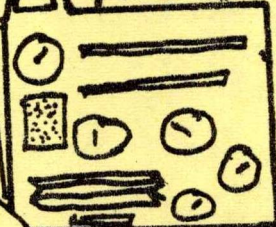


NOW, EGOR, I WILL CHANGE YOU INTO ELVIS PRESLEY!

OH, SHUT UP, YOU MANGY OLD HUNCHBACK

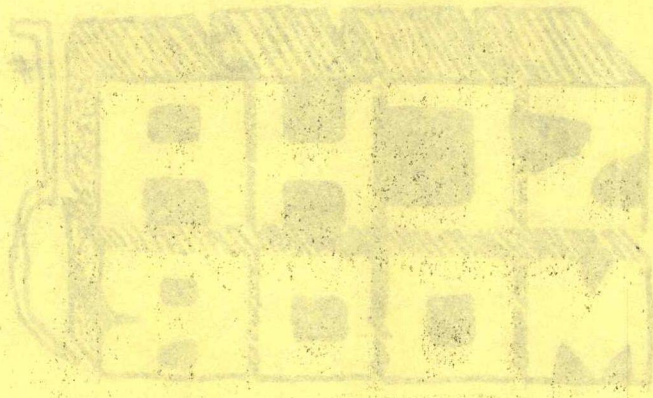


YOU AINT NOTHING BUT A HOUND DOG, MASTER, SIR! YEAYEAYA!

Wow

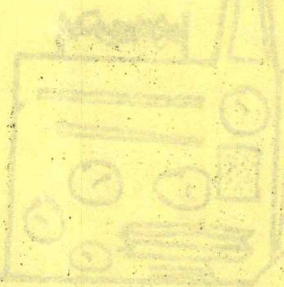
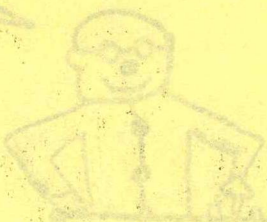
FJ FRP





HOW, FOR I WILL  
CHANGE YOU INTO  
ELVIS PRESLEY!

OH, THAT'S  
ALL YOU  
NEED TO  
DO!



THE ONLY  
WAY TO  
GET A  
LITTLE  
BIT OF  
ELVIS





FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

At a special called meeting at MUFaS headquarters Saturday, 11/29/69, the following concepts were discussed and decisions were arrived at:

The SerCon will be held over Labor Day Weekend in 1970. Lynn Hickman has agreed to lead a six-hour discussion on the subjects "Proper Selection of Paper for Reproduction." This will be followed by a question-and-answer session, moderated by MUFaS Special Coordinator T.L. Mark Schulzinger.

The first evening's activities will be optional; however there will be an open-to-all discussion by Brad Balfour and MUFaS expert Ray Beam. Subject will be sexual overtones (and undertones) in early Buck Rogers strips. Also MUFaS Head Mother Jolie Offutt will lead an informal tour of the Offutt estate, Funny Farm.

On Day Two, MUFaS overseas coordinator Mark Schulzinger will officially welcome all attendees. Following this will come introduction of the Guest of Honor, T.L. 'Tom' Sherrod by Morehead's (and MUFaS') only Dirty Pro and Archon of the Morehead Mafia, Andrew Offutt. Sherrod's Alien Island will be out from Ballantine in January. Following the Sherrod address there will be a Meet The Authors Party, in the event someone missed meeting either of them.

Attending memberships are available at \$1.00. All monies and inquiries should be sent to MORECON, c/o Mark Schulzinger, RR 1, Box 170, Morehead Ky. 40351.

Further details will be release as they develop. Attempts are now being made to persuade J.J. Pierce to attend and participate in a panel discussion with Norman Spinrad, and letters have been sent to writers John Brunner, V.F. McIntyre, and R.E. Margroff.

Attempts are being made to arrange Charter Flight direct to Morehead International, and there will be a key-in with the Morehead Playboy Club.

—Morehead Universal Fantasy action Society



Hey! Believe it or not, this is the 5th issue of that nostalgic fanzine known with all fondness as SCHAMMOOB, the fanzine that can't make up it's mind. This means, for all you Hugoites, that SCHAMMOOB can now be nominated for the coveted Hugo. This possible Hugo winner comes out monthly, or at least tries to, from the offices and sleeping quarters of that all-around nice guy Frank Johnson who lives at 3836 Washington Ave. in the great metropolis of Cincinnati Ohio on the northern bank of the Ohio River, which for some reason, belongs to Kentucky. SCHAMMOOB is available for a whole lot of things. But for those of you who aren't lovely females, 20¢, an LoC, some trade of something, or even a contribution will fill the bill. If any of you actually got thru all that, will be pleased to know that the zip code for the Johnson place is 45,229. Sheeeeeeeesh!

TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Editor Rambles On and On - - - - -	editorial by FCJ - - - - -	page 3
Lines on Reading Certain Weird Horror Poems - - - - -	poem by Dale Tarr - - - - -	page 4
Rotten to the Core - - - - -	fanzine reviews by FCJ - - - - -	page 5
The Decline and Fall of Anybody - - - - -	book reviews by Leon Taylor and Joel Zakem - - - - -	page 6
An Untitled Comic Book Article - - - - -	an article by James Stattmiller - - - - -	page 8
Jesus, Have We Got A Weird Fandom Down Here - - - - -	an article (?) by Mark Schulzinger - - - - -	page 11
A Vampire's Happy Song - - - - -	a poem by Robert Lincoln - - - - -	page 13
Hyperbolic syllabic desquedalyptic - - - - -	lettercol by assorted individuals - - - - -	page 14

ART CREDITS Brad Balfour - 6, 11, 16, 17. Mike Symes - 8. Jack Kirby - 9. John Buscema - 10. FCJ - 5, 13, 14. You might be wondering where I got 2 big name comic artists to do some work for me. Take a look see. And as for the cover: Right now I don't have a cover, but I might use a picture by Brad. And it probably will be offset. If it ain't, you'll know.

This thing is still published by IYDLILI (If You Don't Like, Lump It).

THE EDITOR RAMBLES ON AND ON!

