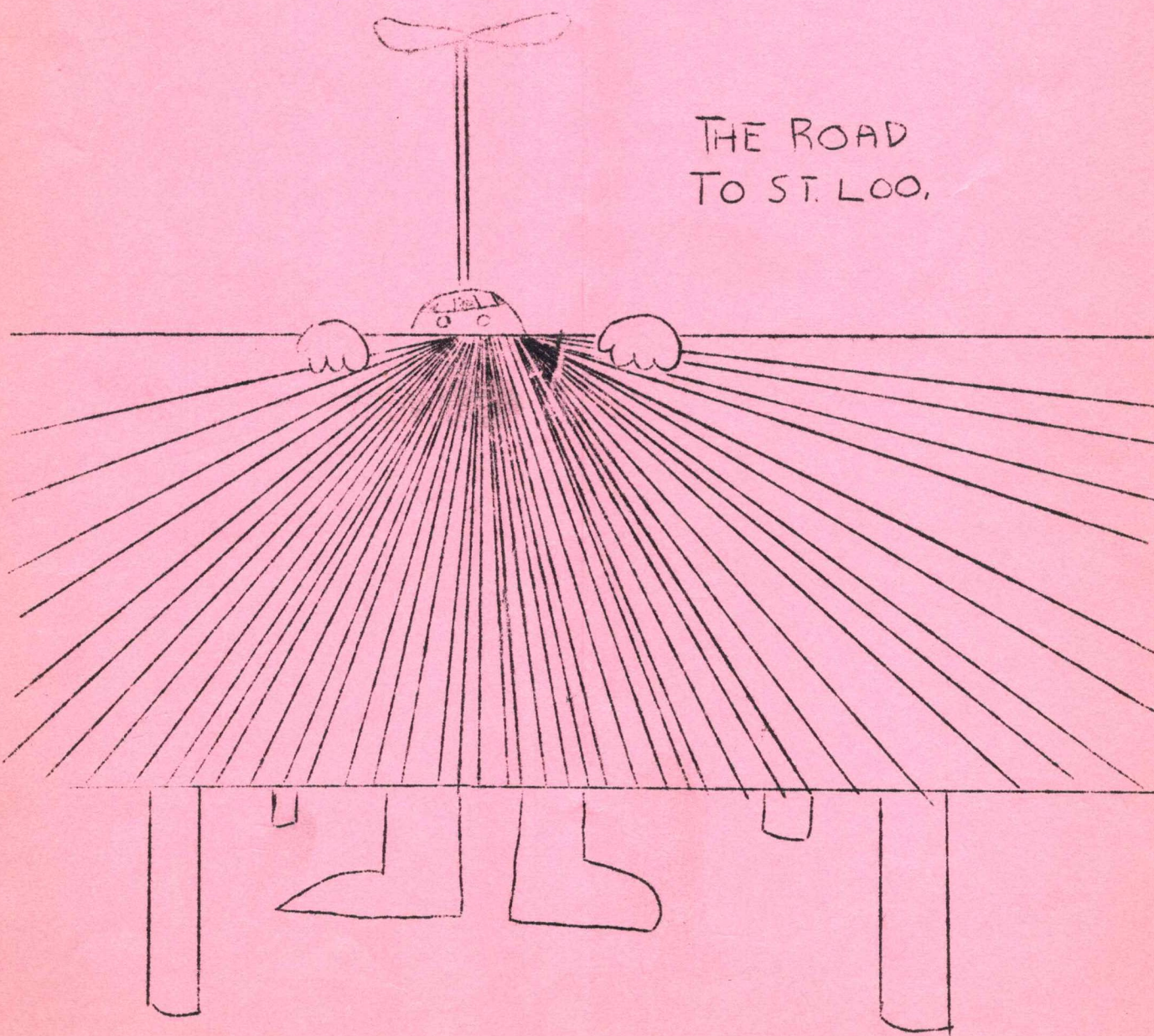


THE ROAD
TO ST. LOO.



Schamooob is published about 3 or 4 or maybe 5 times a year. It is published by IYDLILI*. This issue is going for 25¢. The next will be available for the same, published LoC's, contributions, artwork, trade, and if you sent me money for this ish and I didn't have anymore (fat chance). You can this thing from Frank C. Johnson (FCJ): 3836 Washington, Cincinnati Ohio 45229. Anyone wishing to call me up at this number: 513-281-1310, may do so -- but NOT COLLECT!! All the art was drawn on the stencil except for page 4.

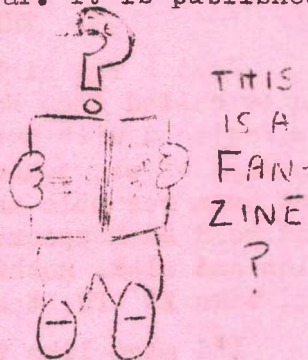
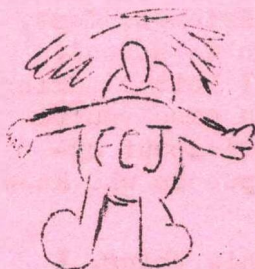


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ART CREDITS:

Percy Weaver - 6,11,18.
 FCJ - all the rest, and the lettering.



This here is the second issue of Schamooob, Cincy's newest fanzine (not that it means anything but it is a title). As you can see it looks a lot better than last time. And there are 6 more pages. And an increase of 5¢ in the price, too. But so what. You can afford it. In fact why not buy an extra copy.

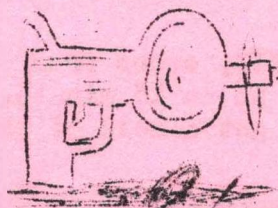
There won't be any subscriptions for a long time yet. In fact only one person has a sub. He'll be getting it for an indefinite period. Shows what faith your fellow man has.

Mark Schulzinger sent me a very nice letter and it's not in here. Why? Because I ran out of room to soon. I had a specific order for the letters and Mark's was next to last. Because I'm so sure that I'm gonna get chewed out, I've decided to print the whole magilla in the next ish, along with the letter on this ish. Sorry, Mark. So what's an extra ream? Don't worry. It's in here.

Last ish about 100 people got the thing. I got back 10 letters and two fanzines. Maybe I sent it to the wrong people. The mailing list will be changed for this ish. If you didn't get this, now you know why. (Doesn't that sound dumb?)

Well the end is near. Bi.

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



"OH, IT'S AN AUTOMATIC"



THE RESPRESSIBLE SQUARE DANCE by FCJ

Just a few nights ago, I was conned into watching a whole hour of that thing on tv called "Hee Haw". It's really funny how a good show like Tom's and Dick's is replaced with pure hogwashed corn. During the hour were country singers and a barrage of pig jokes, farm jokes, fat ladies jokes, and others, all of which did not even resemble anything funny. I really expected to see Andy Griffith come out and read Shakespeare (and that would be the only funny thing in the show). But alas and alak, nothing of the sort. Maybe someone will wake up to all this stuff and take it off, take it all off.

I'd also like to add that friend Dick Schultz has been launching a private war against tv shows like "Gomer Pyle". Isn't it funny that when "The Prisoner" goes off, Jim Nabors comes on. I think that they may done that on purpose. Not to antagonize Dick, mind you, but mainly to fool "Prisoner" fans into actually watching that thing. Can America take it? A whole hour of him?!

I'm not printed up 200 copies like I said I would last issue mainly because I didn't get enough response to really bother anybody. Maybe you all have dead typewriters or something. Or maybe you're all lazy like me. I'm lazy, too, you know. But not that lazy. I've made a policy with myself now to write to every fanzine I get. It not only satisfies the soul, but also increases the chances of me getting the next issue.

And now about next issue. There will be one. But not until Oct. or Nov. or some other unGhodyly time when the school work isn't so heavy. Yes, friends, Sept. is here already, making my last few days hectic ones. Of course I go to school. High school to be exact. Not that I'm bragging but it's just that I better making this point so that some nut won't ask me where the next issue is. In case you're curious I'm majoring in electronics. And that's all I'm going to tell about myself. For all you know I might be a hoax. But then there are a few people who know who I really am and thus ruining the whole stchick.

