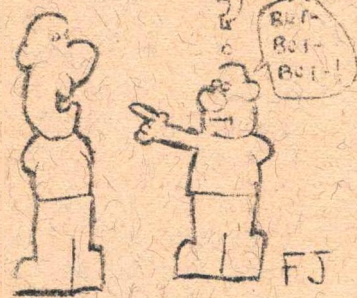
The Beatles, like the Maharishi, are human. For a while though, the Beatles weren't so sure about the Maharishi. Many people seem to feel the same way about the Beatles.

((Yeah - mediaeval is spelled wrong in that picture over there.

The Hulk, like Mark said, is very different than most other heroes. Most super-heroes don't even come close to resembling the average male; and not because their super (Superman came from Krypton and would still have the same powers he was pot-bellied). The super-heroes normally found in comics have big bulging muscles and faces handsomer than that of Rudolph Valentino. Sickening, ain't it? The Hulk is a part of Bruce Banner, the part brought out by gamma radiation. It's not a pretty sight to see. The Hulk is big, loud, and green. It's the part of us we want to be. Maybe except for the green. - FCJ))



MEDEVIL FANDOM TRIES HARDER!



Jeffrey Smith/7205 Barlow Ct./Baltimore Md. 21207

I can't understand all you fanzine editors who can't fill up a couple pages of editorial. I wrote about 30 pages of editorial for PHANTASMICOM, and when it comes time to pick out five pages worth for the ditto masters I throw it all out and write five more. Whenever possible I adapt the unused stuff into locs, like the McCartney stuff in SCHLMOOR 5.

I disagree with you about THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN. Michael Crichton has a good deal of writing ability, and his mystery A CASE OF NEED is very good. ANDROMEDA is not everyday crud. It's a modernized bit of 1945 sf. It is not as good as the best sf of today, but it is better than the real everyday crud that's being farmed off on us. I enjoyed the book very much, but I never expect to want to reread it, or give it a Hugo.

Speaking of the Hugo, I just got LOCUS, with the Nebula nominations. I am not (yet) eligible for the SFMA, but I had fun picking out my choices.

The novel award should go to BUG JACK BARON. So the book is tremendously flawed. So what? There has never been an sf book like it before, and it wasn't horrendously bad. I've read seven times, and think it is worthy of the honor. 2nd choice: SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE. Vonnegut is superb. 3rd: THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS. 4th: THE JAGGED ORBIT. 5th: UP THE LINE is a marvelous book, but Silverberg's TO LIVE AGAIN is better. 6th: ISLE OF THE DEAD. I like Zelazny, but I started this one twice and got halfway through both times.

Harlan Ellison's "A Boy and His Dog" should get the novelette award, but since it's in the novella category let it win there. This is one of Harlan's best stories and does a fine job of contrasting three different societies. I've read it lotsa times, too. I wouldn't like to see Silverberg win for "To Jorslem." He won the Hugo for "Nightwings," which is better. Let him be satisfied with that. I haven't read the other three as yet, but I do want to read "Dramatic Mission" (McCaffrey) and "Ship of Shadows" (Leiber) before Hugo time.

Novelette: "Time Considered as a Helix of Semi-precious Stones" by Delany is a novella, and I thought Ursula K. LeGuin's "Fine Lives" was a short story, but I could be wrong there. Both are excellent. I'm tempted to go with Le Guin because she was knocked out of the novel category by two other books. "Depper than the Darkness" (Benford) is good but as good as the others. "The Big Flash" by Spinrad is atrocious.

I've only read two of the five short story nominees but of them I like Larry Niven's "Not Long Before the End!" My favorite Niven story. "Shattered Like a Glass Goblin" (Ellison) is also fantastic. I think that it -- like "A Boy and His Dog" -- is one of Harlan's own favorites. I prefer "The Place with No Name" from his 1969 stories. I'll have to check into the others but I can't find myself voting for Tiptree. Probably won't make the Hugo ballot, so I don't have to worry about it.

Only four categories? Now.

I just read Lloyd Alexander's THE BOOK OF THREE. What a great book! I thought it was just a children's book, but was I wrong! I think it's better than THE HOBBIT -- but not, of course, as good as THE LORD OF THE RINGS. I've got the first and fourth volumes of the five-volume set, and I can't get the other three until tomorrow night. I'm going out my mind.

((Free plug: Jeff's zine, PHANTASMICOM, should with a second issue soon. There's an interview with Zelazny and an article on the New Wave by Jeff.

The Nebula awards don't really mean anything to me anyway because not everyone gets a chance to vote on it. I think that the Hugo is the big thing because pros and fans get to do the voting. The Hugo shows pretty close what was liked and what wasn't.