So what if I am a little bit late? It bothers me more than it bothers you. Since I'm gonna have to give you some kind of excuse, I'll blame it on Brad Balfour. He calmly called up one day and asked me to hold my issue a little bit. He said it had something to do with those folks down in Morehead. I musta been drunk or on drugs or both, but I did agree to his mad scheme.

A week went by. I called up to find out the progress of his zine, CONGLOM, and when the damn thing was going to come out. He complained about a long article he had to type out and things like that. I urged, pleaded, threatened him to hurry. I was determined to kill him if he said, "Real Soon Now." Fortunately he didn't utter those three fatal syllables. I waited some more. The first phone came at the end of November. This is now Dec. 10. I even went ahead and got his cover printed up (somehow in that drunken state, I volunteered to be his ass ed!)

Ass ed? I don't remember him saying anything about a period after "Ass." I wonder if he's trying to tell me something.

Maybe I'll be allowed to put this thing out by Sat. If not, I'll print it, and not mail it till it's safe.

I wish now to publically acknowledge the fact that a Dec. issue of Galaxy did come out. But don't think that I'll forget what happened this summer. It seems that all of Cincinnati was deprived of the Aug. Galaxy. And Dune Messiah seemed like such a good story. And now that I'm on the subject of prozines, how about Coven 13. There were only 2 issues and now no more. What happened? The first two chapters of Magick were readable. Maybe another Cincinnati blackout.



What's wrong with you pros. I remember last yers when a comic book came here without staples. What next? Magazines with pages missing?

As you probably know, Andromeda Strain is still on the best seller list. Not that it means anything, but it is something. The book is not really stf. At least not as we know it. And the fact that it is one of the top ten best sellers in the US doesn't mean that it's any good. Compared to the stuff that coming out now in stf, AS(S) is everyday crud. Then why is it on the best sell list? It seems that the average person that reads the Book of the Month doesn't know a thing about stf. His conception of it consists of stereotyped things like beams, space and time travel, and earthly destruction. This was fine during the days of H.G.Wells and Jules Verne, but let's face it, stf has grown up to newer more accepted standards.

I think the acceptance of stf was almost destroyed by the cruddy movies such as "I Was a Teenage Werewolf", and the rest of those AIP quickies. Anyone seeing these flicks would think that that was stf and form a basic idea: YELUCH! Sure the film companies have tried to redeem themselves, but who can ever forget Mike Landon's immortal hairy performance? Strain is nostalgic (?) of those old films. Or maybe it was written after watching a rerun of "Lost in Space". I wish the book was.

And before I forget. As you can see, there is a cover. I drew it and it's offset. Don't that impress ya? It should. Come on now. Offset covers. That's certainly entitles me to a Hugo. Right? That little nostalgic fanzine with the big bad offset covers. And even more fantastic is the fact that the price hasn't gone up any, either.

Boy, talk about rambling editorials. All I do is sit here and write about anything that comes into my mind. Anything. Who cares if it has anything to do with stf or not? I don't. Most people write about their interesting happenings in fandom. But what if you don't have any interesting happenings in fandom? You're stuck as I am now trying to think up something to write. It ain't easy. Just anything that comes. Try it sometimes. You might sit for an hour before something comes.

If you look right below you'll see some poetry. The first ever printed in

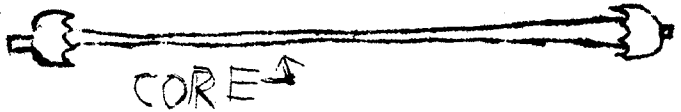
---

LINES ON READING CERTAIN WEIRD HORROR POEMS by DALE TARR

All through fanzines there stalks a fanfare  
Of weird horror poetry -- incessant in parade  
Whose authors praise their mouthings to the stars  
And call it atmosphere when morbid bars  
Of rhythm in refrain revolt the soul.  
Not atmosphere -- nausea. And one would think  
To have an atmosphere a poem needs a stink,  
If one judged by their verse,  
And as awful as the stench that they describe  
The B.O. of their poetry is worse.

Four things there are weird horrists would include  
In all the dank shambles which they exude:  
They handle death with slime and speak of smells  
So awful that their presence sickens ghouls.  
(Yes but their lack of art supplies these rules)  
Also they tell of gruesome crawling things  
And creatures born in superstition's hells  
Their verse of horror alone with illness rings  
And from their lines repulsive working wells.  
All in the name of art! They're not so good.  
Their art does not conceal all it should.

# ROTTEN TO THE CORE



fanzine reviews by FCJ.

BEA BOHEM 6 Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper St., Quakertown Pa. 18951 (mimeo; 108 pages; contribs, printed locs, trailers, mention, 60¢, 4/2) Gee! It really seems imposible that fanzines still come this size. I hope Frank has an electric mimeo. A guy's arm can fall right off after cranking off all that. There are almost 40 pages of letters and Piers Anthony has a 22 page article on his being a real fan. Frank is prolific typer and Piers is a prolific writer. I think takes a long rest after he gets the things mailed out. There are fanzine reviews disguised as a Warner type article. The whole thing is extremely well written. It's good reading and I think you'll like it.

NOBIUS TRIP 2 Edward C. Connor, 1805 Gale H., Peoria Ill. 61604 (mimeo, 28 pages, trailer, loc, contribs, 35¢, 3/1) Ed talks about, of all things, Forry Ackerman and all his Ackertings (Famous Monsters, the Karloff book). He also has a short article on Bob Tucker and a fuzzy picture of the subject. Leon Taylor, Lemon book reviewer, has a humorous little thing. The rest, about half the issue, is letters. This is probably the only zine that lists each letter on the contents page. Repro is good, even tho it needs more art. I think you'll enjoy it.

YANDRO 192+193 Buck and Juanita Coulson, route 3, Hartford City Ind. 47348 (mimeo, 32 pages, 40¢, 44/ \$1.50) I'm sorry to say it but both issues are the usual stuff: editorials, reviews and letters. But all the stuff is very interesting and is great read reading. 193 has a very funny super-hero satire by Geo. Scithers. Still the longest going.