While all you were at STLOUIS, I was stuck here finishing up this thing. I was stuck here mainly because I didn't have the money to go. And you can believe I'm not going to HEICON. Let's face it, it's too far to swim. MIDWESTCON forever.

(I don't care if I am rambling) Fan pubbing is a lot of fun. I haven't made a cent but I like it anyway. The local fan group here, the CFG, have been helping out both the CINTIZINES. Even if they ~~are/old/and/serile~~ do have other things, they've given much help. The story in here was written by Dale Tarr, a CFG member and a couple of letters from CFG fen. They offered to type and stencil for me but that's half the fun. The other half is going to conventions and selling these stapled sheets. And since I don't go to conventions, half the fun is already gone.

Somewhere in this ish I may have said that I wouldn't publish a 30+ page fanzine. This was before I thought about it. It seems that I could do one if I do a little bit at a time. This way I could run off the pages off, a few a weekend, store them and staple them together when it's all done.

The name of the lettercol, HYPERBOLICSYLLABICSESQUEDALYMIC, comes from the Isaac Hayes album, "Hot Buttered Soul". Also on that record is an 18 minute, 40 second classic called "By the Time I get to Pheonix". If you get a hold of the album, you'll know why I call it a classic.

This is my first of many pleas you'll see this ish for contributions. They are needed. I need art, articles, reviews, or anything. Look I want to keep this thing going, but I can't write everything myself. Honest. If you have anything, send it. ~~***~~ PLEASE?????

ALWAYS HERE AND NEVER THERE-----FCJ

THE IMPORTANCE OF FANTASY

a newspaper article from Chicago's Sunday American's Magazine (November 10, 1968). Interview with Ray Bradbury and Chuck Jones. Interviewer was Mary Harrington Hall.

'We survive by fantasizing,' says Author Ray Bradbury. 'Take that away and the whole damned race goes down the drain.' For more of his views read on

Fantasy is man's key to survival. Or so say two masters of fantasy: Ray Bradbury, 47, is a genius of the fantastic. One of America's best known authors, he has written books, short stories, and, lately, a play. He and Jones are planning to do an animated film, "The Pumpkin Tree." Charles Jones, 54, is a creator of wit and fantasy on film. He invented the Roadrunner, Pepe le Pew, and was a father to Bugs Bunny. Winner of three Oscars, he is working on "The Phantom Tollbooth," the first full-length fantasy since Walt Disney's "Fantasia." Interviewing the two masters was Mary Harrington Hall (MHH), managing editor of Psychology Today.

MHH: Once, Chuck Jones, when I was prey to the hard sell of reality-is-all in our button-down culture, you warned me: "People who look thru keyholes are apt to get the idea that most things are keyhole shaped."

BRADBURY: The ability to "fantasize" is the ability to survive. It's wonderful to speak about this subject because there have been so many wrong-headed people dealing with it. We're going thru a terrible period in art, in literature and living, in psychiatry and psychology. The so-called realists are trying to be driven insane. I go with Nietzsche who said: "We have art that we do not perish in the truth." That's what art is for. In our daily lives, we are making do. Things get rougher as we go along, but we make do. We lose love; we lose people; we lose jobs. And the remarkable thing about the human race is the ability to survive. We survive by fantasizing. Take that away and the whole damned human race goes down the drain. End of statement.

JONES: Have you ever felt drowned in your own minutia? Most people feel so, unless fantasy is one of life's delights. I was supposed to be writing a speech while flying back from Europe-work, work, work. And then we were over northern Iceland and Greenland. Flight is conducive to fantasy. I saw those great, white, unblemished fields. Huge snow fields 10 miles wide and 10 miles high. And the animator came out in me and got greedy. I thought, if I could only take a giant pencil, a burnt tree or something, and draw on that great cold piece of paper...how wonderful, how wonderful.

MHH: What is successful fantasy in the arts?

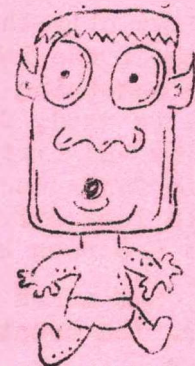
JONES: You must build an entire world that is believable. Everything about this world must ring true, and the facts of the imagination must become as acceptable as the facts of reality.

BRADBURY: What you must do is take one simple, fantastic idea and implement it on every sensual level.

MHH: Remember your man in the attic, the man in "A Scent of Sarsaparilla?"

BRADBURY: That's what I mean by implementation. Everything is wrong in his life, and his wife is shouting at him. He gets up in his attic and looks out the window and the year 1905 is out there, firecrackers, sunshine, and all. And he looks down the stairs and sees his hatchet-faced wife is waiting. The only good thing is the past-outside his window. But how can I make people believe this?

I worked and worked on that story. I wanted to go back in time. The attic



DADDY?

was my time machine. But I had to prove it. So I opened all the trunks for the reader. There were the mothballs and the old clocks and the smell of machinery, and the prisms of old chandeliers that have caught the sunlight of other days. I made a list of things that had been put away so you could smell the attic, feel the old plush, and look at the time and dust put away in that old attic. If I could attack you thru every one of your senses so that you believed you were there, really believed in my time machine, then you'd believe my story. Once I wrote that page of description for the senses, I proved my fantasy.

MHH: Then the man pulled up the ladder that led from downstairs up to the attic. I remember. He climbed out that window and was gone, and I believed you. His wife came up and looked out the window at the end. She saw this strange sunlight of another day, and she knew. And she knew she'd never have enough feeling about that 1905 world to follow.

JONES: I know that story; it proves something I believe: there are only two things that matter in life - work and love. And only the love should show.

Fantasy and poetry are horribly underestimated by people who don't realize that the toughest, the hardest thing in the world to write is poetry. And the second toughest is fantasy. People think there is one set of rules for every form of literature and another set for fantasy, and that's where most mistakes in analysis are made. The rules are exactly the same. You make sure that both intuitive and sensual logic are involved, not just intellectual logic. We believe only that which is proved artistically.

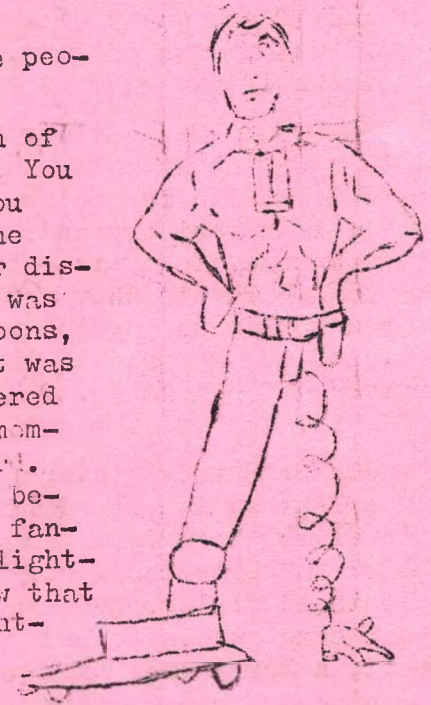
MHH: And you prove your fantasy with almost-alive people and animals in animated films.

JONES: You must really give the absolute illusion of reality to something no one else has ever seen before. You are dealing with the utterly impossible. That means you can't cut any corners. When my daughter was little, she told me that Terrytoons were "the ones where the water disappears." I checked to see what she meant. When water was spilled or a wave washed onto the shore in those cartoons, the water would disappear. It didn't remain because it was cheaper to film by having it disintegrate. That shattered the reality of believable fantasy. All my daughter remembers about those cartoons was that the water disappeared.

You must have a wedding - or at least a liason - between the logic of your reality and the logic of your fantasy. Ray's story about the sea monster that loved a lighthouse is a good example. It's so simple. Once you know that the monster is there and that the fog horn of the lighthouse and the cry of the monster coming up out of the deep sound exactly the same, there's nothing so incredible about the love. When fantasy is submitted by amateurs to MGM here it usually has something to do with outer space. And always these amateurs if one story line is good, four or five are better. They bury simplicity. And they confuse fantasy and distortion, which is like supposing that those distortion mirrors at the fun house are the same thing as caricature. Well, they're not. They make people look different from what they are. They don't emphasize the thing that makes a person beautiful or ugly.