And since Hugo time is rolling around, my personal nominations: BUG JACK BARON for novel because out of the few I've read this last year, this tends to be a bit different than the rest of the stuff around. Last year, "Nightwings" won as a novella, and I don't see much difference in length between that and "To Jorslem." Galaxy classified it as a novelette and until somebody comes up

with an official word count and classification I really can't make up my mind. For short story I choose "Come To Me Not in Winter's White" by Harlan Ellison and Roger Zelazny, in the Oct. issue of F&SF. Pro artist is still Jack Gaughan - let's face reality no competition. Prozine: F&SF seems to constantly have good stories. Dramatic presentation may go blank this year unless the Trekkies get "Turnabout Intruder" on. Star Trek did save the best until last. ~~TRUMPET~~ should be best fanzine. Harry Warner Jr. is the only choice for fan writer, but if there is some objection to him winning it twice in a row, then I'll have to go for Richard Delap or Walt Willis. Fan artist award, as it now stands (my proposed revisions in the editorial), goes to either Bill Rotsler or Tim Kirk. Should be fun this year. I hope LOCUS gets some kind of award for its great news service. - FCJ))

John J. Pierce/275 McMane Ave./Berkeley Heights NJ 07922

I see by Schamob 5 that you desire my presence at the SerCon in order to debate Norman Spinrad.

I'm already in demand for the Agacon in Atlanta. That's not on the same weekend, true, but I don't think I can afford more than one long trip in a single year. I've met Mr. Spinrad before, of course, and I suppose I wouldn't object to debating him in New York, but I'm not sure I want to go all the way to Cincinnati to do so. Not unless the SerCon offers other attractions than his presence. I shall be interested in further information about the SerCon, therefore, in order to make a decision.

The sex life of Buck Rogers? I can't recall that there was much in "Armageddon 2419 A.D.," though of course, Buck (Anthony) did manage to marry Wilma Deering about halfway through. The main thing there was that society was organized something like a kibbitz, so I suppose this had some effect on marriage and family problems. I know little of the comic strip, apart from the episodes collected in that huge Chelsea House book — I gather that as time went on, the original egalitarian relationship between the sexes was forgotten and Wilma and other girls became the moronic types found in women's magazines. But at any rate, there wasn't any sex to speak — not unless one insists on taking a Freudian approach and calling every rocketship a phallic symbol and so on.

It's time to make nominations for the Hugo awards. May I suggest Ursula LeGuin's THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS for the novel, Larry Riven's "Death by Ecstasy" ("The Organleggers") for the novella, and James Tiptree's "The Snows are Melted, The Snows are Gone" for the short story?

((Mark Schulzinger did a book review of the BUCK ROGERS book (reprinted in the editorial - or at least should be) and first brought to my mind how dirty the strip really is. For instance, take a look in the COLLECTED WORKS on page 140. In both panels of the strip, Wilma's hand is masturbating her left breast. You never really notice those things until some dirty minded sex-feind - in this case, youngfan Brad Balfour - tells you all about it. - FCJ))

Rotten to the Core

continued from page 2

Lecherous-hearted readers, wait now. For only 10¢ and a stamped self-addressed plain brown wrapper, you can have my copy of Standing Joy, hardly drooled upon. I'll even underline the juicy parts for you. — Leon Taylor

((Leon is a good reviewer isn't he? He also wrote a small kind of loc. He says that in the February issue of The Writer, "fakefan" Mark Schulzinger was featured as an expert on book reviewing. He also does good reviews (used to write for the Cincy Enquirer), but an expert? Wild.))

WHY YOU GOT THIS ISSUE

- _____ you paid (hopefully in US currency)
- _____ you subscribed. your sub ends with # . better watch that kind of stuff.
- _____ you contributed.
- _____ you didn't contribute. eat your heart out.
- _____ you might contribute. art, poetry, fiction, articles, reviews, or something like that
- _____ you might send an LoC. i like to find out what you all think of schmooch. don't worry. i can take it. i got the guts.
- _____ you review fanzines. if you do, please send me a copy. don't worry. i can take it. i got the guts.
- _____ your fanzine is reviewed inside. can you take it?
- _____ you are a friend. you are also a prevert.
- _____ you are not a friend. eat your heart out. go back 3 spaces.
- _____ your LoC was printed. such petty egoboo.
- _____ you are mentioned. eat your heart out.
- _____ you bought stock in iydlili. _____ we trade.
- _____ you might subscribe. rates are now 25¢ each; 4/01.
- _____ you are "fat george wagner." eat your heart out.
- _____ you are "george wagner, champion of all that is good and moral and kind and ethical and just in the world". still eating?
- _____ ~~your~~ mailman hates you.
- _____ you need positive proof that you're still a fan in good standing.
- _____ you enjoy the rough life.
- _____ you won't get next issue unless you send something back. this is a threat.
- _____ this is an excuse for a fanzine-toilet-paper joke.
- _____ a b dick and gestetner are really partners.
- _____ "'Have to use the super-destruct-destroy-nomore-vanisho-goneagain-good-bye-farewell button.' and he did."

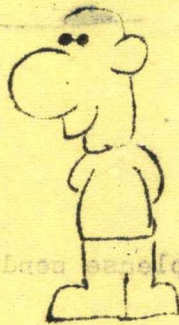


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Frank C. Johnson
3836 Washington
Cincinnati Ohio
45229

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"Have to use the upper-left-right-left-right-nomono-vanisho-gonocoin-goo-
the Arnold button," and he said."