LOCUS 40+41+42 Charlie and Marsha Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx NY 10457 (mimeo, 10 pages, 6/31) The best newszine fandom has. Mainly because there is no competition of any value. Mostly the issues are fanzine reviews, book reviews, address changes, newsy things like that. It's good, even tho they almost have a monopoly.

RENAISSANCE 4 John J. Pierce, 275 McHane Avenue, Berkeley Heights NJ 07922 (mimeo legal size, 13 pages, free for propaganda purposes) This is the semi-official organ of the Second Foundation. Seems a little weird and is very opinionated. There's a whole big thing on the New Wave. Probably the best things are the book reviews. You'll find the whole thing interesting. I did. For those who have a free and open mind.

-----  
this here mag. I've had it for a few months now and have been wondering whether to print it or not. Well I did and in fact there are two poems in this mag. The other is over on page 13. Hope the page number doesn't prove significant.

All the stencils were typed with an Olivetti Underwood Lettera 32. They were either A. B. Dicks or Rex-Rotorys with or without carbon sheets. The art was either electrostenciled or traced. If you want to go and look and find out which was which, be my guest. I'll give you one hint: the cover was offset.

Boy am I glad that all this is over. Now I can spend a decent Christmas in peace. Think of all those fans that'll be cranking their arms off the the holidays days. I figure if I do it before they start, I can have a free week. That's right no school for a whole week. OjoyOjoyOjoyOjoyOjoyOjoyOjoyOjoyOjoyOjoy! I hope you all have a nice holiday and don't get too drunk on New Year's. You might become Hyas-El. (foreshadow). MC&ANNY.



## THE DECLINE AND FALL OF ANYBODY — a bunch of book reviews

The Palace of Eternity by Bob Shaw 222 pages 75¢ Ace Sci Fict Spec. It has been often said that fan critics grossly overrate a majority of sf novels. What is termed as "superb" is more likely to be fair; merely good novels find themselves elevated to the status of "classics". If a true sf masterpiece is ever written, fan critics may take leave of their senses. I feel for their sanity.

Be ye warned: Bob Shaw's Palace of Eternity is not a good novel, and all the exaggerations and excuses of "impartial" readers will not make it better. To be sure, it has its moments. Like a piece of tinsel lying half-buried in the sand, it flashes brilliantly in the infrequently moments that it catches the sun, but it is itself so useless an object that it isn't worth picking up. — much less so if you have to pay 75¢ for the privilege.

Again, there are moments. Shaw has a unique and important power; he packs into a few words the enormous demensions of entire worlds. With the finesse of an inspired craftsman, he creates countless image snapshots and barrages the reader incessantly with them. The end result is an illusion of near-reality. Mnemosyne the Poet's World is incorporated with the countless other worlds of our experience; we have strolled its streets and seen its stars. A wordless bond is established between the reader and the fantasy. The reader cares about the fate of the Poet's World.

The characterization of the protagonist, Mark Taveamor, is not as clearly etched upon the portals of our minds, but it is still a fairly job. The main problem here is the discrepancy between what the author tells us about Mark and what the characters themselves say about him. It is possible, of course, that this cacophony of opinions was intentional, but still it weakens our belief in Mark.



Mack is portrayed as a cynic — but his own actions convince us of this. Even if Shaw were trying to establish Mack as a crusty old soul with a soft heart, it would have been helpful to have Mack do something completely and wholeheartedly cynical. As Palace is now written, there isn't anything definite to hold onto. Only fleet ghostly shadows.

The plot is secondary to the characterization of this novel but all the same Shaw knows how to tell a good competent story. Not a good story, you understand, but one that will do. Uneven pacing hurts here as Shaw seems to oscillate between a character study and action talk. As it turns out, the novel achieves the former — but that takes a while to discover.

The evidence I have cited so far may not seem to collaborate my stating that this is an inferior novel, but there is a method in my madness. What I am trying to establish is that this could have been a good novel, and I have indeed listed some of its elements toward the end. But the difference between a good novel and a bad novel with good makings is the difference between the chicken and the egg; in this case, the chickens turn out to be malformed. Should you insist upon reading this novel, please be advised not to read the final third.



The closing 50 pages of Palace of Eternity is in actuality a cruddy-beyond-hope sort of novella with no connection with the novel in question save the remarkable similarity in the protagonists' names. It transcends wretched writing and literary blunderage; for the sheer shoddiness it is a work of art. Better stuff has been written by Miss Daly's second-grade Sunday School class at Hooderville First Methodist.

But it is just as unfair to over-denounce a novel as to exaggerate its virtues. I made no plea for the monstrous sloveness of this novel's final pages, but as it so happens, the ending has something to do with the resurrection of man. And if Mr. Shaw appears to sharpen by dropping them off a cliff, he still expresses a profound concern for the tragic plight of humanity. For the responsible writer, this is an indispensable trait; it is this that the faith to move mountains - and write great books.

Pass this one up on a dead run, but be on the lookout for future works. Worthless tinsel is one thing - but pure gold is another. LEON TAYLOR

Mech (orig The Reproductive System) by John F. Sladek 75¢  
Ace Science Fiction Special

Fasten your seat belts before you read this book. It will send you on one of the wildest and most hilarious trips in all of stf. Originally published in England, it proves conclusively that humor in stf is not dead.

Basically the story deals with a bankrupt toy factory which receives a government contract to build a self-reproducing machine. This they do, and the finished product is a little gray box which feeds on metal and builds more little gray boxes. The invasion of the little gray boxes had begun.

Though it wildly funny, Mechasm also manages to point out some truths about ourselves and our society. Mr Sladek has created a very enjoyable book. It is well worth it. I congratulate him and recommend the book. JOEL D. ZAKEM

Galactic Pot Healer by Philip K. Dick 60¢  
Berkley Medallion

This is a very good year for stf novels. Many have published which are worthy of special mention. Mr. Dick has written two, Ubik and this book. Though it is a little short (144 pages), Galactus Pot Healer contains many elements of a longer book. It is about a character named Joe Fernwright who "heals" ceramic pots. It is also about mysterious letters, an interplanetary trip, a love affair, and a man (Joe) finding himself. With these varied elements, the novel is slightly uneven, but Mr. Dick's story is absolutely to the point where you won't notice the unevenness.