MHH: What makes a great fantasy character? I puzzle over that. Take your Roadrunner. You created him years ago, and he still lives.

JONES: The Roadrunner is probably a transference of adult humor to a child's society. What surprises me is the fact that even young children buy it. That proves that children have a helluva a lot more cognizance of the world than people give them credit. Roadrunner was intended as a parody of all the chase cartoons. You know these baseboard pictures, where the camera is so low that all you



see is the baseboard of the room, and cats chasing mice, and dogs chasing cats. But nobody expected it as a parody, which was a disappointment to me.

I thought I might become the Jonathan Swift of animated cartoons, But people took the Roadrunner as a straight character.

BRADBURY: Every weekend when Bugs Bunny or the Roadrunner is on, the kids yell at me and nothing will keep me away from the television. There isn't anything on TV to compare with them.

JONES: Bugs had many fathers. I did the original drawings, but a lot of us worked to make him what he is. In developing a character like Bugs, first you have to think out who he is, what his motivation is, how he stands, what his weight is, what his personality is. You build out of whole cloth - or whole paper - a character who is understandable by the way he moves.

At first, Bugs Bunny was a sort of a Woddy Woodpecker. When he stood still, his legs were bent to indicate that he could move suddenly. Then we achieved controlled fantasy, and he never bent his legs again. He stood with all his weight on one leg and the other leg loose - the classic posture of a man about town. Bugs knows where he's going; he can go anyplace.

MHH: My God, suddenly you look like him. It's incredible.

JONES: Oh, an animator does that. How are you going to show all men who work with you, who draw and brings off, how a character moves and feels if you don't become the character?

MHH: Tell me about the movie you two are doing together.

BRADBURY: I've admired Chuck for 20 years, but we just met six months ago. He decided we should do an animated film. We met just after Halloween.

We got to talking about the evolution of Halloween from the dawn of history. And all of a sudden we decided to do a show and call it either "The Pumpkin Tree" or "The Halloween Tree."

MHH: We've talked about what fantasy is. Well, Halloween is an example of the need for fantasy that exists in all of us.

BRADBURY: This kind of fantasy, and the kind that comes out in horror stories and horror films is our way of dealing with death. Death comes to all of us, and violence and tears. But death is inexplicable. All kinds of religions have tried to explain death to us for centuries, and we still don't know a damn thing. Science can't tell us anything.

So we have to have explanations for death. When you see "Dracula," you've watched the essence of death terrifying you for 90 minutes. Then Dr. Von Helsing hands you a cedar stake, and you say, "Dracula, take that." And you go "Voom, Voom, Voom," and you kill death. That's the important thing.

MHH: Films like "Frankenstein" don't terrify the way "Wait Until Dark" did.

BRADBURY: "Wait Until Dark" is a sick picture. It terrifies you 120 minutes and leaves you with the hairball. That monster can come into your house tonight and kill you. You're never free after you see that film. The people who made that film don't know the first thing about what we need to survive as human beings. The purpose of art is to release every tension we have. If we need to cry; let us cry. If we need to laugh; let us laugh. If we need to throw up; by all means let us throw up. Being sick is a means of getting well. That's what sickness is for. You just can't stay sick; you've got to get well or kill yourself. So these new reality films say: "Die, die, die." They don't know that we must lie to ourselves with proper fantasies like "Dracula" and "Frankenstein" that say: "Here's the cedar stake. Drive it into his heart and kill death. For a little while, peace."

MHH: You are not a fan of Dr. Frederick Wertham or new reality reportage.

BRADBURY: I read two or three of Wertham's books. His whole attitude is ridiculous. Comic and horror stories ruining children, indeed! Wrong-headed! Books like Truman Capote's "In Cold Blood" are wrong-headed, too. What you call the new reality reportage bothers me.

MHH: Are you sure the new reality isn't a new kind of fantasy? The anti-hero? In Capote's book, the real people were the killers, and one pitied them for their inevitable life of crime.

JONES: Wertham came after my childhood, but my mother wouldn't let me go to see Keystone Cops movies and the like. She thought mayhem and broad humor were hideous fare for my budding libido, that I would go out and try to blow up a policeman when I grew up, that sort of thing. And that exactly what I did - with a paper and pencil.

Maybe the new reality is partly responsible for the great rise in the popularity of fantasy. Did you know that "How the Grinch Stole Christmas" (Jones-produced) and two Charles Schultz shows - all three of them reruns - were among the five top TV specials last year?

And you know in fantasy you can't forget "Fantasia." It was staggeringly wonderful. Deems Taylor and Stokowski were in control. First the music was done as they wanted it and then the animators took over. It was controlled fantasy.

People tend to judge "Fantasia" on what it is today. Remember, it was made 30 years ago. It cost 3 million dollars then; it could cost 30 million dollars now, but there are no longer enough good animators to make it. There were terrible mistakes in it. With its interpretation of Beethoven's Fifth "Fantasia" made miniscule one of the greatest things that ever was. But that was the way Disney saw it.

MHH: You love this art form, don't you?

JONES: I say I am trying to make fantasy for the audience, but I can really only make it for myself. I am making films for myself that children endorse, or you endorse. I know this is true in Ray's writing, and when Ted Geisel has made a Dr. Seuss book, it is on the basis on what he enjoys. It has to be so. You must do what you do with no thought of audience.

MHH: "Phantom Tollbooth" is a modern "Alice in Wonderland."

JONES: How I would like to make "Alice" and animate all the original Tenniel illustrations. Isn't that a frightening thought? One thing I have noticed about fantasists - if there is such a thing - is extreme concern about their ability to continue to produce, fear of the open canvas, the fear of keyboard, fear of that empty page on the typewriter.

But coupled with that is an extreme incisiveness and courage when you actually start work. It is like a dive into cold water, and at that point the artists are one with the universe (or with God, depending on what your persuasions are). They have absolute certainty and confidence in what they are doing. Then they stop and the fear is there again.

BRADBURY: Amen. Always there. And to stop is death.

MHH: So you keep rising again and risking. Ray, I'm confused in our definitions. What is the difference between fantasy and science fiction? Science fiction is fantasy, but what else?

BRADBURY: It is a confusing and fine line. Most people call "The Martian Chronicles" science fiction, but only portions are. In large part, it is really a fairytale of the future. But when you deal with the possible results of a machine's influence on a community, then you set up a civilization of the future and work it out - and that's science fiction.

For instance, I've just finished writing a story about the last man in England, and why not? Ireland is almost deserted today. The potato famine, plus travel around the world, plus all the young men leaving have reduced the population drastically. Everyone's getting out of the islands. They've even had to restrict passage. Well, I said to myself, wouldn't it be interesting to write a story called "A Lasting Sceptre, A Final Crown" in which the last man in England says goodbye to his friends who are going off in the last helicopter. They're all going to the summer islands, to Africa, to Santa Barbara, to Los Angeles. The warmth, the sun calls. Norway is deserted; Sweden no longer exists. Why? Because of the airplane and the credit cards and the job openings in all parts of the world. Now, this story is science fiction because it takes off on the idea of the influence of the airplane on the family, on society.

And so England is deserted and the last man says: "I will wander about and I will represent the ghosts. I will wander the Roman roads; I will defend our coast from the invasions of the Normans and the Saxons. I will meet Ceasar on the shore. I will be Big Ben on New Year's night. I will sit me on the stone of Scone and crown myself Harry the Ninth, the last King of England."

MHH: The importance of the machine fascinates you.

BRADBURY: Sure! Who set the Negroes free? The automobile, not the liberals. The automobile came along and said to the Negro: "Do you want to get out? Do you want to get away? Put a gallon of gas in that 1928 Nash and fly!" And they flew. And they're in Watts now because of the automobile. They set themselves free, 10 cents at a time.

MHH: Oh, come now, Ray. The original Lincoln was not a car.

JONES: I know a southern plantation owner who tried to drive a cedar stake thru a carburetor.

BRADBURY: Of course. He has to make that death because they're out and leave his fields. Anyhow, the difference between fantasy and science fiction is that science fiction could happen. England could be empty some day.

MHH: If each of you had to make a list of the best fantasy, the works that would last - what would you include?

JONES: I think I might begin with James Stephens "The Crock of Gold" and go on with Thurber's "The Thirteen Clocks," Tolkien's "Hobbit," Milne's "Once on a Time" one of the Dr. Suess books, "Horton Hears a Who," T.H. White's "Sword in the Stone," not the Disney version, Disney's "Dumbo," and Mark Twain's "Mysterious Stranger."

MHH: How about you, Ray? Do you want to add any others to the list?

BRADBURY: Indeed I do. "Alice in Wonderland" would be one, and all the Oz books would have to be included. You know, most of the librarians of the world don't think anything of the Oz books. Won't have them in the place.

MHH: The library didn't carry them when I was a child. That's how I discovered the second-hand book store. Who else will last?

BRADBURY Jules Verne will be around for a while, as long as you need time. And H.G. Wells. I have a sneaking suspicion that one of my books might make it: "Something Wicked This Way Comes."

MHH: What a great title! That's the one about the two boys and the carnival and the merry-go-round that makes you older or younger, depending on which way it revolves, isn't it?

BRADBURY: That's the one. It fell off the cliff when it was first published but now it has climbed safely back. I wrote it for the kids. I wanted to make a

Continued on page 13.

(4)

THE CASE OF THE WILLING SLEEPER

A Professor Holliday
Story by Dale Tarr

When Russell Tanner didn't turn up after ten days I figured there was something wrong so I visiphoned Biological Humanoids, Inc., where Russ was working as a co-op in connection with his university course. A blond in the personal department answered.

"Could you tell me if Russell Tanner is at work today?"

"Just a moment." She disappeared from the screen but it took her a full two minutes. "No, he hasn't been at work for the past several days."

"Can you tell me the date of the last day that he worked?"

The blonde pursed her lips and scrutinized a set of records which she held. "Tuesday, March 27th."

I exhaled audibly, said "Thank you!" and released the call button. That particular Tuesday was the day he had dropped by my home to discuss some NFFF historical research we had undertaken. Russ had been singularly listless, a circumstance which I had put down as the usual attack of spring fever. In an effort to end his lethargy I had suggested that he try out my latest invention.

"Say, Russ, I've got a new gadget. How'd you like to to guinea-pig its first performance test?"

His eyes brightened somewhat. "That'd be great," he enthused -- a trifle artificially I thought -- "what's the gimmick?"

I opened a small overnight case which was at the moment on my desk and let him see the interior. "This is, to put it briefly, a dream-making machine," I informed him. "It does look something like an old-time phonograph," I added, forestalling the apparent comment.

He nodded agreement, still not really interested. I continued:

"People always dream when they are asleep altho much of their dreaming is forgotten when they awaken. I have often thought how pleasant it would be if you could dream about whayever you wished -- have control over your dreaming so that one night you might dream of being a great scientist, the next night of being an interplanetary adventurer."

His eyes glinted with the first light of real concern. "Can you even pick your own characters -- your own villians?"

I laughed. "Curb your sadistic impulses, Russ. Of course you can. Any characters, any place, any time."

That was what picked him up from his melancholy. After a half-hours instruction on the use of the machine he had set off down the elastoid sidewalk, whistling as he walked.

But all that had been ten days ago. Now, I was faced with a decision as to what to do next. If the fellow had been skipping classes I didn't want to call attention to it unnecessarily so calling the university offices was out. I knew he had no visiphone in his apartment -- rental was out of reach of the average university student's income. On a hunch I called the main office and asked for Dottie Sullivan, the personals reporter for the University Student's Chronicler.

I was lucky. Someone had her to the phone in a scant 60 seconds.

"Why, it's Professor Holliday. Hello, prof. What's new with you?"

I lowered my voice to a little below a whisper and spoke. "Hi, Dottie. Have you seen anything of Russell Tanner lately?"

Her brown eyes veiled over and she stared at me from the screen with poker-faced intensity. I saw her hand operate the sonic curtain with which every visiphone is provided to insure privacy.

"What if I have?"

"Look, Dottie, has he been attending classes lately?"

She considered one a second. "No, he has not. As near as I can find out, not for over a week."

It hit me then. She knew about it and was trying to dig up a story. "Tell me, Dottie. Have you seen him lately?"

"Well, yes. I've seen him going down the street from his apartment to the corner drug store for a bite to eat. He acted sort of woozy if you ask me."

"Did you talk to him?"

"No. I was just — just trying to get a line on him. Is there a story there, prof?"

"Probably nothing you'd be able to print. That's all you know?"

"Sure." Dottie replied. "aren't they always? He'd probably been head over heels for Mary for a long time and finally got to dating her. Guess he got too serious or something and Mary dropped him but fast." For a second Dottie hesitated. "That's all I know. If there is anything printable in this, will you let me have the scoop, prof?"

"If there is, Dottie, but I'm positive there won't be."

Once over at Russ's apartment I knocked on the door futilely. In desperation, finally, I turned and pressed against the door only to have it swing open and allow me to stumble awkwardly inside. The living room was deserted and unkept, with the late afternoon sun slanting narrowly through the almost closed crystals of the "Lamontine" windows.

I stepped quickly over to the open bedroom door and glanced around. The bed was unmade and dirty, ashes and paper littered the floor and over the edge of the bed ran two trailing wires which connected to a floor plug. I looked behind the pillows and found there the two filaments of the 'dream gadget' which connected to the sleeper's head. Underneath the machine was the machine itself.

I made haste. I had brought another recording device with me; slipping the cylinders from Russ's machine I fastened them into mine and played them back. It was exactly as I suspected, only more so. Russ had taken to a dream world in which he had Mary. The dream synopses he had arranged had everything. He was a pirate — an explorer — anything you cared to name almost and in every dream Mary had starring parts. In fact, some of the scenes in which she starred — 'scene' is hardly the word — brought a surprised blush to my face and, in my forty years, I've not let too much get by untried.

At first I was hesitant about putting my half-formed plan into action but when I noticed the glass on the night table with the box of 'Good Sleeping' tab-

lets beside it I realized that I was going to have to be completely heartless. It took me half an hour, then, to get everything set; all that remained was for Russ to put the scheme into motion. I got to hell out of his apartment and had to take the back stairs down because he was just getting out of the elevator.

I was having a bite to eat at the Campus Inn on the evening following when Dottie Sullivan came in. She made a bee line for my table the minute she saw me. I knew I was in for a grilling by the bloodhound gleam in her eye.

"You've been down to see Russ?" she said -- somewhat challengingly as she sat down.

"Of course. But believe me, I didn't anticipate his ending up in a hospital."

"Just think of it, prof." She raised up a hand and counted off her fingers as she enumerated, "He's got a broken arm, a fractured kneecap, a sprained wrist, three scratches and a contusion. Prof, if you don't tell me what it's all about I'll go mad. Simply stark, raving mad."

"It's not for publication," I noted.

"Printed or oral, there won't be a word out of me," she promised crossing her heart to seal the bargain.

"How well do you know the suspect?"

"Well, he was ga-ga about Mary, you evidently had him testing out one of your gadgets, he stays at home practically twenty four hours a day for ten days looking for all the world like a man who's been sleeping too much." she caught her breath and continued -- "Then one night he wakes up in a whole apartment house with his screaming, winds up in the hospital and goes ga-ga all over again about a student nurse."

"So you saw her, too." I commented. "Well here's the whole thing in a nutshell." I told her about the dream machine and how it worked, how I got Russ to try it out in the hope that it would snap him out of his doldrums.

"Then Russ set himself up a dream world in which he had Mary. He became so obsessed with it that he started taking sleeping pills and took time out from dreaming only to eat and attend to -- er -- other necessities. When I ran off the recorded synopses of his dreams and discovered how bad it was I resorted to what I'm afraid was a rather horrible curvature.

I wiped out his synopses and recorded a few little items of my own."

Dottie's eyes grew big and round with suspicion. "Nightmares?"

"Yes. I suppose a regular reader of Lovecraft, Poe, Smith and so forth like myself the creation of nightmares is sort of a second nature. I didn't think I was near that good. Evidently poor Russ came out of his bed but fast, frightened nearly to death. He tripped over the night table, probably slipped on the rug, the glass broke -- he picked up a few pieces of that -- and by the neighbors got in through his unlocked door he was unconscious with the pain."