I recommend this novel even though it probably will not get much notice because of its length and because of the greater publicity (reviews, ect.) for Ubik. But if you enjoy Philip K. Dick's writing or a generally good story, read it. JOEL D. ZAKEM

The Ice Schooner by Michael Moorcock  
Berkley Medallion

This novel, reminiscent of early Ballard, has been available for a while in England. If you enjoy the English stories of world destruction, you'll love this book. Though he has largely been connected with the so-called "new wave" (if a new wave really exists) as past editor of New Worlds, this novel cannot be considered "new wave" by any definition I've heard. It is a story about the death of earth, with a new ice age as the killer. The plot also concerns a man who doesn't know where his faith is and a quest to the "mythical city" of New York.

continued on page 13



(( Remember a few months ago in the editorial, I mentioned that my English teacher was going to write an article on comics? Well here it is. Be prepared for a heavy one-sided opinion on Marvel Comics. - FCJ))

This is about comic books. Not just any comic books, but the best: Marvel Comics. Those fun-filled, action-packed, scarlet sagas of the Super Heroes. Especially those two characters who have distinguished themselves in unique, yet similar, ways. Both are alienated from a society as Satre's existential man is alone in the world, forced to cope with a malevolent hostile environment.

Comic books since 1965 have replaced goldfish-eating as the camp thing to be upon. Super Heroes are the 4th most talked about subject on campus (behind the war, drugs, and sex). Life-size paintings and posters hang in art galleries and decorate bedrooms even in Silent America.



# AN UNTITLED COMIC BOOK ARTICLE

by James Stattmiller

The forces that shape and control modern man are real and proximate to these supermen. These influences are, of course, magnified. The use of physical force is most obvious in its exaggeration. A hero, for example, is not bothered by puny gun shots from purveyors of evil (as might be seen in the super-silly D.C. Comics). Marvel Comics did not start this trend, but in fact, Fawcett did with the introduction of Captain Marvel around 1940. This early super

hero possessed metaphysical powers such as antigravity control and the ability to break time barriers. The rival hero, Superman, of DC comics was forced to keep pace. The change from mortal to immortal did not permit the reader to identify. One could "marvel" at the new heroes to follow, but one could feel with them, struggle with them.

The two heroes of our discussion have been selected precisely because they have weaknesses among their strengths. The reader can sympathize with them as



marvel at them. This combination of prepositions, "with" and "at", shows the delicate and precarious balance the characters must maintain. This control of aesthetic distance shows an understanding of human and the techniques of the theatre.

The frames themselves lend a feeling of the film. They utilize the long, establishing shot when special feats of strength or super power are performed. Reader identification at this time would lessen the ability to "marvel." The medium shots are good for dialogue to move the plots, while close-up shots reveal introspection and suffering, allowing the viewer to become personally involved.

The art work of Marvel is better than opp; than camp. It is rich in contrasting color, catching the character in snap-shot action. The Hulk is rivaled only by Thor in full page spreads of muscle bending tension. Issue 89 of Tales to Astonish, page 9 is a good example as is page 8 of The Incredible Hulk ish 123. Herb Trimpe is one of the best artists on the Marvel staff. The special effects or creative lettering presents a challenge to those who like to catch Sam Rosen or Art Simek in repetition. Onomatopoeic words such as THOOM, FTOWW, and SPYUNNG keep the action fresh.



The Hulk is the  
copyrighted  
property of the  
Marvel Comics  
Group

Our two Super Heroes, the Incredible Hulk and Silver Surfer have been chosen because of their ability to walk the tight rope of a "marvelous hero" and a mortal man. Each feels the pain of being alone in a world insensitive to him. Each cries out in tortured anguish as humanity turns its back on him. Each strives to help mankind in the face of impossible odds. The Silver Surfer wins the humanitarian while the Hulk frequently acts independent of man's needs, striving only to rid himself of his enemies.

Let us examine the Incredible Hulk first. Humble atomic scientist Bruce Banner was zapped by unpredictable gamma rays. As a result, his molecular structure changed whenever his blood pressure rose. This change resulted in the Hulk, best described by his name. He is the gargantuan green giant who "dares to ask the burning question, 'Can a green ~~skin~~ and humble atomic scientist with a petulant personality find true happiness in today's status seeking society?'"

The answer to this question seems to be "No" because a society is ruled by fear and hatred. Everywhere the Hulk goes, he is hunted and constantly confronted physically. The symbol of the opposition, appropriately enough, is General "Thunderbolt" Ross of the U.S. Army. The general's daughter, Betty Ross, who, for the sake of complication, is in love with Banner, haunts the lonely Hulk relentlessly except in recent issues when the Hulk occasionally helps out; not to fight on the side of law and order, but to attack some common enemy or to save Betty.

Two important plot changes have shown the Hulk in a new perspective. First, the Hulk's only friend in the beginning of the series, Rick Jones, was taken away from him and allied with Captain America. At this point, our protagonist was most alienated. Even the do-gooder, Captain America, turned his back on a fellow hero. The Hulk struggled with his loneliness against everyone. He was bitter and hurt by a society that rejected him. His dim mind saw no reason to help anyone but sought only freedom through escape and confrontation.

Since escape was impossible, the most powerful of human bodies were pitted time and time again against overwhelming odds. But because the Hulk would not give up, he could not be conquered. By sheer strength, he defeated the Fantastic Four in a single issue. Despite his ability to crush cities, the Hulk has never killed a man. It is against his nature to attack the weak and helpless but rather



to oppose any potent force in his way.

Where the Hulk uses green power, the Silver Surfer uses gray power. He intellectualizes rather than forces. The physical is always the last resort after patience and reason have been exhausted. His Laser beam, however, needs little actualization with such potency.

Much like the D.C. hero, Superman, the Surfer began on a foreign planet. Eschatology was an obsolete science because all goals had been met, no problems remained unsolved. In search for a challenge to appease his altruistic tendencies, the Surfer left his home and Shalla Bal, his beloved, and met Galactus, a force so powerful that he needed the energies of whole planets to sustain him.