"One thing," Dottie commented when it was apparent that I had finished. "He's cured of his puppy love for Mary." Her mouth and eyes made simultaneous 'O's. "But now what about this nurse?"

"That'll have to come out in the wash," I guessed. "I'm not in the mood to do anything about it."

Dottie laughed, stood up and shrugged into her coat. "Well, goodnight, prof. And thanks."

I watched her out of the door then drew a checkbook from my coat pocket and made out one for five hundred dollars payable to the Memorial Hospital. On the stub I entered an explanation

-- For Curing One Case Of Puppy Love --

I thought a moment and added three more words

-- And Initiating Another. --

----- Dale Tarr

The Importance of Fantasy continued from page 9

book for boys that would scare the hell out of me and out of boys. It's in the tradition of Mark Twain. I have a great for Twain. I've always wanted to be in that company - Twain, Wells, Verne, and the Stevenson of "Treasure Island" and "Kidnapped."

MHH: You want the young readers always, don't you?

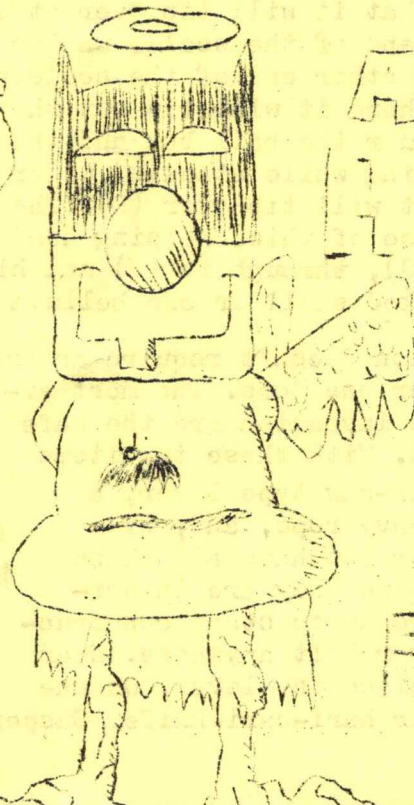
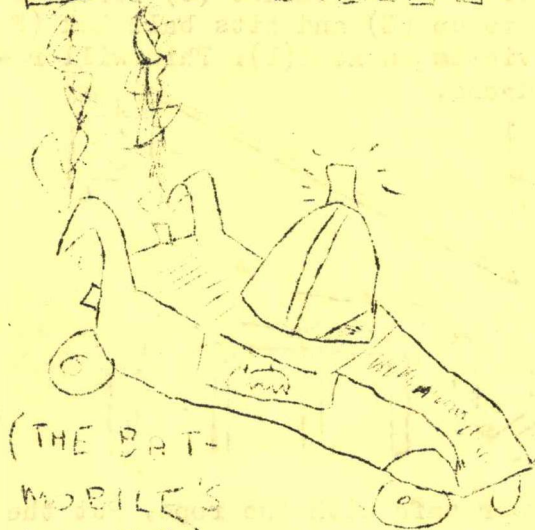
BRADBURY: If I can be read by young people - from 10 to 17 - I'm happy. I'm closer to that age group; I like that kind of mind. Chuck Jones and Stan Freeberg are the only two people who make me behave like a boy, tho. Then I say everything I really think. We become utterly honest, real, villainous children.

MHH: Ray, why are children so often villains in your stories?

BRADBURY: It's the truth about children, and it's the truth about us. The old Grimm fairytales showed an understanding of the need of horror fantasy. Violence in various forms lets children destroy their hostility by acting it out. You know, every child has wanted to kill some teacher along the way. The instinct to kill is in us all.

JONES: And the instinct to reach out and save someone else. Do you know how make friends with any child when you first meet? You just say: "Hello, have you ever been stung by a bee?"

BATMAN'S AN ANGEL



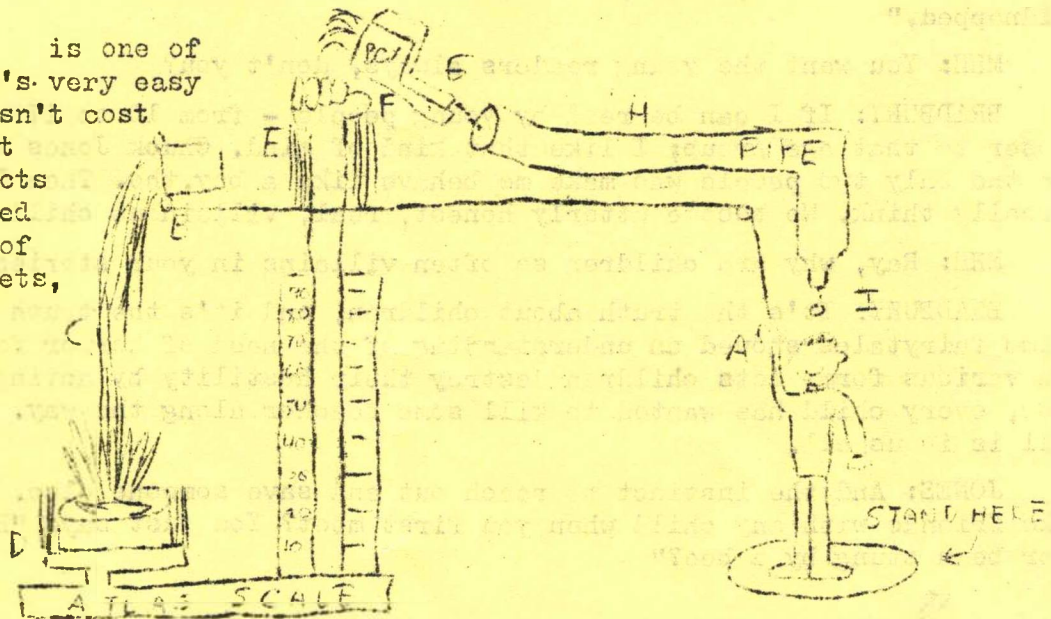
(THE BAT-MOBILE'S HEAD IS)

REVIEW OF NEW SUICIDE INVENTIONS

by PCJ

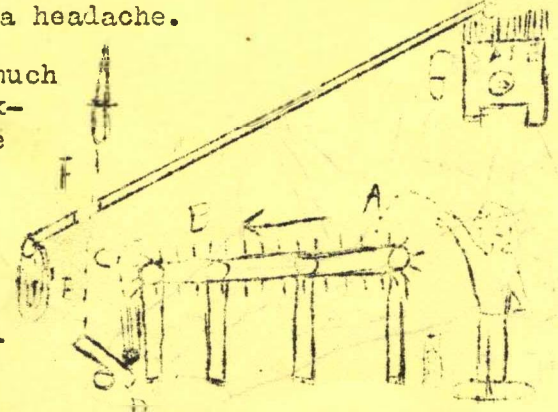
As you all probably know there are many ways to commit suicide. Ways like jumping off the Carew Tower, or the Brooklyn Bridge, or burning one's self in view of the White House have been done many times before and are no longer spectacular. I mean, if you gotta go, go in a way no man has gone before. I have invented some way of suicide that will make you the envy of your community. The first two can be homemade with the proper equipment which can be purchased at hardware stores and the like. Be sure to have all your friends over when you demonstrate the apparatus.

The first is one of my favorites. It's very easy to build and doesn't cost much, as you rent some of the objects used. All you need is a long piece of string, two buckets, a scale, a helping hand, a ball box, a pipe that can curve to a 90° angle, a fifty pound ball made of heavy steel (so it can be small enough to fit



into the pipe) and a victim. The construction of it is very simple. First, you attach the string, at full length, to the bucket (use of pulley is advisable). Then place the bucket so that it will tip over at the tug of the string. Directly below the bucket, place one end of the scale. On top of scale, place another bucket below the first one. On the other end of the scale place the helping hand. Above helping hand place ball box where it will tip out the ball, which goes into the box. Place so that one end is under the ball box and the other open end is over victim. To operate, pull the string while standing under pipe. (See above picture) After you pull string (A) bucket will tip over (B). The water from the bucket (C) forces the scale down (D). Because of this, helping hand shoots up (E) and hits ball box (F). Ball goes into pipe (G), through it (H) and hits victim on head (I). This will result either in a cracked skull or one helluva headache.