Galactus gave the mortal before him the silver coat and a silver surfboard controlled by thought so that the Surfer might be protected while using his new powers over space and time. In return for sparing his life and planet, the Surfer became the herald of Galactus, searching the confines of space for planets with living energy to feed the hungry monster.



Later, in order to protect the planet Earth, the Silver Surfer joined the Fantastic Four to defeat Galactus. His powers of space and time were summarily removed and he was doomed to wander in a strange solar world among unfriendly humans. Time and time again, the gallant crusader was repulsed by debased and intolerant men. To the policeman who fired at him the Surfer philosophized, "Again you substitute force for misunderstanding! Again you would destroy that which you cannot comprehend. From cradle to grave — your lives are rooted in senseless violence!...Power is your God!" (The Silver Surfer, ish 3, Dec 1968)

The Surfer suffers more personal anguish than any other Marvel hero because he is more sensitive to those who hurt him. This sensitiveness also equips him to understand and withstand the pain that only the savior of mankind can suffer. Thus the Silver Surfer has been called the "Supreme Being" with some justification. He is capable of great power, yet is abhorred by violence. He is kind and loving, yet receives little but rebuke and disdain. The person he loves most he willingly gives up

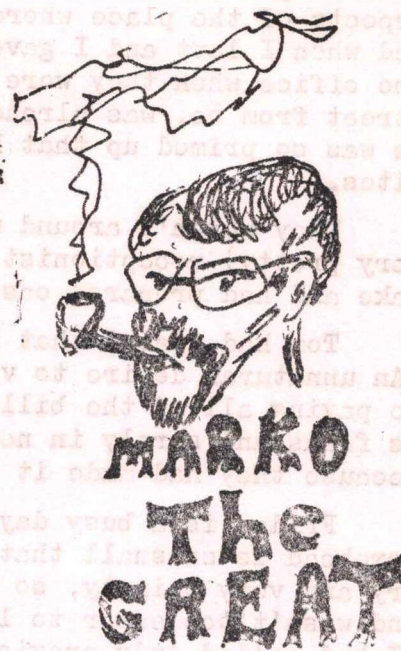
in order to fulfill the emptiness in a purposeless life.

The Hulk and Silver Surfer are quite different Super Heroes. Yet they share the brutalities of intolerance and injustice and struggle to rid this world of them. They do not give up, but fight on to live again in the next issue of Marvel Comics.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Sweet are the beauties of Nature, the earth and the sea, the stars, the orbs of the sun and moon. But all the rest is fear and pain. Aesop.



# JESUS, HAVE WE GOT A WEIRD FANDOM DOWN HERE by Mark Schulzinger



About the only thing I can say about Morehead, Ky. is that it has two fans in it. Said two being myself and Andy Offutt. Well, three if you consider Jody Offutt. I've been considering her ever since I met her but Andy has a jealous streak in him.

Actually, Offutt is more of a Dirty Pro than a fan. Dirty is right. Under a clever constructed pseudonym he creates obscene historical novels (Kathleen Windsor's contribution to the field of literature). Under a more mundane one he constructs more run-of-the-mill stf. I get the feeling Tom Lehrer had Andy in mind when he wrote his classic "Smut".

Wherever there are fans there are bound to be fannish doings. So it was that Ray Beam, bhoy fan from Indy and Tom Sherred, (What, you don't remember "E for Effort"?) from Detroit, descended on Icredibility Gap one evening. Tom had been suffering from a case of the Dumps and Beam, even one to suggest some craziness, recommended a special trip to drink Schulzinger's booze and eat his home cooking.

Although the Shapiros wanted to come along, Sandy was waiting for a new water heater to be installed and Hal was giving his bird. A sidetrip to Cincinnati disclosed however that, although youngfan Brad Balfour was foaming at the mouth to bask in the enffable personages of two (count em, two) pros simultaneously he had something unimportant like a Preliminary Scholastic Aptitude Test to take.

With no more takers, the minor caravan wound its way South-ward, stopping only in Winchester, Ky. to take on a tank-and-a-half of gas and a case of beer. The beer was for Beam, who fully believes the old British saying that drinking will keep his pecker up.

Since I wasn't expecting the fans to arrive until the wee small hours of the morning I had gone to bed. Bed time in Morehead is 9:00 P.M. and accounts for the large size of most families. As a result, the populace starts to move around before dawn and I begin my own activities shortly thereafter — like at 8:30. I was awakened by a thunderous clatter at the door. Beam had had a good time again. It was only 11:30 and he and Sherred were still wide awake.

It's funny how rapidly the human organism wakes up as soon as a cork is popped. Tom had dragged two fifths of Irish along with him (probably taking pity on me because Morehead is technically dry). I didn't get much sleep but I was too drunk to really care.



Friday was a busy day. In addition to the report writing and the staff conferences, I had to teach my course and address a mental hygiene class on various aspects of the place where I work. Beam and Sherred were still struggling out of bed when I left and I gave them a shopping list and told them where to meet me at the office when they were able. Offutt, who was at his office right across the street from me, was already primed and ready for visitors. As a matter of fact, he was so primed up that he had invited us over for both Friday and Saturday nites.

They weren't around when I finally got back to the office but my kindly (and very pretty) receptionist had thoughtfully run both of them through Standard Intake and had prepared case folders on both of them. I took a look at them.

Tom had stated that his problem was "Money and Women". Beam had said he had "An unnatural desire to visit Mark Schulzinger" and also indicated that I would be paying all of the bills. Both responses clerally labled ; both these boys as faans and sorely in need of help. They seemed to find their way around, though because they had made it over to Offutt's and were busy drinking his coffee.

Friday is a busy day as I said, so I left them there for the time being. Morehead is so small that they couldn't wander far. By quitting time I was hungry and very thirsty, so I went over to collect the crew. Beam had grown roots and wasn't too eager to leave, even though Offutt was looking strangely at him (I had called Andy previously and warned him that Ray was a little queer — both of them had locked the door when they went to use the john). Still, they made a beeline for the door when I mentioned a drink. Knowledge on human motivation is a wonderful thing.