The next invention doesn't require as much equipment as the other one does. The most expensive pieces in the invention are the safe and the conveyor belt. With these two items you'll only need a see-saw type lever, a hari-cari knife, a heavy rope, and, of course, a victim. After you have all these items and have made sure they are in working order, you are ready to start construction. Place the conveyor belt anywhere. Near one end of the belt place the lever. On one end of lever, put your hari-cari knife. Suspend your safe with the rope. Put the



rope, after fastening, directly (some people fail to do this properly) over hari-cari knife. To operate: be sure that hari-cari knife is down and that the conveyor belt is moving. Stand under safe and toss ball onto conveyor belt (A). The ball will travel down belt (B), fall off belt (C), and hit lever (D). Enough force is generated to send the hari-cari knife flying (E). The knife will go up and chop the rope (F) to make the safe fall on the victim (G). This is more effective than the first one. 99% of the victims never walk away. They have to be scraped off the floor.

My last invention is one that can be found only in department stores. It is called the Suicide Phone. It is a specially made phone that works only under special conditions. Because of this and the fact that you never know when it's gonna happen, it has become a very popular item. When someone in northern Siberia dials your number, the receiver turns into a pistol, automatically firing into the head of the one who is holding the phone at the moment. Oh, what fun! You can have friends over and take turns answering the phone until somebody gets it. You can buy it at the low, low price of \$199.95. Ain't that a bargain?

RTTEN
TO THE
CORE

fanzine reviews by FCJ:

Since last month, I've gotten 5 fanzines in the mail: 2 Harpies, 2 RQ's, and a Locus. Only 4 of these are up to date so I'll talk about them for a little while.

HARPIES 4 Hal Shapiro, 1035 Marlborough, Apt 101, Detroit Mich 48215. (no price or schedule listed) I won't say much about this issue except that it could have been better. For the most part, it was well written, but it was poorly produced. Maybe it will be better nexttime.

HARPIES 5 Chris Hoth, 22352 Gregory, Dearborn Mich 48124 (25¢, and I guess the usual; they're going to try to go monthly) Of course it got better. 26 pages of fairly-well produced stuff. A new editor may be the reason. The zine was very well written, except for some of the book reviews. I can't say anything about the art without incriminating myself, but I will say that it was well produced. Chris talks about the New Wave and Dick Schultz is around with a con report and an explanation of issue 4. Seems to be a good genzine. Latch on to it.

LOCUS 36 Charlie & Marsha Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx NY 10457 (6/\$1, trade, news, art; bi-weekly) Again with the latest news and stuff. Fanzine reviews, prozine reviews, con news, and the rest. I like it and I'm sure it's been recommended to you by somebody else, so I won't.

RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY VOL 4 NO 1 Leland Sapiro, Box 40, Regina Canada. (60¢, 4/\$2) Looks like I forgot to put "University Station" in the address. Well, it's here. As usual the zine is printed and half size. The art has gotten much better than past issues.

The thing is well done in all respects. Jack Williamson finishes his discussion of H.G.Wells. Harry Warner talks about fanzine collectors. Jim Harmon jumps on comic books and horror.

I have only complaint about the issue: the print is still too small. The poetry is fair and the letters lively. It will always be around. Recommended.

CONGLOMERATION 2 Brad Balfour, 5129 Newfield, Cincinnati Ohio 45237 (co-editor: Joe Small) (25¢, or the usual; anywhere from 2 to 6 issues a year) This is the OTHER Cincy zine. 22 pages of better than average mimeo. For the most part it was well written and well drawn. There is the usual stuff: fanzine reviews, lettercol, and editorials. A candid mystery report on a typical CFG meeting (I refuse to say if that stuff is all true or not.) that is written by a person who is itching to get it. This thing has a great future in store for it, if it keeps on the steady keel it's on now.

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Bob Coulson/Route 3/Hartford City, Ind. 47348

Okay, I'll comment on SHAMOOB, since you added "please"....

Country music gets on my nerves? Sure; most pop music does. Always has. But it sells. Glen Campbell, a mediocre country singer (there are so few good country singers that you're never likely to hear one) is the hottest thing in the nation right now. (Of course, he does have the help of people like John Hartford, who are good.) But I'd just as soon listen to country music as to "folk-rock" or "soul" or whatever your favorite pop music is. They're all 90% or better crap, and they all produce a few pieces worth listening to.

If you have to think of the works of Edgar Rice Burroughs at all, think of them as fantasy. Definitely.

I got a brief laugh out of your gripes about running 500 copies and how nobody needs them, when in the same paragraph you say that the next issue of SHAMOOB will have "200-300" copies. YANDRO had been published for 15 years before it approached a 300-copy run. Changing times. Fandom is bigger now. If you expect to trade with most other fanzines, plus free copies for letters, free copies for professionals so they'll send you a postcard (some fanzine recently started the letter column with polite brushoffs from a dozen or so pro writers; apparently the editor was proud that they'd answered at all and not aware that their lack of interest was obvious to any reader) and a few subscriptions, you'll be running 500 copies before long. (We won't be, because we demand cash. Running 500 copies is too damned much work.)

I had heard that a sequel to PLANET OF THE APES was going to be made; your article gave more details (even if you did misspell "their" in the heading). ((Would you believe that my dictionary spelled it wrong? -- I really didn't think so. Oh, well...-FCJ)) I don't know if I'll bother to see the sequel or not. I saw the first and I was not terribly impressed.

I don't know how Harry Warner manages to keep on coming up with new subjects for his fanzine articles. Must be his newspaper training; or maybe it's because he is far more interested in fandom than I am (I suppose he must be, or he wouldn't have written the Fan History.) But I certainly couldn't come up with all those articles, and I admire him for it. Well written articles, too.

The subject matter, of course, is something else again. His conclusion pretty well sums it all up; "Wouldn't it be awful if we were someday reduced to referring to If and Amazing as 'professional magazines' because even prozine had become obsolete and nothing had turned up to replace it?" Well, as a matter of fact, Harry, no it wouldn't. Leaving aside the fact that I haven't referred to Amazing by any printable terms for years (because with Ted White editing it, I may have to start), I don't see that the loss of a word such as "prozine" is cause for any great moaning and gnashing of teeth. In any event, there is a small likelihood that will be lost, because useful words have a way of continuing, even when under withering attack. (Look at "ain't", for example.) The fannish terminology - or myths, if you prefer - which disappear are those such as the facts about Roscoe, which are so intensely trivial and ingroupish that not more than a half a dozen fans regret their passing. The alleged great humor of them lie in a psychological fact

E S Q U E D A L Y M I S T I C - L E T T E R C O L U M N

that most comedians have discovered - and most recently exploited on "Laugh-In". This is that anything will be considered funny by the vast clot of listeners if it is repeated often enough. "Poetsarc'd", as a typo, is funny enough; a good many typos are. As a great fannish catch phrase it is simply monotonous, and its death is well deserved. I've argued with New Wavers that just because something is new doesn't mean that it's good, but the other side of the coin is also true; the fact that something is a fannish tradition doesn't give it an automatic right to exist, or be mourned when it passes. And as for the reasons for the passing of that ingroup trivia which Harry dignifies by terming "myths", I can give him another one. A balanced personality doesn't need ingroup jargon and mythology; that sort of thing is for neurotics. The only difference between "fanzine" and "fan magazine" is that one is quicker to say and type (and will probably endure for that reason). There are useful things that newcomers can learn about fandom; fans have, over the years, worked out the quickest and easiest ways to get along in our microsm (or in any restricted society). But learning fan trivia isn't one of them. It will exist just as long as fans need ingroup jokes and jargon as a prop to thier immature egos. (I don't accuse Harry of having an immature ego; not now, at least. He is simply mourning the passage of something old and familiar, and not worrying about whether or not it was of any use.)