Andy lives in Haldeman, a separate community just down the road and through a rip in the time-space continuum. The gravel road that leads to it is definitely mobius curved. Once in Haldeman you can see out but there's no way to see into it from the outside. It's a Shangri-La in reverse — a place of perpetual age.

Gaius Pompeius Magnus, houndawg extraordinaire, greeted us with frantic barks until I zapped him, and the Offitts (Andy, Jody, and their four offuttspring) greeted us at the door. Tom immediately turned into a combination of Santa Claus the Easter Bunny and Smokey the Bear, and began to spoil them rotten. Some idiot (named Beam) had thoughtfully lugged Schulzinger's Daisy Buck Rogers Zap Gun down to Morehead, and that worthy spent most of his time taking pot shots at all and sundry until the Offutts shooed their children off to bed and brought out suitable refreshments.

It was pretty drunk out that nite.

I guess the Offutts managed to survive the first wave of fandom to hit Morehead, because they gamely invited us back the next evening for dinner and more talk (I think that's spelled with a "d"). We almost didn't get there. In response to a call from a patient of mine, a young lad at the Inpaq orphanage, I decided to pay the place a call. Beam and Sherred tagged along, anxious to see what a real orphanage looked like.

They were disapointed. Morehead boasts an excellent waif station and anyone on the lookout for maltreated moppetts would be better advised to look in the local residences. Somehow news of Sherred's being in town had preceeded us and battalions of orphans crawled out from the woodwork to climb over Uncle Thomas' age-bowed frame. We barely escaped with our lives, but not before I had to soberly discuss "men, women, and horses" with a brace of 5 year old gentlemen. As might be expected, they knew more about women than I did.

The Offutts had a fire blazing in the hearth and a pitcher of martinis freezing right in front of it. There's something to be said about a dirty pro — Max-



well's Demon is his indentured servant. He inbibed while Jody went to do something rare and magical to a flock of steaks. Andy dragged out the manuscript of a novel he was just getting to send off to his agent. I promised not to mention the name but I did get an opportunity to read snatches of it. It looks good. (There, now maybe he'll give me a free copy instead of making me buy one. You'll never know what I had to do to make him lend me a copy of one of his books!)

By this time she'd discovered. She's not hard to discover, especially when fetchingly garbed in a mini jumpsuit. The two of them were having some sort of deep discussion or other while Andy, Ray, and myself, talked cons, fans, and writings Andy heard about my Sercon proposal some weeks before we spent some more time battling around what he might talk about at it. He's thinking but I'm sure he'll think up something great. I just know it.

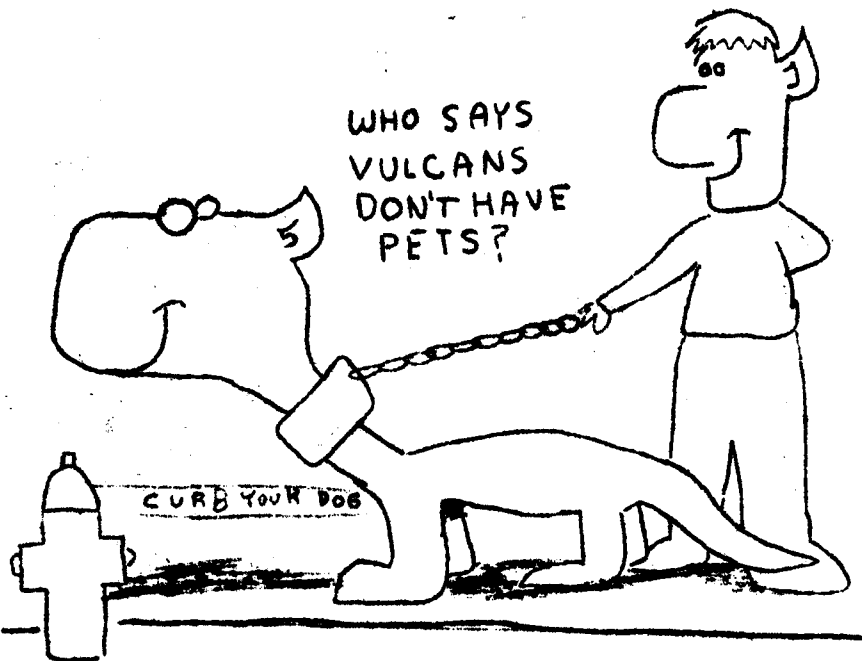
Beam had to get back to Indy early the next day. For some unknown reason he

had put on night shift and was living backwards (loud chorus of "so what else is new?"). Tom, having no other way to get back to Detroit, decided to tag along for the ride.

Accomplishments: two fifths of excellent Irish, innumerable cans of beer, and assorted items of solid food consumed. Many, many cards, all reading "Jesse Anderson for Jailer", mailed to all sorts of people all over the world. Long fannish talk sessions which lasted all hours of the day and night.

Regrets: Not enuf fans. Not enuf time. No damn ending for this thing.

-30-



\* \* \* \* \* THE DECLINE AND FALL OF ANYBODY continued from page

The Ice Schooner is a nice solid stf novel, which should please both the traditionalist and the experimenter, with enough philosophical overtones thrown in to make them both think.

Since his editorship of New Worlds, people have forgotten that Moorecock is a very good writer. This book reaffirms his writing ability. JOEL D. ZAKEN

A VAMPIRE'S HAPPY SONG by ROBERT LING

The sun is slowly coming up.  
Look! Coming over the hill.  
You must rush to your castle now.  
Look! Coming over the hill.

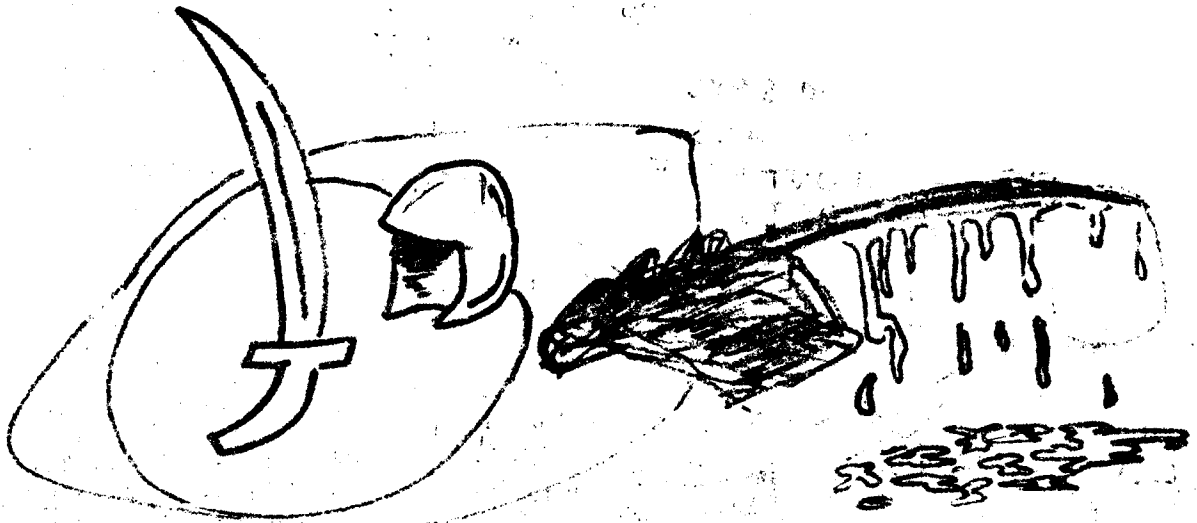
You must run up the stairway  
All covered with broken earth.  
You must go into your sanctum  
All covered with broken earth.  
There is your home; your coffin  
All covered with broken earth  
You are safe now; in your coffin  
All covered with broken earth

BICESDALYMICTICHYPERBOLICSYLLABICESQUEDALYMICTICHYPERBOLICSYLLABICESQUEDALYMI  
anyway, the lettercol.

Bob Rohem/316 E. Maale St./Jeffersonville Ind. 47130

I seem to recall getting a issue of Schamboob some time ago, but I can't remember which number it was and now I can't even find it. Apparently I forgot to loc it. Monthly fanzines are difficult to keep up with. ((Which is why this is a little late.))

But in any case thanks for #4. Judging by the appearance alone, I would be tempted to call Sch a crudzine. Your layout is atrocious, and the printing is just a little above legible. But all that aside, I rather like the zine. It has sort of an... atmosphere about it.



I don't agree at all with your interpretation of the Paul McCartney thing. Too fantastic. The rumor itself is easier to believe. I've always suspected that we're getting much more out of the Beatles' music than they put in it, but this really tops it. However, I would a lot happier if certain would be rationally explained... As a beetle fan from the very beginning, I'd just like to know a few why's.

The Tolkien article reprint was fairly interesting, even to someone like me who's never read the trilogy (I did read The Hobbit). But wasn't the story copyrighted, and did you have permission to reprint it? Tsk, tsk. That's illegal, you know. ((Let's keep it a secret between you and me. OK?))

Pages eight and nine are reversed, but I guess you know that.

I don't suppose anyone liked Journey to the Far Side of the Sun. Unfortunately, I missed it even though I'm a great fan of the Andersons. It might interest you know that the original title of the film was Doppelgänger, a much better one to my mind. Perhaps it's better I didn't see the movie, since it may have destroyed me enchantment with Fireball XL-5 and Stingray. At St. Louis I picked up a few 8x10 stills from the Anderson's Super-Marionation movie, Thunderbirds Are Go! (as yet unreleased in the U.S. I think United Artists has it.) By the way, I'm interested in any material that anyone may have about all the above. Collector, you know.



The October Galaxy showed up here on October 30, the same day as the November If. I wonder what's going on? The physical appearance of the magazines has vastly improved with these issues, although I wish Gaughan didn't have to do all the illos. I see If has progressed to the use of halftone illustrations. How if only Universal could get them on some kind of regular schedule...

Kind of a strange loc, isn't it? You can't have a winner every time. Be happy.

((As of this typing, the second time around, the January Galaxy hasn't shown its face, Jan 15. The Jan If is out without the illustrated feature promised in December. Why?))

Mark Schulzinger/RR 1 box 170/Morehead Ky 40351

Now you have gone and done it! Fourteen pages is too long. Didn't I tell you to keep it down to 11? Who's running things around here anyway?

Just for the record, though, and to keep things on a fairly even keel, I think that the fact that you thoughtfully reversed pages 8 and 9 on me makes up for it.

Sound confused? - Yup!

My folks came down here for a visit over the weekend. They very kindly (and most thoughtfully) lugged all my hi-fi junk (nope, no stereo -- I don't think I believe in it). Whee, says me when they drag it in the door, now I can listen to my records and have something to occupy my ears for a change.

Records, asks my mother. Did you want me to bring your records down too?

Oh well, at least I can still play my tapes.

The visit wasn't a total loss. They brought creamed herring, gefilite fish, and Oscherwitz salomi. Now I can eat like a human being again. I was getting a mite tired of fatback and mustard greens.

The Morehead Jailer Lives!

((Ain't this something? Two things in here by Mark Schulzinger. Maybe I should call this a Mark Schulzinger Memorial Issue.))

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

I was rather surprised to learn from the "why you got this issue" that I review fanzines. Now I have to root around and find all the recent fanzines and review them. Pest. Why should I do it just to please you? ((My fantastic personality?))

I had loads of fun with pages eight and nine. I read the Tolkien article before I read the Tolkien article. (Yes that was worth reprinting!) I came to the bottom of the page and that was it. Where's the rest of the review? Owell. Then I read the Tolkien article, came to the last line, turned the page and WHAT'S THIS? Only took me a half an hour to figure it out. Rather proud of myself.

Thought I'd write about Paul McCartney. I was going to do it PHANTASMICOM, but since you brought it up...

The whole business goes back further than SGT. PEPPER. The first "post-Paul" album was YESTERDAY AND TODAY, the cover of which has Paul in a trunk (read "Goffin"). And you may remember that the originally planned cover was censored-- it had decapitated dolls on it, if I recall. Supposedly, Paul was decapitated in an automobile accident.

Around that time there was a "Paul Look-alike Contest", the results of which were never disclosed and everyone assumed the contest just fizzled out due to lack of interest or contestants.