Yours,

Bob

((Fannish talk is fun when heard once in a while. Over exposure will kill it. The ones who mourn these are the ones who used them the most. Roscoe and "poetsarc'd" served their purpose and were promptly forgotten. We were too busy picking up new words.--FCJ))

Dick Schultz/19159 Helen/Detroit, Mich 48234

I wish, first of all, to thank ye for sending me SCHAMOOB #1. Granted it is a first effort and, alas, looks it. Granted it is not chock full of deathless wit and revelation. All of this is no news to you, I'd wager. You yourself are probably quite disappointed that your reality did not match the conception you mentally visualized.

What you probably don't realize yet, though, is that it is a rare crowd that gets the first issue of anyone's fanzine. Generally they are either friends, personal friends that is, local club members (most of the time also personal friends) Big Name Fans and those established fans with regular publications. And the circulation is generally pretty ruddy small.... Years from now you can look back on this, in fandom and out and smile at it.... but for now, it is vitally important to you to communicate and I'm rather pleased that you sent it on to me.

I might also add that generally you lose 85% of your original mailing list in two years time, sometimes more, because your own emphasis shifts, your readership gafiates and you begin to cut off your local associates because of non-response. Think on that.... No matter how much you improve in the next two years, very few of your readers will realize exactly how far. It's a sort of lonely feeling when it first comes to you ...all the people you knew from Back Then are gone or gafiated or wandered off into his or her own other corner of fandom.

Sort of lonely....

Anyways, as you know SCHAMOOB needs a little improvement in the mimeo department. But that is the sort of thing one evidently needs to solve by one's self.... advice seldom does much good. But strangely enough it was a pleasant bit of reading....certainly a lot more pleasant than reading the HARPIES #4 that accompanies this note. ((A review of HARPIES #4 is in this here ish somewhere.--FCJ))

Harry Warner's bit on new words and cuddlypets stole the whole fanzine, of course. While it is quite true that new words haven't been appearing, I predict

(11)

that there will be at least a revival of some of the old ones fairly soon, within the next year or two. But one reason why there hasn't been any new ones is that today's teenagers, the young blood of which fandom lives on and with, has been so incredibly Serious. Most of them either lack that fine touch of irrationality or are afraid to express it...for some time now it has been "in" to knock certain habits of "childishness". The result has been a somewhat repressed youth, very serious, and quite unable to express what imagination they have. Enough.

Luk, Dick Schultz

((As for the repro of SCHAMOOB #1, it was way better than I thought. I tried some mimeo work before and had all kinds of bad luck. But with a new typewriter and such I think I finally got the thing licked.

Dick blames the absence of fannish on us teenagers and our seriousness. I think it's the college kids who do it. These are the ones in the universities who, when one of them gets a fanzine from someplace, come in, start their own clubs and such and try to start their own fandom. Us teenagers are just as fun-loving as the rest of you out there. We are hardly serious, and are almost more informal and free-wheeling than all you Old People out there.--FCJ))

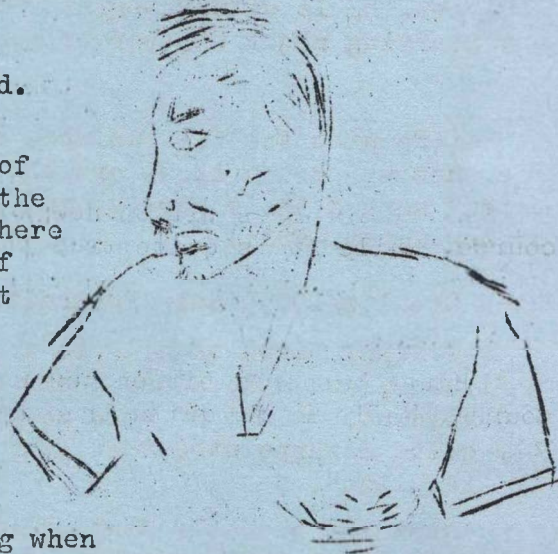
Harry Warner, Jr./423 Summit Ave./Hagerstown, Md.
21740

Comments are immediate on the first issue of Schamoob for the excellent reason that this is the only small fanzine among the recent revivals. There isn't time tonight to read and comment on one of the mattress-type fanzines. I hope you get a lot of locs for this very same reason, even though it may be a difficult assignment to turn out my usual two pages of comments on a dozen pages of material.

Two hundred copies are plenty for any fanzine except one that seeks to compete with the big guys immediately. The day is probably coming when there will be a definite line of division between the old fashioned fanzines, like Schamoob, and those that have big budgets, professional slant, expensive methods of reproduction, and immediate Hugo aspirations. I wouldn't want to live without the Trumpets and Riverside Quarterly, but I'd be even more unhappy if the fanzines of a more modest appearance and aspirations were to vanish. Once you get past a couple hundred copies, you create serious problems for yourself, like the physical weight of finished copies to lug to the post office, ink scarcity before the run on the mimeograph is completed for each stencil, a smaller response rate, and really long periods of the dullest thing about fanzine publishing, collating and stapling. ((Amen))

Some of your unused fanzine titles might serve quite well for rock groups. The Unnamed Missiles and The Apologetic Pipeweds would look just fine on record jackets, and rock fans would chortle happily at the discoveries that there are allusions to sex and drugs in those titles. I occasionally try to make up new names for rock groups when I'm not feeling well, and the best that I've been able to do is The Transparent Gingerbread. But that wouldn't convert very well to a fanzine title.

The Planet of the Apes transcript was interesting. Goodness only knows how much is permanently lost to fandom because segments of Monitor and the other radio network features aren't publicized in advanced and only by accident will a fan hear something dealing with science fiction or fantasy. I've been wondering if something of the sort may have happened during the Apollo 11 coverage. On the day



of the liftoff, Arthur Clarke told Walter Cronkite on CBS Television that he would reveal in the course of the moon trip the real meaning of the monoliths in 2001. I watched and heard a fair proportion of the CBS coverage of the key events that followed, but I was on hand for only one of Clarke's later appearances, and on that occasion he chatted with Heinlein without mentioning monoliths. Maybe he never carried out his promise, and maybe he did at a time when no fan was on hand, because such a revelation would undoubtedly have caused some fanzine to produce an extra by now.

Ralph Story didn't mention Maurice Evans' adventure on The Man from UNCLE. I can't recall the Affair's official name, but it was a two parter about a rejuvenating process, one of the finest in the series. Someone in fandom ought to develop as much interest in the UNCLE series as Dick Schultz has in The Avengers. I'd love to have for future nostalgic purposes a lot of listings of all the episodes, stills, background information, and so on.

Some of the Venus fiction must have been the first Burroughs I read. I didn't have access to his books when I was a boy, because at that time the public library practiced segregation (kids weren't allowed in the adult section and couldn't enter through the front door, apparently for fear they would stir up childbearing instincts in the hearts of the withering old maids who checked out books) and I didn't know anyone who owned the Burroughs novels. So I must have been in my late teens or early twenties before I finally read Burroughs, and then it was too late. I couldn't get interested in Venus or the people on it, and I didn't finish that novel. It wasn't until a couple of years ago that I finally stuck out a Burroughs novel from start to finish: Tarzan at the Earth's Core. It failed to do the magic that Burroughs fiction has done for so many fans' interest, so I suppose that this particular delight of fandom is permanently denied me.

The art work is pretty good, although I would like to see some of the interior sketches in larger dimensions, particularly those on the contents page. Electro-stenciling isn't really necessary for most of the pictures you used this issue, if you know a little about the technique of using a stylus on a stencil. It's the highly complicated pictures with patches of heavy shading, or related special effects, that need electrostenciling.

It's a good start, and I hope you can dredge up enough material and enthusiasm to get some momentum going that will buoy you through a lot of future issues. One suggestion: the pink paper is much easier on the eye than the green and blue stock. The darker shades of paper are all right when the typewriter cuts a thick line but your machine gives a rather slender cut and you really need the higher contrast between the print and the background that the pink paper provides.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner, Jr.

((The reason I electroed some of the smaller pictures last ish is because I didn't fill the 7x14½ paper. It didn't turn out so good because of underinking.