The winner of that contest--I'm just giving theory now, and not demonstrable facts--was someone by the name of William Campbell. A picture of Campbell is supposedly on the big fold-out montage in the double album. Down towards the lower-left-hand corner. There is a definite resemblance. Campbell is the lead singer on "Lady Madonna." That explains that problem nicely. (All the songs lately attributed to Paul were either sung by Campbell or George.)

All the McCartney/Lennon songs since Paul's death have been by John with George Martin, their producer. Martin should know a lot more about music than Paul, which explains the "new" and richer Beatle sound.

This could go on and on. There are clues and clues and clues. But since you don't run a Beatle fanzine, we can forego them. Suffice to say they began appearing before THE PRISONER.

There is one big apparent conclusion: The Beatles are conducting a very sophisticated and elaborate hoax.

But what is the hoax? That is an unanswerable question.

- 1) Paul McCartney is alive, and the Beatles are pretending he is dead.
- 2) Paul McCartney is dead, and the Beatles are pretending he is alive.

There is no proof either way. There are the clues, mocking from everywhere, some in plain sight, some not. (Who in his right mind is going to tape the records and play them backwards for the hell of it? These are facts: When you play "Revolution 9" backwards, the droning "number nine, number nine, number nine" becomes "Turn me on, dead man; turn me on, dead man; turn me on, dead man". Playing other records backwards reveals phrases such as "Paul will soon be here" and something about "Abbey." "Abbey Road," of course was the album the first was found on. I have heard these things myself, and others that escape me. I can give you on hearsay only that if you play all of "Revolution 9" in reverse you will hear Beethoven's "Eulogy", the last composition he made.)

The question is, not whether or not Paul is alive or dead, but: Why the hoax? Are the Beatles just playing a game? Does this have some religious--for them--significance? Some Washington students have traced clues to our Bible, to Hindu religious books, ect., and feel that Paul has undergone a spiritual death, and will be reborn. (Billy Shears, introduced in SGT PEPPER, was an English band leader who died in 1946--hearsay still--and promised to return in twenty years. The "Paul will be here soon" and other clues all point to reincarnation and/or rebirth.)

Why the hoax?

Okay. Except the fact that we'll never know--or if we ever find out, it will be after we don't care anymore. Think about something.

Today, with so many people on the earth, it's rather hard to keep things secret. The US tried to keep its involvement in Laos secret, but it came out--because they were doing something that was noticeable, i.e. fighting a war. They could also not do something noticeable. Say, they could decide not to pass any more laws, but not tell anybody that that was the case. The secret wouldn't last long, because somebody notice.

The Beatles were doing something noticeable: they were planting clues. They weren't telling anybody, but finally they were found out.

But the secret they know now--is Paul dead or alive--cannot be discovered by

waiting. Positive action must be taken; physical proof must be shown. The Beatles are sitting on the whole thing.

Think of the power they have--seriously. They have millions upon millions of people guessing, wondering, worrying. They are in possession of a secret possible to keep.

Extrapolate. If you please. Don't think of the Beatles. Think of the world. There are secrets--and not just clumsy ones like wars.

Everyone is aware of the fact that he doesn't know everything. Only a genius or an idiot would even try.

But forget your fantasies and your black arts and the omnipotent, omniscient God. What we are concerned with is not things Man is not supposed to know, but things only a few men know--and refuse to tell.

Think about it. How many things are there that may directly affect your life that you cannot even consider? If you--and we all--are lucky, none. But don't lay odds.

It's a frightening thought. And a most important one.

Frederik Wertham/Kempton R31 Pa. 19529

Thanks Schamoub #3 and #4 very much. I noted your statement that the plot of the movie "Journey to the Far Side of the Sun" has been used very often.

The idea that an earth exactly like ours exists somewhere else has interested me for some time. I have now succeeded in tracing it to its historical source.

It was originally not a literary fantasy, but a real astronomical theory. It was propounded by Louis Auguste Blanqui, who died in Paris in 1881. The theory is in his 60-page book "L'Eternité par les Astres". Blanqui had been sentenced to life imprisonment for his political activities. As an old man in jail he looked at the stars and began to study astronomy seriously. He came to the conclusion that there must be other worlds which developed at exactly the same time the same things that happened on earth. So that there would be on some other planet another Blanqui looking out of the jail window exactly as he did. Blanqui had great influence on such diverse authors such as Nietzsche, Walter Benjamin and Anatole France.

My second comment is about the Tolkien article. Strangely enough, the fundamental idea of "The Lord of the Rings" coincides with my own ideas. What Tolkien states on the basis of his literary fantasy I arrived at through careful clinical studies. Tolkien says the ring of power, force and violence can be destroyed. I came to the conclusion that human violence, which plagues us so much, is not a part of human nature -- as so many claim -- but can be reduced and eventually even abolished. That entails taking all factors seriously, including the glorification of violence in mass media.

I also got a lot more mail from other fanfan: Frank Lunney, Buck Coulson, Chris Hoth and a few more. I'd like to answer Leon Taylor's letter with this bit of humor: KEEP OHIO CLEAN - DUMP ALL YOUR TRASH IN INDIANA peace - fcj.

WHYYOUGOTTHISISSUE: \_\_\_you paid. \_\_\_you contributed. \_\_\_you might contribute or write an LoC. \_\_\_you review fanzines. \_\_\_your fanzine is reviewed inside. \_\_\_you are a friend. \_\_\_your LoC was printed. \_\_\_you are mentioned. \_\_\_I couldn't find Jack Barron, so I'll bug you. \_\_\_you found all the nude scenes in "Buck Rogers". \_\_\_you recently had a sprained ankle. \_\_\_you recently had a sprained ankle and didn't find out until after the New Year's Eve party. \_\_\_you fit all of the above and are some kind of weirdo.



FIRST CLASS

"Fourteen pages is too long."

From:  
Frank C. Johnson  
3836 Washington  
Cincinnati Ohio 45229

TO: Dick Schultz  
1915 9 Helen  
Detroit Mich  
48234



*[Faint, mostly illegible text from the reverse side of the envelope is visible through the paper.]*