The UNCLE series would be a good idea for a zine thing. But who has enough information. I keep a collection of stuff like that but can't find a thing about Uncle. If such a thing was done by someone else I could possibly write a book review of some of the UNCLE books. I'm sure it'll be fun and could bring many would-be fans into fandom.--FCJ))

Jack Gaughan/PO Box 516/Rifton NY 12471

I received SCHAMOOB 1.

That's one!

Now try for two!

Pax
Jack

(19)

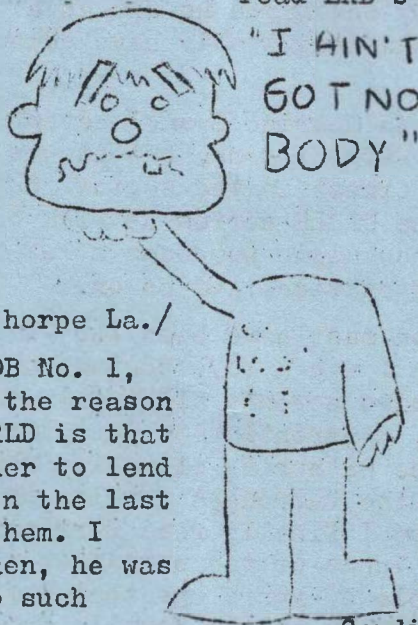
Leland Sapiro/Box 40/University Sta./Regina, Canada

You'll get better, pal—just keep working.

Don't understand why you use the silly affectation of deliberately making ~~errors~~ mistakes and then crossing them out. It's a ~~butch~~ infantile habit.

It's a bit unfair to in the light of present shots—since naivete turn of the century

A little less
ARRRRRRRRRRRHH stuff,
constructive comment.



read ERB's hit-or-miss navigation methods computer-directed Apollo characterized all of the s.f.

of that YEEEEEEEEEEESH and please, and a little more

Best wishes
Leland Sapiro

L. Sprague de Camp/278 Hothorpe La./

Thank you for SCHAMOOB No. 1, CONAN READER. ::: I think the reason in TILLY WOOD BEYOND THE WORLD is that to be old-fashioned in order to lend marks only came into use in the last Bible gets along without them. I ism in this matter; but then, he was and pioneers are liable to such

Villanova, Pa. 19085

and the kind remarks about THE for the eccentric punctuation Morris was deliberately trying medieval flavor, and quotation three centuries. The King James think Morris overdid his archa—a pioneer in heroic fantasies, blunders.

Cordially,
L. Sprague de Camp

Mark Schulzinger/6791 Meadow Ridge Lane/Cincinnati, Ohio 45237

Thanks very much for the first issue of, well, of whatever it is you call your mag. I can't pronounce it so I'll just refer to the thing in the third person. My thanks, also, for sending it to me just because I'm me. Makes a fellow proud to think that his name is sufficient to produce a fanzine. A bottle of beer is also helpful.

Hey, there, don't go knocking square dancing. I fully agree with you about the current deluge of c&w fare on both radio and television, but I can't say the same about our native form of folk dancing.

As an American dance form, square dancing is much more satisfying than another American dance form, tap dancing. This latter abortion was invented strictly to give audiences something new to watch. Note that word "new". Not good, just new. As a dance form, square dancing has much in common with forms of the round dance as performed by other societies. It is a rigidly formal dance, much like the minuet, but it allows dancers wide variations of behavior within the framework of the dance itself.

One of the nice things about the square dance is that you don't have a partner of the opposite sex. As a result, square dancing was just as popular in groups where there were no women as it was in mixed groups. It, like all other forms of dancing, is a way of letting off steam both emotionally and physically. It's just as exhausting as any of the stuff that was done in the discotheques but it's more fun. At least you get to swing your girl now and then.

Harry Harper is absolutely right. The quantity of fannish neologisms does seem to be on the decline. What new ones there are don't seem to have the same flair that the old ones did. Take the term "loc". Frankly, way back in the 6th century we used to call them "lettess", a much more descriptive term. Not all lettess are locs and vice versa. I suppose I should add to Harry's pantheon of fan-

nish ghods by including Ghu and St. Fanthony in addition to Roscoe. Someone res-
urrected Fanthony in Beabohema but Ghu seems to have lost most of his adherents.
I think that most of the fans now address their prayers to some obscure individ-
ual named Moorcock.

Fandom also took some stuff from the wonderfully warped brain of Roger I
Price. "I had one grunch, but the eggplant over there" was a worthy quote of any
fannish mind. Funny thing, though, Bob Heinlein's TANSTAAFL never took on as much
as his "grok".

I sometimes get the impression that the lack of new fannish terms is due to
the fact that the older fans have stopped pubbing and the new fans have to look
to one another for inspiration. Having looked at several newfans I can see why
they don't get much. They're so remarkably sercon it's almost numbing to read
their stuff.

Thus, making a digression, I approach another topic. Too many of the fan
pubbers now want their zines to look like the already successful ones. This is
silly. The best way to build up a following or to produce an interesting fanzine
is to strike off on your own. Make an effort that uniquely your own and to hell
with what the others do. If you want to produce a zine printed in grape jelly on
toilet paper you will have achieved something that is soul-satisfying, nourishing,
and utilitarian all in one. Your readers may not love you for it but they will
have some kind thoughts as they scrape their bottoms with the remains of an is-
sue. I see too many zines in which the editors decide to have the four color art
portfolios before they have gotten any written material together to go with all
the artwork. Be foreself. The readers may not like it but, on the other hand they
might love it. What have you got to lose?

Why doesn't someone review fanzine reviews?

Hobbits are subject to atherosclerosis.

Regards,

Mark Schulzinger

((When I first came into fandom, I thought I would be in for a very serious
time and I felt out of place. But instead I found it to be very, very informal.
You, yourself, were talking one night about organizing a sercon. No fun, no par-
ties, no booze (not that I drink the stuff, but I like to watch the people that
do). Just serious discussion. I don't think that even the new fans would go to
this thing. It might be fun, tho, just to see how the seriousness would last.--FCJ))
Also got a little something from:

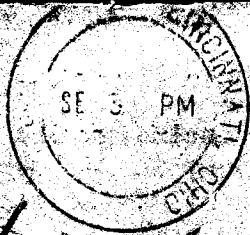
NANCY RANEY: "I agree with you about the fans who supposedly make 500 copies of
their zines (as if they actually distributed more than 50 or 60!) These personal-
ities are in the same category with virgin males who boast about their sexual
conquests. Wishful thinking is the best explanation for it. If they actually made
500 copies, I'd be willing to bet that the remaining 450 are stacked in the bath-
room for obvious utility."

DAVID GERROLD: He says that he just finished a novel with Larry Niven and has
sold it to Ballantine, and is now working on one of his own.

STAN HOFFMAN: He got an issue mainly because LOCUS 33 said that his zine had a
fanzine review. He writes back to say that there wasn't a review.

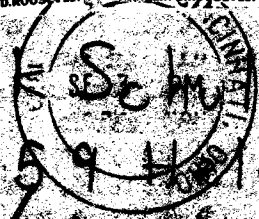
Needless to say, I'm out of room for anything. As to why you got this issue I'll
write it on the bottom of this page. Believe it or not, there will be a next is-
sue. It should be out around Nov. I need contributions - badly. I'm clean of eve-
rything. Art and written material are desperately needed. Letters are also nice,
too, but you can't fill up an issue with just letters. I guess that's all for
this time. But let leave you with this thought: If you think you will, do it. If
you have second thoughts, remember, if you have third thoughts, forget it. If you
have fourth thoughts, you should get your head examined.

PRICE IN THE FORECOMING MILLENIUM - FCJ



FROM FRANK JOHNSON
 3886 WASHINGTON
 CINCINNATI, OHIO
 45229

TO: Dick Schultz
 19159 Helen
 Detroit Mich
 48234



WHY YOU GOT THIS ISSUE (I'll put it here)

- You paid
- You contributed
- You might contribute (please)
- You review fanzines
- Your zine is reviewed inside.
- You are a pro
- You are a friend
- You are in the CPG
- Your loc is inside
- You'll write a loc
- You are mentioned inside
- Other:

HIS IS
 THE SECOND ISSUE OF

MIGHT TRADE?

FIRST CLASS